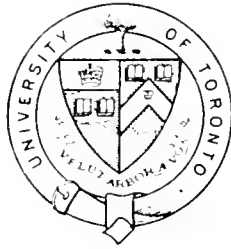


E. Simpson

Obituary
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WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

THE
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
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THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

THE incident depicted in the annexed engraving illustrates, in a striking manner, one of the most admirable of the many estimable traits in the idiosyncrasy of the purest public character of modern times. Like many of the greatest men in all ages, from the earliest of the heroes of antiquity, to the last of British warriors—whose presence is hardly yet lost to our wondering vision, the competitor and conqueror of Napoleon, himself a conspicuous example of the same filial attachment—Washington was remarkable for his devoted affection to his mother. Not only was he so in early life, to such a degree that the pain of separating from her prevented his acceptance of an apparently advantageous commission in the naval service; but, long after, when he had attained the highest eminence that had probably ever been reached, his first care was to pay her honour, and seek her blessing before he entered on the final stage of his glorious and unparalleled career. Just previously to the period of his departure for New York to take the oath of office on being elected President of the States to which his valour had given freedom, and to which his wisdom was about to impart the enduring strength of cohesion and identity of aim and object, he hastened to Fredericksburg, where, at the age of eighty-five years, and afflicted by a disease the most terrible that can tax the fortitude of humanity—cancer in the breast—his mother resided, bowed with age and shattered with pain, but sustained by Christian resignation, and buoyed up with natural pride at being the parent of such a son. The interview is described as having been most affecting. She speeding him on his mission; he promising a speedy return to report to her how the inaugural steps of what remained of that great enterprise had been gone through; and she admonishing him of the unlikelihood that she should be alive to receive him, but assuring him of her conviction that he would in all things prove worthy of the destiny Providence had evidently marked out for him; both mother and son dissolved in tears at the thought that they had looked upon each other for the last time on earth. It is this ennobling episode in the patriot's life that our artist has endeavoured to render in the engraving; and the reader will, we think, agree with us that he has succeeded as far as the material employed in the delineation will admit of the portrayal of emotion at once too subtle and too sacred to be capable of tangible delineation through the medium of the pencil.

To the credit of Americans, they are not merely jealous of the fame of their great countryman in every particular, but they extend their pride and attachment to his memory to that of his mother. And not in words only. The corner-stone of the monument erected over her grave at Fredericksburg, was laid by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in May, 1833, amidst every accessory of public ceremonial that could testify to the solemnity and strength of a people's veneration. As the exponent of this sentiment the President said that "when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

It is, of course, not our intention to offer anything in the shape of a biography of Washington, nor an analysis of his character. Contemporary judges disposed of both during his lifetime, and history has not disturbed the verdict. If we were to dwell upon his career, it would be to remove an erroneous impression which cursory readers of the events in which he figured too often carry away—viz., that his great successes were the result either of chance or of genius. They were neither; and therein is one important element of value in the example of Washington, as showing what is possible when opportunities are prudently treasured and judiciously applied at the

right moment. It so happened that Washington's early professional occupation, as a surveyor of large estates, gave him a familiarity with the military positions of the country that proved of inestimable utility in the subsequent war, in which so much depended upon acquaintance with the geography of particular districts. So, again, with another branch of his early professional pursuits, as a valuer and appraiser of the timber and products of the estates he surveyed. The necessity for accurate reckoning and laborious account keeping, imparted a mastery of detail in arithmetic that proved of the greatest importance when he had to arrange for the provisioning of forces heterogeneously drawn together, and to conduct the business of a commissariat often but scantily and precariously supplied. The habits of business to which he devoted himself in youth he carried into the camp and the senate-house in after life, where they gave him a prodigious superiority not only over the great majority of his own countrymen, many of whom were ever ready to decry his ability and to fetter the exercise of his judgment, but over the drawing-room soldiers and red-tape diplomatists sent out from England, filled with disdain and contempt for the American, and who only learnt to correct their estimate of his sagacity, alike in the field and the council-chamber, after experience of the most costly nature to their country and to themselves. Washington was not a conqueror in the ordinary sense of the term; neither was his in any way one of those dazzling minds whose effulgence blinds mankind to eccentricities that too often degenerate into the criminal and indefensible. On the contrary, sobriety of view, common sense, moderation in all things, an adherence to the homely virtues, and a pure and unambitious love of the cause of his country, not only because it was his country's, but because, also, it was the cause of justice and truth:—these were his attributes; and in right of these he has left behind him, for the edification of all posterity, a reputation that has no parallel, at least in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the single exception of Alfred.

Sir James Mackintosh, in his famous "Reasons against the French War of 1793" (which Mr. Cobden has also recently unanswerably shown ought never to have been undertaken, whether on the grounds of justice or of expediency, or even of a wise selfishness at the time), spoke glowingly of the genius of William III. in conducting a similar crusade against Louis XIV., urging that "that confederacy required, to build it up and hold it together, all the exalted ability, all the comprehensive wisdom, all the disinterested moderation, and all the unshaken perseverance of the Great Dutchman—other talents than those of petty intrigue and pompous declamation." Upon that passage, Mr. James Mackintosh, in editing his father's works, makes the following note:—"If there be any man in the present age who deserves the honour of being compared with this great prince, it is George Washington. The merit of both is more solid than dazzling. The same plain sense, the same simplicity of character, the same love of their country, the same unaffected heroism, distinguish both these illustrious men; and both were so highly favoured by Providence as to be made its chosen instruments for redeeming nations from bondage. As William had to contend with greater captains, and to struggle with more complicated political difficulties, we are able more decisively to ascertain his martial prowess and his civil prudence. It has been the fortune of Washington to give more signal proof of his disinterestedness, as he was placed in a situation in which he could, without blame, resign the supreme administration of that commonwealth which his valour had guarded in infancy against foreign force, and which his wisdom has since guided through still more formidable domestic perils." Nothing can be more accurate and discriminating than this parallel, though one ingredient in favour of the great American is left out—the purity of his private moral character, his temperance, and his

decorous observance of the domestic virtues; whereas the king, if he be not greatly belied by his panegyrists, including Bishop Burnet, the historian of the revolution and chaplain to his majesty, was addicted to the pernicious habit of dram-drinking, and other indulgences, if possible, still more reprehensible. Besides, William's memory is stained, if not by deeds of actual cruelty, at least by insensibility to many of great atrocity, some directly affecting himself. For instance, when he was twenty-one years of age, the Dutch people, inflamed by the misfortunes and burdens of the war in which their statesmen, the De Witts and other aristocratic families, had involved them with France and England, murdered the obnoxious oligarchs; and William, who had been raised to chief power as Stadtholder and Captain-General, like many of his ancestors, neither took proper means to prevent the outrage, nor any means whatever to punish the perpetrators. So, again, with the horrible massacre of the Macdonald clan, in the Vale of Glencoe, when thirty-eight men were brutally slain, and women and children, their wives and offspring, were turned out naked in a dark and freezing night, and perished with cold and hunger—the sole cause for this inhumanity at the hands of the Earl of Argyle and his regiment being, that the undefending inhabitants of the valley had not surrendered in time to William's proclamation.

No participation in such deeds as these, nor even any connivance at them, sullies the fame of Washington; and though we fully subscribe to the eulogium on William, yet, by so much more, in the instances we have cited, and other analogous ones that might be added, does the character of the noble American transcend his. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the provocation to cruelty was quite as great in the case of Washington as of William; for the American War of Independence was, in reality, quite as much a civil war as that in which the Dutchman was engaged in the invasion of England, or even in the conquest of Ireland, where the whole popular feeling was on the side of his father-in-law, James II., and continued to be strong in the same cause long after it had died out even in Scotland; indeed, up to the beginning of the present century, as testified by the rebellion of '98, which was merely another phase of the spirit that was crushed in 1688. The only piece of even questionable severity, in which Washington's memory is in the least degree implicated, is the execution of Major André, to whose death more interest attached on account of his heroic and romantic character and the circumstances surrounding it, than from any real culpability on the part of Washington in causing it, though political animosity at the time stigmatised the American in much the same terms that were afterwards applied to Bonaparte, in reference to the capture and execution of the Duke d'Enghien in the fosse of Vincennes. André, the reader will remember, was an adjutant-general in the British army, and was taken on his return from a secret expedition to the traitorous American general, Arnold, in disguise, within the American lines, September 23rd, 1780. It was not, however, till the October following that he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of Washington's officers at Tappan, every possible facility being given for his defence; but the proofs that he deserved death, according to the usages of war, were overwhelming, and he was hanged upon the evidence of criminality that satisfied his judges, who wept at the fate to which they were forced to doom so magnanimous a victim of his own daring and devotion. Arnold, originally a surgeon, promoted to high military command for his skill and bravery against the British, entered into negotiations with the British general, Clinton, for the surrender of a post of great consequence with which Washington had entrusted him; but the capture of André, whom Clinton had entrusted with the execution of the project, led to its disclosure, and Arnold flew to the royalist quarters, where he was captured by Clinton against his former comrades, and raised to the rank of brigadier-general; dying in England as late as 1801. Here alone, unfortunately, the real traitor and offender escaped, while the innocent suffered through the inexorable requirements of the military service at such a moment and under such circumstances.

It may not be uninteresting to some of our younger readers to learn a little of André's history. Born in London, in 1751, he became accidentally enamoured of a Miss Honora Sneyd; but at the instigation of her relatives, who disapproved of the intended alliance, she discontinued her correspondence with him, and soon after married Mr. Lovell Edgeworth, father of the celebrated

novelist, who died only a few years ago at her seat in Ireland, and was famous as being the person whose works, in favour of her native country, incited Scott to commence the immortal fictions of the "Waverley Series;" William Lovell Edgeworth himself being also a man of remarkable ability, especially in inventions of mechanical ingenuity. Pending his courtship of Miss Sneyd, André, in hopes of benefiting his pecuniary position, entered a mercantile house in London; but on learning that the object of his affections had been married, he joined the British army in America, where his abilities and gallantry secured him rapid promotion, raising him to the rank of adjutant-general of the forces, and adding to the command-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton. It is related of him, that besides courage and distinguished military talent, he possessed a well-cultivated mind, being a proficient in drawing and music, and evincing considerable poetic humour in a piece called the "Cow Chase," which appeared in three successive parts at New York, the last on the very day of his capture. One of his last letters gives us an affecting incident relating to his first love. When stripped of everything by those who seized him, he contrived to conceal in his mouth a portrait of Honora, which he always carried on his person, though he was unaware that she had breathed her last some months before. All visitors to Westminster Abbey will remember the beautiful monument under the organ-screen, with its spirited inscription, erected to his memory as lately as 1821, at the expense of George III., the figure of Washington on the bas-relief having had a new head three several times—a consequence of the "wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," as Charles Lamb, with comic pleasantry, said to Southey, after the author of "Joan of Arc" had become poet laureate, and had taken to panegyrise persons and principles he had been all his previous life denouncing.

PETER THE GREAT.

Peter being the son of Alexis, by a second marriage, was not at all liked in the family; no one, therefore, thought of his reigning even for a day. His father died, leaving three sons—Phedor, Ivan, and Peter—the eldest of whom ascended the throne. Phedor's reign was of short duration, and, as Ivan was an imbecile, he determined, much against the will of the Princess Sophia, to leave his vast dominions to his half-brother Peter, who was then about ten years old. Sophia was appointed regent during his minority, and hoped to retain the reins of government.

"What have we to fear," said she to Galitzin, "from one who is imbecile and another who is epileptic?" The last expression was applied to Peter, who, in his childhood, was often seized with convulsions.

"The child, though timid," said the prime minister, "is quick and ardent; we must subdue him." He was not mistaken. Peter did all in his power to overcome his natural timidity, and having a great aversion to the water, took such pains to conquer it, that his dislike soon changed into a great love of that element. It was the policy of his sister Sophia, not only to allow his education to be neglected, but to surround him with idle and vicious associates. Ashamed of the ignorance in which he was brought up, Peter instructed himself in the Dutch and German languages, in which he took more interest than in any others, because Germans carried on at Moscow some of the manufactures which he wished to promote in his empire; and the Dutch excelled in navigation, which he considered the most important of all arts.

Peter listened eagerly to all accounts of the manners and customs of other nations, and made a determination, when he came into power, to place more confidence in the advice of foreigners, as regarded military affairs, than in that of his own countrymen. He constituted the General Lefort, his friend and preceptor, and confided implicitly in him. With his aid he organised a band of fifty young men, who were trained and clothed in the Danish fashion, and called the Guards of the Poteschna, of whom Lefort was made captain. The Emperor himself joined the new guard, and, wishing to gain his own promotion step by step, even began by being a drummer. This little regiment gradually increased, and some of its members were sent to learn fort-building at Venice and Leghorn; others ship-building, and the management of large vessels, in Holland.

THE GIRAFFE.

The specimens of the giraffe now living in the gardens of the Zoological Society will have rendered the appearance of this animal so familiar to most of our readers, that they will probably be surprised to learn, that at one period the very existence of such a creature was doubted, and the accounts given of its size, form, and colours were regarded as mere travellers' tales. This surprise, however, is considerably lessened when we consider the amount and quality of the information extant, respecting this animal, at a comparatively recent period. Purchas tells his readers, that the camelopard was "a beast not often seen, yet very tame, and of a strange composition, mixed of liberid, harte, buffe, and camel; and by reason of his long legs before, and shorter behind, not able to graze without difficulty." In another passage, he says it was "so huge, that a man on horseback may pass upright under him, feeding on leaves from the tops of trees, and formed like a camel." The fore legs were said to be twice as long as the hind legs, "so that one who was not acquainted with it, would think it was sitting, although it was standing." Such was the length of the neck, and the animal raised his head so high when he chose, that he could cut with facility from the top of a lofty wall; and from the top of a high tree he could reach to out the leaves, of which he devoured great quantities." These palpable exaggerations are contained in a description, otherwise tolerably accurate, of a giraffe seen by some Spanish travellers, in the year 1494; so that we need not be much astonished if some people treated the whole matter as fabulous, and assigned the giraffe to the same tomb as the unicorn, satyrs, griffins, and other monsters, in the existence of which the ancient naturalists placed such implicit faith.

It was not, in fact, until the end of the last century that Europeans obtained any precise and credible information as to the form and habits of the giraffe, an animal which must have been well known to the Romans of the empire, as we find that it was exhibited on many occasions in their amphitheatres, and one of the emperors (Gordian III.) had as many as ten giraffes living at one time.

The giraffe is undoubtedly the tallest of all living quadrupeds; the male, when fully grown, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from the top of the head to the fore feet. Nearly half this height is due to the length of the neck, which, however, contains only the same number of vertebrae (seven), as the neck of any other quadruped. Hence, although the movements of the neck are sometimes not devoid of grace, there is generally a degree of stiffness about them, and we never get the elegant curves which the neck of the swan and of many other birds present to our view. This structure, however, may well excite our admiration in another way—it exhibits in a striking manner the wonderful resources of the Creator, who can form by a simple modification of the same plan, and without the addition of any new parts, the short, thick neck of the elephant, and the long, slender, tapering column which supports the elegant head of the giraffe. And our admiration is increased when we consider how perfectly this structure fits the creature for its mode of life, and enables it to play the part assigned to it in nature. An inhabitant of the arid regions of tropical Africa, from Nubia almost to the Cape of Good Hope—where the amount of herbage would scarcely suffice for the sustenance of the smallest herbivorous animal, the stately giraffe is enabled by means of his long neck to browse peacefully upon the tender twigs and foliage of the trees scattered here and there in the desert, which derive their moisture from far below the parched and dusty surface of the ground. And in this respect, even the small number and large size of the vertebrae of the neck are found to be not without their object; for if the number of these bones were increased sufficiently to give this part of the animal greater flexibility, the labour of maintaining it in the erect position would be vastly increased, and the creature would be, to a certain extent, unfitted for the peculiar conditions in which it is placed. The giraffe is assisted in reaching down his food by the singular prehensile power of his tongue, which is capable of being protruded from the mouth to a considerable distance, and by an admirable arrangement of the muscles of which it is composed can then seize upon any object within its reach. In this way, the tongue of the giraffe serves him as an organ of prehension almost like the trunk of the

elephant, although by no means capable of performing the same variety of offices as the proboscis of that unwieldy quadruped.

The head is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the giraffe. The delicacy of its form, the gentleness of its aspect, and the softness of its full, lustrous eyes, render the head of the giraffe one of the most charming objects to be found in the animal creation. Like most other ruminant animals (the ox, deer, &c.), the giraffe possesses two horns; but these differ remarkably from those of any other quadruped with which we are acquainted. In the deer tribe we find the horns forming branched antlers, often of great size, but always falling off annually, and giving place to a new pair. In the ox and antelope, on the contrary, the horns consist of a permanent bony core, covered by a sheath of the substance commonly known as horn, and these weapons are never shed, but continue growing during the whole life of the animal. The horns of the giraffe present the characters of neither of these groups, and, to a certain extent, may be said to exhibit a combination of both. Like the latter, they consist of permanent bony processes of the skull, but, instead of a horny covering, they are clothed with the same skin that covers the rest of the body; a circumstance which also occurs with the deciduous antlers of the deer during the period of their rapid growth, although the skin dies and peels off as soon as the horns have attained their full size. The horns of the giraffe are three or four inches in length, and terminate in a singular tuft of hair, which gives them an appearance altogether different from those of any other animal. It is generally supposed that the appendages to the head, which occur in both sexes of the animal, are rather intended for ornament than use; but this does not appear to be the case, for the males have been observed to use them with great violence in their combats, and one of the females in the Zoological Gardens is said to have driven her horns through an inch board.

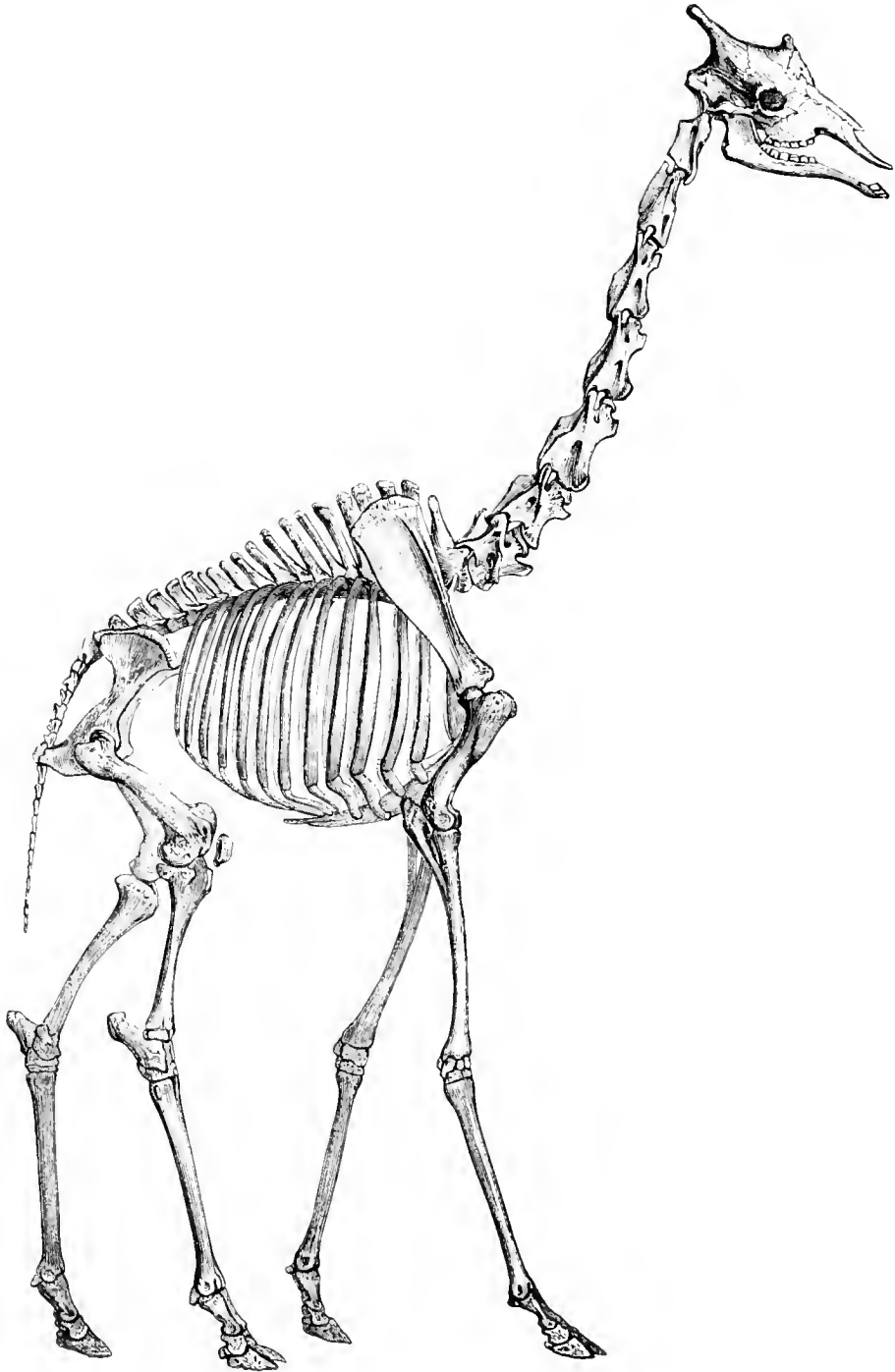
The most formidable weapons of the giraffe are, however, his hinder hoofs, with which he kicks out with such tremendous force that even the lion is sometimes repelled and disabled by the wounds thus ignominiously inflicted upon him. His powers of defending himself against his enemies are wonderfully increased by the position of the eyes. These are situated quite on the sides of the head, and are remarkably prominent, so that the giraffe, when browsing on the twigs of his favourite trees, can still keep a good look-out on all sides of him, and be prepared for any coming danger.

Another error which has been induced by the singular appearance of the animal, and which has been copied from one natural history into another for many years, is the statement that the fore legs of the giraffe are twice as long as his hinder extremities. The fact is, that all the legs are nearly of the same length, but the shoulders and fore part of the body are very much elevated, giving the hinder quarters a very low appearance, and rendering it very easy on a cursory glance to suppose that the fore legs are much longer than the hinder. It has also been often stated and often denied that the giraffe has great difficulty in reaching the ground with his mouth, and succeeds only by stretching out his fore legs to a considerable extent, so as to bring the fore part of his body nearer to the ground. This appears really to be the case in most instances, although scarcely to the extent that has sometimes been described; and when we consider the powerful mechanism of ligaments required to maintain the neck in its customary erect position, we shall be able easily to understand the cause of the difficulty, without lengthening the animal's legs to any inordinate extent.

The skin of the giraffe is of a light fawn colour, covered with large brownish spots, which give the animal a very elegant appearance. The skin, when taken from the animal and dressed, is so large, that the natives of the countries which it inhabits sometimes cover their huts with a single skin; and Le Vaillant, the French traveller in Africa, mentions this as the first indication of the existence of the animal that he met with. "I was struck," he says, "by a sort of distinction which I perceived on one of the huts; it was entirely covered with the skin of a giraffe. I had never seen this quadruped, the tallest of the inhabitants of the earth; I knew it only by false descriptions and figures, and could therefore scarcely recognise its robe. And yet this *was* the skin of the giraffe. I was in the country inhabited by this creature; I might, perhaps,

see some of them alive ; I looked forward to the moment when I should be thus recompensed, at least in part, for all the sufferings and annoyances of my expedition." The thickness of the hide, however, occasions its application to another and less picturesque use. It is considered by the natives to be the best material for sandals ; and in this form, although the sight of it may never again produce

down on horseback. Mr. Gordon Cumming, however, in his book on "South African Field Sports," relates several instances of his having done this ; and Mr. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness," says, that any person of light weight, mounted on a pretty good horse, can easily overtake a herd of giraffes, and cut off the one he wishes to shoot. He gives the following description of the



SKELETON OF THE GIRAFFE.

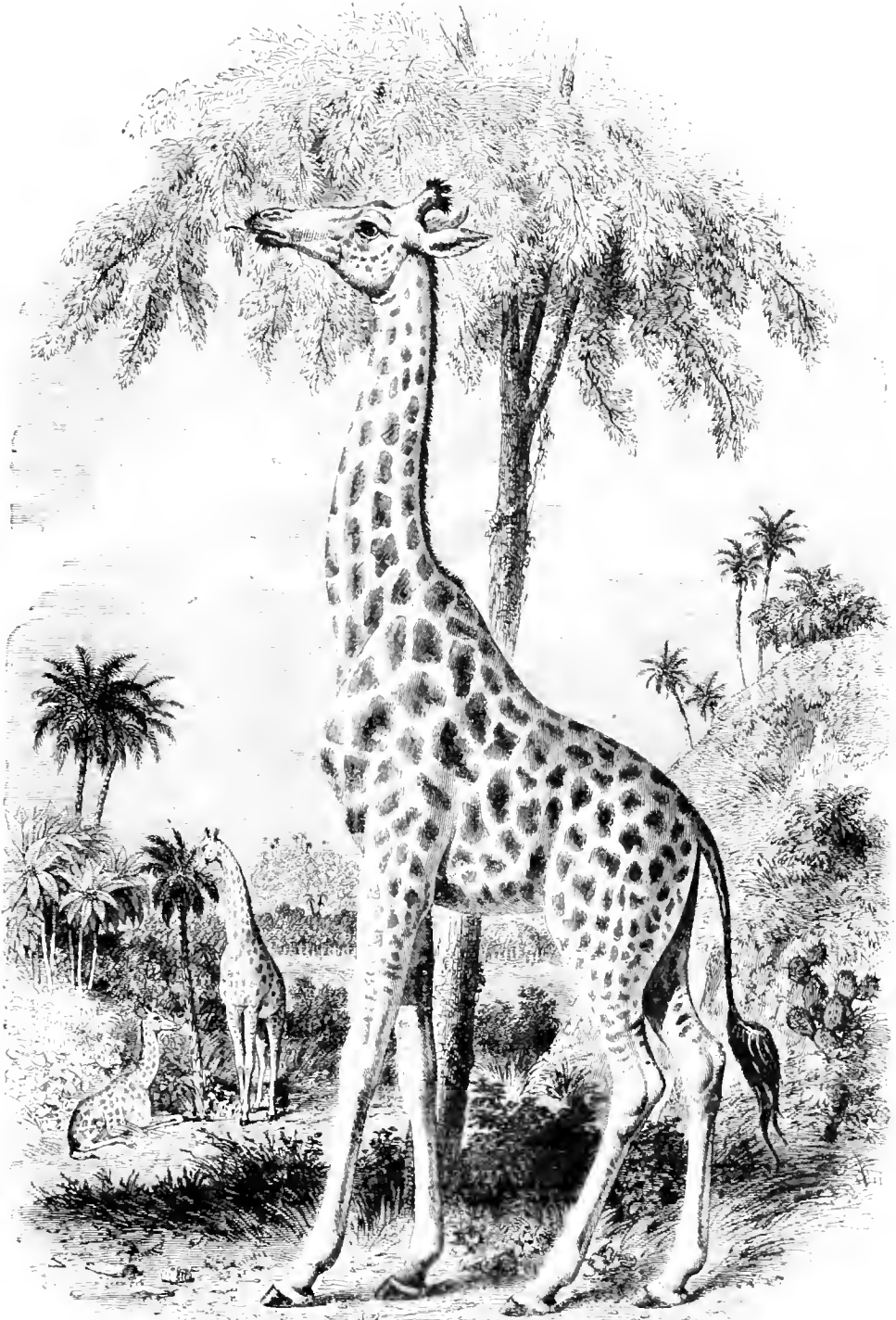
the same feelings in the mind of any future naturalist as those so eloquently expressed by Le Vaillant in the passage just quoted, it may certainly greatly assist him in his search after the many other wonderful things still to be discovered in the vast continent of Africa.

It is generally supposed that the giraffe is an exceedingly swift beast, and that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to run him

process, with which we will conclude this article : "We espied some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokalo-tree ; their long taper necks stretched to the full length, twisting their long prehensile tongues round the leaves and young shoots. . . . The animals soon perceived us, and took to flight, charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Brobdignagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner possible ; the

hinder legs at each spring coming before the fore ones, and seeming to work outside them by at least two feet; their tails were curled, and they proceeded with a peculiar jumping motion, their long taper necks and lofty heads overtopping the tallest shrubs. I was quickly

have annihilated;—truly is 'the fear of man on all creatures. Thorns scratched and tore my clothes to ribbons; all my companions vanished, though reports on all sides proclaimed the work of death in progress; and my giraffe amusing itself by throwing dirt and



THE GIRAFFE.

alongside the largest, and contrived to separate it from the herd, when, though strongly excited, I could not help remarking the strange sight which these colossal brutes exhibited, each followed by such comparatively insignificant dwarfish men and horses, whom, had the fugitives possessed courage to make resistance, one of their kicks must

sticks behind it in my face. I galloped a-head, and, dismounting, fired my favourite two-ounce Pinday's rifle behind its shoulder, when, to my great joy, the animal stopped, after running twenty yards—reel'd—totter'd, and laid its steeple-neck prostrate on the earth."

THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

HENRY IV. of France, the lucky prince who escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when so many thousands became the victims of the savage revenge of Catherine—because they had not upheld her against the Guises—was almost the greatest patron the castle and wood of Fontainebleau ever had. Catherine and the ferocious Charles IX. had previously made it a scene of pleasure, and had here successfully capoled some of the Huguenots, who were then making efforts, which, if successful, would have raised France to a pinnacle of extraordinary prosperity, and would effectually have prevented the subsequent revolution.

But things were ordained otherwise; and Henry IV. was himself obliged to recount his religion ere he could secure the throne of his beloved France, of which he was, undoubtedly, one of the best kings.

In the manuscript department of the king's library at Paris is a letter, by which the monarch announces to the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrees his arrival at Fontainebleau. It is very characteristic of the king, who, in some particulars, rather resembled Henry VIII. of this country.

FROM OUR DELICIOUS DESERT OF FONTAINE-BELLE-EAU.

My dear Friend,—The courier arrived this evening. I have sent him back at once, because he informs me that you have given him instructions to return immediately with news of me. I am very well, thank God. All I desire is to see you.—HENRI.

Gabrielle d'Estrees loved the king. She was determined, in her own mind, to be queen of France. There was easy morality in those days, but there was also inordinate ambition in many minds. That the beautiful Gabrielle should aspire to be the spouse of the king, who loved her, was not at all surprising; but the task, with every good disposition on the part of the king towards her, was a difficult one.

There was a minister in France to whom the king was, with justice and reason, very much attached. He was a man who loved his country, and he was well aware that a king, who owed his throne to a successful revolution, would do much wiser to ally himself to some of the princesses of royal blood, than to any private individual.

Gabrielle knew that she had to contend with this powerful and firm opposition. But she did not despair. She played for a throne, and that was a prize worthy in her mind of every risk. She, therefore, on the receipt of the king's letter, came in all haste with other ladies to Fontainebleau.

She saw at once that Rosny de Sully was aware of her design and prepared to oppose it by every means in his power. He received her with great respect, and showed a degree of humility which was surprising.

But Gabrielle was not to be deceived. The next morning, as a party of ladies and courtiers were promenading in the beautiful park, she contrived to be alone with the king under the great oak-tree, of which we have given an engraving.

The king was as usual gallant, and spoke of her beauty and his affection in no measured terms.

"Your majesty is very good," said the beautiful favourite with much emotion; "but, sire, do you remember a certain promise made at St. Germain, which—"

"What promise?" asked the king.

"A promise, sire, which was to have been carried out there, but which a certain Rosny de Sully—"

"Do you speak of my friend and first adviser?" said the king with a slight frown.

"Your friend, sire, I know; but not mine," replied the lady. "He hates me; but I return the compliment."

"Beautiful Gabrielle!" said the king, who loved a little mischief; "I do not think Sully could hate a woman; he cares too little about them."

"Sire?" exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, blushing with anger, "you mean that we women are beneath the notice of so great a man?"

"I am afraid he is sufficiently ungallant to consider the heart of a woman not a very valuable commodity."

"Sire, it matters little what Rosny de Sully thinks, if the memory of Henry IV. of France be good. I remind your majesty once more, of your promise at St. Germain."

"Tut! tut! *not mine*, what promise?"

"You said, sire, that you loved me, and were sufficiently of a peasant—those were your majesty's words—to think that a good wife was a thing which a king should covet above everything."

"A good wife is an excellent thing," said Henry IV. gravely.

"Then your majesty recollects your promise at St. Germain?" said the lady, whose eyes flashed fire. Ambition now overcame every other feeling.

"Faith, Gabrielle, and thou wouldst make a rare queen. Few would equal you, if any. None would surpass you in loveliness," continued the king, musing.

"When, then, will you announce it to the court?" exclaimed Gabrielle, seizing the king's hand.

"Tut! tut!" said the king laughing; "*not mine* is in a hurry. Rosny de Sully is not a man to be gained over in a minute."

At this moment the grave minister appeared before them only a few yards distant. The king affectionately nodded to him, and the minister bowed profoundly.

"Your majesty recollects the interview at twelve?" he said inquiringly.

"Ah! yes," exclaimed the monarch rather uneasily, "about that eternal question of my marriage."

"Your majesty," said the grave minister, who saw the king was inclined to talk, "marriage, in crowned heads, is a duty they owe to society. As long as your majesty is without due heirs and successors, there will be fear of civil war."

"Sully, you mean well, but I fear marriage is too great a tie."

"Your majesty is too great a king, to consult your personal feelings. The good of your country will be your first thought."

"Rosny," said Henry IV., with a laugh; "you usually condemn flatterers. Where have you been taking such apt lessons?"

"I never flatter, sire. But, perhaps, this question of the marriage had better be reserved for the council-chamber."

"Why not speak of it now?" exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, with a fierce and angry look at Sully, her chief enemy, she well knew, as regarded the marriage question.

"Gabrielle is right, in truth. Under this oak-tree is pleasanter on such a day than in my cabinet. Seat yourself there, my trusty councillor, on that wooden seat, and let us talk of affairs of state."

"The presence of a lady," said the minister gravely, "is somewhat against the usual custom of councils."

"Sully," replied the king, "you forget Jeanne d'Albret, her whose courage saved me from early death; you forget Catherine, of evil repute."

"I forget nothing, sire," said the minister, with a look of meekness, which made Gabrielle d'Estrees wince; "and if the Lady d'Estrees takes an interest in the subject, I see no reason why your majesty may not combine pleasure and business."

"Take an interest in the subject!" exclaimed the king, laughing, and roughly bringing on the question, like a school-boy who fears the consequence, "why, as she is probably the fair dame who will grace my crown, it can scarcely be supposed the subject is not interesting to her."

Gabrielle d'Estrees looked triumphantly at the minister.

"Sire," said the minister slyly, "that is impossible."

"Ventre St. Gris," said the ex-king of Navarre, "How impossible! Why impossible?"

"Rosny de Sully," whispered Gabrielle, "beware!"

"Sire," said the minister solemnly, "it is impossible. In the first place, it is quite out of the question, that under present circumstances your majesty should marry a subject. Spain is awake and alive. The son of the Marquis de Verueil aims at supplanting you on the throne. Every mistake must be avoided by your majesty. Besides, the negotiations for the hand of Marie de' Medici, though not officially commenced, are in train—"

"How in train?" asked the king frowning.

Gabrielle smiled. It was clear the king was on her side.

"Your majesty will please to recollect that you doubted my ability to bring about this marriage, and said you feared less to ask, than to risk a refusal."

"Yes, yes, I recollect," exclaimed the king rather uneasily.

"Your majesty, I have this morning received a private intimation, that an official demand will be met with a warm consent."

"Sire, do you allow this?" said Gabrielle, who began to be alarmed, the influence of the minister over the king being undoubted, and the quiet way in which he had acted proving his determination, and at the same time his great confidence.

"But, Rosny de Sully," exclaimed Henry the Fourth, "I have given my word."

"Sire, your majesty will pardon me. You never gave your word unconditionally. The Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees must see that the interest of the state is above all private considerations. Your majesty then, I hope, will make the formal demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici this day."

"But! but! man, there is no such hurry," said the king, who now deeply regretted the presence of the fair charmer, to whose hopes he had given so much encouragement.

"Sire," exclaimed Gabrielle, "your royal word is given. I have as good as your bond. The promise made at St. Germain your majesty ratified but ten minutes since."

"Nay, *ma mie!*" said the king; "I only said you would look a queer individual."

"Of that," interposed Sully, "no man will doubt. Did beauty and grace and elegance decide royal marriages, there can be no doubt that the Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees would carry all before her."

"And pray, most learned expounder of the royal matrimonial theory, why may not a king direct his choice where beauty, grace, and elegance lead him?" asked the monarch.

"Because, sire, a king has more duties than rights, more a policy to think of than privileges to enjoy," replied the minister.

"Sophistry!" cried Gabrielle d'Estrees, now losing her temper, and allowing her fine eyes to be suffused with tears; "this is all mere idle talk, to move his majesty to break his royal word. 'Tis treachery, rank treachery!"

"Madam, were there no treachery to his majesty in France, save in the heart of Rosny de Sully, Henry IV. might marry safely where he loved. But there is danger, and treachery, and doubt, and tribulation; and a great king must yield to state policy."

The king mused deeply, Gabrielle d'Estrees began a scene of mingled tears, supplications, threats, reproaches, and fitting, to which Sully offered only the calm reasons which, in truth, did guide the mind of one of the best and greatest politicians France has ever produced. The contest was long and alarming. The lady was alternately a terrible Juno, and a melting, yielding Danae. The king wavered, but at last, as was natural with one of his character, the woman appeared clearly about to gain the day. He could not resist the "*tears as big as little p's*" that fell from her beautiful eyes, and the minister began to fear that the day was lost. He determined to make, therefore, one last and bold stroke.

He rose.

"Your majesty," said he, bowing respectfully, "appears to have decided. You have determined to do that which I believe to be ruinous to the prospects of the country, fatal to the peace of France, I have but one duty—a solemn and unpleasant duty—and that is, to request your majesty to appoint my successor."

"You desert me, Sully," exclaimed the king in a reproachful tone.

"Sire, I cannot, loving my country, and desiring an honest fame, incur the odium of having connived at an unpopular and unwise act. I must resign, to save my honour and my reputation."

"Your majesty will find many as faithful and attached ministers," exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, beginning to recover her hopes.

"And so, Rosny," said the king affectionately, "you have made up your mind, in this case, to leave me."

"I say it, your majesty, with deep regret; but it is my duty."

"Then, Rosny, it must be that you are right. You would never leave me, were you not persuaded of the justice of your cause. This afternoon send the demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici to Go, my friend."

The minister bowed, without a word, and retired.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the alarmed Lady Gabrielle, "I had not yet learned to understand the King. I know, Sire, your majesty prefers that Rosny to your beloved Gabrielle."

"That Rosny, Gabrielle," said the king gravely, "is the guardian of my crown."

Gabrielle till every art to persuade the king to give up the minister, and take one more compliant. Though it was the king, he made his historical reply to the fair dame.

"Pardi, madame! this is too much. You have been injured to this by some enemies of mine. In order, then, that you may be quite at ease on the subject, let me tell you, that I would rather lose one hundred women as beautiful as you, than one of the Sully."

Gabrielle d'Estrees was s-lens l. After dinner she renewed the conflict in Sully's pavilion, but in vain.

The hand of Marie de' Medici was formally asked by the King, and Gabrielle d'Estrees returned to Paris, after begging the monarch's pardon on her head of knees.

She retired to her apartments in the Hotel Zamor, where a few days later she died, after eating a meal which had been all poisoned. It was never known, nor even suspected, by whom this poison was administered, as the object could not very well be discovered. It has even been suggested that she ate only some rancid ones, which were of a poisonous tribe, and ate them accidentally killed.

King Henry IV. was a little hurt in heart at the disappointment of which the great oak had been the theatre, and visited it for several days with considerable gravity.

But soon all Fortunaebleser was in activity. The marriage ceremony was settled, and Henry IV. became the English in a few days of Marie de' Medici, who, on the 21st of September, 1600, presided him with a drugging. The king was obliged to pierce his own sword in the infant's hand, and addressed the queen thus:

"*Ma mie!*" he exclaimed; "rejoice! Heaven has granted your wish. We have a handsome son."

And he ran in such a hurry to hear a *T. D. de* in the church of the Holy Trinity, that he lost his hat in the crowd. He was a ardent a Romanist as he had, at one time, been a firm Huguenot.

Many of the plans and designs of Henry IV. were conceived and debated under that spreading oak, which is only one of the many magnificent trees that adorn that delightful forest.

One day, in the sixteenth century, St. Louis was hunting in the forest of Bievre, in the Gatinais. He lost a dog he was very fond of, and which answered to the name of Blean. The King was very much vexed at his loss, and all the court exerted themselves to recover it. Saints as well as other beings have their idiosyncrasies. The flatterers of St. Louis hurried so swiftly about the forest, that they found the dog drinking at a spring. The spring was next to a fountain, which was called Fontainebleau.

Such is the legend which Francis I. and the Princes of France selected by a painting. But Madillon tells us that it was an old domain named Bievre, while Poland and the Germans, still showing any respect for old stories, tell us that the dog came from Fontaine-belle-eau, corrupted into Fontainebleau. Here the French kings built a residence.

Old Guillaume Maisis, an ancient chaplain of France, says:

"The Gatinais, diversified by woods, rivers, and plain, and its mountains, is very healthy and agreeable, which is also its great beauty, not a ponded, and of our seeing that those who hold that it is good, live to a good old age, and die full of years, and in a healthy old age, so common anywhere else in France. And indeed our kings constantly a pleasure-palace in this locality. The monarchs of France and royal houses in Europe's Pan de Mon. Our Kings of France made it a residence with a view to pleasure, and the Kings of France were chiefly born and brought up there, and place of the country."

Monteige and Meun had previously endeavored to diminish the misery of France. They were successfull in their efforts. St. Louis wrote to them, "I feel what is said to me, I feel under the great oak. The king had said, and was, and was, his safety, when he fell ill of the measles, and died."

"You are the king," said the old man.

"I have many titles, I you," said the king, "but I am not the king."

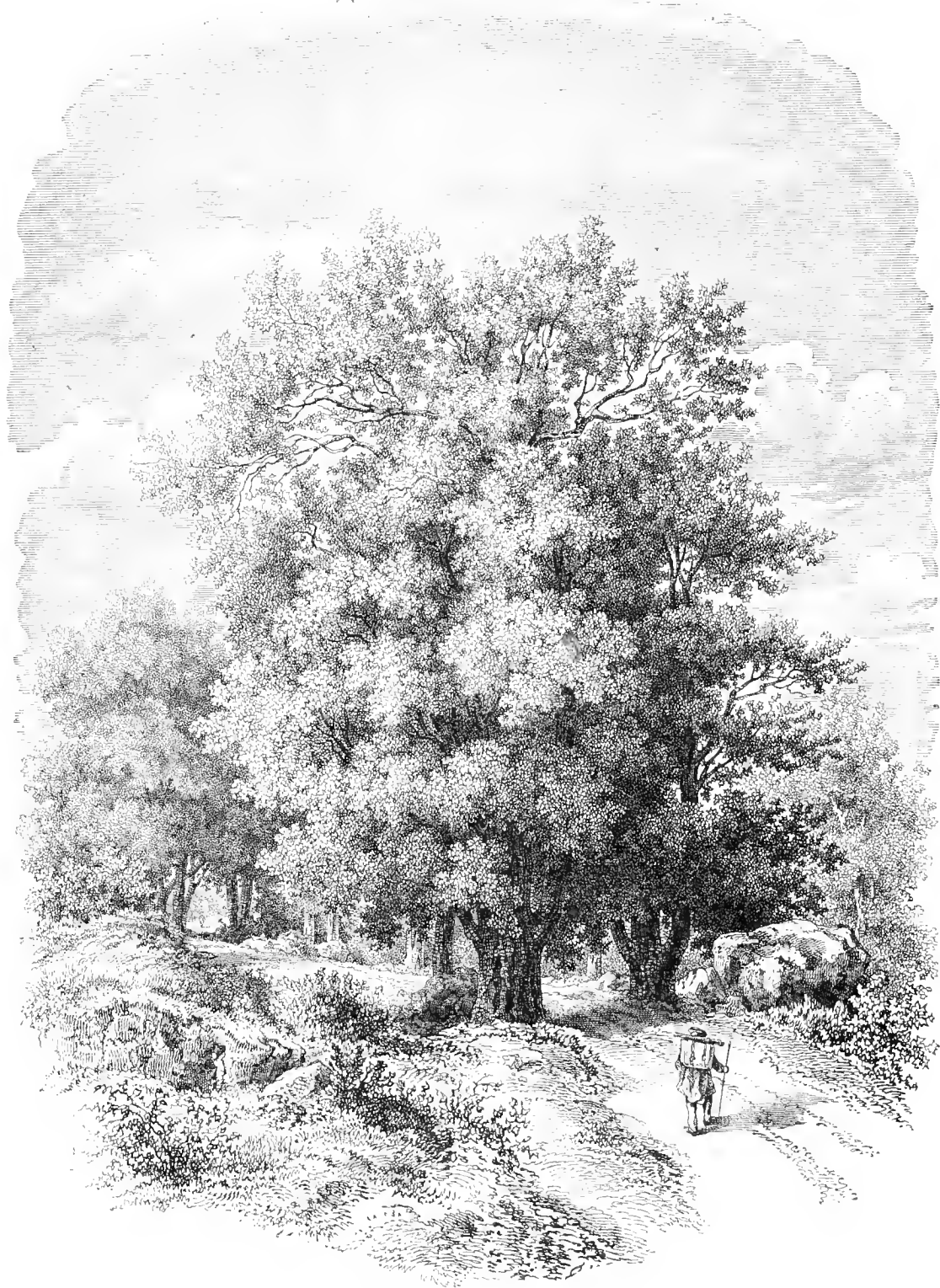
At the close of the day, the king, and the queen, and the

"Well, where is the king, and the queen, and the

"I am the king, and you are an audacious brigand." As he spoke, the thieves were overpowered

"Hunger, sire."

"Very good," said the prince; "you shall expiate your sins



THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

"How long have you earned on this trade

"Since yesterday."

"What drove you to it?"

ly fighting the infidels. In future you shall eat the king's bread."

It is reported that the robbers became very good soldiers.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

There are many fine specimens of the art of the ancients near the walls of the city of Rome, and in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Salerno. The most interesting remains of antiquity are the ruins of the city of Paestum, as well as the ruins of the city of Stabia, and the ruins of the city of Herculaneum. According to the reports of the antiquaries, the ruins of the city of Paestum were discovered in the year 1763, and the ruins of the city of Stabia in the year 1749. The ruins of the city of Herculaneum were discovered in the year 1738. The ruins of the city of Paestum are the most perfect remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in Italy. The ruins of the city of Stabia are the most interesting remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Salerno. The ruins of the city of Herculaneum are the most interesting remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Salerno.

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THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO AT PAESTUM

What remains of the ancient Etruscan art is an interesting goodly lot in form of their ruins, and the remains of the city of Paestum, which are the most perfect remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in Italy. The ruins of the city of Paestum are the most perfect remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in Italy. The ruins of the city of Paestum are the most perfect remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in Italy.

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The most interesting remains are those of the city of Paestum, and Naples, especially the latter, which is the most perfect remains of the art of the ancients that have been discovered in Italy.

finding it impossible at the commencement of the tenth century to overcome the Christians, determined to retire from the country, and signalled their departure by pillaging and destroying Pootum. In 1080, Robert Guiscard completed the work of destruction by conveying most of the remaining columns and ornaments to Salerno to build a church.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.

THE system of government, prevalent for ages in China, is based upon that of a family. The Chinese constitute the vast family of which the emperor is the father; and, as absolute filial obedience is required by their faith, as the father has absolute power over his children, even so has the emperor absolute authority in the state, the most implicit obedience being required from his officers and subjects. Such a system is often mis-called the patriarchal, but it is quite a misnomer—the foundation of both may be alike, but the practice is quite different. The emperor is styled “the sacred son of heaven,” “the sole ruler of the earth,” “the great father;” offerings are made to his image and to his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence. When he goes abroad, all the people take care to shut themselves up in their houses; whoever is found in the monarch’s way is liable to instant execution unless he turns his back, or lies flat with his face upon the ground. The children have evidently no reason to rejoice, under such circumstances, in the visits of their father; his journeys must be rather alarming to travellers. Everything about him partakes of the idolatrous homage paid to himself, whilst the mandarins, who are his delegates in distant provinces, have authority as absolute as his own.

No despotism was ever more unalloyed; no power more absolutely without control than that of this “son of heaven;” and yet it was all based upon a mistaken view of the domestic relationship. The language, spoken and written, of China, is an admirably-contrived supporter of this state of things; each sign representing an idea, often without any corresponding word, so that a piece of writing, although intelligible to the learned reader, cannot be read aloud to others; and hence the information acquired by the privileged classes has no means of becoming diffused amongst the bulk of the people. Reflection and memory are the only powers called into exercise by this dumb language—the imagination can never be appealed to by it. Even in a Chinese poem, which cannot, of course, be read aloud, the beauty consists in the adaptation of symbol to symbol; it excites no feeling in the breast, it affords no culture to the imagination. “Not a hundredth part of the Chinese characters,” says Remusat, “has any vocal expression, and it is no uncommon thing for the literati of that country to conduct their disputes by describing in the air, with their fans, characters which do not correspond to any word in the language which they speak.” (*Essai sur la Langue Chinoise*, p. 33). Eminently absurd, we are inclined to call such symbolic argument, and to us it does certainly appear so; but it is eminently note-worthy, by reason of the deductions that may be drawn from the fact, that, if appeals are thus made to the reason and to the memory only, all the fervour of eloquence must be quite thrown away and all the aid of the imagination lost in religious or political addresses.

In the earliest ages of authentic Chinese history, that is, about five hundred years before the Christian era, the country was divided into nine sovereignties, all subsequently united under an enterprising prince named Lo, the Chinese Esbert. For centuries the country, thus united, enjoyed peace and prosperity under its native lords. The intestine tumults were few and far between, and the military art became almost unknown, for there was no foreign aggression to repel. Ghenghis Khan, the great Asiatic conqueror, swept over the country like a whirlwind, carrying everything before him in the thirteenth century; but the Ming or native dynasty was restored subsequently. About a century and a half ago, however, the Ming dynasty was again displaced by the Manchoo invaders from the north-east, whose monarchs have ever since sat upon the Chinese throne. The paternal rod by which China had previously been governed, was heavy and severe enough; but, since then, the whip of the Tartar has been added to the domestic tyranny, until subserviency has superseded obedience. “The despotism of the

Manchoo sovereign,” says Balbi, “keeps that of the grandees in order, and obliges them to remain united. There is no resistance on the part of the people; they have much cunning but little courage, and find it safer to preserve a part of their property by grovelling at the feet of their masters, than to risk the loss of the whole in order to obtain their liberty.” Had Balbi lived in these days, he might have learnt that, however bound down by a foreign yoke, however tyrannised over by foreign rulers, the Chinese had not yet lost their nationality entirely, and were certainly disposed to make a violent effort, and able to make it, to regain their liberty and to shake off the Manchoo rule. Whether they be successful or not remains to be seen—probably they will not be so; yet it must always be remembered, to their honour, that the attempt was made, and that they exhibited in it courage, constancy, and perseverance, not unalloyed, it is true, with cruelty and intolerance. But these are always the vices of the fallen; long-continued slavery produces them naturally in the mind; long-continued, pent-up indignation feels itself upon blood when it gets the opportunity.

The various civil and military appointments are filled by nine classes of officers, called originally *mandarins*, by the Portuguese, from the Latin verb *mandare*, to command. The power of these officers is, as I have said, absolute, when they are sent by the emperor as his viceroys into the various provinces of the empire. An officer of this description entering a city, can order any person he suspects to be arrested and executed, without giving any further reason for the summary procedure than that noted in his despatch to the High Court of Peking, in which he announces the fact. He is unquestionably a formidable officer. A hundred victors go before him, announcing his mission with discordant yells. Should any one be found in the way, notwithstanding this announcement, he is mauled with bamboo rods or castigated with heavy whips. It is some consolation to know that the officer himself, who thus has the power of tyrannising at his will, is liable to the same summary punishment he inflicts on others. If tales to his discredit are whispered by influential men in Peking, and come at length to the emperor’s ears, an imperial mandate may, at any moment, arrive, which orders the inferior officers to seize the viceroy, of whom they have been standing so heartily in dread, and to chastise him soundly. It is likely, under such circumstances, that they would lay it on with hearty good-will.

The redeeming point of all this Chinese government must be mentioned, however. It is this, that these mandarins are not hereditary nobles, born to rule, and brought up in supercilious contempt of all around them, but men who have passed examinations in the classical literature of their country—men versed in such religion, in such mathematics, in such science, in such philosophy, as Chinese wisdom has attained to. Learning is the ladder of nobility, and he has a chance of climbing highest—other things being equal—who has learnt most. From their peculiar system of symbols, this learning, however, is not so powerfully operative for good as it might otherwise be. It is cold and heartless, cultivating the head much, but leaving the warm impulses of the heart unregulated, unpolished, and unenriched from the stores of the imagination. The human mind has many faculties, all of which require simultaneous development to constitute a superior being, ultimately. No one of these faculties can be neglected without evil being induced.

The insurrection which has been threatening for the last year or two to overturn the Manchoo dynasty, and once more place the native line of princes on the throne, excited little attention in England until the intelligence was brought by one of the Indian mails, last autumn, that Nankin had been taken by the rebels. Indistinct rumours of troubles in the southern provinces of the empire had been heard and canvassed in Canton months before. At first, the disturbers were *robbers*, and numerous imperial decrees declared that the leaders of these robbers had been seized, and quartered at Peking, their dismembered limbs being affixed on the gates, and elsewhere, as a warning to evil-doers. But still, all the imperial decrees notwithstanding, the troubles continued, and it was further rumoured, that the descendant of the old Ming family was the head of the insurgents. At length Nankin was taken, and the robbers became, forthwith, *rebels*. Nankin, the centre of the arts, fashions, and literature of China—Nankin, the old capital of the country, was taken. Europeans began then to doubt whether even

imperial proclamations were always to be credited—it was evident, indeed, that they were not. The insurgents advanced; they seized the southern basin of the Great Canal; they commanded the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang. One imperial army after another was defeated; they threatened Peking itself. They became forthwith *patriots*. Who shall say, after this, that there is nothing in a name? Nothing in a name! robbers and patriots convertible terms! Verily there is much in a name. Success will afford a healing plaster for many wounded consciences; success will blind the eyes of most lookers-on. A man makes a great leap to attain a distant blessing—he fails, and people laugh at his temerity; he succeeds, and they applaud his heroism. Had the Chinese insurrection perished in its first efforts in the South, we should have heard of it only as the troubles caused by a few paltry robbers.

Hien-fong, which, being interpreted, means Complete Abundance, is the present emperor of China, the Manchoo sovereign who reigns in Peking. He is but twenty-two years of age, "a young man," says M. Callery, "of middle height, his form indicating great aptitude for bodily exercises. He is slender and muscular, has a high forehead, and a detective obliquity of the eyes?" which latter means, in plain English, that his majesty squints. "His cheek-bones are very prominent, and strongly marked. The space between his eyes is broad and flat, like the forehead of a buffalo." By no means a flattering simile, M. Callery's, for, although Juno was called the ox-eyed, that is no reason why Complete Abundance should be likened to a buffalo. There is little to be added to this sketch of Complete Abundance, save this, that he appears to be always in want of money.

Tien-te, the head of the insurrection, and the representative of the Ming dynasty, is also a young man, only a year or so older than

Complete Abundance. "Study and want of rest," says M. Callery, "have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, leads a very retired life, and only communicates with those about him when he gives his orders." Tien-te means Celestial Virtue; and the cunning Chinese, anxious to obtain the favour of the western barbarians, assured them that this Celestial Virtue was really a Christian at heart, and intended establishing Christianity when he became emperor. The fact of his having thirty wives, however, when it became known, made the Europeans look with suspicion on Celestial Virtue's Christianity, as well they might. So they have left Complete Abundance and him to fight it out, their sympathies, perhaps, being with the insurgents, their diplomatic communication still, however, with the Manchoo and his officers. Certain it is, that the insurgents have shown no favour whatever to Buddhism, which is the religion of the Manchoo court, since they have invariably destroyed its temples and images as they have advanced. Whether they intend to restore the system of Confucius, or to amalgamate it with some of the truths of Christianity, does not yet sufficiently appear. They seem to have correct ideas on the subject of the Deity and of his nature, ideas probably obtained from Christian sources. It is almost certain, however, that if they do succeed, the insurgents will settle down into the old political forms; all their sympathies and tendencies seem to point in that direction. Recent accounts leave it doubtful whether they will succeed at all. They have got to within a hundred miles of Peking, having traversed a district of country as extensive as the whole of European Russia. They have been almost uniformly successful hitherto; but the fierce Tartar tribes may possibly be too much for them, if the latest intelligence on the subject is to be credited.

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

Is a recent entertaining work, entitled "Scenes in Eastern Life," opens the following amusing episode, which we give without vouching for the strict accuracy of every particular:—

Stanislas Duhamel was a *blasé* Parisian. He had exhausted all the enjoyments of life, and wasted all his energies in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. As a student, a man of fashion, a politician, a mercantile man, and a lieutenant in the National Guards, he had been foremost in all sorts of exciting scenes, till at last, having run the whole round of worldly activity, he sat down like Alexander the Great, and mourned that he had not another career open to him. In his vexation and embarrassment for want of yet one more part to play, one additional scene in the drama of life, he suddenly bethought him of an expedient which promised to answer his purpose admirably. He would go to Constantinople, assume the turban, and become a thorough Mahomedan. He would get a palace with beautiful fountains, a palanquin, with a procession of slaves, etc. etc. As he dwelt upon the bright visions of enjoyment opening up before his mind's eye, his heart throbbled with delight, his jaded emotions once more resumed their intensity, and the exclamation—*La Alla ila Alla!* burst forth from his lips.

Without delay he was off to Marseilles, and in the course of a week or two landed safely at Constantinople, where he hired a splendid palace, of which the reader may form some conception from our engraving (p. 12). It was surrounded by a court, a garden, fine colonnades, and shady avenues, and had a marble pavement, fountains, arabesques, and whatever else could contribute to elegance or use. The Parisian was delighted with his new abode, which appeared quite a Mahomedan paradise. But before an hour had passed in self-congratulations, he began to feel painfully conscious of some serious defects. In the first place, he did not like the solitude in which he found himself. Then the windows, though artistically formed, were none of them glazed, so that the heat by day and damp by night had free admission, bringing ophthalmia and rheumatism in their train. "We must remedy this," said he to his dragoman, "by getting some splendid furniture and a company of dancing-girls." Accordingly, the dragoman went to the nearest bazaar, and the furniture was supplied the same evening. It consisted of sofas made of palm-wood, stuffed with cotton and covered with Persian silk, divans and beds, a small

round table, curtains, mats, caps, pipes and margaublis. Highly delighted with the way in which he had fulfilled his commission, the dragoman exclaimed: "Here you have furniture fit for the reception of a pasha himself."

Our hero had also a numerous suite of personal attendants, including a secretary, a treasurer, two cooks, three pipe-bearers, four coffee-servers, five interpreters, and six ass-drivers, not to mention an armour-bearer, a groom to hold his horse, and several extra hands to assist the others. "At any rate," said he himself, "I shall be well waited on." Next day, however, his cooks brought him bean chickens hatched in the oven, dog's flesh dressed up as mutton, and dried loaves from Egypt, the whole seasoned to a fiery heat with pepper and mustard. He soon began to find out what it is to be the slave of slaves. Each of his servants being professedly about his appropriate work, and most of them taking their *siesta* in the middle of the day, he could never get their attention when he wanted. If he had occasion for the ass-driver, he stumbled upon the secretary, and *vice versa*. The extra hands were indignant when he asked them to shut the door, or do anything else so far beneath their dignity. His horse was never saddled except for his groom to have a ride. The pipe-bearers and coffee-servers brought him a hundred pipes and as many cups of coffee a-day, that they might regale themselves at his expense. All the neighbours and passers-by came in to squat upon his divans, smoke his tobacco, and taste his mocha coffee. To crown all, the *cabale cordiales*, which subsisted between the tradespeople and his servants, was productive of ruinous results.

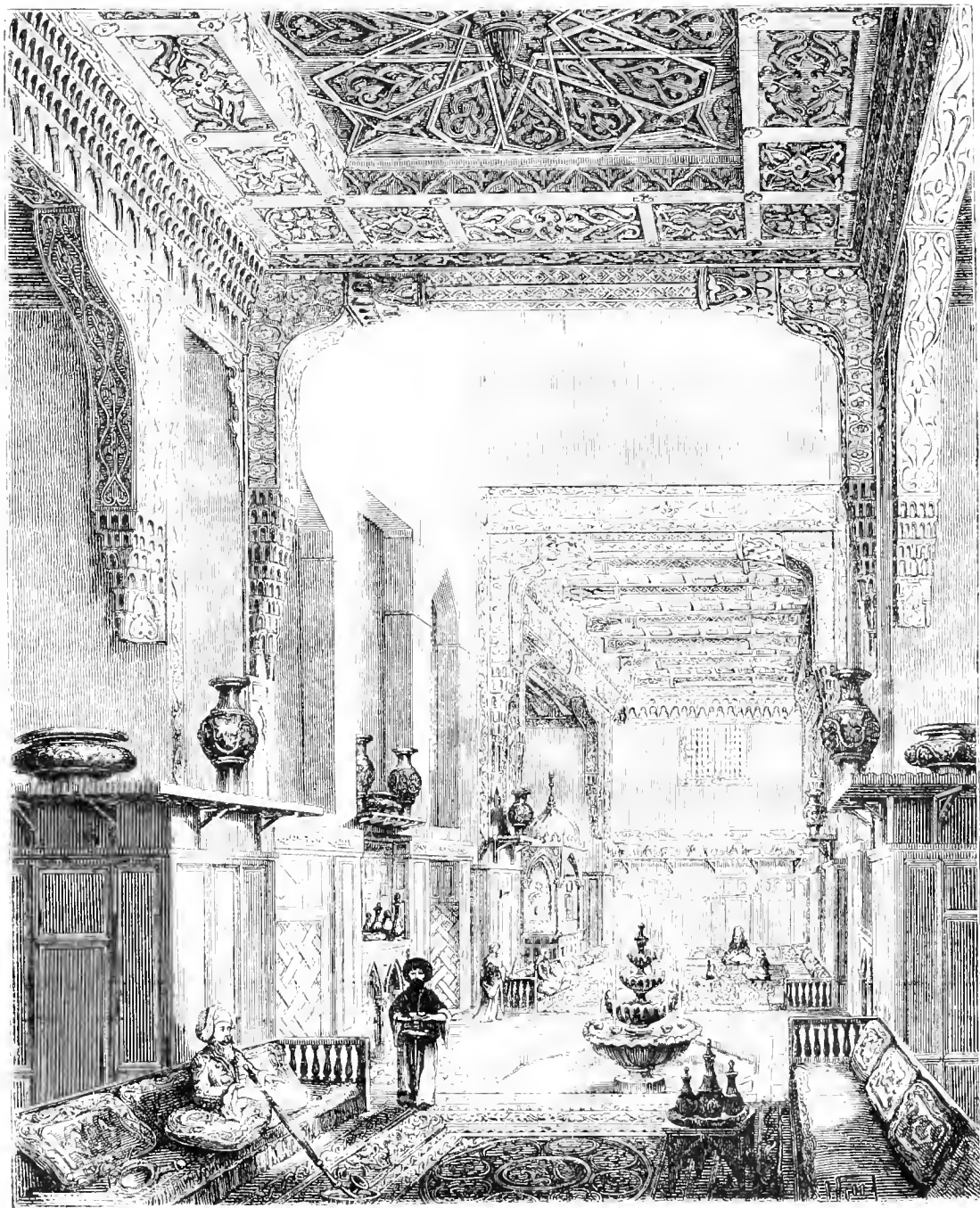
Unable to endure this any longer, Stanislas determined to put an end to it by turning Turk in real earnest. Off he ran to a barber, who, in little more than a twinkling, completely shaved his head, with the exception of one small tuft of hair on the top of his cranium.

"But why leave this tuft?" he asked.

"For the day when you have your head cut off," replied the barber. "Every good Mussulman ought to be prepared for that operation, particularly those who were originally Christians, as they rarely escape this fate. Without this tuft for the executioner to lay hold of when he shows your head to the crowd, he would have to take you by the nose—an indignity past all bearing." The

poor Frenchman shrugged and shrugged his shoulders, but had not the heart to attempt any reply, and therefore made the best of his way home. As soon as he arrived, he ordered the *aduchs* or dancing-girls to be sent for to soothe his perturbed spirit. Several were introduced, most brilliantly attired, and promising to delight him with a fine display of their art. They danced awkwardly and sang badly, but he tried to persuade himself they were adorable,

after a comely show of reluctance, to accept his hand. The wedding day arrived, on which he was at length to realise the happiness of which he had so long vainly dreamt. His bride had always kept her face most sacredly veiled until the ceremony was completed. When there was no longer any reason for further reserve, she suffered him to lift her veil, and he had the felicity of discovering that she was an old Parisian dressmaker! On making application



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH PALACE

When, however, after continuing their evolutions for some time, they came and bowed themselves before him and he approached them to give each a handsome gratuity, according to eastern custom, what was his horror and dismay to find that these pretended *danceuses* were men in women's dress!

To replenish his purse and solace his heart, he resolved, as a last resource, to take to himself a rich wife. He was not long in meeting with a lady said to be possessed of an ample fortune, and willing,

for the dowry, he was informed that in the East it was the husband who furnished that. This was more than he could bear. His constitution gave way under such repeated blows. He was attacked with brain-fever, from which, however, he at last recovered, in spite of the remedies prescribed by the physicians; and then, after encountering many serious obstacles in succession, he managed to make his escape to Paris, where he was now recruited to a mode of life which had before been a source of constant dissatisfaction.

HARVEST IN ITALY.

A POET of the sixteenth century has left us a pretty song, supposed to be sung by a girl to her companions as she is winnowing corn. It is such a character that the artist has portrayed in the lovely picture from which our engraving is taken. As we gaze upon her beautiful features and graceful form, it is easy to fancy her fanning the flame of her admirer's affection by singing, in merry mood, snatches of some popular ballad to a well-known air. But, if we may believe the accounts given of an Italian harvest by well-informed and trustworthy travellers, there is nothing in that country corresponding to this pleasing illusion. It is true, the poor

in troops of several hundreds, each under the command of a sort of corporal, armed with a staff, they present almost the appearance of an army. If a poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, panting, and fainting with thirst, rests for a moment, she is immediately goaded on to work by some harsh word, some threatening movement of the corporal's staff, or even a blow from his brutal hand. A melancholy silence pervades this laborious multitude. Nothing is heard but the sound of the sickle as it cuts, and the corn as it falls. The sickles and billhooks glitter in the sun like weapons of war, and, to complete the comparison, death reigns among the reapers as on the



AN ITALIAN WINNOWER.

girls who, with their brothers and their betrothed lovers, go down from the Abruzzi, and the mountains of Lucca, and the Sabine district, to get in the harvest about Rome, are not unfrequently as beautiful as the one depicted in our engraving; but they are rarely cheerful enough to give vent to their feelings in songs. It is not on their father's fields that they reap the corn, bind the sheaves, and winnow the grain. For a miserable pittance of hire they go, much against their inclination, to expose themselves to the malignant influence of the atmosphere, and work laboriously for several months under very strict discipline. As they move along the vast plain

field of battle. "Exposed," says a traveller, "to severe toil, passing speedily without transition from the temperate climate and pure air of their mountains to a burning plain which sends forth pestilential miasma, these unhappy creatures are often the victims of dreadful fevers. The season of harvest is most dangerous. The mortality is then sometimes frightful, and it is not uncommon to see ten or a dozen victims carried every evening from the fields to the hospital, their sufferings being aggravated by the coldness of the night and the hardness of the vehicle in which they are conveyed."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.

The valley through which the river Temeş rolls its rapid waters serves as a road through the mountains from Lugos to Mihalacia and Old-Orsova. Not far from the commencement of this valley lies the town of Karansebes. Farther up are the scattered farm-houses which form the village of Slatina, and the traveller who goes against the strong current of the river sees on the left bank a small church which, situated on a rocky eminence, is visible a long way off. This little church is not particularly ancient. Its present form dates from the year 1771, and its origin does not go back more than about three centuries. But with this origin is connected a tradition which is dear to the hearts of the people, and, though scarcely a hundred and twenty years old, combines the poetical interest of an ancient tradition with the reality of an historical event. As all eyes are now turned towards this part of Europe, our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to be made acquainted with the story, which is in substance as follows:

It was in the year 1788. Prince Eugene, the noble knight, lay wrapped in that dark, cold slumber, from which none awake till the judgment-day. The death of the old hero had inspired the sons of the people with courage. They now considered they had no longer any reason to fear the arms of Christendom. The expedition of 1777, which was at first successful, had been brought to an injurious conclusion through the incapacity of Sokoloff Pasha. But of what avail was it that Sokoloff was now in prison, and that the timid Daut Pasha had been beheaded? The Turks had, nevertheless, passed forward into a Mihalacia, and the apostle Bonnaval was celebrating a new triumph.

In the neighbourhood of Karansebes lay an imperial army, in which were the two dukes of Lorraine, Francis and Charles, the sons of the liberator of Vienna. The elder of these two princes, afterwards known as the German emperor Francis the First, had been married in the year 1766 to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles the Sixth.

The Turks were at Mihalacia. This place, which is known to many on account of the medicinal springs in its neighbourhood, lies about six hours' journey above Orsova, in a narrow defile which extends sideways from the valley of the Danube. The position of the Turks was covered in the rear by the fortified town of New-Orsova. Their outposts had pushed forward up to the river, and their surrounding parties went on the road to the upper part of the pass, which is called the Key to Terogova and Slatina. There skirmishes frequently took place with the imperial marauders, but only at a distance. Sabre and scimitar remained in the scabbard, and the shot came in the most part from such a distance that they appear destined for no other purpose than to awaken the echoes of the woods, and thus give intimation of the prevalence of war in the land, a fact which otherwise there might have been some danger of forgetting.

On the flanks of both armies crowds of desperadoes collected from the surrounding mountains and woods, but they were at this time more anxious for their own security than eager in the pursuit of their usual vocation. The intimation of intercourse injured their killing, but they hoped for a full compensation for all their privations and dangers as soon as the armies had withdrawn. They had at this time powerful opponents in the Turkish soldiers, whose envy they awakened; while on the other hand, the imperialists treated them with all the severity of military vengeance. Whenever they caught an unlucky votary of St. Nicholas, they hung him upon the nearest tree, for the wild beasts of the wood to rest upon his flesh, and the birds to prey upon his head, shoulders, and breast.

The evening sun was shining upon such a poor wanderer, who a few hours before had been thus summarily despatched. He was hanging upon the bare, bare oak on the edge of the wood near the village Slatina, clothed in a short shirt and loose linen trousers full of folds, which presented the appearance of a woman's dress. His weapons, his hat, and his inner garment had doubtless been carried off by those who had rendered the wretches superfluous to him. In order to protect the body a man-of-war.

About a hundred paces off, a woman, in that long gazing at the unfortunate creature, peering out from some thick bushes in which she was anxiously endeavouring to conceal herself. Her desire to avoid observation arose principally from a dread of the wandering

dragons, who appeared here and there almost always in pairs, sometimes on horseback with their musket across the saddle, and sometimes on foot with their weapon over the shoulder, and the bridle slung round their arm. The woman, though not very young — being rather more than thirty — was handsome and stately in appearance, with a good figure and large powerful frame indicative of robust health. A pair of bright grey eyes sparkled in her round chubby face. Her short neck, broad shoulders, and well-developed chest, were covered with clean white linen. From her slender waist a pretty sort of gown descended to her ankles, and her feet were encased in a pair of high boots, such as are elsewhere worn by men. A broad-brimmed man's hat overshadowed her brown face. Over her shoulders was thrown a gaudy-coloured coarse woollen cloth, which the Wallachians make use of as a cloak or bed-coverslet. In the skirt, which served as a girdle round her waist, were stuck a sabre and two horse-pistols. The Amazon carried in her hand a Janakury's gun, with long barrel and short stock, but provided with a French percussion lock.

From her hiding-place the armed woman kept anxiously looking round at the river, the wood, the mountain, and the dragons in possession; but ever and anon her attention was drawn with still deeper attention upon the corpse that was dangling in the air. And when at last she began to move off, she muttered to herself, as she clenched her fist and held it up towards the troop in the valley:

"Mariuschka will yet find means to avenge poor Dobru, her faithful messenger. Hadst thou no pity for his youth, thou execrable hangman? Scarcely twenty times had his bright eyes beheld the return of spring. His lip was covered with the first light down which betokened a manly heart. What could I say to his mother, when she asks me what I have done with her youngest and dearest son? I must reply that the Imperialists have murdered him out of mere wanton caprice and violence. He had done nothing to deserve such a fate. He had simply gone out in a friendly country to fetch me some powder and shot, which we cannot dispense with here. He carried armour and weapons, as became a brave man. A consciousness of his innocence alone could have thrown the wary and a wily youth sufficiently on his guard to be thus overruled. He must have thoughtlessly gone and asked the hindings for a pipe of tobacco. This is what I must tell his aged mother; yet before I have well finished the sad tale, I will add, O be comforted, afflicted mother: your Dobru is avenged."

Mariuschka cast yet one more indescribably fierce glance at the hated foe, then shouldered her long gun, and bounded off nimbly and safely as a chamois through the gathering darkness of the night. It was pitch dark before she reached the chert in the rock on the other side of the first hill, on descending which she heard a loud long whistle. A double whistle gave the expected answer. Mariuschka hastened on her way, and soon reached the spot where she was expected. She found there a square-built man, who was enjoying a comfortable dinner on a massive wooden stool upon which he stretched himself out like a great bear.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said he, yawning. "I had almost fallen in a heap. But where is the young fellow?"

"He is not come yet," replied Mariuschka, in a reluctant tone. "Ask me no more questions, Dschuro-chen, you will learn all at the proper time."

The old man refrained from urging her any further, for he saw plainly enough by her manner of speaking that she had met with some mishap, and he had no wish to excite her temper, which was already not a little ruffled. He could not, however, help saying, after a while: "I suppose you will soon expect me to light the fire, and get you a comfortable bed ready. You must be tired and hungry after the toils of the day, I should think."

"Don't you know yet, that I am never tired?" was Mariuschka's reply. "We must only stay here long enough for me to eat a morsel of food and swallow a draught of something to slake my thirst. It is no use waiting any longer for Dobru. We must go up towards Mlakaberg as quickly as we can."

"You command, mistress, and I obey," muttered Dschuro-chen, in a scarcely intelligible tone. Mariuschka laughed heartily, and said: "You don't like to go to Mlakaberg then, you have not yet made up matters with the beautiful Wartschka. She has set your old heart all in a flame, and instead of soothing your pain, she takes delight in irritating it to the utmost of her ability."

"You are quite right in what you say, only you forget one thing. The lass will not give me her consent, it is true, although her parents are willing, yet she will not let me go free. As often as she sees me at a distance, she smiles at me, and when she comes up, she asks me how I do in a most winning, affectionate way, and keeps on flattering me, till at last all my displeasure changes into a perfect sunshine of delight. Yet, no sooner am I warmed with pleasurable emotion, than she suddenly becomes cold, and her smile of affection is exchanged for a bitter laugh of scorn. Hence, I am glad to get out of her way as quickly as I can."

"It is for that very reason," interrupted Maruszhka, "that I take you to her."

"I don't understand you. What pleasure can it afford you to cause me pain?"

"I will put an end to your pain then. The old one must overcome the resistance of the young lass."

The rough fellow jumped up from his seat more astonished than delighted, great as his joy was. Unable to refrain from expressing his wonder in words, he said: "You don't like to see your folks married. It is a common saying with you, that whenever a fool is to be born, a young girl is married to an old man. Now I am not young, nor am I the greatest favourite with you. Whence, then, this sudden change of feeling towards me? Do you wish to get rid of me?"

"Your head is turned with delight," said Maruszhka, smiling. "Just think, a little soberly if you can, for a moment, and you will need no answer from me. Don't you know why I dislike to see my people get married? Simply, because the first year after a robber has taken a wife, he loses all interest in his occupation. His thoughts are at home as often as he goes out, and if he is wanted for a long expedition, he is no use at all. But with you the case is very different. You are no longer young enough to be killing and ending with your mate from morning to night."

"But what is wanting in youthfulness," interrupted Dschurdschu, "may, perhaps, be made up in labour."

"Wantszka is a good lass," continued Maruszhka, "as any in the neighbourhood. Besides, she is the only child, and will inherit the farm. Young, beautiful, prudent, and rich, is the bride you have in view. Already your heart longs for her, and yet you are afraid to take her. One scarcely knows what to think. Do you tremble at your unexpected good fortune?"

Dschurdschu reflected a while before he ventured to reply. "When the fox sees a hen lying with its legs tied, he is in no hurry to touch it. Easy prey is often only a bait. If I am to follow your advice, you must tell me plainly why you wish me to marry at once. You have some particular reason, and I must know it before I advance a single step."

"If you don't like Wantszka," said Maruszhka, "you may remain single for what I care."

"I have only one more question to ask you," rejoined Dschurdschu. "Against whom is the blow directed?"

"You shall know that too, you old chatterbox," was the reply.

"The blow is aimed at the man whom I call mine. I don't agree with him, I don't like him; he may be set up by his heart upon whom he likes, but not in my domains. Let him keep within his own limits, as I do in mine. I am jealous; it is true, but not of Petra so much as of my territory. Makabera lies in my domains, the sources of the Temu are mine, Ozaria and Motra are unquestionably my brooks. It was so settled when I withdrew with my companions from contention with him. He may hunt where he likes, only not on my grounds."

Dschurdschu asked no further question. He had heard enough to understand that Maruszhka was more jealous of her husband than she chose to admit in words. The impious woman had separate from the haremshah, or rouschid, because he neither could nor could submit to her own conduct.

As the two wanderers descended quickly and silently into the valley which serves as a channel for the waters that spring from the south-west side of the hill, they came to a sudden stand. A glimmer of light shone upon them from the depth of the valley. The yellow spot of light seemed no larger than a lamp behind the window of a hut. But the travellers well knew that there was no human dwelling there; consequently the light must come from a fire in the open air.

"Who can it be," asked Dschurdschu, "that is encamped there? Surely it is not Petra's company."

"A company of gipsies, perhaps," replied Maruszhka; "we shall soon see."

"Shall we go down to them?"

"As if we had any choice in the matter. We have no other means of crossing the water. Let us approach cautiously."

Maruszhka felt in her girdle, to be quite sure her pistols were there ready for use. She took her gun, loaded it, and primed it. Her companion also prepared his weapons for immediate use. Thus armed for whatever emergency might occur, they cautiously went towards the fire.

This emotion was, for once, needless. By the fire lay a single man, who was neither a gipsy nor one of Petra's company, but an able-bodied Turk, apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, in a small waistcoat and large trousers, with his hair cut close and his beard long. He was sitting cross-legged, after the Turkish fashion, on the ground near the fire, smoking his chibouk as comfortably as if he were seated in a tavern at the Golden Horn, where, even at the present day, the sons of the prophet are in the habit of drinking the dark water of wisdom. Yet he was not so completely confident of peace as he would have felt in the coffee-house of a rich Greek or a contemptible Armenian. He had his weapons pretty near him, not excepting even his gun, which was leaning against a stone pillar. Near the gun lay a silver stretched-out, a tender piece of which, rolled up in fat and put upon a spit to the fire, diffused a savoury smell around. The part which the brave Turk was cooking for his solitary meal was the liver. Among his companions he would not have ventured to eat this forbidden part. With his right hand he turned the spit, while he held his chibouk with the left. He seemed to be dreaming over the job, if not asleep; but he was still all on the alert. He heard the footsteps of the two who were approaching. In an instant he exchanged the spit and chibouk for his gun, and, mindful as a wised, he darted into a bush close by, from which he could look out in concealment. But before he had time to see who it was that startled him, a clear voice said, "Fear nothing, Fortunatus; I am alone with old Dschurdschu." The voice sounded familiar to him, and the speaker went close to the fire, that the light falling upon her might remove all suspicion from his mind. "Come forth," said Dschurdschu; "if we had been disposed to do you any harm, you would have had a bullet in you before you were aware of us."

The Turk came out to greet the newcomers, and resumed as quickly as possible his two-fold occupation. Directly he had lighted his chibouk and begun to turn the spit again, he said, "Welcome, friends of old times. I invite you to my meal. You glad to see you once more. Above all, I bid you not to call me Fortunatus any more; I no longer bear—but I live, in future."

Maruszhka and her companion had taken their seats on the green stones. The warlike woman took a short pipe from her girdle and all of it out of a leather pouch. After she had lighted it, she thus replied: "What I have heard, several times, without believing it, is true, then, after all? You have become the son of a father a Christian; you have denied the Saviour of our human race, and changed your angelous name for an ill-omened one?"

"We won't quarrel about that, fair Mrs. Akai," said the Turk; "I think I have made a good exchange. The prophet's name is a happier place than your hearth."

"If one were only sure of it," rejoined Maruszhka.

"Faith is better than knowledge," rejoined the Turk; "I believe in the glory Mahomet preached, as distinctly as I formerly believed in heaven with its angels and saints. I am, therefore, delighted with delight which I never enjoyed before, to see you, the present. What was I but once a year for the sake of Petra's stern command. What am I now? A person who is contented with the present, and of course, one who still lives."

"Yet you are flying far away," said Maruszhka; "you should not come, and fly, were it only to-night, and to see me, and you to the place of our meeting."

"I'll be here, then," replied the Turk; "I'll be here, and you to go with me."

"Are you content?" asked Maruszhka, with a slight smile, "to see whose glance the Turk is directed to?"

"Yesterday I just," said he, "and tomorrow I shall be here."

RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. This collar is made in portions, and joined together with needle and thread, or worked together with one plain at the option of the worker.

To form the Rose: Make a chain of 8 loops, plain, 1 to form a round, fasten off.

2nd round: Work 1 treble, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off; you should have seven treble in the round.

3rd: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same 1 treble all round, fasten off.

4th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 6, repeat round, plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble to form the round, fasten off.

5th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 6 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before, repeat round, fasten off.

6th: Chain 4, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

7th: Chain 3, plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the round; you then work 74 of the following.

SMALL ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 21 double in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 9, miss 2, plain 1; repeat round; you should have 7 lots of the 9 chain in the round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round, which completes the round; you now require 14 of the following.

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 12 loops, turn back, and work the 12 loops double crochet.

2nd round: Chain 3, miss 2, work two treble in 1 loop, repeat to the end, and in the end loop chain 3, work 2 treble, work the other side the same, with the treble opposite, the treble and 3 chain at the end, plain 1 in the end loop, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round



RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

6th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 9, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

7th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 10 treble in the 9 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before all round.

8th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 12, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

9th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 13 treble in the 12 chain of last round, plain 1 in the 1 treble of last round, repeat round.

10th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round each fold of the rose.

11th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the rose; you require 7 of these flowers to form the collar, and six of the following.

LARGE ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 30 treble in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 19, miss 5, plain 1, repeat round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round.

4th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round.

5th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next treble of last round you repeat all round the leaf with 3 chain, opposite the 3 chain of last round, and 2 treble at the top of the 2 treble of last round, with 2 chain between them, working both sides to correspond, turn back.

4th: Chain 4 and plain 1 in each lot of the chain of last round, fasten off, which completes the leaf; you then work a stalk to each leaf as follows: chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the chain round between the edge and the centre, work 1 treble on the other side, the same turn back, and work the 5 chains plain, fasten off, which completes the stalk; after working the number of each portion required and joining them together, as shown in the illustration, you work a band for the neck-part of the collar as follows.

Work a few plain at the end, then chain 10, and work 1 treble where it requires a treble, and a double where it requires a double, and a plain in the centre of the stalks and rounds as you see the stitches in the engraving, so as to make it lie to the shape of the neck.

2nd row: Chain 2, miss 2, work 1 treble, repeat to the end, turn back.

3rd: Chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the treble of last row, repeat to the end, turn back.

4th: Double crochet, fasten off, which completes the collar.

SIR CUSACK RONEY.

In the course of a memoir of Mr. William Dargan, which appeared in our pages in January, 1853, and more especially in reference to that gentleman's promotion of the Dublin Exhibition, which has since met with a recognition so universal and so eulogistic at the hands alike of royalty and of the multitude, there occurred, in allusion to the individual whose name heads this notice, some remarks which we take the liberty of repeating, as the best introduction to the observations that are about to follow. Having given some details of Mr. Dargan's early life and subsequent railway

prises. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the 'Tourist Traffic System,' whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation.



SIR CUSACK RONEY.

proceedings, the biography continued. Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—foresaw that there was about to be an 'exodus,' as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enter-

and which *would* have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's 'Fortnight in Ireland,' upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one fifth what they would have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system; while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefited, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future exten-

sion of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and their soil—and the force of flattery could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea to interchange for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Broidnag structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The *souvenir* of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

' Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed '—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenueness, and determination, which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; but such 'faultless monster as the world ne'er saw,' at least in Ireland (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

"The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant *éclat* in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the odium of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British *corps diplomatique* abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded."

"Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his ally by still another advance of £14,000—making a total of £40,000! Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the exhaustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particu-

rising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so sumptuously initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked far less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame rebounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and everything its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality on William Dargan, and for ever 'keep his memory green' with a grateful and admiring posterity."

It is with no inconsiderable satisfaction that the writer of the foregoing, after the lapse of eighteen months, quotes his then anticipations now, and appeals for their confirmation to what has since become matter of history. If the magnanimity of Mr. Dargan was remarkable in refusing at the hands of the Irish viceroy the honour of a knighthood, how much greater must it have been in declining a still higher dignity when proffered personally by the monarch herself? But the favour of the sovereign raised him to a far more exalted eminence than his acceptance of any mere titular appellation could have done. Her Majesty, with a truly royal graciousness worthy of all panegyric, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin last year, proceeded, accompanied by the Prince Consort, to the private residence of Mr. Dargan, at a short distance from the Irish metropolis, and expressed to him and his amiable wife her sense of the admiration with which she had been filled by a contemplation of the superb fabric his truly patriotic munificence had erected on the lawn of Leinster House. Not only did her Majesty do this, but she took care to manifest her feelings towards him in the most conspicuous manner possible within the area of the beautiful building he had created, and repeated inspections of whose varied and extraordinary contents she made in company with him. The success of the Exhibition was great, though it resulted in a loss of not less than £20,000 to the projector—a loss which he estimated as light indeed compared to the enduring good it was calculated to confer, and which it has conferred, on his country.

The main-spring of the *éclat* that attended the memorable Dublin Exhibition of 1853, was admitted on all hands to be in the secretary. Through his exertions it was invested with its thoroughly cosmopolitan character throughout Europe, contributions from nearly all parts of which were forwarded, principally at his instigation and personal solicitation, to the value of nearly three quarters of a million sterling. There never was a question raised in any quarter as to the paramount credit due to him, not only for his indefatigable exertions in connexion with this great work, but for the tact and discrimination that gave efficacy to those exertions, and imparted to his colleagues a reliance that everything he undertook would be carried out to the letter. So emphatic was this feeling on the part of the executive staff, not only during the continuance of the Exhibition, but after its close, when the mere temporary value of his presence and counsels might be supposed to have passed away, that the "Official Record" of the undertaking was dedicated to him by the chief financial officer of the committee, in terms whose warmth and undesignedness were abundantly justified, as the facts we have enumerated will readily suggest.

Acting in conformity with the voice of public approval, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germans, on the opening day of the Dublin Exhibition, intimated that, at its close, he proposed conferring on Mr. Roney the honour of knighthood—a piece of intelligence that was received with unqualified approval, not only among his countrymen, but in England, where he had formed a larger circle of friends than almost any private individual not moving in political life or commanding high social station could boast of.

Some of the more influential of these friends having, about the time we speak of, matured plans of immense magnitude in connexion with the development of the resources of Canada and British North America generally, by means of railways, naturally turned their attention to the gentleman who, by common accord, was regarded as in every way the most competent to carry these plans into execution with the utmost promptitude and discretion. Accordingly negotiations were opened with Mr. Roney, by the directorate of the magnificent system of railways, of which the main artery is the Canadian Grand Trunk, extending upwards of 1,100 miles, and connecting the Atlantic seaboard on the English side with the network of the States' railways and the chain of lakes on the west, and requiring no less than eleven millions sterling for its formation. The Exhibition being now in the full tide of its popularity, Mr. Roney closed with these overtures, and in June proceeded to Canada, where his faculty of railway organisation in creating an executive staff and simplifying the arrangements for traffic that was yet non-existent, though certain to be enormous as soon as the requisite facilities should be forthcoming, speedily made itself felt in a mode as satisfactory as circumstances would possibly permit. Having made repeated inspections of every portion of the country and its vicinage about to be embraced in the sphere of the British North American railways, he returned to Europe, and on the closing day of the Dublin Exhibition had conferred upon him, by the Earl of St. Germans, the honour of knighthood, when, to quote the "Official Record" already alluded to, "12,500 of his assembled fellow-citizens manifested their approval of the action by their hearty cheers, which rang through the entire building."

Had Sir Cusack Roney remained in Europe during the entire period the Dublin Exhibition was open, it is believed by those most competent to form an opinion of such matters, that the pecuniary result would have been a considerable gain, instead of a heavy loss to Mr. Dargan. It would be useless now to analyse the probability on which this conjecture was based; but, however we might have rejoiced for Mr. Dargan's sake, had such really been the case, the absence of Sir Cusack Roney from Canada, at the precise period when he visited that most flourishing dependency of the British crown, would have retarded events pregnant with material consequences that are not to be measured by gains or losses of a private nature, however large. His personal acquaintance with Canada and its wonderful resources as a field for his countrymen, and the confidence with which the latter looked up to his judgment, enabled him to direct to the shores of our own North American colonies a considerable portion of that tide of Irish emigration which had hitherto flowed almost exclusively to the United States, even when flowing through the Canadas. Hence, every mail from America brings news of a constantly-increasing proportionate influx of Irish, and not only of Irish, but of English and Scotch immigrants into Canada, the powerful previous attractions of which for labourers of every class, and especially farmers and men of small means, more particularly with large families, have been infinitely enhanced by those stupendous railway works of which Sir Cusack is the director, and the progressive benefits of which to the mother-country and the colony must be inestimable. He remained some months in England, actively employed in the promotion of the onerous duties entrusted to him, and with such success, making so apparent the solidity and self-sustaining nature of Canadian prosperity, that the war, which

annihilated so many other schemes of great promise, by diminishing the money-market and sending capitalists from investing, failed to prevent the necessary funds from being raised for the construction of the various sections of the Grand Trunk as rapidly as was desirable.

During his stay in England he was nearly instrumental in getting up one of the most imposing demonstrations of respect and esteem ever shown in the city of London to any individual subject in this realm, with the single exception of the Duke of Wellington. It was a dinner at the London Tavern to Lord Elgin, Governor-general of Canada, who happened to be in this country at the time on leave of absence from the post to which he has since returned with renewed *éclat*, and where he has just established fresh claims on the gratitude of the Canadians and admiration of the English community. The price of the tickets to the dinner was three guineas and a half per head—a circumstance which we mention, simply for the purpose of showing that the inducement to be present must have been something more than ordinary, when such a cost did not prevent the great room from being crowded to its utmost capacity, with men of the highest station in the metropolis, Lord John Russell being in the chair, supported by nearly one-half the present cabinet, and by several ex-secretaries of state for the colonies, who came forward to testify their concurrence in the conduct of the noble guest of the evening, at the instance of the committee, to whom Sir Cusack Roney acted as honorary secretary—a position anything but a sinecure in his hands. He soon afterwards returned to Canada, in company with Lord Elgin, and accompanied his lordship to Washington, where the noble earl succeeded in effecting a commercial treaty with the United States, that has not only for ever put an end to the perilous disputes which so long endangered the peace and good feeling of the two countries, in respect to the right of fishing within certain debatable limits, but has made free trade and genuine reciprocity the basis of all future commercial relations, whereby each nation will be a most substantial gainer, Canada, in a pre-eminent degree, profiting by the new and never-failing markets thus opened for her tanning and varied produce at her own doors.

It only remains for us to say, in the words of "Dulc's Knight-errant" for the current year, that Sir Cusack Roney, whom we introduce into our gallery as an evidence of what energy, industry, and exemplary conduct will achieve in this country, even when not exercised in the ordinary professional, commercial, or political walks of life, is the "son of the late Cusack Roney, Esq., an eminent surgeon in Dublin, who was twice president of the Royal College of Surgeons there. Born in Dublin, 1810; married, 1837, daughter of Jas. Whiteombe, Esq.; educated in France and at the University of Dublin, where he graduated B.A., 1829, and in the same year passed the College of Surgeons in Ireland; but shortly afterwards abandoned the medical profession. Was secretary to the Royal Literary Fund from 1835 to 1837; subsequently became private secretary to the Right Hon. R. More O'Ferrall (late Governor of Malta), when he was secretary to the Admiralty and the Treasury; was next, for some years, a clerk in the Admiralty at Whitehall; became secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway in 1845; and managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in 1853; was knighted by Earl St. Germans, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for his eminent services as secretary to the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin in 1853."

MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN, IN THE PLACE SAINT SULPICE, AT PARIS.

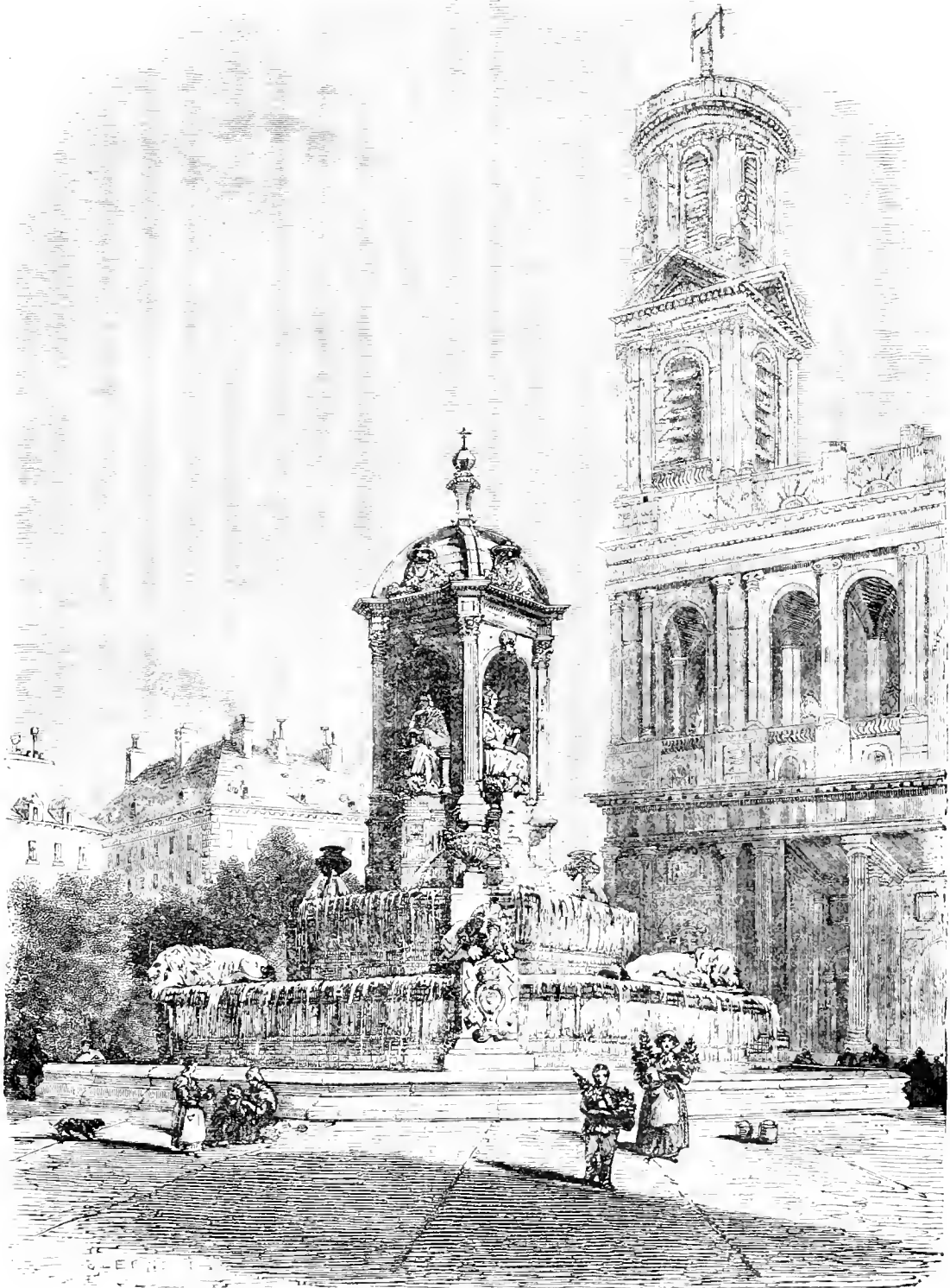
THIS beautiful work of art, which was raised at the expense of the city of Paris, and of which we present an engraving, stands close to the Church of Saint Sulpice, in the middle of the great square before the doorway. It is of stone, in the form of a quadrangular pavilion, surmounted by a hip roof, which terminates in a flower and a cross. At the foot of the pavilion are three basins, one above the other, the two uppermost of which are connected by four pedestals with two steps. The upper step of each supports a vase with two handles, from which flows a jet of water; on the lower step is a lion couchant with a cartouche in its claws, representing the arms of Paris. The water which escapes from the vases falls in cascades into the lowest basin, which is octagonal in form.

In the niches on the four sides of the pavilion, which are separated by Corinthian pilasters, have been placed the statues of four great pulpit orators—Bossuet, Fénelon, Flebrier, and Massillon. The niches are surmounted by caryatids crowned with caps of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and bearing the arms of the dukes of Meaux, Cambrai, Nantes, and Clermont.

The monument was constructed according to the plans and under the direction of M. Visconti, by whose serene death France has lost a great artist, of whom she may well be proud. It has been criticised with being a little too heavy in general appearance, and there is certainly some truth in this; but the expense of the project was so passed to be, that he felt it necessary to conform to the style set before him in the doorway of the Church of Saint Sulpice. The

less room for any such excuse in the case of the statues of Fenelon, Massillon, and Flechier, which are far too heavy. It is

standing instead of sitting? Had this been done, the artistic effect would have been greatly improved in several respects. But if the



MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE PLACE ST. SULPICE, AT PARIS.

one that, as each figure is in a sitting posture and above the level of vision, they cannot but appear subject to this defect; but the question is, why should not the bishops have been represented

proportions adopted by the architect prevented that course, why could not the same lightness and animation have been given to these three figures as are visible in that of Bossuet?

THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

It is a touching scene, and unhappily one that is very opportune at the present time, which our artist has depicted in the work before us. We there see the broken warrior coming back to his native village after long and hard service abroad. His strength is

his having his arm still in a sling. He sighs as he contrasts his present exhausted and almost hopeless condition with the cheerful light-heartedness with which he first enlisted in the army. He looks back with a feeling of melancholy upon the day when he first



THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

exhausted, his brow is wrinkled, and his look pensive. The stripes upon his arm, which are honourable proofs of his good conduct, unhappily cannot cure his wounds or replace the mutilated hand, from the loss of which he has not yet recovered, as appears from

set out from home in all the buoyancy of youth, pleased with his uniform, and full of hopeful aspirations. He remembers the looks of admiration which flashed upon him from gentle eyes as he passed along, the expressions of good-will poured forth by kind neighbours,

and the affectionate embraces of dear relatives. Here it was that he parted with his fond mother, who, like all his fascinating illusions, is now no more.

His limbs totter, and yet he hastens on to keep up with the two young guides who go before him. They are his sister's children, who have come out to meet him. The eldest has, with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to let her carry his luggage, and he has scarcely been able to refuse the youngest his gun. They both knew him at once; his uniform was familiar to them; they even knew the number of his regiment. As the girl looks round at him, he is forcibly reminded of her mother, whom he has not seen for years, but to whom he is strongly attached. A thousand emotions are stirred within his breast as he hears the village church-clock strike, and sees the field in which he used to work, the well-known road, and the old house. Scenes long forgotten rush in rapid succession before his mind's eye—the hay-making, the harvest, and all the various occasions of merriment which enliven rural life. Arrived at the home of his youth, he is received with open arms. The children play with his sword and his gun, and amuse themselves by putting on his soldier's clothes; while all the neighbours come to listen to the story of his adventures.

PAUL SCARRON.*

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, there was a grand carnival at Maus. It was not such a carnival as we see now-a-days. All was open and above board; there was no concealment. One of the madcaps of the hour was a youth of seven-and-twenty, who desired to be, however, quite disguised. He accordingly plastered himself with oil and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which certainly gave him a very grotesque and absurd appearance. The whole carnival was taken by surprise at this original mask. People ran after him in crowds; at last, however, the boys became unpleasant in their conduct, and the young man and his three companions plunged into the Sarthe, which was full of ice. A few days later his three companions were dead, and he was attacked by hopeless paralysis of his limbs.

The hero of this scene was Paul Scarron, the most uproarious comic poet and writer of France, author of the "Comie Romance" and other productions of the same class.

Born in Paris in 1610, his father being a counsellor of parliament, Scarron would have had nearly a thousand a year, English money, if the annoyances of a step-mother had not driven him to commit the greatest follies. The above adventure was the last of a series of extravagancies and wild conduct that were leading him to ruin. At his father's death, he pleaded against his step-mother, amused his judges, and lost his case. He was now doomed to

* Some account of this writer was given in vol. ii. p. 207.

obscurity and poverty, but he took it with extreme good humour. He took refuge in a house in the Marais, living "in a chair, having no motion left but that of his tongue and fingers." His deformity was increased by a fall from a horse. He began to live as a poet, and was patronised by nobility. The Duke de Longueville, Gaston d'Orleans, Madame de Hautefort, successively gave him employment. At last, he was presented to Anne of Austria, who offered him a place.

"Madam," said he, "the only post I can fill, is that of *official sick man* of the crown."

The office was created and a pension attached to it.

"I promise to fulfil my functions admirably," he said.

He wrote away, however, and lampooned everybody. Unfortunately, he did not spare Cardinal Mazarin, who suppressed his pension. The princes, the rebels, and their coadjutors made it up to him in popularity. He asked in vain for the smallest living—a living, even without any parishioners. He could not obtain it.

One evening, a young lady of great beauty came to one of his evening parties. She was very poor. Daughter of a Calvinist, her existence had been a miserable one. Her youth had been spent in prisons and in huts. She became a Catholic to save herself; and when once converted, was abandoned by her patrons. She was driven forth to die without a hope. Scarron saw her, heard her story, and was much moved.

"You must go into a convent or marry," said he. "Do you want to be a nun? If so, I will write poetry until I can pay your dowry. Do you prefer a husband? I can offer you half my bread and the ugliest face in France."

Françoise d'Aubigné preferred the poor cripple to the convent. She married him; and never was there a tenderer wife. In the marriage-contract Scarron described her dowry as "four gold pieces, two fine eyes, a splendid figure, beautiful hands, and much wit."

"What a dowry!" said those who were present.

"It is immortality," said the poet; "the name of Madame Scarron will live for ever."

Nine years of devotion rewarded Scarron. In his house she became acquainted with Turenne, Mignard, and LeVigné. A widow at five-and-twenty, she had reputation, beauty, and every accomplishment; but she refused every offer.

Some years later, there took place in the chapel of Versailles, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris and many witnesses, a marriage ceremony, which reasons of state rendered it necessary should be kept secret. The contracting parties were Louis XIV., king of France, and Madame de Maintenon, the widow of Scarron, who from this hour governed France, and was generally esteemed to be as great an enemy of her early faith, as any of those who persecuted her when a child.

Scarron is recollectcd as a coarse rhymester. His widow holds the position of a queen of one of the greatest of French kings, legally, though not avowedly so.

THE HYÆNA.

ALL the warmer parts of the eastern continent, from India to the Senegal, in Western Africa, are inhabited by great numbers of a singular animal, which appears in some respects to unite the characters of several distinct creatures. This is the common Striped Hyæna (*Hyæna Vulgaris*), a creature of the most repulsive aspect, and to the full as disgusting in his habits as in his external appearance. At first sight he has a good deal of the appearance of a large, and very ugly dog, and agrees so closely in some of his characters with the dogs, that Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, associated the hyæna with these animals (dogs, wolves, and foxes), under the name of *Canis Hyæna*. Later naturalists, however, have found distinctions which warrant the complete removal of the hyæna from this locality. These are derived partly from the structure and arrangement of the teeth, which somewhat approach those of the cats, and the tongue of the hyæna is furnished, like that of the larger cats (the lion, tiger, &c.), with a number of prickles, serving

to rasp the last particles of flesh from the bones of its prey. Unlike the cats, however, their claws are not retractile; and they possess beneath the tail a little pouch, like that which we meet with in the civet, and which, as in that animal, serves as a receptacle for an odorous secretion. The jaws and teeth of the hyæna are exceedingly solid and powerful; and the former are moved by muscles of prodigious strength, enabling the animal to crack bones which one would have thought beyond his power; so firmly does he bite, and so tenacious is he of his hold upon anything that he has once seized, that it is almost impossible to make him let it go. The Moors are said to avail themselves of their knowledge of this circumstance to capture the hyæna. They throw him the end of a long sack, made on purpose, and, when he has seized it, they may drag him wherever they please, without any fear of his losing his hold. Cuvier tells us, also, that the Arabs employ the name of the hyæna as expressive of obstinacy; and the term "stiff-

necked" may certainly be applied to this animal in more senses than one; for it not unfrequently happens that the vertebrae of his short, thick neck, become fixed together by a bony secretion, in consequence of the violent muscular action to which they are constantly exposed, so that, in some cases, the whole of these bones are at last united into a single piece. Hence, the older writers, to whom this fact appears to have been well known, were induced to assert that the hyena, unlike other animals, had but a single bone in his neck. The whole fore-part of the body in the hyena is muscular, and well-developed—a structure enabling the creature to dig into the earth with great facility, which, as we shall see hereafter, is of no small importance to him; but the hinder quarters are depressed, the legs being thrown out behind very much, so as to give a very awkward appearance of weakness to this part of the animal. The head is short and thick; the nose broad and black; the eyes prominent; the ears very large, upright, nearly naked, and of a dull purplish colour. The general colour of the animal is a brownish-gray, marked with irregular dark brown or blackish bands on the body and limbs; the tail is rather short and bushy; and along the back runs a strong, bristly mane, which the creature erects when irritated.

The hyena generally lives in caves, where it sleeps during the day, being a strictly nocturnal animal in its wild state. It feeds principally upon the dead bodies of men and animals which it may meet with in those inhospitable solitudes; but, in many cases, venturing nearer to the habitations of man, it seeks its food in a manner which tends more than anything to excite our abhorrence. The creatures prow into the cemeteries during the night, and tear open the graves in search of newly-buried bodies, which they mangle and devour with insatiable voracity. It is not surprising that these facts, perhaps imperfectly observed, and embellished with the warmth of Oriental imagination, should have given rise to an infinity of superstitious tales; one instance of which will, probably, be well known to the majority of our readers—for there is no doubt the Ghoul, in whose company the lady in the "Arabian Nights" indulged her taste for human flesh, is merely the hyena in a supernatural dress. Mr. Bruce, also, the Abyssinian traveller, says that the streets of Gondar were "full of them from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial; and who firmly believe that these animals are Falasha from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." It is singular, in this case, to mark the close coincidence of superstitious belief in all countries; by merely substituting the wolf for the hyena, and making allowance for the difference in the habits of the two animals, we get at a superstition which was long prevalent in our own land. Disgusting as the carrion-eating habits of the hyena appear to us, especially when manifested in the way last mentioned, we must not forget that, in common with the vultures and many other creatures equally offensive to fastidious minds, he is performing his part in the economy of nature. And this part is by no means one of the least important; for, in the hot climates inhabited by these creatures, none can render more effectual service to their fellows, than those which, undeterred by abominations which would probably turn the stomach of any of the more aristocratic carnivora, clear away dead animal matter, which, if left to the gradual process of decomposition, would poison all the atmosphere in its neighbourhood.

The hyena, however, by no means confines himself entirely to animal food in a state of decomposition—*high*, as our opinions would, doubtless, term it—on the contrary, he appears not to let slip any opportunity of supplying himself with fresh meat when it falls in his way. Bruce tells us that the hyena was "the destruction of their asses and mules, which, above all others, are his favourite food;" and this traveller had considerable experience as to the habits of the animal. He appears rarely to attack man unless provoked, but then knows how to defend himself with courage, as the following extract from Bruce's work will show. It is also interesting as showing the great variety of objects to which the appetite of the creature can adapt itself. "One night in Maitsha," says Mr. Bruce, "being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking

round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, intending directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyena standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe."

There is a very general opinion that the hyena is quite untamable, arising, probably, to a great extent from the ferocity and even malignity of his aspect, and this and the opinion acting together, have, no doubt, often prevented the experiment from being made, for the animal, although not much uglier than many bull-dogs, is certainly not one that would be very generally attractive as a pet. Nevertheless, it appears that the hyena is capable of being tamed, and will even exhibit a good deal of the affection of a dog; for Bishop Heber states, that he saw one in India, which followed his master about, and fawned upon him and his friends exactly in the manner of our more amiable-looking canine friends. Another characteristic of the beast, which no doubt is not without its effect in producing the general feeling of dislike towards it, is its singular voice. This sounds like a very harsh imitation of a human laugh, rather, perhaps, of that quality known to theatrical managers as "fiendish," a horrible, unearthly exclamation, which may be heard in almost any menagerie at feeding time. Ill-adapted as the noise is to produce any impression of jollity on the minds of the hearers, so as to attract them into its neighbourhood to see what is going on, there is no doubt that it was this that led the ancients to believe that the hyena possessed the power of imitating the human voice, and that by this means he lured unwary travellers to his den, with many other particulars, which are related by Pliny with becoming gravity. Still more extraordinary was the belief entertained by the ancients that these animals annually changed their sex, being males one year, females the next, and so forth.

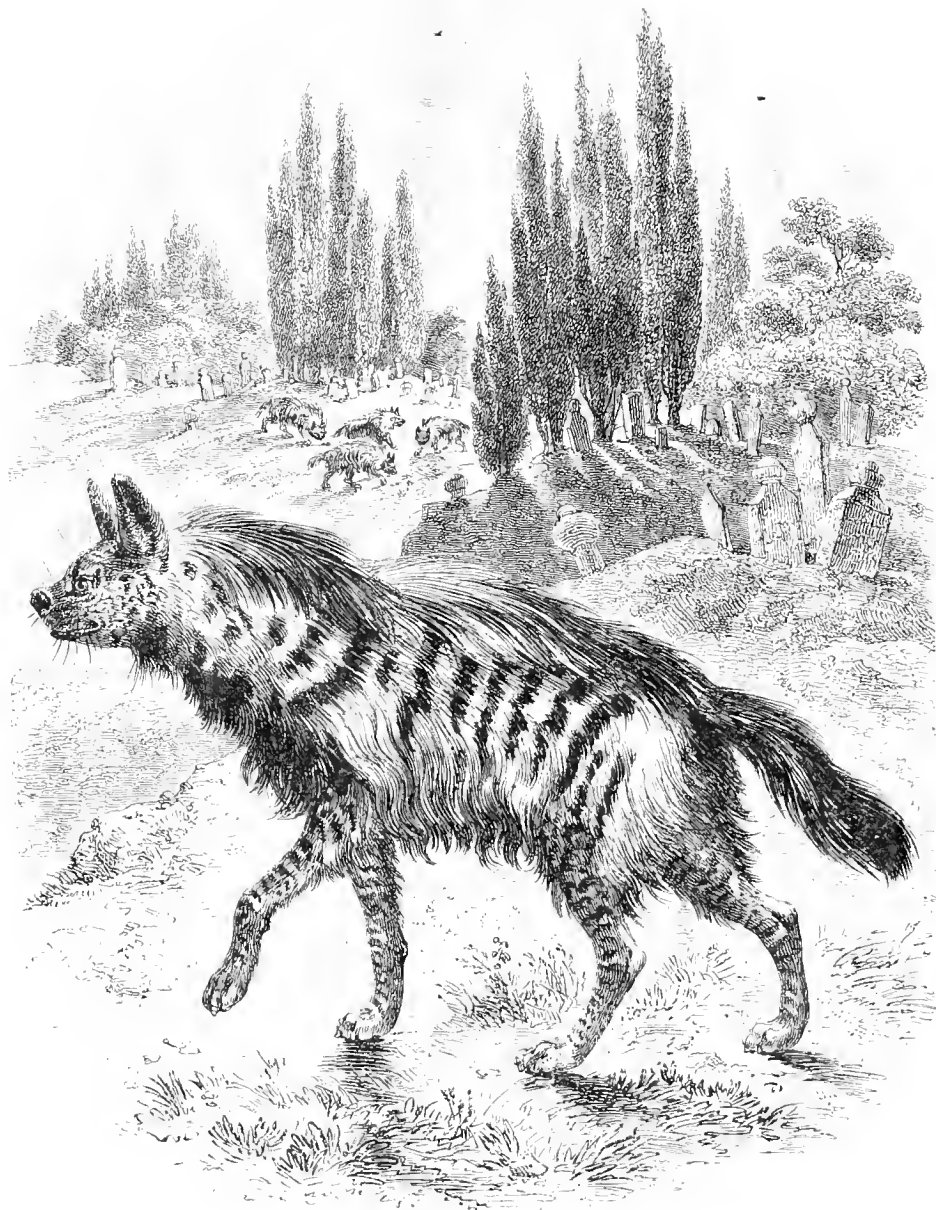
Although the form of the hyena does not give promise of much activity, he runs very swiftly when fairly in motion; for some time after starting, however, he is said to halt in his gait to such an extent, as to produce an impression that one of his legs is broken, and it is not until this wears off that he gets to his full speed.

Two other species of hyena are found at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are known to our colonists by the name of wolves. One of these, called the Strand-wolf (*Hyena villosa*), is of a dark grayish-brown colour, with only a few blackish stripes on the legs; the other, the Tiger-wolf (*Hyena coarctata*), which appears to be the commoner species, is of a grayish colour, like the striped hyena, but instead of stripes, is covered with black spots. In most of their habits they greatly resemble the striped hyena, but appear to depend for food more upon their own exertions. They pursue and destroy even the larger domestic animals. Dr. Andrew Smith says that the hyena never ventures to attack any animal unless it is running from him: "So anxious is he for the flight of the animals, as a preliminary to his attack, that he uses all the grimace and threatening he can command, to induce them to run." And the Rev. Henry M-thuen informs us that the hyenas "seem invariably to seize their prey in the flank, where neither horns nor heels can be of much avail; and deep scars are often to be seen on oxen and horses that have been caught by them and escaped." Both the authors here quoted, agree that animals which from sickness or other causes are unable to run from the hyena, and are consequently forced to defend themselves, are rarely injured by him. Such a formidable enemy is he to the Cape farmers that every means are adopted for his destruction, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, where hyenas were formerly very plentiful, coming in great numbers even into the town during the night, their numbers are now greatly reduced. His cunning, however, often renders him

more than a match for his enemies; no ordinary snare will do for the hyæna; during his nocturnal prowlings he carefully examines every unusual object, and if guns are set with cords or leather thongs attached to their triggers, and crossing the hyæna's path, his investigations generally lead to his avoiding the danger by taking a different path. "The farmers," says Mr. Methuen, "have so often observed this result, that they now very rarely attempt his destruction by this means, but occasionally succeed by substituting for cords the delicate stems of creeping plants, which are regarded by him without suspicion, until he has actually suffered by them."

young children of the family. "Scars and marks on the various parts of the body," says the doctor, "often testify to the traveller how dangerous a foe the natives have in this animal." Notwithstanding this ferocity of natural disposition, the Spotted Hyæna is often domesticated by the natives and colonists of South Africa, amongst whom he is said to be even preferred to the dog "for attachment to his master, for general sagacity, and even, it is said, for his qualifications for the chase."

We may add, in conclusion, that, prior to the last geological changes undergone by this part of the world, England itself was



THE STRIPED HYÆNA (*HYÆNA VULGARIS*).

Although diminished in number in the more populous parts of the Cape colony, hyænas are still very numerous in the Caffre country, where, from their being exposed to so much less danger, they exhibit an unusual degree of boldness. Here, Dr. Smith tells us, they frequently endeavour at night to get within the wattles with which the houses are defended. If they succeed in this object, they next endeavour to enter the houses, where they will devour anything they can find, and not unfrequently carry off some of the

inhabited by a gigantic species of hyæna, bearing a considerable resemblance to the Cape species, but attaining nearly the size of the Brown Bear. The bones of this animal have been found in caves, both in this country and on the continent, associated with the bones of herbivorous animals, which had served him for nourishment, actually bearing, in many instances, the marks of his teeth; whilst an additional proof that the caves were really the residence of the hyæna, is derived from the presence of his excrements.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

CALL no man happy till he is dead, says an ancient proverb, and there is wisdom in it. When the babe is born, none can tell what will be its course or when its life will end. The day may break out fine, but rain and clouds and storms may come before night.

These facts are less seldom witnessed, the truth seem almost less true in these days of monotonous civilisation, of rail ways, of reading and writing and the new police. But all history abounds with them. In the past they seem to be but common-



TYRELL VIEWING THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED PRINCES.

Everywhere around us are change, decay, and death. None can boast, for none know what a day may bring forth. Shame may come to honour and honour to shame. Lazarus and Dives may change places. A turn in the wheel may exalt the peasant into a prince. Another turn, and the prince may be a peasant or a lifeless lump of

place maxims. In the past, to be great was to be in peril; to be born to a crown was often a sure road to death; to be in a position that all would envy, was the sure and certain prelude to being in a position from which even the poorest and vulgarst would shrink. Let us take an illustration from our own national old tales.

On a bright May morning it was May 4th, 1483—there was a royal procession wending its way from the great north road along the ancient streets of London. From far and near, from crowded balcony and quaint housetop, looked down admiring eyes. London had come forth to greet her young king, though there was terror in its walls nevertheless. The queen and her son the Duke of York and her five daughters were trembling all the while in the sanctuary at Westminster. They trembled, as well they might; for they knew the man who had now placed himself at the head of power, and who, under a mask of seeming loyalty, had but one object in view—the aggrandisement of himself. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, has always been considered one of the worst characters in our history. In our childhood we learn his loathsome crimes, and in after-life our national dramatist perpetuates the impressions of our childhood. If we believe many of our historians, Richard III. was a monster in body as well as in mind. “The tyrant king Richard,” says John Ross of Warwick, his contemporary, “was born at Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. Having remained two years in his mother’s womb, he came into the world with teeth and long hair down to his shoulders.” What he adds is, perhaps, more strictly true. “He was of a low stature, having a short face with his right shoulder a little higher than his left,” a picture which was wrought up into absolute deformity by subsequent historians, but contradicted by the testimony of a witness of undoubted credit—a picture which Shakspeare has made popular in the speech of the Duke himself, where he says

“I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want love’s majesty
To strut before a wanton, ambitious nymph;
I, that am curttailed of this fair proportion—
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature;
Deformed, unfinished; sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.”

But, in reality, it seems that Richard’s defects were more moral than personal. It was his mind that was so marred. It was the soul, and not the carcase in which it was set, that was so defective. His enemies reluctantly confessed that Richard possessed personal courage. If I may venture to say anything to his honour, though he was a little man, yet he was a noble and valiant soldier, says one. He was much admired for his eloquence and powers of persuasion, which were almost irresistible; especially when aided by his bounty, which was sometimes excessive. His understanding was good; but he seems to have been a cunning man rather than a great one—impenetrably secret, and a perfect master of all the arts of dissimulation. Ambition was his ruling passion. It was this which prompted him to supplant his hapless nephew, in order to obtain his crown; and, when he had formed that design, he seems to have stuck at nothing in order to secure its success. Coolly and deliberately he murdered the Earl of Rivers, Lords Grey and Hastings, because they stood between him and the crown. His ambition led him to still darker deeds. Between him and the object of his guilty and unscrupulous ambition, were two young princes—chargeable with no crime—innocent of all wrong—the children of his brother and wards of his own. But it was necessary, or it seemed to him such, that they should die, and their fate has ever been the one flagrant enormity—the one damning crime with which all generations of men have associated his memory, and for which they have for ever abhorred his very name. If great men knew in what light history would paint them, or how cold and impartial would be the verdict of posterity, they would less frequently venture to go wrong. But, for Richard, as for every man, there was some excuse in the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and in the character of his age. Most men would have done as he did to obtain power. All men had to wade through seas of blood; yet no one would have suspected, as he rode through the streets of London, bare-headed, before his nephew, calling to the people, “Behold your king!” that to him that youthful king would have to owe not merely the loss of his crown, but of his very life. Many might have envied that young boy, as he was the object of every eye, and as the public vented its acclamations in his

praise. To many, such a life must have seemed full of promise of all that the world desires—the dawn of a day that would know no cloud.

In a little more than a month, that power and splendour had passed away. By the Protector’s authority, a sermon had been preached in St. Paul’s Cross by a time-serving clergyman—and such men are always to be had when they are wanted—to proclaim the young king and his brother bastards. The Duke of Buckingham made an eloquent harangue on the same subject to the mayor and citizens of London; and in August the crown had been placed on Richard’s head. But the young princes, where were they? Beneath the stone steps of the Tower, sleeping the sleep of death after life’s little fever of greatness and glory. The murder has been denied; but there seems no reason for doubting it. It has come down to us on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who only wrote five-and-twenty years after its occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he might not be enabled to acknowledge publicly, were open to him for the acquisition of materials. The following is his version:—“King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name of old, devised, as he rode, to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him, that his nephews living then would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he therefore thought without delay to rid them, as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause, and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Greene, whom he especially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and evidence also, that the same Sir Robert should in anywise put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered, that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his: ‘Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself—they that I thought would have mostly served me—even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.’ ‘Sir,’ quoth the page, ‘there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace’s pleasure—the thing were right hard that he would refuse;’ meaning by this Sir James Tyrrell.” Accordingly, Tyrrell was sent for, and became compliant. It was a villainy from which he had not the grace to shrink, and it was devised that the two young princes should be murdered in their beds, “to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that before kept them; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave.” And when the time came, More tells us, “all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls, into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which, the wretches laid them out upon the bed and fetched Tyrrell to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, mostly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.” The stranger who now visits the chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a mulberry-tree, reared against the wall in the corner. There stood the stairs; and beneath those stairs, in 1674, were found bones “answerable to the ages of the royal youths,” which were accordingly, by Charles the Second’s orders, honourably interred in Henry the Seventh’s chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked by the erection of the above mulberry-tree, which was cut down a few years ago, when the present passage was opened. Thus the tale was confirmed—if confirmation was required—and when the evidence for the universal belief was of the most convincing kind. Richard waded through seas of blood to the throne. Between him and it stood the royal princes; the way of getting rid of those princes would soon be clear. Once wrong, for Richard there was

no alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The tale was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt its truth. Shakspeare—who, as all the world knows, was a better historian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane art, and Shakspeare himself little better than one of the wicked—may have set down Tyrrell's very words as he narrated the murder:—

“The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But oh! the devil'—Here the villain stopped;
But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation eye she framed.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.'”

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

IN 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild boar after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated

to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont.

“What, sir,” exclaimed he, “again? Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly.”

“Sir, you convinced me,” said the young Jesuit: “and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion, I have burnt my manuscript.”

“Ah!” replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, “then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit.”

“I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—”

“Walk into my private room, sir,” said Dupont.

“Sir,” began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), “you have heard of Manzoni?”

“Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book.”

“Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him.”

“A whole volume?” exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

“Yes, a whole volume,” said the young author.

“Will you leave it a day or two?” asked the publisher.

“No; I can only hand it to you, if sold.”

“But you can read a few chapters?”

“With pleasure.”

“Excuse me a moment,” said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

“What do you want for the book?”

“Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume.”

“You agree to that?”

“With pleasure.”

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulie, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works: the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, “Bertrand de Barin.”

“What do you mean?” he exclaimed angrily: “this is the title of the book I refused.”

“Exactly,” said the young man.

“And why have you put it to the translation?”

“It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it.”

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in England, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever *rose*.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Dai Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having

been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this fabled explanation, and say that letters and science came to the Chinese from an explanation neither so romantic nor so striking as this fable, but, apparently, *having* the advantage of truth.

The claim of China to sovereignty, something like the claim of early popes to jurisdiction over all America, dates from very

Islands a patent, appointing him Wang of Nippon. It appears that in those days there were civil wars in the land, and that the cun-



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

remote periods, from the conquest of Dai Nippon by Ziu-mu-tan-woo. But we have it recorded that, previously to the Christian era, the great Son of the Moon and Stars sent to the Emperor of the

ning head of the Celestial Empire wished to gain a footing by taking one side. It was not, however, until the time of the Mongols, who had conquered China, that any serious attempt was made on Japan.

There had been fighting, it is true, in the Corea; but rather in the form of squabbles than wars.

That there was trade and commerce between the two nations, we know; but the vulgarity of the subject having terrified the grave chroniclers of ancient days, who condescended to nothing less than a

the rich; and their expenditure contributed largely to keep up the 750 tea-shops in a town of 750,000 inhabitants.

The study of Japanese literature is rather curious than useful; and yet, as we become more connected with the race, we shall get interested in their history. In the present day, no nation can keep



A BUDGE FROM THE

battle, or an embassy, or the death of kings, we have little details; though we do learn, incidentally, that many Chinese came to Japan, because of the free-and-easy life to be led in the tea-houses of the island—so much more at liberty than those of China, which were under severe regulations. These travelled Chinese were, of course,

wholly apart; and we have little doubt that the time will come, when it will be considered a part of polite education to be intimately acquainted with the geography and history of all those nations which steam is bringing so close to us.

The earliest specimen of Japanese literature is an account of an

embassy to China, in the year 659. It is written by a learned Korean, a professed literary man. It is called "The Journal of Yukino Murazi of Petsi," and comes down to us in a chronicle of the local history from 661 B.C. to A.D. 696, called "Nipponki," and published A.D. 720. It will be seen that the Japanese were before us in learning in those days, for this work is in thirty volumes. If we judged a book as a Dutchman did, by size, it would, indeed, be a great work. The only pity is, that the Japanese have allowed us to go so far ahead of them since. This work, and an historical survey, in seven volumes, published at Ohosaka, in 1795, bring down Japanese history to 1611.

One of the ambassadors was lost at sea; but Kisa and Yukino Murazi, after a nine weeks' voyage, made the coast of China, stopped there as prisoners some time, and returned to Japan, having done as much business as many other ambassadors in times past. In the year 716, two students went to China; and one, Simo-mitsi-no-Mabi, went home, after a residence of nineteen years, and, taking the name of Kibino Daisi, became a most celebrated literary character. The other was induced to remain in China, as Archive Keeper, and kept the office sixty-one years, when he resigned, and, returning to Japan, was drowned, at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1607, the Chinese sent an embassy to Japan. Relations had been broken off in consequence of the patent sent to the Ziogoon Hidayosi, or Tayko-sama. This potent prince was so indignant at being appointed Wang of Nippon by the Emperor of China, that he replied—"Sovereign of Nippon I have already made myself, and, if it comes to this, I will turn over a new leaf, and make Tai Ming my vassal." A terrible war ensued between the two sovereigns. It appears, as far as we can judge the politics of China and Japan, that the emperor of the former country wanted to play the Czar, and, like that potentate in Turkey, caught a Tartar.

The death of the ziogoon ended the war, which must have been rather a personal affair between two kings; for no sooner was the death announced, than the Chinese embassy came to treat of peace and commerce, all the while, however, keeping up a skirmishing little war in the Korean peninsula. There is, further, a very interesting narrative, in Japanese, of the disasters and adventures of a band of Japanese traders, who were made prisoners by the Tartar subjects of the Manchoo Emperor of China. It is kept at Yedo, and is contained in a history of Chao-seën. It commences with great gravity. "From the earliest times," says the adventurer, "the inhabitants of the coast towns Sinbo and Mikuni-ura, in the province of Yetsizen, have been wont, at the close of winter, to pass over to the dependencies of Japan, there to trade." But then it seems that there was a doubt if the so-called dependencies were, indeed, dependencies; the fact being, that Chao-seën, like a refractory daughter, had thrown off all allegiance, and claimed liberty from vassalage. It appears that the traders hit upon a

desert place instead of Chao-seën, and at once gave up their commercial speculation. A terrible storm arising, the Japanese made a vow that, if they were preserved, they would throw away—sacrifice to the deities—all their defensive weapons. It immediately after happened, that they were attacked by a horde of enemies, and all the famous Japanese bows and arrows being at the bottom of the sea, the adventurers had, of course, no means of resistance, and all but fifteen out of fifty-eight were slain. But, for this massacre, the Tartars, a kind of Bashk Bazouks, were well chastised. There is a curious passage illustrative of Japanese manners. When the governor "questioned us by signs; whereupon Fiosayemon, taking out his nose papers, blew away a leaf to indicate that we were driven to this coast by the wind. He then sat down in a peaceful attitude, to intimate that we were merchants."

Japan is known as the empire of 3,850 islands, and takes its name from the Chinese form of Nippon, *Jih-pun*, origin of the sun, according to the learned Klapproth. Marco Polo calls it Zipangu, a corruption of Jih-pun-kwo, kingdom of the origin of the sun. Authentic records give Zin-mu-ten-woo as the first mortal monarch, who founded the rule of the mikados. He appears to have been a Chinese conqueror, or invader; but as he lived 660 B.C., we have not very detailed accounts of his parentage, which some ascribe to the terrestrial god who preceded him, the last of a long line of divine monarchs.

The mikados, relying on their divine right—which notion has pervaded every savage nation in early times—were despotic, though abdicated young. At last, one mikado abdicated in favour of his son, three years old, whose mother was daughter of a powerful prince. This father-in-law usurped authority until Yoritomo appeared, and after a time restored the old mikado, who appointed him ziogoon. In future, the mikado was only supposed to rule, the ziogoon holding all the power in his hands. The ziogoon, as well as the mikado, became at last an hereditary office.

Hence followed all the elaborate military, civil, and religious orders, which make Japan one of the most oddly-governed countries in the world, though always remaining a semi-religious, semi-military monarchy, upheld by the bows and arrows of the soldiers on one hand, and the priests on the other. The priestly influence in Japan, however, appears to have been even above the military. In savage countries, where the two influences appear to mingle, in general the religious will be found to predominate. The particular priest, of whom an engraving is given (p. 29), is one of the high priests of the sect of Buddha, called by the Dutch travellers "Buddhadienst, Seete zee-sjii," or of the sect Senju. This sect have made great way in Japan without having gained any political power. The surrounding features of the cut are ornaments worn by the high priest of this religion. The chair occupied by the worthy father is curious.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE was not a better young fellow in the Canton de Vaud than Louis Fischer; perhaps there were handsomer, wiser, and more polished striplings—doubtless there were; but when we say better, we mean more thoroughly honest, straightforward, and good-hearted. You could not beat Louis at this. You might equal him perhaps; let us hope, for the sake of the canton, that this could be done over and over and over again; but you could not go beyond him.

And the same thing might be said of Lucy, the herdsman's pretty daughter, for Lucy was as pretty as she was good, which is saying a great deal—for sincerity and kindness and thrifty homely ways she could not be surpassed. In many respects she was better than Louis, and in her own sweet comely person was a realisation of the Alpine proverb—the hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.

Why do we talk about Louis and Lucy in the same paragraph, and bring them thus so closely together; why? They loved one another. You are not surprised at that; at all events you would not have been surprised if you had known them—nobody was who did. They lived in the same village, met every day, and many times a day since they were little children wondering at the snow mountains. They had played together, worked together, learnt

together, worshipped together, and they loved each other now; friendship had ripened into love; the playfellows had become warm friends, and the friends lovers. Who could blame them? Within a circuit of ten miles, measuring from the little village church, there was only one who harboured anything but love towards them for their love to one another. This was Pierre Joseph.

A young man, maybe three years older than Louis, was Pierre Joseph. Some people thought he was better looking, and, perhaps, they were right. He had a higher forehead and a more symmetrical figure; he wore a smarter doublet, and had gold in his pouch, he had received a better education and had seen more of society; people said he knew the world better. Perhaps he did. But fine feathers do not always make fine birds. There was not that open-hearted honesty in Pierre that was always to be found in Louis; and as to his acquaintance with society and knowledge of mankind, we are apt to say men know the world when they only know the worst part of it, and this, or report spake falsely, was the case of Pierre Joseph.

However other people liked him, supposing that there were any who did, and giving Pierre Joseph the full benefit of the doubt, Lucy had no love for him. He had turned his attention towards her

for a long time, had come over to the village—for he lived further up in the mountain—many and many a time, had brought her flowers in the summer time, and gossiped by the roaring fire in the winter; had laid himself out, as it were, to please, even to his costume like Malvolio, with his cross garters; had talked and sung, and, to do him justice, he could sing very fairly; had recounted his own strange adventures, described Milan and the city of the sea, and done all that he fancied would win her admiration and esteem. But it did not answer his expectations. Whatever he did or said, it centred in himself. He appeared to labour under the idea that he was behaving very handsomely and with considerable condescension, and appeared to intimate that a match with himself would be a decidedly good thing.

Well, it is an old story; here was a rich lover, and there was a poor one. Blind love holds the balance, and ducats, dollars, guineas kick the beam. Lucy plighted her faith to Louis, and the wedding-day was fixed. Pierre Joseph withdrew in high disdain. He was heard to threaten mischief on the blithesome couple, and seen to frown that horseshoe frown of his, which made him look like Scott's "Red Gauntlet." But what of that? words are but breath; let him threaten—let him frown; the sun will shine as brightly, and days and nights will come and go, as if he had no being. So the wedding-day came. It was a lousy day in the village, and a happy day. Preceded by an old musician and the bridesmaids, the young people walked to church, followed by a woman with a basket of flowers—a bit of nature for the festal day. When they entered the church, they were all surprised by noticing Pierre Joseph. There he sat, in a dusky part of the church—quite away from the sunshine—moodily watching all that took place.

Never mind. Pierre Joseph cannot stop the way; he can only watch with his dark frown and his bright eyes; he can only follow like a dark shadow, as the company go back, and the flowers are scattered in their way. When all is over, he turns away to the mountain-road and goes moodily homeward, plucking a flower to pieces, leaf by leaf, as if he were going through the old charm of "love me, love me not," which Marguerite tries in the play of "Faust."

So time went on; and the young bride became a thrifty housewife, labouring with her husband bravely at all the duties of a peasant's life, and never flinching from work for a moment. While the young man's axe rang in the forest, and here and there a stately tree wavered and tottered and fell; while his bright scythe glided over the rich greensward, and with right good will he delved the earth, till the perspiration, in great drops—labour's bright jewels—stood on his brow, his busy, bustling, thrifty wife was binding up the vine to the poles on which it grew, twitching off superfluous leaves and tendrils, gathering in the orchard fruit, and making, in her cleanly dairy, the finest cheese that was ever placed on table.

They were very happy; still happier when a little one was born—"a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of joy and peace." They heard no more of Pierre Joseph—they almost forgot him; perhaps, indeed, they sometimes recollect— but always kindly—how friendly he had once appeared. As to his later conduct, his threatening, his visit to the church, and the rest of it, no reference was ever made. But trouble came. Lucy's father died; and with their grief on this account came the discovery that he was much poorer than they thought for; that he was in debt—deeply in debt—and, worst of all, in debt to Pierre Joseph. What could be done? They saw that at any moment all that was owing could be demanded; they saw that what little property the old man possessed would not meet a tithe of the sum due; they felt that to allow matters to take their course, would be to dishonour the memory of one whom they dearly loved. So Louis resolved to ride over to Pierre Joseph and attempt to make some arrangement with him.

He was received coldly, but with respect. Pierre professed to deeply regret the death of the old man. The money, he said, had been owing a long, long time—long before the marriage; that, of course, he could have no demand on Louis or his young wife. After talking a long time, Louis made the proposal which he had come to make. Would Pierre allow the matter to stand over for a year, if he became answerable for its payment? Pierre would advise him not to do that. Better think of it again. Better not, for

the sake of a foolish pride, involve himself in other people's difficulties; especially when those other people were under the soil. Dead men tell no tales, and, doubtless, are heedless of all tales told. What if the villagers lost somewhat of their old respect for him; he would still sleep soundly under the daisy-quilt? No. Louis was resolved. Would the other grant him the time required? No. Yet, stop; for old acquaintance sake, he would. They parted more cheerfully than they had met; and, as the young man rode away, he did not observe the horseshoe frown that came upon the other's forehead, or how he muttered to himself, that it would work bravely yet.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, the year was over and past, but it was a year full of disaster. On the anniversary of the agreement, Louis stood once more in the best room of Pierre's residence. There was a deep flush, a red spot on his otherwise pale cheeks as he bowed to the other when they met. He told in a few words the story of his disaster. Not a sentence from Pierre. He mentioned how sickness had been in his house, and his wife and child were but slowly recovering even then. Not a word. He told of bad crops, bad vintage, accident and disaster. Not a syllable. He begged for time. Time! not a day, not an hour. Time! no; he had waited long enough. The tide had ebbed. Let Louis be prepared for the worst. Pierre did not raise his voice, but he spoke in a calm, measured strain, without biting his eyes, and without betraying any emotion; except that the horseshoe frown was on his face, he was the same quiet man as he had been that day twelvemonth.

And the worst came. Louis and his family were turned adrift. They had to leave their old home, give up all they held dear, resign everything into the hands of their inexorable creditor. It was not for nothing he tore the flower leaf from leaf long ago. It is a hard thing to quit a place that we love, a place that is associated with our earliest recollections, where every leaf and flower, every blade of grass and creeping plant is eloquent, and tells the story of our early life. There is a sacredness in home, a first home. To the earliest places of human worship there clings—so goes the Arab legend—a guardian sanctity; there the wild bird rests not; there the wild beast may not wander; it is the hallowed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve. There is some such feeling clinging to a first home, and to quit such a home after long years of happiness is sometimes sad and bitter.

As a hired labourer Louis obtained employment far up in the mountains. His home was now a poor rough place, but very dear to him. He had a good heart and hoped—hoped on; hoped ever! One evening he was returning from his daily labour, singing softly to himself an old stave that he had often sung in happier days. The sun was sinking fast, and flung its red rays on the ice mountains, and as Louis turned a corner of the circuitous path, he noticed a stranger mounted on a mule, and riding slowly along.

He had scarcely perceived this figure, when a sort of rushing sound, not very loud, but steadily increasing in its strength, was heard. Louis stopped; he knew too well what it meant. The stranger in advance stopped also, and as they glanced around their eyes met—it was Pierre Joseph.

"Stop! stop!" cried Louis, "the avalanche is upon us!" Steadily, but with tremendous velocity the snow-drift was advancing. At first, a narrow line of blue up in the white surface of the snow, it gradually assumed a more terrible appearance, there was no time to move or to attempt any escape; it was upon them. Man and mule rolled over, the feet of Louis slid from beneath him, amid the mass of drifting snow they were hurried forward, till some projecting rock became a barrier, and they were cast against its rugged side. After a few moments of terror, Louis aroused himself and found, although bruised severely, he was otherwise uninjured. He looked about him for Pierre, and discovered him not far off. His first movement was towards him, and he found he lay there quite senseless. Aware that this drift of snow was in all probability but the forerunner of another, and perhaps more disastrous one, he endeavoured to rouse the fallen man, in order that they might, if possible, seek some shelter. That shelter was not far off. There was a rough cabin or chalet, built in the rock, which was thought to be a safe retreat in such circumstances.

Unable to restore Pierre, Louis made a vigorous effort and supported him to the place of security. Having gained this refuge, he attempted to restore the unconscious man, but as he did so, the same rushing sound was heard again, louder, and louder still, with the crashing of pine trees, the wild cry of the mountain birds; the sound came nearer, it passed by; but was soon again renewed with even greater violence.

Presently Pierre recovered. He was greatly injured, and full of alarm. Even Louis had upon him an undefined dread, a dread which took a defined character when he perceived that the ice and snow, the fallen trees and masses of rock, had settled all about the chalet, blocking them in as effectually as though bolts and bars had

Pierre forgot his old grudge, saw the folly of his old enmity in a new light, and, touched by the tender kindness of Louis, begged that the past might be forgiven. Of course, it was not in the heart of Louis at any time to resist such an appeal. He wrote injuries, as wise men always write them, in the dust. Now they talked together of poor Lucy—both called her by that name—and of the child who would be her only support now. But relief came. Bold hearts and willing hands found out the chalet, and the buried alive were rescued.

Where was Lucy? Driven almost to distraction, she had wandered over the most dangerous snow-passes, climbed where the eagle builds its nest and the chamois seeks its home: at last had



THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART.

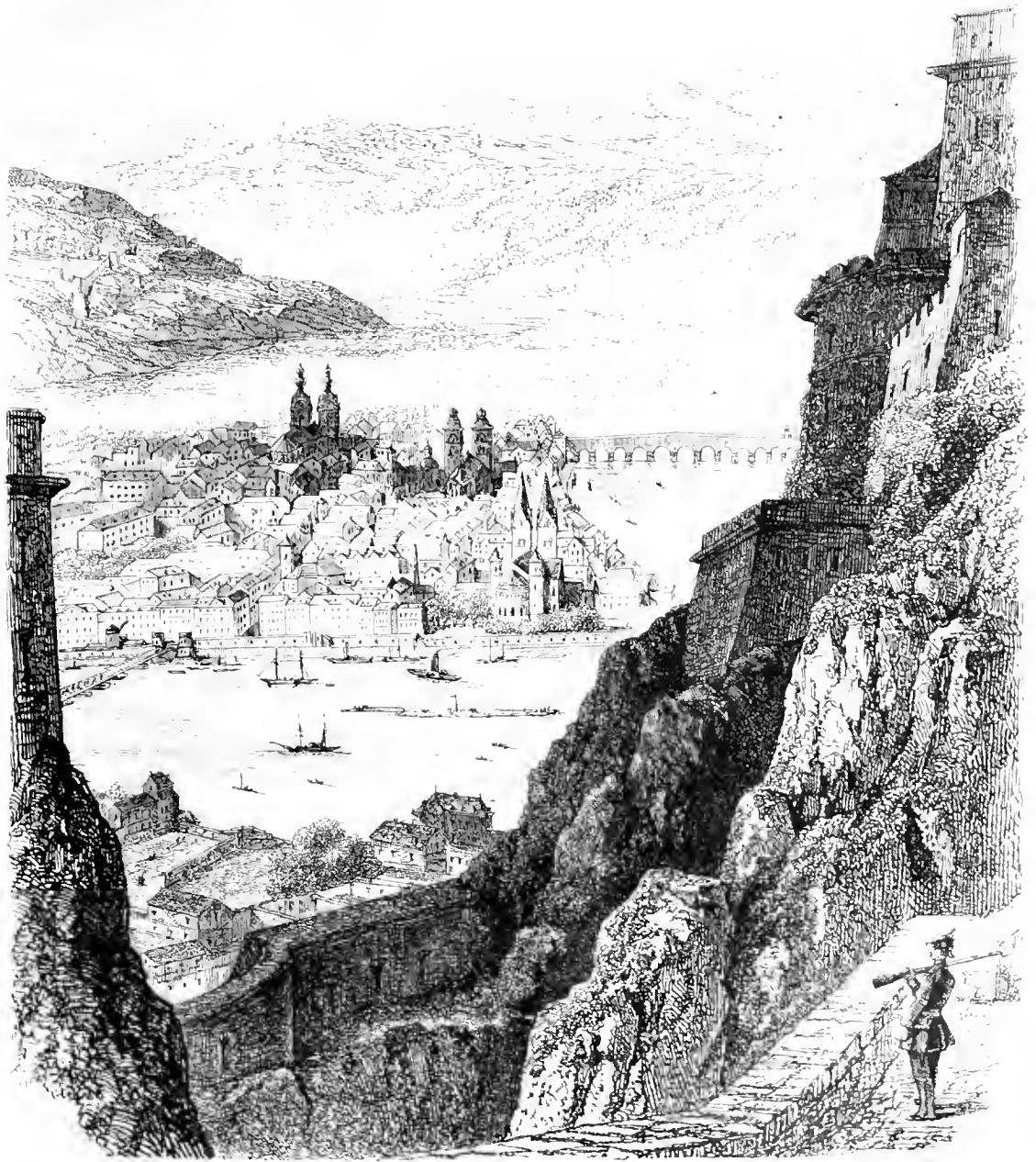
been drawn upon them. There was no means of escape. The horror of their position presented itself to both. It fell most heavily on Pierre. There he was, with a man whom he hated, and whom he had deeply injured—alone, without food, buried alive. It is unnecessary to dwell upon what followed. For more than five days they saw no hope of rescue. The little food which Louis had with him was carefully portioned out and shared between them; but what were they to do when that was gone? And gone it was, all gone, at the end of the third day. For two days they tasted no food at all. During this time Louis had made every effort to effect some means of escape, but altogether without success; he had talked with Pierre when Pierre was rational; but his mind wandered very often—and they had become friends. Buried alive,

turned her face homewards—not her new home—but her past, her old home. So they sought her there, and found her in the churchyard, the quiet resting-place of those whom she had loved. There they found her, kneeling at her father's grave, with her little child beside her. She heard her husband's voice, and, with a wild cry, ran to meet him. And what more need be said? The lost were found—the dead were raised—the clouds which were about them rolled away—and henceforth happiness was theirs. They always had one constant friend, who grew to be a gray-haired man, and whose delight it was to sit beneath their cottage porch on a summer eve, or by their blazing fire on a winter's night, and tell to some anxiously-listening group of bright-eyed children, the oft-repeated story of Buried Alive.

COBLENTZ.

COBLENTZ owes its name to its position. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the Romans, who built a fortress there thirteen years before the Christian era, called it *Confluentia*, or *Confluentis*. From this Latin appellation, slightly Germanised, is derived Coblentz; the name by which the town

Verdun, A.D. 843, were discussed at an imperial diet in the cathedral at Coblentz. After having formed part of the Kingdom of Lorraine, in pursuance of this treaty, Coblentz was returned to the empire of Germany in 978, by Otto the Great. During the next two centuries, though the town nominally part of the



VIEW OF COBLENTZ, TAKEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

occupying the same site is now known. At the time when Antoninus wrote his "Itinerarium," the fortress contained about a thousand inhabitants. After the Romans came the Franks, whose kings built a palace at *Confluentia*, called *Cophtlanzi*. When the three sons of Louis the Debonnaire divided among themselves the empire of Charlemagne, the preliminaries of the famous treaty of

hands of several possessors, the inhabitants, grown rich by their wealth and freed in mind at length they shook off the yoke of this wing of the yoke of subjection, and gave Coblentz as one of the chief centres of commerce in Germany. It is situated on a rocky ledge below Ehrenbreitstein, left about the left bank of the Moselle, where may now be traced the remains of the city walls.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the archbishops of Treves wished to fortify Coblenz, nominally to protect it against foreign attack, but, really, to increase their power and recover the liberties which the people had extorted from them. At first, the people were rather favourable to the project, and voted funds for the construction of an outer wall; but afterwards, seeing the snare that was laid for them, they opposed it with equal zeal. The result was, a violent insurrection, followed by a bloody war which lasted two years, and ended in the capture of the town by the archbishop, under whose successors it remained till the middle of the fourteenth century. Baudouin of Luxembourg, the last of these, agined absolute authority over the town, but was also its great benefactor. He surrounded it with fortifications; enlarged Ehrenbreitstein, then called Hermannstein; built the old bridge over the Moselle; destroyed all the castles within his territory from which the barons and knights emerged to waylay and plunder the defenceless traveller, and established peace and order throughout the district; leaving Coblenz a flourishing, if not a free town. After his death, in 1367, Coblenz experienced great alternations of fortune. During the Thirty Years' War, it was thrice taken by the Swedes, the French, and the Imperialist forces. In 1688, Boufflers, having failed to take it, reduced it to ashes. During the revolutionary war at the close of the last century, it was the chief asylum for French emigrants. In 1794 it was taken by Marceau, and made the chief town of a French department.

Since the conclusion of the peace in 1815 Coblenz has belonged to Prussia, and it now forms the capital of the Rhenish provinces, upon which France is perhaps not unfairly suspected of looking with an evil eye. The population amounts to 20,000, or, if we include Ehrenbreitstein and the garrison, 26,000. In a military point of view, Coblenz is not without importance. Since it has been united to Prussia, much has been done to render it proof against attack, and it is now considered one of the strongest defences of that side of the Prussian dominions. The fortifications, which are constructed on the most improved principles, extend over a large space, and are capable of containing as many as 100,000 men. Ehrenbreitstein, on the other side of the Rhine, which is connected with Coblenz by a bridge of boats, being also strongly fortified, adds still further to the strength of its position as a bulwark of the Prussian kingdom.

The interior of the town presents few objects of interest. The old town—that is, the part nearer the Moselle—is rather animated; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. Though the new town, which extends behind the Royal Castle—a building raised by Clement Wenceslas, the last bishop elector of Treves—has regular and straight streets, the number of persons to be seen there is so small that it appears at first sight uninhabited. But, to see Coblenz fairly, it is necessary to disembark from the steam-boat, and go behind a frightful wall, which, without answering any useful purpose, completely hides from view the quay, the Royal Castle, the government palace, splendid hotels, and fine private houses. One must also go across the bridge of boats—more than a quarter of a mile in length—and ascend the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the neighbouring heights of Pfaffendorf, from either of which positions may be obtained one of the most beautiful views on the borders of the Rhine. At your feet you have the Rhine, which has only just issued from the mountains, and, joined by the Moselle, rolls along its waters, unmingled at first with its own, with graceful meanderings at the foot of smiling hills, which skirt its right bank as far as the distant chain of mountains lost in the horizon. At the junction of the two rivers Coblenz, enriched by her commerce, which is increasing every year, seems already too much confined by the limits of the fortifications. Every quarter of an hour the bridge, over which an incessant crowd of people are passing, opens, to let either a steamer or a number of towing-vessels go through. On the left you see Fort Alexander and Fort Constantine; on the right Fort Francis, which is on the left bank of the Moselle; and beyond the Moselle and the Rhine a vast plain, interspersed with villages, extending westward and northward as far as the volcanic mountains of Maifeld and Eifel. While beholding the cultivated richness of this undulating plain, one cannot help calling to mind the numerous battles which have been fought there, from the time when Caesar marched triumphantly over it, to the day when Marceau and Hoche were buried there. Byron, in his "Childe Harold," thus alludes to Coblenz:—

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb,
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

MY FIRST EVENING IN WALLACHIA.

BY A HUNGARIAN.

My readers will recollect the melancholy occasion on which the picked men of the Hungarian army, after the two extraordinary days of the 9th and 13th of August, 1849, were compelled to abandon all hope of liberty, and to escape the monstrous cruelty of Russia and Austria, by emigrating into Turkey. That day was a bright day for the Sultan—it was a bad day for Russia. The men who were driven by the force of Russia to seek refuge on the territories of the Turk, are those who since have drilled and organised the Turkish forces, while many of them are at this moment burning for the time when they shall come into the field against Russia. It matters not how, nor why—but I, in those days, was in the service of the Hungarian revolution.

I was at Hatzeg, just recovered from a wound, when I received the fatal intelligence of the surrender of Lazar and Török, and of the inexplicable day at Villagos. I, like all my companions, cried out with fury against the treachery of Görgey. But rage and lamentations were too late. The only thing we could do was to join General Bem. All was confusion and doubt. Some said all was over; some thought that there was falsehood in much of what was said. None would decide. I decided for myself. I had a good horse, a warm cloak, arms, and a portmanteau. I accordingly, knowing the country tolerably well, determined, alone and unassisted, to join the general and ascertain from his lips what was to be done.

Had I waited a few hours longer, I should have found that Bem was at all events trying to resist, trying to save the nation from the fearful blow it had received. I took my way towards the Iron-gate. I travelled at night, for fear of meeting with Austrians or Russians, though I chiefly dreaded the former. I succeeded in reaching the Iron-gate about twelve at night. I passed it and made for Weislowa. This city was calm and still, as if the savage dogs of war had never been loosed, and as if a nation's liberty had not been crushed under the iron heel of the ruthless Czar, against whom few in high places then cried as they do now, though he was the same ambitious despot he is now. I mistrusted the stillness, and sent my horse dashing through the streets without halting.

I soon, however, pulled up, as I found myself in the very act of falling into an Austrian corps of observation. Luckily I drew up just as the first sentry came in view, and walking my horse slowly back, I retreated into a little wood, where I chose a close thicket, fastened my horse to a tree, and took some refreshment. I found that, by standing on my horse's back and holding on to a branch, I could just see the Austrian tents. I determined, therefore, to keep very close until these fellows removed from the neighbourhood. Being an officer, my name known, and legally in the service of the empire, death awaited me if taken. I accordingly wrapped myself in my cloak, after cutting a good handful of grass for the horse, placed my pistols under my head, laid a carbine I had provided myself with by my side, and sought repose. I slept until nearly midday, when I awoke much parched, having had no drink but raw branly since I started. I knew not what to do, and was about to rise to seek for water, even in some pool, for myself and horse,

when I heard the steps of a man and horse, the clanking of heavy boots, the rattling of a cavalry sword, and other alarming signs, close at hand. I cocked my gun.

"What is that?" said a voice as of one exhausted and worn out—a gentle voice too.

"A friend," I replied, recognising a Hungarian uniform, and hastening forward.

"Heaven be praised!" continued the stranger, who was sinking with exhaustion. "I have been chased ten miles by five Austrians, but a trumpet calling them, they joined some comrades."

"Some comrades," said I—"an army. The knives will bring a cloud upon us. We must to horse."

"I can go no further now," replied the stranger, who was not more than eighteen, and yet an officer; but this was nothing in Hungary, where boys did deeds of manly valour.

"But death will be our portion if taken," I said.

"I can but die once," he continued, sinking on the ground.

"What is in that gourd?" I said almost fiercely.

"Water."

I snatched it, drank a draught—oh, how delicious to my parched lips!—and then held it to those of my companion, this time mixed with the coarse brandy of the country. The stranger would have resisted, but his strength was gone, and I forced the liquid down his throat. I then moved away and watched, for I heard the Austrians moving. But it was the whole division and in the direction of the Iron-gate.

I returned to my companion; he lay still upon the ground, and I understood he asked for food. I gave him bread, meat, and a knife. He began slowly to eat, and as his strength revived, I thought I had never seen so handsome a youth. The small Kossuth hat, the hussar uniform, set off to advantage a regular and rather effeminate visage, on which there was not even a sign of down. He explained that, having fled from Lagose, he too was proceeding to join Bem, when a patrol of Austrians with a sham flag of truce chased him, and drove him to this extremity. Having said thus much, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep.

I woke him immediately it was dusk, and saddling both horses, assisted him to mount, and away we sped towards the point where we believed Bem to be. We avoided towns and villages; we halted before turning a corner. We were making for Kavanscher.

In the middle of the night we found a roadside inn, and here we heard for the first time that all was over, and that all those who had to dread Siberia or the gallows from the tender mercies of Russia and Austria had determined on emigrating to Turkey, convinced that the Turks would treat us far better than either of the two emperors. This was horrible—this was fatal news.

"What is to be done?" I said wildly.

"Go to Turkey," replied my companion, gently.

"But how?"

"By what means we can. On!"

And the young man struck his spurs in his horse's flanks, and led the way. It was a stupendous journey for two men to perform, across the mountains of Moraul, the volcanic ridges of the Carpathians, up hill and down dale. But death by the Austrian hangman was worse, and we neither of us then or now utterly despaired of Hungary.

We took still more care than ever to avoid any communication with the people about this part, they being that slavish peasantry

called the Mantzen, who are so attached to Austria; but that morning we found a hut, where a man, recognising us as Hungarians, cheerfully offered to give us shelter. My companion hesitated, and shook his head. I laughed at his fears, and he agreed to chance it. We accordingly locked our horses in a small out-house, after giving them food which we paid for, and went up into a kind of loft to rest. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, saw that our primings were all right, and laying our heads on a bundle of straw, slept.

I was awake at last by the sound of several voices conversing in a mysterious whisper. I moved not, but I listened. We were in a room which could only be approached by a ladder; it was steep; at its foot were about a dozen of the rascally Mantzen discussing who should go up first. I had my pair of American pistols, which I brought over in 1847 from America. I cocked one and peered through a crack. They were eleven men, armed with knives, old pistols, pikes, while two held cords to tie us with.

I rose to my feet with a bound, rushed to the head of the stairs, and fired my five discharges as rapidly as possible. Yells and roars succeeded, and then the house was cleared. My companion was by my side; we rushed down stairs, and I again led fly at the retreating crowd. Four were severely wounded, amongst whom was our treacherous host; I could not but feel glad that his case was hopeless. We then walked out into the open air, and while I levelled my trusty carbine at the scoundrels, my companion brought out our horses. We mounted, and giving the fellows another volley, rode off.

We sought no more hospitality after that. When in force, we took food and paid for it.

One day we were in the mountains, climbing a rocky path, when, suddenly reaching the crest of a hill, we saw beneath our feet a small army—hussars in front, a carriage next, a staff, several carriages, some infantry, and then two squadrons of hussars. We knew what it was: it was the sad remnant of Hungary's heroes. The reader may imagine our hurry to descend the hill, which we did by a mountain path that brought us out on the road ahead of the army. We were in an instant made prisoners, and taken back to the front carriage, in which sat a man in a gray blue coat, with gold embroidery, torn by bullets and sabres, with a Kossuth hat on his head. It was Bem.

"Good day, lieutenant," said he to me, and then his eyes dilated with surprise: "Miss Katerina B—, have you escaped?"

"Miss!" I exclaimed, wild with surprise, while my companion smiled and blushed, and the old general and his staff laughed heartily at my unfeigned astonishment.

I was overwhelmed with confusion, but it would have been pleasant to remark the change in my manner to my companion in misfortune. I treated her at once as a woman, and was rejoiced when she joined a party of refugee ladies. I then heard that, after joining the army with her brother and father, she was, by the death of them, left alone in the world; she would not leave the army, and her sex and courage had been universally respected.

Our journey over those hills, through the Carpathian mountains, those glorious scenes, our dangers, and our difficulties, are historical. At last we crossed the Turkish frontier, were welcomed gladly by the peasantry and authorities; and will the reader be surprised to learn, considering her forlorn position in that country, that I found a priest, and was married to my present good and gentle wife, on the very first evening I spent in Wallachia?

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

IAGO was right for once. Nothing makes a man more wretched, feel more unutterable terror, and do more absurd or abominable things, than jealousy. When it once takes possession of the mind, all happiness is for ever gone; the world becomes accursed, life a burden too bitter to be borne. Man delights not, nor woman either. Jealousy plays strange pranks with mortals. You go to tea

with the friend of your bosom, merely to talk a little scandal and eat a few muffins, when, somehow or other, the green-eyed monster steps in uninvited, and you hurry from the room with an indignant step and an aching heart. You take your adored Julia (to whom you have written so many sonnets, for whom you have gone to so much expense—to Brighton or Wind-or, for a day's fresh air, and in

the same carriage sits a fine gentlemanly young fellow with the clear skin and handsome features which all women love to see; and because he pays your adored some few attentions, which she receives with the mild coquetry that is part and parcel of female human nature, you sit fuming all the while, execrating the trip, wishing you had stopped at home, thinking your charmer the most heartless of her sex, and all the while consigning the innocent cause of offence to a locality unmentionable to ears polite. Can our readers forget the little tea-party at Dotheboys' Hall, in the absence of the respected proprietor thereof? It is a fine specimen of jealousy, Nicholas Nickleby, Miss Squeers, Miss Price, and her betrothed, John Brodie, sit down to a game at cards. Miss Price becomes the partner of Nicholas. The immortal Boz shall tell the rest:—

“The deal fell to Nicholas and the hand prospered.

“We intend to win everything,” said he,

clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in till he had an opportunity of exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman. And Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

“I never had such luck, really!” exclaimed, coquettishly, Miss Price, after another hand or two. “It is all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always.”

“I wish you had.”

“You’ll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards,” said Miss Price.

“Not if your wish is gratified,” replied Nicholas. “I am sure I shall have a good one in that case.”

“To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head and the corn-factor flattened his nose while this conversation was carrying on. It would



THE JEALOUS DOG.

“Tilda has won something she didn’t expect, I think; haven’t you, dear?” said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

“Only a dozen and eight, love,” replied Miss Price, affecting to take the question in a literal sense.

“How did you are to-night?” sneered Miss Squeers.

“No, indeed,” replied Miss Price; “I am in excellent spirits. I was thinking *you* seemed out of sorts.”

“Me?” cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with very jealousy. “Oh, no!”

“That’s well,” remarked Miss Price. “Your hair’s coming out of curl, dear.”

“Never mind me,” muttered Miss Squeers; “you had better attend to your partner.”

“Thank you for reminding her,” said Nicholas; “so she had.”

“The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his

have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that, let alone Miss Price’s evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby’s happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable.”

So much for jealousy in the human animal. The jealousy of Othello takes a grander form: the jealousy of Miss Squeers is that of common every-day life. The one is tragedy, the other is a farce. This ends in a cry, that in blood. The one is a summer cloud, the other a thunder-storm with death and desolation in its track. Little natures can feel the one, only colossal ones the other. But in its mildest form it is an unpleasant companion. It makes your tea sour and your muffin indigestible. It spoils your good looks and the amusements of the evening. Oh, reader, beware of jealousy — we *must* quote Shakspeare again — “it is the green-eyed monster which makes the meat it feeds on.”

Now for jealousy in dogs. In general it is as irrational as that of the Smiths and Jones's of real life. Can we say more? For instance, as our artist has put it. A young girl, innocent of more dangerous objects of attraction at present, or, as Macaulay sings, with

“Fair young face that had not learned
To blush at gaze of man,”

is surrounded by her darling pets: a kitten full of liveliness and play; a cat all maternal affection; a monkey disposed, as monkeys generally are, to make themselves as agreeable as they possibly can, in this respect, at least, showing how different they are to men. Why should they not all be happy—happy as the family of birds and beasts exhibited daily to an admiring public in Trafalgar-square? Happy as we are all to be in Mr. Robert Owen's *New Moral World*? Why not? we repeat. The answer is soon given if we look at the picture. There is a dog—certainly not the sort of

angry and jealous as he is, has no cause for it. The maiden will not pet him the less nor love him the less. She would be glad if, instead of snarling and showing his teeth and making the monkey uncomfortable, he would join them in their play, and be happy whilst he can, and make the best of the little span of time he calls his life. But he will not do so, absurd jealousy prevents him. Why the dog is almost as foolish as many men. Let us now turn to our second engraving, which represents

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

“Oh, whether are we driven o'er the waters so free,
With the vapours all around and the breakers on our lee?
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea.
Ah me! ah me!
We are hurried to our doom. Oh, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are heaving along!
And the tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)
For thee, for me.”



THE LIFE PRESERVER.

dog a girl should love, but ladies do take strange things to their bosoms at times—a dog of ill-breeding and sadly degenerate, that gets jealous because every one else is happy, and that cannot forgive its little mistress her unintentional neglect, and he shows his ill-nature by venting it on Jacko, who has done nothing to deserve it beyond, perhaps, playing off—as monkeys are wont to do—a harmless practical joke. It is a sad thing such dogs exist. It is a pity that dogs cannot rise superior to such petty feelings, and take more comprehensive views of life. “Love to beings,” said Edwards—and Godwin repeated it in his “*Political Justice*,” a book which was to have upset the world, but which now sells for waste paper—is virtue.” Evidently the dog of our picture does not think so. He takes a very different view of virtue. It simply consists in love to himself. We fear the idea is too common. That it is not confined to dogs, but extends to men as well. Yet the dog,

The thunder is awakened—he is talking to the night,
And see what cometh flooding down in catracts of light,
’Tis his paramour, the lightning—she withereth my sight,
Ah me! ah me!

So sings Barry Cornwall. We can almost riddle the scene. The stout strong ship drifting away without aid for dismasted, robbed of all her finery, an utter wreck—despair in the faces of her crew, some of whom curse, some of whom pray, and some of whom drink in intoxication to forget the terror of the hour and to defy the destroyer Death. When that good ship was launched, it was on a bright summer day. Thousands came to see the sight. Beautiful the shape of woman, named her; and canvas tacked, and planks waved, and drums beat, and the people cheered, as she sailed her way to the element on which to a time she came to separate, and so to fly to float. And then, with a cog-iron and a rudder

with seamen known for experience and skill, and with passengers hopefully leaving the old land, where competition is rife and everything valuable but man, for more congenial climes, she gaily left the port as if danger was an idle dream. But the storm came, and the giant waves arose in their fury, and nearer and nearer came the black, iron-bound coast, to touch which was death, and the gallant bark became a hideous wreck.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around them as a hell."

It is the hour of the power of death. There is no hope. Heaven and earth alike seem to refuse their pity and their aid. The only answer to the prayer of the dying, as one after another they are swept away, is the roar of the everlasting sea, as sullenly and relentlessly—spurring neither sex nor age, neither the tenderness of woman, man in his prime, nor the gray hairs of age—it vents its irresistible rage. Like death, you can never satiate the sea. Its cry is still, "More!" Down in its deep lie the loved, the beautiful, the young—the great, the pure, the good. It has gathered to itself, and holds with a miser's clutch, the gems of art, the treasures of nations, the jewels of imperial diadems. Oh, what a revelation will that be, when the command shall go forth, and the sea shall give up its dead!

But the wreck to which we have referred shall yet have its chronicle. One victim is snatched from the jaws of death. The sacrifice of life is not complete. One escapes the common lot. The dog, faithful to his master when all other ties are broken, when all other obligations are torn asunder, rescues him from a watery grave. Possibly just as he was sinking, just as he had become helpless and weary, his faithful companion bears him to safety and life once more. Such cases are not isolated: we have heard of them times without number. They teach us that, if man be but little lower than the angels, many of the animals in faithfulness and courage are but little below man.

And so our hero is once more restored to life. He lies there all unconscious and seemingly dead. But life will come back to him; the red blood will dance in his veins as of old; he will wake up as from a fearful dream. Once more he will rejoice himself in the light of the sun and in the society of his fellows; the world, with its charms, will appear to him as attractive as ever. In a short time, it may be that all the terrors of the scene through which he has passed may be completely erased from his mind. Such is human nature. "What a piece of work is man!"

Men who have been on the point of drowning, and have been saved just before the silver cord was loosened and life became extinct, have told us that in the last moments, before consciousness was gone, all the buried past rose before them in all the reality and majesty of life. Then came back to them childhood with its innocence, the mother with her love, the father with his manly care, the brotherly companionship, the sisterly caress. Then came back to them the passionate love of early youth, the very smiles and words perhaps of one long sleeping in her quiet grave. All that they had ever thought, or felt, or done, or said, seemed at that moment to come back to them at once. If we remember aright, De Quincy states that this was the case with him, in his "Confessions." One moment seems sufficient for the review of a life. With what a lightning glance must the mind review the past! We don't forget things; we only bury them. They lie in our hearts awaiting a re-errection morn. And that body snatched from death has just passed through such a crisis. Out in that roaring sea, with angry winds singing in his ears, or the shrieks of the dying borne onward on the gale, he may have heard the village bells of his boyhood sounding for Christian worship; or he may have listened to his mother's voice; or it may be that his own little ones, sleeping safe on shore, may have come and whispered in his ears; or that in fancy he may have clasped once more to his bosom the wife of his youth, and he may have sunk down pleasantly, with peace in his heart and a smile upon his lip, forgetful all the while of the death following in his wake. Drowning men, we are told, have Elysian dreams.

Well, it is to be hoped that the seemingly lifeless corpse here may find the waking up equally pleasant, and that he will honour the noble animal to whom he is indebted for his life in a fitting manner. That dog should be kept in clover for the rest of his days; he should wear a brass collar; he should be introduced to the best company; he should become an honorary member of the Royal Humane Society; his portrait should appear in the Royal Exhibition. Why not? Every dog has his day.

In conclusion, our engraving suggests two remarks. Our first is, that Horace was right when he says, that he was a bold man who first trusted himself at sea. Our second is more practical. When you do go to sea, be sure and take a Life Preserver with you. If it be possible, let it be a fine powerful dog, such as we have engraved.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Of all the interesting sights in and about Portsmouth, perhaps there is none so interesting as this immense establishment; and yet perhaps none is so difficult to describe or to convey an idea of in print as this same dock-yard. Wherever we turn there is something to strike us with wonder. The great dimensions of everything around; the yard itself seeming like a manufacturing town; the immense ships upon the stocks in course of building; the anchors lying along in a continuous line of five or six abreast, and of some 400 or 500 feet in length, and some of them weighing upwards of five tons; cables to match these anchors, some of them the thickness of a man's waist; the masts lying along the floor of the Mast-house, showing themselves in their true size, no longer looking the slender rods we fancy them when seen in the ships; while the "tops," those small (?) platforms placed at the junction of the lower mast and the top-mast, upon which it has often made us giddy to see sailors standing, we now find to be large enough for a very comfortable quadrille. Everything seems magnified. "Manning the yards," too, we had always looked upon as a species of tight-rope performance; to see the sailors standing upright on these mere bits of stick, as they appear, and never falling off, seemed wonderful. But that is over now. We saw at the dock-yard several of these yards lying about. Wonderful to stand upright on those great beams of timber! Nonsense!—we could trot a horse along a considerable portion of their length, and think no great things of our horsemanship after all.

But let us proceed with our inspection of the different departments of this truly wonderful establishment.

Close to the entrance gate is situated the Mast-house. Here, as its name implies, the immense masts of which we have spoken above are made, and also the yards, bowsprits, etc., for ships. These yards and masts are of necessity made of several separate pieces of timber, which are accurately joined together and then hooped with iron, the hoops being put on while hot, so that the contraction of the metal on cooling compresses the whole forcibly together. Hanging up in the Mast-house, the lovers of relics may feast their eyes upon what, with this official guarantee, we suppose we must consider to be a genuine piece of the wreck of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead on the 29th August, 1782. We say we suppose this to be genuine, and as such must look upon it as a rarity; for it is a pretty well-established fact, that enough walking-sticks, snuff-boxes, and other articles have been manufactured from "genuine pieces of the wreck of the Royal George" to build two or three ships of the size of that vessel. However, whether this be genuine or not matters, we suspect, but little; there are things awaiting our inspection far more interesting than any old weather-beaten log of wood, though it were proved to be a genuine relic of the Argo itself, with a bit of the Golden Fleece to be seen adhering to it.

Leaving the Mast-house and proceeding to the left—or, if our readers prefer our speaking geographically—to the west, we see an extensive pile of buildings, upon the top of which is a lofty round tower, surmounted by a semaphore. This instrument—a really interesting relic now—something to show us what telegraphs were before the very lightning was made to carry our thoughts along the magic wire; this instrument, we say, still may be seen throwing

its arms out in the strangest forms, as if declaiming fiercely against electricity for taking away its business, while it telegraphs messages to the shipping in the harbour and at Spithead (for which purpose it is now employed), and defies the electric wire to interfere with that. The pile of buildings beneath the semaphore consists chiefly of the Rigging-house and the Sail-maker's loft.

In the former of these we see the workmen busily engaged in fixing together the various ropes, blocks, and all the infinite varieties of articles comprised under the name of rigging. There are, also, stores here, where the "fitted rigging" is kept, to be ready when required.

In the Sail-maker's loft we see the canvas cut out, sewn together, bound, the ropes sewn around the edge of the sail; and, in fact, the whole business of sail-making. Here, too, the same feeling of bigness seizes the mind, and the men sitting down sewing these immense masses of canvas with a needle and thick twine, struck us as being in most admirable keeping with the rest of the establishment. Here, as everywhere else, we might fancy the workmen a race of Gullivers who had fallen somehow amongst the Brobdingnagian workshops, and the group before us seemed to have picked up some fair lady's needlework, on which they were engaged with all their might. In one room we saw a lot of boys stitching away—these, we were informed, were naval apprentices, who were sent there to learn to sew and to mend sails—a very requisite accomplishment sometimes. In this same building there are also stores of sails, each ship's canvas being stowed away by itself, with the name of the ship to which it belongs painted over it.

Near to this building is the "testing machine"—a powerful hydraulic press used for testing the chain-cables, mooring-chains, etc. The chain-cable store is also close by. Here we witnessed the process by which chains, which have become rusty, are cleaned. It consists simply in putting them into a revolving cylinder, together with several small pieces of iron of different shapes; the cylinder being then set in motion by a steam-engine, the chain and the bits of iron so rub over and over against each other that the rust is rubbed off, and falls through small holes in the cylinder. The noise made by the immense chain rolling about in the hollow cylinder is absolutely deafening, and let any one wearing a good coat beware how he goes within some yards of it—unless he wishes to be covered with the rust.

Leaving this corner of the dock-yard, we pass on between some more storehouses, until we come out not far from the Mast-house we have before visited, then walking onward towards the interior of the yard we see on our right a long building, along the side of which are arranged the gigantic anchors, of which we have spoken. This building is the rope-house. It measures 1,097 feet in length, and the floors being very low, the perspective, as we look from one end to the other, seems absolutely interminable. Here, in different stories, we see the hemp spun into yarn, and the yarn again twisted into ropes or strands, and these again into cables, of all sizes. The effect of these ropes, with the men at work on them at the extreme end of this long building, is very strange.

Before, however, the yarn is twisted into ropes, it has to be thickly coated with tar. This is effected in the tarring-house close by. On entering here the smell of the tar is almost overpowering to the visitor. The workmen, however, who are breathing that atmosphere for several hours in the course of the day, seem not at all to mind it; one, indeed, assured us that he liked it very much. The yarn is brought from the rope-house wound on reels, from which it is unwound on to other reels by steam-power, passing on its way through a large cistern of boiling tar. Each workman manages two reels at a time; holding some hemp in each of his hands he grasps the yarn, and thus wipes off the superfluous tar, and at the same time guides the yarn properly on the reel.

Still proceeding in a northerly direction from the tarring-house we pass the docks, where we see the ships which are in course of repair. These docks are provided with immense flood-gates, which are closed when the ship is brought into dock, and the water is then pumped out by means of large chain-pumps worked by steam. The ship while in dock is kept in an upright position by propping it in every part with large pieces of timber against the sides of the dock, which follow the outline of the ship.

Just beyond these docks we come to a department of peculiar

interest, from the beautiful machinery to be seen working there. We allude to the block-making machinery. Here we see the numerous blocks, or pulleys, used in the rigging of a ship, made in all their parts, from the rough-hewn timber to the finished block. The whole of the varied and intricate processes by which the peculiar shape of each block is given to it, are effected by the different machines in this building. A seventy-four-gun ship requires no less than 1,430 blocks of various sizes, the whole of which can be made at this establishment if necessary in one day, by the aid of the machinery we have mentioned, with the superintendence of only four men. In one part of the building we see circular saws driven at an immense velocity; a solid piece of timber is presented to the saw, and is almost instantly cut up into square pieces the size required for the block. Another machine then turns this square piece into the shape required. Others again make the groove in the block for the reception of the rope by which it is to be fastened to the rigging; cut out the space or spaces in the centre of the block for the "sheaves" (the wheels of the pulley); bore holes for the pins of the sheaves to go through; and, in fact, as we have said before, from the rough wood turn out a finished block. Several of these machines are in principle the same as the lathes, but the peculiar shapes required to be given to the different parts of the block, of course necessitate the application of apparatus very different from that employed in ordinary turning. It is in this which makes the machinery so beautiful. We see the great blocks whirling round with such velocity, the splinters and dust flying away in all directions, and the cutting tools eating their way into the very heart of the block, as though nothing but the absolute cutting away of the whole mass could stay their progress. We feel that another moment and the block must be cut completely through; but at the instant we see the operation stopped as if by magic, and the block turned out with exactly the amount, to a hair's breadth, cut from it that was requisite. In another part of the building are the different lathes for turning and shaping the sheaves. These are made of *lignum vita*, the hardest wood that can be procured, and they are turned, grooved, and polished, with a precision which only machinery could attain. In the centre of the sheaves, where the pin goes through, a socket of brass is let in. The machine for cutting the groove for this socket is very beautiful; so perfectly and exactly does it cut it to fit the brass. When the brass socket is fitted to it, the whole is placed in a kind of lathe to be planed and polished. Here the same tool cuts away both the wood and the brass, never exerting too much force, so as to cut too deeply in the softer part, and never lacking force to cut quite deep enough when operating upon the metal. Then there are machines for smoothing and polishing the iron pins which form the axes of the pulleys. All these different machines are driven by a steam-engine of thirty two horse power. Close to the block-making machinery is a large sawing-house, where circular and vertical saws may be seen constantly at work, cutting up large pieces of timber into planks of any thickness required, and with an almost surprising rapidity. These saws, like all the rest of the machinery, are worked by steam, and with such precision do they work that the planks seem scarcely to require the carpenter's plane.

From this department we walk on and view the building slips. Here we see the vessels in course of construction and in every stage of their progress. We went inside of one of these—a vessel of 120 guns. She had only her principal timbers laid down, the decks not having been put in nor any of the framework finished. To describe this sight—or rather the feeling it inspired—when we were standing, as it were, within the skeleton of this mighty monster of the deep, would be no easy task. It seemed indeed to us more like the skeleton of some great animal than anything else we could compare it to. The keel, running right along the centre, made of so many pieces of timber, formed a very fair representative of some gigantic *vertebrae*; while on both sides, throughout its whole extent, sprang out the timbers of its sides—the ribs of the great creature.

Further on we come to the Anchor-smiths' shop. Here is a new scene of wonder: the dark, grimy, smoky atmosphere of the place, relieved every here and there by the fierce glowing of the forge fires, as they are acted upon by the enormous bellows; then the dim outlines of the workmen, as they are seen moving about through the mist and smoke that hangs over the whole; the immense masses of iron heated almost to incandescence; and the sounds of

the ponderous hammers striking these masses, and shooting off thousands of brilliant sparks in every direction—a perfect pyrotechnic display. The steam hammer is well worthy of notice, as an instance of the perfect subjection under which the giant steam is held by man. This enormous hammer can be made to descend upon the iron placed beneath it with a force of *ten tons* at every stroke; and yet so docile is it, that it can be made to crack a nut without injuring the kernel. And from these two extremes it can be regulated to strike with any amount of force required to the most exact nicety. Anchors, bolts, and other wrought-iron work are forged in this department; and the visitor is shown how the old scrap iron is tied up in bundles, placed in the furnace, and then forged at the hammer for new uses.

Near to the Anchor-smiths' Shop is the New Steam basin, a very large basin used for the repairing of steam-vessels, of which it is capable of containing a very great number. It is a handsomely constructed basin, faced with granite, and having dry docks attached to it, in which steamers undergo repairs that could not be done in the basin. Some very large steamers are often to be seen in course of repairing.

Not far off is a very handsome new range of buildings devoted to the Steam Engine Factory. Here, as the name implies, the various parts of steam engines are constructed. It is a curious sight. Large masses of iron are turned in lathes, as if they were the softest wood; holes are drilled in immense plates of the same metal with the most perfect facility; and a piece of iron is smoothed by means of a plane, the shavings curling up and falling off, just as we see them at the carpenter's bench. In fact, we see in this factory iron, copper, brass—anything, in short—cut up, bored through, smoothed, and planed, as though the hardness or softness of the material worked upon were immaterial to the mighty agent which sets the machines in motion.

And well might it be so, when we look at this agent itself. A large steam-engine works in an engine-house near to the factory, and gives motion to all the various machinery within it. This engine, which is the largest in the dock-yard, is one of Boulton and Watts' construction. It is of eighty-horse power, has a seven-foot

stroke, and the fly wheel measures twenty-one feet, six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons.

Some very extensive smiths' shops are erected close to this engine-house by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the well-known contractors for the Exhibition building. The roof is supported by iron columns, in which we see the same principle carried out as that employed in the Crystal Palace, the columns being hollow, so as to carry off the drainage from the roof.

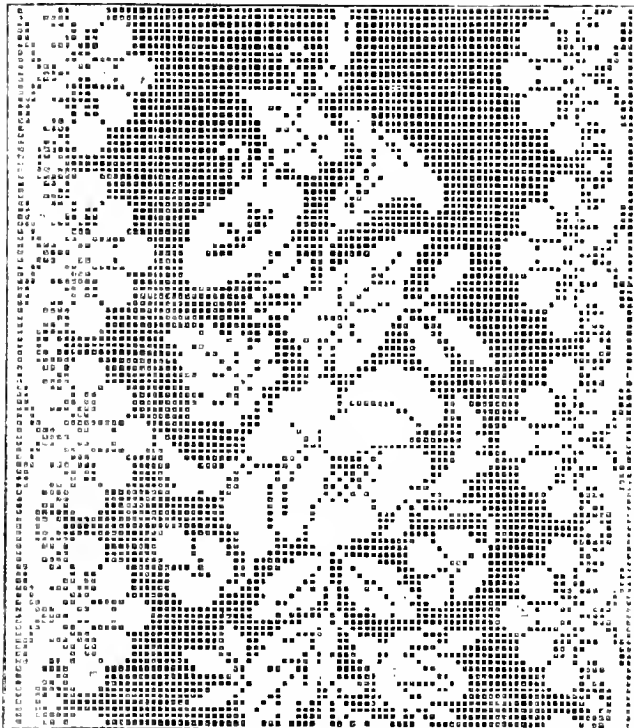
The foundry is an interesting sight. Some of the metal castings are of great size, as they must be to be employed in the immense ships for which they are designed.

Returning from the northern part of the yard, and observing a new battery recently erected, where guns are mounted for the defence of that portion of the establishment, we pass the residences of the principal officers of the establishment. There is, also, here an extensive pile of buildings used as a school of naval architecture, a chapel, a surgery, etc.

In addition to the varied objects we have thus endeavoured to point out, there are innumerable store-houses filled with the various stores required for the naval service; large cisterns, in which the timber is boiled or steamed before using it; immense stacks of timber in course of seasoning, all marked with the description of the wood, and the date when stacked; joiners' shops, carvers' shops, blacksmiths' shops; a canvas shed, where the canvas for hat-way-cloths, hammocks, etc. is painted; boat-houses and boat-ponds, where boats are kept in constant readiness for use. And at almost every corner of the yard are those most important articles—fire-engines and buckets.

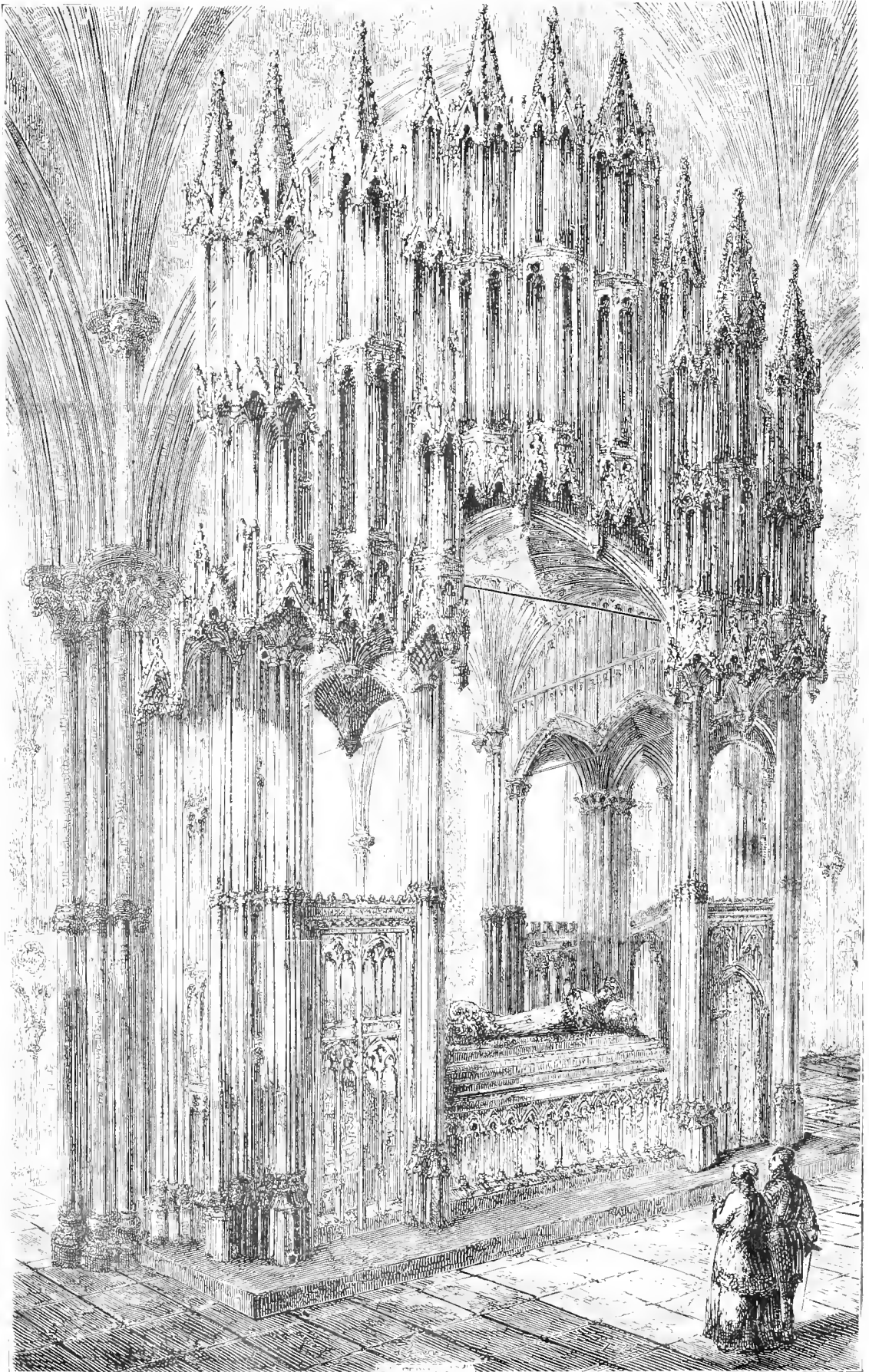
Our space, however, warns us that we must quit the dockyard. We have done our best to convey an idea of the numerous and varied processes carried on there. We have felt the difficulty of describing these processes with anything like completeness; still, if we have conveyed any notion of how matters are managed in this great national establishment—if we have imparted to this article any portion of the interest which an inspection of the place cannot fail to afford—our visit to the Portsmouth Dock-yard has not been quite in vain.

OUTSIDE STRIPE FOR BED QUILT.



Use Brock's Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 0. No. 2, Penelope Hook.





CARDINAL BEAUFORT'S CHANTRY IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER is one of the few cities in England at the present day, to which one may safely apply the epithet, *invulnerable*. A large cluster of ennobling memories seems to have settled upon that ancient place. Its history can be traced up to the time of the Britons. The Romans built many edifices in it, in the second century of the Christian era. The monarchs of the West Saxons, in the days of the heptarchy, made it their capital, and spent large sums in embellishing it; though their works were frequently destroyed by the ravages of the Danes. Egbert, the first king of all England, was crowned in it; so was William Rufus, and so was the lion-hearted Richard, when he came back from the holy war. Most of the monarchs of that day left London at Christmas and Easter, and here celebrated both these festivals in great state. Here Henry V. held his parliament before embarking at Southampton to spread terror and devastation through France. Here Queen Maud, being greatly pressed by her rival, Stephen, spread abroad the report that she was dead, and disposing her fair limbs in a coffin, was carried safe and sound through the midst of the besieging army. Here, too, a gallant army of cavaliers shut themselves up in 1642, and held the town and castle against the roundheads for a long time, till being driven out by Sir William Waller, one of old Noll's generals, the fortress was destroyed, all except the chapel.

The castle and chapel were both famous places. In the chapel Hubert, the pope's legate, sat as judge, in 1072, in the dispute between the rival sees of Canterbury and York, and awarded the supremacy to the former, from that time forward and for evermore; and when the castle disappeared, the assizes were held here; and still are the *Nisi Prius* judges sitting under the identical round table at which the famous knights of Prince Arthur sat and feasted, and quaffed their sack, and passed their quips, and cracks, and gibes, and jests, goodness knows how long ago. What a revolution! Mr. Sergeant Ponderous supporting a denurrer, or moving for a rule nisi, against some lawless railway company, with his horsehair rubbing against the spot whereon Sir Lambert du Lake, Sir Tristrain, Sir Pelleux, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, etc. satisfied the cravings of their knightly appetites.

Nor was the place less famed for piety and learning than for warlike renown. It had, it is said, fifty parish churches at one time, of which only a very small number remain. An abbey, too, there was, renowned for its sanctity and wealth, and so early as 1300, John Pontissard, of pious memory, bishop of the diocese, founded a college, dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which, however, was destroyed in the general wreck of religious houses consequent upon the change of creed of Henry VIII.

But none of these edifices could compare to the abbey and cathedral. The present edifice was commenced in 1079 by Bishop Walkelyn, a Norman, improved and enlarged by the good William of Wykeham, and finally retouched by Bishop Fox. The convent consisted of a prior and forty-two monks, and flourished in splendour for nearly nine hundred years, until it was dissolved by Henry VIII., who instituted the present foundation, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. The length of this splendid fabric from east to west is five hundred and forty-five feet; of these Our Lady's chapel includes fifty-four, and the choir one hundred and thirty-six. The length from the iron door, near the entrance of the choir, to the porch at the west end, is three hundred and fifty-one feet; the length of the transepts is a hundred and eighty-six feet; the breadth of the body below the transepts is eighty-seven feet, and of the choir forty. The vaulting in the inside is twenty-six feet high; the exact height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet and a half, and its breadth fifty feet by forty-eight. The prospect from the west end of the middle aisle to the east window, beyond the choir, is striking and impressive in the highest degree. It needs but to be once seen to make evident the wonderful adaptation of the Gothic architecture to the production of those feelings of reverence and solemnity and sublimity which are closely akin to religious awe.

The republican soldiers under Sir William Waller played sad havoc with several of the rich decorations of the interior, but enough survived, and enough has since been added, to make it one of the

grandest monuments which England contains, of the piety, taste, and enthusiasm of our ancestors.

Behind the altar is the royal vault, which contains the bones of the Saxon kings, and one or two Danish and Norman. Canute and William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, lie side by side. The latter was brought, a bleeding and "unwholesome carcase," in a peasant's cart from the New Forest, where Tyrrel shot him, and was here buried silently and without ceremony.

The church contains several chantries, the erection of piety, or gratitude, or affection. That of Cardinal Beaufort, which we have chosen for illustration, is probably more remarkable than any, not only for its own intrinsic beauty, but for the many historical reminiscences which surround the name of its founder. We shall describe it in the words of Mr. Britton:

"Beaufort's chantry consists of clustered piers, with a pannelled screen at the base, an open screen at the head or west end, and a closed screen at the east end. There are doors on the north and south sides, and the whole is surmounted by a mass of canopies, niches, and pinnacles, which bewilder the sight and senses by their number and complexity. Beneath this gorgeous canopy is an altar-tomb in the centre of the enclosure, with the statue, . . . Milner says, 'that the figure represents Beaufort in the proper dress of a cardinal—viz., the scarlet coat and hat, and long depending cords, ending in tassels of ten knots each.' The low balustrade and tomb, the latter of which is lined with copper, and was formerly adorned on the outside with the arms of the deceased, enlaced on shields, are of gray marble. The pious tenor of his will, which was signed two days before his death, and the placid frame of his features in the figure before us, which is probably a portrait, lead us to discredit the fictions of poets and painters, who describe him as dying in despair.' Regarding the statue, Mr. Britton says in another place, 'The effigy of Beaufort is a vulgar, clumsy piece of workmanship, even worse than its near neighbour, that of Sir John Clobery. We cannot otherwise account for the extreme badness of this statue than by supposing that it was placed there at a time much later than the building of the chantry, indeed since the Reformation. It seems rather the workmanship of a stonemason than of a sculptor.'

It would be an unpardonable omission to dismiss the subject of the chantry without saying a word or two as to the cardinal himself, especially since Shakspeare has immortalised him, in his drama of "Henry VI." He is there, however, represented as the very pink of insolent priests, proud, luxurious, covetous, and a despiser of the truths he professed to teach. In the very first scene in the play, Gloucester is made to say to him:—

——— "Thou lov'st the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes."

Further on we meet with him in a brawl on Tower-hill, in which Gloucester calls him "a pil'd priest," "a manifest conspirator, who gave indulgences to rogues," "a Winchester goose," "a wol in sheep's array," "a scarlet hypocrite;" and the bishop, with rather unbecoming warmth for a man of his cloth, threatens "to have Gloucester's heart's blood." In the third act, in the parliament-house scene, Gloucester sums up his character as follows:—

"Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferred
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd or am not able
Urbatum to rehearse the method of my pen;
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and discentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride,
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well becomes
A man of thy profession and degree."

* Britton's "History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Winchester," pp. 95, 96. † p. 81.

The general opinion now is, however, that the poet, taking Holinshed for his sole authority, did the prelate wrong. Proud, ambitious, and ostentatious he was, no doubt; but these are vices too common amongst men in power to warrant us in picturing the cardinal as a monster of undiluted iniquity. The times he lived in were turbulent; men's ideas of right and wrong had not yet assumed that fixity they now have. The duties of ministers of religion were not so clearly defined as they now are. The assumption of the cowl did not necessarily involve a real and veritable repudiation of worldly cares and pursuits. High-born priests of rank were still turbulent barons; base-born priests of no rank were often drunken, ignorant louts.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, Catherine Swinford. He studied law at Oxford, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle, but on entering the church, his royal extraction procured his speedy elevation to the prelacy. In 1397, he was appointed to the see of Lincoln; 1404, we find him Lord Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Winchester. He had been three times Lord Chancellor by 1417, and some idea may be formed of his wealth from the fact that he lent the king Henry V., his nephew, twenty thousand pounds—an immense sum in those days—to assist in carrying on the war against France, for which he received the crown as security. He was sent on various important state missions to the Continent, and was present at the Council of Constance. His influence in England was at this time all powerful. He was appointed one of the guardians of the young king, Henry VI., during his minority, and in 1421, was a fourth time Lord Chancellor.* In the year 1425, however, the dissensions between him and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, which ended in the death and ruin of the latter, and which agitated all England, first came to a head. Their first outbreak is thus quaintly described by Holinshed: "Somewhat before this season fell a great division in the realm of England, which of a sparkle like to have grown to a great flame. For whether the Bishop of Winchester, called Henry Beaufort, son to John, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, envied the authority of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of the realm; or whether the duke disdained the riches and pompous estate of the bishop; sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers; so that the citizens of London were faine to keep daile and nightlie watches, and to shut up their shops for fear of that which was doubted to have ensued of their assembling of people about them." To decide their differences, the bishop called upon the Duke of Bedford, his nephew, then Regent of France, to arbitrate between them. The latter came over, but shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders by calling an assembly of the nobility at St. Alban's, known as the *Pachina of Bats*, because the partizans of either party came to the spot armed with clubs, weapons of steel being forbidden them. The duke, however, compromised the matter by taking the great seal from his uncle and handing it over to the Protector. On his return to France, Beaufort accompanied him as far as Calais, and in the church of that town received a cardinal's hat, with the title of St. Eusebius, sent him by Pope Martin V. He then returned to England as papal legate, and made his entry into London with great pomp. He soon after, in 1427-8, raised a body of men for a crusade against the Bohemian Hussites, but was compelled by the council, in the first instance, to employ them in the war in France. He afterwards, however, fulfilled his original intention, and served in Bohemia until superseded by Cardinal Julian. During his absence, his old enemies were busily at work, and poured innumerable charges against him into the royal ear; and attempts were even made to deprive him of his bishopric—so that on his return to England he thought it necessary to procure, under the great seal, a pardon for all crimes and misdemeanours that might be alleged against him from the beginning of the world down to the 26th of July, 1437. The remoteness of the period to which he thought it necessary to ascend, is a singular proof of the extent of his fears, and his opinion of the avenging powers of his enemies. He showed himself, however, rather lax in not taking precautions for the future also; for it would have been quite as easy to have convicted him of

an offence to be committed in the year 1900, as of one which took place in the days of the patriarch Methuselah.

Notwithstanding his vigilance, however, the indefatigable protector again drew up articles of impeachment against him in 1442, and presented them to the king, who referred them to his council. The council being mostly composed of ecclesiastics, were of course inclined to favour the cardinal, and delayed their decision so long, that Gloucester lost patience, and abandoned the prosecution. He was murdered in May, 1447, it was suspected with the complicity, if not at the instigation, of the cardinal. The latter survived him only a month. He is said to have died in a agony of remorse and despair, bewailing his crimes, confessing his manifold sins and wickedness, and offering untold sums for an hour of life. Shakespeare, in the third act of the play to which we have already referred, draws a moving picture, into which all his mighty powers are thrown, of his last hours, as those of a despairing murderer and traitor, without one pleasant memory in the past, or one bright hope in the future. As the passage is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, we shall refrain from quoting it, and shall content ourselves with giving Holinshed's summing up of the cardinal's character, as a specimen of that worthy chronicler's powers of invention, as well as of English "undiletted," which many of our writers at the present day would do well to imitate. "During these doings, Henrie Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world. He was son to John, duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but borne in haste; more noble in blood than notable in learning; hartie in stomach and high of countenance; rich above measure, but not verie liberale; disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship; many things beginning, and few performing, save in malice and mischief; his insatiable covetousness, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe. Of the getting of his goods, both by power legatime and spirituall briberye, I will not speak; but the keeping of them, which he chiefly gathered for ambitious purpose, was both hurt to his natural prince and native countrie; for his hidden riches might have well holpen the king, and his secret treasure might have relieved the communitie when monie was scant and charges great."

Though in this harsh judgment most English historians coincide, they all agree that by his death Henry lost one of his best and most faithful counsellors, and that from that day the state of affairs became worse and worse. Whatever use of his riches he might have made during his life, his disposal of them after his death was most praiseworthy. He left an enormous sum to the prisons of London: he ordered two thousand marks to be distributed amongst the poor tenants of his diocese, and forgave the rest all they owed him. He founded an hospital at Winchester, and endowed it with the sum of £158 13s. 4d. per annum, according to the value of money at that time, besides some lands for the maintenance of two chaplains, a master, thirty-five poor men, and three nurses. He left jewels and plate of considerable value to nearly every cathedral church and monastery in England. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral; but of the inscription on his tomb nothing remains save the words *Tributor, si visirem misericordius tuus*—"I should be sorely troubled, did I not know thy mercy."

LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN.

June 1, 1854.

THERE is no part of Europe where so much is thought of the war as in Sweden. We are, as it were, on the spot, and the events in the Baltic have roused us to a pitch of enthusiasm quite novel. The presence of the English and French fleets has set all our statesmen devising plans for the aggrandisement of Sweden. Our military men are getting up a war fever, which would be almost ludicrous did not the future actually present contingencies which may make Sweden play a very important part in the coming events of this unfortunate struggle. Sweden is perfectly aware that the progress of Russia, unchecked and unshaken, would have ended in the entire absorption of her territories; and it is more with a view

* In the earlier periods of English history this office was held exclusively by churchmen.

to prevent this than for the value of Finland, that we hear of nothing else here but the roving conquest of that territory, and the uniting of the Fins to this country again. Should this be decided on, the fate of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg is, as it were, sealed, for the aid thus afforded to the allied fleets would be incalculable.

Of course, a country which was united to Sweden for more than six hundred years must contain within itself the elements of restoration. There are the seeds of union. The Finlanders hate the Russians; they are wretchedly oppressed by that power, and are ruthlessly torn from their homes to serve the great northern despot by sea and land. The immense importance of this territory in relation to Russia will be seen by an examination of the map; and as, in all probability, this comparatively unknown country will be the seat of important military operations by the Baltic forces, a sketch will not here be out of place.

It is a very large district, being about 500 miles long by 250 wide, uneven, mountainous, full of valleys, and almost wholly without plains. It is a kind of Russian Switzerland, and some of the scenery, though rather bleak, is very striking and magnificent. Its actual area is about 7,000 miles, and it is placed in a very high northern latitude, a portion of it being almost arctic in its situation. It is bounded on the north by Norway, on the west by Sweden and the Gulf of Bothnia, to the south by the Gulf of Finland, to the east by three Russian provinces. Its population is not very far from two millions. A large and influential portion of this population are connected by marriage and tradition with Sweden, to which country they look with hope. The Russians have a party, but not very influential in point of numbers. The great body of the people are of the patriotic party, the pure Fins, who desire to be neither Russians nor Swedes, but Finlanders.

There are several very lofty mountains, and numerous elevated chains of hills. There are a great many rivers with names of celebrity in the history of the country, and lakes are of very frequent occurrence. The climate is not tempting; it is very cold and inclement; and the winter is very long and harsh, in some places lasting nine, in others six months. The air is said to be wholesome; and with civilisation, culture, and the introduction of drainage, the climate itself is said to be becoming warmer. It is very differently peopled, according to the climate, the southern portion being more thickly populated than the northern. Lapland is scarcely peopled at all.

The country is partly agricultural. Sweden looks to it as a valuable colony, which would be improved by trade and commerce, and give a fine field for enterprise, if it were restored to its ancient connexion. There is no doubt that its resources might be considerably developed. The country produces rye, barley, wheat, and oats, to a very great extent. Potatoes are reared to the extent of about six million bushels per annum. Hemp, flax, and tar are the chief exports, with pine and birch wood. These are the articles which it is believed might be developed by a genial government. Russia, it is true, lays Finland rather extensively under contribution for all these articles, but not in a way that is at all satisfactory to the poor inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, which, though it produces the best and hardest sail-cloth of the empire, is none the less oppressed and misgoverned.

Since the commencement of the war, a perfect *carrière* of cattle has taken place. The Russian contractors for the army, or by whatever crack-jaw name they call them, have not been very delicate in their mode of appropriating the cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and goats, which feed on the somewhat rich pasture and meadow lands of the country. The rublers, which are taxed, have hitherto, from their northern position, escaped the rapacity of these gentlemen, who are even worse than Turkish tax-gatherers.

With such resources as Finland possesses in this way, it is not surprising that the production of butter is great, while wool is very productive and long in staple. The horses remind one of the mustangs of Texas, and these wild creatures which Herodotus picturesquely describes in the Pampas. They are not so wild, however, and though small, do good service to their owners. Though the amount of produce is small, the tin and copper mines are valued in Russia; while attempts have been made to introduce cotton and glass mills. They do not, however, employ a very large section of the population.

It will not surprise many of your readers, when I say that the export trade of this obscure country, is considerable. A land which depends so much on natural resources, which is rich only in raw materials, must necessarily, to share the general luxury of the world, export its own growth in exchange for the manufactures of others. It employs nearly two hundred large vessels and nine hundred cesters, which convey its plank, tar, potash, cattle, tallow, &c., to the markets of Europe and to the ports of Russia. Every encouragement has been given to the development of trade for obvious reasons.

The official language of the country is Swedish. Nearly all the Fins are Protestants; Russia has not been able to force the impostures of its Greek creed upon the people. It is supposed to be governed by its own laws, but Russia takes care never to summon those who should make and administer these laws. It retains its constitution, but this is not allowed to work. It is suspended, though not suppressed; and the suspension is as perpetual as the fabled one of Mahomet's coffin. There are very few Russians in the country, and these chiefly officials residing at Helsingfors, the new capital. The native troops, according to the usual Russian policy, have been sent to Poland, a country of which they know little, and Finland is garrisoned by Russian soldiers.

There is an archbishop, who resides at the old capital, a university, several academies and schools; and by these means much progress in education has been made; but this is rendered of no avail from the fact that all books are prohibited now by the Russians, save a few elementary chemical and agricultural works. All works of the fancy, novels, poetry, all works of general history, are virtually excluded; so that the Finlanders live in happy ignorance of the state of the rest of the world, in a happy state of things, of course very conducive to the civilisation, and at all events to the quiet government of the country. The theory of the Czar appears to be, Mind your own business, dig, hoe wood, draw water, go to school, learn to read, but don't attempt to make any practical use of your acquisitions. As long as the despots of Russia are able to keep up this state of things will they be able to rule so many millions. But as certain as that no government has any right to keep its population in abject ignorance, so surely will this system end in some terrible convulsion. Education and religion, after all, are the only true safeguards of society.

The Finlanders, by the exercise of these arts, have been brought to regard the English and French as a very sanguinary race; but this delusion cannot last, especially as many of the Fins have been long voyagers, and will be able satisfactorily to dispel such absurd delusions.

There are several mining-schools lately established, I am assured, with a view to increase the produce of the tin and copper mines, which hitherto have been rather rudely worked. The absence of British and French engineers and professors will be much felt. I find that many British merchants have appointed American correspondents in Russia, and that an attempt will be made in this way to introduce machinery. A close blockade will be the only means of entirely crippling the enemy. Loss of men is no punishment to the Czar. Material and money are the chief objects.

Such is the country which Sweden dreams of re-annexing by the aid of the allied powers; and it is probable that many parts of it will soon be familiar to you, as the scene of the operations of the British and French fleets. The policy of England and France is very popular here with the masses, who do not at the time when Sweden made such a noise in the military history of the world; while the thinking and educated classes view with terror the prospect of any Russian success, which would certainly be the prelude to a Russian occupation of Sweden. Russia has for some time considered Sweden as a potential power, and Sweden seems determined not to lose the opportunity of shaking off Moscow's influence.

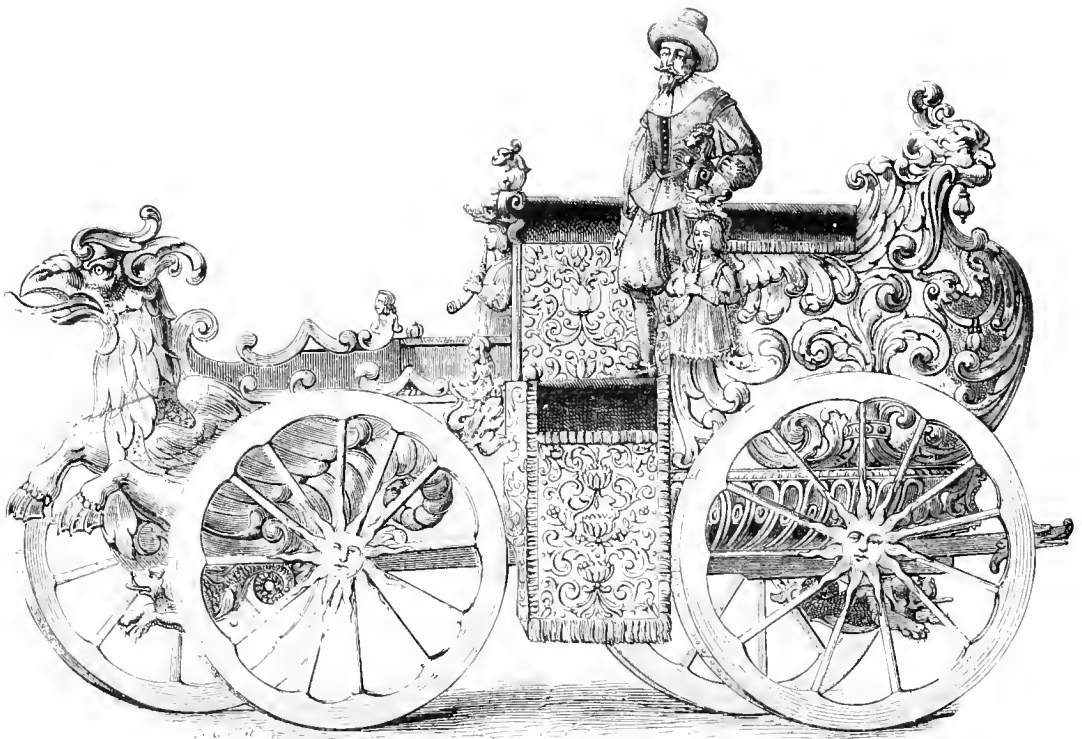
I send you a country news, as you will perceive that through the usual channels. By the month of March, King Oscar the King to 150,000 men; at present it is only 25,000 men. But a few weeks will probably decide the policy of the government, which is not much inclined to leave that of the party which make Gustavus as their polar star.

GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is scarcely any history more replete with interest or more rich in valuable instruction, than the history of invention and discovery. It is curious to trace the gradual advances which have been made from the rudest implements of barbarous times, to the complicated machinery of a highly civilised age, and to mark how the guessed and imperfect attempts of one period reappear in another, developed to a degree of perfection of which the originators had not the remotest conception. How striking, for instance, is the contrast between the steam-engine of the Marquis of Worcester, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and those now in use. Had the noble projector been told of the high state of perfection to which his invention would be brought in the middle of the nineteenth century, he would have rejected the idea as utterly absurd. A similar remark would apply to a thousand other cases of this sort.

The art of locomotion is one in which we have made greater progress than almost any other. Yet it cannot be said that the men of past ages failed for want of industry in attempting to improve.

In several special works upon the history of chariot building, and improvements in locomotion in the fifteenth and two following centuries, we find it stated that a mechanist of Nuremberg, named John Hansteh, "made chariots which moved by a spring, and went two thousand paces an hour." We present our readers with an engraving of one of these singular vehicles from an old German plate. The person standing in the chariot is Hansteh himself, driving, or rather conducting. In spite of much active research, we have not been able hitherto to ascertain with any degree of clearness or precision what kind of springs the skillful contriver employed. In all probability the mechanism was something like that of a watch or meat-jack, and required to be wound up at certain intervals. If so, the invention was more curious than useful. At any rate, we doubt not, our readers will be glad to see an exact representation of this curiosity, which persons properly qualified might find worthy of attentive consideration.



GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE KALMUCKS.

On a former occasion* we furnished our readers with some particulars relative to the Kalmucks and their mode of life. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us now to enter into any minute detail on the subject. All that we propose to do, is to give some account of their religious customs, particularly their sacred festivals.

Like most of the Mongolian race, the Kalmucks are Buddhists, or rather Lamists; but their Buddhism is very much modified by the admixture of other notions and practices. They have a great number of idols, most of which assume the form of woman. They recognise one supreme God, to whom all other divinities, whether good or evil, are completely subject. They believe in the transmigration of souls, which they regard as affording a probationary course of discipline, more or less protracted, that every creature

must go through, before admission to the presence and society of the sovereign judge. The saints, with whom every Buddhist may aspire to be associated, will be recompensed by eternal repose and happiness, without sacrificing their individual existence.

The Kalmucks celebrate three great festivals every year, each lasting for a fortnight. The most important is that by which they celebrate the return of spring; the second takes place in June, and is devoted to the blessing of the waters; the third is the feast of the lamp, and is celebrated in December.

Bergmann has given an excellent description of the feast of spring called *sachou-zon*. Priests headed the procession, playing strange airs on large trumpets, such as are seen in our illustration. In the rear came persons carrying sacred chests, containing divine images, which they placed on an altar raised in the open air. Shortly after followed the Lama in a palanquin. He was set down

* Vol. ii. p. 324

before the altar, and then the curtains which concealed the gods being removed, all present, people, priests, and princes, bowed down three times. The vice-khan took his place near the Lama, under a large red umbrella. A dinner, in the course of which they consumed many sheep and a great quantity of tea and cakes, formed part of the ceremony. It lasted till sunset, and was intermingled with prayers and various evolutions connected with religious worship.

In the religious music of the Kalmucks, high and low notes follow each other alternately, and the time also changes in succession from slow to quick and quick to slow. According to the traveller from whose sketch our engraving is taken, this strange alternation of tone and time is not altogether without some kind of harmony.

Yellow and red are the religious colours of the Kalmucks. Their

temples are generally decorated with richly-dyed silk, and a multitude of images, among which the bronze idol of Buddha Shaktiamoni occupies a prominent place. There are also a great many offering-cups, filled with various sorts of grain, and a vessel of holy water in which peacocks' feathers are placed. The priests sprinkle the people with this water, which is mixed with saffron and sugar. They also drink part of it and wash their faces with the remainder.

Although the Kalmucks do not believe in eternal punishment, the priests have endeavoured to impress upon them the belief that endless torments will be the portion of those who have committed any one of the following sins—irreverence towards God, sacrilege on the plunder of the temples, want of respect towards parents, murder, and offences against the clergy.



RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE KALMUCKS.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY

LORD BROUGHAM thus speaks of Canning, in his contests with whom he won his proudest laurels: "His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the highest order. It wanted depth. It came from the mouth, not from the heart."

If this be true of Canning, still more is it true of the name we next mention. Sir Robert Peel was hardly an orator at all. It is rather as a statesman that he will be known to posterity. It is true, as Disraeli writes, that he played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddler, but he did that because he knew the house well—because he spoke to every section of it—because he made it his great aim to be the first man in the house. Possibly he might have been an orator if he had tried, but such was not his object. He lived in a transition age, and his speeches

all bear marks that such was the case. Apparently candid, he was in reality cautious and reserved—gradually feeling his way, never abandoning himself to a lofty impulse or a noble principle—never borne aloft in divine ecstasy. He spoke as a cold, prudent man of the world. One would think such a man never could have been an orator. Yet he was of a portly presence and noble air. He would have been an orator had he had the motive power. The best description we have seen of Sir Robert was that by Mr. Francis, when Sir Robert was prostrate. Sometimes a sturdy radical or an indignant agriculturist determines to catch the cod by the tail and skin him. He puts some plain direct question, and demands an answer. "You think Sir Robert must now be fairly posed

his veil must be rent—parties must resume their old habits, for he must say something positive on which a war-cry can be raised. He rises, leans forward on the table, playing with his glasses, or puts his hands under the tails of his blue frock coat, and, in the most open and candid way, declares his determination frankly to answer the question that has been put to him. This is satisfactory; it propitiates. All are on the *quâ-eris*. There is hushed silence;

all heads are stretched forward in expectation of the announcement of policy. Meanwhile the soft, bland voice has poured itself forth, its faintest tone heard in the most remote corner; the bearing bespeaks a full consciousness of the responsibility of the duty of the moment; the face wears the placid expression of innocence. You are fairly possessed for such a man. But what is he saying? By that cheer from Mr. Cobden and his Sander, Mr. Bright, he appears to have said something pleasant to the manufacturers. But that roar of delight from the other side? Oh, he has convulsed the country gentlemen by some well-turned compliment to agriculture, not as yet the object of his ridicule. And now another cheer, more general, is the reward of some pompous maxim of the public good. It is clear the house has warmed to him. The more kindly they entertain, the more candid grow the speaker's tones, the more earnest is he to do the best which the state of things allows. An elaborate statement follows of the three courses open to him, of their several advantages and disadvantages, in all of which he adroitly raises the prejudices slumbering for a moment around him, and establishes a sympathy with each; centring hopes in himself and setting old battles anew against each other; until, having thus led the various parties into a mental *nébule*, he winds up with "upon the whole," leading with pompous affectation of resolve to a declaration of what he means to do, which in fact comprises—in an artful wood of phrases, sounding but bodiless—almost everything that he does not mean to do. Meanwhile, he has skillfully diverted the attention of all from the real point at issue to their mutual jealousies and asperities. Ten to one he sits down amidst loud cheers, having uttered much but avowed nothing. At times Sir Robert was more than this—at times he soared, and was almost an orator.

Far more oratorical power belonged to Daniel O'Connell. You must have had a clear head and cool heart not to be carried away when he spoke. Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. One day, while the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were canvassed in a fashionable drawing-room. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said: "Oh, a brooding Irish fellow, who would listen to *him*? I always walk out of the house when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmorland, "let me hear *your* opinion." "My opinion candidly is," replied Sir Robert, "that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had with me this same brooding Irish fellow." Shill is said to have remarked of O'Connell, that "he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world without a rag to cover them." With a strong sturdy frame, with a ready flow of humour, or invective, as the occasion required—with a requish twinkle in his eye, as if he were bamboozling you all the while—O'Connell was the *bonaparte* of a popular orator. The most unyielding audience could not choose but listen when he spoke. He excelled in clear and forcible language, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful; it sometimes, however, degenerated into commonplace personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience. A writer in the "New Monthly," some years ago, gave the best account of O'Connell we have yet seen. He says: "His great art is in stating a question. He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the

iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any holiday wreaths. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes all the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them his eye glistens, and the deep music of his unrivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art—for he is a most experienced artist—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than the one when, replying to Mr. Stanley, on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective on which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter: "But the right honourable gentleman," said he, with a changed and softened tone, "has declared that Ireland is 'dear to him.' I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harshly. I forbear whatever more of angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who can tell me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy." Throughout the whole hostile majority there was a painful movement; there was scarcely a man among them who did not seem touched.

The mention of O'Connell reminds us we have forgotten Grattan. Brougham, who must often have heard him, says: "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point—a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often, a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory or vehement—or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was touching as it was simple—or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm and the thunders of abuse. The critic, led away for the moment, and unable to do more than feel with the audience, could, in those cases, when he came to reflect and to judge, find often nothing to reprehend; seldom in any case more than the excess of epigram, which had yet become so natural to the orator, that his argument, and his narrative, and even his sagacious unfolding of principles seemed spontaneously to clothe themselves in the most pointed terseness, and most apt and felicitous antithesis. From the faults of his country's eloquence he was, generally speaking, free. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators, and even of manner, in which he had not, like him, made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he an excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind: the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition or expansion; and another excellence, higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal, the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give an example of this latter peculiarity would be less easy, and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic and appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse!'"

THE TOAD.

"The toad, ugly and venomous," says Shakspeare, echoing the common sentiment of mankind in all ages regarding this harmless reptile. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a popular notion more deeply-rooted than this of the venom of the toad; and there are doubtless many of our readers who will smile with incredulity when we tell them that this cherished belief has no foundation in fact. The first part of our great poet's description of the toad does not admit of denial; there can be no doubt that it is one of the

ugliest animals breathing. It is this hideous aspect, no doubt, that has led to the popular belief in its malignity; for we find no such property ascribed to the frog, although the two animals are so nearly allied in every respect. The *real* natural history of this curious animal, however, presents so many interesting points, that we may easily console ourselves for its destroying our faith in the wonderful tales with which the credulity of our ancestors was amused; but there is one story told by Erasmus, "so curiously

ridiculous," to use Dr. Shaw's expression, that we cannot resist giving it here, especially as it turns upon two equally singular notions—the voracious nature of the toad, and the enmity supposed to exist between the spider and this animal.

"There was a monk," says Erasmus, "who had in his chamber divers bundles of green rushes, wherewithal he strowed his chamber at his pleasure: it happened one day, after dinner, that he fell asleep upon one of those bundles of rushes, with his face upward; and while he thus slept, a great toad came and sat upon his lips, bestriding him in such a manner as his whole mouth was covered. Now when his fellows saw it, they were at their wits' end; for to pull away the toad was an unavoidable death; but to suffer her to stand still upon his mouth was a thing more cruel than death: and therefore one of them, espying a spider's web in the window, wherein was a great spider, he did advise that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face upward right underneath the spider's web, which was presently accomplished. And as soon as the spider saw her adversary the toad, she presently wove her thread, and descended upon the toad, at the first meeting whereof the spider wounded the toad, so that it swelled; and at the second meeting it swelled more; but at the third time the spider killed the toad, and so became grateful to her host which did nourish her in his chamber." This is wonderfully circumstantial, considering that there can hardly be a word of truth in the whole narrative. However slight may be the foundation for all these marvellous stories, there can be no doubt that the history of the toad affords an excellent illustration of the truth of an old proverb, referring to the effect of "giving a dog a bad name."

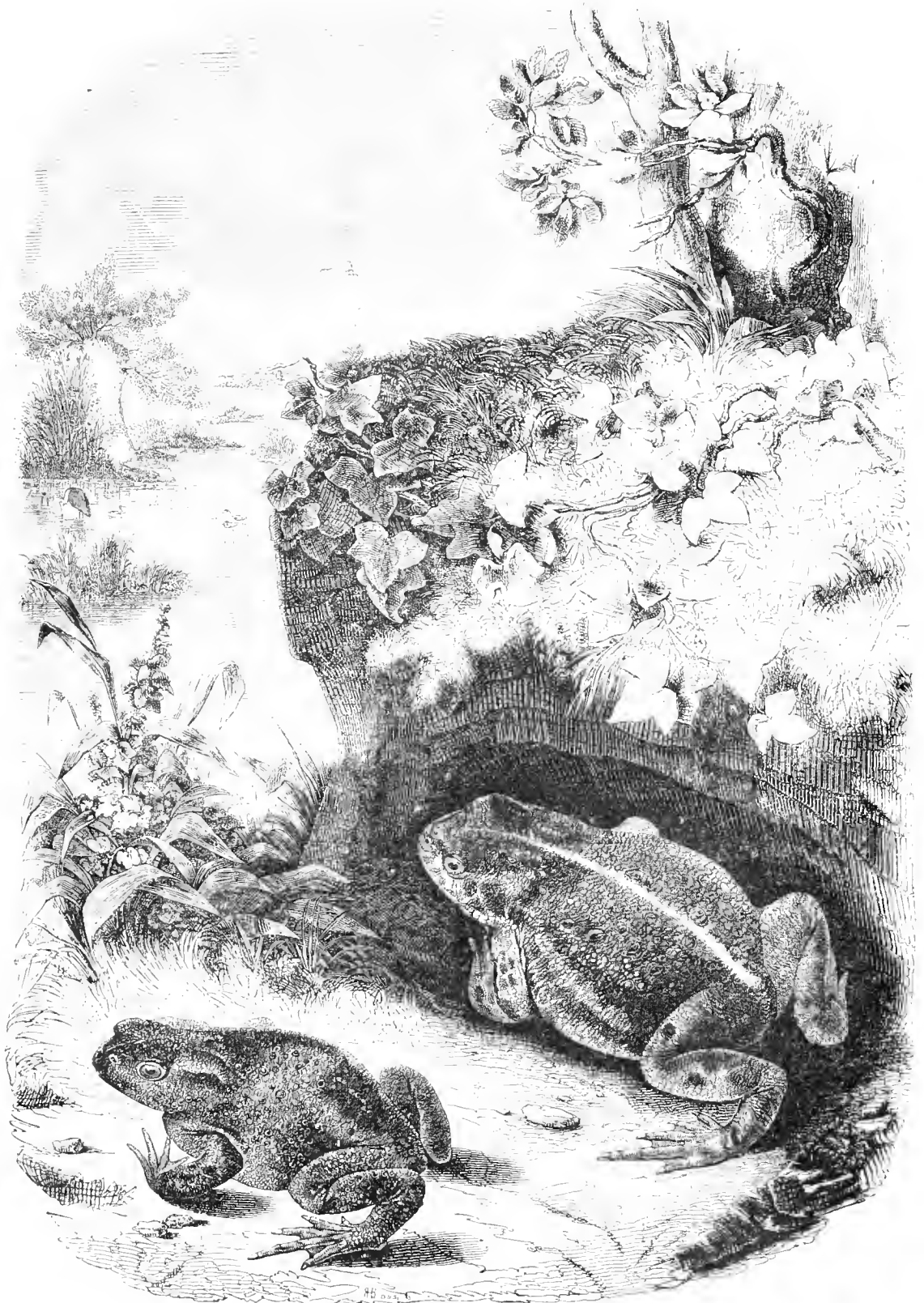
Few of those who start with a sort of instinctive shudder when the toad crosses their path in a summer's evening, are at all aware of the wonderful changes which this creature undergoes before reaching the form in which it exhibits its disgust and abhorrence. During the breeding season, the toad, which at other periods is a terrestrial animal, visits the waters, and here the females produce a great number of eggs, which are arranged in long strings, looking like necklaces of black beads imbedded in jelly. These, when hatched, produce an animal very different in appearance from its parent; furnished with a broad head, a long thin tail, and possessing no traces of legs. Still more remarkable is the fact that in this condition the young toads, like fishes, which they much resemble, breathe the water, through which they move, by means of little tufts or gills attached to the broad head. Presently limbs begin to sprout from the little creature, the hinder ones appearing first, and when these are complete, the tail is got rid of, and the perfect toad is fitted to commence its existence in another element. But for this purpose a great internal change is also necessary, and this has been going on simultaneously with the alterations in the external form just described. The gills, which served it for a aquatic respiration, are useless in the air, and accordingly lungs have been developed in the cavity of the body, and the temporary breathing apparatus is at last dispensed with as no longer necessary. But although no longer an inhabitant of the water, the toad always remains in moist situations; continued exposure to a dry atmosphere would, in fact, soon be fatal to its existence. The experiments of Dr. Townson show that these creatures require the presence of a great deal of moisture in their bodies; in some instances he found that more than one-third of their weight was lost by transpiration when left in dry air for a day or two, and that they recovered it again in the course of a few hours when placed in water. They are commonly met with in our gardens and fields, but not infrequently find their way into cellars, where they have been known to live for years. Unlike the frog, whose jumping motion must be familiar to every one, the toad, from the comparative shortness of its hind legs, can only crawl, and this not very elegant mode of progression has no doubt assisted greatly in producing that feeling of aversion towards this animal to which we have already alluded. Its food consists entirely of insects and worms, and it never touches any but such as it believes to be in motion. Dr. Townson tells us that the only way in which he could get a "favourite" toad of his to feed during the winter upon a large stock of dead flies which he had collected for his support, was by breathing gently upon them when lying before the creature, and then it immediately seized and devoured them.

It is assisted in the capture of animals, which one would imagine might have set the toad at defiance through their inactivity, by a very curious arrangement of the tongue. On this subject, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Bell:—"The toad, when about to feed," says the Professor, "remains motionless, with its eyes turned directly forward upon the object, and the head a little inclined towards it, and in this attitude it remains until the insect moves, when, with a stroke like lightning, the tongue is thrown forward upon the victim, which is not fairly drawn into the mouth. So rapid is this movement, that it requires some little practice as well as close observation to distinguish the different motions of the tongue. This organ is constructed as in the frog, being folded back upon itself, and the under surface of the tip being imbedded with a viscid mucous secretion, the insect is secured by its adhesive quality. When the prey is taken, it is slightly pressed by the margins of the jaw; but as this seldom kills it, unless it be a soft, tender body, it is generally swallowed alive; and I have often seen the muscles of the toad's side twitch in a very curious manner, even in the tickling movements of a hard coleopterous insect in the stomach."

Still more extraordinary are the accounts that have been given of this animal's being found completely enclosed in stone, trees, and other localities, where they must, in all probability, have remained for years in a condition of almost total deprivation of all the necessaries of existence. In fact, in many cases, the circumstances under which the creatures are *supposed* to have been discovered would lead one to infer that they had been living without food, air, or moisture; but these stories must be received with some allowance for exaggerations naturally induced by the tendency of human nature unconsciously to make the most of any marvellous fact which falls under its notice. We are told that toads have been discovered imbedded in masses of stone, or in growing trees, in such a manner as to preclude the access of air; and, of course, in such cases, the creature would find it perfectly impossible to obtain a particle of food during its solitary confinement. But, to use the words of Professor Bell:—"To believe that a toad enclosed within a mass of clay, or other similar substance, shall exist wholly without air and food for hundreds of years, and at length be liberated alive, and capable of crawling, on the breaking up of its matrix, now to some a solid rock, is certainly a demand upon our credulity which few would be ready to answer!" We must certainly in these cases adopt Dr. Shaw's opinion, that much of the incredible in these stories is owing to "neglect of minute attention at the moment to the surrounding parts of the spot where it was discovered." Deduction made for all this exaggeration, however, enough still remains to excite our surprise; for the fact of toads having been found alive in situations where even the air necessary for their respiration would find some difficulty in penetrating, rests upon too good authority to admit of any doubt.

The toad appears to be rather a long-lived animal; fifteen or twenty years being assigned as its ordinary period of existence, whilst Pennant mentions a pet toad, which lived forty years under some steps in a garden, and even then its days appear to have been shortened by injuries done it by a rone raven, which probably thought it an excellent stroke of policy to get rid of a rival and fill his belly at the same time. During the winter it becomes torpid, retiring into some hollow tree, or under large stones, where it remains until the genial influence of spring recalls it to activity and love. It changes its skin annually; and this process, according to Professor Bell, is attended by some curious circumstances. The skin splits down the middle of the back and belly, into two halves, which are gradually wrung off by the twisting of the animal's sides and the thrusting out of its tongue. When the whole skin is fully off, the creature curls up into a little ball with its feet protruded in front, and stands thus for a while.

Two species of toads are found in this country, the common toad (*Pipera vulgaris*), which is met with almost anywhere, and the Newmarket toad (*Pipera latior*), which is far less common, as is tributed. The former is common in its proper habitat, but the latter species, although it breeds in the same locality, is not so common. The eggs of the latter are very large, and are covered with a layer of a peculiarly thick mucus. The skin of the latter is much more thick and the organs that separate the cutaneous evolution



THE COMMON TOAD (*BUFO VULGARIS*). THE NATTER-JACK TOAD (*BUFO CALAMITA*).

already referred to. The eye is exceedingly beautiful. The Natter-Jack is also brown, clouded with dull olive, and a yellow line runs down the middle of the back. Our engraving contains representations of both species, but the artist has unfortunately selected a

large specimen of the Natter-Jack, and a small specimen of the common toad. To give a correct idea of the proportions of full-grown individuals of the two species, the sizes ought to be reversed.

JOHN HUNTER.

In the history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, John Hunter has very appropriately a place. He was a rare example of what industry and perseverance can accomplish—of success achieved comparatively late in life. He was not brought up to his profession; he entered it late. He began his education when the accomplished youth of our medical schools are finishing theirs; but he persevered, and won for himself an immortal name.

John Hunter, the youngest of ten children, was born in the beginning of the last century, at Long Calderwood, in the county of Lanark.

taking thirty drops of kaulimum. From school, having acquired but little information, Hunter removed to Glasgow, where he lived with his brother-in-law, a cabinet-maker. But his brother-in-law having failed, Hunter was again thrown upon the world. Fortunately his brother William had acquired some reputation in London as a teacher of anatomy. To him he wrote, requesting that he would allow him to come to London on a visit, making, at the same time, an offer to be his assistant in his anatomical researches, or, if that proposal should not be accepted, expressing a wish to go



PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUNTER.

His father was a small landed proprietor, and on his death, which happened when he was ten years old, John seems to have been left to do as he pleased. If ever a boy stood a fair chance of being ruined, it was he. He was sent to the grammar-school, but not having a turn for languages, and being spoiled by indulgence, he neglected his studies and spent the greater part of his time in country amusements. Afterwards he felt the consequences of this neglect acutely. Giving lectures was always particularly unpleasant to him. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to speak in public. He never delivered the first lecture of his course without

into the army. His brother sent him a kind invitation, and he reached London in September, 1748.

We are inclined to believe that the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful man in life is, that the one misses his opportunities while the other improves them. This was especially the case with Hunter. His brother, who was anxious to form some opinion of his talents for anatomy, gave him an arm to dissect for the muscles, with the necessary directions as to how it was to be done, and he found the performance such as greatly exceeded his expectation. Hunter was next employed in a dissection of a more difficult nature

This was an arm in which all the arteries were injected, and these as well as the muscles were to be exposed and preserved. The way in which this was done gave his brother so much satisfaction, that he at once declared that his brother would become a good anatomist and that he should not want for employment. Henceforth Hunter laboured at anatomy assiduously. In the summer of 1749 Mr. Cheselden, at the request of his brother, Dr. Hunter, permitted him to attend at Chelsea Hospital, and there he learnt the elements of surgery. The following winter he was so far advanced as to assist his brother by teaching dissection to his pupil. In the summer of 1750 Mr. Hunter again attended the hospital at Chelsea. In 1751 he became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. The following summer he went to Scotland, and brought up his sister Parthena; and in 1753 entered as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. In 1754 he became a surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital, where he continued during the summer months; and in 1755 was appointed house surgeon. He had previously become a partner with his brother in lecturing. All this time he worked assiduously at anatomy. With the view better to understand the human structure, he extended his researches amongst the inferior animals, and laid the foundation of his collection in comparative anatomy. So eagerly did he attach him to this pursuit, that he sought by every means in his power the opportunity of procuring it with advantage. He applied to the keeper of wild beasts in the Tower for the bodies of those which died there, and he made similar application to the keepers of travelling menageries. He purchased all rare animals that came in his way, and those with such others as were presented to him by his friends, he entrusted to the showmen to keep till they died, the better to encourage them to assist in his labours. His fondness for animals made him keep several of different kinds in his house, which, by attention, he made familiar with him. Occasionally, however, this familiarity was attended with danger, as in the following instance related by his biographer, Sir Everard Home:—"Two leopards, which were kept chained in an out-house, had broken from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling thus produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, and the other surrounded by dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting."

In 1760, Hunter's health was so much impaired by excessive attention to his pursuits, that he was advised to go abroad, consumptive symptoms having made their appearance. In October of that year, Mr. Adair, Inspector-general of Hospitals, appointed him a surgeon on the staff, and, in the following spring, he went with the army to Bellisle. Hunter served, while the war continued, as senior surgeon on the staff, both in Bellisle and Portugal, till the year 1763; and in that period acquired a knowledge of gun-shot wounds, on which he wrote a treatise, published after his death. On his return to England, he settled in London, where, not finding the emolument from his half-pay and private practice sufficient to support him, he taught practical anatomy and operative surgery for many years. In the first eleven years of his practice, from 1763 to 1774, his income never exceeded a thousand pounds a year. But it gradually improved. In 1778 it exceeded that sum; and for several years before his death it was five thousand a year—the year before his death it was more. No sooner had Hunter come back to England, than he returned, with unabated ardour, to the study of comparative anatomy; and, as his experiments could not be carried on in a large town, he purchased for that purpose a piece of ground near Brompton, at a place called Earl's Court, on which he built a house. We have already related an anecdote connected with this retreat. His collection of birds and animals here was very extensive; but his familiar study of them and their habits was not, as we have already seen, always unaccompanied with danger. The fierce animals were those to which he was most partial; and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play and tussle up himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of

these contests the bull overpowered him and threw him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would, most probably, have cost him his life.

In 1767, Hunter was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. His desire for improvement in those branches of knowledge which might assist him in his researches, led him at this time to propose to Dr. George Fordyce, and Mr. Cuning, an eminent mechanic, that they should adjourn from the meetings of the Royal Society to some coffee-house, and discuss such subjects as were connected with science. This society comprised several eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Maskelyne, Mr. Watts of Birmingham, and others. In 1768, Hunter became a member of the College of Surgeons; and, in the year following, was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's Hospital. In 1771, his treatise on "The Natural History of the Teeth" was published; and in July of the same year he was married to Miss Hone. The expense of his pursuits had been so great, that it was not till several years after his first engagement with this lady that his affairs could be sufficiently arranged to admit of his marrying. In a short time his private character and professional reputation advanced rapidly. His family also began to increase; but still as much time and more money than ever were devoted to his collection. The whole suite of the best rooms in his house were occupied by his preparations, and he dedicated his mornings, from sunrise to eight, entirely to his favourite pursuits. In the winter of 1773 he formed a plan of giving a course of lectures on the theory and principles of surgery, with a view of laying before the public his own opinions on that subject. In the winter he read his lectures gratis to the pupils of St. George's Hospital, and in 1775 gave a course for money, upon the same terms as the other professors. In 1776, Hunter was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to His Majesty. Other honours were heaped upon him. Learned societies at Edinburgh, Gottenburg, Paris, and America, enrolled him amongst their members; and in 1792 he was appointed surgeon-general to the army; he had previously been deputy. And then came the end. Hunter died of angina pectoris, in the 65th year of his age, on October 16th, 1793. When in his usual state of health, he went to St. George's Hospital, and meeting with some things which irritated his mind, he went into the next room; turning round to one of the physicians of the hospital, he gave a deep groan and dropped down dead. He was buried in the parish church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

Hunter was of a short stature, uncommonly strong and active, and capable of great bodily exertion. His countenance was animated and open, and in the latter part of his life deeply impressed with thoughtfulness. When his portrait was shown to Lavater, he said, "That man thinks for himself." In his youth, writes Sir Everard Home, he was cheerful in his disposition, and entered into youthful follies with others of the same age; but wine never agreed with his stomach, and for the last twenty years of his life he drank nothing but water. His temper was warm and impatient. His disposition was candid and free from reserve. His mind was perpetually on the alert. He used to say it fettered him to be long in a mixed company, which did not admit of connected conversation, more particularly during the last ten years of his life. He required less relaxation than most other men, seldom sleeping more than four hours in the night, though almost an hour after dinner.

In his writings Hunter displays extraordinary powers. One of his most important papers was that on the muscularity of arteries, but his grand discovery was that of the life of the blood. More than of most men is it true of Hunter, that his works yet live. His collection of comparative anatomy was purchased by the parliament for 115,000. This collection must be considered as the great object of Hunter's life, and as a surprising proof of his talents, assiduity, and labour. It is an attempt to expose to view the gradations of nature, from the most simple state in which life is found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation—man himself. Hunter, by means of preparations, was enabled to preserve the parts of different animal bodies intended for similar uses, so that the various links in the chain are readily followed and clearly understood. This collection is arranged according to the subjects they are intended to illustrate,

which are placed in the following order: first, parts constituted for motion; secondly, parts essential to animals respecting their own internal economy; thirdly, parts superadded for parts connected with external objects; and fourthly, parts for the propagation of the species and maintenance or support of the young.

Hunter's museum was offered to the College of Physicians, which declined the trust. It was then committed to the care of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, where it is open to the inspection of the public during the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The corporation has enlarged the museum, instituted professorships for the illustration of it, and is now forming a library. The most valuable part of the collection is that in the area of the great room, consisting of upwards of 2,000 preparations, which were the result of Mr. Hunter's experiments on the inferior animals, and of his researches in morbid human anatomy. All these originally were arranged as illustrative of his lectures. The first division alone, in support of his theory of inflammation, contains 602 preparations. Those illustrative of specific diseases, amount to 1,984. There are, besides, 752 dried specimens, consisting of diseased joints, bones, and arteries. On the floor there is a very fine collection of the skeletons of man and other animals: "and if the council of the college," says the writer of the life of Hunter, in the Gallery of Portraits, "continue to augment this collection with the same liberal spirit which they have hitherto shown, it will be creditable to the nation." The osteological specimens amount to 1,936. But the most interesting portion, we might say, one of the most interesting exhibitions in Europe to a philosophical and inquiring mind, is that which extends along the whole gallery: there the glory of his system shines. Let us take one small compartment in order to understand it. "Suppose," says the writer we have already quoted, "it is wished to learn the importance of the stomach in the animal economy. The first object presented to us is a hyatid, an animal, as it were, all stomach—

being a simple one with an exterior absorbent surface. Here we have the polypus, with a stomach on a membrane, and a lining superadded or not. Next in order is the book, in which is to be seen the beginning of a complexity of structure. Then we advance to the various forms in which the stomach is complex, we find the tubular membranous stomach; then the stomach with a crop attached to moderate and prepare the food for digestion; then a muscular stomach; and finally, all the appendages as necessary to the various classes of animals." When Hunter died, the museum consisted of 70,000 preparations, and was valued to have cost him £10,000. Hunter bequeathed the catalogue, &c., &c., before his death. He bequeathed to the world, in the form of a volume of MS. material, a writer, either by himself or at his dictation, and there is little doubt, of the most valuable kind. Most MSS. were burnt by his brother-in-law, Sir B. Rowley, for no other apparent reason than that Sir Edward feared his own plagiarisms from Hunter's MSS. would be discovered. This irreparable injury has been done to Hunter's fame. "Every year," writes one, "his life's museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts, for the discovery of which others have since his death received the honour." Happily, however, Hunter's fame has survived even so scandalous an act. "Every year there is a grand day at Lincoln's-inn-fields," Warriors and statesmen, poets and artists, men of celebrity in every walk of life, are found among the audience. The president is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject, the title of February, and the birthday of John Hunter, he proceeds, in a notice of his life, to show what the college and the profession and the world owe to this illustrious man. Surely no more fitting place could be found for such a theme. Under the bust of Wren we read, "*Seu amentum respicitur circum pler.*" Under the portrait of Hunter in Lincoln's-inn-fields the same may be written. Everything around speaks of Hunter's talent, energy, and power.

ROMAN MONUMENTS AT TURBIA.

TURBIA is one of the principal points of interest in the doubtful and disputed territory between Nice and Monaco. On leaving the village we begin to descend; Monaco lies directly below, and looking upon it from the terrace of Turbia, we feel almost inclined to take a leap downwards; but it would be a dangerous thing to do, for the perpendicular height is more than 1,500 feet. The path is cut like a staircase in this awful declivity, and if this is the ancient way, as it appears to be, modern progress has judged well; for, commencing at the same point as this frightful break-neck path, there is a fine post-road, running parallel with the coast, and descending so gradually towards Italy, that it only reaches the plain at the distance of three leagues. As at the extremity of the mountain, below which Nice is situated, the eye hovers over France, so here Italy, with its gulfs, its windings, its hills, and its mountains, lies spread out before us. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, we may distinguish Corsica, and the jagged peaks of the Apennines beyond Genoa, stretched out afar upon the horizon. Most striking is this glorious spectacle, it seems evident that we here pass from one country to another.

Tradition would make it appear that it was upon the very soil of Turbia that Augustus vanquished the people of the Alps, and, in fact, the possession of this decisive spot seems worthy of dispute. But we imagine, that even had not Turbia been the theatre of war, its towering position, which rendered it visible from the coast of France as well as from the coast of Italy, would have sufficed to determine the conquerors to erect there the trophy of their victory. We know very little of this war of the Alps, which nevertheless had such important results, since it confirmed the Roman dominion in these countries. Historians are singularly laconic on the subject. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," merely says, "He subjugated the Alpine nations." Appian says: "He subdued by force all the barbarous and warlike nations which inhabit the summits of the Alps." We find that this war was concluded in the year of Rome 739, or B.C. 14. Several witnesses show that Augustus was assisted by Drusus, Tiberius, and Varro. It may be conceived that

a war which involved all the population of the mountain, from the Adriatic to the Danube, would be very uncertain, and require several campaigns. The war itself was a natural consequence of the extension of the empire by the conquests of Julius Cæsar. Rome could no longer tolerate independent nations between the two Gauls, nor that this communication should be long exposed to the turbulence of the mountains. Her astonish that, having been masters of Provence so long, she should have believed it still now to reduce Liguria to obedience. Perhaps, with its traditions of patience and perseverance, the senate had judged it wise to attend first to the most important. This is the opinion of Appian. "I think," said he, "that the state is anxious first of all to secure to Rome the right of passage through the Alps."

However that may be, we learn from Dion, that in order to preserve to posterity the memory of this great event, the senate commanded the erection of a monument upon the summit of the Alps, and Pliny has preserved to us the inscription in full which was placed upon it. This monument is the tower of Turbia. The names injured by the barbarians to claim any interest in a specimen of art, it is, nevertheless, interesting to study. When all we see upon these crumbling stones, the infinite construction of a wall below, the horizon of France on one side, and on the other that of Italy, and feel no interest in reflecting on the various modes of the past, which predict so many for the future.

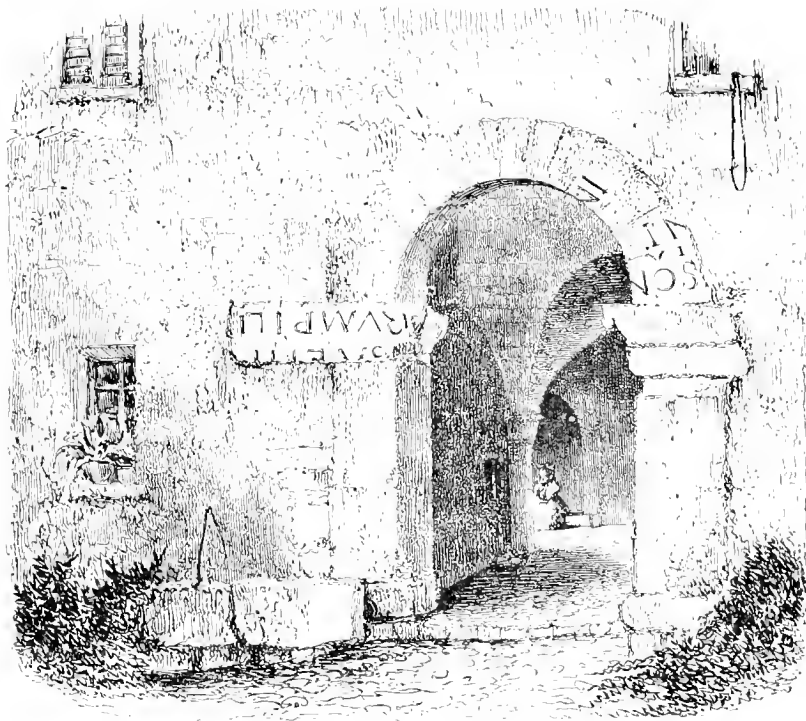
The monument has undergone such numerous vicissitudes, that it is from the hand of destruction, but also more chance, that it is in its present state. It is difficult to form any exact idea of its present condition, and what it must have been originally. It now consists of no other than a mass, which appears to have been formed by a quadrilateral, surrounded by a tower which has been on three different occasions only a half-buried structure. It is built on the lower stratum of the hand of the primitive architect, and bears the marks of the construction of the tower, but a series of steps, which lead to the summit, indicate the work of the middle ages. We have, however, the witness of historians, to prove that the monument upon the

the barbarians, by way of revenge, were pleased to inflict the injuries of mutilation, was changed into a fortress in the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Thus even its greatness, which would seem to have been its guarantee against the action of time, became the principal cause of its ruin. We find in the "Nouveau Théâtre du Piémont et de la Savoie," printed at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a fine engraving of this curious fortress; but it would be difficult to distinguish there any trace of its antiquity. The quadrangular structure has been simplified so as to form the base of a rampart, from the four angles of which spring quadrangular turrets, and a circular tower crowns the whole. Long the subject of dispute between the rival parties, this citadel was destroyed at the end of the sixteenth century by Marshal Villiers, upon the instigation of the Prince of Monaco, the frontiers of whose territories it threatened. But these remains still shed over the country a ray of the past, and preserve there the great name of Rome.

After examining the ruins still remaining on the spot, or scattered over the village, and comparing them with the account of it preserved in some authors, it may be conjectured, that the monu-

If the heap of rubbish which has accumulated around the monument were thoroughly examined, no doubt some important remains would be found; for, although the statues have been broken, they have not been taken away. As for the inscription, the adjoining reputation will show what remains of it. What has become of the other fragments? Reduced to the condition of building-stones, they serve perhaps for walls to other ruined houses, the owners of which were not ambitious of affixing white marble to their doorway. Probably also the stones of the arch, upon which no letters are visible, would, if reversed, bring to light the remainder of the inscription. It would, perhaps, be worthy of the city of Nice to remove these stones, and place them in the Museum library; but to us their present situation seems so full of instruction, that we should regret to see them removed.

Aided by the text of Pliny, it is not difficult to find the value of each fragment presented to us by this doorway. The principal part belongs to the first and second lines of the list of vanquished nations — "Gentes Alpine devictæ: Trumpilini, Cumani," etc. We read upon the stone over the left pillar the lower part of "Alpi," preceded by an s, the final letter of "Gentes," and above that— for



FRAGMENTS OF THE INSCRIPTION OF AUGUSTUS ON A DOORWAY AT TIBERIA.

ment consisted of a quadrangle surrounded by Doric columns, adorned with statues of the lieutenants of Augustus, and those of the vanquished barbarians, and surmounted by a colossal image of the emperor.

M. P. Boyer, a Frenchman, who visited Tivoli in 1585, relates that he discovered in the enclosure of the fortress a colossal head of Augustus, terribly mutilated, but sufficiently preserved to allow him to take its measurement, from which he calculated that the entire figure must have been twenty-eight feet in height. He discovered also the upper part of the torso, and studied it sufficiently to deliver a dissertation upon the costume. He supposed that the rest of the statue had been cut away to furnish material for two large tombs, one of which then served for a horse-pond. Another interesting discovery was a knee clasped by two hands, appearing to have belonged to the figure of a captive, from which he concluded that the image of the emperor was not the only decoration of the monument. Towards the end of the last century, a fine head of Drusus was dug from the ruins. It was purchased upon the spot by the prince of Denmark, and placed by him in the Museum of Copenhagen, where it may still be seen.

the letters are upside down — "trumpilini" of "Trumpilini." Upon the right pillar, the letters XOS belong to the word "Venostes," the only word of the list in which this syllable is found. The syllable XI, which we read upon two stones, cannot be exactly determined, for in the list given by Pliny there are ten names which have this termination. However, if we suppose all these stones belong to the first lines of the inscription, the letters may belong to "Cumani," to "Bucini," or else to the final of "Trumpilini." But that is of little importance.

We have only to remark that the stone on the left pillar may serve as a commentary on the too concise passage left us by Pliny. As naturalists, by the aid of one bone, can reconstruct the entire animal, so may we endeavour by the help of this single piece to restore the whole tablet.

In the text of Pliny there are two distinct things to be noticed: 1st. The dedication to Augustus, "Imp. Cesar, dno . . . quod ejus ductu auspiciisque, etc." "To the emperor Cesar Augustus . . . because it was by his command, and under his auspices, that all the Alpine nations of the upper and lower sea were subjugated to the empire of the Roman people;" 2nd. The list of the

vanquished nations, "Gentes Alpina devictæ, Truimpilini, Camuni, Venostes, etc." It is probable that these two inscriptions, of so different a character, occupied different situations upon the monument.

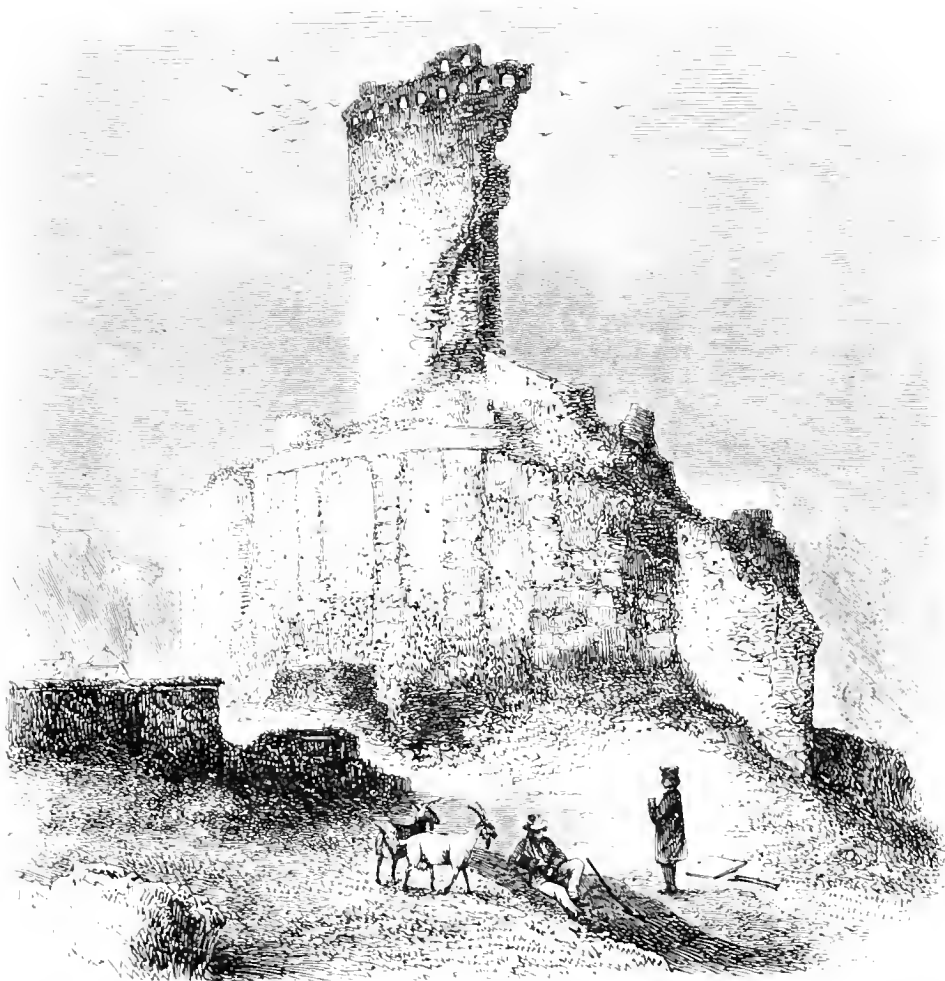
We, however, have only to notice the list of vanquished nations, since of the others we have no remains. The inscription upon the stone of the left pillar will assist us to calculate the length and breadth of the whole. The letters "Aluin," occupying a space of nearly four inches, it is easy to determine that "Gentes Alpina devictæ" upon the same scale, would occupy more than nine feet. This, then, would have been the breadth of the tablet.

The length, or height, of the inscription may be calculated by the measurements of Pliny, compared with the dimensions of the characters employed. The height of the letters is seven inches,

that of the space between the lines four inches, whence it follows that the space occupied by the forty-seven names, with title and margin, would be about forty-five feet. Perhaps this long inscription was divided into two tables, and placed upon the front of the monument. But be that as it may, it must have been of colossal magnitude.

It may, perhaps, be contended that the names of the nations, instead of occupying each its own line, were placed one after another, which would much diminish the height of the tablet; but that each of the names occupied its own line can admit of no doubt.

There is enough to stimulate the zeal of amateurs; and we wish that these lines, meeting the eye of some one of our countrymen, may help to cure him of his illness, by inspiring him with the idea of exploring this precious mine of archaeology, and the fine arts.



RUINS OF THE TOWER OF AUGUSTUS AT TIVOLI.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—II.

MARUSCHKA gave no answer to Selim's ambiguous remark, yet it was evident these words of the renegade fell upon her like sparks upon gunpowder. He, however, said to himself, "Be very careful, Selim Baschi. The capricious soul of woman often desires what it once disdained. They flee that they may be pursued, and when the pursuit is over the game sometimes turns hunter. Thus Maruschka may, perhaps, have changed her refusal into a tardy consent because she thought herself a medlar, which must be fully ripe to taste well."

This musing was interrupted by a question which the old robber put. "How is it," said he, "young apostate, that you roam about alone as a wanderer in our mountains?"

"Do I not know these hills as well as you?" replied Selim. "I have not lost my way hunting, but merely staid out rather late, and am now preparing some refreshment that I may make my way back with renewed vigour. I have a reason for hunting beyond the pleasure of it. We are all fond of game, and every deer I get improves my position with my superior."

"You take a good deal of trouble," observed Maruschka, "to please your commanders."

"It is the only way to obtain promotion," was the apostate's reply. "Even Turks are not above studying what is expedient for the attainment of their object. I am earnestly endeavouring to get into favour; and if a bold attempt of mine is successful, I shall then have powerful advocates who will appreciate my merit as it deserves. Mark, Maruschka, if you were in a position to

assist me in a brilliant exploit against the Imperialists, then — But what do I say? You are a zealous Christian, and, consequently, devoted in your attachment to the double-headed eagle.”

“Hush!” interrupted Marusshka, with great impetuosity. “The eagle is as hateful to me as spiders and toads. If you are disposed to venture upon an attack, I will assist you both with advice and in action, and I think I can render you great service, so that you may take half a dozen dragoon’s heads to Meladia. I am prepared to look out for a favourable opportunity, and hope soon to succeed.”

Selma nodded and smiled with satisfaction, and the two were soon deep in conversation about the position and movements of the Imperial forces.

While the Wallachian female robber and the apostate were preparing their secret schemes by the fire in the wood, Zdenku, the Mlakaberg peasant, was sitting at ease upon a bench in his kitchen, which served both for a sleeping and sitting room. There was a maple-wood bedstead in the room, on which he often lazily stretched himself, after the manner of the inhabitants of these parts near the Danube, who are all alike in idleness and cowardice, whether they call themselves Servians, Wallachians, or Croatians. He was looking lazily at the curling wreaths of smoke from his pipe, while his wife and daughter were getting ready the supper at the fire. The wife, an active woman, was as repulsive and dirty as her husband. The daughter bore some resemblance to both, but yet had rather a different aspect. Her fresh countenance, which inherited the prominent features of her father’s, was attractive to behold in its youthful bloom. The short figure, which she derived from her mother, combined with her plump roundness to produce a model of symmetry and activity. And to crown the whole, the beautiful Wantscha united to all the attractions of health, youth, and loveliness, a purity of heart such as is rarely to be found even among those who have enjoyed the highest advantages in point of education and example.

“Wantscha, my child,” said the peasant, all at once aroused by the savoury odour arising from the fire, “tell me what you have there cooking.”

“A delicacy, father,” replied the daughter, “four bear’s feet.”

“Indeed! How came you by them? Have you taken the grim monster by the ear?”

“You will not guess, father. When I went out to-day to take the herdsmen their dinner, they were just killing the bear which had fallen into the trap in the course of the night, and I brought home the feet and hocks.”

“The men may have the rest, themselves,” said Zdenku, smiling; and then turning to his wife, added, “we have a clever lass there, that is very clear.”

“She is not active, at any rate,” muttered the woman; “in that she takes after her father.”

Wantscha was ready in a moment to defend herself from her mother’s reproach. She thought it was only prudent not to wish to be married to an old robber, and was about once more to justify her reluctance, when the entrance of a stranger interrupted her just as the first word was on the tip of her tongue. This unexpected visitor was so tall that he was obliged to stoop a little to avoid knocking his head against the upper part of the door. Yet with all this unusual height of stature he was as square-built and compactly-formed as the merest dwarf, while neither symmetry nor pliancy of limb was at all deficient in his gigantic bulk. His countenance, like his person, bore traces of a stern kind of beauty. Beneath his lofty forehead and overhanging eye-brows shone forth a pair of dark eyes. The nose was broad and large, with wide nostrils. Over the lips grew a thick arch of black mustaches, which united with the whisker and stretched out at the ends more than an inch each way. The dress, as well as the form and countenance, of the giant was strange and striking. It consisted of a close-fitting doublet without arms, a sort of open waistcoat of blue cloth richly adorned with silk cool, and red trousers which terminated in laced half-boots. The back and left side were covered with a bear-skin hunter’s coat also, corded and fastened under the right arm, so as to leave that arm quite at liberty. His right hand grasped an *osakata* or Hungarian axe, a dangerous weapon when skilfully wielded. In his girdle were stuck a pair of horse-pistols

and a short sabre. Beneath the coat on the left side hung a long sword, and a gunstock on which to fix a pistol, if necessary.

The weapons were in excellent condition. The dress, although it had evidently been long exposed to wind and weather, served as an ornament to the wearer — at least in the eyes of the beautiful Wantscha, who, deeply blushing, could not refrain from exclaiming in a half-audible tone, “What a pleasant surprise!”

“Praised be the Holy Virgin!” said the visitor as he entered, sprinkling himself with the holy water at the door, and making the sign of the cross after the manner of the Eastern church.

“All praise to the whole company of saints in heaven,” answered the three inmates of the house. The woman added, “Why so late at night, robber-chief?”

The latter laid aside his outer coat, made himself comfortable upon a seat, and then replied: “I wished to visit my wife and then go to Mlakaberg. But Marusshka was not in her retreat. She had gone, they said, to meet her messenger, the active Dolan, whom she had sent out for some gunpowder. I waited for her to come back because she had promised to let me have a pound of powder as soon as she got any. But I waited in vain, she did not come, and at last I went away. Hence I am a late visitor here, but not to late, I perceive. I have come just in time for supper, and my nose tells me it will be a good one, too.”

“Perhaps we expected a visit from you, Petru Bazyu,” said Wantscha, laughing, “and have, therefore, prepared something very nice.”

“Take away,” was the robber’s reply; “I have swallowed many a nice morsel intended for another without being any the worse for it.”

“It would not answer for you to be a robber,” said Czinka, “if you were not always on the watch to snap up what belongs to other people.”

“Better be a Wallachian robber,” rejoined he, “than a Croatian thief.”

The conversation continued in a strain of social jocularity. In the eyes of the peasant and his family, robbery was a sort of profession or handicraft to which they need entertain no unfriendly feeling, as long as their own property was respected. Still the wife felt some expressions which were not altogether without bitterness. She had remarked that Petru had for some time past considered himself as a Turk, and although he made use of the holy water, might, like any other unbelieving Moslem, be disposed to take a second wife, if not three or four. Petru understood what she meant well enough, but abstained from any reply. With a quiet serious air he put his hand into his knapsack, which he hid on the bench with his fur coat and sabre, and pulled out a large flask, saying, “Let us drink, I have better stuff here than any pasha can get to drink.”

Czinka smiled in a good-natured way, and accepted his invitation without any reluctance. The lazy Zdenku was all of a sudden as brisk and active as any waiter at an hotel or coffee-house. Even Wantscha did not scorn the tempting offer, but took more than one draught with much pleasure. The bear’s feet were brought to table. The meal passed amid plenty of talking and joking, and though Zdenku might at first have felt a little annoyed when he found a visitor had come to partake of the rich dainty, he consoled himself as well as he could with the flask, and was the more contented when Petru promised to leave it behind him.

At last the robber chief rose to go. “It is getting late,” said he, “and I have a long way to go.”

“Won’t you stay for the night?” asked Czinka in astonishment.

“I should be glad to do so,” was the reply, “but I cannot; I am expecting a messenger to-night, who will, perhaps, bring good news.”

“Only perhaps?” said Zdenku, yawning; “for a perhaps I would not stir my little finger.”

“You are right enough, to take it easy,” replied Petru; “you have a good home, a wife, child, and servants, with plenty to eat and drink; and may sit here watching the birds from morning to night, without any anxiety. But I have a dozen months to fill by my own exertions, in these hard times. Business with me is very bad, and rather dangerous, besides. As I cannot make myself so comfortable as I should like, I am now going from Meladia to Orsova upon a mere uncertainty.”

He went to the door, accompanied by Wautscha, who conducted him to the outer gate. There they remained, hand in hand, for some time; said good night, more than once, and yet lingered on the spot. He was waiting for her to go back into the house, and she to see which way he went.

"Shall you be back again soon?" asked Wautscha.

"I wish I were already back," was his reply.

"Why, then, would you not stay?"

"Of what use would it be, Wautscha? I should only grieve all the more over to be separated from you. If you would but—"

"Hush!" interrupted the girl; "have I not forbidden you to pain me by any such talk?"

"In my thoughts I tell you of everything, and more than of anything; how, then, can I control my tongue in your presence, of whom I am thinking day and night?"

"We are very unfortunate," sigh'd the maiden.

"If we are unfortunate, I am lucky indeed," whispered he, opposing still nearer to her. She made no objection to this movement, though she said—"You men are all alike; you care for nothing but your own happiness. If you consider yourself lucky, I have reason to be so much the more unlucky in my own estimation."

The conversation was here interrupted in a very unexpected and unpleasant way.

"What makes you so unhappy, my dear?" said a woman's voice. "You would like to have a husband to yourself alone, would you not?" Such a one is here for you, my darling."

It was Maruschka who said this. She and her companion had come in, or, without being observed, to hear what Wautscha said. The two who were thus surprised, started back from each other.

"Good evening, husband," said Maruschka. "You expected no here, I suppose?"

"Not here," replied he; "but I waited for you at your place till I could wait no longer."

"Because you were afraid to be out in the wood late at night," cried Maruschka, laughing.

Wautscha heard no more of the conversation between them, but slipped back into the house.

The old woman soon followed her, accompanied by Dschurdschur, but without Petrus, he having gone off. Maruschka did not look exactly pleased. It is true she was glad at heart to have caught her husband holding a familiar conversation with the girl. The reproaches, which she now felt she had a right to utter against him, were a sort of protection against those of her own conscience. Still these and other similar considerations were not sufficient to give her restless spirit perfect repose, and she gladly seized the opportunity of giving vent to her fury.

The peasant and his wife received her in a cruel and disdainful manner. They had treated her husband cordially, but without any great show of respect. Now all was changed. A good deal gets one done, a savage dog two; and Maruschka could always do more than others. Indeed she was the mistress of the place. The house, the yard, the fields, and even the life of the peasant and his family were dependent upon her pleasure.

"Our poor nose is pulled down for you," said Zdenku, bowing and crossing his arms over his breast.

"Wautscha will make haste," added Zinka, "and get you a nice supper."

With suppressed indignation Maruschka heard these and similar remarks, in which, amid professions of submission and subservience, they showed all kinds of attention.

"I don't wish to take anything," said she as she walked away; "I only want a night's lodging with you, not because I am tired, but because I have to be here early in the morning. And yet I am doubting whether I ought not to prefer a night's rest in the wood to staying in your house."

"Why do you hesitate, mistress?" interposed Zdenku, submissively; "do you suppose anything, you wish would be done by us here?"

"You are a cowardly well-to-do soul," said Maruschka. "But you have no strength of purpose, no energy, no perseverance. You are like a reed trembling with every breeze."

"I receive the reproof in all humility," replied Zdenku, in a penitential tone.

"Change for the better," cried the impetuous Annet; "and you will gratify me far more than by your humility. Even now it is not too late; repentance may yet produce good fruits."

"I will improve," declared the abject man; "your good counsel shall be to me inviolable law; but my understanding does not keep pace with my good intentions. Good-morning, mistress, to bid you the adieu percut in what he has had the misfortune to offend you."

"Don't pretend to be more simple than you really are," rejoined Maruschka; "don't imitate the shopkeeper at Moscow, who shams deafness when he wishes not to hear."

CROCHET EDGING.

EDGING FOR A LACE WAY.

MATERIALS.—Beards Great Exhibition Prize Great's head Crochet Thread, No. 10, and Pen-Lop Crochet Hook, No. 5. Make a chain the length required, allowing 24 loops for each pattern.

1st row: Double crochet.

2nd: Treble.

3rd: Double.

4th: Work 1 double, chain 2, miss 2, work 2 double, chain 2, miss 2, work 1 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

5th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last round, chain 8, work 1 double at the top of the next 2 double of last row, chain 8, work 1 double at the top of the first 1 of the next 2 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

6th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 7, work 6 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 7, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double, repeat to the end, fasten off.

7th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 6, work 8 double at the top of the 6 double of last row, chain 6, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

8th: Work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 5, work 10 double at the top of the 8 double of last row, chain 5, work 1 double at the top of the next 1 double of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

9th: Double-crochet.

10th: Work 3 treble, chain 18, miss 16, work 3 treble, repeat to the end, fasten off.

Be particular in the 6th row that it always falls in the centre of the chains of the former rows.

11th: Work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last row, chain 6, miss 8, work 2 treble in 1 loop, chain 7, work 2 treble in the next loop, chain 6, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

12th: Work 3 treble at the top of the first 1 treble of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, work 2 treble in the same 3 chains as before, chain 4, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble, repeat to the end, fasten off.

13th: Work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, work 2 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last row, chain 4, repeat to the end, fasten off.

14th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last row, chain 4, then work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 4, work 2 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last row, chain 3, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

15th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain at the top of the next row, chain 2, work 2 treble at the top of the next 2 treble of last row, chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last row, chain 4, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

16th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each of the 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

17th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each of the 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, chain 2, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

18th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 2, work 1 plain in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 plain in each 3 chain of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 4, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and work 1 treble for 3 times more in the same 3 chain, chain 4, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

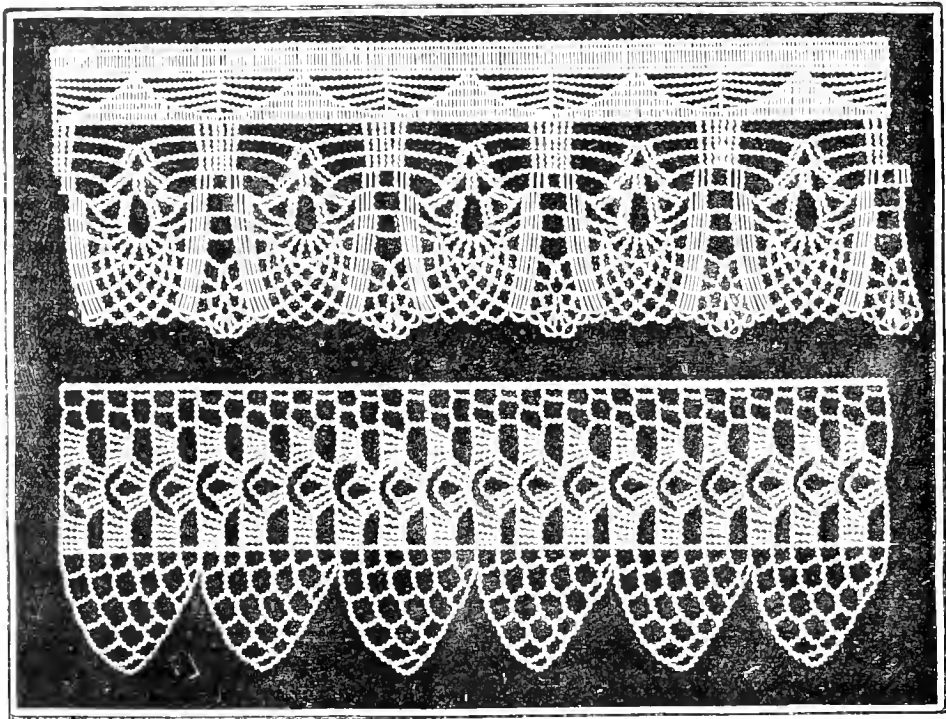
19th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain

chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain, chain 3, work 6 treble in the centre of the first 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

3rd: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 5, work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

4th: Chain 3, and work 1 treble in each of the first 3 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 6 treble in the first 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

5th: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 5,



CROCHET EDGING.

2, work 1 plain in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, then chain 3, and plain 1 in each of the 3 chains of last row, chain 2, work 5 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, and repeat to the end, fasten off.

20th: Plain 1 in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, fasten off, which completes the edging.

EDGING NO. II. SHORT WAY.

MATERIALS. Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. Make a chain of 19 loops, turn back.

1st row: Miss 2, work 1 treble, chain 3, miss 2, work 1 treble, chain 5, miss 5, work 3 treble in the 1 loop, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same loop as before, chain 5, miss 5, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, turn back.

2nd: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the first 3 chain of last row,

work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, turn back.

6th: Chain 3 and work 1 treble in each of the first 5 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 6 treble in the 5 chain of last row, chain 4, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of the last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the end 3 chain of last row, turn back.

7th: Chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of 3 first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last row, chain 5, work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same place as before, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chains of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, turn back, and repeat from the 2nd row for the length required.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

It is sometimes said that the age of statesmen has fled—meaning thereby, that the growth of statesmen has ceased, or passed away. It is recorded of Sir R. Peel, that one of the contemplations that filled him with distrust of the future of England was the fact, that towards the close of his career, or at least after he had spent a long life in the service of his country, he saw no appearance of that younger race of political capacities which, in the natural order of things, should give promise of worthily filling the public stage as he and his contemporary actors quitted the scene. And really, the reasonableness of this foreboding strikes one most seriously in glancing at the majority of men now in office—recalling the duration of their

return—were to take up a journal or periodical, and read of Lord Lansdowne making a speech in the peers, or assisting in the deliberations of the cabinet, or, still more, of giving a magnificent fashionable fête in Berkeley-square, with half the patricians in Burke or DeBrett figuring there, he, the said returned voyager, would conclude, as a matter of course, that the individual in question was the son of that Marquis of Lansdowne who was a most aged and patriarchal politician when the arctic explorer had set out on his expedition. He never could conceive that the Marquis of that era was the Marquis of this; that after all the mutations in systems and circumstances, an individual who had been a prominent



THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

duties, and looking forward in vain for others competent to discharge those duties as well, or anything like as well, though those now discharging them have attained ages which, in any other occupation in life than that of governing the country would have entitled them to all the ease and unruffled honours of retirement long, long ago. To no man in the ministry—though the head of it, Lord Aberdeen, is himself a phenomenon on the score we are speaking of—to no man out of the ministry, with the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Lyndhurst, whose intellect is as sharp, and physical stamina as strong, to all appearance, as if he were merely in ripe middle age, do these remarks apply with such force as to the distinguished nobleman whose name heads this page. If a returned voyager from the Franklin Expedition—whence, alas! there is no

legislator for the fathers, the grandfathers—ay, the great-grandfathers—of the present generation, could still be in office, still looked up to, and his advice and assistance be deemed absolutely essential to the guidance of the political concerns in which he still takes a conspicuous personal part.

One can hardly realise the immense sweep of time over which the life, the active political life, of Lord Lansdowne extends. People are accustomed to hold up their hands and open their eyes in astonishment as they are told that Lord Palmerston was a nimble player through the greater part of the Peninsular War, and filled the prominent and highly responsible office of Secretary at War during that period, and for several years afterwards. And certainly, as one reflects on these facts, and then looks at the noble vis-

count, still buoyant and vigorous, and with a score of sessions in his constitution, it does make one despair of the likelihood of such a race of men as the member for Tiverton belongs to ever again becoming known to our history. But he is a mere chicken compared to the Marquis in point of official standing. We of this age think that the period of Earl Grey and the Reform Bill is somewhat distant; that Canning is among the classics as to time; that the Liverpool and Castlereagh days belong to the mists of history; and as for Pitt and Fox, why, we regard them with something of that veneration in respect to antiquity with which we look upon the early records of the house of Hanover; while as to meeting with any one who ever saw either of these celebrated personages, such a thought never occurs to us; or, if it does, we think of such venerable individuals as we do of the "oldest inhabitant" of the newspapers, as of one who sits mumbly and dozing in a corner, entertaining his own senility with garrulous gossip of things his father before him had told him, rather than of matters within his own cognisance. What, then, must be our astonishment as we confront in Lord Lansdowne a person with whom Pitt and Fox were not merely traditional celebrities, who were quitting the sphere of politics as his boyhood was beginning to comprehend the sort of men they really were, but one who was an opponent of one and a colleague of the other of them. Lord Lansdowne was actually a cabinet minister in the days of Fox; he was Fox's Chancellor of the Exchequer, three years before the present one, Mr. Gladstone, and one year before the late one, Mr. Disraeli, was born! Of course, he must not only have been of full age when he was appointed to that office, in the very crisis of a war still more formidable than that we are now engaged in,—for the whole continent was allied against us, and the nations that occasionally took heart of grace to fight for themselves had to be paid by us for their patriotism,—but he must also have been a party man of long standing, and one who had given great evidence of aptitude for that species of business which can only be acquired by experience. On the occasion of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer coming into the post, he now fills, he spoke of himself as a veteran officer, of one whose office-life dated back twenty years, and talked like one whom age had given a prescriptive right to lecture the virid and comparatively immature, and therefore, perhaps, frivolous critics who are captious about occurrences that are incomprehensible or distasteful to them merely from their novelty. How, then, must it be with the Marquis, who, as we have just said, was an experienced and distinguished official before Mr. Gladstone was born! "I was a man when Hector's grandsire sneaked," says Ulysses in the drama; and certainly the saying might be paraphrased with some truth by Lord Lansdowne if applied to some of his cabinet colleagues, say the noble Privy Seal, the Duke of Argyll, for example.

Long as his life has been, it has ever been free from taint or reproach of any kind; even from the taint which in these days is hardly felt to be a reproach—that of inconsistency. Spring of a lineage of liberals, coming before the public as the *protégé*, friend, companion, and colleague of liberals, he has never once deviated from the path of progress, nor have his actions ever given warrant for the supposition that he did so. Even now, as one of a cabinet composed in part of men whom he had for years and years opposed as reactionists, his presence is the pledge of progress; and the public feel, that though at his years it is wholly impossible he should materially influence any line of policy, still his sanction of the policy which is being pursued implies that that policy is of a more English and liberal nature than would be that other policy which his refusal to make part of the present ministry would have entailed upon the country. The character of the Marquis is one of which the whole English nation may be justly proud; it is the realisation of that ideal character which the warmest panegyrist of our patrician institutions might select for portrayal. In the first place, it is as purely disinterested a character as can well be imagined in one of his position, and is perhaps the most disinterested which our whole party political history affords—much more so than that of the Duke of Wellington, whom it is customary to regard as the type of personal magnanimity in such matters. The duke was an exceedingly ambitious man, greedy of political power, not only for its own sake but for his own sake; and the records of the formation of the ministry of 1828, and of the events which led to the downfall of

two preceding administrations, show, that if the first consideration of his grace was to secure an advantage for his party, the next consideration was to turn that advantage to his own individual aggrandisement. True, his transference of the premiership to Peel on the second occasion of being at the head of affairs, and his retention of nearly all the seals of all the offices till Sir Robert's return from Rome in 1834, is suggestive of great seeming indifference to official ambition. But it is to be recollected, that at that period the duke had come to the conclusion that the first minister of the crown should belong to the Commons, not to the Peers' House of Parliament; and, moreover, it was a matter of notoriety, of which none was more conscious than his grace himself, that the main stay of the ministry was the name of Wellington, and that his word was as much law in the cabinet as it would have been were he in camp. Very different, however, has the conduct of Lord Lansdowne ever been. Self is the last thing he has ever thought of. Though possessed, as we have seen, of unrivalled experience—though a man of great natural ability, aided by the highest culture and incessant study—though one of the richest men in the peerage, commanding the highest social position in right of his wealth, taste, and the unbounded personal respect in which he has ever been held—he has never sought to obtrude himself on the public or parliament; has always been content to fill a subordinate post, and satisfied if, in the capacity of a comparative cypher, he can contribute to the sum of human happiness, in the interest of those principles with which his name has ever been most honourably identified. Nor has he sought to indemnify himself for this forbearance in public by the indulgence of the love of intrigue in private, as has been the case with men somewhat similarly situated in all ages, and as is said to be the case now with Prince Metternich, who is alleged to have the same power behind the Austrian throne, in privacy, as he had so long before it; and as was also the case, according to popular belief, with Lord Bute, in the early part of the reign of George III., secretly influencing councils for the results of which he was not responsible.

Intrigue, trickery, plotting, and scheming of every kind are foreign to Lord Lansdowne. Noble alike by nature, position, and the circumstances that have surrounded him, or rather that he has created for himself, he has gone through life so purely as to have been untouched even by the breath of calumny; and amidst all the accusations which party malice directs against its objects in times of political strife, none has ever impugned the integrity of his declarations on public subjects, or hinted that a sordid, unworthy, or even personal motive of any kind has influenced what seemed to be his sense of duty. Hence, on the occasion of his quitting office, to all appearance for the last time, at the break-up of the ministry of which Lord John Russell was the head, in 1852, everybody felt that the glowing eulogium pronounced upon him by his political rival and then successor to the ministerial leadership in the upper house, the Earl of Derby, was something more than a routine courtesy, something very far beyond the mere conventional compliment prescribed by custom. It was admitted on all hands that the Marquis had deserved everything that was said of him; and the best proof that he did so was conveyed in the circumstances which soon after followed. When the Derby-Disraeli government were overthrown, the Sovereign and the leaders of the two parties embraced in the coalition ministry that was then in a state of formation, simultaneously resorted to the advice of Lord Lansdowne, knowing that they would find in his wisdom and unselfishness the very best guidance through the unparalleled party predicament in which the country was then placed. Nor were they disappointed. It was at Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that his life-long friend and almost pupil, Lord John Russell, agreed to merge all minor differences between his old foe, Lord Aberdeen, and himself, in the common cause of seeming to the country the greatest aggregate of administrative ability which could be rendered available. It was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that Lord Aberdeen, who had never before been politically associated with any of Lord Lansdowne's usual friends, agreed to meet Lord John in a generous spirit of mutual forbearance, compromise, and acquiescence; and it was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that her Majesty agreed to accept for ministers men who had hitherto been looked upon as the representatives, if not of exactly diametrically opposite principles, at least of opposite

plans for giving expression to those principles; for even under the modern liberalism of the Peelites, their maxim has been to do everything *for* the people on the Austrian model of governmental machinery, whereas the precept of the elder and consistent reformers is to let the people do that for themselves which the law and the constitution allow them. Nor did the good offices of Lord Lansdowne stop here. When differences arose between the reform section of the cabinet, when the views of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston on certain points clashed, or were said to have clashed (for the real facts never transpired), Lord Lansdowne was appealed to by each, and succeeded in reconciling both; and by a singular coincidence, the noble viscount, at the time the disagreement came to a rupture, was on a visit to Bowwood, the seat of the Marquis—the confidential friend and guest of the man with whom he had his first political quarrel not far short of fifty years before—namely, at the election for the University of Cambridge, when he defeated the noble Marquis, then Lord Henry Petty, in 1806, Palmerston then representing the principles of Pitt, and his competitor, of course, those of Fox. This reminds us that it is now time to say a few words chronologically of the career of the subject of our memoir.

The family of the noble Marquis, Petty, traces its ancestry to a very remote period, the eleventh century, when one of the race figured considerably in the wars of Strongbow, in Ireland, where they obtained vast possessions, and where at the present day the family still own immense tracts of fine territory, especially in Kerry, which gives the title of earl to the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The present eldest son of the Marquis is, however, Earl of Shelburne—the Earl of Kerry being dead some years—and why the eldest living does not take the title of his defunct brother, is a puzzle to our very limited heraldic sagacity. The family of Petty was altogether obscure and unknown in England, and very insignificant in Ireland, if, indeed, they could be said to be known at all there, for many generations, till the middle of the sixteenth century, when William Petty, the son of a clothier in Romsey, in Hampshire (where Lord Palmerston was also born), attained wealth and subsequently great public distinction by his proficiency, first in mechanical and afterwards in medical pursuits. These latter he followed with infinite profit in Ireland for many years, investing his gains in land and attaining the dignity of knight himself and a barony in her own right for his wife, Baroness Shelburne. One of his sons became the Earl of Shelburne, and famous as a politician in the reign of George II., and is described by Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby," as one of the greatest politicians in our annals, though the history of what he did is all but unknown to posterity. The earl's son (father of the present marquis), was himself for some time prime minister to George III.; so that we see the subject of our sketch has large hereditary claims to political eminence—a quality, however, which does not seem to be further transmissible, for his son, the present Earl of Shelburne, of whom we have just spoken, though long in parliament for the family borough of Calne, in Wiltshire, and for a brief period a Lord of the

Treasury, has never acquired the smallest prominence as a speaker or otherwise. The present Marquis was born in 1780, and consequently is in his seventy-fifth year. He was educated first at Westminster School, subsequently at Edinburgh, where, in common with many others who have since reached prominent stations, he was a pupil of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he became a Master of Arts. Availing himself of the brief Peace of Amiens, he made a hurried run through France with M. Pimont, and then took his seat for Calne; his maiden speech being full of promise, which his after efforts fully realised, especially on the impeachment of Lord Melville, for the malversation of public moneys as Treasurer of the Navy. In the first election for Cambridge, which he contested with Lord Palmerston about this time, he succeeded—in the second he was defeated; the latter being owing to his advocacy of civil and religious claims, in contrast with the restrictive and bigoted views then upheld by Pitt's followers. In the budgets brought in by Lord Petty, while Chancellor of the Exchequer to Fox, there was no great room for the exhibition of what may be called popular finance, the war demanding new taxes instead of the remission of old ones; and the necessity of the noble lord to continue the income-tax, which he and his associates had long denounced, exposed him to considerable ridicule, of which the caricaturists of the time were not slow to take advantage; but of his great financial ability no doubt was ever entertained; and to this day few men in either house can deliver a speech more instructive or rich in information on any subject involving an exposition of the true canons of political economy, especially of a fiscal kind. The death of Fox, followed by the brief experiment of Earl Grenville's ministry (who, however, passed the Abolition of Slavery Bill, but were turned out for their support of Catholic emancipation), broke up the Reform party completely, as far as regarded their prospects of office. It was not till 1827 that the modified ministry of Canning gave the most moderate liberals a chance; and, accordingly, his lordship, who had been in the upper house since 1809, was made Home Secretary, an office which he filled with great credit. Again, the death of his chief drove the noble Marquis into opposition, of which he became the leader in the Peers till the formation of the Grey cabinet in 1830, when he became President of the Council, the office now held by Lord John Russell, and continued to fill it during every liberal administration that has since been formed, with the exception of the present, in which he holds no office, though a member of the cabinet. It is needless to add, after what we have stated, that in every cabinet to which he has belonged, and in every position which he has filled, whether in office or opposition, with the exception of private, his lordship has been the warm friend of enlightenment among the people and progressive liberty in all our institutions. His great hereditary wealth, largely augmented by matrimonial alliance with the affluent family of the Hebeesters, he has always employed in a wise munificence, promoting literature and the arts, with a generosity doubly valuable, because of the taste and discrimination that guide it.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA, AT SARAGOSSA.

Those who have read Napier's invaluable history of the Peninsular War will remember the principal circumstance in modern times for which Saragossa is remarkable. We allude to the famous siege of the place by the French under Marshals Mortier and Lannes, which lasted from July 15, 1808, to Feb. 1, 1809, with only some occasional and slight interruptions. It was not till 6,000 men had perished in battle, and more than 30,000 men, women, and children had been destroyed by famine, pestilence, or cruel outrage, that the French succeeded in taking possession of the city. The siege bore a strong resemblance to that of Jerusalem in the obstinacy of the resistance made, the sufferings of the besieged, and their fatal barbarity towards one another as well as the enemy.

Among other sacred edifices which were then destroyed, was the convent of Santa Engracia, the ruins of which we have depicted

It was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reign is memorable on many accounts, particularly for its connexion with the immortal discoveries of Columbus. Much has been said in praise of the cloister, which is adorned with marble columns and numerous armorial bearings; but not more than it fairly deserves. In this cloister was buried Jerome Elmeas, the historian of Aragon, who died in 1599. It was over the smoking ruins of the convent that the French forced their way into the city in the terrible siege of 1809. The doorway, now riddled with bullets, is a remarkable work of the fifteenth century. It is thus described by Alexander Delaborda:—"The doorway, which is in the form of an altar screen, consists of two architectural portions. The first is adorned with four columns, and the statue of four bearded ecclesiastics. The second contains three statues, that of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, and those of King Ferdinand V. and his Queen Isabella kneeling on

each side. These two portions are surmounted by a cross and statues of the Virgin and St. John. The arch of the door is ornamented with heads of seraphim, and near them are two ancient medallions, above which are written the words 'Numa Pompilius, M. Antonius.' The celebrated traveller adds, that in the interior of the church the decorations in marble and gold were distributed with artistic effect. There might be seen the magnificent mausoleum of the historian, Jerome Zurita, who died in 1570.

A side-door led to a second church, whence there was a descent to the crypt of *Las Santas Mosas*. "This is," says Delaborde, "a veritable catacomb, in which are deposited the relics of many martyrs. The arched roof, which rises about twelve feet, and is covered with stars upon an azure ground, rests upon thirty small columns of different sorts of marble, forming six small naves. Here are preserved, among other things, several crystal vases con-

taining the blood and ashes of various martyrs, and the head of Saint Eulacia in a silver shrine, adorned with a necklace of precious stones. There is a pit in the middle of this church, surrounded by an iron balustrade, which is said to contain the ashes of a great number of the faithful, whom Dacian had burnt at Saragossa."

Within the last twenty years Saragossa has witnessed fresh proofs of Spanish valour. Cabañero, a general in the interest of Don Carlos, managed to enter the city by night, and got possession of the principal posts, on the 2nd of March, 1838. Even under these apparently desperate circumstances, the people never for one moment lost their courage. Totally unprepared as they were—without leaders, and very insufficiently provided with arms—they nevertheless rushed upon the intruding force with dauntless spirit, and ultimately succeeded in capturing 2,000, and driving out the remainder.



THE CONVENT OF SANTA EULACIA.

THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

No portion of the continent of Europe abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery to so large an extent as the mountain land of Switzerland. There the most striking and sublime aspects of nature are accumulated, forming a source of perpetual inspiration to the painter and the poet. There the mountain rears its snow-capped summit to the clouds, the glacier presents its glittering and slippery front, and the torrent brawls among the rocks which obstruct its passage through the valley, or falls thundering down the face of almost perpendicular precipices. There the sublime

and beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is seen above the cataract, and the hammer-wheel above the pinnacles of the mountains, marking the bounding chamois or the browsing goat for its prey. Not only is Switzerland the most elevated portion of Europe, but the beauties of its scenery are condensed, as it were; so that the tourist has not to travel over many miles of uninteresting country to admire a waterfall here, or climb a mountain there. In Switzerland all is picturesque; the tourist cannot take a walk of a few miles without meeting some object to awaken his interest and

excite his admiration. Everywhere he beholds the mountains towering to the skies, the river rushing through the valley, or the lake spread out before him, its blue waters dotted with the white sails of numerous fishing-boats.

The changes which the aspect of the landscape undergoes at different periods of the day are as varied and beautiful as the scenery itself. Early in the morning a mist envelops the mountains, but as the sun rises above their peaks, it disperses, and the lake reflects the blue sky, against which the snowy summits are distinctly defined. As the sun declines, the lake glows with crimson and gold, and the snow on the mountains gradually changes its hue from white to rose-colour. As the light decreases, the rose changes to purple, and the purple to gray, when the moon rises, and restores the snows the white garb with which they are clothed by day. A constant charm is thus experienced by the traveller as he journeys through this picturesque region, the beauties of which have inspired some of the finest poetry of Coleridge, Byron, and

On the height of Lendenburg was the fortress of the lords who formerly dominated over Unterwald. The ruins of their castle now serve in the summer as rude seats for the inhabitants of the district when they assemble to elect their magistrates and their deputies to the diet. The ancient seat of Austrian tyranny is thus converted into the rustic forum of a free people, where they exercise those rights which their ancestors won at the sword's point, and which they have ever defended with such unexampled heroism.

The courage of the Unterwalden peasants has been displayed on several signal occasions. United with those of Schwitz and Ur from time immemorial, a confederation known as the league of Waldstettin, they were the veritable founders of the Helvetic republic, and took a brilliant part in the glorious battles of Sempach and Morgarten. In 1798, Unterwald, united with its two ancient allies, had another occasion for displaying the courage of its hardy peasantry. These three small cantons repudiated the constitution which had lately been proclaimed in Switzerland



THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

Shelley. The lakes of Switzerland comprise some of its most pleasing scenery, though not the most sublime; and those tourists who are content with gazing at the Alps as they rise from the opposite shore of a wide sheet of water, and whose love of the sublime is not strong enough to urge them to encounter the fatigues and dangers of climbing to the top of Mont Blanc, pass most of their time at the pleasant towns on their shores.

The lake of Saarnen is one of the four small lakes of the canton of Unterwald. It is about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in average breadth. The traveller who crosses the Brunig to reach the lake of the Four Cantons comes upon this little lake, and the town of the same name on its shores. At a little distance is

the elevation of Lendenburg, the view from which embraces a varied and extensive panorama. On one side is the lake of Saarnen, surrounded by its picturesque shores, and in the distance the Bernese Alps; on the other side, the river Aar flows through a verdant valley on its way towards the lake of Lucerne, into which it discharges its waters; and beyond, the forest of Kern.

under French influence: all the decrees, all the menaces of the Helvetic directory were in vain. In defending their ancient constitution, they believed that they were defending the conquests over tyranny which had been cemented with the blood of their forefathers. Twelve thousand French troops were marched into the country to subdue them. They met in battle on the 9th September, 1798. The Swiss numbered only two thousand, but held a strong position in the mountains, which they defended during nine hours with unexampled bravery. The women, the old men, the children, all assisted in the combat. Eighteen young men fell, with weapons in their hands, before the chapel erected in memory of Arnold Winkelried. Not far from Stantz, the chief town of Lower Unterwald, forty-five peasants of Nidwalden resisted for a long time the progress of a French battalion. Their undying attachment to their old institutions has led, on several occasions, to serious disputes between the great and little cantons, and it was these differences of opinion that produced the Sonderbund, which agitated the political world in 1846.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF BUDDHA SHAKKYA-MOUNI.

HERODOTUS says in his history: "They show in Scythia a thing worthy of admiration: it is the footprints of Hercules upon a rock near the Tyras." They resemble those of a man, but are two cubits in length." Similar impressions elsewhere have been objects of veneration among the heathen; and at the present day the Buddhists honour, in like manner, the footprints of Shakkya-Mouni, the Buddha of the authentic period, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era.

The most celebrated of these impressions of the feet of Buddha is that of his left foot, which, according to the Cingalese, is to be seen on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the island of Ceylon. The Arabian navigators of the ninth and fourteenth centuries made known their existence; but they supposed them to have been made by the feet of Adam. A Moslem tradition, mentioned by Marco Polo, states, that Adam was buried on this same mountain. Barbosa, Diego de Cento, Ribeiro, Baldaus, Laloubère, R. Knox, Philalèthes, Valenty, John Davy, and a great number of other travellers, have noticed and authenticated the existence of these impressions. Similar traces have been observed in different parts of Asia, especially on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, opposite Sahan, Salang, or Junk-Ceylan, on the mountain *Sāwanna Cappa-hat*, or *Khan-pha-phat-batt*—that is, the holy mountain of Buddha's footsteps; at Nagpuri, on the mountain *Khon-nang-rung*, in Northern Laos; on the banks of the Jumna; on those of the Ganges; at Gangutini, in a temple on the coast of Tenasserim, north of Tavoy, etc. Another formerly existed at Mecca; and it is probable, that the fact of the spot being already consecrated by the veneration paid to this remarkable footmark contributed to render it the cradle of the new religion. Colonel Symes, during his embassy in Ava, made a drawing of one of these singular impressions, which is shown near Prome. Captain James Low has lithographed another, from a drawing made by a Siamese artist, which the Buddhist priests assured him was an accurate representation of the veritable footprint of Buddha, held in veneration throughout the kingdom of Siam. In this lithograph our engraving is taken.

The impressions that are regarded as the real footprints of Buddha are not the only objects of public worship in the countries in which the ancient creed is held: on account of their rarity, imitations are made, and placed in the temples for the adoration of the faithful. In this manner they form symbols of the principal Buddhist sects. The one we have represented presents a curious mixture of the symbols of Brahminism with those of Buddhism. In fact, the Siamese do not profess the pure faith of Buddha, which, among them, has been considerably modified by Hindoo influences. The priests communicated to Captain Low a portion of a Pali book explaining these symbols, a roll of which, consisting of fifty eight-syllabled verses, is recited in the temples as an invocation. Captain Low has added to his drawing an explanation of the numerous signs of which it is composed, but unfortunately without letters of reference. Eugène Burnouf has since given a more complete development of the subject in his "*Lotus de la bonne Loi*." We borrow from these two authors a very summary interpretation of the whole series of symbols, which will serve to guide our readers through the labyrinth of subjects presented by the engraving.

The five toes are represented by five flowers of the *dek-pehkuu*. In the centre is the *tehakra*, the shield frequently carried on the arm of Brahma or of Vishnu, a wheel of fire, an instrument of torture in the Siamese hell, a threatening comet in the heavens, a sign of disaster, a type of universal dominion, and a symbol of eternity. Before the image of the *tehakra* the devout Buddhists cover their faces with their hands, and cry: "Behold the Krong-châk, and its glorious splendour!" In the fourth row, on the left of the *tehakra*, is the pyramidal tiara of Buddha, a symbol of the sun, called in Siamese, the *nanngant*.

Watta-sang-ho, the shell *baricium* (in the centre and near the wheel, resting on a support). A great quantity of these shells are exported to Bengal. The five toes of the footprint drawn by

* See "Historical Educator," vol. i. p. 226. No mention has been made of this imprint by modern travellers. The river here mentioned by Herodotus is supposed to be the Danester.

Colonel Symes are represented by as many of these *watta-sang-ho*. According to the fable, Buddha assumed this figure previous to his last incarnation. The Buddhists attach great value to these spiral shells, and Crawford says that one of them has been sold for a sum equal to £200 sterling.

The Buddhist pot, or the *bat-ku-int-hanna* of the Siamese priests. According to Eugène Burnouf, the *pānakalāsaya* (in Sanscrit), a full water-pot—sometimes several pots carried on a board.

Swiga, the sun in his chariot, sometimes called *kassapa*. (Fourth compartment of the fifth row, on the left of the *tehakra*.)

Chand-hina, or *phra-chan*, the moon drawn by horses. The moon or *chandra* is generally represented by the Hindoos as drawn by antelopes. (Fifth compartment of the third row, on the left of the *tehakra*.)

Nak-hata, the polar star.

The *talapat-nung*, or ordinary umbrella, formed of the leaves of the talipot-tree, a species of palm. (The compartment forming the right-hand corner immediately above the *tehakra*.)

In the same division are two trumpets of peculiar form.

The *tambai-lakchai*, the royal standard, with seven divisions, used by certain Buddhist sects as a symbol of Mount Merou.

The *passato*, or Siamese *prasat*, a square palace, richly ornamented and having a roof of spiral form; called in Sanscrit, according to Eugène Burnouf, *prāsābhaya*.

The *pi-thakang* (in Siamese, *tiung-t-lang*), the bed of gold.

The *hualungko* (in Siamese, *t-hen-ban-luang*), the bed of repose, or, more probably, the altar of Buddha, that is placed in the areas of the temples, and on which worshippers deposit their offerings of flowers and fruit. Eugène Burnouf calls it the golden litter or palanquin.

The *d-há-chung* (in Siamese, *t-hong-chai*), a pavilion.

The *pato* (in Siamese, *t-hong-thadot*), a paper flag.

K-hau-han-pâ, the royal palanquin, or covered litter.

The *t-pat-t-hung*, or *chat-thong* (Siamese), a kind of chalice.

Hachani (in Siamese, *p-hatchani*), the royal fan.

Mount Merou (in Siamese, *Meru-rot* and *Khan-peamin*). According to the Buddhists, it has eight conical summits rising one above another.

The seven great rivers that flow between the hills of Mount Merou: *satt-ha-maha-k-huang-ka*, in Siamese, *watun-yai-cho*. (First compartment in the second row, on the right of the *tehakra*.)

The six celestial worlds. (Four compartments, commencing at the fourth row, and concluding at the seventh.)

The sixteen worlds of Brahma. (Three compartments adjoining the preceding.)

The four *dwipas*, or divisions of the world, represented by the heads framing the designs that indicate the particular characteristics of each of the four quarters of the globe.

The *chawp-hu-thipa*, or the *janbon-dwipa*. It has a form analogous to that of a coach, and it is said to have been formerly covered by the waters. Men lived upon it to the age of a hundred years, subsisting by the sweat of their brows—that is, by labour.

Anuwanak-koyant, or circular *dwipa*, the inhabitants of which are of the figure of the full moon, are twenty cubits high, and live six hundred years; invisible hands bring them all the nourishment they desire.

U-wakka-ro, or *dwipa* of a square form, an isle of the north, the men of which are more than twenty cubits high, and live five hundred years. The tree *kappa-phrick* supplies them with all that they require.

Bupp-hawit-ho, or *dwipa* in the form of a crescent, or the moon at seven days old. The inhabitants are likewise of the crescent form; they live four hundred years, are sixteen cubits high, and subsist on the air.

The tree called *eko-ekkh-ho*, situated in the centre of the earth, supposed to be the *kalkirj* of India. The perfumes which it exhales ravish the senses, and its foliage, agitated by the zephyrs, fill the air with harmonious sounds. It has four branches directed towards the four cardinal points, and when the fruit on the northern branch is ripe, it drops into the northern ocean to supply

the fish with food. The fruit on the eastern branch is changed into gold, and that of the western branch into diamonds.

Maha-saund-ho (according to Burnouf, *saundhaya*), the great ocean that surrounds the four principal *dvipas*. (Second compartment of the first outside row, on the left of the *tebhakra*.)

T-hawini-sahasta-parivara, the two thousand little *dvipas*, or islands that surround the four great *dvipas*.

Yak-hahang, enormous gold fishes that live in the ocean between Mount Merou and the *dvipas*. (Third compartment of the second row, on the left of the central wheel.)

Raja-naja or *phra-nak*, the king of the serpents. (Fifth compartment of the first row on the left.)

Tebhakra-wallay, the horizon that, under the form of a wall, surrounds Mount Merou. (The space in the centre of the first outside row, in the form of the wall of a fortress.)

Chattancha, the *sectatehhat-roya* of Eugène Burnouf; a parasol of seven rows, in allusion to the seven cones of Mount Merou.

Hemawa or *Himaba*, the mountain-chain of Himalaya, in the north of India.

Satta-naha-kara, (in Siamese, *sakai-cha*), the seven great lakes of the Himalaya range, abounding with fish and the lotus plant. (Third compartment of the first range, on the left of the *tebhakra*, divided into seven squares.)

Pacha-maha-nathi, the five rivers that flow out of the lakes.

Walahako (in Siamese, *wa-p-halahok*), the celestial horse, or the white horse of the Himalaya.

Kanthat-assawarat, the horse that carried Buddha across the Jumbū. (Next to the umbrella in the third row on the right.)

Tebhakaratin, the possessor of the seven jewels, represented with a ghivee in one hand, and a shield in the other. (Third compartment of the fifth row.)

Sing-ha-roya, or *phra-royahosi*, the lions.

P-hanuk-ha-royaha, or *p-han-sua-krong*, the royal tiger.

Ph-hosat-ha, the green elephant, one of the royal elephants of Hemawa. (The seventh compartment of the second row on the left, next to the horse.)

T-hant-hant, the white elephant, venerated by the Siamese because it carried Raja-chaka, by the Buddhists of Ceylon in memory of the form once taken by Shakyamouni.

Sakiy-nak-ha, or *saki-nak-ha*, the red elephant of Himala; according to Colebrooke, the emblem of the second Jaina.

Keeravana, the elephant of Indra. (The caparioned elephant, third compartment of the fourth row on the right.)

Ush-ho, the royal white bull of Hemawa. (The left-hand compartment immediately below the wall of Mount Merou.)

Mak-ho, the cow of abundance, and *Wee-kaka*, or *thai-lokk-ho*, the calf. (Compartment adjoining the preceding.)

Nava, the golden vessel, or ark of Noah, a symbol of the world. (Third compartment of the first row on the left.)

Chanawhori, the tail of the yak, used as a fly flap; according to Burnouf, *tehtamaraya*.

Nidha-palany (the *nidopalana* of Burnouf), the blue nymphæa, or rather the water-lily of Hemawa. When Buddha was marching, this lotus grew under his feet.

Rattany-palany (the *raktapalmaya* of Burnouf), the red lotus of Siam.

Sitapalany, another variety of the lotus; according to Burnouf, or *tapatanyaya*, the white nymphæa.

Mora-pachany, or *pincha*, the peacock's tail; according to Burnouf, *atpachastaya*, a handful of peacock's feathers.

Chatta-nak-ka, a figure of Brahma, represented with four heads. (Third compartment of the fifth row, nearly below the central wheel.)

Ph-hammarocha, scarabeus, beetle of the golden mountain. (Fourth row on the left, near the lotus flowers.)

Sawana-kach-hapa, the golden tortoises. (Fifth compartment of the second row on the left.)

Hangsa-cha, the goose of the Brahmins; this bird is represented on the flag of Awa, but it does not now exist in that country. Baldeus, with more probability, calls it the cassowary, a bird that is common in the Eastern peninsula.

Tchakkawalhi, the king of the red geese. (Eleventh compartment.)

Mong-kara, an aquatic monster, occupying the place of Capricornus in the zodiac of the Siamese astronomers. (Second compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Kawarka, the melodious bird of Paradise, represented without feet. (Seventh compartment of the third row on the left.)

Kintoo, a creature, half man, half bird, called by Eugène Burnouf the genie *Kiaparacha*. (Seventh compartment of the second row on the right.)

Magnya, the king of the peacocks. (Tenth compartment of the third row.)

Kaja-roya, a bird of the Himalayan range that lives on iron, and of whose excrements sabres of the finest temper are made.

Chira-kawoko, an eagle or falcon, emblem of the god Arunta; according to Burnouf, the king of the pheasants, or of the partridges. (Ninth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Sapanao, a favourite bird of the Siamese, which plays an important part in their mythic legends. (Sixth compartment of the first row, on the left of the central wheel or shield.)

Sapiraa, half man, half bird, the king of the *sapiraas*, and the enemy of the *wasas*, or serpents.

Sangsa, the alligator.

Gangsa, *H-ramba*, or *Hera*, a four armed divinity of the Hindoos. (Below the figure of Brahma.)

Taranatay, the rampart of wood that surrounds the house of Samonocodon; according to Burnouf, it is the *Tantay pi*, a march of triumph. (On the right of the palace *Pra-salaya*.)

Makatta, a flower resembling the marigold.

Pachchatta, the flower that grows only in heaven.

Bataphat, nine sorts of precious stones. (Supposed to be in the vases on the left of the *tebhakra*.)

The mountains *Sattaphan-pot*.

Mahayasa, or *mahachala*, the budala.

Rama-sura (the Siamese *Ramatur*, and perhaps the *Rama* of the Hindoo myths), one of the warriors brandishing a sword.

U-dha-ayosa, a saint and prophet of the Siamese, who, according to their legends, still lives upon the earth, though he was before Buddha. He is represented as seated beneath a tent. (Second row on the right.)

Dha-chang, the sacred bow which Rama and Buddha alone have the power of using.

U-w-hi, the star called by the Siamese *Dau-kamawp-hak*.

Awa-yata-awanyay, the goblet of gold, according to Captain Low, and *awata-saba*, a ring suspended from a small girdlet, according to Eugène Burnouf. (Compartment just below the *tebhakra*, towards the right.)

Paruka, the slippers or sandals. (Third compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Thera-Thitawana, the goddess of the clouds; supposed to be the female figure holding a flower and a mirror.

Sawana-wikki, the golden zellee. (Second compartment of the second row on the left.)

Kakkara-awanyay, the Siamese cock. (Eighth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Satcha (in Siamese, *hak*), a lance.

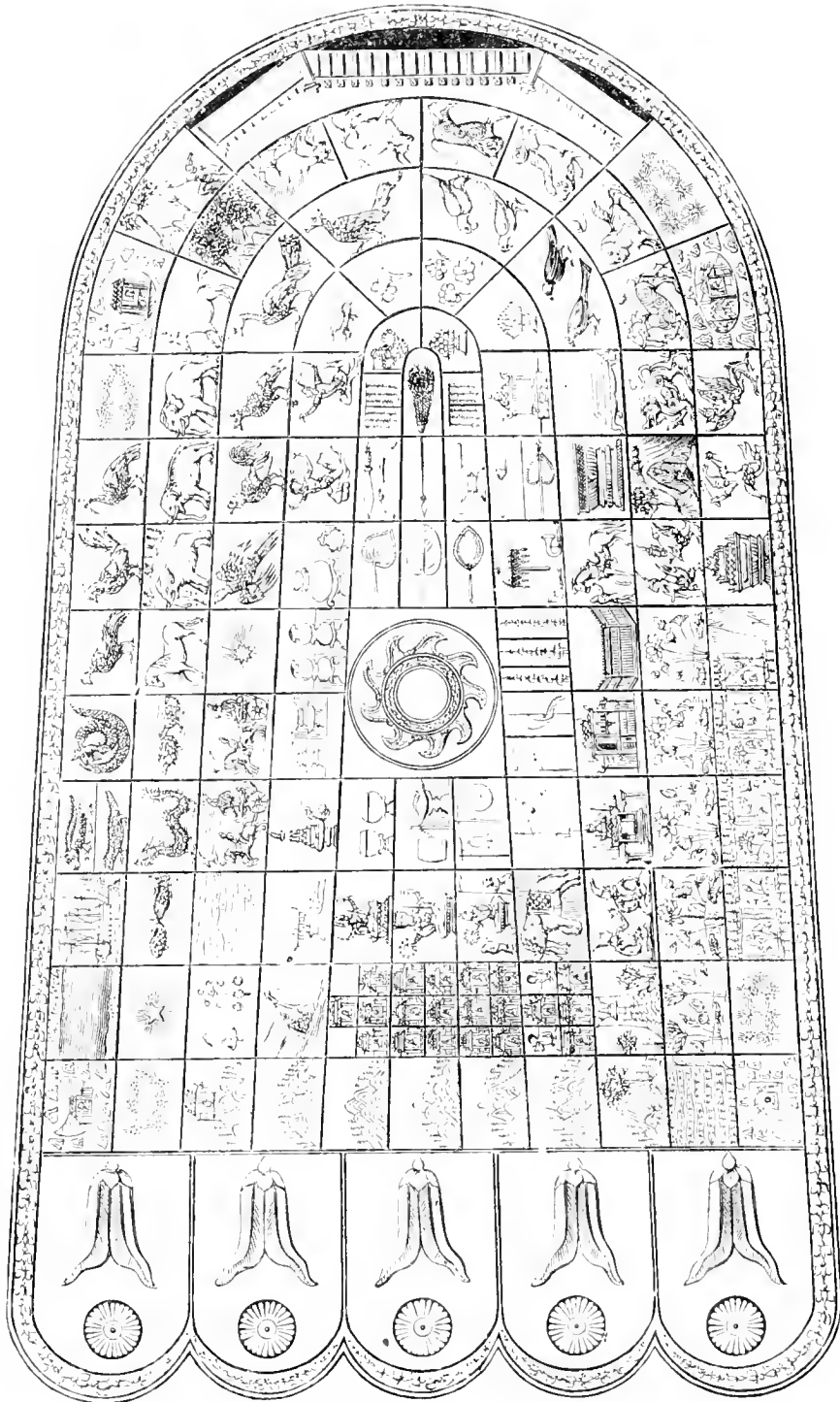
Tri-watthacha, or rather, *tri-wastaya*, a diamond ornament, a collar or necktie; a sign of prosperity.

Wataba, part of the head-dress that falls down at the back of the head.

These explanations, confused and incomplete as they are in some respects, are, nevertheless, sufficient to show that the figures represented have not been designed at hazard, or without a purpose. The majority of the more prominent are designed to shadow forth the power and dignity of Buddha. "Thus," says Eugène Burnouf, "we first observe the mystic signs that announce the prosperity and grandeur of him of whom they are the impressum. Then follow a long series of material objects, as the dress, the arms, the furniture, that are, in the eyes of the Hindoos, the appurtenances of regal power. From the physical world are borrowed those that are more striking and impressive: the sun, the ocean, the mountains, the animals that are most remarkable or terrible of all, whether amongst quadrupeds or birds; finally, the plants that are most remarkable for the elegance of their forms, or the brilliancy of their colours. The supernatural world has also furnished

images of the first of the gods, according to the Brahmins; those of the celestial world, and the various classes of genii that inhabit it, according to the Buddhists." Of the remainder, Burnouf observes, that such a confused assemblage of figures is not in accordance with

Hindoo and the ancient Egyptians, has its esoteric form, in which we find much to admire and commend, so much more pure and elevated is it than the absurd myths that have been grafted upon it. The mythologies of Egypt and India were founded upon the

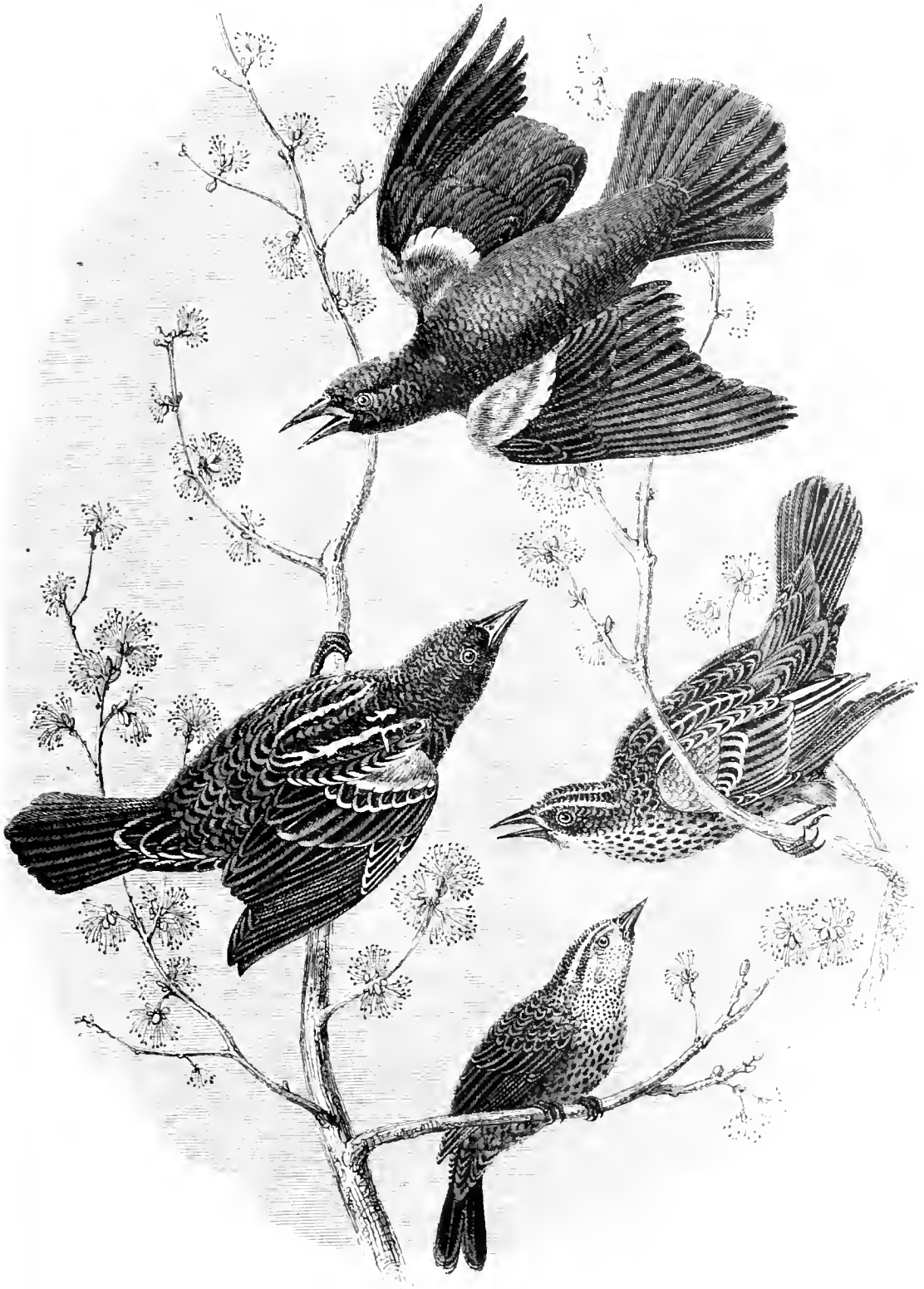


THE FOOTPRINT OF BUDDHA SHAKYAMUNI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN LOW, AFTER A DRAWING BY A SIAMESE ARTIST.

the purity of the Buddhist religion; and we may, perhaps, attribute them to the gross superstition of the Siamese. The more enlightened Buddhists of China and Japan admit, upon the representation of the footprint of Buddha, only the *chakra*, the symbol of eternity. Buddhism, in fact, like the religious systems of the

symbols used by the hierophants to convey religious instruction to the ignorant masses, and we look in vain among the popular creeds of the far East for the elevated philosophy of the Vedas, and the axioms of pure morality to be found in the ancient scriptures of Buddha.

THE AMERICAN RED-WINGED STARLING.

THE AMERICAN RED-WINGED STARLING (*AGELAIUS PHOENICEUS*).

THE appearance of the common European starling (*Sturnus vulgaris*) is too well known to need description. In captivity his docility and liveliness render him a very common favourite, whilst his bad character as a depredator gives him considerable interest in

the eyes of dwellers in the country, although it not unfrequently leads to his destruction. Our North American ornithologists, following their usual practice of giving the Old World names to the most familiar natural objects in their adopted homes, soon found a bird

which resembled the starling of the old country in its habits, and to a certain extent also in its form, and to this they easily transferred the name of the well known inhabitant of the home they had left behind them.

In colour, however, the American starling (*Aythya phœniceus*) is very different from its European name-ake, and, in fact, the male and female are so very distinct in appearance, that they would never be taken for the two sexes of the same bird by any one unacquainted with their habits. The male is of a beautiful glossy black, with the shoulders scarlet; the female is brownish black above, mottled and streaked with brown or white; the head has two stripes of cream colour on each side over the eye; and the lower surface is of a whitish cream colour, streaked and spotted with black. The male measures about nine inches in length, the female a little more than seven. In colour the young male bird greatly resembles the female, but soon begins to show indications of belonging to the superior sex in the reddish markings of his shoulders, a distinction of which the females are always destitute.

This bird is found over a great range of country, extending from Mexico in the south to Labrador in the north; in the northern states it appears to be a migratory bird, but in the southern parts of the Union it remains all the year round. In these states the starlings collect during the winter in immense flocks, frequenting the old rice and corn-fields, where they contrive to glean an abundant supply of nutritious food. During the spring and summer their food generally consists of grubs, caterpillars, and other insects, for which they search with the greatest diligence in every direction. Wilson, the American ornithologist, who has devoted considerable space to an attempt to justify this bird from the aspersions which have been cast upon his character, well observes, that these insect-eaters "the silent, but deadly enemies of all vegetation, whose secret and insidious attacks are more to be dreaded by the husbandman than the combined forces of the whole feathered tribes together." Hence he considers that the starlings, by destroying these pests, do far more service to the agriculturist than would compensate for any damage they may do him in other respects, for unfortunately, it cannot be denied that the stigma upon their character is but too well founded. For their principal attacks upon the farmer's property the starlings select the months of August and September, when the ears of the Indian corn are young, soft, and succulent, and present a temptation too great to be resisted. "At this time," says Wilson, "reinforced by numerous and daily flocks from all parts of the interior, they pour down on the low countries in prodigious multitudes. Here they are seen, like vast clouds, wheeling and driving over the meadows and devoted corn-fields, darkening the air with their numbers. Then commences the work of destruction on the corn, the husks of which, though composed of numerous envelopments of closely-wrapped leaves, are soon completely or partially torn off; while from all quarters myriads continue to pour down like a tempest, blackening half an acre at a time; and, if not disturbed, repeat their depredations till little remains but the cob and the shrivelled skins of the grain. What little is left of the tender ear, being exposed to the rains and weather, is generally much injured." Truly, we cannot much wonder at the existence of a prejudice against these birds, or that the damage done, which forces itself very strongly upon the observation, should considerably outweigh, in the minds of the agriculturist, the hidden benefits which the philosopher tells him he receives in another way from the plunderers.

In the air the red-winged starlings present a beautiful appearance. Wilson, who observed them in Virginia when collected into their winter flocks in the months of January and February, tells us that they frequently entertained him with their "aerial evolutions." "Sometimes," he says, "they appeared driving about like an enormous black cloud carried before the wind, varying its shape every moment. Sometimes suddenly rising from the fields around me with a noise like thunder; while the glittering of innumerable wings of the brightest vermilion amid the black cloud they formed, produced on these occasions a very striking and splendid effect. Then descending like a torrent, and covering the branches of some detached grove, or clump of trees, the whole aggregated multitude commenced one general concert or chorus, that I have plainly distinguished at the distance of more than two miles; and, when

listened to at the intermediate space of about a quarter of a mile, with a slight breeze of wind to swell and soften the flow of its cadences, was to me grand, and even sublime." The elements of this song, as described by our author, do not, however, appear to have anything very attractive about them. He says that "when taken alive, or reared from the nest, it soon becomes familiar, and sings frequently, bristling out its feathers. These notes, though not remarkably various, are very peculiar. The most common one resembles the syllables *cook-que-ree*; others, the shrill sounds produced by filing a saw; some are more guttural; and others remarkably clear. The most usual note of both male and female is a single *chuck*." In some instances the red-winged starling, like his European representative, has been taught to articulate words pretty distinctly.

These birds pair about the middle of April, and build their nests at the end of that month or the beginning of May. For this purpose they generally select a tuft of bushes in a marshy or swampy situation, where they build at a height of six or seven feet from the ground. The outside of the nest is formed of rushes and long grass picked from the swamp; it is lined with finer materials. The female lays about five eggs of a very pale blue colour, slightly tinged here and there with purple, and marked with lines and spots of black. "During the time the female is sitting," says the author from whom we have already quoted, and whose work on the American birds leaves nothing to be desired, "and still more particularly after the young are hatched, the male, like most other birds that build in low situations, exhibits the most violent symptoms of apprehension and alarm on the approach of any person to its near neighbourhood. Like the lapwing of Europe, he lies to meet the intruder, hovers at a short height over-head, uttering loud notes of distress; and while in this situation, displays to great advantage the rich glowing scarlet of his wings, heightened by the jetty black of his general plumage. As the danger increases, his cries become more shrill and incessant, and his motions rapid and restless; the whole meadow is alarmed, and a collected crowd of his fellows hover around, and mingle their notes of alarm and agitation with his. When the young are taken away, or destroyed, he continues for several days near the place, restless and dejected, and generally recommences building soon after in the same meadow."

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

WE close our list with an Irish orator, the fame of whose eloquence had preceded him when he took his seat in the house. Under such circumstances, it is perilous for any man to attempt to speak. The fear of failure at such times is great; and that will often realise what the orator seeks to avoid. It is one of Mr. Sheil's many claims on our admiration, that, having been an energetic, enthusiastic, and successful leader in a great popular, or rather a great national movement, he should have had the taste and tact so to subdue his nature in the very hour of triumph as afterwards to adapt his speaking to the tone most agreeable to the house, and to charm them as much by the fire of his eloquence as by the delicacy of his rhetorical artifices, without the aid of those stronger and more stirring stimulants to the passions which form the very essence of successful oratory. More brilliant speeches were made in Ireland during the continuance of the agitation of the Emancipation of the Catholics. At the same time some of his efforts in the House of Commons were unsurpassed; for instance, alluding to the charge that the Irish were aliens, in 1837, what can be more magnificent than the following? "Where was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, when those words were uttered? Methinks he should have started up to disclaim them.

"The battles, sieges, fortunes, that he'd passed"

ought to have come back on him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of

modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers with whom your armies were filled were the inseparable auxiliary to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the platanus that never reeled in the shock of arms before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the mounds of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest. Tell me—for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (pointing to Sir H. Hardinge), who hears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me—for you must needs remember on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant (when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost) the aliens blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valour so long wisely checked was at last let loose; when, with words familiar but immortal, the Great Captain exclaimed, "Up, lads, and at them!"—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe. The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their unmingled dust; the dew from heaven falls upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out? As an instance of Sheil's power of sarcasm, the following is one of the best:—One day, at a meeting of the Catholic Association, a volunteer came forward with a very inflammatory harangue, and offered to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. Mr. Sheil rose immediately after and said, "The honourable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head; he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice." Sheil was an artist of the highest order—poetical, and sensitive; if oratory be an art, it is an art he had mastered to perfection.

We have now finished our survey of English parliamentary oratory down to the present time. Of the living, we have yet to speak. With rare exceptions, what we hear now seems cold and tame

compared with what fired our fathers' heart in the contests of the past.

If our readers have never been to the House of Lords, let them take a description of a debate in that frigid zone from one who has. In one of his novels, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, thus describes the scene:—"The Duke of St. James took the oath and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Fitz-Pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the upper house; but, on the whole, the affair is imposing, particularly if we take a part in it. Lord Ex-Chamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivity seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sly. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pettiness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and reported a part of universal history. Then there was Lord Easy, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech so inaudible that it was doubted after all whether the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the premier, who, having nothing to say, was noisily and candid and liberal, gave credit to his adversary and credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn. While all this was going on, some made a note and some a bet, some consulted a book, some their eyes, some yawned, a few slept. When a new law that debases in the Lords have grown livelier since the bygone constitution was written—rather the reverse is the case. The real combat, the battle of party is fought in the lower not the upper chamber."

At this time the upper house is singularly deficient of energy. On the ministerial side of the house you have a catastrophe of all. The head of the cabinet,

"The travelled Thane—Athenian Aberdeen,"

has never shone in debate. It has never been his fate

"The applause of listening senators to command."

In person he is of a spare figure, rather above the middle size, plain and sedate in his garb and bearing. His style of oratory is grave and dignified, with a dash of bonadity, and his manner somewhat monotonous. He never fails to command the attention of the house; but that attention is due to his exact possession of the great experience of political ability, and to his masterful rather than to manner.

THE ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEFS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

HAVING in a former volume* given a general account of Mr. Layard's researches at Nineveh, and a sketch of the ancient history of that long-buried city, it is only necessary in the present article to describe the subjects of the illustrations with which we now present the reader. On returning to the scene of his former labours in 1849, Mr. Layard's first visit was to the excavations which had been made at Kouyunjik, during his absence, under the direction of Mr. Ross. The walls of two chambers had been exposed, but of the long series of bas-reliefs which covered them the greater part had been defaced by the flames which destroyed the palace. Some passages had been excavated, into which Mr. Layard descended, and explored the great hall, the bas-reliefs of which had also suffered greatly from the fire. "In this series of bas-reliefs," says he, "the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle, to his triumphal return after a complete victory." The king, with his war-chariots and horsemen, appears to have passed through a mountainous and wooded country, the physical characteristics of which seem to indicate Armenia or Kurdistan, regions

which we know were invaded by the royal host of the palace. In some of the bas-reliefs, the Assyrians are represented in combat with the enemy, who appear to be defeated and overthrown. The Assyrian warriors are armed with spears and bows, and with which weapons they use at full speed; the enemy appear to be all archers. In other compartments the enemy are to be seen, prostrate by the victorious Assyrians, who thrust them the necks of their spears, and trample them beneath the feet of their war-horses. The campaign appears to have been successful, and the king of the conqueror flows, in which he is seated on his throne, beneath the royal parasol, the emblem of royalty over S. Asia, attended by dismounted soldiers, and surrounded by horses, richly caparisoned, and in various ways. State functions, and a triumph by all the signs of evidences of power, the Assyrian monarch is shown, surrounded by the spoil, and the heads of the fallen, the king is shown throwing the ghosts of the slain, who lay in the hands of the conqueror, round the number in their riddle. The bas-reliefs are arranged in two rows in the palace, and all, so that a complete view of the scene is obtained in the latter country it is now held by the present Sultan. In other compartments, the king is shown, surrounded by his attendants, and his

* THE ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 145.

women as well as men. The men are chained, some in pairs, others singly; the women are not fettered, and some of them lead

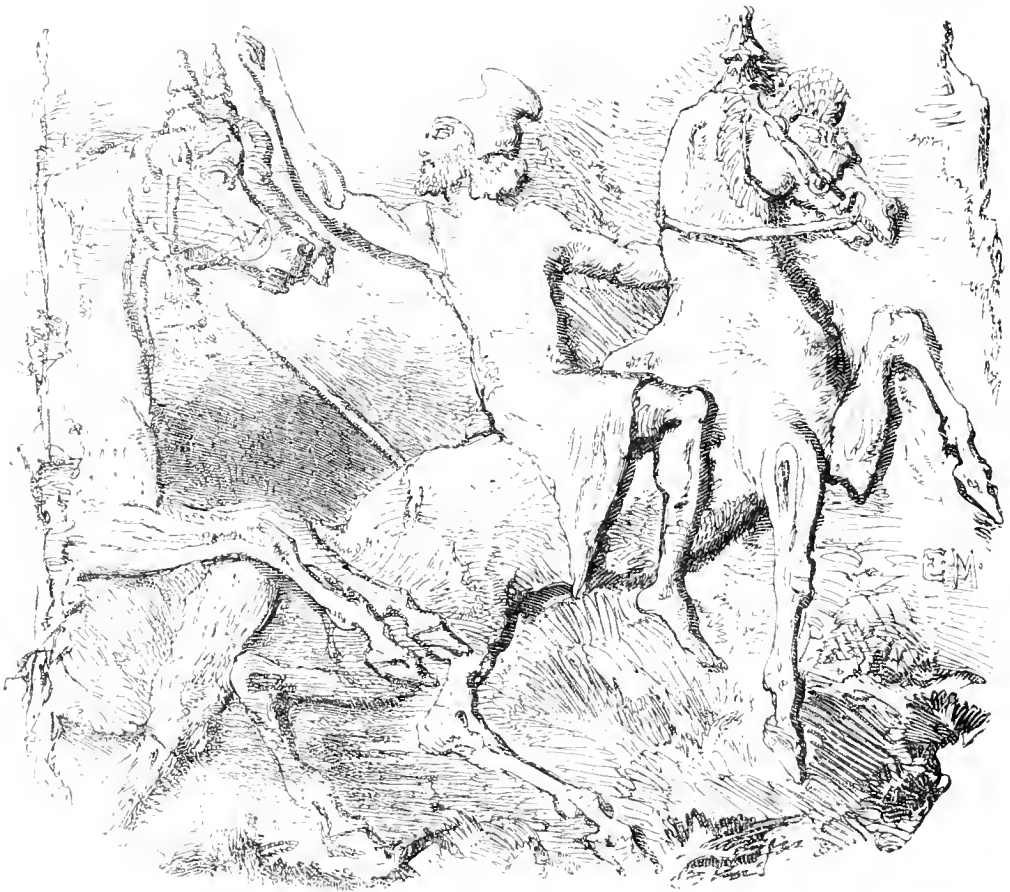
Unfortunately, there is no inscription to indicate the people who were thus subjugated; if one ever existed, it has been defaced by



WARRIORS IN BATTLE. —FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

their children by the hand, or carry them on their shoulders. Some of the women—those, perhaps, of superior rank—are repre-

the flames, which, in many parts, have converted the alabaster into lime. That they were those of one of the countries we have named,



HORSEMEN PURSUING AN ENEMY. —FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

sented riding on mules. The other bas-reliefs contain figures of mules, asses, and sheep, which the Assyrians had seized in the country of the conquered enemy.

or at least of some country north of Assyria, though only a conjecture, is one which is strongly supported by the nature of the country through which the invaders marched, as represented on the

sculptured walls of these chambers. But during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, a chamber was excavated in the mound at Kouyunjik in which the sculptures were in better condition than any which had hitherto been discovered. They represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city defended by double walls and battlemented towers, and some of the slabs were almost entire, and the inscription on the upper part complete. The

are planted against the walls, which the Assyrians ascend, holding their shields before them to protect themselves from the arrows of the enemy. A portion of the city appears to be already in the hands of the assailants, for a long train of captives, camels, and carts drawn by oxen, and filled with women, children, arms, furniture, etc., is seen issuing from an advanced fort, and approaching the throne of the Assyrian monarch. The captives wear turbans



WARRIORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE. — FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

city, the capture of which appears to have taxed all the military resources of the empire, was situated among hills and forests, and the vine and the fig-tree grew in its environs. A compact phalanx of archers discharge their arrows at the enemy on the walls and towers; seven battering-rams are directed against the walls; and ten mounds of stone, bricks, and earth have been thrown up to command them. The place appears to have been defended with a degree of courage and determination commensurate with the prepara-

similar to those worn at the present day by the Arabs of the Hedjaz, and the helmets worn by the defenders of the city differ from those of the Assyrians, in having a fringed lappet covering the ears. Some of the prisoners are being slain before the throne of the king; two are stretched naked upon the ground to be flayed alive, and others are being impaled by their captors beneath the walls.

Above the king is an inscription of four lines of cuneiform or arrow-headed character, which Mr. Layard thus translates:



A KING BESIEGING A CITY. — FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

rations of the besiegers. The battlements are thronged with bowmen and slingers, who discharge showers of arrows and stones against the Assyrians, while others throw blazing torches, with the view of destroying the warlike engines rolled against their walls. On the stage of the battering-rams archers are discharging their arrows, to drive the enemy from the part of the wall against which the attack is directed; and others are pouring water from ladles upon the blazing torches thrown from the walls. Scaling-ladders

Senmcherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before me at the entrance to the city of Lakhish (Lakh-sha). I give permission for its capture. Here we have, then, an actual pictorial representation of the siege and capture of Lakhish by Senmcherib, king of Assyria, as mentioned in 2 Kings xviii. 14, and Isaiah xxxvi. 2. The interest which attaches to these bas-reliefs is increased by the fact that there is in this case no doubt whatever of the scene represented

being what Mr. Layard supposes. The physiognomy of the captives is undoubtedly Jewish—a type of countenance recognisable at the first glance by every observer, and about which there can be no mistake. That the king represented is Sennacherib, is equally certain. A continuous inscription, consisting of a hundred and fifty-two lines, slightly injured, but still sufficiently legible to be deciphered almost throughout, appears on the massive bulls forming the grand entrance of the palace at Kouyunjik. This record contains the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous interesting particulars respecting the religion and mythology of the Assyrians, and is therefore of the highest importance. Dr. Hincks was the first to decipher the name of Sennacherib on inscribed bricks from Kouyunjik; but it was not until August, 1851, that an inscription was discovered which mentioned any historical event, thus placing the matter beyond a doubt. The honour of this discovery is due to Colonel Rawlinson, who has given a translation of this remarkable inscription which forms a complete summary of the events related in the Bible, and by Josephus, Abydenus, and Polyhistor. "As the name of Sennacherib," says Mr. Layard, "as well as those of many kings, countries, and cities, are not written phonetically, that is, by letters having a certain alphabetic value, but by monograms, and the deciphering of them is a peculiar process which may sometimes appear suspicious to those not acquainted with the subject, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable to my readers. The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title, of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved by,' 'protected by,' like the Theodosius, Theodorus, etc. of the Greeks, and the Abd-ullah, and Abd-ur-Rahman of Mahomedan nations. The names of the gods being commonly written with a monogram, the first step in deciphering is to know which god this particular sign denotes. Thus, in the name of Sennacherib, we have first the determinative of 'god,' to which no phonetic value is attached; whilst the second character denotes an Assyrian god, whose name was Sam." As to the identity of the Lakhisha of the inscription with the Lakhish of the Bible, Colonel Rawlinson has expressed doubts, but the reading of Mr. Layard is supported by the opinion of Dr. Hincks, one of the first orientalisks of the day. Moreover, the name of Hezekiah occurs in the inscription, and the amount of treasure taken from the Jewish king in gold is stated precisely as we find it in the Old Testament. "Had the name stood alone," says Mr. Layard, in commenting on the identification of the builder of the palace at Kouyunjik with the Sennacherib of the sacred volume, "we might reasonably have questioned the correctness of the reading, especially as the signs or monograms, with which it is written, are admitted to have no phonetic power. But when characters, whose alphabetic values have been determined from a perfectly distinct source, such as the Babylonian column of the trilingual inscriptions, furnish us with names in the records attributed to Sennacherib, written almost identically as in the Hebrew version of the Bible, such as Hezekiah, Jerusalem, Judah, Sidon, and others, and all occurring in one and the same paragraph, their reading moreover confirmed by synchronisms, and illustrated by sculptured representations of the events, the identification must be admitted to be complete."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—III.

Poor Zdenku was filled with serious anxiety. He racked his brain to no purpose in the attempt to discover why the formidable woman was so severe upon him. Meanwhile, his wife had managed to get an inkling of what was in the wind. From the glances of Maruschka and Dschurdschu upon Wantscha, who was crouching down in the corner, as well as from the alarm betrayed by Wantscha's looks, she gathered more than was spoken. Perhaps she also, with womanly ingenuity, guessed what had taken place at the garden-gate. At all events delay seemed to her dangerous, for she immediately sprang upon her daughter like a wild cat, dragged her out of the corner, forced her down upon the stone floor, and exclaimed: "She is your slave, body and soul, mistress! Tie a stone about her neck and throw her into the Teneb where it is deepest;

fasten her to a post and whip her till she stands in a pool of blood; tie her hands behind her back and sell her to the Turks! Do what you please with her, only do not withdraw from us your protection and favour."

Wantscha, who had in the meantime a little recovered from her surprise, attempted to resist. But her efforts were all in vain. Her mother kept her down with hand and knee, and compelled her by blows to submit to her fate. Zdenku stared in blank astonishment at the strange scene, which was a new riddle to him, instead of a solution of the former one. But Maruschka smiled with malicious satisfaction, and after watching the woman's unmotherly behaviour for some time, at last said: "Let the girl alone, Czinka. And you, Wantscha, come to me; I will offer you a bit of good advice—mind you give it a wise hearing."

The ill-used girl arose, and, while she arranged her disordered hair and smoothed down her clothes, she looked in no humour to listen favourably to any advice. She shot malicious glances at Maruschka, and every now and then flashed scorn and indignation at Dschurdschu. But Maruschka took care not to be discomposed by her untoward looks and behaviour. With an apparently friendly tone, which was only redeemed from hypocrisy by the touch of scorn with which her soft words were seasoned, she said: "I think you are a good child to your father and mother. They both love you beyond measure. There is only one thing that lies nearer their heart than their own child, namely—what is quite reasonable—their own welfare. They would, perhaps, not hesitate to sacrifice their life and their property to save your life; but assuredly they will not lose all they have just to gratify your whim. Do you understand me, Wantscha. Are you aware that your father and mother are beggars, the moment I withdraw my protecting hand from their flocks, their threshing-floors, and their house? If not, let me tell you so now. They will, therefore, find some means of conquering your stubborn will; and even if they had not the power to do this, I am sure you are much too good a daughter to bring down a curse upon your father's house and plunge those to whom you owe your existence into the deepest misery. You would not exact such a sacrifice at their hands, even to save your life. You are too dutiful and too noble for that."

Wantscha burst into tears. Her spirit was broken. As soon as the powerful mistress declared herself a sinner in the name of Dschurdschu, the poor girl abandoned all idea of resistance. Maruschka could brook no refusal at any time, and her tyrannical disposition was now irritated by the keen sting of jealousy. Nobody knew better than Wantscha how to act on the spur of the moment. Hence, resigning herself to her fate, she said with repeated sobs: "I obey, mistress."

"You do well," said Maruschka, and turning to Zdenku, added: "Join the hands of this pair together. Your daughter consents to become the bride of my faithful servant."

Full of joy, the rough old Dschurdschu sprang towards the poor girl, who offered no opposition to his embraces. At last light broke in upon the English peasant, her father. "Is that all?" muttered he. "I was wondering what would come of all your threats. It was hardly worth while to talk so ominously just for this. However, it is all one to me. You have got a good wife, old fellow, and a nice little property. Take her, and may Heaven bless you both!"

With these words he betrothed his daughter to an old man, whose only recommendation was his being a *protégé* of the overbearing female robber. Czinka laid her hands on the heads of the affianced pair, and said, as she thought of Petru's dangerous schemes, "That trouble also is now at an end; we shall be able to sleep in peace. God be praised for this!"

Maruschka and the happy bridegroom remained all night at Mlakaberg. The amazon was even gracious enough to spend a great part of the morning there, and at last sat down to a late breakfast which served as the betrothment feast, which was prolonged beyond all expectation. Her malicious exultation over Wantscha's hardly-repressed tears gave an additional relish to the food, and the flask which her husband left behind also contributed to lengthen her stay. She did not move from her seat till she had completely drained every drop of the liquor. By that time the day was far advanced, and their departure, which was originally fixed for the morning, did not take place till the afternoon. The trees on the mountains were already stretching their broad shadows towards Turkey, when the

poor lass at length found an opportunity of giving vent to her feelings with tears in quiet retirement, while her merciless tormentor and hated bridegroom were romping through the wood.

Both the travellers stept on apace, looking anxiously around, and listening attentively to every sound, like sportsmen who in unfrequented wilds make war upon the animal creation. After they had gone a good distance, Maruschka stopped at a steep elevation, from which she looked down into a valley where a herd of wild bears were taking their midday repose on the marshy soil. It was not, however, the wild bears that attracted her attention. She had seen in the distance beyond, the shadow of a man moving among the trees. The man had disappeared amid the foliage, before she had time to distinguish who he was. After a time the form appeared again through an opening in the trees, and De-hund-schu, who observed it, could not help exclaiming, "It is Mickles! What can he want here?"

"We shall soon know," replied Maruschka, upon which she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which echoed far and wide. The man sprang with a sudden bound behind the trees before he ventured to look round. But when he had done so, he came slowly out from his concealment, waving his hat, and indicating by his friendly greeting that he recognised his leader's wife. He was a Hungarian by descent, named Nicholas, which the old Wallachian corrupted into Mickles.

Maruschka beckoned him to come over to her. He assented, and

immediately disappeared for the purpose, but did not take the shortest way. Probably he thought it advisable to avoid the armed cavaliers, and the furious wild sow with her numerous tribe of young ones. In this uncultivated region the wild bear still retains its original fierceness, though in Germany its nature is so far softened that a single shot is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. Mickles came cautiously on, but all the more safely. "Where have you come from?" asked Maruschka, "and whence are you going to?" "To our chief," replied Mickles. "There is likely to be a capture. The imperialists started very early this morning on a hunting expedition upon the mountain. One of them has missed his way. They are blowing the horn and calling out for him like mad ones. He must be a good prize, otherwise they would not make so much noise about him."

"By the time you get up to where he is, they will have found him long ago," said Maruschka.

Mickles put his finger to his nose, and said "Yes, if they know what I know. They are looking for him up there, but he is on the other side. I saw him fire down in the ravine. I stood on the top of the mountain and listened on both sides, while they could not hear anything. The man has fired at least six times, and each time further away from the right path."

Maruschka winked with a smile of satisfaction. "You must be right," said she, "and I will accompany you to hunt the huntsman."

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

LIMA, the capital of Peru, labours under the serious disadvantage of not being well supplied with water. Rain rarely falls in the neighbourhood, so that the inhabitants are forced to depend upon artificial means of obtaining this indispensable blessing. Even in what we are accustomed to call barbarous ages—before the existence of the vast continent of America was known or conjectured in Europe—the Incas of Peru had given proof of their civilisation by making many canals and trenches to convey water into the capital. The Spaniards, fully appreciating the nature of these works, paid great attention to keeping them in order; but they are now in so bad a condition that the inhabitants are obliged to buy all their drinking water of men who procure it from the huge fountain in the *Plaza Mayor*, and go round the city with it on the backs of asses, as represented in the annexed engraving (p. 72).

Of all asses in Peru, the *aguador*, or water-carrier, of Lima, is the most laborious, the steadiest, and the most patient. He begins work at six in the morning and does not rest till seven in the evening. A few handfuls of bran, which he carries in a little bag hanging on his neck, constitute the whole of his food for the day, and at night he contents himself with some stray blades of grass that he manages to pick up from any odd corner where he can find them. He is anything but stupid, in the sense of being without intelligence. As soon as he reaches the fountain, laden with the two casks for containing the water, he turns round and stands still while the negro gets off, fills the casks, and takes the pad out of the bell. They then both proceed on their way through the city. The poor animal knows when and where he has to deliver water. He knows that after supplying such a house, he has to go to such another. If he has occasion to stop, his master may leave him all day, with the certainty of finding him still standing where he left him. Those of the customers who are at all good-natured leave a box for him at their kitchen door, containing all sorts of odd bits that may suit his palate. He shows his sense of their kind consideration by eagerly devouring whatever they bestow upon him, though it is often scarcely fit to eat, consisting of bits of old hats, greasy papers, bones, and other indigestible odds and ends. The choicest delicacies are husks of melons.

But carrying water is not the only purpose for which this useful animal is employed. He is a general carrier, used for conveying all sorts of things from one part of the town to the other; and not unfrequently for moving furniture, vast heaps of which, in the shape of chairs, boxes, tables, &c., are carelessly piled upon his back, as seen in the lower part of our illustration. If, at some-

times happens, he is overloaded, or loses his equilibrium, the whole collection of moveables comes down with a crash, and the driver, fearful of not gaining anything by his job, revenges himself upon the poor beast without much mercy.

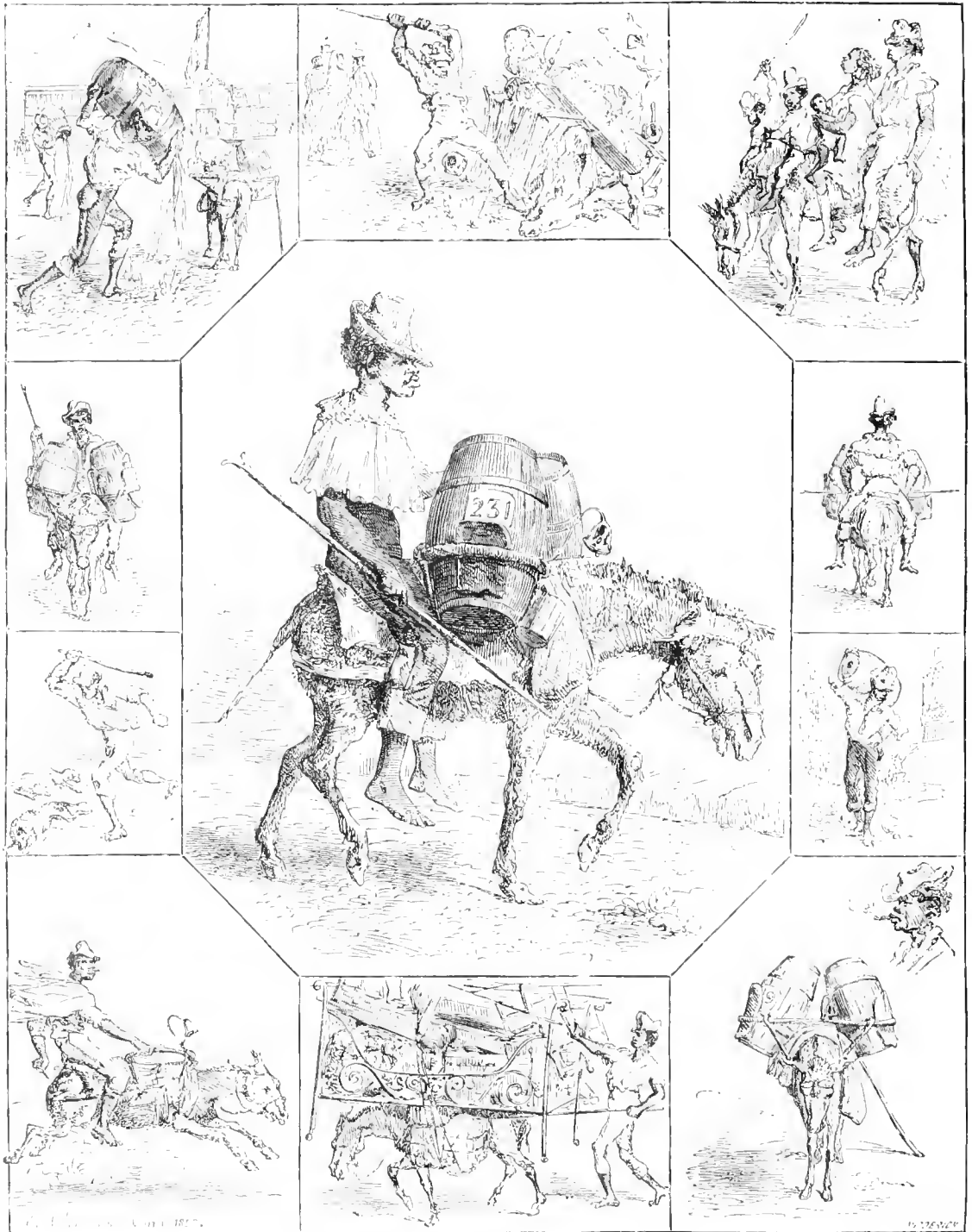
When the ass is employed neither in carrying water nor moving—as, for example, on festival days—he gets his recreation by taking the whole family of his proprietor on his back, or racing with some of his comrades, whose masters go with his own from one place of amusement to another. Some men, who are a little more thoughtful or kind than others, endeavour to lighten the labour and save the strength of the ass by going on foot with him when the water-casks are full; but these are exceptions to the general rule. In most cases the poor animals are subject to much reckless barbarity, which fills the foreigner with indignation on his first arrival at Lima. To save the trouble of whipping, the wretches who drive them make a path behind with a bone or sharp piece of wood, and then keep them in constant misery by poking at the wounded part. When the poor creature falls from sheer exhaustion, it is not uncommon for the brutal driver to slit up one of his nostrils as a punishment for the first offence. If the helpless creature has the audacity to rep at the offence, his other nostril is treated in the same abominable way. A third crime of this sort is punished by cutting one of the ears, and a fourth by cutting the other. At last, if the previous barbarities have not been sufficient to break him of this bad habit, his tail is cut bit by bit, till the poor creature is so disfigured by these successive mutilations, as to be hardly recognised. To such an extent is this brutality practised, that it is a rare thing to meet with an ass which is not mutilated in some way or other.

The driver of the water-carrying ass, who is often designated by the title of *aguador* or water-carrier, though it is not he that really carries the water, does not enjoy the privilege of accompanying the ass without being subject to some police regulations. The first is, that he present the town authority with thirty *doges*, killed by him in the course of a year. Hence, those who wish to be licensed as water-carriers must take their own cart in days at an appointed place, and make a regular trot home from street to street. All the dogs that they have caught, but not completely killed at the first blow, are collected in an open space, where they are dispatched with sticks and clubs. The spectators then give the booty, and each takes his share to his ass's tail, if a poor thing is fortunate enough to have one. In this way they are enabled to make their offerings to the civil authority, dragging the dead dogs

as trophies of victory. The second condition imposed upon the water-carrier is, that they water the streets and public places with the water in their casks.

It might seem that these obligations would have the effect of diminishing the number of this class at Lima, but such is not the

the corporation. They form a distinct class which is not altogether devoid of political influence, especially at election times. Some years ago a company made a proposal to the government to undertake the distribution of water throughout the city on very advantageous terms, both in a pecuniary and sanitary point of



THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

case by any means. On the contrary, they are very numerous, though the price paid for the water is far from high. They have their chiefs, who are well known, and treated by them with much respect. The supreme chief undertakes the task of settling important disputes, and is authorised to admit or expel members of

view. No sooner had the water-carriers heard of the proposal than they assembled in great force, mounted their asses, went in procession, with banners at the head, to the president's palace, and made such ado with their words and their gestures that they at length succeeded in getting the proposal rejected.

HERNAN CORTES AND JOHN SMITH.

AMERICAN history abounds with subjects adapted alike for the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. There is not a more romantic story in the world than the discovery of this vast continent and its

chivalry was hushed, and the solemn psalms of the gray-haired sires of the faith had ceased, we find fresh interest in the increasing strength and power of the country, and in that mighty struggle



CORTES AND HIS ARMY APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEXICO.



POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR JOHN SMITH.

first colonisation by the Spanish settlers; and the record of the pilgrim fathers, so touching in its quaint simplicity, never lacks interest; and further on still, when martial music of Euro-
 VOL. III., N. S.—85.*

pean drums and horns, which rent from English control the great and glorious land and established the republic of the United States.

How strange it seems that this vast continent should have

remained so long hidden from the rest of the globe; that till the fifteenth century its extensive prairies and noble rivers should be unknown, that people should talk of a submerged continent, an island of the devil's land, a cloud-land seen by the inhabitants of Madeira, and that no attempt should be made to find out the truth. But the priests and the schoolmen had no faith in a land which, if at their antipodes, must be peopled by those who walked with their heads upwards and their heads hanging down. It was left to the poet to say—

"At our antipodes, are cities, states,
And thro' dread equinox ne'er divid'd of yore."

No such topsy-turvy world was to be believed by sane men; so the Red Indians held their own, and the Spaniards ruled in golden glory.

Then comes a change. The royal standard of Castile and Leon is displayed. The *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina* sailed from Andalusia; and although the sea and sky were filled with omens terrible to the poor ignorant sailors, Columbus, with his deep and earnest faith, went on feeling within him the certainty of conquest; and he was not disappointed. Then arose a *furor* for America, a new impulse was given to the people of Europe, the eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were in a manner depopulated. Emigrants thronged the quays and wharfs; new vessels were chartered; busy people grew weary of their common business and longed to be busy in another clime; they flew away like birds of passage, knew no fear, admitted no doubt, were full of hope and confidence, only crying out for sea-room and a fair start.

Cupidity, even stronger than curiosity, gave new attractions to America. The name of *Castilla del Oro* held out a bright promise to the fortunate settler. The land, it was said, was so rich that the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were drawn out of the rivers in nets! Rumours of the magnificence of the Montezuma empire—where gold was cheaper than iron—excited the general imagination and led to the enterprise of Cortes.

When Cortes landed, he found the people no longer—as earlier adventurers had described them—rude and half-civil savages, but well dressed in cotton garments, and living in stone houses. The natives received the strangers with hostility. Wild rumours were abroad of what the Spaniards had already done, and so a battle ensued, which ended in the triumph of Cortes. Montezuma, the Mexican monarch, had sent to learn the object of the Spaniards, Cortes demanded to have a personal interview with the king; this was respectfully, but firmly, declined; hostilities were renewed, and Cortes marched towards the capital.

The vast plains of Mexico now opened before them. As they looked from the brow of the hill, they saw in the centre of the plain, partly encompassing a lake, partly built on an island within it, the metropolis of Mexico, backed by a wood of dark old trees, and sparkling in the sunbeams like a monarch's signet-ring. All round about the city stretched the white tents of the people.

Montezuma received the Spaniards with kindness—admitted them into the city, appropriated to their use splendid mansions, supplied all their wants, and presented them with costly gifts. Shut up in the unknown city, Cortes began to fear for his safety. A bold expedient occurred to him. He seized the person of the king, imprisoned him in his own palace, and so worked upon his mind, that he at length induced the monarch to acknowledge himself a vassal of Spain, and engaged to pay an annual tribute.

The example of cruelty which Cortes set was bettered by those whom he left behind, when recalled to Spain. The Mexicans rebelled, and on his return, Cortes found an enemy ready to contend with his own weakened forces, and his people thoroughly dispirited. Battle followed battle. As of old, the Mexicans were hunted down like wild beasts, and the deep bay of the bloodhounds was heard through the wintry nights. At last the imprudential king was brought forth, and in the presence of his subjects declared himself a vassal of Spain. It was enough; a pending cry was raised, a fatal battle ensued, and Montezuma was the first slain. On this the Mexicans fled. The super-titition of their creed taught them, that Heaven's vengeance must fall upon them now that their king was dead; so Cortes was triumphant.

The great effort of Cortes was to raise the power of his nation above that of all the nations of the earth. For this he sacrificed everything, and he had his reward. Spain was careless of her heroes when the work was done. Columbus had died of a broken heart—Bilboa the death of a felon. What could Cortes expect? He fell into neglect. One day he forced his way through the crowd which had collected about the carriage of the sovereign, mounted the door-step, and looked in. Astonished at so gross a breach of etiquette, the monarch demanded to know who he was.

"I am a man," replied the Mexican conqueror, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors have left you cities!"

After this he withdrew, and ended his life in solitude.

More deeply interesting, and still more touching and romantic than the life of Cortes, is the story of Captain John Smith. The old colonists, of whom Smith was one, had intended to establish themselves at the old settlement of Sir Walter Raleigh; but a storm changed their purpose, and the emigrant ship floated in the magnificent Bay of Chesapeake. The headlands at the entrance of the bay are still called Cape Henry and Cape Charles, names which were given to them in honour of King James's sons, on the first arrival of the emigrants. The aspect of the country was then, as now, beautiful and cheering. "Heaven and earth," says Smith, "seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation." Fifty miles above the river was founded the first permanent English settlement in America, called, after the reigning monarch, Jamestown. The unjust accusation brought against Smith, the sincere friendship of Robert Hunt, the trial by jury, and the wanderings to the Indian emperor, Powhatan, a tall, sour, and athletic man, about sixty years old, were the first incidents that occurred to the early settlers. Then disease broke out, provisions became scanty, the water was bad, and the country, once so beautiful, seemed blighted in a moment. Death made sad havoc among the little company; fifty perished before the end of the autumn. The dishonesty of President Wingfield threw the burden of the community on Smith, and it was then that his wisdom and energy began to display themselves. All that he did for that colony need not be related here. Anxious to accomplish the great purpose of the mission, he set about seeking for a communication with the South Sea. With a spirit of heroism during he advanced up the river Chickahominy, accompanied by two Englishmen and two Indian guides. Then it was that, after a desperate resistance, he fell into the hands of the Indians. His captivity among this tribe of Indians is a more wonderful and romantic event than any other preserved in its tradition. Never had they seen a man so brave, so wise, so calm and self-possessed. Indians from other settlements docked to look on the wise pale-face, and they treated him with hospitality and reverence.

At last came the time when his fate must be decided. The grim warriors of the forest, with old Powhatan in their midst, sat down in solemn council. They saw this brave white man to be superior to themselves; they feared him, and determined on his death. But they did not slay him at once. Days passed on, and the white man made hatchets and strung beads for Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan. Pocahontas was a girl about twelve years old, called, not unfittingly, "the nonparal of the country;" and she learnt to listen to the voice of the stranger, and to feel commiseration for him in his exile and approaching doom. Then the day came, and the hour; and within the palisade the chief, arrayed in all the pomp of savage attire, sat down to see the end. The prisoner was to die by the blow of the hatchet; and, with his hands bound, knelt down beside the fatal log. His lip did not tremble, nor his eye quail. Already the axe was uplifted, when Pocahontas sprang to his side, and as she pleaded with all the energy and eloquence of a loving heart, the grim warriors were turned from their purpose, and spared his life.

The stern refusal of Smith to engage in any attempt upon the people of Jamestown, his consistent and noble bearing, won for him a place in the estimation of the Indians, and his residence amongst them was the means of establishing a friendly intercourse between them and the English colony. Pocahontas remained faithful to her old friend; and when famine came upon the emigrants, she it was who brought baskets of corn and other provisions for Smith and his people.

DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUE.

THERE are men who appear and disappear in history without leaving trace or track behind, who do some one deed, which at the time raises a sensation, and then sink into utter obscurity. Most persons recollect the brilliant oratorical display of Single Speech Hamilton, who made one oration and spoke no more. Perhaps this might be explained by the fact that Burke was his private secretary then, and left him directly afterwards. The history of the man whose name is given above, is involved generally in utter mystery. But one act of his has secured for his name a permanent place in history.

Francis the First of France, jealous of the discoveries of the Spaniards, sent out one Verazani to conquer and discover for him. His journeys led to no result. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, however, in 1534, was more successful. He entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and paved the way for the attempt to colonise by Roberval in 1540. The new establishment was an utter failure; and a subsequent expedition under Cartier was never more heard of. At a later period, Admiral Coligny conceived that an asylum for French Protestants might be properly created in America, where they would be free from persecution. His plans for agricultural settlements were admirably laid down. Henry II. patronised the idea, and the wretched Charles IX. even entertained it.

One Nicolas Dumand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta, appeared to have formed the strange scheme of feigning adjuration and professing the reformed faith, to overthrow this plan. He joined Coligny in his projected colony in 1555. He was a brave, adventurous schemer, and wore the mask of religion and humility with perfect success. He obtained command of the expedition, and, sailing for America, encamped near where Rio Janeiro now stands. Calvin, on hearing that the pilgrims had hit upon a desirable locality, encouraged the emigration. A large party went out under Philippe Duport, a zealous Protestant gentleman, who, after some dangers by the way, brought his people successfully to an end of their journey.

Villegagnon received them with all the austerity of a Puritan. He was severe both in religious and political matters. He made all emigrants work at the fort; and his hypocrisy and bigotry were beyond all power of description in these more enlightened days. One great mistake of his colony, however, was, that it was wholly composed of men; except five young girls, none would venture out to the far-distant land.

But the intolerance and cruelty of the governor was the great drawback to success, and at last he showed himself in his true colours. He re-proposed the Roman Catholic religion, persecuted

and drove away all the Protestants, who nearly all took the way. Returning to France, he died a zealous Papist, and held possession of the Huguenots, and with the name of the Colonel of America.

Coligny, though thus frustrated, determined to try another part of America. He chose Florida this time. Jean de Ribault acted at the head of the new expedition in 1562. He landed and fortified Fort Charles; then, leaving a lieutenant in command, he returned to France. The lieutenant proved a brutal tyrant, who, after committing several murders, was put to death after an imprisonment. This expedition was also a failure. A third expedition proposed to be more successful. It took out a good number of colonists, who settled, and after some early difficulties, appeared to be in a prosperous way.

But Spain would not quietly allow a French colony in America, and accordingly a squadron was sent to exterminate the infant settlement, under one Mombetz. His force was overwhelping. He attacked the fort, captured it and nearly all the inhabitants, whom, with characteristic Spanish brutality, he hung on the adjacent trees, with this inscription over their heads:

"THESE WRETCHES HAVE BEEN ENGLISHED, NOT AS ENEMIES, BUT AS HERETICS."

The horrible cruelties of the Spaniards are not to be related in full. The horror of France was great, but the wicked king would, because the victims were Protestants. This feeling made the court pass over the fearful outrage without notice. But there were in the land men who lived in the hope of vengeance. One of these was Dominique de Gourgue, a gentleman of the island of Mont Marson, in Gascony. He was a naval captain, and he was engaged against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and chained in a cage to a galley. This galley was taken by the Turks, and released only in a battle with the Knights of Malta. He was considered one of the best navigators of the day.

When he found that the king and court would not take notice of the Spanish crime, his rage knew no bounds. He then, after estate, fitted out three ships, collected hardy crews, and sailed for America. He took the Spaniards by surprise, attacked the fort, captured it, and hung the prisoners on the same trees where, but a little while before, his countrymen had perished. Then he wrote over them:—

"HUNG, NOT AS SPANIARDS, BUT AS ASSASSINS."

The terrible avenger then returned to France, to publish, as we say, in that horrible day of St. Bartholomew, which has branded the name of Charles IX. and his mother to eternal execration.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY T. LANDSEER.

CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

Of course, respected reader, you keep a dog. We don't, for we can't afford the tax; and in our chambers, besides, a dog would waste away its ignoble life far from fresh air and green fields and the vermin which are its natural prey. You tell us a dog is useful for self-defence; that he watches over your property and your person; that he warns off the ill-conditioned and evil-disguising; that he worries a beggar as he does a rat. But what is that to us? beggars don't persecute authors; our property is in no danger. Our few treasures are all made fast by one of Child's patent locks, and our pereginations seldom extend beyond the confines of the metropolitan police district. Campbell tells us, "if the nursing of the storm," as he walks restlessly along his shattered bark, that

"Hope can here her moonlight vigil keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as you streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The groat that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home—his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thoughts; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,

And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace,
Wines from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear;
While, long-neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam),
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

Well, as we don't keep a dog, of course we can't read a book touching poetry. If we voyage on a bark, we can't be so near as far as Putney or Kew, and a Londoner, who is not a sailor, in the crowded streets, if we cannot take a boat, will be a dog, and always a guardian angel in the hope of a reward. If we are dressed in blue, with a glazed brazen coat, and a red cap, and if we spend our districts with our faithful dog, and if we are engaged to find it for us, there is almost a chance of our getting a reward, and regard ourselves persons. By way of consolation, we shall say, as a reason why we don't keep a dog. But you, O reader, are of a different category; you are not a poor, wretched, half-starved, half-died

"All's well that ends well."

"All's well that ends well."

But if you don't keep a dog, you can't read a book touching poetry.

watched, and you keep a dog; or you are a lady, and you keep the pearl of pugs. The heart must love something; and so, till something else claim it, you love your pug, something like Miss Tucker's in "Time Works Wonders," a beauty "that could not move for sentiment." "I see him, now," she exclaims, "with his beautiful face so black yet so benignant! Now cropping a daisy with his lily-white teeth; and now looking up and barking at me, as if he knew my inmost thoughts." Or you are a sportsman, and you keep a dog to travel with you and your gun over hill and dale, on the sunny moor or by the shaded beck; or you are a gentleman, with nothing to do besides reading the "Times" and the "ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART," and you have a dog to keep you company; or you are a professional man, and you keep a dog that, now and then for half an hour with him you may forget patients and clients—the unfortunate victims that cruel fate has thrown

the cat springs on her unoffending victim. Of course the dog defends himself, and the contest promises to be fierce and bloody; Miss Lydia shrieks in agony; you kick your unoffending dog out of the room; pussy, angry and mewing, takes up a secure position, and in time the turmoil dwindles into a calm.

Go in again, and the same scene is invariably repeated. This is cat-and-dog life. It was so in days gone by, and so it will ever be; at any rate, so long as this tight little globe of ours rolls round the sun.

The same little drama is acted every day. In town and country, in the parlour and the kitchen, in garret or in cellar, it is the same. An Irishman cannot go to Donnybrook fair without a row, nor can a dog and cat meet without the same *conturbations*. It is not a mere matter of party feeling, or of temporary excitement, but of race against race. The cat is generally the aggressor, and the cat often



"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE."

into your hands. At any rate, be you what you may, call yourself what you will, you keep a dog.

Of course, then, you will agree with the writer of this article in what he is now going to state, that if you, with your dog, enter a room in which there is a cat, there will be such a terrible row, as if Bedlam had broken loose, or as if chaos had come again. You may try the experiment yourself, if you will not take our word for it. You call, for instance, on Miss Lydia Langrish, a gentle spinster of uncertain age, with a growing fondness for cats, in preference, sir, to the dreadful sex, as she terms them, to which you and I, sir, have the honour to belong. Of course there is a piano in the room, and under that piano, with bristling hair and stiffened back, is the favourite cat. Your dog, feeling himself a stranger, and being a gentleman, follows you quietly into the room, not having the slightest idea of danger, or the slightest wish to make himself obnoxious or disagreeable. No sooner, however, does he make his appearance, than a low growl is heard, then a feminine shriek as

triumphs. However, when she does get the worst of it, she is pretty well served out. Life is often the penalty she pays for her audacity. She is generally saved by her power of flight, and her facility of escaping to the hearstap; still, her hereditary foe, his passion raised and his blood boiling, roars and barks and foams below. Her swiftness is her salvation. When there is no way of escape for her when she must stop and fight it out, she is generally terribly mangled and mangled. She is so in the picture before us. For once she has got her match. The gentle has been a terrible one. The affair has been a regular *fitzup*. The whole kitchen has been upset, the culinary mysteries have been ruthlessly invaded, the cook has been called from her solemn and mysterious rites, her favourite dishes have been upset in the fray, her utensils have been profaned. Blow after blow she levels on the dog's broad back; she might as well, like Miss Partington, try to push back the Atlantic with a mop. The felon is savage; there is blood in his eye, and he will only be satiated with his victim's death.

It is a sad thing to think of, that cat-and-dog life. It is said people meet with it in the family circle; that sometimes husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, lead but a cat-and-dog life. This is a sadder thing still. Cats and dogs can be tamed, can live together, as we see in the Happy Family in Trafalgar-square; but discord on the hearth grows blacker, darker, every year. It is to be hoped our readers know nothing of such cat-and-dog life, but the name, and that they may never know it as some know it, as a daily curse and blight.

A TAIL-PIECE.

"Thereby hangs a tail." Yes, truly, *Sic transit gloria mundi*,

"Behold before ye

Humanity's poor sum and story:

Life, death, and all that is of glory."

Every dog has his day; at any rate, so it has been in our pages. Dogs, well-conditioned and the reverse, of high degree or low,

your reverend divine once considered cat-catching glorious sport; your eloquent statesman once found no deater joy than rabbit-shooting. They have done with dogs, as we have done with them; as, more or less, all England is learning to do without them; for our great cities are growing greater every day, and the tax-gatherer and the new police and the dog-stealer have no mercy on the canine race. Play, boy, whilst you can; find in your dumb companion a faith you will soon learn to doubt amongst men. Soon busy life will leave you but little time to play with dogs.

So we lay down our pen and bid the dogs—such of them as are left, for two of them have already been hung, we trust to meet the ends of justice, and to teach a moral lesson to the dogs around, a lesson not always taught when Jack Ketch hangs a man—a long and reluctant farewell. It is hard to part with old friends. It is hard to tear up old associations, but the dogs have got to the end of their tether. There is nothing left for them but to vanish into



"A TAIL-PIECE."

learned or rude, peaceful or quarrelsome, nuisances or blessings to well-regulated families, have found a place in our pages. We have discussed them individually and collectively, in their goings-out and their comings-in, in the relationships which they sustain to each other, and in those which they bear to their lord and master, man; and now we have done with them, as most of our readers have done with them. There was a time, ere we had trod the world's ways and tasted the bitterness of life, when all around us was bright and fair; when we dreamt not of falsehood in woman or dishonour in man; ere the hard struggle for existence had engrossed our every power; when, light and true, with buoyant heart and careless step, we rambled at our own sweet will, with dogs, the choicest and truest of their race. There was a time when, we doubt not, the reader did the same. Those joyous days are gone, never to return. Their memory is left, and that is all. So it has been with every one of us. Your sober citizen was once a jolly boy; your paunchy capitalist once owned nothing better than a dog;

the palpable obscure. One is gnawing his last bone—another biting his last flea—another snuffing the last time his companion's tail—and another, for the last time, poking his nose into the cupboard, which seems but little better furnished than that of the far-famed Mother Hubbard herself. The scene our artist has engraved is only paralleled by that which takes place when a city is captured, or when there is a general conflagration—when selfishness prevails universally, when the maxim is, "Every one for himself." No one seems to have the least regard for his neighbour. It is a general scramble—neither more nor less. Politeness, for the time, is quite out of the question; as much so as when you are waiting for tickets for an excursion train. It is not a pleasant phase of dog life that we are contemplating, but it is a true one, nevertheless. They are all sharp and desperate, and preying on each other. It is a painful picture to contemplate, because it is human. It carries too strong a resemblance to real life. Let, then, the curtain be dropped; and so we wind up with a "Tail-piece."

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

THE Chinese Empire may be said to include almost all the east and centre of Asia. From the borders of Independent Tartary to the Pacific, from the frontiers of Siberia to the south of the Eastern Peninsula, all the sovereigns and princes of the various tribes and people of these regions regard the celestial emperor as their sovereign lord. From the fact of its thus extending uninterruptedly over vast tracts, all adjacent to each other, we are apt to think that it does not present that variety of people and manners, which the other great empires of the world comprise. This is quite a mistake. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the roving Tartars, ever on horseback, and the polite citizens of Nankin and Canton, who regard the said Tartars as ardent barbarians; whilst the Tartar, despising the thrifty habits of the commercial Chinese, fully returns the compliment. And again, in the Eastern Peninsula in Lao and Cochin-China there is a semi-civilisation totally different from that of Nankin or Peking. The Malay, the Chinaman, and the Tartar may be allied to each other, as respects the class of humanity to which they belong; but they differ essentially in tastes, habits, and physical powers. The Malay—the Italian of Asia—is quick-blooded, revengeful, jealous; accustomed to the use of his stiletto, the *Espee*, and but too ready to use it on the slightest occasions. His harmonious language is adapted for poetry and music, and he is fond of both. He sings of love to-day, and stabs his enemy to-morrow. The Chinaman is infinitely more phlegmatic, as unlike the Malay as the Dutchman is unlike the Italian; he sees no reason why he should put himself about for anything. He loves medals; and holds his opinion as much as the Dutchman tobacco. His shop and his merchandise are his ruling passions, he seldom thinks of anything else, or, if he does, allows it to have little influence on his life. As to love, he would no more think of allowing it to give him all the trouble it gives the Malay, than he would think of allowing the few hairs that nature sparingly scatters over his face to be shaved off every day.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that the empire of China is singularly homogeneous, merely because it extends over adjoining countries. Nor does it differ more in its various races and their characteristics than in its physical features. Vast deserts, second only to those of Africa, occupy large portions of its central high lands. The great desert of Gobi, for instance, in Chinese Tartary, occupies 300,000 square miles, and has its sandy, its salt, and its rocky districts; all equally barren, all equally deficient in fresh water, but some far more difficult for man to travel over than others. Here, as in all deserts, the summer's sun is scorching, no rain falls, and, when fogs occur, they are but the precursors of fierce winds, which blind the unfortunate traveller with salt or bury him in sand. In winter again, these districts are intensely cold. The icy blasts from the frozen plains of Siberia sweep over the country in rapid succession, producing a degree of cold on the elevated desert land, of which we, in England, can form no adequate conception.

China has its mountainous regions too, and in no country in the world do the mountains take more fantastic forms than in the province of Shan-si.

Temples like those amongst the Hindoos,
Churches, spires, and abbey-windows,
And turrets all with ivy green—
Build up a wild, fantastic scene.

Mountains rivalling the Alps in height—not the miniature mountains to which we are accustomed in England, but huge chains, of forbidding rugged exterior and appearance, full of glaciers and avalanches, and full too of penetral happy valleys between, where nature invites man to be happy, if he can only consent to accept the invitation.

By far the larger proportion of China proper is occupied by low ranges of hills, on which the tea-plant is principally cultivated. It thrives better, like coffee, upon the sides of these hills than in the low grounds, and forms the staple production of the entire region. If the original producer can get fourpence a pound for that for which we pay four shillings, he is a successful cultivator and will soon be enabled to extend his business, so vastly do duties,

transport charges, and exportation expenses enhance the value of an article, or rather increase its cost, for the value is but nominally, not really, increased. These ranges of hills are cultivated to the very summits—terrace above terrace, artificial layers of earth provided where nature has deposited none; the one fertilising stream from the summit flowing from terrace to terrace as it descends step by step, making each rich, the very type of productiveness.

There is no country in the world so productive as China. Its vast alluvial plains, watered by magnificent rivers, present an amount of agricultural industry, and yield a proportion of vegetable and animal food, unknown elsewhere. Two hundred and ten thousand square miles of rich soil, spread all along the east of the country—a plain, seven times the size of Lombardy—and perfectly irrigated by its extensive river system and by canals. The Great Canal, for instance, traverses the eastern part of the plain for 700 miles, of which 500 are in a straight line of considerable breadth, with a current running throughout the greater part. Almost the whole of this vast plain is cultivated by the spade, and yields rice and garden crops in abundance. The canals present to the European traveller an extraordinary sight, being so covered with vessels that the water appears more thickly populated than the land. All along the margin of these wonderful reservoirs runs a stone quay admirably put together, whilst substantial bridges cross them at convenient distances.

Agriculture is, indeed, the art which the Chinese most highly prize, and to the successful prosecution of which the highest honours are awarded. Even the emperor is obliged by immemorial custom to honour tillage by engaging in the pursuit once every year—a religious ceremony which must not be neglected, and which was doubtless intended at first to teach the people that there was no occupation more honourable. In the beginning of March, the emperor repairs in great state to the field appointed for the ceremonial; the princes of his family, the presidents of the five great tribunals, and a host of mandarins accompanying him. Two sides of the field are lined with the officers of his household—a third is occupied by the highest mandarins from the provinces and capital, whilst the fourth is left open for the labourers of the neighbourhood, who are to see their occupation illustrated by imperial majesty itself. The emperor approaches; music—discordant enough, according to our ideas—pours forth its notes volubly and loudly, in honour of his coming. He enters the field alone, the sides are regularly kept—"majesty" stands by itself, nobility and commonalty gaze respectfully at it from the sides. Prostrating himself nine times before Tien, the lord of heaven, the emperor repeats with a loud voice a prayer prepared for the occasion by the Court of Ceremonies. In this prayer, a blessing is invoked on his labour and on that of his whole people, whilst gratitude is expressed for past favours. Then, with the assistance of the priests, he sacrifices an ox to the giver of all good, Tien, the lord of heaven. Whilst the victim is smoking on the altar, a silver plough is brought, to which are attached a pair of oxen, ornamented in the most magnificent style. The emperor lays aside his imperial robes, which one may easily suppose would have been somewhat in his way in the matter of the sacrifice, lays hold of the plough-handles and opens several furrows round the field. He then hands the implement to one of his chief mandarins, who acts similarly; and thus, one after the other, they proceed, each labouring in succession and displaying each his peculiar dexterity. A distribution of money and pieces of cloth to the labourers ends the ceremony, whilst the ablest of those present and the most expert finish the ploughing of the field which has been thus imperially begun. Afterwards, at the proper season, his majesty returns to commence the sowing. The produce of such a field is, of course, only fit for the gods and is kept for sacrifices and oblations. Nor is it in the capital alone that this ceremony is performed. In each of the provinces, the viceroy similarly officiates, supported by the mandarins of the vicinity. There is doubtless much superstition, and much hypocrisy, mixed up with all this; but there is in it, too, the germ of much that is good—teaching the people that there is a dignity in labour that hallows and consecrates all honest employment by which man earns his bread. This is a lesson it would be well if we could all learn. It would teach us not to despise any man on account of the work he has to do.

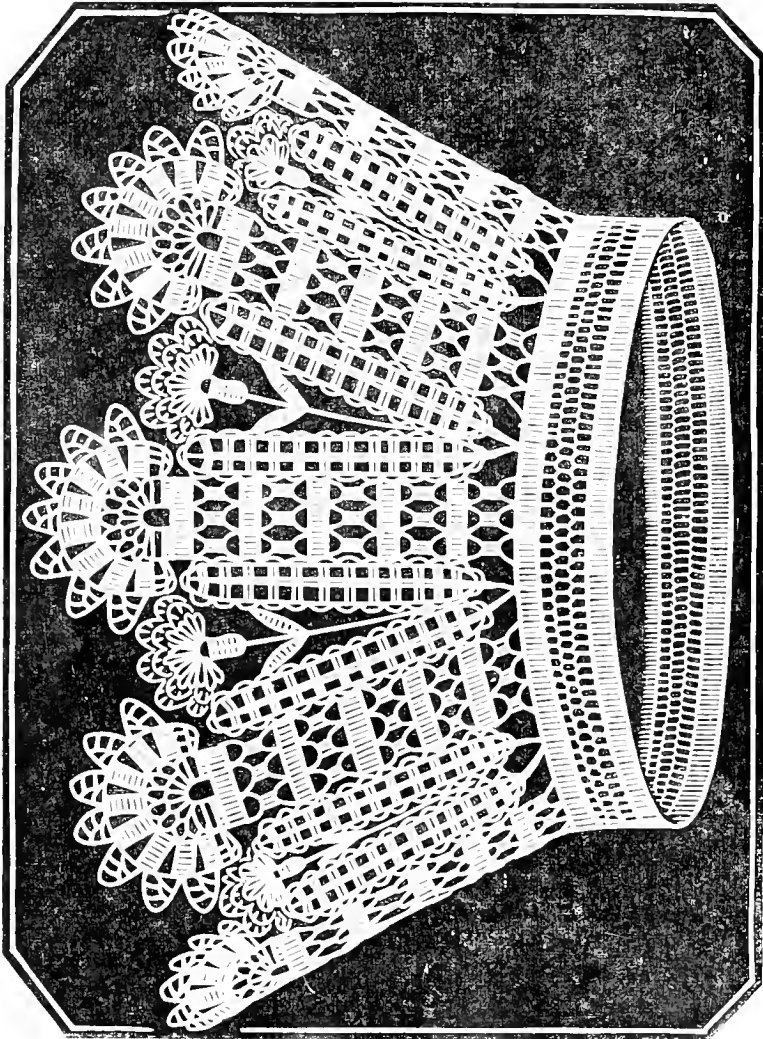
FOR THE FLOWER.

treble 3 loops from the end in the foundation in the double row, chain 2, work 1 treble in the next loop, chain 2, work 1 treble in the third or end loop, turn chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 2 chain, chain 3, work 10 treble in the 5 chain, plain 1 in the next 3 chain of the foundation, which completes one portion of the scallop; work 7 portions more the same in the 7 lots of 3 chain as shown in the engraving, fasten the last side down with 3 plain to correspond with the first, and repeat each portion in the last 3 loops of the 10 treble, in order to keep the points distinct.

You now commence another portion, the same as the one just done, 12 loops from the last in the foundation-band, and, after

Make a chain of 15 loops, turn back, miss 5, work 4 double, 3 treble, 1 double, 1 plain, chain 17, turn, and work the first loop plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 1 double, 2 plain, chain 15, turn, and work the 15 plain, chain 7, turn, and work the seven, 1 plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 1 double, 2 plain, work the 10 chain plain, which form the stalk; then work on the other side the flower to correspond, 1 plain, 1 double, 3 treble, 4 double; then work as follows in the 5 chain at the top, for the flower:—

1st row: In the first loop work 1 plain, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, work 1 treble, chain 3, plain 1, repeat the same in each loop of the 5 chain, and fasten off.



CROCHET SLEEVE.

working the 5 portions as here described, you then work ten of the following leaves:—

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 50 loops, turn back, and then work the 50 loops double.

1st round: Work 2 plain for the stalk part of the leaf, then chain 2, miss 2, work 2 treble, repeat to the end, and at the end chain 3, work 1 treble in the end, work back on the other side the same, to correspond with the treble opposite the treble; and after working the 2 plain the same as the first side, chain 4 for the stalk, turn back.

2nd: Work the 4 plain for the stalk, then chain 3, and work 2 double in the 2 chain of last round, repeat round, making both sides correspond, with 4 plain at the top of the plain for the stalk, chain 4, and fasten off, which completes the leaf.

2nd: Work 1 double in the first 1 plain of last row, then chain 4, and work 1 double between the 2 plain of last row, repeat to the end, chain 4, plain 1 in the 1 plain, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same 4 chain as before, chain 3, plain 1 in the same 4 chain as before, repeat the same in each of the 4 chains of last row, and fasten off.

4th: The same as 2nd.

5th: The same as 3rd.

6th: The same as 2nd, which completes the flower; join this flower between two of the leaves, and the two leaves between the space of the sleeve, as shown in the illustration, fill the five spaces the same, which will complete the sleeve.



THE EARTH.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

"THE EARTH," A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

The painting from which the engraving now before the reader is copied is by Nicholas Lancret, a celebrated painter of the French school. It is entitled "The Earth," which title doubtless owes its origin to such georgics as Virgil and other poets have composed. A verse under an old engraving from this picture tells us that "the earth is the mother of every blessing, but that it is only by the labour of her children that she will yield her increase;" and this, in true courtly style, Lancret has pictured out in his design. At the foot of an elegant fountain sit a marquis and a high-born lady, enjoying the pleasures of the field and admiring a bunch of flowers. Behind this couple, another company, that might possibly pass for the Graces in the dresses of ladies of fashion, are arranging a large supply of the richest fruits; while another lady stands under the branch of a fruit-tree to receive in her robe other gifts of Pomona. Standing on a ladder, and gathering the fruit, is one who is doubtless another marquis, in the disguise of a peasant. The two gardeners, one digging the earth, and the other watering the plants, we may regard as lords or viscounts, for there is over all the picture that air of elegant refinement which forbids all notion of plebeian rustiness. The instruments of labour are beautiful in form, and designed with the utmost amount of taste. We look in vain for Hodge the ploughman, or Mabel with her shining sickle; these are metamorphosed into the denizens of palaces and courts, and, in place of a delightful landscape, we have trees arranged with all the skill of modern gardening, and an elegant marble fountain supplied from the waters of Versailles. Art is contrasted with nature, and the charm of the country is sacrificed to the taste of the age. Against this some have protested. Diderot launched out against it as "a factitious and degenerate school of art." He says, the depraved state of colouring, characters, expression, and drawing, "has followed, step by step, the depraved state of public morals."

In the preface which Saint Lambert attached to his poem of "The Seasons," we find an elaborate dissertation on the union of pastoral life with the gallantry of the court, which was the fashion in France during the most brilliant period of the last century; but Saint Lambert only saw nature in his own beautiful gardens, as viewed from the windows of his chateau, and Lancret illustrated Lambert. Apart, however, from these criticisms, the picture is very beautiful, and affords sufficient indication of what the painter could accomplish. In some of his productions he fell into the fashion of the times; but the design and execution are both admirable, the groups are tastefully arranged, and there is an air of surpassing grace over the whole composition. More than this, the painting is a fair sample of Lancret's peculiar style of art.

Nicholas Lancret was born at Paris in 1699. After studying painting under several masters, he at length became intimate with Watteau, whose friendship he cultivated, and whose style he adopted. This evident imitation of the great master is seen in all the works of his talented disciple, but still each has retained his own distinguishing characteristics, as may be observed by comparing their varied productions.

In 1793, Lancret was received into the Academy, under the title of the *Peintre des fêtes galantes*. He was the favourite of fortune, and rose rapidly to high renown. The court patronised him, and the king admitted him to his councils; he frequented the saloons of the bravest, the wisest, and the wittiest, and was everywhere distinguished by the highest tokens of approbation. He was one of the gayest gullants of the time, and his life was passed in the brightest sunshine of prosperity. But death will come, even into kings' palaces, and at the age of fifty-three Lancret died. He left no children.

The title of *Peintre des fêtes galantes* characterises the talent of Lancret. He painted nature, but it was nature adorned, arranged, and coloured after the most approved style of fashion—nature, such as one sees at the opera. He manufactured an artificial nature, made up of all the elegances of a well-ordered garden, "a painted pasteboard, varnished, and perfumed nature, with rouge

for a complexion and powder for hair." Like his friend Boucher, he seems to have lived and died in a boudoir hung with rose-coloured silk; and indeed, when that painter assured him that nature was too green and too badly lighted, Lancret replied, "I concur in your sentiments, nature is wanting in harmony and attraction." He painted what he conceived nature *ought* to be, and his figures too often resembled marionettes.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—IV.

Mickos had heard and judged rightly in the main, though not in every particular. There were two huntsmen who had separated from their companions, taken the wrong road, and kept getting further and further from the valley of the Tenes, to which they thought they were approaching, as they vainly attempted to make their companions hear by incessant firing and shouting. They were both fine men, still young, of elegant form, with gray over-coats on, such as Austrian officers still wear, though of a different make. Their coats were made of strong Flemish cloth, and gave the wearers an air of superiority in this wild region, the few human inhabitants of which were clothed no better than the foxes, wolves, and bears of the mountains—often scarcely so well.

The wanderers reached the top of a mountain, from which the want of underwood between the tall beech-trees opened a wider prospect. Here they stopped, looking attentively round upon the wild mountain region, but not to observe its picturesque features. "Crooked people are proverbially mischievous," said the elder, "and crooked paths over mountains are not particularly useful."

"You are right, Frank," replied the younger; "go on joking. We may want something to cheer us. Matters are beginning to look very awkward."

"We have gone astray," said Frank with a smile, "and now is the time for reflection." "And fasting too," added the other in a desperate and yet light-hearted mood; "but famished as I am, my reflection does not enable me to discover on which side the Turks lie."

"It would be no joke if we were to fall in with the fiendish monsters. We should have a heavy reckoning to pay."

"Heavier than even if Sackendorf were again to take the field to destroy his Majesty's country and people."

Undecided which way to go, they moved forward a little to the brink of a precipice, to see if they could discover any human dwelling in the valley below. Suddenly the elder seized his companion's arm and whispered in French, "Look down there!" The prospect to which the young man's attention was called was not very inviting. By a fire were encamped five or six men of savage appearance. The huntsmen saw it was impossible to escape from them, so they put the best face upon the matter, and walked with an air of apparent indifference up to the desperadoes.

The men near the fire were Petru Bazya and some of his men. They jumped up in no little alarm at the sight of two men with guns coming straight up to them. They thought they must be the vanguard of a patrolling party, by which they were probably already surrounded. Some were already whispering something about being. "Stay where you are," ordered the rolder-chief; "the pale-beed fellows won't eat us." After a while he added: "They are all alone; very likely they have lost themselves while hunting. It is quite clear they are nice young gentlemen, and have plenty of valuables about them. Their purses, watches, and rings are not to be despised. We will strip them and then consider what to do next."

The two young men were taken by surprise at the rough reception they met with. In a moment they were deprived of their weapons, with a show of courtesy that seemed like polite attention. A giant, who in size and strength resembled the colossal figures of Hercules, took the elder by the collar of his coat. With his iron fingers he unbuttoned the overcoat, under which he found a white coat with a red collar and a splendid star brooching his high rank. The Hercules in red trousers went back a step, and cried out suddenly "Stop, comrades! There is more to be got from them

* A full account of the life of Lancret, with specimens of his works, and remarks upon his peculiarities, may be found in the "WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. i. pp. 97-104.

than they carry about them? Do you see this star? Do you know what such a thing means? On an old man it denotes a commander of high rank; on a young one, a prince. The stranger is, therefore, a prince, and the other is his brother, if we may judge from his looks. The gentlemen cannot deny this."

The two hunt-men understood the dialects of the country tolerably well. The elder, without hesitation, answered, "We have not learnt to disown our name, and will not disgrace ourselves so far for your sake. I am Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and this is my brother Charles. You shall be worthily recompensed if you will conduct us back to the camp."

The prince said this, not so fluently as it may be here read, but clearly enough to be understood with the assistance of accompanying gestures. The chief invited the duke to take a seat, provided them a substantial meal, and entered into a long conversation with them, in the course of which he described in strong language the dangers to which they were exposed if he did not take them under his protection. The two princes listened patiently to his diffuse discourse as long as they were engaged in partaking of the refreshment they so much needed. They were delighted with the thought of having met with a clue by which they might be extricated from their difficulties. It would no doubt cost them much money, but that was nothing in comparison with what the Turks would have demanded for their ransom. For the apostate Bonnevad the capture of their persons would be more valuable than the most successful campaign. Besides, the robber-chief did not appear to think about money, for his whole talk was about the ravine, bears, and wolves, and the torture of hunger.

"Friend," said Duke Francis at last, "why so many words? The thing appears simple enough to me. You do us a service which, perhaps, we do not know how to value according to your estimate. But let that pass. You are not obliged to perform an act of magnanimity without satisfactory reason. Name your own conditions. Of course, you and your companions will at least guarantee us safe conduct, will you not?"

"I should think so," said Petru in a tone of assent; "we have a long score to pay off."

"Consider that already paid," replied the illustrious duke; "whatever any one of you has done up to this time is forgiven and forgotten. Thus much for the past; now let us come to the future. What you chiefly want is money, is it not?"

"Plenty of money, my lord duke; money in abundance, by all means."

"Tell me plainly and briefly what you want."

The robber-chief could not express himself in few words; however, at last he managed to explain his meaning. He declared his intention of abandoning his present lawless mode of life, for which purpose he considered it necessary that each of his followers should be put in possession of a freehold farm. This demand was easy to grant, as there was plenty of fruitful land in want of cultivators. Nor was it less easy to accede to the request, that those who had no fancy for agriculture should have the means of becoming herdsmen. The sum of money which Petru demanded for his companions was by no means too great to be raised. For himself he required a large mansion in the district of Szlatina, which, he said, was to be had cheap; ready money to the amount of a hundred ducats; and lastly, the reversion of the office of governor of New Orsova.

Francis laughed outright. "The bear," cried he, "whose skin you want is still running in the wood."

"I don't want the skin," replied Petru seriously, "before you have the bear; but you must promise that I shall have it as soon as the hunt is brought to a successful conclusion. It is only the reversion I want, not immediate possession."

"So far as I am concerned," rejoined the duke, still smiling, "you shall have your wish, if it is at all possible."

The robber-chief nodded, and his eyes sparkled with delight. He fancied himself already comfortably seated, with his marshmilk by his side, in the mansion, gazing upon the mighty stream which, rising in a principality on the border of the wood, flows on to the Black Sea. He dwelt with satisfaction on the wealth and honour before him. "You could not," he exclaimed, "have a better man for the occupant of such a post; I am watchful, faithful, and just."

The princes now began to think of retiring, full of joy at the pros-

pect of getting out of their trouble. They had apparently nothing more to do than go the shortest way home with their guides, to put an end to the tormenting anxiety and suspense of their faithful followers. "We have had to pay dearly," said Charles in French to his brother, "for our thoughtlessness; the chamois which tempted us into the deserted spot had perhaps some object in view. I will remember the lesson."

"Thank God, we are saved!" replied Francis; "let us no longer dwell upon our disappointment."

It is not safe to speak well of a day before the evening. The princes fancied they had got over the dangers of this adventurous day when, in fact, the real danger had yet to begin. For just as the chief was moving off to escort the wanderers, the warlike Maruschka with the Hungarian suddenly appeared on the scene, heated with running, and red with fury to find the two princes under Petru's protection, after having exerted herself so much to get them into her own power. Duke Francis beheld the stately amazon with more interest than was quite proper for one who had been married two years. "A fine woman, indeed!" he exclaimed. Charles checked him good-naturedly, and he was quickly cured of his momentary wandering of affection.

"Holla, there! where are you off to?" cried Maruschka to her husband.

"To Karaszeles," was his reply; and he explained to her all the circumstances of the case.

"Not there," she rejoined; "the prisoners belong to me. They have only come here by accident a little before me; and this is my territory."

"That is not true; your boundary extends to the left, over the mountain."

"No, it goes right through the valley."

"But even if you are right, my lady, that would not make any difference. You have no more claim over the gentlemen than I, and must share with me as I am willing to share with you. This day makes us rich people, secure against all prosecution, and esteemed as loyal subjects of the emperor."

Maruschka flew into a violent rage, which completely changed the aspect of her features. "A curse," said she, "upon the emperor and all that belong to him; they have murdered my brave Dobru, and I must have revenge."

"Poor young fellow!" said Petru with great indifference; "he would have made a first-rate robber."

"He was one already," continued the furious amazon; "I am determined to have vengeance for him. The heads of these two must go to Stamboul."

"Gently, gently, my dear!" cried the robber-chief; "don't you know who they are?"

"You haven't told me their names yet."

"One is the emperor's son-in-law, and the other is the latter's brother. Such heads are not for the executioner."

These words acted like an electric shock upon Maruschka's agitated frame. With eager haste she called her husband to her side, and whispered in his ear. "You monstrous fool! do you mean to give up such a fine catch for a glass of liquor and a few shillings? Don't you understand how to reckon better than that? The Turks will pay us more for the two than they have in their pockets. I will guarantee you ten thousand florins for your share alone."

"Ten thousand florins!" muttered Petru thoughtfully.

"Besides, you shall be governor of New Orsova," added his wife.

The two princes did not understand a word of the conversation which was going on between the gigantic pair, but they were filled with sad forebodings, for Petru kept glancing at them in a very suspicious way, and Maruschka was evidently in good train for winning him over to her purpose.

"The horrible creature!" exclaimed Francis at last, "she is fast getting the better of him. We must make a higher bid."

"Let us bid ten times as much as we did at first," said Charles.

"A hundred times, if it is necessary," replied his brother.

Resolved, if possible, to ward off the danger without a moment's delay, both went up to the chief and his wife; but the danger was over already, for just as they got up to them, Petru pushed his wife away, adding in a tone of fierce indignation, "I have given

my word, and I won't be a traitor for the sake of paltry money. Away with you, you poisonous snake!"

"Well done, my brave fellow!" cried Francis. He might, however, have spared his praise, for Petru's wrath was not excited by any shock to his sense of honour. It was not likely possible that stirred up his wrath. The real cause was a very different one.

Maruschka had given vent to her spiteful jealousy by telling him of Wanschka's betrayal to Dschundschi, and by so doing, she at once brought the negotiation to an unavoidable conclusion. "Away with you, you detestable dog!" roared Petru, at the same time seizing the hilt of his sword in a threatening manner.

Maruschka cautiously got out of his reach, well knowing his violent temper. She cast a glance of indescribable malice at Duke Francis, and cried as she went off: "Before the sun sinks behind the mountains I will press the fine lad to my heart, to reward him for the tenderness with which he greeted me at first. I am not ungrateful, my dear lamb, but Maruschka will keep the rich reward for herself. Petru shall not get a farthing of it." With these words she disappeared in the wood. Petru laughed aloud after her as she went off.

"You need not laugh," said Micklos, going up to him. "The woman has twenty Turks by the Witch's Will, and the pass is completely blocked up, so that we cannot possibly get through."

Petru was dreadfully alarmed, almost as much so as his two *youngies*, but he showed it much less than they. "It is well for us that we know it," said he; "we must go round a little, to avoid falling into the hands of the Turks. But first, let me my drinking cup; we will pledge our guests with a draught, that they may be sure of our fidelity." Some of his followers ventured upon a slight murmur of dissent, as if they had made up their minds to betray the princes to the tender mercies of the Turks.

A severe look on the part of the chief, however, was sufficient to suppress the rising opposition, and at the same time let the princes know that their safety depended upon him. The cup was brought to be handed round. It contained nothing but spring-water; yet the abstemious draught filled the hearts of the princes with a cheerful courage, such as no wine or other intoxicating beverage ever inspireth.

The chief lost no more time, but put his company in motion, in a direction which would have excited the suspicion of the princes, had they known they were going up to the sources of the Temeş, instead of down to Szlatina. "I cannot take you home to-day," said Petru on the way; "we must go some distance round, if we are ever to get there at all. Better late than never, as my old grandmother used to say."

"A wise woman was your grandmother," replied Francis, in a sportive tone; "may the earth lie gently upon her."

"The earth does it not cover her at all," rejoined the chief; "she is still alive and hearty."

The pathless course which the fugitives took was as rough and difficult as can well be imagined, always through the thickest bushes, straight up steep mountain sides and down abrupt crags, sometimes on one side of the Temeş, at others on the opposite side, and ever now and then in a backward direction, like the doubling of a hare with the hounds close at hand. And this laborious caution was anything but needless, as the princes had many opportunities of learning in the course of a two days' wandering; for more than once they saw, at a safe distance, the infuriated Maruschka going with a strong guard of Turks through an opening in the wood which they had themselves crossed only an hour before; and even more frequently Petru's companions, who

had been sent out to explore, brought word of the near approach of the pursuers, who, with wonderful bounding and activity, endeavored to cut off all way of escape. But the robber chief was more than a match for them. He always managed to have got on before, when Maruschka thought he was sure of catching him.

The lateness of the hour was all the more oppressive to the young princes, as they did not find the usual gratifications in the evening, like the toil of war or hunting. The effort did not in the evening to comprehend the pleasure of "a good night's sitting of a pew in one's own building." They did not receive at night the delicacies, soft suppers, or hand-milks which they had enjoyed during the day; still less could they repose, daintily prepared, and accompanied by golden wine and the dark beverage of the Levant. They were obliged to content themselves with raw beef, and hard bread, with cold water in the wooden cups which had gone round when the chief and his companions pledged their thick faith. To be sure, some way was to be had; but Petru durst neither shoot nor light a fire, for his smoke by day and its light by night would have at once betrayed them. Hence they were obliged to sleep in the dark cleft of the rocks.

On the third day, Duke Francis could hardly take another step. His feet were aching with fatigue, and his feet were quite sore. But a trifle of this sort did not occur on the chief any embarrassment. He gave his gun to one of his companions, and took the young prince on his broad shoulders with the greatest ease; in consequence of which their progress amazingly quickened, the other prince being no less swift of foot than the sons of the forest themselves.

From an eminence the fugitives beheld their pursuers in a valley scarcely a quarter of an hour behind them.

"Thank God they are there!" cried Petru.

"Why thank God?" asked Francis, in astonishment. "The nervousness of the Turks is anything but agreeable to me."

"They are behind us," replied Petru, smiling; "and now I know well enough they cannot intercept us on our way to Szlatina. They have seen us, now for it—run for your lives!"

The active man ran with his valuable burden over stumps and stones, till at last he reached the edge of the wood, and the steep rock near which the small church now stands. "We are saved!" cried he, with a loud yell, when he saw the imperialist tents and the rowing drag-ons. The sight once more restored the courage of Duke Francis, yet he did not stop to cast his eyes upon the agreeable prospect. He slipped from the shoulders of his bearer, and ran with all haste to his men.

Maruschka, Salim, Dschundschi, and their companions had, indeed, caught sight of the fugitives in the valley. They had observed that Petru was carrying one of the princes, and, thinking themselves all the more certain of success, they redoubled their efforts. But they had reckoned without their host; for when they reached the edge of the wood, they were only just in time to hear the shout of triumph with which the rescued princes were received by their impatient countrymen.

It is scarcely necessary to recite, that Petru obtained from the general a gratification which would have had a considerable return, had he either demanded or expected. In addition he had his old good fortune behind the shoulders of his porter, in all hands, which, it is well known, are very numerous with Wallachians. He was invested by charter with the reversion of the governorship of New Orsova, the same the strategos could be taken from the Turk. With this expectation, the financial which died in a good old man, as a peaceful husband, and among his last words was the expression of a wish, that he had it long enough to witness the recovery of New Orsova.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

THE Arsenal at Venice, which dates its foundation as far back as the year 1394, and which the Republic in the days of its prosperity and glory, repeatedly enlarged and embellished, is situated between strong walls and towers. It occupies an area of almost more than two miles. The principal entrance is a hall, which is here engraved, is in itself a magnificent monument. The arch of

the doorway is supported by six columns, and at the apex of the structure is a statue of the goddess of Success, which is a fine marble work. The ceiling of the great hall is a masterpiece of Venetian architecture, and is supported by a series of arches, which are decorated with the most beautiful designs. The hall is a fine example of the Venetian style of architecture, and is a fine example of the Venetian style of architecture.

lector of the navy. On the summit of the pediment stands the statue of St. Justina, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna. It is a reminiscence of the victory obtained by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justina's day, in the year 1571. The other statues placed on pilasters behind the railings, representing Victory, Wisdom, Power, and other allegorical personages, recall the same event.

winding about the mane of the noble animal, which have long tasked the ingenuity and learning of those who have attempted to decipher them. As yet all the efforts bestowed upon their interpretation have proved of little avail. Among others who have turned their attention to them, we may mention Akerblad and Vilhoisson, who supposed them to be Runic; Bossi and Hameriville, who asserted that they were Pelagian; and Rink, who declared he



ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

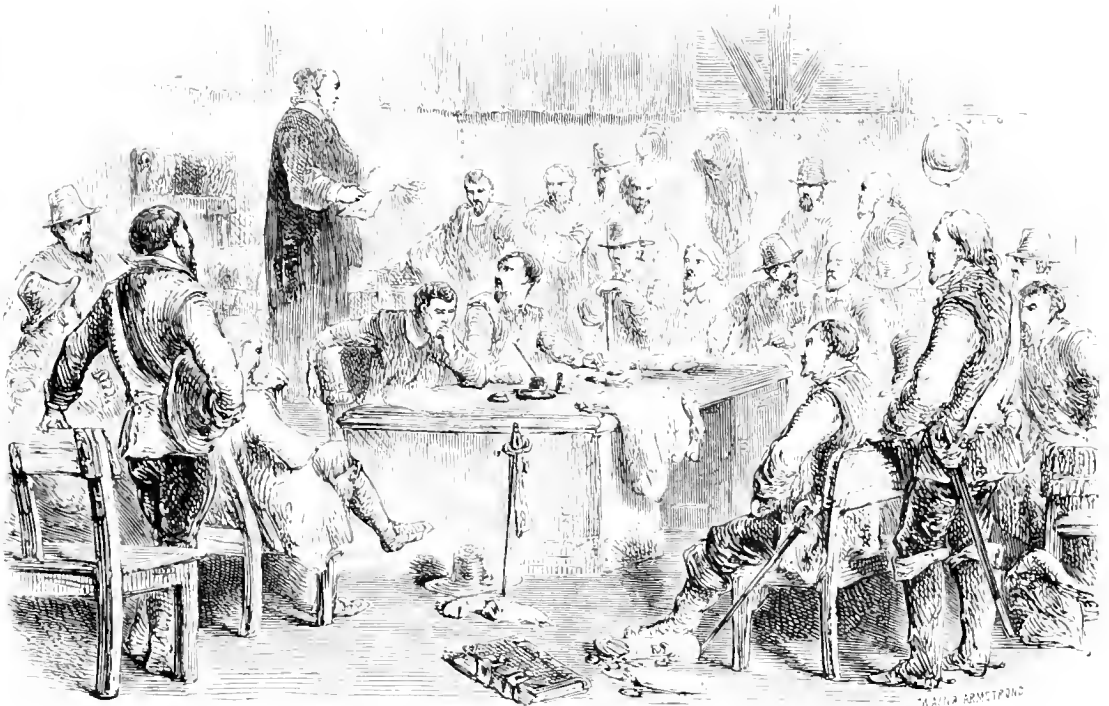
The four lions in pentelican marble, one on the left, and the three others on the right of the entrance, are not the least remarkable ornaments about it. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponnesian, in 1687. The one which occupies the most prominent place in the accompanying engraving formerly adorned the celebrated Piræus at Athens, which also bore the name of the Lion Harbour. There are two inscriptions

had detected Greek words, which when translated gave this sense: "A lion consecrated at Athens." Cuvier felt no hesitation in pronouncing this sculpture to be a Grecian work, and some scholars have conjectured that it was set up in the Piræus in memory of the battle of Marathon. The first lion on the other side was found on the road from the Piræus to Athens. The head is modern and badly sculptured—a remark also applicable to the other two lions.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A THOUGHTFUL writer, celebrated for the profundity and originality of his reflections, remarks upon the interest with which we con-

which attaches to the early history of the United States, that grand confederacy, which has already extended its territory, multiplied its



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY IN VIRGINIA.



JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

template a trickling rill which we know to be the source of a mighty river, whose waters roll on with ever-increasing breadth till they reach the still more majestic ocean. Such is the interest

population, and increased its resources, with a rapidity and to a degree beyond all parallel, and appears destined to play a still more prominent part in the great drama of human affairs.

It is a little remarkable that, for about a century after the first discovery of America—during which interval Spain was extending her conquests and possessions in the southern continent, and France sent out several expeditions to the north with various success—England made scarcely any effort to establish a colony in the New World. It is true that some exception must be made in favour of the Cabots, two enterprising merchants at Bristol, who, within five years from that memorable achievement, began a career of discoveries on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, which formed no unworthy sequel to so glorious a commencement. Speaking of the son, Bancroft says: "The career of Sebastian Cabot was in the issue as honourable as the beginning was glorious. He conciliated universal esteem by the placid mildness of his character. Unlike the stern enthusiasm of Columbus, he was distinguished for serenity and contentment. For sixty years he was renowned for his achievements and skill."

But though the intercourse opened by these explorers between England and North America was never wholly suspended, it never, on the other hand, ripened into any important results. It was not till the connexion established between England and Spain by the marriage of Mary and Philip, that any adequate notion of what Spain had accomplished, or any desire to imitate her example, appears to have been entertained in this country. As soon as the desire was felt, it received all the encouragement which so enlightened and powerful a sovereign as Queen Elizabeth could afford it. She took the deepest interest in the project of planting an English colony in the polar regions of America, which were supposed to abound in gold and other mineral wealth. The zeal with which the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh entered into such schemes is too well known to require any detailed description here. Enlivened by the disasters which attended his first expedition, in which the largest of his three vessels was wrecked, and a hundred persons lost—including Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his step-brother, and Parmenius, a Hungarian, who went out for the purpose of writing a history of the expedition—he determined to gain a footing for England on those shores; and without difficulty obtained a patent, giving him absolute authority, as Lord Proprietary, over all the territory which he might discover between the thirty-third and fortieth degrees of north latitude. Accordingly, he despatched two vessels, which reached the coast of North America in July—a time of the year most suitable for impressing the new-comers with favourable opinions of the country. They landed in Florida, and afterwards sailed to the island of Roanoke, where they met with a most hospitable reception from the wife of the reigning chief. After a short stay they returned home, having their vessels well laden with cedar, skins, furs, and sassafras. On their arrival, they gave most animated accounts of the country they had visited; and the result was, that the virgin queen, who felt a pardonable exultation in having contributed to the discovery of so glorious a land, gave expression to her satisfaction by bestowing upon it the name of Virginia.

The territory to which this appellation was given, included that portion of North America which lies between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. It was divided into North Virginia, which was granted to a corporate body known as the Plymouth Company, and South Virginia, the property of another corporation called the London Company. Besides rendering homage to the British crown, they were bound to pay a rent of one-fifth of the gold and silver obtained, and one-fifteenth of the copper. The king was to be acknowledged the supreme authority over the colony, the government of which, with the exception of purely local affairs, was placed in the hands of a council in England. James I. even drew up a code of laws for the regulation of the colony, which, as might be conjectured from the narrow-minded pedantry of its author, breathed anything but a liberal and enlarged spirit. After a series of vicissitudes, including severe sufferings and heavy losses, which we cannot here detail, the colony at length struck its roots into the soil and began to flourish. In spite of the misdirection of the labour of the colonists to the manufacture of potash, soap, glass, and tar—articles in which they could not reasonably hope to compete with the nations on the Baltic—their industry before long became productive, wealth flowed in, and with the power it bestowed came the desire of more extended liberty. The natural

restlessness of a rising colony was still further increased by the evils of misgovernment. It was no uncommon thing for persons to obtain appointments, through the influence of the English council, for which they were altogether unfit. The prosperity resulting from the good government of one governor was counterbalanced by the ill effects of the tyranny of another. At length, in June, 1619, the foundation of constitutional liberty was laid by the convocation of the first colonial assembly at Jamestown—consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of eleven boroughs—the reform of many abuses, and the establishment of equal laws, representative government, and trial by jury. It is this interesting scene which our artist has chosen for illustration in the first of the accompanying engravings. Henceforward, the progress of the colony in freedom and general prosperity was uninterrupted. King James complained of what he termed, this "seminary to a seditious parliament," and attempted to restrict its liberties; but it was now too late.

The scene represented in our second engraving is one of still deeper interest. It brings before us a most devoted missionary instructing the wild untutored red Indians in the sacred truths of Christianity, convincing them of the evils of their present condition, and directing their thoughts and aspirations to a better life hereafter. As these savage tribes saw the white men gradually encroaching on their territory, and living by its industrious cultivation in a degree of comfort and plenty which painfully contrasted with their own miserable neediness, they not unnaturally began to look upon them with an evil eye. Jealousy gave rise to quarrels, acts of violence committed by one party were avenged with frightful cruelty by the other, whole tribes were massacred, and colonies disappeared never more to be heard of, notwithstanding the most searching investigations. But with all this violence and barbarity there were instances of better feeling between the white and the red man. Eager as most of the Europeans were to acquire land and increase in wealth, no matter at what cost to the uncivilised Indians, there were others who had higher objects in view. They sought to raise the Indians to a level with themselves by teaching them all the arts of civilised life, and especially by imparting to them the blessings of a pure and holy religion.

One of the earliest of the labourers in this noble field of enterprise was Alexander Whittaker, whose active exertions in preaching to the Indians on the frontier of Virginia procured for him the honourable and well-earned title of "The Apostle of Virginia." Another of this devoted band was Mayhew, "that young New England scholar," as he has been styled, who sailed to England with a view to excite the zeal of his countrymen in the good cause, but was unhappily lost with the vessel in which he sailed. Such, however, was the influence of his example, that his father, though seventy years of age, undertook to continue his labours, and preached and instructed the Indians with great success till he had passed the advanced age of fourscore. As a striking proof of the success of his efforts, it may be mentioned, that though the Indians were twenty times more numerous than the whites in Massachusetts, they abstained from all attempt to injure them, and lived in firm friendship with them. Villages of "praying Indians" were established; and at the University of Cambridge an Indian obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

But a still more remarkable instance of missionary zeal was afforded by John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," who began to preach in the year 1646. We cannot do better than quote what Bancroft says of this excellent man:—"His benevolence almost amounted to genius. An Indian grammar was a pledge of his earnestness; the pledge was redeemed by his preparing and publishing a translation of the whole Bible into Massachusetts dialect. His actions, his thoughts, his desires, all wore the hues of disinterested love. Eliot mixed with the Indians; he spoke to them of God, and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self-denial. He became their lawgiver. He taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground. He established for them simple forms of government; and, in spite of menaces from their priests and chieftains, he successfully imparted to them his own religious faith. Groups of Indians used to gather round him, as round a father; and, now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their questions."

when received at the gardens," says Professor Owen, "was active, and apparently in sound health. It was placed in a large but shallow box, with a deep layer of sand on one-half the bottom; the top covered with close cross-bars. The animal manifested more vivacity than might have been expected from a quadruped which, in

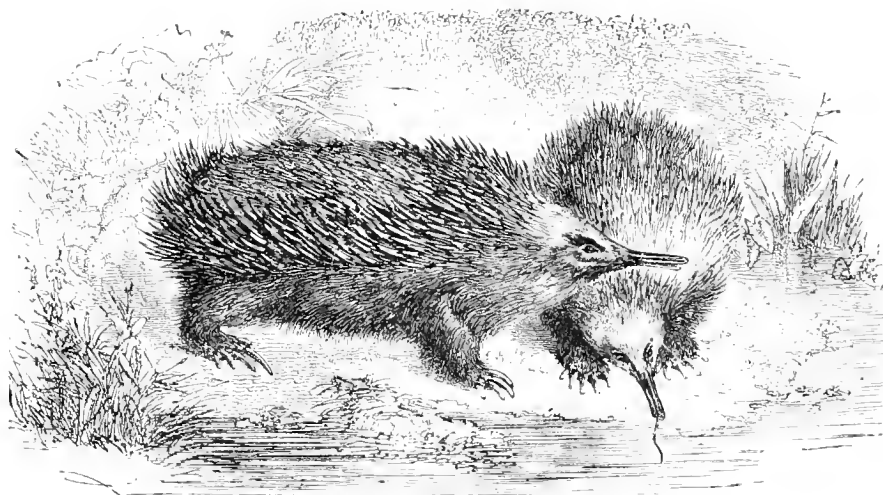
until it had assured itself that the same hard impenetrable bottom everywhere opposed its progress downwards. The animal then began to explore every fissure and cranny, poking its long and slender nose into each crevice and hole, and through the interspaces of the cross-bars above. To reach these, it had to raise itself



THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPCS (ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS).

the proportions of its limbs to its body, as well as in its internal organisation, makes the nearest approach, after the ornithorhynchus, to the reptilia. In the act of walking, which was a kind of waddling gait, the body was alternately bent from one side to the other, the belly was lifted entirely off the ground, and the legs,

upright, and often overbalanced itself, falling on its back, and recovering its legs by performing a summerset. I watched these attempts of the animal to escape for more than an hour, and it was not until it had got experience of the strength of its prison, that the echidna began to notice the fool which had been placed there.



THE SPINY ANT-EATER (ECHIDNA HYSTRIX).

though not so perpendicular as in higher mammalia, were less bent outwards than in lizards. . . . It commenced an active exploration of its prison soon after it was incased: the first instinctive action was to seek its ordinary shelter in the earth, and it turned up the sand rapidly by throwing it aside with strong strokes of its powerful fossorial paws, and repeating the act in many places,

This consisted of a saucer of bread and milk and some meal-worms. The milk was sucked, or rather licked in by rapid protrusion and retraction of the long red cylindrical tongue. The tongue came more than once in contact with the larvae, which were sometimes rolled over by it, but no attempt was made to swallow them."

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

It is a common remark, and one borne out by experience, that genius is not hereditary on the father's side. We rarely find both father and son highly distinguished, at least in the same department. But, like all other general rules, this has its exceptions. If the second William Pitt was inferior to the Great Commoner in oratorical power, in commanding force of character, and in statesmanlike breadth of view, he was still a man of great eminence, and probably exerted even a more powerful and lasting influence over the destinies of the country than his illustrious father. Again,

and what renders their case still more remarkable is, that another member of the same family, Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister of the father, is entitled to a share of the honour which encircles the name, having not merely assisted in their observations and computations, but herself discovered a comet.

It is much to be regretted that so few particulars are known with respect to the life of Sir William Herschel; for not only do his distinguished astronomical discoveries give an interest to everything



SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

though George Stephenson, who conferred incalculable benefits upon his species, and an immortality upon himself, by originating the great railway system, was a most remarkable instance of how much may be accomplished by heaven-born genius in spite of deficient education, it may be questioned whether his son Robert, who, besides being equally gifted by nature, has enjoyed the advantage of a superior scientific education, will not leave behind him more stupendous monuments of engineering skill. Another striking exception to the above rule is supplied by the two Herschels, both of whom have won lasting renown by their astronomical investiga-

tions and discoveries. And what renders their case still more remarkable is, that another member of the same family, Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister of the father, is entitled to a share of the honour which encircles the name, having not merely assisted in their observations and computations, but herself discovered a comet. It is much to be regretted that so few particulars are known with respect to the life of Sir William Herschel; for not only do his distinguished astronomical discoveries give an interest to everything

came over here alone. The place where he first settled was Durham, whence he removed to Halifax. Here he remained for several years as organist and teacher of music, at the same time devoting his leisure hours to the study of languages. A variety of apocryphal stories are told of this part of his career, some of which are certainly incorrect.

It was not till about the year 1765, when he was organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, that Herschel began to direct his attention to that noble science which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. His knowledge of mathematics was very considerable, and his skill in applying it sufficed to demonstrate that he might have won the highest distinction in that department of science, if he had conformed himself to it. With this preliminary advantage he commenced the study of astronomy under very favourable circumstances. Before long he began to feel the want of a better telescope than he possessed or could purchase. Here was a difficulty which, to an ordinary mind, would have appeared insuperable. It is at such turning-points as these that the true character of a man appears. The commonplace person, who lives only according to a prescribed routine, and has no resources within himself for trying emergencies, no sooner encounters an obstacle than his heart fails him, and he foregoes the object of his pursuit almost without a struggle. Not so the man of genius. To him difficulties are but incentives to pleasurable exertion. It matters not how unexpected or how unpropitious to him they may be, he is never at a loss for some means of overcoming them. Such was the case with Herschel at this juncture. Not being able to purchase, or in any other way procure, a telescope of the size and power he wanted, he determined to make one. As may be supposed, his first attempts were not successful; but, nevertheless, he still persisted in them, undaunted by repeated failures, till at length he succeeded in constructing a Newtonian reflecting telescope of five feet focal length.

Now Herschel began to turning to account the resources which he had acquired by his constructive skill and industry. He applied himself diligently to a careful observation of the heavenly bodies, and the study of all the phenomena which throw light upon their constitution, movements, and laws. The results of his observations were communicated in his papers of "Philosophical Transactions," one of the earliest of which contained an announcement of his having discovered what was then supposed to be a comet, but was soon ascertained to be a new planet. The discovery took place between ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of March 13, 1781. While observing some stars in the constellation Gemini, Herschel noticed one that appeared larger than the rest, and, on examining it with greater magnifying power, he soon found its position with relation to the other stars was changed, which proved that it was in motion. It is remarkable that the planet had been repeatedly observed, and its position recorded as a fixed star by various astronomers, one of whom, Lemonnier, could not have failed to discover that it was a planet, if he had but brought into our view all his observations of the same object. In a spirit of unshaken loyalty—or, as many would say, unworthy flattery—Herschel proposed to call the planet Georgian Sidus, or the Georgian Star, in honour of George the Third, who was then king. But astronomers, who have other objects in view than the gratification of royal vanity, could hardly be expected to accede to such a title; still less could foreigners consent to pay such homage to a sovereign who had no claim upon their allegiance. Lacking the aid of the French astronomer, with a proud worthy desire to honour the discoverer, proposed that the planet should bear his name; and many voted upon his suggestion. But even this did not meet with general approbation; and after some discussion, the name of Uranus, by which the planet is now known, was proposed by Bode and lived upon a most appropriate.

The next discovery of Herschel took place in the early part of the year 1787, when he established the existence of two satellites of Uranus, and made an approximation to the time of their revolution. Ten years later he discovered the four other satellites of this planet. He had great difficulty in discerning them, and they have scarcely ever been seen since, whence some have been inclined to question their existence; but there appears to be no sufficient ground for doubt on the subject.

The effect of Herschel's discovery of Uranus was to bring him at

once into public notice. His fame spread all over the continent, and he was appointed private astronomer to George III., with a salary of £400 a year. He now removed first to Bath, and afterwards to Slough, where he pursued his researches with unremitting ardour and great success. He married a widow named Mrs. Pitt, who was the mother of Sir John Herschel, the present worthy inheritor of the illustrious name. Of his private life after this time little can be said, because little is known on good authority. So scanty is the information respecting it, that even the dates of his knighthood, and receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, cannot be ascertained. But what we do know is, that for a long series of years, from 1789 to 1821, he communicated to the Philosophical Society a great number of papers upon the subject of his astronomical studies, thus showing that to the very last he retained his ardour in the pursuit of truth; for on the 25th of August, 1822, death brought his labours to a close, when he had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year.

It is beyond our province to give any detailed account of the discoveries of this great astronomer; but the bare fact that his various contributions to our knowledge of the solar system increased the number of heavenly bodies in it by one-half, shows how well-founded is his claim to universal admiration. Besides Uranus with its six satellites, and the two satellites of Saturn, he discovered the rotation of Saturn's ring, measured the rotation of Saturn and Venus, and by many observations and well-founded reasonings contributed largely to the advance of modern astronomy. Indeed it may safely be asserted, that to no one are we so deeply indebted for what we know of the solar system. But his discoveries were not confined to the solar system. It was he who first opened our eyes to the infinite vastness of the universe, by showing that our system is only one of a countless number of others, which extend throughout the boundless regions of space, not only far beyond mortal ken, but even beyond the most daring flights of human imagination. His discovery, in 1803, that many objects which looked like single stars, and had hitherto been taken to be such even by astronomers, were, in fact, pairs of stars revolving round each other, was the first step to more just conceptions than had previously prevailed upon this subject; and his grand speculations upon the milky way, nebulae, &c., contributed still further to this desirable result. Imperfect as is this sketch of what Sir William Herschel accomplished, it may be sufficient to show that he made many valuable additions to our astronomical knowledge; and when we reflect how important a bearing this knowledge has upon various practical arts—especially that of navigation and all that depends upon it—we see how great a benefactor he was to mankind, and how worthy he is to occupy an honourable place in the grateful recollections of posterity.

AMBOYNA, OR THE ISLAND OF DEW.

THE ISLE OF DEW, as the Dutch call the chief of the Moluccas, is little known to the world. Though only occupying a space of thirteen geographical miles, it has 30,000 inhabitants. It presents a very varied aspect. It rises from the sea towards a centre, with a gradual but broken slope dipping into valleys, casting up clusters of hills, or expanding into little table-lands. Some of the hills present a very pleasing appearance, green and verdant to the summit, while some have only woods at the base. English and Dutch travellers vie with each other in their descriptions of this capital of the Spice Islands. Temminck talks of an atmosphere laden with the soft colour of aromatic plants and flowers, and of rich plains shaded by sugar-cane and a palm. The prospect he declares to be enchanting in its beauty. Ver Huell is more enthusiastic than his comrade in description. The flowers of the island fill the air with fragrance. According to him, it is a perfect Eden, where a Sybarite might dwell in ease and luxury and voluptuousness all the days of his life. Some parts, however, are barren, but others are luxuriantly fertile. Here the nutmeg and the clove grow in rich perfection, and bring riches to the Dutch of more sure return than silver and gold-mines.

In addition to the spirit of the island produce woods abounding fragrant essences and oils with medicinal virtues, exquisite woods

for cabinet-work, from which slabs for tables five or six feet in diameter are cut, one of which, of rare beauty, we have ourselves seen. Coffee, indigo, cotton, and pepper grow, but are not cultivated, as is cinnamon. But the island is almost wholly destitute of the necessaries of life. The Dutch have always kept down ordinary agriculture, and forced the people to depend on their commerce for support. Rice is a great article of food, and this is supplied by Java, Celebes, and Bengal. Yams grow in great abundance, and are an extensively-used article of food. But the best resource of the islanders is the sago, or Papan bread. This is the pith of a palm, the humblest, the simplest, of its tribe. It furnishes the principal food of the people, its delicate flour being baked into cakes. This is its native country—that is, in the region between Borneo on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The quantity of pith from a single tree is immense, often as much as 600 pounds. The refuse left in heaps produces excellent mushrooms. The epiphytes of Molucca even eat certain white worms generated in the same refuse.

One palm-tree on this island produces a poison, used to poison water, in the early days of the Dutch, by the natives. They now make an intoxicating drink from it. The betel nut, tobacco, and the wild banana, are also found. It is singular that all the

plants are cultivated on the spot, while the people are utterly neglected. They stand all away, without ever pinning them at all to the soil. To kill a tree, the gardeners dig round its roots.

Oxen and hogs are the chief animals, the island being peopled by quadrupeds. But birds were in the first city, in every variety of plumage—poultry, birds of Paradise, and many others. The odible birds' nests are found here, and exported to China, with treasurers, shark's fins, and small parcels of gold. To the same country they also send birds of Paradise, variously called Birds of God, Bird of the Sun, and King Birds. There is also a trade in feathers.

The people are of middle size, militarily both the best and the very impetuous, but easily appeased. They were discovered by the Dutch, who behaved to them with excessive cruelty, and exterminated them without any meritorious cause. They are now, however, a quiet race. They must have been a simple people when discovered, as they hid their food in a hollow bamboo. They now receive their pins from China.

The island is celebrated in the history of India and navigation, as the scene of a fearful execution by the Dutch of Captain Towerson and nine other Englishmen, nine Japanese and one Portuguese, known as the Massacre of Amboyna.

RELIGION AND ARTS OF THE ASSYRIANS.

It has been remarked in a former article on Nineveh, that the character of the Assyrians was eminently religious, though their veneration was falsely directed, and took a superstitious and debasing form. There are some lofty conceptions, however, in their sculptured embodiments of the power and majesty of God; and something of the religious philosophy of the Chaldeans and Egyptians must have been known to their priests. But in speaking of them as a people, it is their public worship and the popular creed that we must notice, rather than the abstractions which the priesthood conserved for their own order. In all countries, the sun appears to have been the earliest object of religious adoration; but, except among the Persians, popular ignorance and superstition personified this glorious symbol of divine power and beneficence; and hence Baal, or Belus, Orishma, Osiris, Apollo, &c. Baal was the supreme divinity of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and probably of the Phœnicians also, and as such is represented on a cylindrical iron fold-spear found by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik, and supposed by him to have been the signet or amulet of Sardanapal.

On many of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and other antique remains of the same country and period, an object is represented called a sacred tree, one of the forms of which is represented in the annexed engraving p. 92t. On the cylinder in question, the flowers or fruit of the tree are in the form of an acorn, and the king stands on one side, and a figure, described as a nuneh, on the other. The king holds up his right hand in an attitude of adoration, and in his left is the sacrificial mace. Above the sacred tree is the figure of Baal, the body of the god in a circle, the symbol of eternity, above which are the three heads of Baal an unusual mode of representing that deity, while from the sides spread the wings, and from below the tail and legs of a dove, typical of Mylitta, the Assyrian Venus. Among the sculptures excavated at Nimroud were several figures of Bazon, the fish-god of the Phœnicians, from which we learn that, in accordance with that intercommunity of worship which prevailed universally among the polytheistic nations of antiquity, the Assyrians imported into their pantheon some of the gods of the neighbouring nations. Among the twelve gods of the Assyrians, enumerated in a long inscription at the same place, are Asshur, probably deified here, and Ishtar, supposed to be the personification of the moon.

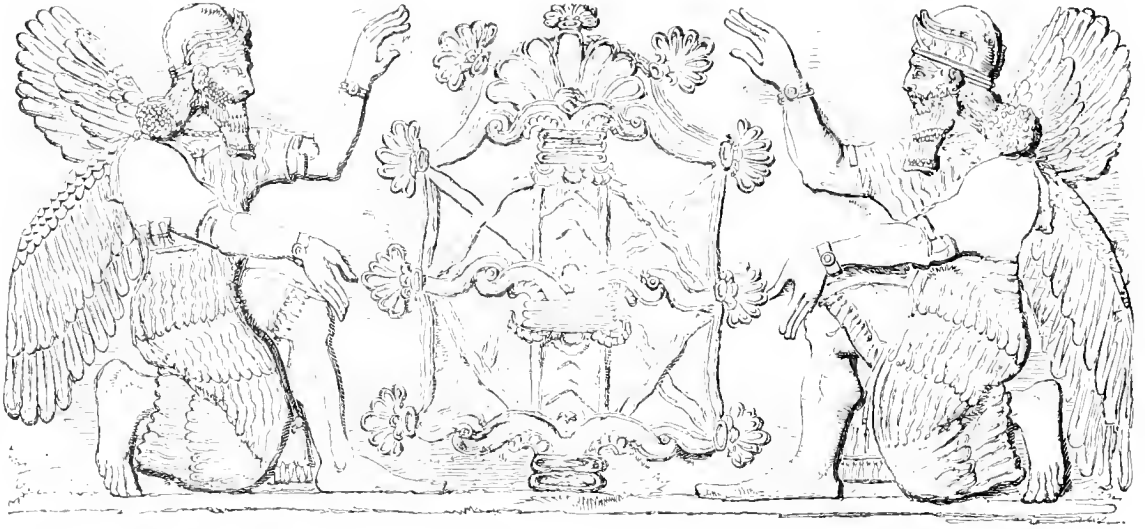
The predominant religious element, in the character of the Assyrians, is seen in the designs traced upon their domestic utensils, engraved upon their seals and moulds, and sculptured on

the walls of the palaces of their kings. Of the clayen vessels of the impressions of seals found at Kouyunjik, several appear to be decorated with the mythology and religious worship of the country. Several of the bronze plates and dishes discovered at Nimroud are of similar character, and on some of them are represented deities of Egyptian origin, though evidently designed and executed by Assyrian artists. These remains of the mechanical industry and artistic powers of the Assyrians, while they evince the extent to which the feeling of religion, mingled with the every-day concerns of life among them, are also valuable for the glimpse they afford us of their domestic economy. They were dug out of a chamber of the north-west palace at Nimroud, which Mr. Layard conjectures has been the repository of the royal arms and sacrificial vessels; but which Colonel Rawlinson (who discovered, in an adjoining chamber, an alabaster vase, which appeared to have contained preserved fruit) is of opinion was the royal kitchen. The walls were of common sun-dried bricks, such as are used throughout Asiatic Turkey and Persia for ordinary purposes at the present day, except about three feet from the floor, where large burnt bricks had been used. In one corner was a well, with a raised mouth of baked brick three feet high; it was filled up with rubbish, but on being emptied to the depth of sixty feet, brackish water was found. In clearing out the rubbish which filled up the chamber, two copper caddis were found, about three feet deep, and two feet and a half in diameter; these were filled with a number of small bronze bells, several bronze plates, dishes, and cups, hundreds of ivory and mother-pearl buttons and studs, and various small articles in bronze and silver, the use of which is not very clear. The studs and buttons, and some metal nuts, appeared to have been used in the trappings of the Assyrian cavalry horses, and also in those attached to chariots.

Beneath the caddis was a number of bronze feet of Phœnician manufacture, which probably had been the receptacles for supporting vases and bowls. There were also found several plates and dishes, a wine-strainer of silver, and the handle of a vase, all of bronze. On the floor were also found several plates and dishes, which had been crushed to pieces. The floor of the upper part of the building was constructed of bricks, and the rest was a clay. Beneath the floor were several of large copper bowls and plates, cylinders, and basins, and a number of small vessels, some of which were decorated with designs, and some with inscriptions. The vessels were found in a chamber, which was about 17 feet in length, and 10 feet in breadth. The walls of this chamber were of brick, and the floor was of a similar material. The chamber was found in a room, which was about 17 feet in length, and 10 feet in breadth. The walls of this chamber were of brick, and the floor was of a similar material.

proportions used in the composition of bronze at the present day. The bells, however, have fourteen per cent. of tin, which shows that the Assyrians had made considerable advance in metallurgy, and understood the effect produced by increasing the proportion of

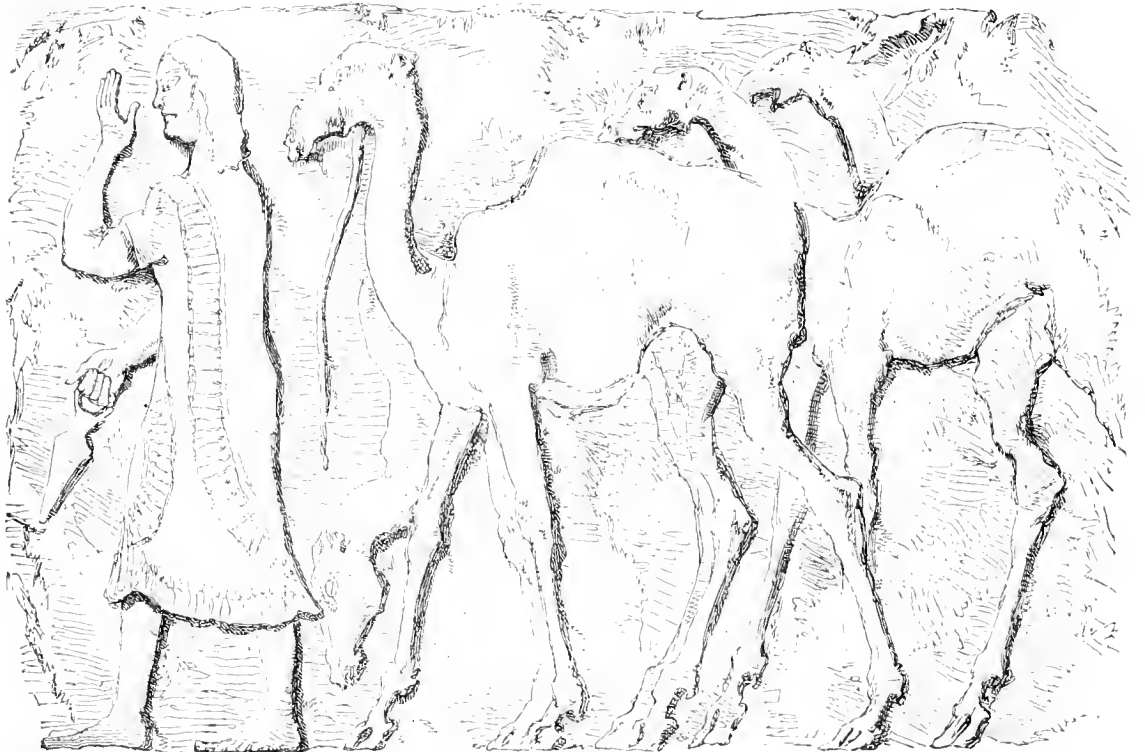
Some of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, exhibit the progress which the Assyrians had made in ship-building. As their vessels were constructed only for the navigation of the Tigris, they were of small size, but in their lofty



WINGED FIGURES BY A SACRED TREE. FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

that metal. By the decomposition of the metal, the effect of time and damp, the surface of these vessels was covered with a green coat of a crystalline nature, which has been removed since the vessels have been placed in the Museum. An alabaster jar, a lens

prows may be traced a considerable resemblance to the galleys of the ancient Greeks. In the accompanying engraving (p. 93) two kinds of vessels are represented—boats and ships with a single mast and yard—but both have a double bank of oars. The water appears to be



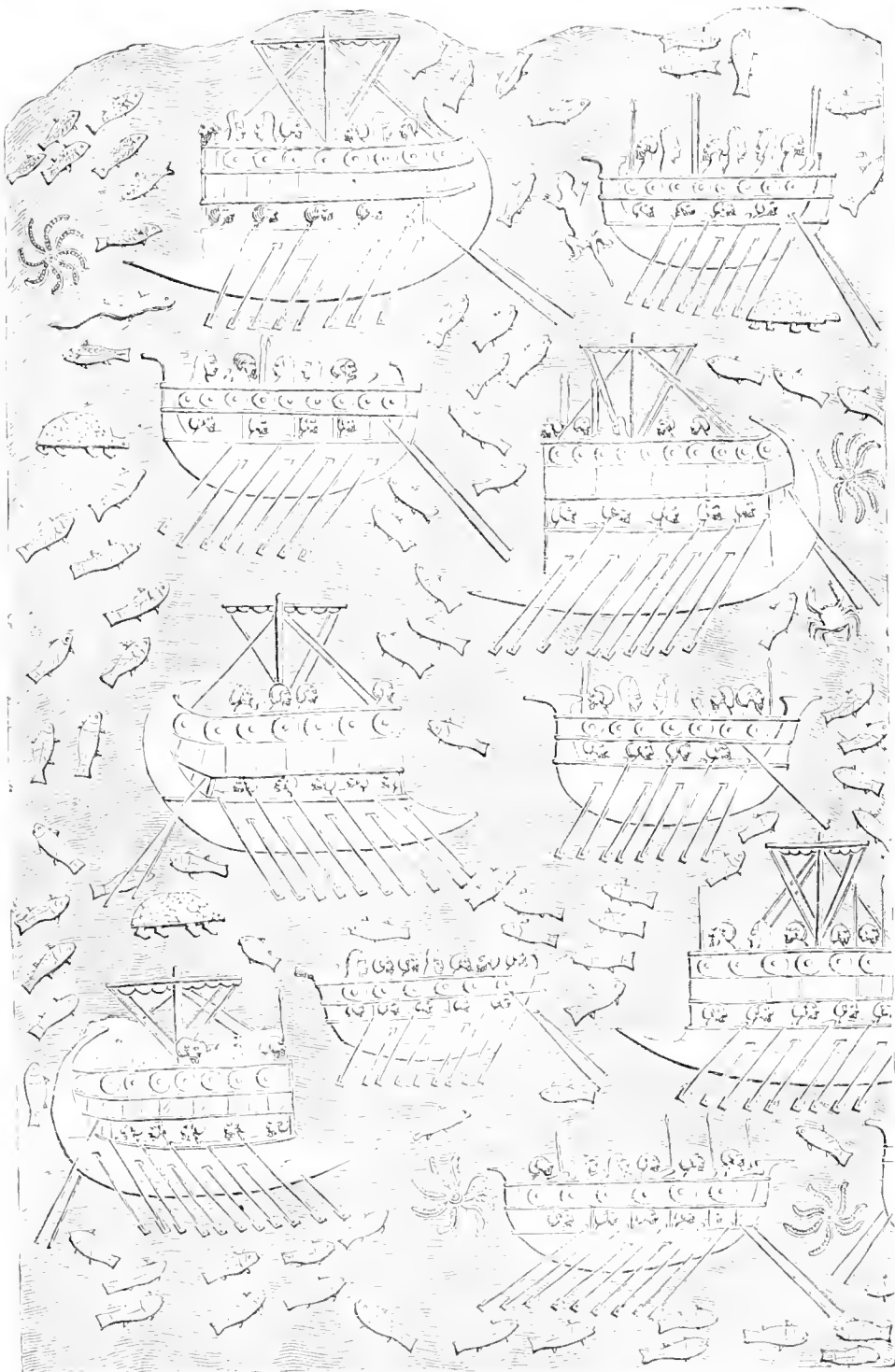
A WOMAN WITH CAMELS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of rock-crystal, and two glass bowls, were also found in this interesting apartment, showing that the Assyrians were not only acquainted with the manufacture of glass, but also with the properties of the burning-glass.

well stocked with fish, which are swimming in every direction, while at the bottom, as we must suppose, the crab and the turtle crawl, and the star-fish agitates its arms in search of prey. A small kind of crocodile, and an animal of eel-like form, are also represented.

Another of these bas-reliefs portrays a battle in a marsh in Southern Mesopotamia, in which wicker boats are used, precisely similar to those of the *Ahajj* Arabs of the present day. In a similar scene, the Assyrians are bringing their captives ashore, one of the boats

lightness, guided and impelled them. The largest were built of oakwood, but the others consisted simply of a very narrow frame-work of rushes covered with bitumen, resembling, probably, 'the vessels of bulrushes' mentioned by Isaiah (xviii. 2). They



THE ENEMIES OF THE ASSYRIANS ESCAPING IN THEIR SHIPS. FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

being towed by a man swimming on an inflated skin. The boats of the Arabs of the *Ahajj* are thus described by Mr. Layard — 'They were of various sizes. In the bottom of some, eight or ten persons sat crouched on their haunches; in others, only one or two. Men standing at the head and stern, with long bamboo poles of great

length, lever the bottom of the water with great rapidity, and the boats were propelled vividly to my mind the sculptured bas-reliefs representing the Assyrian wars in marshes of the same nature, and probably formed by the waters of the same river. The streets through the reeds, and the boats of rushes, are faithfully

delimited in the bas-reliefs, showing how little the barbarous inhabitants of these great swamps have changed after the lapse of nearly three thousand years."

The bas-relief which has been reproduced in our second illustration represents a woman, barefooted, carrying some vessel in her hand, followed by four camels. The foremost of the animals has a halter depending from his head; and all the figures are executed with considerable fidelity and spirit. The glimpses which we obtain into the every-day life of the Assyrians by means of these bas-reliefs reveal customs and modes that have been perpetuated to the present day; but in all the higher arts the glory of the land has departed. Mounds of earth cover the palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and where their banners flaunted in the sunlight as they led their thousands forth to battle, the traveller now beholds only the tents of the wandering Arabs.

HEALTH OF TOWNS.

THAT it is healthier to live in the country than in large towns, is a plain matter of fact which experience renders familiar to all. But it is only within a comparatively short period that any attempt has been made to investigate the causes of this effect; though without such an investigation it is obviously impossible to devise any means at all likely to be effectual in improving the health of towns. If we would arrive at an intelligent view of the subject, we must carefully consider the phenomena which are engendered in the course of years by the impregnation of the soil of cities with substances which are deposited there in the shape of refuse, or gradually accumulate from various sources. Everything that comes into contact with man partakes more or less of the character of clothing, and is similarly affected by the action of those causes which are in constant operation wherever men are collected together. Clothes, as we all know, require to be frequently washed and changed; and if we cannot cleanse and renew the soil upon which we tread, and the emanations from which are constantly rising about us, we ought at least to endeavour to maintain its natural purity as far as lies in our power.

Let the soil be impregnated with organic matter of various kinds; let it receive water enough to moisten it, but not enough to cleanse it; let this water be charged with a solution of sulphate of lime, which, by its combination with the organic substances luried in the soil, will give rise to the most noxious and poisonous gases; let the ventilation which might have carried off these deleterious emanations be impeded; let light, which facilitates the slow combustion of organic substances, be prevented from often reaching the ground; and we have combined all the conditions necessary to render the soil a pest-house of infection, a dreadful swamp under the show of splendour, whence silently go forth day and night the treacherous agents of so many diseases, which are in reality nothing but the natural and necessary results of this concealed corruption. Such, it cannot be denied, are the conditions to which culpable neglect too often gives rise in large towns, even in this enlightened age. Much has been said of late years about the health of towns, and something has been done towards its promotion; but those whose personal observation has made them best acquainted with the subject, are the loudest in their demands for further improvement.

The usual causes of the accumulation of those substances which tend to render the soil of large towns prejudicial to health, are, the necessity we are under of using organic substances for food, and the various consequences of that use, the employment of these substances in manufactures, the domestic animals which live among us, and the human corpses which were formerly—and are sometimes even now, if the statements in the public press are to be believed—buried in the heart of towns, and, wasting away by decomposition, after a number of years form a large mass of putrid matter. In towns lighted by gas, that is to say, in all towns of any extent, there is an additional cause of infection, and one which, if not counteracted, may become in time, productive of immense mischief. This is the development of vapours which, after being carried along with the gas in the pipes, issue through the escapes, and spread in the earth, giving it a fetid smell that

betrays itself when there is any digging for repairs, make trees wither and perish by poisoning the roots, and taint the water in wells.

It is obvious from the above remarks, that the means of preventing the soil from getting into an unhealthy state must consist mainly in endeavouring to diminish, as much as possible, the quantity of organic substances which penetrate into the earth. The most customary and simple plan is, to pave the streets with stone. Independently of the advantages of this plan on the score of convenience for traffic, and the prevention of the formation of ruts and puddles, it evidently diminishes the permeable portion of the soil, since it is only through the interstices between the stones that anything can reach the earth beneath.

Among other means of accomplishing this important object, the following deserve special mention. There should be numerous water-pipes freely, if not constantly, open, so as to pan into the gutters a body of water sufficient to carry off all the filth from the houses before it has time to sink into the soil. Sewers and drains should be plentifully laid down and kept thoroughly water-tight. To prevent the dispersion of the vapours and fluids engendered by the gas, some recommend that the gas-pipes should be placed inside the sewers. It is alleged that such an arrangement would render the repair of escapes more convenient, but on this point there is some room for a difference of opinion. Cemeteries should be placed not merely quite out of the town, but also below its level; for if the water which runs through the soil finds its way by subterranean imbibition to the soil of the town, it is evident that the evil, against which we are anxious to guard, will be secretly gaining ground. Every species of manufacture which gives out much organic matter ought to be removed to a distance from the town, or carried on close to a stream of water, powerful enough to carry off everything of this sort at once. Lastly, the strictest vigilance should be exercised over all gardens, markets, and other places where organic substances are likely to accumulate.

But, besides resorting to such preventive measures as the above, it is of the greatest importance to employ suitable means for counteracting the infection which already exists in the soil. It is a fact, to which we can no longer shut our eyes, that in almost all our considerable towns the soil is more or less infected. This fact was prominently brought before the public mind with regard to London, in a recent report, drawn up with great ability by Mr. Simon, the medical officer to the City Board of Health. Unfortunately, it is not so easy, in the present state of our knowledge, to discover a remedy for the evil as to state how it might have been avoided. In this, as in other cases, prevention is better than cure.

The first step should be to let the oxygen of the atmosphere have free circulation wherever there are organic materials capable of becoming injurious to health by decomposition. It is well known that oxygen, especially when aided by the influence of light, has a tendency to convert organic matter into water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, by a slow combustion, which, from the moderation of its action, involves no sort of danger. Thus, oxygen is a powerful agent, which destroys the sources of infection whenever it is brought into contact with them. Besides, the air, by penetrating freely into every hole and corner, has a tendency to dry the earth, the streets, and the walls of the houses. Hence, not only ought the streets to be of sufficient width, but the yards at the back of the houses should be large enough to admit the fresh air to that side as well as the other, for if this is not the case the work of purification is only half done.

The next means to be employed consists in the use of wells, a means which has never yet received a fair trial, but which, with proper management, is capable of being turned to good account. A single experiment by a skilled engineer may suffice to demonstrate this. Having sunk a well in an old tenement, the soil of which had been long impregnated with the manure to a considerable depth, he could not get any water from the well at all fit to drink, though the water of another well, situated at a little distance above this, was excellent. However, by dint of working the well, and using the water from it for purposes of cultivation, he at last succeeded in completely changing its condition. The water gradually lost its colour and its smell, all in the course of a few years it

become quite fit to drink. It is evident that, in this case, the well performed the part of an exsiccative. It is said to wash the body of the soil by means of the water which was drawn up to it, dissolving and bringing with it the animal substances through which it passed. This action is naturally very slow, and depends upon the quantity of rain-water imbibed by the earth, and flowing down to the interior of the well; but it cannot be denied that, in general, when there are many wells in a town, they contribute to the gradual purification of the soil, especially if, at the same time, the preventive measures above indicated be adopted. But here an important observation suggests itself with regard to paving, and that is, that the paving, which in some degree prevents the soil on which towns are built from being penetrated with infectious matter, in the same degree prevents it from being cleansed by the rain which falls upon it, and would otherwise sink into it. This was remarked by the sagacious Franklin, who, in his will, observed that the soil of towns being paved and covered with houses, the rain is carried off, instead of penetrating the earth and renewing and purifying the springs; in consequence of which the water from the wells becomes worse every day, till in old towns it is not fit to drink. He therefore recommended the municipal authorities of Philadelphia to have water conveyed thither from Wissahickon Creek by means of pipes. There is evidently no other means of removing the evil than to have pure water had on from without; but at the same time it is desirable not to abandon the use of wells whenever they can be sunk, because of their valuable action as exsiccative, when the subterranean water that actually accumulates in them is occasionally exhausted.

A third resource, and one which is likely to be more effectual than any other, consists in the raising of plantations near the town. An eminent engineer observes, if the utility of trees in preventing the impoverishment of sloping ground, and mitigating the evil effects of violent or continuous rain, is undeniable, they must be no less serviceable in constantly counteracting the unwholesomeness produced, or on the point of being produced, in populous towns by organic matter and the excessive dampness of the soil. The roots of the trees, by spreading out in all directions within the soil, relieve it of the moisture, charged with organic and saline materials, that it has imbibed. At the same time the more distant portions

of the roots, by virtue of the force of capillary attraction, draw up the earthy portion of the water with which they are imbued, and discharge it at the surface so sufficiently to raise and gradually evaporate, so that a permanent circulation is established. Hence, as has been said before, in general, the more efficient these plantations are, the more multiplied the water content. It has been ascertained by experiment that a small jar, placed in a glass flower-pot covered with a sheet of lead, so as merely to let the steam come through, will evaporate as much as twenty-eight pint of water in the course of only twelve hours. What, then, must have been the quantity if the experiment had been made upon a tree. At the same time that the water is thus drawn out, it is purified. The purplish is diffused through the atmosphere, and contributes to freshen and improve the air. The salt and organic substances are absorbed by the roots, and serve as nourishment to the trees; that, by this happy combination, the very deleterious substances themselves are employed to sustain the agents destined to counteract them. But in proportion to the efficacy of this means in promoting the health and improving the aspect of towns, is the necessity of careful consideration with regard to the number and arrangement of the trees in different quarters, the choice of such as are best for their respective positions, and the steps to be taken in order that the roots, as they extend, may meet with sufficient nourishment without ever passing through beds impregnated with substances that are deleterious, or deprived of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Unless these precautions are adopted, the success of the method must be greatly impaired, if not altogether nullified, because the plantations cannot thrive.

We have yet much to learn on this subject, but when the public mind is more fully alive to its importance, it is to be hoped no method will be left untried which has any chance of proving effectual. Surely if anything were needed to convince even the most obtuse and inert of the urgent necessity of prompt and vigorous measures of some sort, the recent outbreak of that dreadful pestilence which is now making such fearful havoc in almost every portion of the globe, is more than sufficient for the purpose. A matter of this sort should neither be left entirely in the hands of official authorities, nor be altogether beyond their control. There must be a co-operation between private individuals and public bodies.

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI.

There is much has been written at various times about the New World, comparatively little is known of that portion of it extending from Peru to Patagonia, upon which nature has so profusely lavished her beauties, that it has been called the garden of South America. The approach to this beautiful and fertile country is fraught with much difficulty and danger; the wide desert of Atacama on the north, and the lofty Cordilleras on the east, presenting formidable natural barriers to travellers, who generally pursue the precipitous mountain route, rather than cross the sandy waste of the desert.

Soon after the conquest of Peru, the fame of the mineral treasures of Chili having reached Pizarro, he persuaded his companion and rival, Diego de Almagro, to undertake the command of an expedition to attempt its conquest. In the year 1535, Almagro and his followers set forth, but in crossing the Andes, the fatigue and cold to which they were exposed proved fatal to a large portion of his army. They were at first well received by the natives, but having penetrated as far as Copalimbo, they met with much opposition, and a battle ensued, in which the Spaniards were victorious; but so dearly bought was the victory that Almagro had no wish, in the then weakened state of his forces, to hazard another engagement with these warlike tribes, and hearing of a disturbance in Peru, he decided on returning.

In the year 1540, Pizarro resolved to renew the attempt to subjugate Chili, and appointed his quarter-master, Pedro de Valdivia, to the command of this second expedition. He, profiting by the misfortunes of Almagro, reached Chili without experiencing any loss, but on his arrival was attacked on all sides. In spite of the valiant opposition of the Chilian tribes, the Spanish invaders

succeeded in penetrating as far as the province of Mapocho, now called Santiago, where Valdivia laid the foundations of the capital of Chili.

The Copacagnas were much harassed on all sides by the neighbouring tribes, and several battles were fought, in which the slaughter on both sides was very great. The wealthy and courageous soldiers formed a conspiracy to murder their general, that they might be enabled to return to Peru; but Almagro having discovered their base design, caused the leaders of the plot to be put to death, and, to divert the thoughts and satisfy the ambition of the soldiers, sent a detachment of them to the gold mines of Quilima. This plan fully succeeded, for when they beheld the vast extent of this region, all desire to return was gone.

From this time the Spaniards gradually extended their conquest, until their territory reached its present limits. Besides the narrow strip of land between the desert of Atacama and the river Bio-Bio, they gained possession of the part of Valdivia, the Archipelago of Chiloé, and the Island of Juan Fernandez.

Perhaps the most formidable enemies of the Spaniards were the Araucanians, a fine warlike race of people inhabiting the beautiful tract of land lying between the rivers Bio-Bio and Valdivia. They entertained an ardent love for their country and for freedom, and bravely resisted the hostile attacks of the Spanish invaders, who founded several towns in Araucania, which were repeatedly taken and destroyed by the brave people, who still rest in the interior.

Since the liberation of Chili, the independence in the year 1817, an independent republican government has been maintained, with little interruption, under a chief magistrate, who is a supreme director. During the year 1825, a congress was convened, which

framed a constitution for the republic, which now forms the basis of the government. The independence of this country has been acknowledged by the United States and Great Britain. The republic of Chili is divided into nineteen provinces. The principal towns are Santiago, founded in 1541, by Don Pedro de Valdivia, and situated upon a plain extending the whole length of Chili; Valparaiso, the most important seaport of the republic, stretching nearly a mile along the shore, some of the houses being irregularly scattered over the hills, which rise abruptly behind the town; and Concepcion, on the river Biobio, possessing one of the most commodious harbours in the world. Coquimbo and Copiapo have also good harbours; and Valdivia, which is situated on a river of the same name, can boast one of the finest on the coast, but has no cultivated country round to give it importance.

"The climate of Spanish Chili," says Robertson, in his "History of America," "is the most delicious of the New World, and is hardly equalled by that of any region on the face of the earth. Though bordering on the torrid zone, it never feels the extremity

their frequent occurrence, excite little attention. There are fourteen volcanic mountains, in a constant state of eruption, situated in that part of the Andes belonging to Chili, and many others discharge smoke at intervals. On account of their position in the centre of the range of mountains, the lava and ashes which are ejected do not reach beyond their limits.

The wealth of this productive country is not confined to the surface; the bowels of the earth yield unbounded treasures. Valuable mines of gold, silver, copper, and lead, have been discovered in various parts, as well as those containing tin and quick-silver. Much attention is paid to the gold-mines, which are very numerous and rich; the sands of almost every stream contain some portion of this precious metal. "Almost all the precipitous and broken ground," says Fraser, "contains gold in greater or less quantities; the surface of the earth in which it is found is generally of a reddish colour, and soft to the touch."

The silver-mines are found in the highest and coldest parts of the Andes. Many of them, though rich in ore, have been aban-



A CHILIAN MINER.

of heat, being screened on the east by the Andes, and refreshed from the west by cooling sea-breezes. The temperature of the air is so mild and equable, that the Spaniards give it the preference to that of the southern provinces in their native country. The fertility of the soil corresponds with the benignity of the climate, and is wonderfully accommodated to European productions. The most valuable of these, corn, wine, and oil, abound in Chili as if they had been native to the country." The wheat is remarkably fine, and is said sometimes to yield a hundred-fold. The potato is indigenous to the soil; it grows wild in the fields, but only produces a small root of a bitterish taste.

The numerous rivers of Chili, fed by the melting snow from the mountains, flow with the rapidity of torrents, and are therefore seldom navigable, but irrigate the valleys, rendering them the most fertile in the world.

This beautiful country has been much convulsed by earthquakes at various times. Great convulsions are rare, but a year seldom passes without some slight shocks being felt, which, on account of

done on account of the difficulty and expense of working them in this unfavourable situation. The copper-mines, which are generally situated near the coast, are very productive.

Antimony and bisulphate, as well as sal-ammonia and saltpetre, are found in great abundance in Chili. Pit-coal is also very plentiful. But it is impossible, in our limited space, to enumerate the products of this rich country, which, unlike many mineral districts, has a luxuriant vegetation.

We now proceed to introduce to our reader the subject of our engraving. The miner of Chili is bold, enterprising, and prodigal; so accustomed to the sight of the precious metals, that he learns to disregard them, and attaches but little value to money. As a class, the miners are extravagant in their habits, passionately addicted to gaming, in which pursuit they pass most of their leisure hours, and shockingly intemperate. They generally die in the greatest distress, cut off in their prime by the effects of their unhealthy mode of life and the deleterious gases which they inhale in the mines.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, M.P.

CHARLES LAMB in writing of another, and, in his peculiar branch, a far more wonderful author, Daniel Defoe, has given us six fine lines which will well apply to that *littérateur* whose portrait is before us:—

“His was a various pen, that freely roved
Into all subjects, was in most approved.
Whate'er the theme, his ready muse obeyed,
Love, war, or politics, religion, trade;
Gifted alike to shine in every sphere;
Novelist, historian, poet, pamphleteer.”

his “Letters to John Bull.” This view of the matter we will consider hereafter.

The subject of our notice is the son of General Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, by Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth Park, Herts. Those who hold the theory that genius is inherited by maternal descent, will find a confirmation of their particular notions in the fact that Bulwer's maternal grandfather was a great scholar, a fine Hebraist, and a friend of Sir William Jones, one of the best Eastern scholars we ever had. A better reason may be found in the fact



SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, M.P.

So well does this apply to Defoe, that we reflect that, in the Pall-mall edition of that great man's works, William Hazlitt takes the lines for his motto. Of course they might, perhaps, be applied to a dozen writers of the present day with some truth; but to none, in our opinion, so well as to Sir Bulwer Lytton. It has long been the fashion to call him the most versatile of writers; but the truth is, that his is not a versatile mind, having still the same shade of feeling or of thinking, whether it is intent upon a poetical novel like “The Last Days of Pompeii,” or a practicalist pamphlet like

that Bulwer has lately published, “Baron and Scott, his mother's boy; for he was deprived of his father at an early age, and after listening to his mother's recitals of “Chevy Chase,” and other ballads from the Percy rolls, he wrote his first verses when he was six years old, that is, five years earlier than the age at which Pope

“Lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.”

In a paper called “Knebworth,” in the “Standard,” the reader will find a full and pleasing account of the author's life.

In the fact, also, that no rude school experience disturbed the buoyancies of his youth, we may find a source both of Bulwer's peculiar strength and weakness. He was placed at several private schools, never at a public one; and then finished his education by means of private tutors, and afterwards at Cambridge. Whilst at that university he carried off the prize poem on Sculpture.

In 1823, Bulwer (for we must call him by the name by which he is endeared to the public) published his first literary effort, which is in verse, under the title of "Woods and Wild Flowers," a collection of fugitive verse. To this succeeded "O'Neil the Rebel" (1827); and in this year also, "Faikland," his next work, was published anonymously. But this was only playing at authorship; it was not till the year 1828 (but "Pelham" was published, and Bulwer sprang at once into a recognised author.

We take it that there are few people in the reading world who have not read "Pelham." The success of that novel was brilliant, and the reading public were absolutely thronging to the bookshops to read it. It was in the good old days of circulating libraries, before cheap reading had put a limit to their business, and when three volumes were the only books in vogue. "Pelham" was so well read, that some of the librarians must have made a small fortune out of that book alone. The reasons of its success were various. The hero was a dandy, a handsome man, and a *petit maître*; he was

"Such a duck, such a darling, such a jewel of a man!"

and from Sir Harry Wildair to Don Juan, such characters are universally admired by the weak. Secondly, the book was so faulty, yet so full of talent, that it made an excellent book to "cut up," to use the language of the critics, or to praise. Thirdly, and this was perhaps the greatest secret in those lord-hunting days, it portrayed, or professed to portray, the manners of high life. Lord Byron had declared, that the reason novelists did not succeed in descriptions of fashionable life was, because there was little to describe; but his *dictum* did not satisfy the craving after such descriptions. In these, it was acknowledged, Bulwer had succeeded:

"How *ton* finds her privacy broken;

We trace all her ins and her outs,

By the very small talk that is spoken

By very great people at routs.

At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of

The book from the inn-keeper's wife,

And reads till she dreams she is one of

The leaders of elegant life."

Beyond these, "Pelham" was a first-rate book of its class. The hero was something more than a coxcomb; he was a scholar, and the book had altogether an air of learning and philology, which was greatly enhanced by the quotations from all sorts of authors, learned and unlearned, sacred and profane, which the author put at the heads of his chapters. The critics declared, that "The Adventures of a Gentleman," the second title of "Pelham," was nothing more nor less than the adventures of Mr. Bulwer himself; and we recollect well that one of them, criticising the book in the "flashing" style in which critics proceeded in those days, made various inclusions into the every-day life of the author himself, and found serious fault with him for daring to wear *cleaned gloves*. "Fie!" said he: "is this the exquisite Pelham, this the dandy who holds learned dissertations upon dress, cookery, and the fine arts; who rivals Brummel in the number of white neck-cloths which he wears? Fie! he in cleaned gloves! Pah! they smell abominably of turpentine!"

We only quote the above to show the style of criticism which was then thought smart and new writing. Critics were then not masters of the art; and the ridicule of Pope upon John Bunyan had driven serious and honest critical learning out of the field. The man who could get the most point and ill-nature into his article was thought the best critic, and paid accordingly. People never thought of giving an opinion on a book; the business of the critic was to make a smart article out of it; and to this kind of criticism were the artistic charms of Bulwer subjected.

His next works earned for him the title of the prose Byron, and the title is not misapplied; and declared him, for the time at least, a devotee of the "billions" school of literature. They were

"The Disowned," published in the year 1828; "Deverex," 1829; and "Paul Clifford," 1830. Of these, all being well received, "Deverex" gained, and perhaps deserved, the highest praise. "We move," says "The Edinburgh Review," in 1832, "in this story, among the great; but it is the great of other times—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans. . . . No under-current of persiflage or epigrammatic indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and unobviating faith." This is indeed high praise; but "Paul Clifford," a work of higher artistic merit and of much greater power, got upon all sides nearly as much blame. To say that it deserves the blame it had, and even more, would not be too much; it introduced to modern times the style which the great and wise Fielding had, in his days, so well laughed out of fashion. If Paul Clifford had been only admirable and excellent when repentant, it would have been far different. But it was otherwise. The reader, by the art of the novelist, was made to sympathise with the highwayman whilst absolutely in the saddle, and with his pistol to the ear of his victim! Then there was also the philosophic Tomingen, his companion, who had his mouth full of maxims *à la Rochefoucauld*, and who always, in a sentimental way, varnished over the ill deeds of the gang; and besides him a numerous set of thieves, who loved Mr. Clifford as their captain, and talked elegant slang, and robbed with an infinite gusto. Of course this was produced on the stage; of course, also, the representative of Paul Clifford, in sticking-plaster boots and laced coat, fired off his pistol and bade defiance to the laws of the country with impunity. The very town rang with it; it was villainy brought to a successful issue. Juveniles applauded from the gallery; their ideas of *vice* and *thine* were quite confounded; and a highwayman became, in their minds, synonymous with a hero and fine gentleman.

The better the thing was done, the more blameable was Bulwer. In this he held he perfectly succeeded; to us there is a certain *gout* and artistic excellence in "Paul Clifford," which he has never surpassed.

"The Siamese Twins," the natural production of our author's satire—and Bulwer is by no means an inferior satirist—was an intermittent production between his novels. He has ever been breaking out into poetry; and of the works he has given us in verse, this was the least successful.

Next to this came—as if in spite and defiance of the critics—a work which plunged him more deeply into literary immorality, and in which he gave a romantic glow not only to theft, but to murder committed in the perpetration of that theft. We allude to "Eugene Aram." No reader of the "Newgate Calendar" is unaware that a man of that romantic name did exist during the last century; that he was a man of some learning—a schoolmaster; and that he murdered an associate in a brutal manner, merely to get his money; that he was lauded for the crime, and that he made an ineffectual defence. Upon this slender foundation, by glossing over the bad and supplying the good, Bulwer created an affecting romance. Young ladies who despised their tradesmen, butchers, or shoemakers, let their tears flow for a murderer, who was tripped out in false sentiment. But the very success of the work—the sympathy which one human heart gave to the morbid feelings of another—was a triumph to the artist, and was all the dearer to the author because it was false. It was an exhibition of power and skill which pleased him then, but which he has long since grown out of; perhaps natural to a young man, but as blameable as it is weak and immoral.

To all this it may be answered, that Bulwer was not a man of genius, for men of genius seldom sin against true morality of taste, but that he was a consummate artist, working upon human hearts with words and ideas, and sporting with his work.

About the year 1831, Mr. Bulwer undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which, under the conduct of Campbell, had arrived at some reputation. In this he published the "Student," a series of papers, some of them excellent, some of them very weak and conceited. In 1833, appeared "England and the English," followed by the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and that by "The Last Days of Pompeii," a most marvellous and interesting work, full also of scholarship, but followed by one equal if not superior to it, viz.,

"Rienzi," which one critic has declared to be the "most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's works."

It was perhaps too much to expect of Bulwer to keep to high tone and morality for two series of novels; and consequently, "Ernest Maltravers," his next production, and its successor, "Alice, or the Mystery," showed him in a retrograde movement towards the Byronic school, with a moral, savage and melancholy in the triumph of the wicked and the affliction of the virtuous. His next work was "Athens: its Rise and Fall," a work which showed much learning and great facts. Passing over his plays, which we shall have again to refer to, we come to "Night and Morning," published in 1849, one of the most charming and natural of his works; next "Zimool," "Eva, or the Illomened Marriage," "Fida, or the Siege of Granada," and "Caldron the Countess," and amongst his latest are "The Last of the Barons," "Laureola, or the Children of Night," "Harold," a second novel, illustrating the Saxon period of our history, a period too little known; and his two last, and, in many respects, his most artistic and well-wrought works, "The Captives" and "My Novel," published in "Blackwood's Magazine."

The limits of this article will now oblige us to consider Bulwer as a dramatist and as a poet. Shallow critics, because he has attempted many varieties of writing, and has succeeded in them, have called him a versatile author. He is no such thing. No sooner did he publish anonymously, and in a totally different work of literature, than he was recognised. "The New Timon," his best and most manly poem, was at once attributed to him. It was in 1837 that this work was issued, purposely with out his name; only, as he himself says, "My identity with the author of these poems has long been generally insisted upon, that I have no choice but to own the indiscretion of frank avowal and the affront of flat denial." This, of course, does not show versatility; and not only was his disguise purposely, but it was well assumed. His characters had, in many novels, been declared to have been the reverse of Christian; but, in "The New Timon," he absolutely wrote upon the deepest mysteries of our Holy Faith, upon election and grace, and reads a lecture, and a beautiful one too, upon the necessity of faith.

Therefore the godlike Comforter's decree —
His sins be loosened who has faith in me;
Therefore he shuns the evils of the wise
And made no schools the thresholds of the skies;
Therefore he taught no Pharisee to preach
His word — the simple lit the simple teach.
Upon the infant on his knee he smale,
And said to Wisdom, 'Be once more a child!'

Of his "Prince Arthur," a fine poem, but throughout without a burst of genius, although it abounds in fine passages, we can here say nothing.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duke's Servant," acted at Covent Garden in 1837, was a failure. But he was not daunted by that, although, on the production of his next play, "The Countess of Lyons," his name was for some time kept a profound secret. From various causes, the success of this piece was tremendous. It is still acted every night in at least three theatres throughout England. The sum it must have brought to him, had he been paid for every performance, must have been immense; yet the unsuccessful play was much purer, better, and wiser, than the successful one. In the latter, a young squire, and a vain-glorious young man, whose mouth is ever full of the basest praise of himself, marries a young and beautiful girl, he assumes another's character. The upstart braggart is detected, and rebuked, and apologies in an indirect way for his conduct by a tight-rope man.

"He who feels repentance for the past
Must woo the angel Virtue in the future."

A sentiment true enough; but the dramatist had forgotten, true to his rasuality and deception Claude Melnotte had been placed in a higher and better social position than he could have attained by quiet Christian virtue.

Next came "Rialto," then "The Stock Exchange," and "Vanity Fair," and lastly, written for the benefit of the present of our Society of Literature and Art, the comedy of "Not a Bad as we See," in which some of the first *Revueurs* of the day took part. "Rialto" and

"Vanity Fair" are full of quotation and quotations, and are especially so in their scenes and plots. The poet laureate in Bulwer is in the secret and most successful of the two plays.

Of his parliamentary career we shall say little; for it is not by his political opinions that he is known, although it was, we believe, by his support of the Whigs that he earned his baronetcy in 1838. His politics were always liberal, and however much of the fine gentleman he may have been in his writing, his sympathies were ever with the people. His speeches in Parliament were not listened to with the attention he might have expected, partly because he had not the "ear of the house," and partly because of his delivery. "Littell's Sir Bulwer" has alluded to the policy of territorial lords, and during the Protectionist fever, wrote some clever letters to "Littell's Bull" on the "Necessity of Free Trade."

Such has been done out of the life of the ordinary man, the author of whose works is something peculiar, and we must recollect that he himself would of his way of writing, entirely by his own choice, the usefulness and success. With him the first step was to squander a title on a work which pleased the public, and then to recede the veil. He has proved of what an art, and has illustrated that virtue which one of his characters declares to be the end of all teaching, patience. He also shows us, in his letters, but hardly in a practical mechanics, a gratitude, which attention, application and the "dry" words of a man of business to him in the morning till one o'clock in the afternoon, was a long and tedious to him. "I am sorry ever to be writing." What an amount of labour has been performed in these two columns! He is, in fact, we are truly, very rapidly, averaging about twenty pages of novel points. Let us add to these new facts, that the novelist, and supposed Philistine, and has himself been not only of health by the water cure, in which he has published a pamphlet.

The most recent affair in which Sir Edward has been before the public, is in the establishment of a "Guild of Learning and Art," in conjunction with Mr. Dickens; and even more lately he will have been brought into a more extended circulation by a cheap reissue of his volumes in a series published by Messrs. Routledge, these book-sellers giving him twenty thousand pounds for the right of printing and publishing them during ten years. The following figures will show that the speculation has been a good one, and will also be an index to the estimation in which his novels are held, the publishers having sold of

Pellam's	100,000
Paul Clifford	27,000
Eugene Aram	27,000
Kenilworth	25,000
Pauline's	25,000
Pellam's	18,000
Lionel Lincoln	18,000
Ernest Maltravers	18,000

We must not, however, forget that a portion of these sales have not had such an time to be made, and that also the necessity of the arrangement, the first sale, them, and in which the other works.

Such is Bulwer's position with regard to the creation of his novels. His novel novels are the best experience, wisdom, Christian kindness, and that firmness of heart and thought which age brings to good men, having wrought more than a hundred also, let us think, has owed something to the example of a less prudent and more successful. Will we think of the "Vanity Fair," the "Stock Exchange," and "The Captives" of "Vanity Fair," the "Stock Exchange," and "The Captives" of all Bulwer's works.

That the novelists of the present day, who are writing their novels, are, in general, more successful than in the world, and very active. He has written, and is writing, many styles of writing, and in which he has been successful. In every French book, a novel, and in which he has been successful. This is the only one of the novelists of the present day, who has published a novel, and in which he has been successful. He has written, and is writing, many styles of writing, and in which he has been successful. This is the only one of the novelists of the present day, who has published a novel, and in which he has been successful.

M O N A C O .

MONACO, the capital of the little principality of the same name, which is under the protection of the king of Sardinia, is a small town on a point of rock stretching into the sea, nine miles north-east of Nice. The population does not exceed 1,200; and, though it is strongly fortified, it cannot be regarded as a place of any strength, since it is commanded by the neighbouring hills. The first of our two views, which is taken from a distant point, will make this apparent to the reader. The town is walled, and the castle overlooks the isthmus that connects the rock on which the town stands with the mainland. The environs are picturesque and agreeable, the terraces being planted with pines, cypresses, and plane-trees, and a multitude of aloes, cactuses, and other tropical plants, that give them quite an African aspect. Some elegant

and on the tenth of June he commenced building the castle; and before they returned to their dwellings they built four towers." The gift of the place to the Genoese, by the Emperor Henry VI., was made twenty-four years before; but from various circumstances, and especially the rivalry of Nice, the republic was disinclined at that time to make use of it; it was sometimes in the hands of the Ghibellines, and sometimes in those of the Guelphs. In 1328 the Grimaldis, who sided with the last, and had already exercised their power for a time at Monaco, were definitely installed in their possessions.

Under their government, the town increased rapidly; they made it an asylum for the brigands, pirates, and bankrupts of all the neighbouring countries; and this heterogeneous assemblage of adven-



D I S T A N T V I E W O F M O N A C O .

villas, with beautiful gardens, and groves of orange and citron trees, are also in the neighbourhood.

The castle is evidently ancient, and has been erected at different periods, buildings of modern construction having been raised upon the old Gothic walls. The gate, surmounted by the arms of the principality, and the Saracenic carvings of the battlements, are the only portions worthy of remark. The castle was formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Monaco; but the present representative of the dignity of the Grimaldis resides constantly in Paris, drawing from his little principality of fifty-two square miles, and a population of 7,000 persons, an annual revenue of £5,000, chiefly derived from the orange and lemon groves of his beautiful territory.

Monaco claims to be one of the most ancient towns in Italy, and the reigning family to be one of the oldest dynasties. The first of the Grimaldis who figures in the page of history is Gibellino Grimaldi, who, towards the close of the tenth century, assisted William of Marseilles in expelling the Saracens from these coasts, and obtained, in return for this service, a grant of land and considerable privileges. The town, having been laid in ruins by the barbarous invaders, was rebuilt in 1215. "On the sixth of June," says the chronicler, Oggerius Paris, "Fulco de Castello, accompanied by several of the principal citizens, went, with three galleys, and other vessels carrying timber, lime, and implements of iron;

towers grew as formidable as their predecessors, the Saracens. Defended by their rocks, they attacked the vessels of every state, even those of the Pope and the republic of Venice. "They made the citadel of Monaco," says the chronicler, Uberti Polietta, "a receptacle for outlaws, debtors, and criminals, who desolated by their predatory incursions all the coasts of Liguria." In 1357 the possessions of the Grimaldis were increased by the addition of the neighbouring towns of Mentone and Roquebrune; the former being the largest in the principality, having a population at the present day of 3,000 inhabitants.

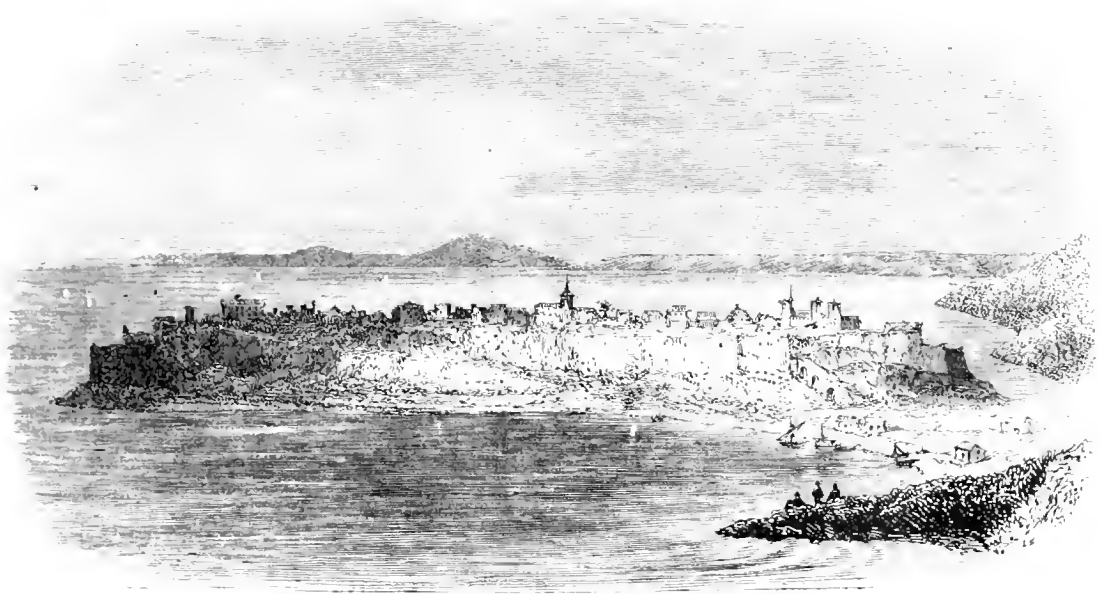
Until near the middle of the seventeenth century, Monaco enjoyed the protection of the Spanish monarchs; but, in 1641, a secret treaty, concluded with Henry II., the reigning prince, substituted the protectorate of France for that of Spain, and the Spaniards were driven out of the town. This settlement continued till the French revolution, when, in 1792, the three communes composing the principality were constituted a republic, reproducing on a diminutive scale the constitution which had been proclaimed in France. The representatives of the people, assembled to deliberate on the destinies of the infant republic at the Port d'Hercole, and agreed upon an address, to be presented to the National Convention, praying to be received into the bosom of the French republic. The Convention, by a decree of the 15th of February, 1793, thus

responded to their prayer:—"The late principality of Monaco is united to the territory of the republic, and made part of the department of the Maritime Alps."

When the allied sovereigns met after the battle of Waterloo, to parcel out Europe among them, transferring peoples from one master to another, as if they were droves of cattle, the prince of Monaco was restored to his power and possessions, the protectorate of the latter being taken from France and given to the king of Sardinia. Under the protection of the Holy Alliance, the prince made a solemn entrance into his capital; but, as before stated, he has since then continued to reside habitually in Paris, having become a French proprietor, and been made a peer of France by Louis XVIII., with the title of the Duke of Valentinois. The new arrangement of things was far from being regarded with approbation by the people, who regretted the French, and had to admit a Piedmontese garrison, while they were heavily taxed to support an absentee prince, between whom and themselves there existed no sympathy whatever. The consequence of this dissatisfaction was,

that when the news of the French revolution of February, 1848, reached Monaco, the inhabitants of Mentone and Roquebrune rose in insurrection, and proclaimed their independence. Monaco did not participate in this outbreak, and even assumed a threatening attitude towards the insurgents. These discussions, and the prudence of the Piedmontese authorities, led to the restoration of tranquillity, which has not since been disturbed.

The scenery along the coast of the little principality is extremely beautiful, the southern slopes of the Maritime Alps coming down close to the water, and often terminating in bold points of rock. Here and there, between the hills, are narrow openings into the interior; and the voyager has scarcely passed Monaco, in sailing down from Nizza, when Mentone is seen, its white walls backed by the groves of olive and lemon trees, which are protected from the northerly and easterly winds by the high mountains behind. Nothing can be more delightful than sailing along this part of the Italian coast on a fine day, the dark green of the trees contrasting beautifully with the white houses and the deep blue sky.



NEARER VIEW OF MONACO.

THE BRIBE OF THE ROMANOFF.

BY SILVERPEN.

Russian officialism is Argus-eyed. In the Post-office this vision has an almost fabulous efficiency—it reads, where honest men would be blind!

Miss Ida Temple, or, as she is more commonly called, Mademoiselle Ida, the English governess at the boyards, the Mareschal Romanoff, has had no letters or English papers for many weeks. Official report says, there has been no post; but the fact is, that even Argus-vision may be overtaken; and till the secret police have done their work of inspection, mademoiselle may not have her letters. It is not suspected that she is a traitor to the Czar, but the great Mareschal Romanoff does not wish to lose her brilliant services, for the sake of his young daughter Olga, but more for his own. He might do so, if mademoiselle knew that England and France had declared war against Russia; that an English fleet was already cruising in the Baltic; or that the hour was not, perhaps, far off when Cronstadt would be bombarded.

The letters have been at length looked over and carefully re-sealed—there is an art even in the basest duty—and the bearded *employé*, attended by one of the high police, disguised as a common soldier of the imperial guard, takes his way to the palace of the mareschal, in the splendid Newski-street, at no great distance.

The letters are carried in to the mareschal; the disguised police

official follows, for he has something to impart. It is morning; the mareschal, who holds a high official position about the person of the Emperor, is looking over some despatches just brought from the winter-palace by an aide-de-camp; and he and the *employé* are alone.

"Well, what news?" It is customary in Russia to make inferiors sensible of their inferiority.

"The post-office interpreter says, that there is no mention of English politics in the letters just handed to your excellency, but that one from Lieutenant —" Here the official hesitates, refers to his notes of the transaction, but finds the English name difficult to pronounce.

"Eliot," suggests his excellency, who, like many Russians of the aristocratic class, speaks English with considerable fluency.

"That a letter from this Lieutenant Eliot has been sent to Mademoiselle Ida to her father's parsonage," continues the official, when he has most humbly thanked the mareschal for his suggestion of the name; "and that it came enclosed in one from the captain of his ship—the 'Amphion,' now in the Baltic."

"Ah!" A look of *charin* passes across the face of the illustrious boyard. This signifies much to the official, who proceeds to put an ordinary question—"Am I to understand your excellency that further letters are to be wholly suppressed?"

"No; but carefully examined, M. lko;" for such is the *employé's* name. "There are particular reasons for carefulness in the

respect. Now go." The marshal, as he speaks, takes some silver roubles from a purse on the table, pushes them towards the *compagnon*, and then haughtily waves his hand as a sign for him to go.

Once alone, the marshal rises: he walks up and down the most English-like apartment, and stays occasionally to lean his arm upon the costly chimney-shab above the open fire-place. As he thus stands, a side-door gently opens, and a very young girl, not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, comes quickly in, and, crossing to the bright hearth, twines her arms about the thoughtful man's neck. The caress is gladly received, gladly returned, and she is locked in the embrace she has sought. She is very fair and lovely, though so young, and the eyes which look down upon her are full of pride and love.

"I am glad you are come, Olga; for I wanted you. There is an English post in, and letters for mademoiselle. You can mention this, and send your *bonne Ninette* for them. I presume that mademoiselle will be pleased."

"Oh! rejoiced, papa; mademoiselle pines much about her English home, though she does not say so. These letters will make this quite a bright day; for now the thaw is over, we shall take a drive. We have much to see and do, and many calls to make."

"Upon whom, Olga? Upon no English, I hope."

"I sorely know, papa"—and the fair young creature runs over a list of the Russian nobility; "but if we go to the houses of any of the English, it will only be to the British chaplain's or the embassy."

"But the English minister is gone; and so is Mr. Moston, the rich English merchant."

"Where, papa? It is three months since mademoiselle, on account of her illness, left the palace, and she will have news enough to learn. But tell me—why have these English left St. Petersburg?"

"My pearl must not ask secrets," replies the marshal, as he affects to pinch his darling's ear, but kisses her brow instead. "There, take mademoiselle her letters, and say nothing about this matter; only see she visits no English, and is not over-fatigued; and stay—the day is cold enough—I hope she'll wear the silver furs I sent her on your *p*te day. Will she, do you think?"

"Yes, papa; I heard her say she would."

"Now go."

These last words, trifling as they are, have removed a weight off the marshal's heart; he smiles, resumes his seat and his duties of Russian statesmanship—such as they are.

The room in which Olga seeks her beloved mademoiselle is a sort of boudoir or study, for it has all the appliances and luxury of both. A portion of the early lessons are over, yet some still remain; and Miss Temple sits looking over a German exercise, when a sweet face rests upon her shoulder, and a young voice cries: "Guess what I bring?"

Miss Temple changes colour.

"Oh! English letters, I hope!" And, laying down her pen, she clasps and rises her hands. There is supplication in this action, but more in the expression of her face.

Olga lays down the letters, and retires to a seat opposite, where she resumes her studies, that she may the earlier conclude them; though she occasionally glances off her back to see if her beloved friend is pleased with the news contained in her letters. Her face gives few signs beyond that of eager interest, till she comes to the close of the one she has opened first, when a shade of disappointment crosses it, and she sighs heavily. Olga is by her side in an instant, and questions her tenderly as to whether there be ill news.

"None, dearest. My father is well; dame Graham, his house-keeper, is as fit and as good-tempered as ever; the dogs, and garden, and parish folks, thriving. No, nothing but a trivial disappointment about a letter I have long expected, and which ought to have been sent on. Now let us see what other correspondents say." And turning off the subject, she reads the rest of the letters. This is soon accomplished, for their importance is but trifling. The lessons are then resumed and ended, and mademoiselle and Olga retire to their several apartments to dress for their morning's drive.

When they meet again, the dress of each is plain, though rich; but Olga misses in an instant the silver furs which the marshal had sent for purposely to Siberia, and which mademoiselle had promised to wear.

"No, dear," is the reply to the question; "I prefer my English shawl: the day is not very cold, and to wear it reminds me of home. Such trifles amount to much in a foreign land." Olga is vexed, because her papa will question her, and will be angry when he hears the truth.

A splendid droschki, with silver bells, awaits them in the courtyard, and they drive to the park of the beautiful Michaelov Palace, where they have an *cabriolet*, making calls by the way at several stately residences. It is a mild spring day, the great thaw of the Neva is over, and the power of the sun already betokens the near approach of the hot Russian summer.

Passing on their return through a wide street, thronged with pedestrians of many nations, Miss Temple recognises, in a young man vastly bearded and muffled up, as though for the purpose of disguising a German clerk in the employ of her friend the English merchant. He seems to shun the recognition of passers-by; but mademoiselle, bidding the driver of the droschki stop, addresses him, and makes inquiry after Mr. Moston and his family.

"They have left St. Petersburg, and that suddenly," is the rapid answer.

"Why?"

"Do you not know what every body else knows?"

"No."

The young man, with a perfect consciousness that the driver is an accredited spy—for what Russian mental is not—says rapidly in Italian—he has hitherto spoken in French—"War!"

Mademoiselle clasps her hands, and turns as pale as death.

"Yes; war is declared between the Western Powers and Russia—indeed, may be said to have commenced. I dare not stay to say any more, for I am lingering here on sufferance, or rather in disguise, to take care of some of Mr. Moston's business affairs." He makes a slight salute, and dives into the crowd.

"Drive to the chaplain's of the English embassy," is the order given to the driver.

"The distance is considerable, mademoiselle," replies the driver; "and I had his excellency's orders to avoid the houses of the English; but if—"

Vexation is here suggested, and the hint is taken; a rouble is slipped into his hand, and Miss Temple and Olga reach the chaplain's house in an adjacent suburb. There are visible signs of removal; Russian serfs and English servants are packing books and furniture; and the chaplain, a venerable, noble man, himself superintends their hasty services. Miss Temple is announced, and he meets her in the study.

"You are following his excellency, Mr. —," are Miss Temple's first words.

"No; I am sending away my precious books, and less precious goods, for safety's sake. But I remain; I have leave to do so. Many English will cleave to the country, come what may—human interests are selfish things; but I must forget these, and remember human souls."

"Your's is a noble plea—the only one for lack of patriotism."

"Yes, Miss Temple, I am like the Puritan of old, who, when told to descend from his pulpit by command of the King, replied magnificently: 'I go on; for I obey a higher—the King of kings.' So I shall continue to baptize, to preach, and to celebrate marriage, though my heart will be with our dear country."

"As mine is, Mr. —; and this is why I have come, though with a spy on the droschki—to askness—to ask if—" Here she hesitates.

The chaplain knows something of her history, he has heard it from Mr. Moston; and smilingly takes a small paper from his pocket, which he hands to her.

"This, I think, Miss Temple, will give you every information; I prepared it at the cost of four roubles this morning, as my English papers had the usual pamphlet-size erasures. I may add, that Sir Charles Napier, and a magnificent fleet, are in the Baltic; the rest you will find here."

Her eye glances rapidly down the paper; it seeks what it finds:

but finding it nerves her still more earnestly for her great task. She, too, must leave Russia: before it was a duty, now it is a higher one. She accordingly talks the matter over briefly with her good friend the chaplain. He promises to visit the port, to see what ships sail west, to procure her a disguise with the friendly aid of a Servian shipwright and his wife, who have a daughter in the unreschal's family, and to whom Miss Temple has been most kind—and generally to plan her escape, and let her know the ensuing evening, whilst she is at the opera with Olga, what has been decided.

"There will be some trials in parting, I think, Miss Temple," says her good friend as she rises to withdraw. "These Romanoffs have spread round you an almost incredible luxury, the more so especially."

"I should welcome the last," replies Miss Temple, austere, "and regret it, if only for gratitude's sake, if I was not conscious painfully conscious—that an ultimately base purpose has suggested much of it. This is a truth to which I have been painfully, though slowly, awakening."

"I think with you, Ida Temple," says the chaplain, earnestly: "these Russians think that even our noblest women are to be bought by their bribes and gold. So go, for your country's sake, for your woman's sake, and, best of all, for God's sake. In this country, business seems to be the inheritance of men in high places."

"I shall have no regret," woops Ida: "it will be to part with my beloved Olga, my darling child."

"That you must overcome. When a cause is that of one's country and one's God, even natural claims prove light, much more a loved one's. Go! let me admonish you."

So promises: bids her friend adieu; joins Olga in the droschki, and they return to the Romanoff palace.

That night there is one of those brilliant assemblies at the Romanoff palace for which St. Petersburg is so celebrated. The highest nobility attend it, even princes of the royal blood; and music forms a part of the evening's entertainment. Gifted by nature with extraordinary musical ability, Olga, though yet a girl, is a brilliant player on both the pianoforte and harp, and sings with great effect and richer promise. She owes all this capability, beyond the part nature has bestowed, to Ida's tuition, who, herself a splendid musician, has been trained in the finest German school of music. Olga on this night excels herself, as does Mademoiselle Ida. The unreschal is proud on the one hand and enchanted on the other; nor is his enchantment lessened by the reserve of his daughter's lovely governess. Some natures are conquered by pride, as others by humility. On one excuse or another he detains her in the music saloon till the guests are gone; he then asks her to remain, as he wishes to speak to her; but pleading the lateness of the hour and her duty to his daughter, she retires.

The morning comes; a message reaches mademoiselle, that the unreschal wishes to speak to her, and that alone. As she, too, wishes to speak to him, she descends to his morning room. The doors are double, and the unreschal says that they are closed. But his words hang heavy on his lips, as he looks upon the calm, pure face of this lovely woman. As he is thus abashed, his visitor can say what she has to say first.

Dodging this at present to her, she says gently: "I wish I to see your excellency, and I have a resolution to impart. Your excellency did not inform me that war was declared between this

country and mine. As I have learnt that such is the case, I have but one duty to perform—that is, to return to England."

"You really cannot be so earnest, mademoiselle, political circumstances can have no relation to private ones," says the unreschal in hasty and unsuccessful anger. "You are told me, I am told, necessary to Olga, and you cannot be spared at present." Her meaning has been willfully mis taken.

"I do not mean to leave of absence, my lord, but to withdraw finally and fully. I must sincerely be regretted and beautiful child, I am eminently so; yet you are so lovely, and your excellency's illustration—namely, I am grateful to the fact that all the benevolent acts you have showered upon me; but I would be business in me to eat the bread of those hostile to my country, and who seek to shed its blood. My lord, there is no comparison in a vulgar relation between private and public morality than your respect?"

"There may be, I do not care. But these are dangerous opinions, though I've long suspected your entertaining them; they are the natural fruit of the hated country which——"

"Stay, your excellency," is the proud interruption: "I am the Zaira an Englishwoman."

"I regret you are, for some reasons, though not for others. But let this pass. You cannot be employed even near the person of Olga. If so, is her love no temptation?"

"It would be, under almost any other circumstance, for I love her with a mother's love, under the present it cannot. I think I have now said all I have to say. I shall leave St. Petersburg, and your excellency's family at the public door. I will now withdraw."

She rises to go, but is detained by an iron grip. The Romanoff has come to say to her: the French-like an aspersion.

Russian-like, he thinks that his bride will prove efficient *bonne*. He paces up and down before her for some few minutes, then he stays. His voice and manner are changed.

"Can nothing else bribe you, mademoiselle, to make a rather home in our cold country? I have long wished to make a change in certain circumstances—of late more particularly. I wish further luxury to be yours—more consideration; it is my wish, as well as in my power, to effect both objects." He stays, looks at her, bows his head confidentially upon her shoulder, and says more softly:

"What I mean, mademoiselle—dear Ida—is, that our hitherto friendship be of a still more intimate kind; it would be a source of the interest happiness to me."

That pure, unmoved face looks steadily into his, as it asks: "Your excellency means that our relationship should be that of a Cossack slave, bought for her beauty in the slave-market of Constantinople, and her master?"

The Romanoff thinks that the bride has turned his purpose; he utters, as he utters: "Not exactly, beloved Ida. The Cossack is usually but one of a sisterhood; *vous* would reign alone, and be, moreover, an intellectual companion. For political reasons I shall never marry again; but you would be my wife in all but rank and name—a trifling difference in a worldly opinion."

"My lord," she answers proudly, "your opinion of me is broad different from what I hoped it was; for if purity cannot tempt, and corruption will not. For the future, have no respect for those you place about the feet of your child. It is not a child that I should fly."

She closes the cowardly attempt to constrain her, her door to the double doors, fortunately opens them, and begins:

MILITARY WATCH-TOWERS IN THE CRIMEA.

Both the climate and the soil of the Crimea are remarkably varied—so much so, indeed, that a description which might be perfectly true of one part, would require to be directly reversed in order to become applicable to another. The fact is, the peninsula consists of by dissimilar portions, which are separated from each other by the river Salsbir flowing from west to east. The northern part is almost wholly composed of extensive plains, which, though bare of trees, are not deficient in rich pastures, except where the shrub and salt-lakes are found. Some of these salt-lakes, which are very numerous towards the sea-coast, are fifteen or twenty miles in length. Throughout the northern part of the Crimea the climate is decidedly unhealthful, being opposed to hot in summer, and bitter-

cold, as well as damp in winter.

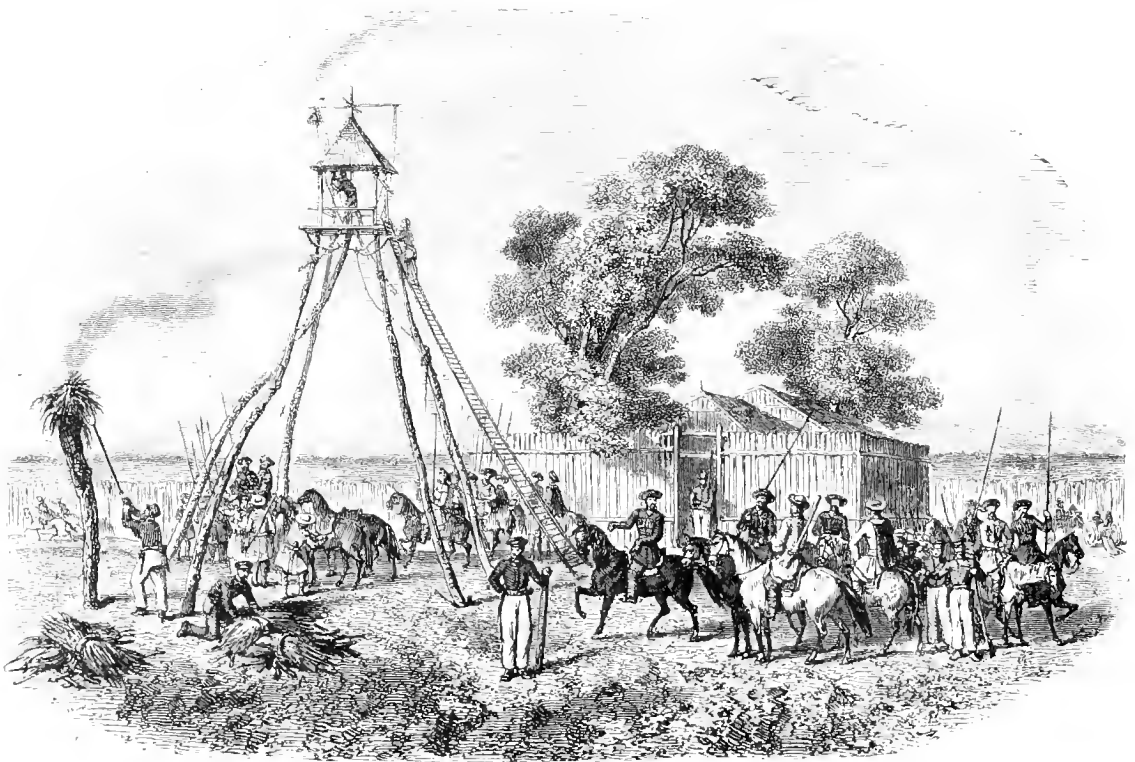
On the contrary, in the southern part, that is, in the valleys and on the mountain slopes, a more salubrious climate prevails, and the fruits of all the seasons are produced in rich abundance. Among the productions of this soil may be mentioned, some hemp, flax, rice, sugar-cane, wheat, rye, barley, corn, potatoes, figs, and oranges. Dr. Clark gives a very interesting description of a district in the south of the Crimea. It there exists a terrestrial paradise; it is to be found in the district intervening between Katchubay and Salsbir, in the south-east of the Crimea. Protected by encircling alps

from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory." This bears pretty evident marks of being tinged with the hues of the writer's glowing fancy, though in some respects confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. However true it may be of the particular district in question, there is certainly no other part of the Crimea so highly favoured; for at certain periods of the year reptiles of various kinds infest even the south, the air is far from salubrious, and fevers are pretty prevalent.

The most important place in the Crimea—at least in relation to other countries—is Sebastopol, a very formidable stronghold of Russian power. Highly favoured by nature with a spacious har-

bour and forty feet from the ground, and supported upon four stakes or trunks of trees. In many cases there is no ladder like that in our engraving, but, as a substitute, pieces of wood are fastened cross-wise, at intervals, to two of the supporting stakes. The Cossacks, who are keeping guard on the watch-towers to observe the movements of the enemy, set fire to a faggot of wood attached to a cross-beam above, whenever they think it necessary to give a signal. It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the patient endurance exhibited by these sentinels. In spite of the severest cold, they remain whole days and nights on these watch-towers, exposed to the rain, snow, and wind, immovable and erect as statues, with their faces turned towards the quarter pointed out, never suffering themselves to be diverted for a moment from their duty by what is going on behind them.

Ker Porter, in his work on "Travels in Georgia," has given a view of a watch-tower which he saw near Mozdock, in the Valley of Robbers, facing the Caucasus. Another traveller, Robert Lyall, gives a drawing of one which he saw on the Kouban, and states, that



A WATCH-TOWER IN THE CRIMEA.

bour and a commanding position, it has been very strongly fortified on scientific principles with an array of ramparts, bastions, batteries, and curtains, which are well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the bravest commander of a powerful fleet and numerous army. Nor can we reasonably wonder—however much we may regret—that so much hesitation should have been exhibited with regard to venturing upon an attack on this chief source of that domineering influence which Russia has been long exercising and extending over the Black Sea. With such a home for a powerful navy, she may bid defiance to every attempt to rob her of her supremacy in this part of the world. But if once it be wrested from her grasp, she will have lost the right arm of her strength, an effectual check will be put upon her aggression, and there will be some hope for the cause of peace, freedom, and civilisation.

At the present time, when warlike operations against the Crimea are much talked of, our readers may be glad to have a representation of one of the military watch-towers established there. The construction of these watch-towers is very simple. A wooden platform or trellis, four or five feet square, sometimes, but not always, surrounded by a sort of balustrade, is raised a height of thirty

from the top of the watch-tower at Petrovskoye he was shown a marsh full of reeds, where about a thousand Circassians were said to have been drowned in October, 1821. The engraving which accompanies these remarks is taken from a drawing of one of the watch-towers ranged at regular intervals along the military line by the river Kouban, which forms the boundary between Russia and the tribes west of the Caucasus. "These posts of observation," says the artist, "are merely a kind of watch-towers raised on four props to a height of fifty feet above the ground. Two Cossacks are on guard there day and night. On the slightest movement of the enemy in the vast plain of rushes by which the river is bordered, a signal fire is lighted and hoisted to the top of the watch-tower. If the danger is more than usually imminent, they set fire to an enormous torch of straw and tar. At this signal, which is repeated from post to post along the line, the whole force take arms, and almost in an instant five or six hundred men are assembled at the point which is threatened. These military posts, each of which generally has a dozen men, are placed very near each other, particularly in dangerous passes, and at regular intervals small forts are raised with batteries and several pieces of cannon."

THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.



THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

At the head of the interesting class of birds—induced, no doubt, by the usual tendency of mankind to honour those who are pre-eminently

endowed with the faculty of destructiveness—most naturalists have placed the rapacious tribes, which wage continual war upon all

their less powerful neighbours. It is true that, in these latter days, when old prejudices are gradually passing away, some naturalists have cast them from their high estate to make room for other perhaps not more worthy occupants; but in the popular mind the eagle is still the "king of birds;" and when viewing his majestic form, his piercing eye, and strong and lofty flight, bearing in mind at the same time the terrific weapons with which he is armed, it is not easy to imagine any more expressive emblem of those qualities for which men were and are still raised above their fellows.

The rapacious birds are characterised especially by the form of the beak, the upper mandible being considerably longer than the lower and hooked at the end, forming a most formidable instrument for tearing the flesh from the bones of their prey. The legs and feet, too, are very powerful, and the strong sharp claws partaking of the form of the beak, are adapted for seizing their victim with a deadly grasp. They are remarkable also for their great length of wing and strong and rapid flight—qualities in which, as probably in courage, the eagle is excelled by many of his smaller relatives, the falcons.

The males of these birds are generally much smaller than the females, and often differ from them considerably in colouring; their plumage also changes greatly with age, the young birds often appearing in a dress very different from that which they are ultimately to wear, and as the mature plumage is generally attained by degrees, the birds sometimes exhibit such multifarious characters in the different phases of their existence, as to have given rise to the establishment of half-a-dozen species in place of one.

One of the handsomest of the smaller hawks is that of which our engraving (p. 105) contains four representations—the American sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparverius*). This elegant little bird inhabits almost every part of the United States, but is especially plentiful in the northern portions. The female is about eleven inches long, and twenty-three in expanse of wing; the male is about an inch and a half shorter, and measures two inches less from tip to tip. The head is of a bluish ash colour, with the crown reddish; round the head is a whitish border, in which are seven black spots; the back is reddish bay, barred with black; the under side of the body yellowish white streaked with brown; the quill feathers of the wings are black, spotted with white. The tail feathers are reddish bay, with a broad black band near the end, and beyond this a yellowish white tip; the two outer tail feathers are white. The beak is of a light blue colour, tipped with black; the cere and legs are yellow, and the claws blue-black. Such are the general colours of both sexes of this handsome bird, which differ nevertheless in several minor particulars which space forbids our pointing out.

The American sparrow-hawk builds its nest in a hollow tree; it chooses a hole pretty high up, where some large bough has been broken off. The female is said to lay four or five eggs of a light brownish yellow colour spotted with a darker tint. Wilson, the American ornithologist, who devoted his life to the study of the birds of his adopted country, has left us a most animated account of this little hawk. He says: "It flies rather irregularly, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, slurs its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear; it sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitring the ground below, in every

direction, for mice, lizards, &c. It approaches the farm-house, particularly in the morning—skulking about the barn-yard for mice or young chickens. It frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally with a fatal aim. One day I observed a bird of this species perched on the highest top of a poplar, on the skirts of the wood, and was in the act of raising my gun to my eye, when he swept down with the rapidity of an arrow into a thicket of briars, about thirty yards off, where I shot him dead, and on coming up, found a small field-sparrow quivering in his grasp. Both our aims had been taken at the same instant, and, unfortunately for him, both were fatal. It is particularly fond of watching along hedge-rows and in orchards, where small birds usually resort. When grasshoppers are plenty, they form a considerable part of its food." The remainder of its sustenance is made up of small snakes, lizards, mice, and birds, and it rarely eats anything that it has not killed for itself, and even this is occasionally rejected, if out of condition. In illustration of this, Wilson relates the following anecdote:—"One morning, a gentleman observed one of these hawks dart down on the ground and seize a mouse, which he carried to a fence-post, where, after examining it for some time, he left it, and, a little while after, pounced upon another mouse, which he instantly carried off to his nest, in the hollow of a tree hard by. The gentleman, anxious to know why the hawk had rejected the first mouse, went up to it, and found it to be almost covered with lice, and greatly emaciated! Here was not only delicacy of taste, but sound and prudent reasoning—If I carry this to my nest, thought he, it will fill it with vermin, and hardly be worth eating." The voracity of this hawk may be imagined from the circumstance, also related by the great American ornithologist, that in the stomach of one of these birds, he found the greater part of the body of an American robin (*Turdus migratorius*), "including the unbroken feet and claws; though the robin actually measures within half an inch as long as the sparrow-hawk."

The blue jay (*Carrulus cristatus*), a very common bird throughout the United States, is one of the greatest enemies of the sparrow-hawk—at least as far as most vociferous attacks with the tongue may be regarded as signs of enmity. Like all his congeners, he has the greatest facility in imitating sounds; and, when disposed for a little quiet fun, can mimic the notes of other birds with such exactness as to deceive the most practised ear. He appears to be particularly fond of teasing the sparrow-hawk with his garrulous nonsense, "imitating his cry wherever he sees him, and squeaking out a—if caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk, and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded, and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk, singling out one of the most insistent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the time is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

A much smaller bird than the jay, however, is able singly to drive this depredator from his haunts, at least during the breeding season, when affection for his mate and young prompts him to exert all his powers and dare every danger to save them from the destroyer. This is the king-bird or tyrant-flycatcher (*Muscicapa tyrannus*), a bird of passage in the United States, whose dauntless courage makes even the eagle fly from his attacks.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

It seems to be a law of the human mind, that the feeling of loyalty and the desire of conserving old institutions diminishes as the distance is increased between the individual and the land of his ancestry. A new soil, where all the facilities of man have full scope for their development, fosters that love of freedom which is inherent in human nature, and distance from the seat of power suggests ideas of independence.

The law to which we have alluded showed itself in operation in

the American colonies of Great Britain at a very early period. The vessel that conveyed to America the intelligence of the restoration of monarchy in England, bore from the vengeance of Charles II. two of the judges who had signed the warrant for the execution of his father—Whalley and Goffe. Indeed, the governor of Massachusetts, received them with kindly hospitality; and before the royal order for their arrest reached Boston, the fugitives were enabled to escape to New Haven. The authorities of the Bay State,

being required to execute the warrant, published a proclamation against them; but no one betrayed them, or made any attempt to accomplish the royal purpose. Dixwell, another of Charles's judges, joined them shortly afterwards, and, in spite of all the efforts to apprehend them, they passed the remainder of their days in America.

It was not until nearly twelve months after the receipt of the news of the restoration that Charles was publicly proclaimed in New England, and then all demonstrations of joy were strictly prohibited. The restrictions which the English government had placed upon their commerce had aroused a feeling of indignation among the colonists, and the General Court had drawn up a declaration of rights, which evinced their boldness and the advanced state of development which their political ideas had already attained. They claimed a degree of liberty which left the crown but small prerogative, though not more than had already been conferred, by royal charter, upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island. But his lauded intentions of revenge probably rankled in the mind of Charles II., for he refused the same rights to Massachusetts, and a struggle immediately commenced between the colonists and the government at home.

A remonstrance was drawn up for presentation to the king; but some of the sturdy democrats thought this unnecessary, arguing, that their compact was to pay a certain amount to the king, and that all notice of him beyond that was only by way of civility. The remonstrance was received unfavourably, and Massachusetts was ordered to send Bellingham, the governor, Hawthorne, an influential magistrate, and three other gentlemen, to England, to answer the charges made against the colony. The General Court assembled to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted; and, after fortifying themselves with prayers and psalms, they decided upon refusing to comply with the royal mandate. The colonists triumphed; England was then engaged in war with Holland, and in a condition to reduce them to obedience. The Navigation Act became a dead letter; not a single custom-house was erected, and the port of Boston, enjoying all the benefits of unrestricted commerce, became the most prosperous on the shores of the Atlantic.

The charters conferred by the king upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island have already been mentioned. The results were such as gladden the heart of the philanthropist to contemplate. Free and self-governed, enjoying all of independence but the name, the population of Connecticut doubled in twenty years, and such a degree of material prosperity and social happiness was attained as had never been known before. "To describe its condition," says Bancroft, "is but to enumerate the blessings of self-government by a community of farmers, who have leisure to reflect, who cherish education, and who have neither a nobility nor a populace." Contemporary writers speak of it as realising the Homeric fable of the Age of Gold. So great was the general prosperity, and the sense of morality, that locks and bolts were unknown; the richest of the colonists had no other fastening to their doors than a simple latch. We again quote Bancroft. "There were neither rich nor poor in the land, but all had enough. There was venison on the hills, abundant fish in the rivers, and sugar was gathered from the maple of the forest. The soil was abundantly justly divided, or held faithfully in trust for the public and for new comers. Happiness was enjoyed unconsistently; like a sun and heat, it was the condition of a pure and simple life. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman sold his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; nor was any one superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the loom of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and public buildings had no grand magnificence than a pillion, exalted only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown which, proudly stretched and framed, was worn on public days by every woman of the land. The time of sowing and the time of reaping marked the progress of the year; and the plain dress of the working day and the more ornate attire of the sabbath, the progress of the week.

"Every family was taught to look up to God as the funder of all good. Yet life was not somber; the spirit of God breathed

with innocence; religion itself assumed a garb of gaiety, and the annual thanksgiving was as joyous as it was sincere. Frugality was the rule of life, both private and public. Half a century after the conclusion of the charter, the annual expense of government did not exceed eight hundred pounds.

"Education was always regarded as an object of deepest concern, and common schools existed from the first. A small college was early established, and Yale owes its birth to its worthy fathers, who in 1700 assembled at Bradford, and each one laying a few volumes on a table, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'

"Political education was a natural consequence of the constitution. Every inhabitant was a citizen, and every citizen, irrespective of wealth, condition, or any other circumstance, was possessed of the franchise. When, therefore, the progress of society and of events furnished a wider field of action than mere local politics afforded, the public mind was found equal to its circumstances; emerging then from the quiet of its origin into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the simplicity which had regulated the affairs of the village gained admiration in the field and the forum."

The constitution of Rhode Island was as liberal as that of Connecticut. George Baxter, of whom nothing more is known, arrived with it on the 24th of November, 1663, and was received with a suburban joy, worthy of men who fear God, love their fellow-men, and respect themselves. Our second illustration represents Baxter holding up the charter to the gaze of the immense concourse of people that was assembled on the shore to receive it. The scene is thus described by Bancroft in his history:—"The letters of the agent were opened, and read with good delivery and attention; then the charter was taken forth from the precious box that held it, and was read by Baxter in the audience and view of all the people; and the letters, with his Majesty's royal stamp and broad seal, with much becoming gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people." Perfect liberty of conscience was secured by this charter, and Rhode Island, like Connecticut, became, in the words of the pious John Haynes, "a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences." The constitution of Maryland, while disregarding the minor distinctions of sect, required subscription to the faith of the Gospel; but that of Rhode Island was based on the broad and beautiful principle of universal brotherhood, and excluded no man, whatever his belief, from the rights of citizenship.

New Hampshire was at this period a portion of the state of Massachusetts, and shared in its prosperity and happiness; but in 1679, the English government, which had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate resistance of the sturdy colonists of the Bay, separated New Hampshire from its jurisdiction, and erected it into a royal province, the president and council of which were to be appointed by the crown. The change was unwelcome to the people; and the discontent with which they viewed it was increased by the attempts of one Mason to enforce a claim to the lands of the province, a claim which had long lain dormant, but which was now revived with the concurrence and support of the English government. Mason departed as his agent a needy adventurer named Cornfield, who arrived in the province with a mortgage on all the lands for twenty-one years, and the appointment of governor conferred upon him by the home government. He calculated upon realising a splendid fortune, as, by an arrangement between Mason and the government, one-fifth of all quit-rents had been alloted to him as his salary; but in this anticipation he was greatly disappointed. The colonists opposed a steady and determined resistance to all his measures. Association was formed for the purpose of hindering the collection of the tax which he imposed. The sheriff and his officers were forcibly expelled whenever they pursued themselves to distrain upon the goods and chattels of the inhabitants; and his soldiers, he was told, and I found his mind, found behind him, and a halberd on his back, was in the hands of the people, and he was driven out of the province.

The war of independence was not yet proclaimed, but the spirit of the people was already kindled up. The government of the province was in a state of confusion, and the people were in a state of rebellion. The British government, however, did not wish to shed blood, and in 1776, the province was restored to the crown.

government, gave validity to that measure by an act of its own. The king was exasperated rather than mollified by this step, and was more determined than ever to annul the charter. A deputation to avert his anger was unsuccessful. The entire population

that we shall be exposed to great sufferings. Better suffer than sin. It is better to trust the God of our fathers than to put confidence in princes. If we suffer because we dare not comply with the wills of men against the will of God, we suffer in a good cause,



EDICTMENT OF THE SHERIFF BY THE POPULACE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.



GEORGE BAXTER HOLDING UP THE CHARTER TO THE INHABITANTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

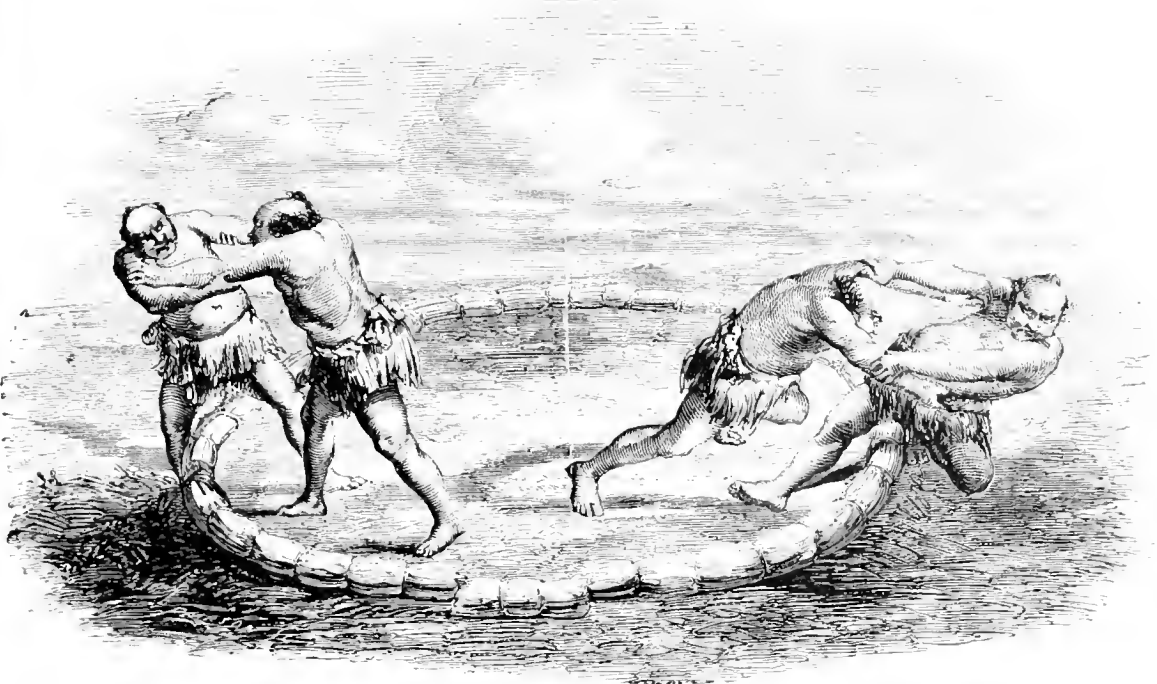
was roused and agitated; the General Court deliberated a whole fortnight as to whether the king's forbearance should be purchased by implicit submission to his will. The majority were still firm. "The civil liberties of New England," said they, "are part of our inheritance; shall we give that inheritance away? It is objected

and shall be accounted martyrs in the next generation and at the great day." This view of the matter was accepted and persisted in; and on the 2nd of July, 1685, the act for annulling the charter arrived in Boston, where it was received with all the signs of mourning and woe.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE people of Japan appear to be, when left free to themselves, of a very jovial and merry character, capable of strong feelings and

A great procession in Japan on a festival day, when the people expect some of their favourite amusements, is of itself a showy and



JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

kindly emotions. They suffer from the evils of a despotic form of government and from a defective system of education. They are

striking affair. First the crowd—and we draw our information partly from an eye-witness now resident in Java, whose unpub-



JAPANESE FENCERS.

very fond of out-door amusements, show, and glitter, and are easily pleased, like children, with tingling bells and gew-gaws. In their dress they show their characteristic disposition.

lished letters contain very curious details. comes rushing up at a very early hour, and, as usual in all military countries, from Great France to Little Nippon, is kept back by the soldiery. These in-

dividuals, however, necessarily vary much in costume, according to the country. In Japan the soldiers of the imperial guard are clothed in white vestments, with head-pieces varnished with black wax, and armed with two scimitars and a pike. These guards, on a grand field day, keep the centre of the road, which is strewed with white sand, clear for the coaches and horses and palanquins. Meanwhile scaffoldings arise on all sides for the sight-seers.

The first sign of the show, on a recent visit from the Ziogoon to the Mikado, was the running about of servants with presents in square lackered chests. Then came sedans of white wood about a fathom high, painted and inlaid with copper, in which were the ladies of honour to the *Deera*, or Ziogoon. Then came twenty-one sedans more, covered with black wood gilded, all full of ladies; then twenty-seven more containing nobles; the whole with gilded doors and windows.

Following these might be seen a crowd of twenty-four nobles on horseback, with small black waxed caps, with a little black plume; wide-cuffed sleeves, and pantaloons somewhat in our fashion, of satin of various colours, embroidered with gold. They looked grand indeed, says Cramer, with their golden scimitars, their quivers and bows, fastened by needle-worked scarfs, with long-tasselled fringes hanging over each horse's side. They wore black boots, like Wellington boots, with golden stripes. The horses were very handsome creatures, with golden and waxed saddles, the seat being silver and gold, or made of tiger skins, their manes plaited with silk, silver, and ribbons of gold. They wore also a kind of net-work over the breast and hind-quarters, of crimson silk full of tufts, and on their foreheads a golden horn. To deaden the sound of their steps, their shoes were of interwoven silk. Each horse was led by two grooms, while two great umbrellas, made of fine linen, covered with red cloth, with a silk fringe about them, being carried before, served to cover each horse, which was further attended by eight pages or servants, all in white liveries.

Next came three rich coaches, drawn by black bulls, covered by red silk mats, and led by four grooms in white livery. These vehicles are said to have been eighteen feet high, twelve long, and six wide, like our advertising vans, and adorned with latten figures and gold. They had three windows on each side, and two before, which were hung with red curtains. The entrance was behind by steps, ascending with turrets on each side, the windows beneath shaded with black wax, the tires of the wheels gilded, the spokes neatly turned and inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl.

In these huge vehicles were the wives of the great man. The pages who waited on them were in white and very numerous, each carrying a gilded footstool and a pair of slippers. Besides their suite of pages, a train of ladies followed them in twenty-three sedans, made of white wood and plated with copper, each having an umbrella, two pages, and four stout men to carry them.

Then came horse-men, slaves, pages, and page-boys, then presented two gilded scimitars, all but the blade of massive gold, a curious trebuch, a sun-dial, two stately golden candlesticks, two large pillars of ebony, three square polished tables of the same wood, the corners tipped with gold, three disks, two mighty chargers of massive gold, and a pair of wax slippers, all carried by men of rank.

Then, says the narrator of this particular scene, there came two magnificent carriages exceeding all the former in gold, all gold, in which sat *Sudofew-minamo Tonofindebanda*, the Ziogoon, and the heir apparent, *Oendefion-minamo Tonoyonemijtsauma*. Eighty noblemen walked two-and-two before this pair of coaches, with scimitars and pikes, and eight men with ebony staves and steel *batons* to clear the way. After this came a confused and splendid mass of noblemen, inferior wives, and sedans full of men and women; and then thirty-four disguised like masquerades, being the Mikado's musicians, playing on several instruments, as pipes, tabors, cymbals, bells, and some string instruments unknown to us."

On such days as these the Japanese enjoy unusual amusements. The race-course is then open, the theatre plays. At Osaka, the Dutch travellers say, the theatre is superior to what it is elsewhere. The house is described as very large, containing, besides the pit,

three tiers of boxes. The decorations, scenery, and dresses are said to be in good taste; but others declare that it is occasionally difficult for a stranger to comprehend the decorations on account of the extraordinary manner of placing the lines on the paintings. This is owing to the total absence of perspective.

The plays are usually founded on natural history or tradition, and the subjects are the feats, exploits, and lives of ancient Japanese heroes and gods. Many are devoted to enforcing moral precepts. The general tendency is said to be good, but Fischer modifies this observation in a way quite characteristic of the race. "In their heroic dramas the thirst for revenge shines pre-eminent as a natural characteristic, but always in union with a lofty courage. I saw a theatrical representation of one of the punishments by torture, which was astoundingly cruel."

Declamation is the great delight of the audience. The more the actor rants and raves, the more he delights, which is not an especial characteristic of Japan. But a greater merit still is to take many parts and play them well. There is little illusion, as the performers pass through the pit on their way to the stage. There are no actresses. In this the Japanese imitate antiquity. The female parts are played by boys. This arises from the fact that the Japanese, holding the profession in very low estimation, will not allow women to degrade themselves to it. A play in three acts is not represented all at once, but an act of another is played between, so that the spectators who have come for one particular piece can go out between whiles and smoke, drink sakee, and attend to business. The ladies remain with servants and change their dresses several times during the performance.

Dancing and music, we have already said, are favourite amusements. Minstrels and mount-banks frequent the streets, with tumblers, conjurors, and jugglers, and are very popular. Their beggars are merry vagabonds. They exhibit odd touches of humour. A bond of halt, lame, and blind will solicit alms in doleful strains; and the next moment, throwing off all dignity, leap about and chant merrily, as if under the idea that mirth is a more likely mood in which a man will give them melancholy.

In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of potty boxes, artificial flowers, the painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, quilting thread for hair-dresses, all for the favourite use of giving presents. These employments while away the winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost art and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from moon till late at night, realising the words of Thomas Moore:

"Oh, best of delights, as it everywhere is,
To be near the lov'd one! What a rapture is his.
Who, by moonlight and music, thus idly may glide
O'er the Lake of Cashmeer, with that one by his side."

The climate in the summer makes this amusement peculiarly delicious.

The women of Japan are very superior to the men. The men indulge in low and debasing pleasures, the women occupy their time in refined society and more harmless occupations. Even the Japanese gentleman is polished in his manners, but the ladies are exquisitely so. James Drummond said (we are assured by Macfarlane): "they have a natural grace which cannot be described. The Japanese are the most fascinating, elegant ladies that I ever saw in any country in the world." This is high praise, but it appears not undervalued.

The feast of *Luaps* is one of the great amusements of the people. It was a festival instituted out of respect to the dead, but it has departed somewhat from its origin in modern times. It appears to be a very showy and brilliant affair.

Wrestling, however, is a general popular institution. It is delighted in by high and low. It has been the favourite pleasure of all warlike and semi-barbarous nations. It was in use among the Greeks from the earliest ages. Homer gives a long description of a match between Ajax and Ulysses, the prize being a tripod of the value of twelve oxen. The Romans followed the example of

the Greeks, and made it one of the sports of every class and time. In England, in the early times, when physical strength was the greatest merit a man could have, it was common. A man was a very ordinary prize. Chaucer says of the miller:

"At wrestling he would have away the ram."

In the old poem of "A Lytel Geste of Robyn Hood," prizes of greater value are mentioned, such as a white bull, a horse with saddle and bridle, a pipe of wine, &c. The Londoners, who in the olden time were a noisy, quarrelsome set, were great wrestlers. Matthew Paris tells us of a great wrestling match on the sixth of Henry II. In Stowe's time it was very popular. At present the amusement is almost unknown, being left to more barbarous times and countries.

In Japan the amusement is very popular. In general the combatants struggle within a ring, such as that given in our first engraving, but at other times they wrestle wherever they can find a convenient place. They are very rough in their way of scrambling, and many accidents happen. In some instances the object is to drag the adversary out of the ring; in others, to tie his hands and render him helpless. When it is a public display, several couples are always waiting to go into the circle in turns. The interest which the Japanese take in these trials of strength and skill is something like that of the ancient Greeks in the Olympic and Isthmian games. Among those who train themselves for the combats, great muscular power and suppleness of limb are required, and they resort to every possible means for their attainment. It is common for those who desire to become very expert in the art of wrestling to get their companions to bend back their limbs in constrained attitudes, and thus leave the wrestler for hours and hours together, and indeed, in some instances, even dislocate and reset any particular limb, in order to procure the greatest laxity and suppleness at the combat. At ordinary wrestling-matches, bundles of manilla, tied up in lengths of about two feet each, are laid around upon the ground in the form of a ring. If the wrestler is crowded out of the ring, thrown within the ring, or falls upon any portion of it, or disturbs any portion of it with his foot, he is considered vanquished, and another steps forward to take his place. The judge who decides points of dispute in wrestling-matches, steps into the ring previously to the encounter. The wrestlers stand back to back, and the judge fastens the cord to the elbow of one and the knee of the other. Sandy evolutions are then ordered by the judge, calculated to bring the

contender round upon the hind of the opponent. In other trials the one is allowed to take the exercise, frequently provided he is excluded from the ring, the other is declared victor, and comes out triumphant in every way.

But the best and most interesting matches are those which take place upon the high field, and are not enclosed. They are usually conducted between the best wrestler of the empire, and are conducted in a flat in the gardens of the palace of the Kobo, in a retired manner. The prizes are numerous, and the attainment of one confers a rank upon the winner much valued by the lower classes, besides a pension from government during his natural life. There is in this in no manner an outer enclosure besides the inner ring, and the crowd does not forcibly attach until the defeat has been signified from the outer enclosure. But, when thrown out from the inner ring, the victor has the privilege, if he can do so quickly enough, to lift the fallen wrestler boldly and eject him. When fallen within the inner ring, this privilege is denied. Upon one side of the ring, the outer enclosure is omitted. This is the side toward the retired seats of the dignitaries; and upon this side neither of the combatants is allowed to step over, without forfeiture to both of the right to continue the contest. Upon each post of the enclosure surrounding the ring is tied a blanket, for the purpose of shielding the wrestler, if pitched with force against them. A species of vinegar, mixed with water, is kept in two pails close by the ring, with which the nostrils and mouths of the disputants are occasionally washed.

Not infrequently wrestling assumes the nature of a mortal combat, by its intensity and fierceness. Every nerve is strung to the highest pitch; every nerve is strained to its utmost tension; the eyes protrude, the breath grows short, and the whole anatomy of the figure appears marked on the outside of the body, so distinctly do the swelling muscles develop themselves to the spectator. Almost frantic efforts are made by each wrestler to lay his opponent by the girdle bodily, in which position he can be easily carried from the ring. By mere strength alone this can be easily accomplished, but the wary antagonist is always careful to prevent it. But a fixed period is allowed for each contest, therefore the wrestlers must proceed with some dispatch, yet must proceed cautiously as well. These trials of strength are said to be intensely exciting, and a source of as much bantering and betting among the Japanese, as cock-fighting in Cuba, bull-baiting in Spain, or horse racing in England.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

This grotto, though known to the ancients, appears to have afterwards been forgotten for a long series of years. In 1673, however, it was visited with a kind of solemnity by Nointel, ambassador from the king of France to the Sublime Porte. The people of the island also ventured to descend at this time; and he was accompanied by two clever designers, and three or four masons, provided with the necessary implements for detaching and removing the more heavy of the spars. Most of the spars were forwarded to M. Bandelet, of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Medals; and one of the most remarkable of them now figures in the rich collection of the Museum of Natural History, at Paris. Forty years later, the grotto was more minutely explored by the celebrated lemnist, Tournetot, who gave an account of his visit in his "Relation d'un Voyage du Levant," published in 1717. In our own times the grotto has recovered all its ancient celebrity, and receives an increased number of visitors every year.

Antiparos, the island which contains this remarkable natural curiosity, is situated opposite Paros, in the Grecian Archipelago. The grotto is a mile and a half from the sea, in view of the Isles of Nio, Sikino, and Polienbro. A cavern first offers itself to your notice, with a descent of about thirty wide steps; the passage is divided into two by natural pillars of strabition, and over the largest of these, which resembles a tower attached to the roof of the cavern, there is an ancient inscription, very much defaced, containing several names, which the islanders believe to be those of

the conspirators who aimed at the life of Alexander the Great, and who, after the failure of their criminal project, took refuge in this place as one of security. Amongst these names, that of Antiparos is the only one that favours this tradition. Dioclus S. indeed does indeed relate that several historians had accused Antiparos of the death of Alexander. The monarch had left Antiparos agent in Europe, when he departed for the conquest of Persia; but that minister, irritated by the manner in which Olympias had injured him with his master, was suspected of having endeavoured to get the king poisoned by his son, one of the royal eunuchs. Diodorus remarks that Antiparos did not preserve any part of his authority after the death of Alexander; but then explains why he consoled himself in this island.

When the grotto was visited by Tournetot, he was enabled to read a portion of the inscription; but all important passages were espied, taken before it was detected, which the learned traveller thus translates:—"To the memory of Crity, the son of Crity, who came to this spot. Menander, Strabon, Menocrates, Antiparos, Iphimodan, Ariston, Pithon, Geras, Diogenes, Philonotes, Gerasimus."

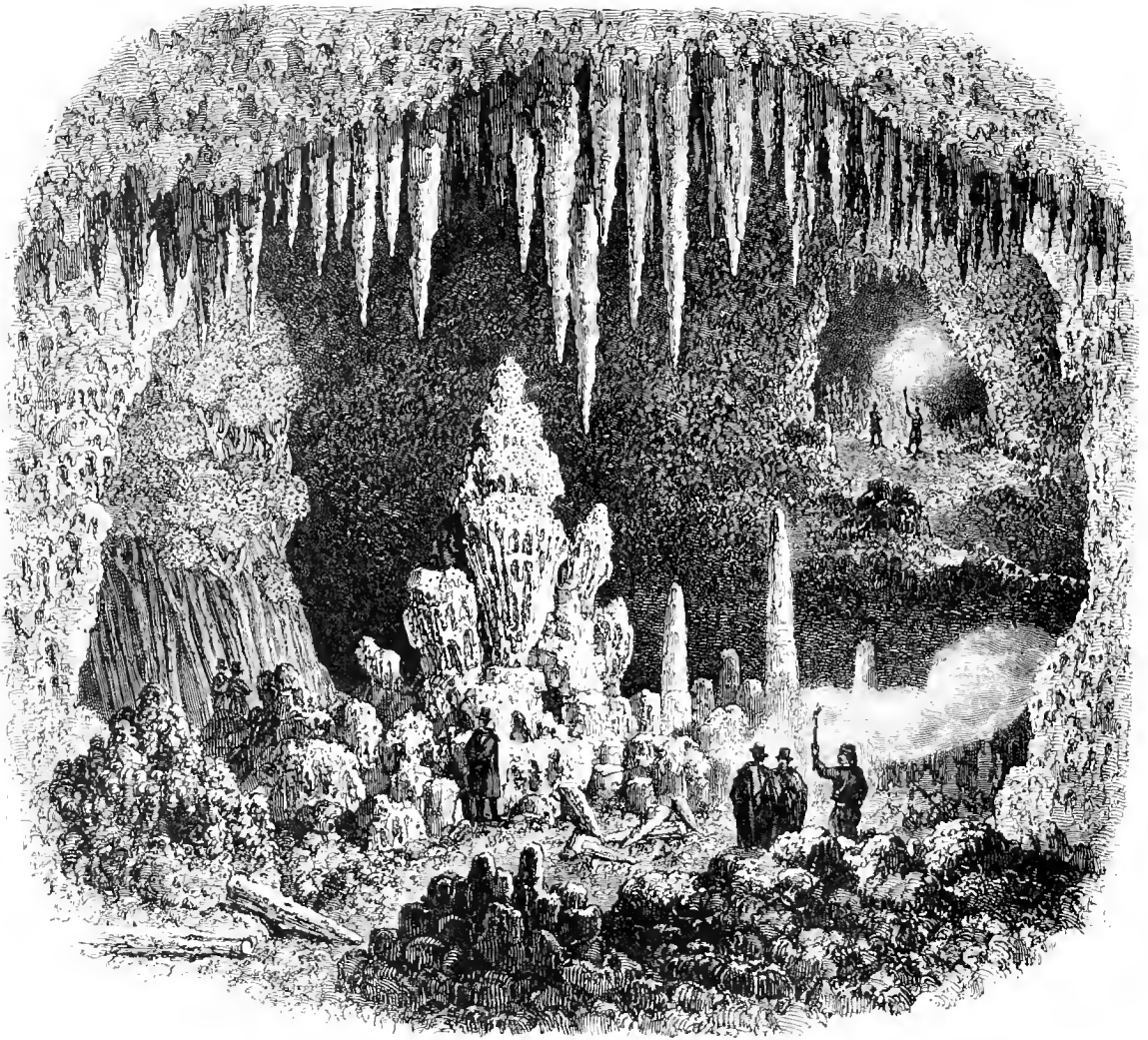
Perhaps these names are simply those of children of the island, at the time of Crity, who, as we have just seen, had just arrived at the grotto. Near this inscription there exists a very remarkable law, which does not appear to have any other than the figure of a cross for a model on it, indicating that it was intended

than the Christian era. On the left, and at the base of a rock, is another Greek inscription, but much more worn than even the preceding.

Between the two pillars on the right, is a gentle declivity, separated from the centre of the cavern by a low wall; in this place some one has engraved on the rocky wall some words, which indicate the period at which the grotto was visited by Nointel. The bottom of the cavern is reached by a more rude declivity; and here the passage becomes so dark, that the visitor cannot proceed without torches. The descent is aided by a rope attached to one of the stalactite pillars, a measure of precaution rendered necessary by the steep and rugged nature of the declivity. At the bottom of this precipice another is reached, still more frightful, and so slip-

pery that the further descent has to be made by means of a ladder. Probably there are other chambers yet unexplored."

Nointel and his party remained three entire days in the grotto, which was brilliantly illuminated, and celebrated high mass there on Christmas-day, using as an altar the pyramidal stalagmite which is seen in the centre of the illustration. This remarkable object is twenty-four feet high, and must have presented a splendid spectacle when glittering in the light of the numerous tapers which illuminated the grotto. With this flood of light reflected from the thousand glittering points rising from the floor or depending from the vaulted roof, and the strains of sacred music echoing through the stalactite chambers, the scene must have been more than usually imposing.



THE GROTTA OF ANTIPAROS.

pery that the further descent has to be made by means of a ladder. "In this manner," says Clarke the traveller, "we reached the spacious chamber of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, are entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation, as white as snow. Columns, some of which were seventy-five feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately, some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or remove them. Others extend from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the gran-

At the bottom of the cavern which serves as the vestibule of this magnificent grotto, we find another small chamber, called the cave of Antipater, into which the visitor enters through a square aperture. This chamber is covered entirely with glittering stalactites and stalagmites, which look like large crystals of the purest white marble, and are supposed by geologists to be formed by the filtration of water through the limestone, of which the entire island is composed. Tournefort, however, thought that he had here found conclusive proofs of his singular theory of the vegetation of stone. The top of the hill from the side of which the passages leading to the grotto are entered, is paved, as it were, with transparent crystallisations of the lozenge form.

ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

As ornamentation is one of the departments included in the plan of THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, we cannot do wrong in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful specimen of ornamental work which adorns this page. It is a snuff-box executed by Avisseau, the celebrated enamel worker at Tours, an artist who is described by one of his countrymen as a second Bernard Palissy. No greater honour could be conferred upon him than to give him this distinguished title, but the specimen of his workmanship here exhibited

as it may, there can be no question that it is a beautiful work of art—at once a gem and a picture—rich, but not overladen with decoration, elegant, and finished. It represents the hollow trunk of an old tree amid a mass of rocks, and twined around with ferns and climbing plants. An adder, coiled about it, is on the watch for a frog upon the lid. Lizards crawl about here and there, showing their heads from the various crevices. On the right and left hand are two stone tablets, one of which contains a drawing of a peasant



AN ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

goes far to prove that it is not at all more than he fairly deserves. It is one of his most recent *chefs-d'œuvre*, and is rendered by our artist with great fidelity and perfection. The reader might be puzzled to know what it was, if he had not the assistance of the title. From that, however, he will learn that it is nominally a tobacco box or pot, though of course hardly likely to be really employed as such. Indeed we can easily imagine that, to many of our readers—especially those of the gentler sex—it would seem a shameful profanation to apply it to any "such base uses." Be that

of Brittany smoking his pipe, and the other the arms of Touraine and Brittany. Inside the lid there is the following inscription, "A. M. PÈRE-CHEVALIER, AVISSEAU PÈRE ET FILS, 1851." This inscription, with the tablets, explains the nature and object of the beautiful production. It symbolises the union of Touraine and Brittany, literature and art; Avisseau being an artist of Touraine, and M. Chevalier, to whom it was presented, a distinguished author, who has written a work upon the history of Ancient and Modern Brittany.

PEERS AND M.P.S.,
OR,
LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne is rarely heard in the house now; but in the Commons, which he entered as Lord Henry Petty, his first speech raised great expectations of his subsequent career, and some were so enthusiastic in their praise as to deem him worthy to rival the oratorical fame of Pitt. His speech on the charges of embezzlement, brought against Lord Melville, was highly applauded at the time. He said: "Let it be remembered how the persons were situated who were thus connected together. Mr. Mark Scott, the broker, confidentially employed by Mr. Trotter, the paymaster; Mr. Trotter, the paymaster, confidentially employed by Lord Melville; and Lord Melville confidentially employed by the public. He had heard of Jacobin combinations and of other combinations, but it would be difficult to imagine any combination more detrimental to the public than that of these three persons, who sat on the cabinet on the one side and the stocks on the other. What changes of fortune, what convulsions in finance, was it not capable of effecting? He trembled that the event of that night would show that, whatever difference of opinion might exist, it indeed there did exist any, on the principles of government or on the application of those principles to public measures, yet when such questions as these came to be determined—whether the law should or should not be observed; whether the public expenditure should be watched or should not be unexamined or uncontrolled—there was to be found but one voice, one opinion, and one cause; the cause of men of all descriptions, who pretended to any sort of principle, in opposition to those who either did not profess any, or, what was as dangerous if not as bad, who thought none essential to the honour, the safety, and the existence of the country." The Duke of Newcastle is young, and has yet to win fame, but he has much in his favour. He possesses a great power of fluent oratory, and whenever he addresses the house, is listened to with attention and respect. Lord Clarendon has been the hero of many a party contest. He cannot take his stand amongst the first orators of the day. His rank in political life has, and undoubtedly, been acquired by his abilities. The fact that he rose from being a Customs' commissioner to be viceroy of Ireland and secretary for foreign affairs, as a late writer in the *Athenæum* remarked, is proof of his secretarial energy and talent in a department of the state. As a debater he wants practice and physical power. His voice is not loud enough for the stormy combats of the senate. He often hesitates, and his nervous temperament gives him a flurried manner which detracts from the weight of his argument. Yet he has great insinuation and address. Parliament as are his talents, even his admirers would scarcely say that he has the *virtus civium* of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston. He wants massiveness and manliness of intellect. The Duke of Argyll, the youngest member of the cabinet, is perhaps one of the most fluent men in it. You are not long in the Lords before you are weary of his presence. His red face and small juvenile figure attract you at once. He took his seat in that assembly on his father's death in 1817, and in May of the following year, he delivered his first speech on the motion for the second reading of the bill for admitting Jews to Parliament. His speech made a great impression on the house, presenting as it did a defence of the measure on religious rather than political grounds. He commenced by disclaiming all sympathy with certain theories that had been put forth—that Christianity had nothing to do with making the laws of a country. He showed in a strain of clear argument, enforced by an easy, flowing, and natural eloquence, that Christianity lay at the root of all that was just and right and true; and that the nation which systematically excluded Christianity from its laws, must end in speedy ruin. At the same time he could not agree with the opponents of the measure, that Christianity consisted in a mere set of forms and symbols, compliance with which should secure and refusal exclude admission to the legislature. On the contrary, he maintained that Christianity would be best manifested by abolishing all invidious distinctions

which excluded any citizen from obtaining the offices and honours of the state, and by maintaining the right of the constituencies of the empire to their free choice of whatever representatives they pleased to select. The speech was received with great favour in the house, and the duke was at once hailed as one of the most promising ornaments of which the senate could boast. Like another nobleman who courts honour on his order—the Earl of Carlisle—the duke lectures to mechanics' institutions, and lectures well.

But, after all, the real orators in the house are not in the cabinet, but out of it; and they live upon their reputations, and are satisfied, as well they may be, with the pleasures of memory. Foremost amongst them is the Earl of Derby, the *utramque domum* of one of the most powerful parties in the state. But as with all true orators, it was in the lower house that his laurels were won. His first speech of any importance was that against Mr. Hunt's motion on the temporalities of the Irish Church. That speech helped him to the honourable title he has so long worn as "the very Rupert of debate." One of the most remarkable feats he ever accomplished was his delivery, during one of the Irish debates, of Hotspur's address to his men, at the close of a great debate, and when the house was eager for a division. His rating the Whigs with their truckling to O'Connell was terrible when it came couched in the language of England's dramatist—

"But shall it be that you—that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of meritorious subordination—shall it be
That you a world of cur'es undergo;
Tying the agents, or base second means,
The cords—the ladder—or the hangman rather,
Oh, pardon me! that I descend so low
To show the line and the predicament
When in your range under *this subtle king*,
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gaze them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are foiled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
Into the good thought of this world again
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths?"

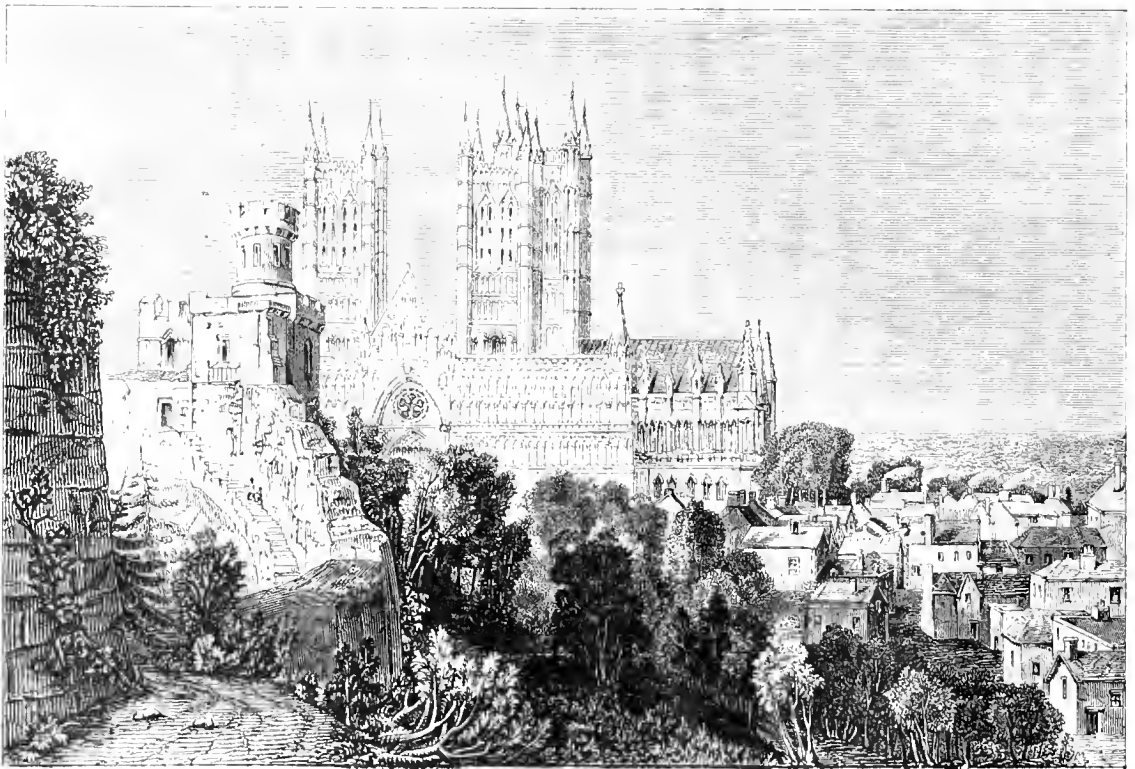
The effect Lord Stanley—for that was the earl's title then—produced by this extract was startling. It required no ordinary degree of courage to deliver a quotation so long and so dangerous to a crowded house at a late hour. The sensation created was appalling from the extraordinary power of emphasis thrown into the delivery. No actor could have given the passage with more startling effect. It has been remarked, that no nobleman of talent it is a disadvantage to commence life in the House of Peers. It is but rarely that the debates are conducted there on a scale large enough to justify those flights of eloquence which, successful in a crowded assembly, seem almost ridiculous before a couple of score of languid peers. The Earl of Derby had the advantage of entering public life in the lower house, and at a time, too, when party feeling was high. His contest with O'Connell was personal and passionate in the extreme. The latter held him up to the indignation of the Irish as the scorpion Stanley, and the former repaid the Irish agitator with terrible invective, equally vehement, and far more polished than his own. In the upper house, the debates would be indeed dull, were it not for the earl's appearance on the scene. Lyndhurst is a masterly orator; but he belongs to the past. You can hardly recognise, in the now shrunken form, a man formerly deemed one of the most powerful intellects of our age. It

LINCOLN.

THE magnificent cathedral of Lincoln is, next to that of York, the most stupendous, as well as the most beautiful, monument of Gothic architecture in England, and stands on a hill, overlooking the town, and commanding a very extensive view, comprising the scenery of five or six counties. Its length from east to west is 530 feet, and its breadth 227 feet. The doorway and two of the three towers date from the eleventh century, and justify the opinion of those antiquaries who attribute the foundation of the one to William the Conqueror, and of the others to his son William Rufus. It was afterwards rebuilt by Henry II., and dedicated to the Virgin. The most remarkable portions of this immense edifice are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. The great bell, celebrated by the name of Tom of Lincoln, was long famous for its deep and resonant tone, which was heard at a great distance. In 1827 it by some means got cracked, and in 1834 it was broken in pieces. It was refounded, and replaced in the central tower the year following. Its diameter in the widest part is eighteen feet and it contains five

earth and the trunks of trees placed with the branches outward. To defend themselves from the incursions of these barbarians, the Roman masters of the country surrounded the city with walls, and formed the Foss-dyke, a canal about ten miles in length, connecting the waters of the Witham with those of the Trent, and thus forming a complete internal navigation between the Wash and the Humber. Henry I. cleared out the Foss-dyke, and improved the navigation; and it is still used as a canal from Lincoln to the Trent. The city derives its name from occupying the site of the Roman military station called Lindum, and stands on the line of the great Roman road called Ermine-street. The fortifications were increased and improved by the Saxons, and at the time of the Domesday survey Lincoln was one of the richest and most populous cities in the kingdom.

The ruins of the bishop's palace, which was demolished during the civil war, stand a little to the south of the cathedral, and comprise a fine hall, a gateway, and part of the kitchen. In the neigh-



THE CITY OF LINCOLN.

tons and a half of metal. The weight of the old bell was only four tons and a half. The difficulty of swinging the enormous clapper is the reason why the bell is used only on rare occasions. Before the Reformation, the cathedral of Lincoln was one of the richest in the kingdom, but Henry VIII. appropriated the greatest part of its treasures, and during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the sumptuous tombs were mutilated, and this splendid religious edifice was used as a barrack by the soldiers of Cromwell.

The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument in Lincoln; the ruins of the castle erected by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, attract the attention of visitors, and prove the antiquity of the city. The latter is an imposing structure of Roman architecture, ten feet thick, and sixteen feet wide in the archway. When the country was under Roman domination, the district in which Lincoln is situated was inhabited by the Coritani, a warlike tribe of savages, who painted their bodies with blue pigment extracted from the wood plant, and wore rings of iron on their arms. Their towns were mere collections of huts, defended by ramparts of

beehood of these ruins is a modern building, which the bishop occupies during his stay in the city. Besides a great number of monasteries and nunneries, and other religious edifices, Lincoln formerly contained upwards of fifty churches, of which only eleven remain, exclusive of the cathedral, and most of these are small and much dilapidated. One of these, St. Peter at Gowths, is an old conventual church, and has a lofty square tower of Norman architecture. Some remains of the old castle are still standing on the hill, westward from the cathedral, and the site of the other portions is occupied by the county gaol and court-house, erected from the designs of Smirke. The gaol is constructed on the plan recommended by the philanthropist Howard, but is said to be too small for the purpose of classification. The Guildhall (an ancient Gothic edifice), the market-house, the assembly-room, and the theatre, are the only other public buildings. But if there is nothing remarkable in the modern edifices of Lincoln, the deficiency is amply made up by the number of ancient remains, of which few towns in England contain so many.

THE OLD ENGLISH HALL.

During the period when the nobles of England were engaged in the civil wars occasioned by the disputed right of succession between the houses of York and Lancaster, or vied with each other in the number of retainers which they supported, and the extravagance of their living, the merchants of London, by persevering industry and a steady increase of commerce, became a rich, and consequently an influential portion of the community.

John Thornbull could scarcely be termed a merchant. He had started in life with a sum of money not equal in value to twenty pounds of the present coinage. With this capital he furnished a stall in the Cheape, for the sale of woollen caps and hose. John was a man of thrift. He rose early and retired late; he never lost

The successor to Master John attained the civic rank of alderman, purchased an estate, and was called Squire Thornbull; for which he is falsely considered by his descendants to have been the founder of a very ancient family.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that, previously to the time of the first Tudor, land was held only by feudal tenure. The sovereign granted estates to his vassals, subject to certain conditions, as the reward of military service. Henry VII., however, resolved to weaken the power of the nobles, whose force, when united, had often proved so detrimental to the interests of the crown, and even fatal to the life of the sovereign. Moreover, as he knew the plodding traders of London had large stores of gold in their dusty chambers,



WOODLANDS HALL.

a customer, whose patronage could be secured by attention, civility, or persuasion; his own garments were usually cast off by the most respectable of his customers, before he appropriated them to his own use; and ere he laid them by, it would not have been by any means an easy matter to decide on their original colour. His diet was exceedingly simple, and it is doubtful if, during the whole course of his life, he was a dozen times within the walls of a tavern.

When John Thornbull died, he bequeathed a respectable inheritance to his son, who, having considerably enlarged the business of his late father, became in reality a merchant, and first assumed the honorary title of Master. Fortune favoured most of his schemes, and, though he did not practise such rigid economy as his parent, he became one of the richest men in the city.

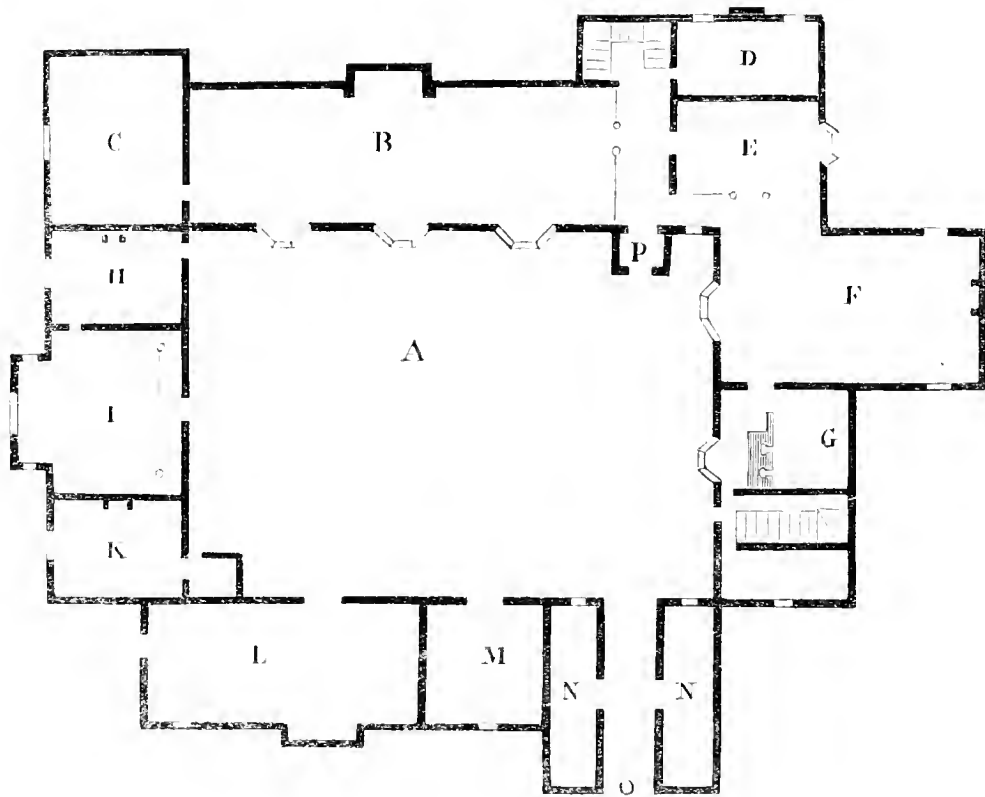
and being a keen-sighted man, he resolved that a portion of it should be transmitted to his own coffers. With this view, he invited the lord mayor and the principal citizens to pay a visit of state to Westminster Hall, to witness the games given in honour of the queen on Twelfth night. On this memorable occasion, Alderman Thornbull was one of the party, but what is of far greater importance he was privately introduced to his Majesty, and given to understand that a certain officer of the royal household would be ready on the morrow to draw up a deed, by which an estate, lately ceded to the crown by confiscation, might become the freehold property of Alderman Thornbull and his heirs for ever.

Thus did the king enrich himself, at the expense of the ancient nobility, and create a new class of aristocracy, whose power was

far less dangerous to the interest of the throne: and thus did the grandson of a peer become the first of that famous community of "Landed Gentry," whose rank and influence have long since obliterated the distinction, once so clearly marked, between the nobility and the people. The first business of Squire Thornbull, upon becoming a lauded proprietor, was to erect a hall upon his estate, of such extent as became the dignity of his new sphere. The situation which he selected was sheltered from the northern blasts by a range of hills, whilst gentle slopes of luxuriant woollands on the east and west stretched far away into the opening valley. A noble river slowly wound its way along the plain, fringing, with the surrounding objects, a scene of remarkable beauty and grandeur, of which the inmates of the hall might command a perfect view.

The building itself enclosed a quadrangular court-yard, was surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. A covered gateway in the southern range of the building, which in time of danger could be entirely closed, was the only entrance to the court.

As will be seen by a glance at the ground plan, was occupied by various domestic offices. The frame-work of the whole building was of oak; numerous beams and joists being fastened together by means of cross-bolts, and the interstices filled up with lath and plaster. Externally there was no appearance of order; the roof was of various heights, and the upper apartments invariably overhung the lower. Gables formed the principal architectural feature, and the windows extended across the whole range of apartments. In the interior, the great hall was, of course, the principal part of the mansion. Its walls were lined with oak wainscot, and the floor was strewn with rushes. The principal articles of furniture were the oak dining-table, forty feet in length, with benches to match. Within a fire place, almost as spacious as a modern parlour, a huge pile of wood was constantly burning on the hearth. During the winter season, the doors were covered with loose arras, which the imperfect workmanship of the joiners rendered absolutely necessary to the comfort of the inmates. The buttery, divided from the kitchen only by means of a paneled



PLAN OF WOODLANDS HALL.

A, Court-yard. B, Great Hall. C, Bed-room. D, Cellar. E, Buttery. F, Kitchen. G, Bakehouse. H, Chaplain's Room. I, Chapel. K, Steward's Room. L, Barn. M, Dairy. N, Stables. O, Entrance to the Court-yard. P, Hall Porch.

The ceiling of this passage was machicolated, or pierced with holes like a cullender, so that persons in the room above might, in the time of siege, pour hot water, oil, or melted tallow on the heads of the assailants below. Exactly opposite, in the northern range of the building, was the principal entrance, which led to a spacious lobby communicating with the great hall, the buttery, and the cellar. Over the two latter apartments was "my lady's chamber," which occupied a middle station between the upper and lower stories, and resembled in appearance a housekeeper's room in a modern mansion. From this apartment Dame Thornbull could look into the kitchen, which stood on the eastern side of the court, by means of a half door, such as are sometimes still seen in old shops; and thus she could watch the domestic arrangements of the household, scold her maids, and be satisfied that everything went on in proper order. In the western range was the family chapel, with apartments for the priest and steward. The remaining side,

screen, was furnished with a dining service of highly-polished pewter, and a large quantity of wooden platters and trenchers for ordinary use. Here the visitor always found a plentiful supply of substantial fare; and, during the proper season, a dish of trout or a haunch of venison was never wanting. The cellar was stored with ale and cider only; the family stock of wines being more safely deposited in the lady's own room. Such was Squire Thornbull's residence at the Woodlands.

When, however, he had established himself as a country gentleman, it must be confessed that he soon felt somewhat disappointed with his new sphere of life. In London, he had been a member of an influential corporation, daily associated with men of his own rank, and frequently dined in the presence of distinguished guests at the Guildhall. But at the Woodlands, he enjoyed no more society than a broken emigrant might expect in the back woods of a rising colony. For country sports he had neither taste

nor skill, and though, as a matter of duty, he persevered in the pursuit, he derived from them more of pain than of pleasure. He was a very indifferent horseman, unskilful in the use of the hunting-spear and the bow, and by no means expert in the exercise of the leaping pole. His dogs would never follow him, nor could he recall his Hawks, when once he set them at liberty. He made no pretensions to learning, and had he desired to cultivate such a taste, the necessary books could only have been purchased at a vast expense.

The produce of the home farm was mostly consumed in his own household. The rents, which he received from his tenants, did not exceed £100 per annum, for the greater portion of the estate was left unenclosed.

On the other hand, there were circumstances connected with his new sphere of life which both flattered his feelings and gratified his taste. On his own estate he possessed as much power as a sovereign prince. He heard all causes of dispute, and decided them according to his own discretion; he admitted the proper rate of tithes, and he commanded the service of all the peasantry during a certain portion of the year; first, in consideration of their being allowed to cut wood in his forest; and secondly, as compensation for the land which they cultivated for their own subsistence. Jack of the Webbs was required to plough ten acres in the spring or autumn. Will of the Beck to shear a hundred sheep in summer. It was the duty of some to gather in the squire's corn, or to bring a given quantity of fuel to the hall. The smith and the carpenter also paid their rent by a specified amount of their handicraft; for, like the general population, the mechanics spent a considerable portion of their time in the cultivation of the soil, to provide for themselves the necessaries of life. In the arrangement of such matters, Squire Thornbull's word was law, and the peasants knew of no court of appeal.

The whole family at the Woodlands rose at an early hour. Breakfast was served at seven in the morning, when the squire regaled himself with a plentiful supply of beef and ale. At ten in the forenoon the family assembled in the great hall for dinner, where, with their domestics, they took their places at the same table according to their rank. The position of the salt marked the boundary-line between the gentle and the vulgar. The squire and his family, the chaplain, and the principal guests were seated at the head of the table, whilst the steward occupied the most honourable place at the foot. The dishes were placed on the uncovered board, cups of horn or pewter supplied the want of glass, but persons of the highest rank were compelled to use their fingers instead of a fork. At four, the relationer gave the call for supper, and at eight, the whole family was usually in bed.

The amusements which the society of the Woodlands offered were few, and of the most rustic order. The morning of May-day was all flowers, laughter, and good fellowship; at noon, all excitement, produced by the spectacle of bull-baiting in the courtyard of the hall; whilst evening witnessed no small number of battles in races and cock-fights.

On several companies of strolling players arrived at the hall, so that every some neighbouring fair, when in return for a plentiful supply of food and ale, would exhibit their dramatic powers for the amusement of the hearers. For this purpose they erected a temporary stage, upon which, assuming the characters of angels, saints, and Satans, they performed all the more representations of scripture history, or related dialogues abundant with Middle-age legends. The Temptation and Crucifixion of the Saviour, the Day of Judgment, and even the Creation of the World were, at that period, the most popular subjects for the theatrical display.

The travelling merchant was a welcome and constant visitor to the hall, for he not only supplied the family with many necessary articles of domestic use, but, on the fine days of ribbons and gewgaws to the maids, but also detailed to the squire an account of the principal events which had taken place in the city and court since his last visit, which the latter communicated to his family and chaplain, with numerous explanatory notes and reflections.

Christmas at the Woodlands was a solemn and true English hospitality. The hall appeared like a gothic forest of good holly. The yule-log burnt briskly on the hearth, the barrel of beer and the four's-head were borne to table in solemn procession, preceded

by musicians, producing no very harmonious sounds to the bull-horns. A heavy welcome was given to all, and the yule-supper highly satisfactory. When these were dismissed, the merry dances were soon seen skipping up the sides and down the middle, with no more idea of being tired than an express train with the steam up. But, alas! the wassail-bowl invariably destroyed their bon-moy; and even in those primitive and good old times, none were the disorderlies who were forebly coated with cuts and kicks from the premises of their host. It is well-said, too, that the spirit himself was not infrequently found in his chamber in a state of utter helplessness, when he was wont to call down the heaviest curses on things in general, and to vow the fiercest vengeance against real or imaginary offenders.

What changes have been wrought in the state of the Thornbull family by the hand of time! Part of the hall is still standing, but is inhabited by a hind and his family. The great yard has been formed into a modern homestead, and the chapel is used as an animal stall.

CROCHET D'OYLEY.

MATERIALS: Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 30, and Walker's Pendule Crochet Hook, No. 11.

Make a round loop the size of this, O; then chain 1, and work 1 treble for 10 times in the round loop, plain 1, and fasten off.

2nd: Chain 5, plain 1 in the 1 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 5 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 1, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th: Work 4 treble at the top, in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

5th: Work 3 treble at the top of the centre of the 4 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th: Work 2 treble at the top, in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 9, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

7th: Chain 1, and work 1 treble for 6 times between the 2 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

8th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 1 chains of last round (which would be 5 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

9th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 2 chains of last round (which would be 4 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

10th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, and repeat in each of the 2 chains of last round (which will be three times in all), chain 4, work 1 treble in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

11th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 2 chain of last round, chain 2, work 2 treble in the next 2 chain of last round, chain 6, work 2 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

12th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, chain 8, work 3 treble in the next 2 chain of last round, chain 8, work 3 treble in the next 2 chain of last round, chain 8, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

13th: Work 1 treble at the top, in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

14th: Work 6 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 6, work 6 treble in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 6, work 6 treble in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

15th: Work 6 treble in the centre of the 6 treble of last round, chain 6, work 6 treble in the next 6 treble of last round, chain 6, work 6 treble in the next 6 treble of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

16th : Work 6 treble at the top of the six treble of last round, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, then chain 1 and work 1 treble for 7 times more in the same 3 chain, chain 5 and repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off.

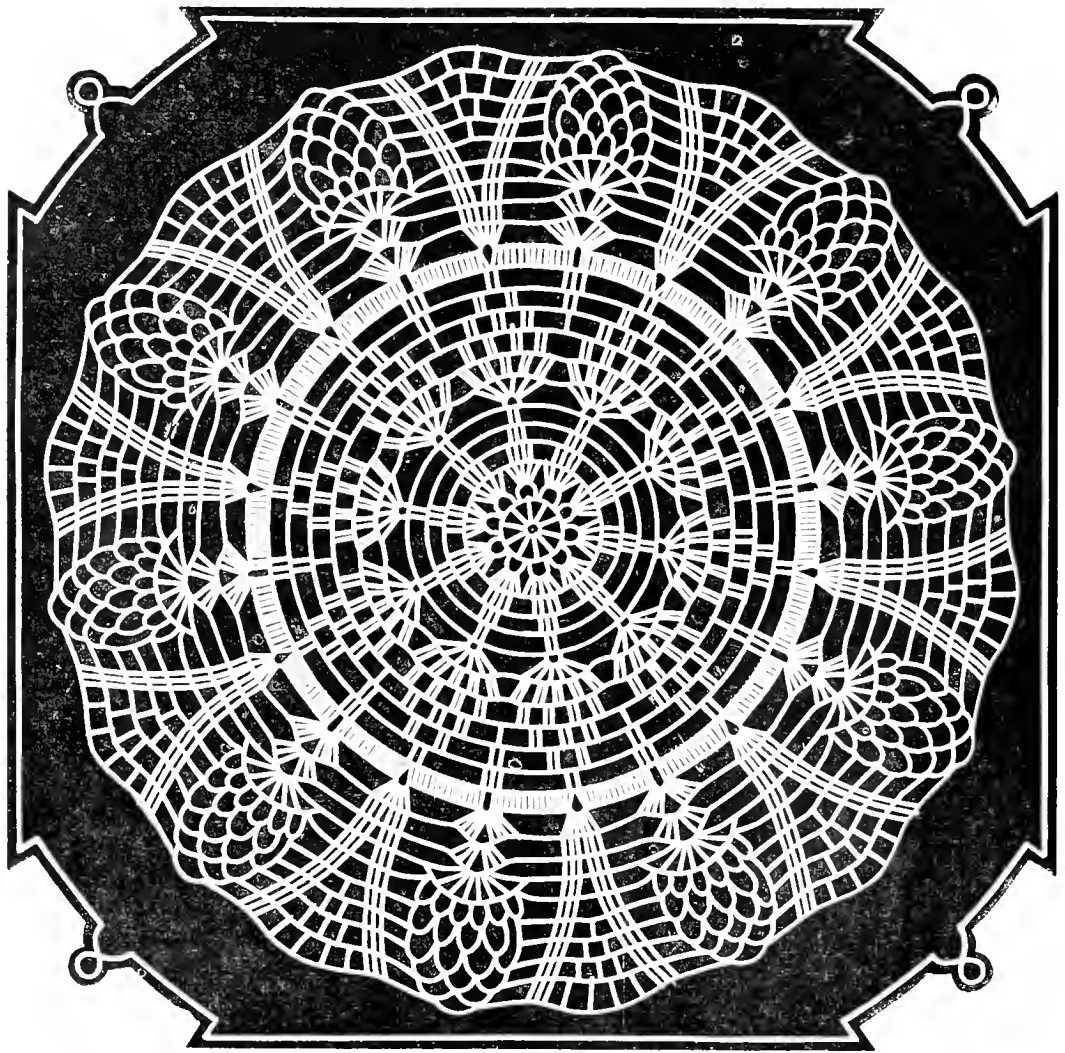
17th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 1 chains of last round (which will be seven times in all), chain 4 and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

18th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 5, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of

3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 4 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

21st : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 3 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

22nd : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3



CHRISTY DOILY.

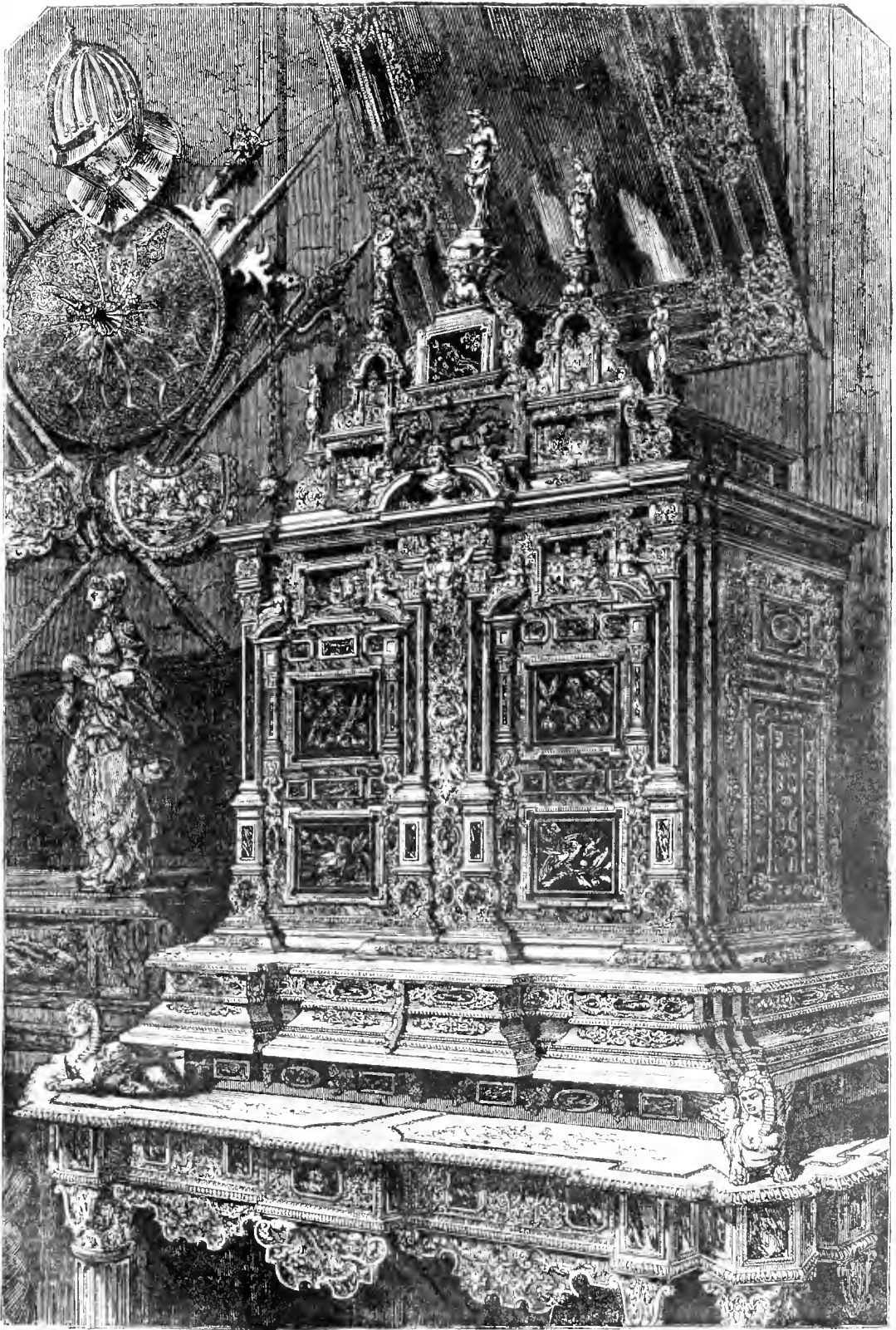
last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be six times in all), chain 4 and repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off.

19th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5 and work 1 double in each of the 5 chains of last round (which will be 5 times in all), chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

20th : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next

chains of last round (which will be 4 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the next 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the next 5 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

23rd : Work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 5 times in all), chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off, which will complete the doily.



FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK

FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

THE city of Florence, which, with Rome and Venice, was long one of the most distinguished seats of Italian art, is remarkable for having produced a beautiful kind of ornamental work which bears its name. It is a species of mosaic in costly materials, based upon directly opposite principles to those recognised by ancient artists. One of the chief of these consists of an intelligent selection of the various shades of colour presented by agates, jaspers, and other hard stones, cut into forms adapted to a settled plan, and artistically arranged with a view to one predominant effect. This ingenious combination produces a kind of painting, in which the varied hues of these beautiful productions are employed to imitate the true colours of nature, as well as the effects of light and shade. Leaves, flowers, butterflies, birds, and even varied landscapes, are cut out with the chisel and polished with the file. The artist contrives to give them the richness of tone which is found in nature, and at the same time the harmony of that great model by bringing together objects which there usually appear together.

In the churches of Florence masterpieces of this kind of work may be seen, either decorating altars or forming part of the architecture of these edifices. The palaces and museums of Europe also contain specimens, more or less remarkable, of this work applied to the ornamentation of furniture of various kinds. The most ancient Florentine mosaic work is plane, like that which the artists of antiquity produced with small cubes of various colours, and which those of modern Rome imitate; but in later times the Florentines sought to give some kind of relief to their mosaic pictures, by inlaying upon the surface hard stones and other costly materials, which they modelled after nature, at one time to represent a fruit, at another a leaf, and at another a flower. Fine pearls, and even diamonds, also found a place in these bas-reliefs. At the present day there are artists in France who produce works of this class.

In the Museum of Cluny there is a remarkable specimen of Florentine art at the commencement of the seventeenth century, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page. It is a rich cabinet, partly covered with mosaic work representing landscapes, birds, fruits, and butterflies. Small bas-reliefs in precious materials are mingled with the lively colours of the mosaic, and form a magnificent *ensemble* by means of the variety of framing in lapis-lazuli, cornelian, and silver. Numerous figures, seated or standing, caryatides in silver, give a brilliant effect to the whole, and present a luxuriant richness of materials, which can be but imperfectly represented in any drawing or engraving. The upper portion, which exhibits a beautiful contour in its form, is, like the body of the work, enriched with mosaics and bas-reliefs surrounding carved work and projecting ornaments in silver and gilt bronze. Five statuettes in gilt bronze surmount the whole, giving it somewhat the form of an elegant pyramid.

This piece of furniture, supported by four sphinxes, rests upon a table enriched with squares of jasper, covered with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and having for supports four columns, the capitals of which are adorned with beautiful carving and gilding. The cabinet opens in front by the separation of the two doors, which meet in the middle, and the inner sides of which are decorated with landscapes and birds in Florentine mosaic. The interior compartments, which are divided into recesses and drawers, underwent great changes about the time of Louis XV. Most of the Florentine mosaics, which ought to have been here, have been replaced by miniatures in the style of the eighteenth century.

This valuable article of furniture was first removed to Poland, and afterwards to France, under the empire of Napoleon I. It now stands, as we have already stated, in the Museum of Cluny, a town in France, formerly more celebrated than at present for an abbey of the Benedictine order, founded in A.D. 910 by William I., duke of Aquitaine and count of Auvergne. In the course of about three centuries from its foundation, the establishment had become extensive enough to accommodate within its walls Pope Innocent IV., twelve cardinals, three archbishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, besides St. Louis, the king of France, with his three sons, the queen mother, and a host of attendant lords and ladies, amounting altogether to four hundred.

THE BRIBE OF ROMANOFF.—II.

BY SILVERPEN.

THAT day Olga wonders why her beloved mademoiselle is so pale and silent, but gains no information. There are topics concerning fathers that daughters may not learn.

Olga, though so young, is an *habitué* of the opera, and prepares to go this evening, accompanied, as usual, by Miss Temple. The latter hastens her toilet, for an attendant informs her that his excellency's daughter awaits her in a certain room; she descends, enters, the door is heavily closed—she is again alone with the mareschal. The light is but imperfect, but she can see that passion has passed like a tempest over his soul.

"Ida," he says firmly, yet with a show of sincerity as well as a respect which seems genuine, "I love you still more profoundly for what passed this morning; forget it—do be my wife! the wife of the proud mareschal, *if you wish*. I must have you at any risk, come what may; I have loved you too long and profoundly to be gainsayed. Come, it is settled—let there be the peace of love between us." His manner is all entreaty, all respect; he is subdued to the humility of a child.

"My lord," is the firm, unhesitating answer, "under no circumstances can any tie exist between us, even under the sanction of the proposal with which you have just honoured me. I love another man, and I am an Englishwoman."

It is wonderful to see the change a few words can effect; no greater than this was ever instantly beget. It is like the change said to take place in Eastern seas; one instant the waves lie in a summer's calm, the next heave as in a winter's tempest. There is no mistake now to what race this man belongs—the ruthless eye, the clenched lips, the freezing words, are true to the pictures De Custine, Golovin, and others, have given to the world.

"Go!" says that iron voice; "this is Russia, not England. Go! I am unmoved from my purpose; what love cannot effect power shall. Go!—but you will not escape me."

Perhaps not, for despotism, as I have said, is Argus-eyed; but purity can be strategic as well as baseness, and eternal justice attends the first.

Unattended, except by Prince Romanoff, the grandfather of Olga, and the usual retinue of servants, mademoiselle and her beloved charge pass on to the opera. Good angels are propitious. Here, round the stalks of a bouquet delivered to her by a pretended servant, are full instructions from the excellent chaplain of the embassy. Miss Temple contrives to conceal the paper, and beats it safely home. In this she reads, as soon as her attendants are dismissed for the night, that Nova, the Servian shipwright's daughter, and an assistant in the palace kitchen, will be ready to assist in her escape, as well as be prepared with a dress; that Golovitz, one of the grooms of the chamber, will let her pass, as will also Karl, the porter; and that outside the palace wall the shipwright will await her, whose wife she must affect to be.

Losing no time, but changing her dress for the one she finds ready in an appointed place, securing her jewellery and money carefully about her person, packing up in the smallest possible compass such few articles as she will need, Miss Temple awaits the appointed signal from Nova. Sitting down, she writes a brief letter to the mareschal and a longer one to her beloved Olga, entreating the latter to bear her in recollection, to write to her, and, if ever opportunity admit, to visit her in England. She then takes this last letter into Olga's chamber, kisses her sleeping face, and retires with a hushed step and sorrowing heart. All the rest of her property Ida has to abandon; but she hopes that, with Olga to plead for her, the mareschal, when his anger is less, will be just enough to let it be packed and sent to England.

At the given time, she escapes from the palace without observation, and joins the good shipwright. Her dress is that of a peasant woman, and she passes through the street unrecognised, though keenly regarded by several of the police on duty. The palace lies at a considerable distance from the port, but the latter is at length

reached in safety. The ship by which she is to sail is laden with corn, and bound to Carlscrona; but it has yet to lift its anchor and make some other preparations. As it would never do to run the risk of applying for a passport, arrangements have to be made that mademoiselle be concealed in the cabin till Cronstadt be reached, and whilst these are effected she rests in the shipwright's little wooden house, and refreshes herself with food.

At length all is ready; she takes leave of these kind though humble friends, who, in spite of poverty, have shown themselves superior to Russian venality, and going on board the little ship, hidden in the hold amidst corn that has been ear-browned upon the plains of Finland. The captain, a stalwart Finn, though somewhat lethargic, is honest, and his ship takes its course to the Baltic. But it has not been long and well before he is on a sail in pursuit, and his purpose being suspected, the fugitive Englishwoman is still more closely hidden; for punishment will be his and his ship's crew's, if found conniving at the escape of one marked out for official vengeance. The captain's surprise is correct; his ship is overtaken by a swift government corvette, is boarded, and is strictly examined; but the Englishwoman's hiding-place escapes detection, and the ship is permitted to pass, with an official document, which will secure it free from a second inspection in the port of Cronstadt. But too wary to be killed asleep, the captain bids the fugitive keep still hidden till they are out in the Baltic—a wise precaution, as, in spite of the charm of the official pass, there is a second search, though with result like the preceding.

At length, out amongst the sun-washed icebergs of the Baltic, the poor lady may come forth for rest and air. She has suffered immensely from sickness and intense anxiety; but the quiet of the captain's little cabin, which he generously gives up to her medicinal use, in conjunction with pure air and the power to take food, soon restores her.

Troubled by adverse wind, and the low, pitching waves of the inland sea, the corn-laden vessel makes but slow progress towards Carlscrona. On the fourth day the captain deserts sail a head; and towards night they are borne down upon by a ship wearing the English ensign. The Finnish captain and his Russian sailors have no means of resistance, and none wisely is attempted. Their ship is boarded—captured; but otherwise they meet with that generous treatment habitual to Englishmen when conquerors.

It is now that Miss Temple meets her countrymen—tells the tale of her escape from St. Petersburg—and receives in return the most noble offers of protection. It is sufficient that she is an Englishwoman—an educated Englishwoman—an Englishwoman with youth and beauty. But whither would she go? The fleet has left the Sound; but a corvette going thither would find her in Copenhagen, where she would get a ship to England. As it often is, one important question is answered by another.

“Is the *Amphion* with the fleet?”

“Yes.”

“How far a-head?”

“Not many leagues. The prize will be taken thither.”

“Let me go there with it. I have a friend on board the *Amphion* who will best advise me. It is Lieutenant Elliot.”

The boarding officer bows. Lieutenant Elliot is a friend of his. Every facility shall be afforded her.

A haze springs up; and some four-and-twenty hours elaps, before the fleet is heard, or the prize towed into it, amidst deafening cheers. The captain of the beautiful ship proceeds at once to make report to the admiral; his second lieutenant gaining leave at the same time, puts off with a crew of sailors for the *Amphion*. He is the bearer of no long message—simply a name. It is broad morning; and the bulwarks of the *Amphion* can be distinctly seen from the Russian vessel. In no length of time the lieutenant re-enters his boat, in company with another officer, as appears by his gold-banded cap which glitters in the sun. As though the sailors knew their errand, they row gallantly across the pitching waves, and bring the two officers to the Russian ship's side. The one rapidly ascends—meets on the gangway by one who has fled from despotic Russia for his and his country's sake. The recognition is mutual, the joy profound, though too intense for one to bear; the woman falls senseless in the lover's arms. Human nature is the same, with no difference, the world round. Finnish sluggishness

is aroused, and Russian hostiness interested. She is borne down to the cabin; once there, she soon recovers.

There is little time for lovers' words or lovers' dalliance; time is as brief as duty is stern. As concisely as he can, Lieutenant Elliot says what he has to say. He proposes, if permission be granted, as there is a chaplain with the fleet, that they be married, as a matter of safety and future good. They must be separated immediately after; that is no matter; for the corvette that will bear her to Copenhagen sails that night; but the brave and the true can yield to the necessity of duty when time austere-ly needs.

“Under the sanction of my name, your position—even through the brief transit to Copenhagen—will be more satisfactory. Once there, it will lead to an official care for your further safety and your passage to England. If I fail, it will not only secure you a permanent provision, as well as add to it what property is mine—but to bear it even for its own sake will not, perhaps, be the weakest or least tender argument.”

Thus the lover pleads; nor, happily, in vain. In a few minutes after this decision, the officers' boat is again occupied; this time by a lady, in addition to the seaman and their officer, and it shoots off from the side of the Russian brig amidst the cheers of its rough-limbed crew. They are sorry to part with their beautiful guest; it is a trouble on far more accounts than the fact that they are prisoners of the enemy.

The *Amphion* is reached; and all on board are astonished that an English lady should have formed part of the Russian prize. But she is treated with great honour, and a chief cabin is at once assigned to her brief use. After retiring to consult with his captain, Lieutenant Elliot again quits the ship in the officers' gig, and is rowed to that of the admiral. He soon returns; this time not in his own gig, but in that of the admiral, who is on board, by the sign of the flying pennon. There is another stringer—a grave, elderly man, of clerical aspect.

No time is or can be lost. The gig, reaching the ship, the admiral descends to say a few brief words to the English lady; then he ascends with her to the chief deck; the fleet's chaplain has on his gown—has his open book; the lieutenant of the *Amphion* and the English lady are ranged on either hand; the admiral stands to give her away; and so, amidst the listening silence of the mighty crew—amidst bristling cannon, and howitzer, and pyramids of cannon-balls—amidst all the stern appliances of slaughter and conquest—amidst the low catch of the sounding waves, with the glory of the sun trailing its golden length across the waves—with God above—with stern brave hearts around, the seaman and the unlaboured with Russian gold are made one. Human cheers, that carry their echoes across the sea, give the Amen of the celebration.

After taking some refreshment, the young wife has to bid a weeping farewell to her husband; the admiral's gig awaits her, for this is a time for only the austere human duties.

In half-an-hour more she is on board the corvette; in an hour it has set sail, and the fleet, in the haze of evening, is lost to sight.

For two days Ida Elliot is in Copenhagen, under the kind care of the consul and his wife.

As soon as she is sufficiently recovered from the effects of fatigue and anxiety, she sets out for her home amidst the hills of northern England, where a beloved father waits to grow glad in her return.

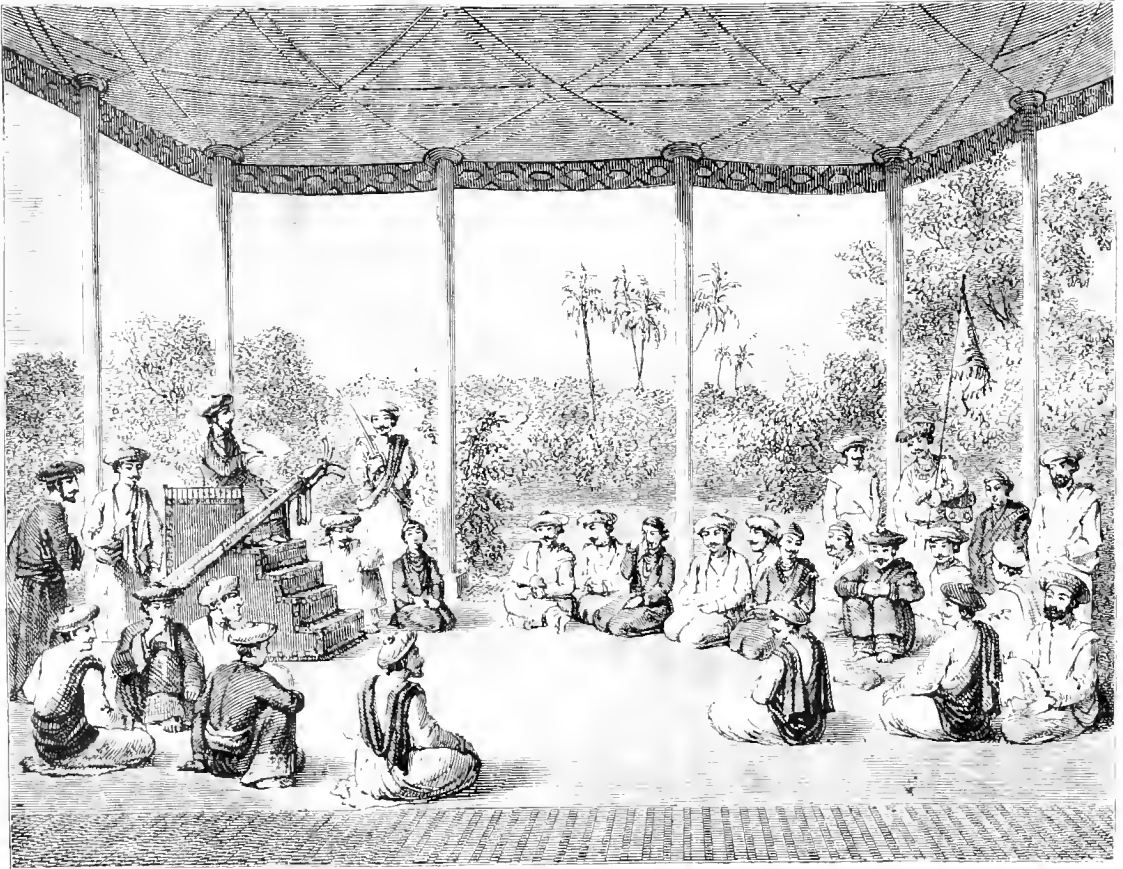
Here now she waits the issues of peace and war—issues pregnant with the fate of man—issues which she and others must leave to God and his never-failing justice. Amongst other things He grants, may there be the return of that beloved husband!

And no advocate of war—it is inimical to civilisation—retrogrades the advance of Christian religion and Christian morals; yet important as is human civilisation, there seem to be seasons when it is the only power that can crush the armies of rulers and give liberty to nations. This present time is one. May He who sits enthroned in justice give victory to the allied forces, and make them givers of a blessed and a crowning peace to all who fear or suffer under the fellest despotism that ever crushed men formed in the image of their Maker!

no hope; their portion is the lowest pit of Jehannum—the Moslem hell. Wicked Jews and Christians, dying impenitent, are condemned to portions of the burning pit where the heat is a degree less intolerable; and Mohammedans, of the same class, receive a little more favour as the reward of their faith. The heaven of the Moslems is eminently sensual—a paradise of odoriferous groves and pellucid streams, where the faithful enjoy the society of the dark-eyed Houris—celestial females, whose more than earthly beauty is described in the Koran in the most glowing language.

The practical duties enjoined in the Koran are: prayers at five appointed times each day, the face of the worshipper being turned towards Mecca; frequent ablutions, Mohammed well understanding the near relation of physical and moral purity; attendance at divine service in the mosques every Friday; fasting during the month of Ramadan; alms, to which the fortieth part of each person's income must be devoted; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, if pos-

sible, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry. The fatalism which so strongly pervades the Moslem theology, and the strictness with which the powers and duties of the Sultan are prescribed by the Koran, form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of a high degree of civilisation, and the development of free institutions. Absolute predestination leads directly to individual apathy and social stagnation. The recognition of the precepts of the Koran as the only foundation of Moslem law, though it has in many instances given a check to oppression by the restrictions which it imposes on the exercise of arbitrary power, has now become an evil by fettering rulers in their efforts to promote the advance of civilisation and effect desirable reforms. This is the great difficulty which Mahmoud had to contend with, and which now dogs the progressive tendencies of his son. Reform and infi-



READING THE KORAN.

sible, once in the course of a person's life. Good works are much dwelt upon; without them, prayer and fasting, though they may advance the worshipper to the portals of paradise, will not obtain him admission. Circumcision was an Arabian custom, which Mohammed retained, probably because it was also practised by the Jews. Polygamy had existed in the East from time immemorial; the prophet merely regulated it, restricting the number of wives which a Moslem may legally have to four. Murder, adultery, perjury, and false witness, are enumerated in the Koran as deadly sins; and usury, gaming, and the use of wine and pork, are prohibited in strict terms. Creditors are also forbidden to imprison their debtors or make slaves of them.

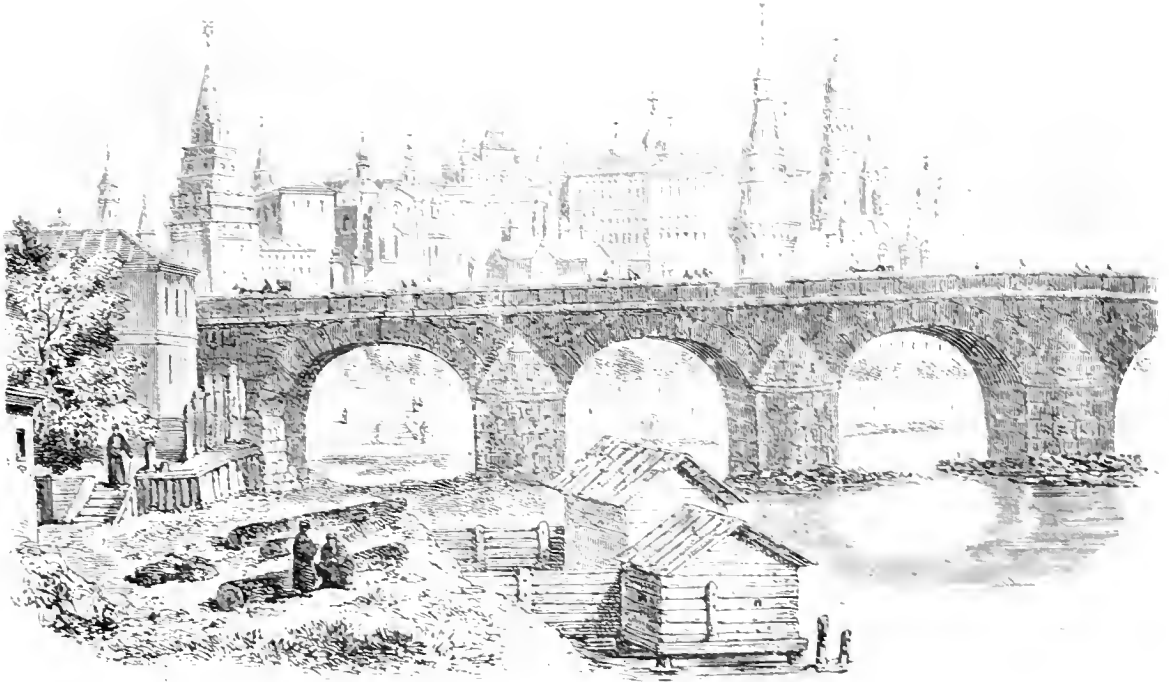
We have now to examine the influence of these doctrines and precepts on the character of the people among whom they have for centuries been received. Looking at its effects from the lofty point of view occupied by the Christian and the friend of social progress, the mission of Mohammed appears to be accom-

plished, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry.

Without a change in the national faith, the progress of the Mohammedan nations must be very slow, leaving them always very far behind those of Western Europe. Whether a religious reformation is possible, would be an interesting subject for investigation. To external influences they have hitherto been inaccessible, and the experience of our missionaries seems to show that the first change must come from within; that some point must be found in the Moslem creed itself whereon to plant the lever of progress. Islamism is not without its sects; the Shiites, one of the two great divisions, reject the traditions, and are more tolerant and liberal than the Sunnites, or orthodox believers. Among these it is possible that some Moslem Luther may arise to reform the Mohammedan church, and give a new reading to the Koran; after which it would be more susceptible to the influence of Christianity.

MOSCOW.

Moscow, the city of Russia, is the largest city in Europe. The population of the city is about 600,000. It is situated on the Moskwa river, and is the capital of the Russian Empire. The city is very ancient, and has a long history. It was first mentioned in the year 878. In the year 1248 it was taken by the Mongols, and remained in their power for about 120 years. It was then recaptured by the Russians, and since that time has been the capital of the Russian Empire. The city is very beautiful, and is famous for its architecture, its art, and its industry. It is one of the most important cities in the world.



THE MOSKWA BRIDGE.

covered with tin, which, when it is cold, is in the form of these cupolas, and the numerous towers and minarets, which give the city its peculiar appearance.

The tremendous conflagration of 1812, with the subsequent renovation and improvement of the city, has so completely changed its appearance, that the descriptions published previously are now altogether no longer correct. The extraordinary mixture and contrast of magnificent palaces and petty huts, so often noticed by travellers, says Dr. Lyall, though still occurring in a few places, no longer strikes the eye as formerly; Moscow is daily losing its Asiatic features, and assuming the appearance of the capitals of Western Europe. Happily for the lovers of venerable antiquity, the Kremlin, which suffered comparatively little, is withstanding the attempts of the French to blow it up, retains unimpair'd its ancient irregularity and grandeur.

skilful construction, that it can be used in any kind of weather, and is perfectly safe and sound. The city is very beautiful, and is famous for its architecture, its art, and its industry. It is one of the most important cities in the world. The city is very ancient, and has a long history. It was first mentioned in the year 878. In the year 1248 it was taken by the Mongols, and remained in their power for about 120 years. It was then recaptured by the Russians, and since that time has been the capital of the Russian Empire. The city is very beautiful, and is famous for its architecture, its art, and its industry. It is one of the most important cities in the world.

which is the great bell, said to be the largest in the world, containing the enormous quantity of 13,000 cwt. of metal. This tower was destroyed by an explosion in 1812, but has been rebuilt in the same style, and is much admired for its height and architectural beauty.

The Khitai-gorod, also surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates, is the trading quarter of Moscow, and contains the bazaars and principal shops, besides linen, cotton, and woollen manufactories, iron and brass foundries, distilleries, paper mills, &c., most of which are under the superintendance of foreigners, chiefly English, Germans, and French. The chief public buildings in this quarter are the municipal hall, a very handsome edifice, and the printing-office of the holy synod, which contains thirty presses for printing theological works in Slavonian, and educational books in Greek, Latin, French, and German, for the schools under the control of the synod. In the Khitai-gorod is the monument erected by order of the Emperor Alexander in honour of Minin and Pozharski, who delivered Russia from foreign domination in the seventeenth century, and placed Michael Romanoff, the first monarch of the reigning dynasty, on the throne. It consists of bronze statues of the two patriots, fourteen feet high, on a pedestal of red granite, adorned with bas-reliefs, and was executed by Martos, an eminent Russian artist.

The B. Bogorod, the third great division of the city, surrounds the Kremlin and the Khitai-gorod, except on the south, on which side the river Moskwa flows; and contains the principal public offices, the university, the governor's palace, a number of churches and monasteries, and the palaces of many of the nobles who make Moscow their winter residence. None of these edifices are remarkable for architectural beauty; but the palace of the governor is a magnificent edifice, and occupies a fine elevated situation. The palace of General Apraxin exceeds in length every other private edifice in Moscow; but that of Pashkoff is considered the finest specimen of architecture. Surrounding the three quarters described, and extending to the opposite side of the river, is the Zandien-gorod, containing the depôts of the commissariat and the imperial distilleries, the Imperial Philanthropic Society, the Medical-Chirurgical Academy, which has a good anatomical museum, and a fine collection of stuffed animals, fossils, and minerals; and the church and monastery of St. Anna, a handsome Gothic edifice, with a very splendid interior. This quarter was formerly surrounded by a rampart of earth, which no longer exists, the space being now planted with trees, so as to form a promenade entirely round the city, like the Bois de Vincennes at Paris.

The suburbs of Moscow form an irregular polygon, completely surrounding the Zandien-gorod, on both sides of the Moskwa. Some parts consist of streets and lanes, in which superb mansions alternate with wretched hovels, while others are like villages, separated from each other by market-gardens, meadows, and even corn-fields. In the suburbs are the noble hospital, founded at the end of the last century by Prince Galitzin, and named after him; the expensive and magnificent hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, founded in 1810 by Count Sheremetoff; the military hospital, founded by Peter the Great; the splendid barracks, built for a palace by Catherine II., and converted to its present purpose by the Emperor Paul; and a number of churches and monasteries, some of which are worthy the attention of travellers. The asparagus-grown in the suburban gardens, is celebrated all over Russia for its size and superior flavour.

The manufactures of Moscow have made considerable progress during the last fifty years. In 1808, the number of large manufactories of linen, woollen, cotton, silk, and leather goods, hats, paper, soap, and earthenware, in the province, most of them in the capital, was 394, which, in 1820, had increased to 700. It is also a place of great trade, and, indeed, may be called the centre of the inland trade of the empire, as St. Petersburg is of the maritime trade. The annual value of the imports is estimated at five millions of rubles, or about 2,750,000*l.* The population of Moscow is stated in the most recent accounts at 360,000.

The amusements of Moscow are numerous. The principal theatre is the Italian, but very inferior, both in internal decoration and the character of the performances, to the imperial theatre at St. Petersburg. A tenth of the proceeds is appropriated to the support of the Beneficent Hospital, founded by Catherine II. in the

year 1762. Concerts are given occasionally, but the chief resort of the aristocracy in the winter is the Assembly Rooms, where balls are given every Tuesday evening, from October to May, in a fine saloon, with an alabaster ceiling, supported by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars, of white sarsiola. Only members of the nobility have the *carté*, the annual subscription being for gentlemen fifty roubles, married ladies twenty-five roubles, and unmarried ladies ten roubles. Fêtes are sometimes given at the Prunk Gardens, with music, and an illumination at night. For the humbler classes, there are places of amusement, where the entertainments consist of singing and dancing, the performers being generally of the gipsy race.

According to Russian tradition, Moscow derives its name from Meshoch, the son of Japheth, and grandson of the antediluvian patriarch Noah, who settled on the spot shortly after the deluge. Until within a comparatively recent period, this idea was countenanced by the best biblical commentators; and a Jewish rabbi, about half a century ago, made this application of the passage — "We is no, that I sojourn in Meshoch." In consequence of this, it is said that the prayer for the emperor, which, up to that period, had been read in the synagogue, has been omitted, except when some Christian, supposed to be acquainted with Hebrew, has happened to be present. According to more reliable accounts, the city was founded by the Grand Duke George in 1147, and enlarged and improved by his son Andrew. It did not become the capital, however, until 1328, when the Grand Duke Ivan transferred the seat of government from Vladimir to the rising city of the Moskwa. At this time, however, and long afterwards, the city did not extend beyond the Kremlin quarter, which became as much an object of veneration to the Muscovites as Mecca to the followers of Mahomed. The capital has always been regarded with this mingled admiration and reverence: "Who can resist God and the great Novgorod" was a common saying when that city was the capital; and when the seat of government was transferred to Kief, that place was regarded as "the holy city," and the "mother of all the Russian cities." Hence Moscow has also been called "The Holy City," and more familiarly, "Mother Moscow," or sometimes "Stone Moscow," because the principal buildings are of that material, which is rarely the case in Russia, where, except in the large towns, even the churches are built of wood.

The history of Moscow embraces the usual series of fires, pestilences, famines, and tumults, common to most of the great cities of Europe. In the reign of Boris it was decimated by a famine so severe, that the inhabitants were reduced to cannibalism; and no city, except Constantinople, has been so often devastated by fire. These have been mainly owing, as in the case of the Turkish capital, to the general use of wood in the construction of dwelling-houses, great numbers of which are still built of that material. The tremendous conflagration of 1812, the effects of which have been already noticed, constitutes an important epoch in the history of Moscow, and is soensed by the inhabitants in their calculations. With the haplessness of that event the Russians are so fully impressed, that the 25th of December has been made a day of thanksgiving for "the deliverance of the Church and the Russian empire from the invasion of the French and twenty other nations who came with them."

Out of Russia, the belief is general that the conflagration, which destroyed two-thirds of the city, was the work of the Russians themselves, and that it was ordered by Count Rostopschin, the governor of Moscow, in order to deprive the invaders of winter quarters, and compel them to retreat in that inclement season. The disastrous consequences to the French are too well known to need relating here; and it is almost to suppose, that they would have destroyed a city, upon their possession of which all their hopes of success depended. But in Russia the belief is general that the destruction of the city was the work of the invaders; and much indignation is manifested on the expression of a contrary opinion. That it is still attributed to the French is probably owing to the fact, that Alexander charged them with it at the time as a means of exciting the passions of the army and people against them; and to deny the truth now would be hardly to deny. Count Rostopschin would never acknowledge that he was the author of the fire, and published a pamphlet in 1823, in which he positively

denies that it was the result of his orders. The truth, however, must be known to many of the upper class, though policy has dictated its concealment; and, indeed, there are allusions in the works of Russian authors which leave little room for doubt. Karamzin, the historian and poet, has a tolerably plain avowal of the fact in a poem which has been translated by Dr. Bowring, in his "Russian Anthology":—

"Thou city! Sovereign Mother thou
Of all Slavonian cities now;
Work of seven ages—beauty one;
And glory wars around thee spread;

SEALS.

With the exception of the whales and their allies, the seals, perhaps, at first sight exhibit a greater departure from our ordinary idea of *beasts* than any other mammalia. Although still undoubtedly quadrupeds, their legs are so completely included within the skin of the body, that nothing but the feet project, and of these, the toes are enclosed by skin, so as to form fins or paddles, adapted almost solely for the propulsion of the animal through the water. The position of the hind legs, too, is very singular: they are turned completely backwards, so as to form a sort of broad double-tail fin, very similar, both in appearance and action, to the tail fin of the whale. But in these, as in the fore feet, all the parts existing in the most perfect quadrupeds are to be recognised; whilst the tail of the whale is really a fin, and has nothing whatever to do with the hinder extremities. As might be supposed from the form of the hind feet, the seals are by no means so home on dry land; when out of the water they flounder about in rather an awkward manner, by a wriggling action of the belly assisted by the fore paws. But in the water the fish-like form of their bodies and their powerful paddles render them very active; and in this, their native element, they swim and dive with great rapidity, in pursuit of the fishes and other marine animals which constitute their general food.

The common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is found in most seas, but is especially plentiful on the Arctic coasts, is of a yellowish-gray colour, usually covered with dusky or blackish spots. Its usual length is about three feet, but it sometimes measures as much as five or six. It has a rounded head, somewhat resembling that of a dog, whence it has obtained the name of "the sea-dog." The eyes are very large, soft, and black, giving it a most intelligent expression of countenance; it has no external ears, but the orifices are furnished with a valve, which the animal can close when under water, so as to prevent the ingress of that fluid. These animals are common on some parts of the British coast, but on the coast of Greenland they exist in innumerable herds, in spite of the destructive warfare that has been waged against them for ages, both by the native Esquimaux and by Europeans. To the latter the seal-fishery, as it is termed, furnishes only two products, oil and fur; but so indispensable is the seal to the very existence of the Greenlanders, that it has been said that the sea is his field and the seal-fishery his harvest. The skin of the seal, when deprived of the long and rather coarse hair which forms its outer coat, furnishes a soft and warm fur of a light brown or fawn colour, which was formerly in considerable repute in England for making caps, great-coat collars, waist-cots, slippers, and similar articles of winter comfort; but it provides the Greenlanders with the whole of his clothing; and to a people who depend so much on sea-faring life for their subsistence, its capability of resisting water is not one of its least desirable qualities. The oil, which is used in Europe only for burning in lamps, not only serves this purpose amongst the Esquimaux of Greenland, but is also employed by them for heating their huts or dwellings, and, strange as it may appear to European tastes, it likewise forms one of their favourite beverages. Mr. Mitchell, however, in speaking of the oil, says, that "when extracted but not putrefied has a mellowed, it is beautifully transparent, free from smell, and not unpleasant in its taste."

But every part of the seal is of importance to these people. The skin not only furnishes them with the warm clothing so necessary in their climate, but provides their hats and caps with a valuable covering, and when tanned forms a strong and serviceable

Tail-gathered riches blessed thy sons,
And splendid temples crowned thy head;
Our monarchs in thy bosom lie,
With sainted dust that cannot die.

Farewell! farewell! Thy children's hand
Have seized the all-destructive brands,
To which in ashes all thy pride
Blaze! blaze! thy built palaces be lost,
And heaven and earth be cursed
With thee, the nation's head and tail,
The foe of peace shall tread the soil,
The vindictive tomb of victory."

leather for their shoes. The intestine are used to form wind curtains for the front of their tents, summer clothing, shirts, and a number of other articles; the sinews furnish them with thongs to sew them together; the bones are used as tools and for the heads of spears; and the flesh forms their most important article of food. This is said to be far more palatable than that of the whale, and the dried liver is said by Singsby to be esteemed even by Europeans "as an agreed delicacy."

In fine weather the seals are very fond of basking in the sun; and vast herds of them are often seen thus engaged upon the field-ice. In these situations, which are called "seal-meal-ways," the hunters endeavour to surprise them while sleeping, so as to intercept their attempted retreat into the water, to which, as an asylum, they always direct their course when alarmed. They are generally destroyed by knocking them on the nose with clubs, a single blow being sufficient to dispatch them. The European seal-fishery has been carried on almost entirely by ships sent out every spring from Hamburg and Bremen; and some of these have captured as many as four or five thousand in one voyage. The whalers, also, frequently take to sealing, probably to make up for bad success in their regular occupation.

In their character seals exhibit many amiable points. They are affectionate to their young; and the latter, in return, are said to be most dutifully obedient to their parents; and the males fight valorously in defence of their wives and families. In confinement, especially when taken young, they are easily tamed, and then exhibit much of the attachment of a dog for their master.

There are many other species of seals, all inhabiting the coasts of different parts of the world, but delighting principally in the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Some, indeed, are found in hotter climates; and one, the Monk Seal (*Phoca monachus*), represented in our illustration, is tolerably numerous in the Mediterranean. It bears a considerable resemblance in form to the common seal; but the toes of the hind feet are destitute of claws, and the animal sometimes attains a length of from ten to twelve feet. This seal is often carried about the continent of Europe in shows, and some extraordinary accounts are given of its docility; thus it has been said to pronounce words; and Abroyard describes a Frenchman, proudly of this species, which had been taught to utter a cry of pleasure whenever the name of a Christian prince was mentioned, but to remain perfectly still when the Grand Turk, then the terror of Europe, was named.

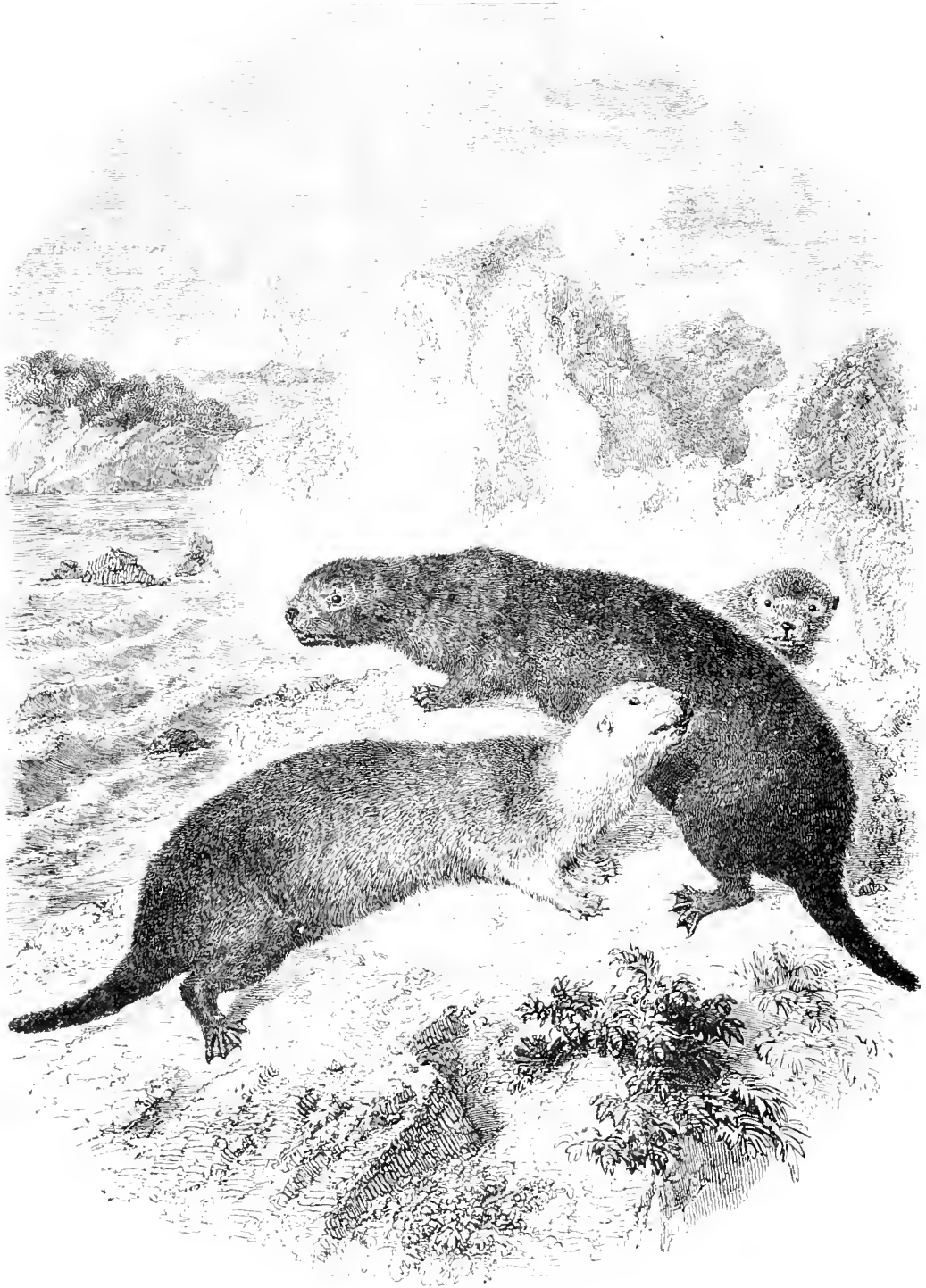
The largest of the northern species is the Murre or Walrus (*Trichechus communis*), which is sometimes as much as twenty feet in length, and as thick in the body as an ox. The most striking peculiarity of this animal consists in a pair of tusks or tusks, which hang down from the angles of the lower jaw, and serve a great service to him in raising his body high above the water, when he wishes to rest upon the ice, or to stand on the beach. The walrus appears to feed almost entirely on sea-weeds and a portion, which he takes up from the sea at St. Petersburg, was purchased on a recent visit to the city, which exports and other subordinate ports a large number of parts. The tusks of the animal furnish excellent ivory; and the soft and spongy fat called blubber yields a large quantity of oil; but the qualities of the latter are not so valuable as those of the whale, and are not so much in demand. The walrus is chiefly taken on the

Sea-horse, occasionally wanders to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts; and, according to Dr. Fleming, a specimen was shot in December, 1817, on the coast of Harris, in the Hebrides.

One of the southern seals, called the Fur Seal, *parceollone* (*Arctophalus Falklandicus*), furnishes by far the greater portion

mas acre was so indiscriminate— the mothers being killed before the young were able to shift for themselves— that the animals became nearly extinct.

Of the other species inhabiting the Southern Ocean, several attain a considerable size. One of the most singular is the Lionine Seal



THE MONK SEAL (*UROCA MONACHUS*).

of the article known in Europe as seal's-skin. This species was formerly very common on the shores of the islands of the Southern Ocean, especially about the Falkland Islands, from which its name is derived. But in the course of a year or two, the avarice of Europeans destroyed as many as three hundred and twenty thousand of these animals; thus defeating its own object: for the

or Sea Elephant (*Moronga elephantium*), the male of which has a curious appendage to the nose, resembling a proboscis, of about a foot in length. This seal, which lives in large herds on the shores of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, is often five-and-twenty or thirty feet long; and as its fat furnishes a large quantity of most excellent oil, its pursuit has become of great importance.

FRANCOIS ARAGO.

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ARAGO, the eminent astronomer, was born on the 26th February, 1786, at Estagel, at the foot of the Pyrenees. His father was a small proprietor, owing some vineyards and olive groves in that commune, the proceeds of which scarcely sufficed to maintain his numerous family. But removing to Perpignan at the Revolution, he distinguished himself by his public spirit, and was enabled to place his son in a good school at

On leaving the Polytechnic, he received an appointment at the observatory of Paris, and was shortly afterwards associated with M. Biot, in the operation of measuring an arc of the meridian in Spain. The operation was one of toil and difficulty, for he had to travel on foot through the mountains which divide the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia from that of Arragon; but youth and a robust constitution enabled him to surmount every obstacle. While



Toulouse. The youth had already given evidence of superior abilities, and on presenting himself as a candidate for pupilage at the Polytechnic School, his first answer so astonished the examiner that he sent him to Paris at once, with a complimentary recommendation. At the Polytechnic he made rapid progress in his studies, and gave the first public evidence of his republican tendencies by refusing to subscribe his adhesion to the constitution of the empire.

engaged in his measurements, war commenced between France and Spain, and the mountaineers, whose ignorance incapacitated them from appreciating young Arago's scientific labours, attempted to seize him, alleging that he made fires in the mountains to direct the movements of the French troops. He found means, however, to reach the coast in disguise, but being unable to get away, he retraced his steps, and placed himself under the protection of the

authorities, who put him in prison for safety, but not till he had been wounded and narrowly escaped death at the hands of a furious mob. By the connivance of the captain-general of the province, he escaped from prison after a brief incarceration, and embarked in a fishing-boat for Algiers, where he hoped to find a vessel bound for Marseilles. In this hope he was not disappointed, and was within sight of that port, when the vessel in which he had embarked was captured by a Spanish privateer and taken into Rosna. The authorities there seem to have desired some pretext for consenting the vessel, and confined Arago in a dark and dirty cell, alleging that he was a refugee Spaniard; for the vessel in which he had embarked was an Algerine one, in which the Dey had sent two lions as presents for the emperor. One of these had died on the voyage, and Arago found means to forward a letter to the Dey, informing him of the seizure of the vessel, and that the animal in question had been starved by the Spaniards. The Dey was terribly enraged, and addressed an angry letter to the Spanish government, demanding compensation for the seizure of the vessel, and threatening war in the case of refusal. This led to the surrender of the ship and the liberation of Arago, who proceeded on his voyage in her; but the crew were incompetent to the navigation, and losing their reckoning, landed him at Bougie, on the Algerian coast. From thence he travelled on foot to Algiers, disguised as an Arab, and on his arrival found the Dey dead, and the city in an uproar, occasioned by a conflict between two claimants to the succession. One of those was killed, and his victorious rival demanded payment from France of a pretended debt, imprisoning as a guarantee every Frenchman in Algeria.

After enduring many hardships, Arago obtained his liberation; and having narrowly escaped capture by a British cruiser, at length reached Marseilles. He immediately repaired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the Institute. Now commenced his long and glorious career of scientific discovery. To mention all that he has done in this way would far exceed our limits. His determination of the diameters of planets, afterwards adopted by Laplace; the discovery of coloured polarisation, and that of magnetism by rotation, which gained for him the Copley medal of the Royal Society, would alone suffice to place him in the first rank among the scientific geniuses of the age. In a few years he became a member of every great scientific society in Europe. He visited England, and received the honorary citizenship of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in his own country he won the esteem and respect of all classes, and of men of all shades of political belief. His lectures on astronomy were invariably attended by crowded audiences; and the *chairs* which, after his elevation to the post of secretary to the Academy of Sciences, it became his duty to compose on the decease of any of its members, were superior to any that had appeared before.

The political opinions of which the eminent academician had given evidence in his youth underwent no modification in mature years, though he never took so active a part in politics as his brother Etienne. His sympathies were always with the people; and when the revolution of 1793 broke out, and the streets of Paris were red with blood, he went to Marshal Marmont, with whom he was on intimate terms, and besought him to seize the opportunity of redeeming his reputation from the stain of 1814, by resigning the command of the army, and thus staying the further effusion of blood. The marshal was deeply affected, but seemed to feel that such a step would subject him to the stigma of a double treason; his position was a painful one, he said, but he must do his duty to the king. Arago left his presence with regret; but the firmness of the marshal only retarded, without preventing, the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. In the elections which followed the revolution, Arago was chosen to represent the department of the Pyrenees Orientales in the Chamber of Deputies, and joined the party of the extreme left, that of the ultra-liberals and republicans.

Two years later, when the barricades were again raised by the Parisians, he was one of those leaders of the opposition who assembled at the house of Lahtie, and, believing the insurrection triumphant, appointed a deputation to wait upon Louis Philippe, to dictate to him the terms on which he would be allowed to retain the sovereignty of France. But by the time the deputation reached

the royal presence, the insurgents had been driven back upon the Boulevard St. Antoine; and they judged it prudent to confine their mission to urging upon the king the policy of making some concessions to the people, and extending his clemency to those who had risen against his government. The insurrection being suppressed, and no hope remaining of a speedy subversion of the monarchy, Arago turned his attention to the best means of conserving the freedom which still existed, and, in conjunction with Lafayette, Armand Carrel, Garnier-Pages, Armand Marrast, Corcos, and others of the republican party, established the Association for the Defence of the Liberty of the Press.

Though his republican opinions and his connexion with the men we have named rendered him ineligible for office under Louis Philippe in a political capacity, his reputation as an astronomer and mathematician was so high that he received the appointment of chief of the Royal Observatory at Paris, which he retained till his death. The active part which he took in politics during the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe did not diminish the ardour of his scientific pursuits; and the distinction which the Paris Observatory has gained in the annals of astronomical science was mainly owing to his genius and assiduity. Among the subjects upon which his powerful intellect threw additional light at this time was the scintillation of the stars, which he ascribes to the circumstance of their rays passing through atmospheric strata having various degrees of heat, density, and humidity, and combining in the focus of the telescopic lens, where they produce images of varying colour and intensity.

During the session of 1847, a union of the various sections of the left was effected on the question of a reform of the electoral law. Thiers and Dupin, unable any longer to endure their exclusion from office, tendered their support to Odillon-Barrot, who had long been known as an advocate for an extension of the suffrage, and who readily accepted the aid of such distinguished converts. Arago cordially joined and promoted the fusion, as he would have done any measure which tended to further the greater end which he and his party had in view. The nation received the project with unbounded enthusiasm; but, in the agitation which then commenced, the republican leaders kept in the background, permitting Odillon-Barrot, Thiers, and Dupin, to receive all the honour of the movement, while they secretly prepared the people for the struggle which they saw impending.

The result proved the soundness of their judgment, as well as the hold which they had upon the public mind. When the republicans were armed and successful, when every street had its barricade, and the blood of the people crimsoned the pavement, it was too late to talk either of a reformed ministry or a regency. The republic was established with the assistance of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, but very much to their disappointment and regret. The prominent part which the venerable academician had taken in politics for so many years, and the steadiness and consistency with which he had voted with the ultra-liberal party, obtained his nomination as a member of the provisional government, and the ministry of marine was assigned him. He had now an opportunity of assisting in the application of the principles for which he had contended from his youth, and he succeeded in obtaining for the republic the adhesion of the whole of the marine service. During the brief administration of the provisional government, he discharged the duties of his office with honesty and ability; and when the republic merged in the empire, he retired from the arena of political strife, and applied himself with undiminished ardour to those scientific pursuits, which had already obtained him such high and honourable celebrity.

When all persons holding appointments under the imperial government were required to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III., Arago remained true to his principles, and refused. The emperor paid him the high but deserved compliment of dispensing with the oath, at the same time allowing him to retain his appointment at the Observatory. Having lived nearly sixty-eight years, seen the first republic and the first empire, the restored monarchy, the second republic, and the restored empire, and enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, the illustrious astronomer died on the 2nd of October, 1853, regretted by all who knew his worth or admired his genius.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

AN American schooner not long since sailed from New York to the west coast of Africa with salt beef and on board to exchange for ivory, which was to be taken to St. Helena for sale. Having landed, one evening, near Delagoa Bay, they wished to set sail on the following morning, but such was the violence of the sea and contrary winds that they could not possibly get out. In this trying position the captain and the second steersman resolved to go to Delagoa Bay by land and get more men, as all the sailors, with the exception of two or three, were attacked with fever. The undertaking was a venturesome one, even to ourselves, considering the danger of falling a prey to fever or the treachery of the natives. They took no weapons with them, thinking it of no account to burden themselves with them, and accomplished a journey of from twenty to five and twenty miles without any inconvenience. At length, however, they were joined by three natives, one of whom retired after a while on the pretence of fetching water, while the other two kindled a fire and began to roast some kind of corn, which they offered to the Americans. Meanwhile the one who had gone away came back with seven other natives.

The captain, anxious to save time, determined to proceed on his journey, though the sun was only just going down. To relieve themselves of the burden of their bundle of clothes, they entrusted it to the natives who followed. When they came to the foot of a steep hill, which afforded a fine prospect over a picturesque valley, they halted for the night and lighted a large fire. As might be expected, the curiosity, if not traitorous intentions, of the natives prompted them to look into the bundle to see what it contained. This the captain would not endure, and such was his violent indignation that a quarrel ensued, which was just what the natives wanted. Their object might have been easily conjectured when one of the three went professedly to fetch water and came back with seven comrades. Although a natural dread of the whites restrained them from open attack till night came on, their wild passions now suddenly burst forth with tremendous fury. They rose as one man, collected together in a body, and hurled their spears at the two unfortunate whites. The captain advanced boldly to meet them. Soon, however, having received several wounds, he was compelled to seek safety in flight. Exhausted by loss of blood, he was almost immediately overtaken and struck to the earth—all appearance dead, though it is not certain that he really was so.

The steersman, who had turned aside when the first spear was hurled, was pierced by two in the right arm, and hit near the right eye. Yet he scratched up a spear and hurled it with dreadful violence at those who were standing nearest, two of whom immediately fell dead. But against such a disparity of numbers it was hopeless for the most desperate courage to prevail, and he was at last struck down by a blow on the head from a club. As he lay in a state of perfect unconsciousness and without the slightest motion, they naturally thought he was dead. They dragged him to the fire, as he afterwards found, and stripped him of all his clothes, inflicting various injuries upon his person. When he came to himself again, he found he was lying naked upon the sand in a state of such utter exhaustion that he could neither speak nor move. By degrees his strength began to return, and he was able to look round at intervals without being noticed by the natives. At length he was horrified to see the body of the poor captain, which was lying near the fire, while several of the natives were engaged in cutting long strips from the fleshy parts of the body, and others were roasting them at the fire—all expressing by their looks a readiness to partake.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more horrible situation than that of the unfortunate wretched man. As if his own sufferings and fears were not enough, he had to look on in addition the distress and disgust of seeing his more fortunate, whose fate was yet worse than his own, thus brutally mangled by cannibals. He gave the last sign of life, which still lingered in him, he was sure to be instantly despatched by a most cruel blow of a club than the last. On the other hand, it would seem that the natives, if apparently hostile, it was but too probable that a savage's thirst had partially satisfied the cravings of their insatiable appetite with the

blood of the unhappy man, they would be inclined to let him go, and let him to finish their blood meal. The very thought of what he must have endured all this time is enough to make one shudder. There he lay, as minutes after minutes passed by without being in any prospect of escape, in spite of his situation, an involuntary witness of the most revolting scene.

At last, after the natives had gorged themselves all they could eat and more, they lay down overpowered with drowsiness, and soon fell fast asleep. The poor man was once observed thinking upon his sudden desperate attempt to run, which, from his debilitated dreary state, that he might avoid his supposed misfortune by flight; but how, or where he could fly, he could not tell at all. He tried to get up, but could not stand; still he could he walk. Every time he made the attempt he fell down from utter exhaustion and debility. All he could do was to crawl along upon his hands and knees to some bushes that were near, and there hide himself. Happily, he managed to accomplish this without disturbing the slumbers of any of the inhuman monsters who were snoring away most lustily. In this retreat he lay in a state of utter helplessness the whole of the night, trembling every moment lest he should fall a prey to wild beasts, even if he escaped the fury of the natives, which seemed scarcely possible, and should, if still near, a horrible death from starvation if he survived the other two dangers. But scarcely had the morning light arrived, when the savages, having now slept off their last night's gluttony, woke up, and looking round, quickly perceived that their prey was no longer within sight. They at once commenced a diligent search, and discovered the poor fellow in his place of concealment. He made signs to them for some water to drink, but not only was this denied him, but he was plainly given to understand that they looked forward with delight to the gratification of feasting upon his flesh in the evening, and they shewed him a rough table upon which they intended to butcher him after an approved method of their own. They then left him to himself to dwell upon his miserable fate. Afterwards, when he cried with means for a draught of water, they brought him something to eat instead, and forced him to swallow it in spite of all his efforts to resist. As may be conjectured, it was positively a part of the poor captain's body which was left from last night's meal.

When the shades of evening began to come on, the unhappy creature, who was by this time somewhat recovered from his wounds, made a second desperate effort to escape. He could now walk, and slowly and cautiously he pursued his way with a security which nothing but courage and despair could impart. The darkness of the night favoured his design, and sometimes slipping down among the bushes of the wood, and sometimes reposing in the open air when it was too dark for him to be seen, he gradually gained fresh strength to continue his course, with an alacrity which increased with every step, as the prospect of deliverance became more and more distinct. At length he found he was getting near the shore, off which his companions were waiting his return. Forgetting his fatigues, and for a moment unconscious of his weakness and his wounds, he quickened his pace, and was on the point of reaching the malignant wretches, who had pursued him for a considerable distance. His companions at once took him to hand and the schooner in a state of complete exhaustion, from which it would scarcely be possible for him ever to recover. Happily, however, lost of body and peace of mind, together with the marvellous attention of his mates, at length reached his vessel in health.

During the boat's absence the vessel sailed on, doubtfully on board. Many of the crew were killed, and several that remained, who were still living, were so much exhausted by the storm, that they were never again capable of performing any duty, and among the vessel. After a time the fire was extinguished, the sailors went in a boat to the shore, and the vessel, being now of the coast, sailed with a favourable breeze. Had it not been for the explosion, the vessel would have sailed on, and the vessel, being now of the coast, sailed with a favourable breeze. The vessel, being now of the coast, sailed with a favourable breeze.

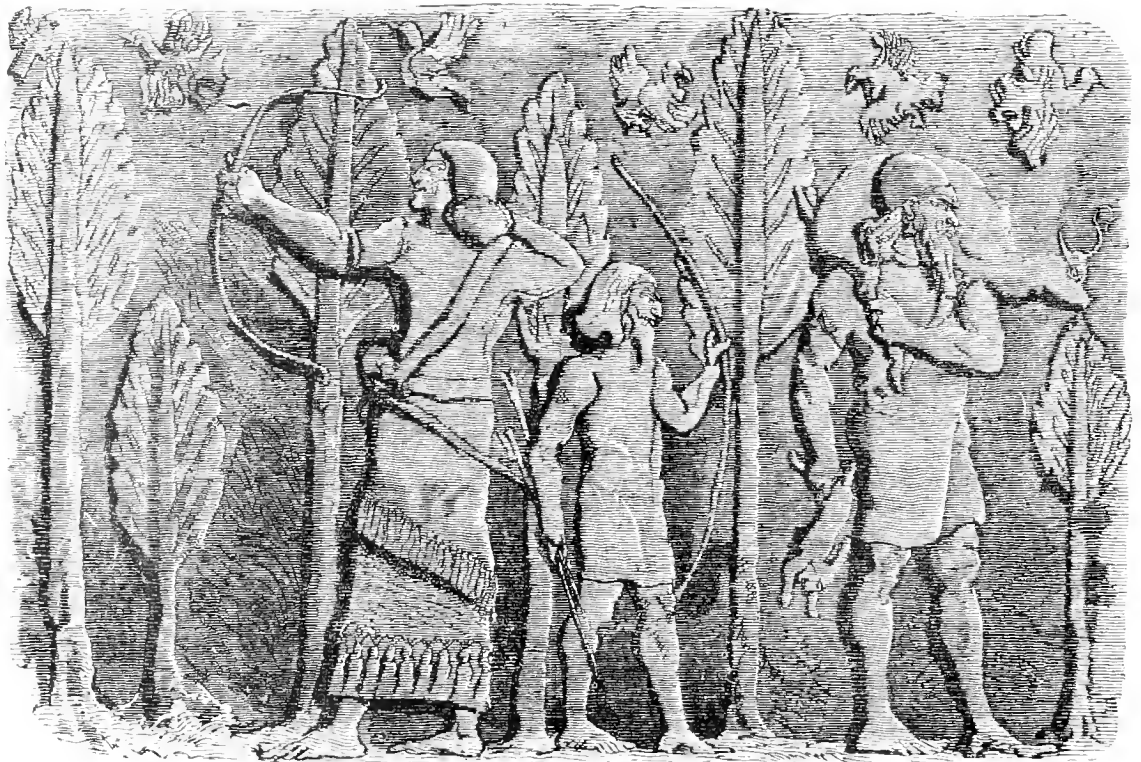
The vessel, being now of the coast, sailed with a favourable breeze. The vessel, being now of the coast, sailed with a favourable breeze.

FIELD SPORTS OF ASSYRIA.

THE excavation of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Khorsabad, has presented us with glimpses of the every-day life of their former inhabitants, their amusements, their religious rites, and their domestic customs, which would have remained lost to us had the accumulated sand and rubbish of ages continued to cover their ruins. In leaving to the daylight and the curious eye of the visitor the long-buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we come upon the villas, the temples, and the theatres of the luxurious patricians of Rome, and acquire a knowledge of their manners and customs which renders intelligible many an otherwise obscure passage in Ovid, or Horace, or Juvenal; but in exploring the ruins of Nineveh, we survey the monuments of periods, in comparison with which that of the towns buried by the lava of Vesuvius is modern. We stand on the site of the oldest city in the world, dating from the epoch of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," and walk through the chambers of the palace which Sennacherib raised and Sardanapalus destroyed.

and on a slab found in the same mound were sculptured a hind and fawn, and a wild sow with her young ones among tall reeds.

Other indications of the nature of the chase in that remote epoch were afforded by the designs traced on the bronze and iron utensils discovered in the excavations of Nimroud. Among these was a bronze plate, the rim embossed with figures of greyhounds pursuing a hare, and the centre representing encounters between men and lions. Another bore figures of stags, wild goats, bears, and leopards, with a rim of trees and deer. A third had figures of deer, hares, and lions, represented upon it. A large bowl has a hunting-scene represented in bold relief on its sides. The hunter stands in a chariot drawn by two horses, and driven by a charioteer, and turning round, discharges an arrow at a lion, which is already wounded; while another hunter pierces the animal with a spear. Above the second hunter a hawk is hovering. All these animals are still denizens of the woods and plains bordering the Tigris, though probably in diminished numbers. Speaking of the patches



ASSYRIAN CHASE IN THE FOREST.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Notwithstanding the thousands of years that have glided down the resistless stream of time into the ocean of eternity since the palaces of Nineveh and Khorsabad were raised, the sculptures on their walls afford as much information on Assyrian life and manners at that remote epoch, as the vessels and ornaments, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, do of the days of Pliny. In the present article we propose to notice the field sports of the Assyrians, as illustrated by the bas-reliefs now in the British Museum. In clearing away some rubbish at Khorsabad, one of Mr. Layard's overseers discovered two bas-reliefs sculptured in black stone. On one of these slabs, from a restoration of which the above engraving is taken, a fowler is represented discharging an arrow at a bird on the wing, apparently a partridge, or perhaps a wild pigeon. Behind the sportsman are two others; one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a hare in his hand, and a gazelle over his shoulder. Among the seals, also, which Mr. Layard discovered at Konyunjik, was one representing a horseman in pursuit of a stag;

of bush which form green oases in the arid plain of Sinjar, Mr. Layard says: "Among them lurked game of various kinds. Troops of gazelles sprang from the low cover, and bounded over the plain. The greyhounds coursed hares; the horsemen followed a wild bear of enormous size, and nearly white from age; and the doctor, who was the sportsman of the party, shot a bustard, with beautiful speckled plumage and a ruff of long feathers round its neck. This bird was larger than the common small bustard, but apparently of the same species. Other bustards, besides many birds of the plover kind, rose from these tufts, which seemed to afford food and shelter to a variety of living creatures." The lion, too, is not uncommon in the jungles of the Khabor, and the Bedonins frequently find their cubs in the spring. The footprints of these animals were also discovered by Mr. Layard and his party about the mound of Niffer; and in the jungles bordering on the Tigris, leopards, hyenas, jackals, deer, antelopes, and wild boars are frequently met with.

The chase of the more formidable animal, as the lion and the wild bull, appears to have been pursued in chariots, as that of the tiger is in India on the backs of elephants. One of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, and engraved below, represents a hunting scene very similar to that of the lion already described, but the object of the chase in this instance is the wild bull. The chariot is driven by a charioteer and drawn by two horses; the hunter holds by the horns a wounded bull, who is plunging over the wheels, and his spear is fixed in a socket made in the back of the chariot to receive it. A horseman, leading another horse, and carrying a spear in his right hand, is riding behind, and the hunter in the chariot is looking back towards him, as if invoking his assistance. Another bull, pierced with several arrows, and apparently in the agonies of death, is lying upon the ground, under the feet of the chariot-horses.

Probably the chase of the lion and wild bull was reserved for the kings and chief men, similar reservations having existed in most countries, while passing through what may be called the hunting

stage in the history of society. As the animals of the chase became scarce, the idea of their domestication would suggest itself, and society would gradually pass into the pastoral stage. In the wild plains of south-western Asia, the adoption of the new mode of obtaining subsistence would necessitate a wandering life, such as the Arabs and Turcomans have continued to lead to the present day; but, in time, fertile spots would be found where agriculture could be pursued, and there villages would spring up, to become cities as the population increased, and the mechanical arts began to be acquired and practised. Still, as in all semi-barbarous communities war and the chase are the only honourable occupations, the laws of the hunting epoch would be preserved, and enforced with the more strictness in proportion as the objects of royal and princely sport became scarce. The lion and the wild bull, from the character of savage majesty associated with them, would be regarded as appertaining to the amusements of royalty, while any one would be allowed to chase the deer, the gazelle, or the wild goat.



AS-SYRIANS HUNTING THE WILD BULL.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

Nothing, observes Disraeli, is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth; who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double-firsts; who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and unflinching voice from one end of a dinner-table to the other; who on all occasions have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about, no sooner rise in the house than their spell deserts them. All their effrontery vanishes. Common-place ideas are rendered more uninteresting by commonplace delivery; and keenly alive as even bodiles are in these sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and still, with a burning cheek and dry hand, repressing his breath, lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no manner; who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house with a self-confidence which is only equalled by their consummate ability.

Another thing very remarkable in the House of Commons is the decline of oratory there. It is common to talk of the decline of oratory. We are all of us apt to look at the men and times of earlier days as more grand and spirit-stirring than our own. It is true, as Campbell sings,

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;”

but still the fact is clear, that men do not talk of the orators of our times as our fathers talked of the orators of theirs. One reason may be, that oratory—the power of making a neat and appropriate speech—is much more common than it was. The average debating power is greater, and therefore particular talents shine less. But we are inclined to believe that the standard of excellence in the old House of Commons was higher than it has been since it has become reformed. The speeches of Chatham, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox, Grey, Plunkett, and the earlier speeches of Brougham, were delivered to an assembly, the *élite* of whom were the chosen spirits of the age. The greater part of the members of these parliaments were men to whom politics were a profession—with too many a trade. A man could not then so readily ride into office on the shoulders of the multitude. To sway the House of Commons was then much more essential than it is now. A great proportion of the members were undergoing their training for parliamentary speaking, to whom a rigid observation of those who were to form their models was a part of their duty, as being a part of their political education. The majority of the remainder were men of education and long political experience, grown old in the habit of weighing the relative value of

different speakers. Another reason may also be given for the change. Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age," says: "Another and a more influential cause of the altered tone of contemporary eloquence is the altered character of the House of Commons. The extension of the elective principle, which dates from the Reform Bill, has much augmented the numbers and increased the importance of a class of members for whom orators half a century ago would have entertained the most profound contempt—the *bona fide* representatives of borough constituencies. Public men find it necessary to conciliate them, and a particular style of speaking has grown into favour in consequence. Parliamentary orators now find it necessary to do something more than merely display their own talents. The commercial, calculating spirit of the *bourgeoisie*—though these borough members will very likely reject the term—jeers at fine speaking. It comes to transact business, not to be amused; for that it has the theatre, or the last new novel. It has railway bills, local government bills, and free trade dogmas to uphold or oppose; and its time is too precious to be wasted on prepared orations or magnificent exordiums. It requires something practical, plain figures of arithmetic to figures of rhetoric, and pounds, shillings, and pence to poetry. Still, however, there are some excellent debaters in the house. A few of them we will briefly refer to here.

Lord John Russell, of course, stands first on our list. Though the son of a duke, he is a man of decided views, of extensive information, and of high knowledge of parliamentary warfare. To gain his position has been the labour of his life. As he tells us in "Don Carlos:"—

"It was my aim,
And I obtained it; not for empty glory;
For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant
Struck root in every fibre of my heart.
It was ambition—not the mean desire
Of rank or title, but great glorious sway
O'er multitudes of minds."

Yet Lord John has much to contend with. His outward form is frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of ill health and solitary communing; his figure shrunk below the ordinary dimensions of humanity; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body is a spirit that knows not how to cower, an unshaken heart, an aspiring soul. His voice is weak, his accent mingling with affectation, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save in a few lucky moments, when his tongue seems unloosed, when he becomes logical, eloquent, and terse. Then is his right hand convulsively clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face becomes rigid, and his dwarfed figure expands as if he were a giant. Lord John is sometimes very happy, as when, in his letter to the deacons of Strand, he declared that "the whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation;" or when, in answer to Sir Francis Burdett, who charged him with the want of patriotism, he told the baronet there was also such a thing as the *zeal* of patriotism. One of Lord John's most celebrated speeches is that known as the Aladdin Lamp Speech, delivered by his lordship in 1819, and which Sir Robert Peel read to the house during the debate on the Reform Bill, in 1831. "Old Sarum," said Lord John, "existed when Somers and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cry of 'New lamp for old!' Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power; it has raised up a smiling land, not to be trod with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman enjoying equal protection with the poorest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor, when men were wanted to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been wanting. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace or war. When we decided upon war, we had heroes to gain us laurels in the field, and wield our thunder on the sea. When again

we returned to peace—the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the most splendid abilities to the well-being of the community. And shall we change an instrument, that has produced effects so wonderful, for a tarnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture? No; small as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution." Amongst leaders of the Commons, Lord John has been signally successful. The post is one of prodigious difficulty. Its duties must be discharged in the face of a watchful opposition. It demands readiness in debate, and resolution in confronting adversaries. There must be courtesy, and good temper, and firmness. Character is indispensable, as Lord John wrote with significance: "It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character." "It is a curious fact," observes a writer in "The Athenæum," "that a Dutchman has never yet led the British House of Commons. Only two Scotchmen, the Earls of Bute and Aberdeen, have been prime ministers of England. Two Irishmen, Castlereagh and Canning, have led the Commons; and amongst prime ministers Ireland counts three—the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Canning. As successful leaders, Sir Robert Walpole and the younger Pitt are untrivalled in the duration of their power."

Lord Palmerston stands next in our list. In office under ten administrations, he is indeed the hero of a hundred fights. As a great member of parliament, his political power is very formidable. He is one of those of whom it is truly said: "On his policy Europe has two opinions: on his energy and eloquence the world has but one." Mr. Francis, who has painted a better portrait of him than any one else, says: "The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home-thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles, and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of a party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may rebuke him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score; but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of his opponent unanswerable, or that it can only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion." Lord Palmerston's most remarkable speeches have been on the Catholic question in 1829, on Spanish affairs in 1837, and in the Pacific debate, when he defended the whole course of his foreign policy with extraordinary ability. His manner on this occasion lost its tone of jaunty and levity, his occasional haw-hawing passed, and for nearly five hours he poured forth a stream of political argument.

"Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

A conservative member, walking home that night, said to a literary member of parliament: "I have heard Canning and Plunkett and Brougham in their best days, and I never heard anything to beat that speech." Sir Robert Peel's testimony, delivered in his last and ever-memorable speech, could not be surpassed. When alluding to it, he said: "We are all proud of the man who made it." During the whole time, the attention of a crowded house was maintained unflinching. The details of his policy, which in other hands would have been dull and uninteresting, served with him as the vehicle of lofty sentiment, of brilliant repartee, of broad and irresistible

humour. It was universally admitted to be one of the greatest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence in our age.

William Ewart Gladstone is, perhaps, the most successful man in the house, and is another instance of what oratory can accomplish in the British Senate. Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the first reformed parliament, which met in the spring of 1833, as member for Newark, and took his place on the Conservative benches, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. He entered public life deeply and conscientiously attached to the then great conservative parties of the day—the conservatives in politics and the conservatives in theology. But Sir Robert Peel, who had an eye for talent, saw the young member possess the requisites of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and in 1834 appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office usually considered as the first step in official life. In his twenty-sixth year he had succeeded in establishing for himself a commanding position in the house. After the great chiefs of the party—after Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham—there was no conservative orator that could command more attention—none, the announcement of whose name would more quickly empty Bill Alley, or the smoking room, or the library, and fill the benches of the house with eager listeners—than Mr. Gladstone. His voice is clear and musical; his expression ready and fluent; his patience and resources inexhaustible during the tedious progress of his budget; inexhaustible. There is a staidness and flow in his periods which is seldom heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. He is sure, also, to take the question out of the beaten path of debate; to present it in some new and unexpected light; and to invest it, without any trace of pedantry, with historical and classical allusions, rich and rare. The author of the "British Chronicle" says of Mr. Gladstone: "It is impossible to listen to him without admiring the beauty of his language—the stately march of his measured tones—and the perfect mastery he possesses of our language, and which never allows him to be at a loss for a word. His chief defect is an occasional obscurity of meaning, arising from the subtle and penetrating intellect of the man, which seems constantly suggesting doubts and modifications of the principle he is advancing; so that there occurs to be carried on at the same time throughout his speech, not only the main proposition he is concerned to prove, but, in addition, a sort of under-current of thought, which insensibly modifies its sharpness and blunts its edge. It ought to be added, however, that his later speeches have been singularly free from this defect; that he has shown himself more of the practical statesman and less of the schoolman. As a model of eloquence, he is undoubtedly, next to Macaulay, the most finished orator in the House of Commons."

Sir James Graham has exercised more influence than most men in the House of Commons. Big and burly—with a large body and a large head—he seems a power in himself. Mr. Roebuck, in an unflattering criticism, thus describes him: "To a clear and logical understanding he added great industry; and all his expositions were distinguished by an exceedingly neat and appropriate diction; a solid and grave sarcasm lent interest to his arguments; and while an accurate arrangement made his statements clear and effective, a sedate and collected manner gave weight and a certain sort of dignity to his discourse. As an administrator he shone afterwards without a rival among his Whig associates, and seemed by his abilities destined soon to lead his friends amid the stormy conflicts of party warfare. The result has not hitherto justified this last anticipation. Timid and fastidious, he needs the robust hardihood of mind requisite for a political chief. As a soldier, none can surpass him in usefulness and ability. The responsibilities of a chief, however, seem to oppress his courage and paralyse the power of his intellect. To the reputation of an orator he has no claim. He is, nevertheless, an admirable speaker, and ready and effective in debate; but that inspiration which passion gives, he never knew, and, unmoved himself, he is unable to win his way to the hearts of others. His speaking, indeed, is almost without a fault: simple, clear, grave, often earnest; it always wins attention, because always deserving it. He, nevertheless, leaves his hearer unmoved; and is more apt, by his own cold denunciation, to repel and offend his audience, than by his tried arrangement and accurate argumentation, to convince and lead them." While parliamentary meets, you may see him as Mr. Francis so emphatically

describe him: "He looks like some red-tape minister of the Turbulet school, or some pompous placeman conceited of his acres. But, by and by, you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from the odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superficialness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill nature in his face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. Meanwhile, he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half past four to half past five."

Such are the orators of the cabinet. Sir W. Molesworth, now he is in office, rarely speaks. Sir Charles Wood has not yet attained the rank of much more than a second-rate debater; and Messrs. Cardwell and Robert are absent, and nothing more. Undoubtedly, apart from the cabinet and their supporters, the first place is due to the late ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has won for himself his present position by his oratory alone. When you enter the house, you see, on your right, fronting Her Majesty's Ministers in general, and Lord John Russell in particular, a Jewi-looking, individual, generally, particularly well dressed, with a wait-er which renders him the observed of all observers. You are looking at the leader of what was once the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose councils he has guided—whose chiefs at one time he placed upon the Treasury benches. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next best stared at man in the house, and then the diminutive Lord John. But all like to look at the man whose talents exalted him to the leadership of the proudest aristocracy on the face of the earth. So far as the opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a mummy, all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them out to bite or to examine the state of his nails

a nervous action which he seems unconsciously to perform. His speeches are fine displays. His celebrated speeches on his budget, when, alone and single-handed, he bravely combated his parliamentary opponents, were pre-eminently such. But that part of them which is generally the best is the personal; as when he taunted Roebuck with his "Suller's Wells sarcasm" and "melodramatic malignity," or charged Sir Robert Peel with catching the Whigs looting and stealing their clothes. Disraeli's speeches will not be read as Burke's are read. They are happy, telling, eminently adapted for the party purposes of the passing hour—clever, sophistical; but not widely reasoned, to last when the exigencies of the hour have passed away. Yet Disraeli's first speech was a failure. His subsequent success has, however, proved him to be a true prophet. "A time will come when you shall bear me," cried the discomfited Disraeli, as he sat down blushing and confused, after his maiden speech had been greeted with universal laughter; and time has proved him correct. He has a fine rich voice, which you can hear in every part of the house; and he has an unrivalled power of mixing up business details with general principles and with a happy variety of graceful phrases. There is a daring, sunny look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man; but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place. But he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle, or to extend his views beyond party objects; yet he is an admirable actor, and blends together the necessary business talk with the ornamental and picaresque of other men in the house. Generally he looks glum, and sits by himself—"a thing apart; amongst them but not of them." At times, however, he looks more cheerful. On that memorable December morning, when he was ousted from place and power—when the price, the labour of a life, was rudely torn from the hand that had but just grasped it

the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him. There was an unwonted liveliness in his step and sparkle in his eye; but the excitement of the event was hardly over. The reaction had not yet commenced. The rest of the story was still to be told, and in his ear, the thunders of applause and hurrahs in the lobby, which greeted his daring reports and audacious predictions.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

It is a strange thing to call up the appearance of an old city, to think, amid the ruins of the Colosseum, of the imperial glory of the world's mistress; to picture to ourselves what London was in the golden days when the Roses fought, and "every knight was true as his sword, and every lady fair as the dawn;" and strange to walk the crowded Boulevards of Paris on some high holiday, and think of what wonderful changes have occurred since grim walls occupied their site and were named Boulevards.

The pencil of M. Saint Aubin has furnished some very interesting sketches of the aspect which old Paris bore, and from one of his designs our engraving is taken. The picture is full of life and animation, and the utmost attention has been bestowed on the details of the drawing; so that the costume, the decorations, the employments, the houses, the trees, everything, from the rough garb of the water-carrier to the gorgeously bedizened figures, made glorious with hoop and stomacher, of my ladies proudly walking with the cocked-hat nobles, and looking as if the water-carrier, and the market-woman, and the curter, and the rest, were made of other clay than themselves: all indicate the spirit of the times.



THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS IN 1789.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ST. AUBIN.

There is something in the picture peculiar to those luckless days in the stiff, formal look of the scene, and still more so in the gay groups that throng the avenue and lounge at the tables. There they are, those butterfly flutterers, basking in the sunshine of their high and privileged condition. They have no fear of the coming storm; they see no cloud, as a man's hand, to darken their horizon; they are forgetful that the flood of light upon them is that of a setting sun—blood-red. They have heard, perhaps, that the people are complaining; that the people—a many-headed monster—are crying aloud for bread—only bread; that poverty and utter destitution have set the people thinking about whether the things that are, are the things that should be; whether the right is all on the side of might; and whether it would not be possible to break down a few barriers that separate high and low, titled and untitled, and effect thereby a change for the better. They, who are dighting in all their gaiety and splendour, whose cabs and carriages and quiet sedans have brought them hither, and are waiting for them now—they suspect no evil; they rest in perfect security. The only sort of revolution

they fear is a revolution in costume; and one of those titled beaux, brilliant in scarlet and gold lace, whispers to the belle upon his arm that the flood-gates of society are in danger, for M. — has actually come to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles!

If those gay groups are thinking at all of the murmurs of the people—murmurs very soft and far away, like the murmuring in a sea-shell—they take courage in referring to the days of old, and calling to mind the masterly statesmanship of Louis Quatorze. They think of him who said, "I am the State;" and when the ambassadors of foreign countries begged to know who was prime minister, said, "I am my own prime minister;" and thinking of him, and how he always hushed popular murmurs with the strong hand—made stronger by an iron glove—they take courage.

But the murmuring people look further back than the days of Louis XIV. They think of the good King Henry, and how the effort of that prince's life was the good of his subjects, and the wish of his heart that every peasant might have a fowl in the pot on Sundays; and if ever comparisons were odious, they are odious there. Henry IV. and Louis XIV! Recent events have set the

people thinking of Liberty. They have heard the strain borne from the other side of the Atlantic, and are beginning to learn the tune. Though overawed by bayonets, they dare not sing it loudly as yet.

But things are ripe for a change. The sun will soon be set, and the red glow of its declining glory pass away; then night will come—black night, and with it nightmare-horrors. The murmuring in the sea shell is growing louder and louder, and will soon swell into a roar, a shout of angry defiance and long pent-up fury, which shall echo from every side of Paris, be heard all over Europe, and plunge the world in war.

Spout away, Messieurs, while the day endures, display your peacock plumes, and feast and rejoice while the light lasts—night is coming!

Previous to the Revolution, the Promenade of the Boulevards exhibited the clear distinction of rank, and the better and commoner sort of people—the delf and the porcelain—walked on different parts of the road. After the Revolution things were changed, and my lord's broadcloth brushed the blouse of the mechanic,

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

ALL who have travelled in Spain concur in admiring the beauty of the women; and we were once in company with a gentleman, who pronounced those of Barcelona to be the most superbly beautiful, whether in face or figure, that he had ever beheld. Those of Alicant, represented in the annexed engraving, are scarcely inferior; and the loveliness of the Andalusian women has long been the theme of admiration among travellers. In form, the Spanish women seldom exceed the middle height, and are often below it; but they are admirably moulded, and all their movements are characterised by a mingled voluptuousness and grace which is as

“Black eyes and brown
You may every day see;
But blue, like my love's,
The gods made for me.”

Spanish women invariably dress in a becoming and picturesque manner, though the latter quality is exhibited in the highest degree among the peasantry, the costume of the higher classes, particularly in Madrid, being more susceptible to the influences from Paris. In manners, their listlessness contrasts strongly with the vivacity



CO T. ME OF THE WOMEN OF XINONA AND ALICANT.

attractive as it is inimitable. Their hair is generally dark, often black, worn in smooth bands in front, and plaited or twisted and tied with ribbons behind. The tint of their complexion varies in different parts of the country: in Navarre and Biscay fair complexions are not at all uncommon, but in the South the usual tint is a clear light brown, sometimes inclining to olive. Their eyes are invariably full, bright, and expressive, generally dark-brown or black; but whatever the attraction these may possess for foreigners from a more northern latitude, they are less admired in Spain than blue eyes, perhaps because the latter are rarer there: for, as a stanza of a song popular in the southern provinces says:

of their fair neighbours on the other side of the Pyrenées; devotion and love-making occupy much of their time, and in both the senses are concerned more than the heart. The *siesta* in the afternoon, and the promenade in the evening, are indulged in by all. *Teatulia*, or evening parties, are very frequent in the towns; but the theatre is not so much patronised as in France and Italy. Music and dancing are, next to bull-fights, their favourite amusements; the guitar is in universal use, and all classes are passionately fond of dancing. The bolero and the fandango are the chief national dances, and the graceful movements of the former are much admired: the other is rather of a licentious character, and is

seldom seen in what is called good society, though Spain is not a country in which the standard of morality is very high.

But the bull-fights are the most popular amusements of the Spaniards, whether men or women; and no mode of displaying gallantry is so much approved, especially among women of inferior condition, as *voluntarily* to a bull-fight. There they go in their holiday attire, and none applaud more energetically the courage of the bull or the dexterity of his tormentors. It is, in fact, the national pastime, and seems a passion with them; but that its indulgence has an injurious effect on the national character, obliterating respect for human life and preventing the development of a more refined taste, no one can doubt. It is to the Spaniards what the brutal sports of the amphitheatre were to the ancient Romans, and the moral and social effects are much the same.

SELF-DENIAL:

OR,

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

I.

I ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists of past times held our village in turns.

The talk of Pemberton-Lee was, however, now of much more positive things: of the railway which was to come near soon—of the new houses being erected on the London road—of the age and prospects of its inhabitants—and, doubtless, on the occasion to which I am about to refer—of my own humble self.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sun-burnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed, I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my coarse language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have

commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened; for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be sure to nip, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking this cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good lunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and soft over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I verily do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-parlour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge; for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic on tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook, which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad taste in shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road, with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them; the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling

in a happy and merry way that was peculiarly annoying. About one o'clock he hailed me.

"Ain't you going to eat?" he said in his rough way. "This is the last house for ten miles to come."

I made no reply, but raising my head, saw before me a house of refreshment for the poorer class of travellers. I went in, for I was really hungry, and I dined with an appetite which I had rarely known before, not having otherwise dined so many miles without eating. When I had paid for my dinner, I was penniless. I could not move the look of blank surprise which suffused my face when I made this discovery; I felt it, and I hurriedly rose and left the house.

"You won't do to travel," said my landlord following me, and this time coming close up to my side; "if you spend many one-and-sixpences for meat and bread and ale, you'll soon come to your last shilling!"

"I have spent my last penny," replied I, turning round and facing him with a dogged manner that reminded me of my school-days; "but what is that to you? Thank you for nothing—leave me then in peace!"

"Young gentleman," he said gently, touching his cap at the same time, "I see you ain't used to the road, and I only want to be civil. How are you going to travel six days without money?"

"I really do not know," I said, seating myself on a green bank, and yielding to the painful reflections evoked by this simple question.

"I suppose you don't. You are green, I can see. But look at me! I'm only a boy; I've travelled three years. I took my way."

"Ain't it New Year haven't started for pleasure, else you'd have a shov. You can't get your living, I can see; so you've run away from home. Never mind, Jack Prentice do sn't care, and if you don't go to London, why he's the lad to tell you how."

"Mr. Prentice," said I, without any of the pride and haughtiness I had hitherto assumed, "you are quite a stranger to me; but your manner seems kind. I shall be very happy to follow your advice."

"Do you value that watch and chain much?" he asked quickly.

"They are a present from my mother," I faltered.

"Then of course you do value them very good. Well then, young gentleman, I won't advise you to sell them. But take my advice—borrow some money, and leave them as security. You can go to London comfortably, and get your watch again when you like."

I stared at him. I had not taken lessons in the ups and downs, and miseries of life, and I, as yet, knew nothing of the system he alluded to. My ignorance and surprise could have been seen in my face. But he left me no time for reflection.

"Well! worse and worse—you never heard of *but* before! I thought everybody had. I've been for father and pledged his concerns, when he used to drink in bed—he don't drink in bed now, so somehow he's lost the habit of pawning. But it's useful, too, sometimes. It's useful to you now. So the first town we come to, that'll be the place we'll do it."

He rose, and left to my way, and I followed him to the county town. I was the first time, not in a carriage, but with the coach. The gentleman's appearance and manners, and I was thankful to be guided by a sober-headed, I found him a tall, humorous, experienced lad. He was a tall man, and had of him all the useful attributes for pawning. He had his watch in his hand, and at the present season was on his way to London, where he had on thought of settling.

His father had a large family, which he had originally brought up exceedingly well; but having taken to drinking, they had all got dispersed. One or two had done badly, and one or two witness Jack appeared getting on in the world. Jack had recently been down to visit his father, and found things much changed. Old Prentice had become a sober man, and was so comfortable in his home, that his son Jack was quite delighted. He told me some odd stories of his life which amused me very much, and made the journey seem no half so wearisome.

We soon reached L—, where, by the express which I had taken, I was at a loss to understand, I became possessed of my watch, having my watch as security for the loan. I can't say I felt much

confidence in ever seeing it again. But I was utterly helpless without the money, and made the sacrifice. It was a painful one, but the alternative was also bad. I took it to the pawnshop, which was of a bladed hall, and placed it in my hand.

I thought, as I went about, of the many thousand who, like myself, had started from the quiet of the country in search of fortune. I almost imagined a forgotten poor Oliver Goldsmith. I had no particular friends to consult, and I reflected his little of life. There were many other such names about across my brain, and I felt sad. I had not the least notion of what I could do. I had a vague idea of trying to write for the press. I had read too much not to know how difficult it is for a mere tyro to succeed when so many men of experience and talent are out of employment at times. Still, I intended to try.

Jack Prentice often asked me what I meant to do when I should have reached London. I did not think proper to reveal to him my hopes and doubts of fancy. I said I did not know. The young workman smiled and shook his head. He had decidedly a very bad opinion of my prospects, to say the truth, but in common sense. Still he struck to my advantage, and was both useful and agreeable to me on the road.

When we reached Kew we parted. He had business there for a day or two. He gave me his address in London, and I promised to see him soon. We shook hands heartily, and I went on my way. The road has become familiar to me since, but then it was all new. I was much struck by the noise, by the traffic, by the houses that increased as I went, that became continuous streets, a town, a wilderness, until, stunned, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, I reached Hyde-park Corner. Quite overcome by the novelty of all around me, I flew towards some green I saw to my left, and lay down upon the grass.

Nobody noticed me. That was what struck me with most force at first. Had I entered a hamlet, village, or small town, and fallen fainting on the green, I should have had many hands held out to raise me up. I thought the Londoners selfish, hard-hearted, and brutish. I made a mistake. The men of the great city are no worse than others. But the rapid and complex life of a great town is such that men must attend to their own business; while imposture is so rife, and wretchedness so common, that a tall lad in shabby gentled clothes, covered with dust and carrying a bundle, could not hope to arrest the notice of foot-passengers or riders.

After a few minutes, I rose and penetrated timidly into the great street which led deep into the heart of the city. I no longer walked—I strolled and gaped. The crowd, the palaces, the noise, the movement, overwhelmed me. I believe no intelligence, however great, has failed to feel crushed for a moment at the first contact with a great city.

But I was exhausted and hungry, and I did not know where to go. Suddenly an idea, luminous and rapid as a lightning-bolt, came across my aching brain. My friend, Charles Oatley, was in London, reading for the bar. We corresponded occasionally—indeed, very seldom—but we did write a long letter at times; and the last time he dated his letter from a street leading out of the Strand.

I saw a policeman, and asked him the way to the Strand. He pointed it out, and I had walked right to it without knowing it. I slowly went on in my way, looking at all the names I saw. At once, suddenly, my eye lighted on the right one, and at the same moment, I recollected the number. It was 17, Strand.

I felt a bad foreboding, and I expected a very disagreeable as I knothed, very cordily, at the door.

"What may your pleasure be, young man?" said a Irishman, leaning from the archway.

"It is Mr. Charles Oatley's residence, and I have a letter from him, if you please."

The old fellow looked at me for a moment, with a startled expression, and then, after a moment's reflection, he said, "Well, Mr. Oatley, and then I'll be right in the street in the evening, and I'll be right in the street in the evening, and I'll be right in the street in the evening."

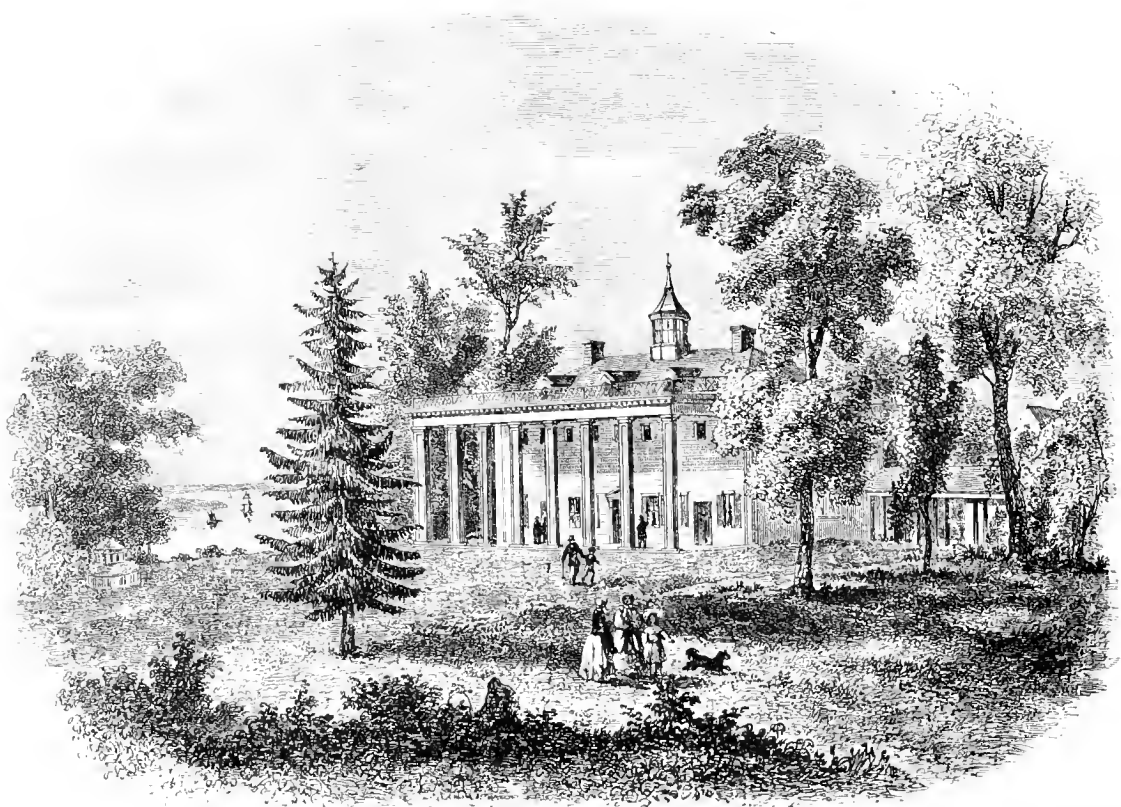
I had a bad foreboding, and I expected a very disagreeable as I knothed, very cordily, at the door.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

This distinguished patriot was descended from an ancient English family which quitted this country in 1637, and settled on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia. His father, who possessed considerable property in that state and Maryland, divided it at his death in 1743 among his six sons, of whom George, the subject of our memoir, was the third. He was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, and consequently was only eleven years of age when death deprived him of his father. He received his education at one of the common schools of the province, but the course of instruction did not include any of the ancient or modern languages, though he seems to have attained to a considerable degree of proficiency in trigonometry and land-surveying. He was a diligent scholar, and at the same time took an active part in the sports of his schoolfellows, among whom the amiability of his disposition rendered him a general favourite. After leaving school, which he did in his sixteenth year, he applied himself to the study of mathematics; and while passing the winter at Mount Vernon, then the residence of his brother

Lawrence, he attracted the notice of Lord Fairfax, who employed him in surveying some extensive property on the banks of the southern branch of the Potomac. The ability which he displayed in the performance of this task led to his appointment as public surveyor, and the next three years were passed among the wilds of the Alleghany mountains, the hardships of exploring in the wilderness being relieved by surveying at intervals the settled districts in the valleys.

At the expiration of this period, the frontiers were threatened by the Indian tribes, and war with France was looming on the horizon. To meet the possible danger, Virginia was divided into military districts, and Washington was appointed to the command of one of them, with the rank of major. He entered upon his new duties with zeal and energy, applying himself indefatigably to the study of military exercises and tactics, and the promotion of discipline. In 1754 he was appointed second in command of the Virginian militia, and on the 27th of May in that year he made his first



MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE.

essay in arms, encountering and defeating a French force under Colonel Jumonville, who fell in the engagement. Shortly afterwards, the chief command devolved upon him by the death of Colonel Fry, and he intrenched himself at the Great Meadows, expecting that a larger force would be sent against him as soon as the defeat of Jumonville became known. In this anticipation he was not deceived, but the strong force in which the French advanced obliged him to retreat, an operation which he performed so ably as to receive the thanks of the provincial legislature.

In 1755, he accompanied General Braddock on the ill-starred expedition which terminated in the death of that brave but rash officer. In marching through a forest they were suddenly assailed, flank and rear, by volleys of rifle-balls from unseen foes; officers and men were paralysed, Braddock was shot dead, and Washington with difficulty led the decimated band out of the ambuscade. Their assailants were the Indians in alliance with the French, who, having been informed of Braddock's march, had posted themselves behind

the trees and in the thickets to receive him. After this defeat, Washington retired to Mount Vernon, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother Lawrence, in 1752, and the subsequent decease of Lawrence's daughter. The patrimonial mansion was an unpretending edifice of brick and wood, with a colonnade in front, supporting an open balcony, and pleasantly situated on an eminence near the Potomac. There he practised, on a large scale, the munificent hospitality characteristic of the southern planters, with the most reputable of whom he cultivated an intimate acquaintance. He was fond of the chase, and in this amusement and the supervision and improvement of his property he passed most of his time. In 1758 he resigned his commission as commander of the Virginian militia, and was elected a member of the provincial legislature, the sittings of which he regularly attended, though he seldom spoke.

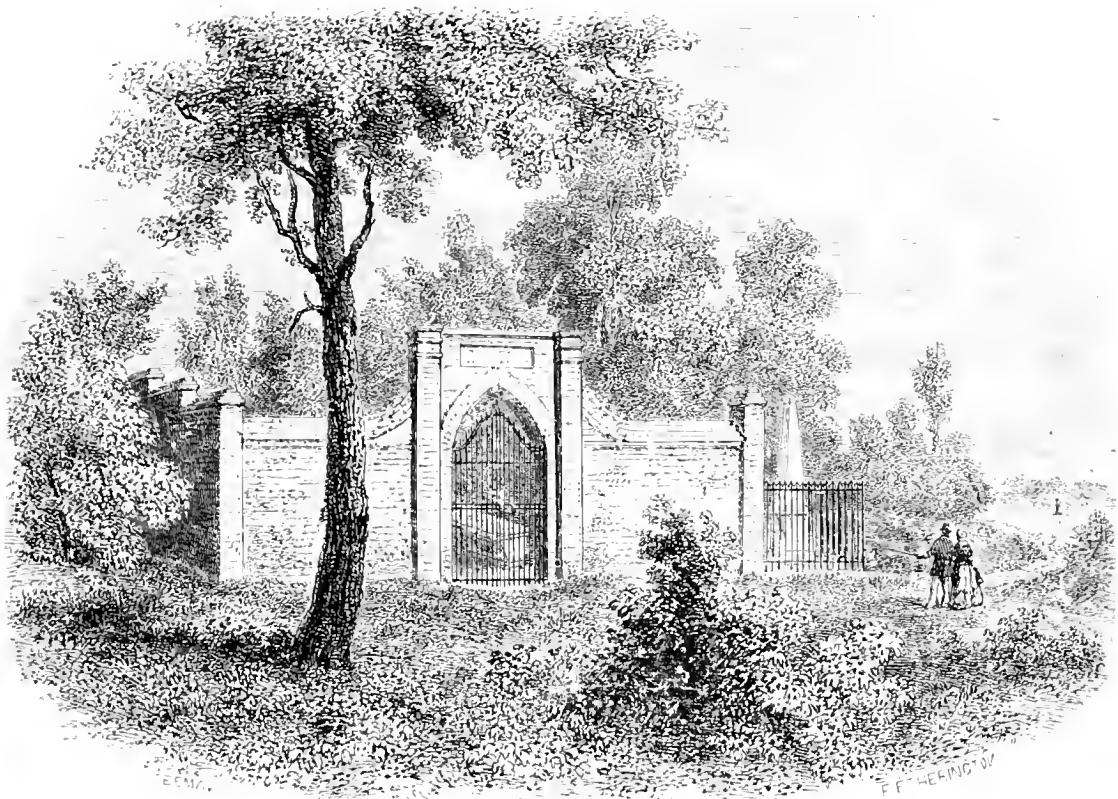
At the commencement of the following year he entered the connubial state with Mrs. Custis, a young widow with two children, upon whom two thirds of her extensive property were settled, she

holding the remainder in her own right. Washington's own estates were now of considerable extent and value; for, in addition to Mount Vernon, he held large tracts, of which he had obtained grants from the government. As he was his own surveyor, steward, and lawyer, the management of his wife's property and that of her children, in addition to his own, occupied much of his time; but he still attended the sessions of the legislature with the same regularity as before, and found leisure for the rational enjoyment of life and the amenities of society.

Fifteen years had been passed tranquilly and usefully, when the political horizon was clouded by the disputes between the American colonies and the parent state. Washington saw the impending struggle with regret, for he was far from being either an agitator by nature or a democrat by principle. In England he would probably have been a moderate Whig; that he was a republican was the result of a combination of circumstances peculiar to a colony. In fact, when the Americans had defeated the armies of the mother-country and declared their independence, no other form of govern-

beneficial to his family and his country. He improved his estates, promoted schemes of internal navigation, gave his countenance and assistance to plans for the advancement of education and the civilization of the Indians, entertained the planters of Virginia with a hospitality more profuse than ever, and, amid all these multifarious occupations, found time to give his attention to the constitution that was being prepared for the young republic. He represented Virginia in the Constituent Convention, and in February, 1789, was elected first president of the United States.

His journey from Mount Vernon to New York, which was then the seat of government, was a continued triumph—so much and so generally was he beloved and respected. He supported the dignity of the presidential office in a manner as free from ostentation as possible, and realised the ancient ideal of a sage and legislator more fully than any other modern has done either before or since. His industry and application, and the methodical habits he had acquired in his youth, enabled him to get through a great amount of business, so that he was really the head of the government. The day



THE TOMBS OF WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE AT MOUNT VERNON.

ment was practicable. Washington, then, was a republican from circumstances, a pure and ardent patriot, but not to be confounded with the republicans on principle, with whom democracy is a faith. He embraced republicanism as a necessity rather than as a choice.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here all the engagements in which Washington acted a brilliant part during the memorable war of independence. He was appointed to the chief command of the American forces in the summer of 1775, and resigned his commission into the hands of the president of congress at the close of 1783. By his exertions and achievements America had been freed, and henceforth was to take her place, and no mean one, among the nations of the earth. Between the period when he sheathed the sword that had liberated his country and that of his installation in the president's chair, there was an interval of five years, during which he resided at Mount Vernon. It is pleasant to contemplate the retirement of great men, and curious to note how the heroes of the sword occupy the leisure afforded them by peace. Washington was not one to suffer this period to pass idly, and without result

was his reception day, when he was accessible to all; the rest of the week was devoted to the business of the republic. He never received company on Sunday; but regularly attended divine worship, and passed the remainder of the day in the privacy of the domestic circle.

In his inaugural address to congress, in January, 1790, he recommended the legislature to provide without delay for the public defence; to devise an effective system for the support of the national credit; to encourage agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; to promote science and literature; and to establish a uniform system of currency, weights, and measures. The funding of the domestic debt of the nation, proposed by Hamilton, secretary to the treasury, was adopted; and the measure received the decided approbation of Washington. This measure first brought into collision the two parties in the state, which had been incessantly formed during the discussion of the constitution. They were the Federalists, led by Hamilton and Adams; and the Democrats, headed by Jefferson. Washington, while inclining to the former,

endeavoured to reconcile the two parties, but ultimately without success. Wisely refraining from identifying himself with either, he preserved the esteem of both; and when the time approached for him to surrender his trust to congress, Jefferson and Hamilton joined in the general wish that he would allow himself to be re-elected. He did not disappoint the desire of the nation, and resumed the duties of his high office for another term of four years.

The distance between the two great parties in the state continued to increase; and notwithstanding the position of dignified neutrality and independence which Washington usually maintained, he did not pass through his second presidency without evincing his real sympathy with the party of Hamilton and Adams in a manner which drew upon him the attacks of the democrats. The first occasion was when he expressed himself strongly against the democratic societies, which seem to have inspired him with groundless alarm; the second was the treaty which he initiated with Great Britain in 1795, and which was ultimately acknowledged by those to whom it gave offence, to have been justified by the exigency of the occasion. Men who occupy the high places in a state, invariably make some enemies; and it is in circumstances that speak high, for Washington's benevolence and judgment that he made so few, and none whose enmity survived the cessation that ended it forth.

In December, 1793, he delivered his last address to congress, recommending the gradual increase of the navy, a provision for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and the establishment of a national university and a military academy. He remained in the capital until the installation of his successor, Adams, at which ceremony he was present as a spectator; and then he retired to Mount Vernon, there to pass the brief remainder of his days. He died on the 14th of December, 1799, leaving behind him the reputation of an honest man, a pure patriot, a brave warrior, and an enlightened statesman; and was buried in the unpretending tomb represented in our second engraving, situated on a gentle eminence between his house at Mount Vernon and the river Potomac.

The character of this distinguished man can never be better drawn than by his countryman and contemporary, Jefferson, who, though opposed to him in politics, has done him ample justice. He says:—"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Bacon, Newton, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest fear in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt; but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man." Posterity has confirmed this unprejudiced judgment, and so long as uprightiness of character and genuine patriotism are held in esteem among men, the name of Washington will be venerated.

OCCASIONAL LEAVES FROM OLD BOOKS.

WHAT with black letter, quaint spelling, and odd wording, most old books are beyond the reach of the ordinary reading class, even when their expense and rarity are not such as to exclude from them all who have not access to great national libraries. And yet there is much in old black-letter books which is indeed well worthy of being remembered. Those who have travelled over the whole or a part of a course could tell us of many more curiosities of literature than even Mr. Dibsdie ever has recorded. We purpose, then, to perform this journey occasionally with our readers, and to introduce them to the lore which is locked up in dark places.

One of the favourite fables in which old writers clothed their ideas was romance, which Bishop Percy attributes, with Mallev, to the ancient Scythians, who believed in the existence of giants and dwarfs, entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notions of fairies, were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and

enchantments, and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters. It, however, cannot be accepted here as a correct authority; for Eastern literature teems with fiction, and Solomon, by wisdom olden-ent, was long before enthroned sovereign of the gent and lord of the tall man.

Among the most applauded productions of the middle ages was the "Cesà Roma, comm." It was a kind of book of fables, written by the monks. It is compiled from old Latin chronicles of Roma, or, as Watt and Donce say, of German invention. It is made up of oriental, legendary, and classical fables, and many a great author has taken his plot from it. Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate and Ovidio, owed much to it. It is said to have been written by one Petrus Berchovans; but all the learned disputes on the subject have failed in proving anything authentic on this point.

It is interesting to know that out of this book Shakspeare took the plot of his "King Lear," and of the "Merchant of Venice," and Schiller of his "Friedrich." The peculiar style and manner of the work may be gathered by a few extracts.

OF HONOURING TALENTS.

In the reign of the emperor Dorothea, and ere was pessed the children should support their parents. There was at that time, in the kingdom, a certain soldier, who had espoused a very fair and virtuous woman, by whom he had a son. It happened that the soldier went upon a journey, was made prisoner, and very rigidly confined. Immediately he wrote to his wife and son for ransom. The intelligence communicated great uneasiness to the former, who wept so bitterly that she became blind. When the son said to his mother: "I will hasten to my father, and release him from prison." The mother answered: "Thou shalt not go, for thou art my only son, even the hold of my soul, and it may happen to thee as it has done to him. Hast thou rather ransom thy absent parent than protect her who is with thee, and preser thee to her affectionate arms? Is not the possession of one thing better than the expectation of two? Thou art my son as well as thy father's, and I am present while he is absent. I conclude, therefore, that you ought by no means to forsake me, though to redeem your father." The son very properly answered: "Although I am thy son, yet he is my father. He is abroad and surrounded by the merciless; but thou art at home, protected and cherished by loving friends. He is a captive, but thou art free—blind, indeed—but he perhaps sees not the light of heaven, and pours forth unheeded groans in the gloom of a loathsome dungeon, oppressed with chains, with wounds and misery. Therefore it is my determination to go to him and redeem him." The soldier saw and every one applauded and honoured him for the indefatigable industry with which he achieved his father's liberation.

It will be seen that these tales are sufficiently simple, and very much in the style of fables. The following is another specimen of a more complete character. It has been worked out in more than one modern novel.

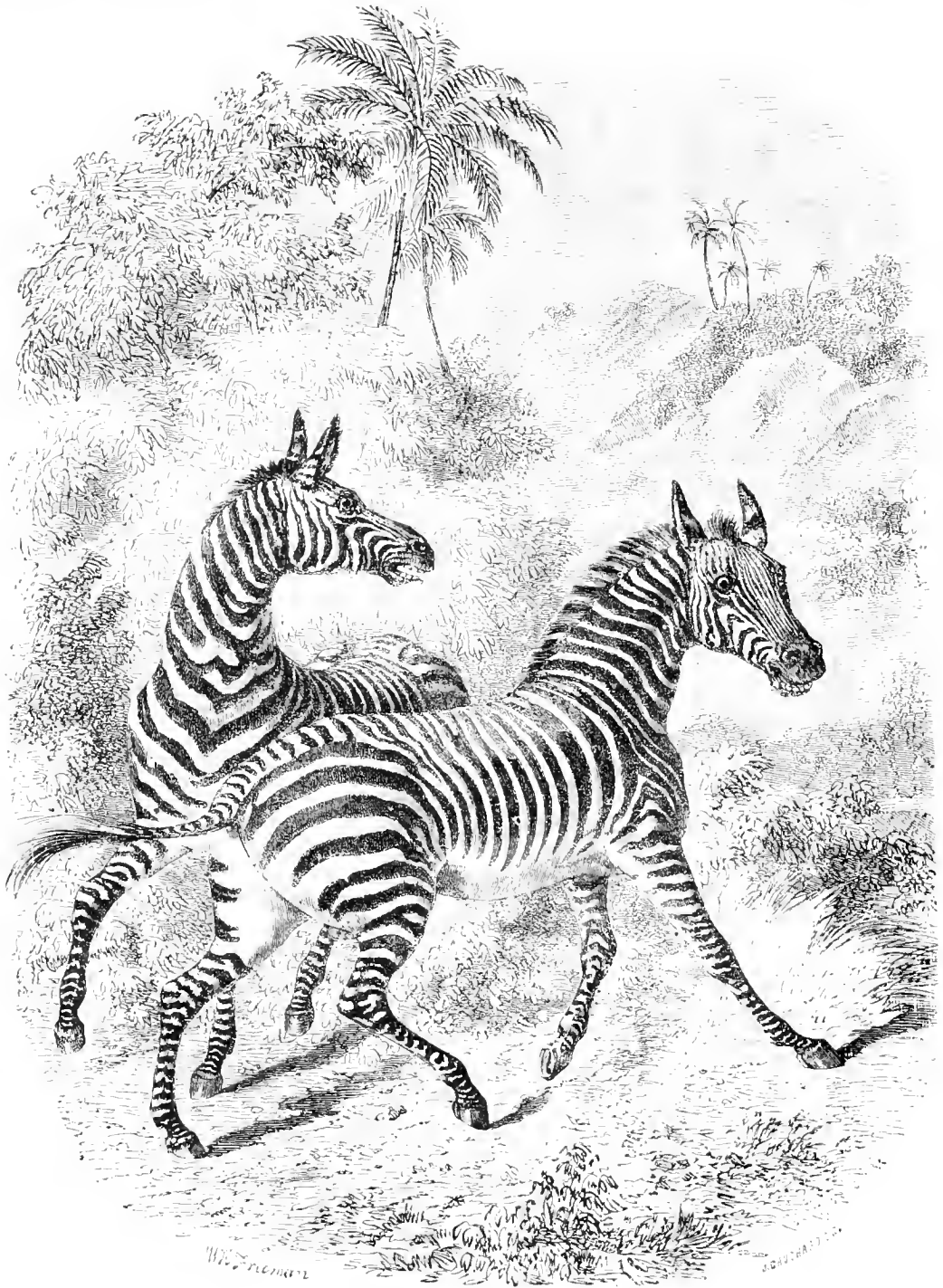
THE KING'S SON-IN-LAW.

In the reign of the emperor Conrad, there lived a certain count, called Leopold, who, for some cause fearing the indignation of his master, fled with his wife into the woods, and concealed himself in a miserable hovel. By chance the emperor hunted there, and being carried away by the heat of the chase, lost himself in the woods and was benighted. Wandering about in various directions, he came at length to the cottage where the count dwelt, and requested shelter. His hostess prepared him a meal, and the same night was born unto her a son. While the emperor slept, a voice broke upon his ear, which seemed to say, "Take, take, take." He immediately arose, and, with considerable alarm, said to himself, "What can that voice mean, 'Take, take, take?' What can I take?" He reflected on the singularity of this for a short space and then fell asleep. But a second time the voice addressed him, saying out, "Restore, restore, restore!" He awoke in very great sorrow. "What is all this?" thought he. "First I was to 'Take, take, take;' and there is nothing for me to take. True, now, the same voice exclaimed, 'Restore, restore, restore;' and what can I restore, when I have taken nothing?" Unable to explain the mystery, he again slept; and the third time the voice spoke. "Fly, fly, fly!" it said; "for a child is born who shall

same part of the world. It is rather smaller than the zebra; the fore part of its body is of a brownish colour, banded with white; the hinder quarters paler, or grayish, with very indistinct stripes and spots; down the back runs a black line, bordered on each side with white; the belly, legs, and tail are whitish. This, which is called the Quagga (*Equus quagga*), appears to be the most docile

other sojourners in the wilderness, some of the natives of South Africa regarding that of the quagga as preferable to any other. The Rev. Henry Methuen states that quagga-steaks are exceedingly good, although the appearance of the meat—which is coarse and marbled with yellow fat—is rather against it.

In confinement, the zebra has frequently produced mules both



THE ZEBRA (*EQUUS ZEBRA*).

of the zebra-like animals of South Africa; it is said to be occasionally broken-in and employed as a beast of draught in the Cape colony. Like the zebras, however, it is very courageous in defending itself from its enemies, fighting boldly with feet and teeth, and even sometimes compelling the hyena to beat a retreat.

The flesh of all these animals is frequently eaten by hunters and

with the horse and the ass; but these, although still presenting distinct traces of stripes, are by no means so elegant in appearance as their African parent. They appear, however, to be more docile in their nature; and some of our readers will no doubt recollect a mule of this description which used, a few years ago, to be driven as the carrier of the Zoological Society's tandem.

ALLINGTON CASTLE.

This venerable ruin is romantically situated on the west bank of the river Medway, at the distance of a mile from the town of Maidstone. It is of great antiquity, a castle having occupied its site so early as the Anglo-Saxon era; but this edifice, called Medway Castle, was razed to the ground by the Danes, in one of their incursions into this part of the country. The estate was possessed subsequently by

and from this family both the castle and the parish received their name.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry III., when, as appears by the Tower records, there was an exact survey taken of all the castles in England, and a return made of the names of the proprietors or governors, one Columbaris was found in possession of the castle



ALLINGTON CASTLE.

Uthoth, fourth son of Godwin, the powerful Earl of Kent; and after the Norman Conquest, became part of the domain of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. On the disgrace of that prelate, it was transferred by the Conqueror to his kinsman, the Earl of Warren, who rebuilt the castle, and from whose possession it passed into that of Lord Fitzburghes. By the union of the daughter and heiress of that nobleman with Sir Giles Allington it came more changed owners

and lord of the manor annexed to it; but in the latter part of that reign it came into the possession of Sir Stephen Penchester, who is supposed to have acquired it by purchase from one Osbert. It is probable that about this time it had very much fallen into decay, or else that it was merely a small building, not considerable enough to be termed a castle; for the Patent Rolls show that Penchester, who was then Constable of Dover Castle and Lord Warden of the

Cinque Ports, received the royal licence, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I., to erect a castle there, and to fortify and embattle it. Sir Stephen dying without male issue, it became, by marriage with one of his daughters, the property of Stephen Cobham, in whose family it remained for several generations. In the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., we find the estate in the possession of the Brent family, by whom it was sold to Sir Henry Wyatt, who had been privy-counsellor to Edward IV., but afterwards attached himself to the rising fortunes of Henry Tudor, for which he was imprisoned in the Tower by Richard III., and treated with great severity. He owed his liberation, and perhaps his life, to the issue of the battle of Bosworth; and being plied by Henry VII. in a situation of trust and emolument, was soon enabled to purchase Allington, of which he received possession in 1493.

His son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a literary character of some celebrity, was born in this castle in the year 1503, and received his education in St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated at seventeen years of age. He appears to have married within a year or two afterwards, the object of his choice being a daughter of Lord Cobham. Introduced at court by his father, he was appointed a gentleman of the royal bedchamber, received the honour of knighthood, and was afterwards nominated sheriff of Kent. He was a man of handsome person and fascinating manners, an accomplished courtier and a profound politician, a skilled musician and a poet, besides speaking French, Italian, and Spanish with fluency, and being an adept in all the sports and exercises then in vogue. These qualifications rendered him a great favourite with Henry, who sent him on an embassy to the court of Charles V., and to his diplomacy is ascribed the unfavourable reception which that monarch accorded Cardinal Pole.

His father dying in 1518, he solicited his recall, in order to attend to his affairs, and in the following year, took up his abode at Allington Castle, which he put in a state of complete repair, and re-decorated in a very magnificent manner. Though much of his life was passed amid the intrigues and intrigues of courts, he seems to have seized with delight every opportunity of retiring to Allington, that he might indulge in study and contemplation, moratise on the felicities of retirement, and attack the vanities and vices of a court with the honest indignation of an independent philosopher, and the freedom and pleasantry of Horace. His retirement was soon disturbed by a summons from the king to join the Emperor of Germany at Blois, and attend him in his progress through France and Flanders. On his return to England, he was arrested on charges preferred against him some time before by Bishop Bonner, but was acquitted, and received from the king a grant of land in Lambeth, and the post of High Steward of the Royal Manor of Maidstone.

This narrow escape, however, seems to have warned him of the prudence of withdrawing from public life; for though Henry appeared convinced of his loyalty, he knew that he had lost favour with him by advocating the policy of supporting the Protestant princes of the Empire, and that Cromwell's fall, which he saw approaching, would probably involve his own. He therefore passed the remainder of his days at Allington, where, as he informs us in a poetical epistle to one of his friends, he used to hunt and hawk when the season permitted, shoot with the bow in the depth of winter, and when the weather debarr'd him from these sports, read in his study or compose verses. His poems may be divided into two classes—amatory and satirical; of the former, the most polished is the one beginning, "Blame not my lute;" his satires are chiefly remarkable as containing the original, or at any rate the earliest, English version of the "Town and Country Mice." From this peaceful retirement he was called to attend the king, and in his eagerness to display his loyalty and zeal, he over-heated himself in the journey, and was seized with a fever, which terminated his existence.

His only son, commonly called Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger, distinguished him from the father, was a wild and reckless young man, who was imprisoned for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones shot from a crossbow at night, in which disreputable frolic he was assisted by the Earl of Surrey; and seduced the daughter of Sir Edward Darnall, though he had been married, when only sixteen years of age, to the daughter of Sir William Hawke. He alienated the estate of Tarrant in Dorsetshire, in favour

of the offspring of this illicit connexion, soon after his succession to the property. After his release from the Tower, he raised a body of men at his own expense, and distinguished himself at the siege of Lambrook. This led to an appointment as Surrey, then Governor of Boulogne, which he held until the place was given up to the French in 1559. During the latter part of the reign of Edward VI. he lived chiefly at Allington, occupied with the sports of the field; but when the Duke of Suffolk raised his insurrection against Queen Mary, he was induced to take the command of the Kentish rebels, with whom he gained some considerable advantages over the loyalists. Advancing on the metropolis, he failed in an attempt to surprise the city, and was taken prisoner. His course forsook him on being confined in the Tower, and he made a confession, implicating Elizabeth and several of his friends. He was tried and convicted, and executed on Tower-hill, on the 11th of April, 1554; by which the castle and manor of Allington, with the advowson of the church, became forfeited to the crown.

Queen Elizabeth in the eleventh year of her reign, gave a lease of the estate to John Astley, master of the jewel-office; and on his death granted it in tail to his son and heir, Sir John Astley, to hold by knight's service, at the rental of £100 2s. 7d. per year. Dying in 1639, he bequeathed the manor and castle of Allington, with other estates in the neighbourhood, to his kinsman, Sir Jacob Astley, who distinguished himself by his courage and military skill in the early part of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, for which services he was created by that monarch Baron Astley of Reading, in Berkshire. He died in 1651, and the title became extinct on the death of his grandson, the third baron, in 1688; but the castle, manor, and advowson devolved to Sir Jacob Astley, of Abington, who was descended from Thomas, the elder brother of the first Baron Astley. In 1720 they were sold by Sir Jacob, with other estates in Kent, to Sir Robert Marsham, father of the first Lord Romney, in the possession of whose family they long remained.

Allington Castle consists of two courts, one within the other, the outer being surrounded by a moat, and there are still some indications of the magnificence it boasted in the time of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Grose, in his "Antiquities of England," states that in 1760, when the view in that work was taken, the castle was in a very dilapidated condition, and the towers used as out-buildings to a farmhouse, which Hasted, the historian of Kent, supposes to have been built with the ruins of the mansion erected in the vicinity of the castle by Sir Henry Wyatt. There was formerly a park adjoining to the castle, but it was disparked soon after the attainder of Sir Henry, by which the estate became forfeited to the crown. Seventeen or eighteen years ago the old buildings underwent considerable repairs, and they are still used as farm-offices, one of the courts being used as a straw-yard for cattle.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

NEXT in importance in oratory, far superior to Disraeli, is Balmington Macaulay. Like Disraeli, Macaulay is also an exception to one general system, which is always and essentially aristocratic. Nature has not been bountiful to Macaulay. She never intended him for an orator; there is little of form or comeliness in him. He is short and thick; seemingly more like an alderman than the *beau ideal* of an Edinburgh reviewer. His speeches are like Burke's, splendid essays, and will be read for many a coming age. They are thoroughly prepared, and display the utmost polish and research. They are listened to with delight, but fail in their effect. Macaulay's voice is harsh and bad, and his delivery is exceedingly rapid. He plunges at once into his subject, and never stops till his speech is done and he has no more to say. His speeches depend for their popularity solely upon their merits—upon the splendour of their language—the correctness of their argumentation—the variety of the historical illustrations with which they abound. They owe nothing to manner, in which Macaulay is remarkably deficient. Yet he has spoken to some purpose. His speeches have helped him to fame and to power; and when it is known that he is to speak, the house is crowded in every part; and the lobbies and the smoking-room are deserted for a time. He speaks but seldom now. Sickness, long-continued, has told

upon his throne, and has given him the appearance of premature old age. Yet his voice is still as potent as it has ever been. And when he rises, immediately behind the Treasury benches, and addresses the house, you see by the expression of the faces of the occupants of those benches, that ministers deem that in the member for Edinburgh they have still a tower of strength. In the very last session, Macaulay did what is very rare—he decided the fate of a nation by his speech. It was generally thought that the majority for government, on the debate as to the Master of the Rolls retaining his seat in that house, was obtained solely by the brilliant speech of Macaulay; at any rate, that the majority was so huge, is attributable to him. This is a rare fact in oratory. It is set on a speaker in the British Senate attempt to convince any one, or succeed in the attempt. Of the great orators of the men who make speeches—posteriority will care to read Macaulay as the best in the house; and we much question whether his voice will be heard much longer within its walls.

Descending to a lower scale of oratory, we come to Richard Cobden, the quondam hero of the Anti-corn-law League, and now the apostle of Peace. Cobden's appearance is anything but aristocratic. He is a man of middle size and middle age, with a considerable amount of shrewdness in his face, but, in fact externally, by no means a formidable foe. He is the direct antipodes of Babbington Macaulay. Cobden makes no show of learning, or of erudition—quite the reverse. His is that eloquence which Sir Robert Peel happily styled as unadorned. Its characteristics are appropriateness and clearness. When Cobden rises, there is generally some indiscretion exhibited; he hums and haws occasionally—he frequently repeats himself. But as he proceeds, his manner becomes firmer and his voice louder. No man in the house goes more directly to the subject. If there be a point, he hits it at once. If there be a difficulty, he grapples with it immediately. His speech is an animated conversation; he seems to hold you by some invisible button—to meet the difficulties as they rise in your mind, and to quell them at once. So admirable is his power in this respect, that we remember well in the infancy of the League, when free-trade was not so popular as it is now, Cobden went down to an agricultural constituency, right in the very heart of the enemy's camp—and so delighted all, that we were told by a farmer present, that if he had held up a white sheet of paper before the audience, and asserted it to be black, and asked them to do the same, they would have done so at once. Cobden is a remarkable illustration of the fairness of the House of Commons. When he first entered there, there was great prejudice against him. He was considered an agitator and a demagogue; but now, no man is listened to with more attention and respect. The truth is, the house is a good judge of character, and will always honour a sincere man who makes a good business speech in a business-like way, and Cobden never attempts anything more. He is pre-eminently a practical debater, and is precisely the man for the House of Commons. Next to business-like speakers, the house affects gentled joking; hence it is, Tom Duneabe and Lord Palmerston are such favourites. If now it is, Henry Drummond and even Colonel Sibthorpe gain so readily the ear of the house. The house cares little for declamation—it would rather be without it; it considers it a waste of time. Figures of arithmetic are far more popular there than figures of speech. The latter are for schoolboys and youth in it to us—the former are for men. Business is one thing, and rhetoric another. Dr. Smith began his career as a rhetorician and failed. He wisely altered his plans. He learnt to keep accounts—to talk prose—to understand business; and he has been already Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for all that we wish he were to us again.

Our notice of parliamentary oratory as it is, would be incomplete were it not to add the name of Bright. Herbert told his maids of the northern and domestic that who could charm and the farmers at the level of all, and told him, that were it not for the campaign, he would have been a soldier like himself. To this class of men, Bright does a noble service. If he had not been a Quaker, and Lord Bunsick told him, he would have been a prize fighter, a more pugilist than does not exist in the house. It may always be said of him, that

“His soul's in 'er and eager for the fray!”

Like Cobden, he is one of those men who have made their name, not only with a fair amount of eloquence, but with a more confident bearing than the meanest of the Royal Academy. It is strange that there should be any admiration of Cobden's oratory to possess. There is not so much of the "man of matter" in it, as one would naturally be inclined to think, but his ideas are harder, and more antagonistic to those of Cobden's. Bright is a much more powerful man; when he speaks he is contented all over with fury, to find all opposition, to tear everything that stands in his way to shreds and tatters. Enter the house, and he is a perfect Greek, distinguished as a Quaker, a Quaker teacher, a Quaker preacher, and a Quaker Christian, despised by the fine country gentlemen who sit round

“Let learning, laws, and commerce die,
That give us back our old nobility!”

Bright has now come to be one of the most powerful men in the house. His speech last session, on the India Bill, raised his character considerably in universal estimation. They displayed in a most favourable light his knowledge, his industry, and his talent. They lifted him out of the character of a class advocate into that of a statesman; and, perhaps, were the most powerful political delivery that session. Men speak of Bright very differently to what they did— and whatever may be men's opinions as to his politics, all now admit that he is one of the most powerful and readiest debaters in the house.

Going late into the house, William John Lubbock—the Newnham wayward-boy of the League, the Publicist of the *De parish*—but, however, maintained the reputation which his brilliant oratorical powers had won for him before he was returned M.P. For Oldham. Joseph Home, the oldest member of the house, and apparently the youngest man in it, never was an orator, and never will be; yet no man speaks more often, and, on the whole, no man is better heard. Mr. Edward Miall has won a position out of doors as an orator, but he has not done much in it. Such men as Sir J. Parkington, Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Dunsford, Stuart, are useful, able men; ready debaters, fluent on their legs; but they are not the men whose words live after them, or whose speeches our children's children will care to read.

Our task is at length complete. We have exhausted our subject. Our country has been styled—

“A land of ancient precedent,”

and, therefore, have we gone back to the first rude beginnings of what we have now come so completely to understand and admire. At times there is a danger of underrating the service done to us by our Peers and M.P.'s. Familiarity breeds contempt, and at times we are near losing our hereditary reverence for representative institutions. In the easy, bounding way into which the house gets, after sitting a few months, it is difficult to see anything heroic. It is not easy to remember what Parliament has done, or to realise what, in an emergency, it may yet do. Smith speaking to empty benches; Fitzmaurice fast asleep in the gallery; Vesight talking small beer in the Lobby, do not give the stranger a high idea of representative wisdom; and, after all, it is true that the house can never be what it has been. Time works wonders. There is a destiny that shapes our ends. In the past, of what can be displayed, has the house been the theatre. No future can ever rival that. So long as England remains great, all the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge and view the hoary ruins of St. Paul's, and beneath the power of Parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the moral court of appeal, it must ever live; but pure work is less to do now; the wall of partition has been talon away. The moral momentum is fainter. Men have become more practical and less passionate. Outside the house, politics and religion are now but the direction which high water carries the vessel on its way, and we shall never see a political or religious controversy plunging the country into a moral or a political chaos. The blind, bright beam of the sun, that should be seen and felt, is dimming; the political and religious world is being drifted from our midst. Side by side with our land, there is a world where we form the twentieth part of the weight, and in the more sensitive view.

FELIX MANBY.

"Come on! come on, all!" cried a merry-looking boy in the playground of a suburban academy. "A basket and a letter for Felix Manby! Here, Felix! here is a letter from your aunt, and a basket of beautiful fruit."

Felix came running up, his countenance radiant with delight, and opening the letter, began to read:—"My dear Felix,"—

"Manby is well-named," said one of his schoolfellows, who had a happy facility in quoting passages from the Latin authors, and a knack of punning upon them. "Felix is a name of good omen; and the appellation shows that the old lady is pleased with him, and for that reason sends him this basket of fruit. *Felix qui potuit r'eam cognoscere r'ausus.*"

"Silence, Charley!" cried another boy. "Let us hear the letter."

"My dear Felix," resumed the happy recipient of the billet and

vine-leaves which covered the fruit, and began to dispense his favours. He felt himself a king for the moment, and consulted his preferences and indulged his caprices in regal style. To one he gave a delicious peach, to another a juicy pear, to the punning Latinist a fine bunch of grapes, accompanying each gift with some observation, sometimes joenkar, sometimes sarcastic. All were so intent upon obtaining a portion of the contents of the basket that no notice was taken of his caprices; and when he threw a bunch of grapes in Charley's face, the young pedant quietly wiped his face, murmuring, as he ate the grapes, a quotation from Horace: "*Impavidum ferient ruina.*" Even the applause with which the rule act was greeted by his thoughtless playmates pleased him, and he continued the distribution of the fruit, each gift eliciting renewed flatteries.

"*Docili!*" said Charley, stretching forth his hands, when



FELIX IN PROSPERITY.

the present which accompanied it, "I am happy to apprise you that Mr. Westwood's report of your conduct and progress has given me so much pleasure, that I have sent you a basket of fruit to mark my sense of your endeavours. Continue to merit the same encouragements, and I will continue the same encouragements."

"Bravo!" cried his schoolfellows. "See what a basket of encouragements! Look at the peaches and the pears, the plums and the grapes! You can spare some, Felix; be a good fellow, and divide them."

And the joyous troop of boys surrounded the happy owner of the fruit, shouting in the exuberance of their glee, clapping their hands, and plying him with cajoleries. The vanity of Felix was gratified by the temporary importance which the possession of such a basket of fruit invested him with in the eyes of his fellow-pupils, and waving them from him with an air of majesty, he removed the

he had eaten the grapes; and when Felix responded to his appeal by throwing a pear, which struck him on the breast, he replied, in the sublime words of the wife of Paris, "*Puto, non dolet!*"

It was only when the basket was nearly empty that the sudden popularity of Felix Manby began to diminish. Then, murmurs against his partiality rose among those who had been less favoured than others; and those who had shared most largely the contents of the basket, but who conceived themselves injured by the humours which he had allowed himself, declared that his impertinence was insufferable. Charley kicked over the empty basket, repeating solemnly, "*Felix coronat opus.*"

Felix was thus made to expiate his vanity and presumption. Each insult that he received was only a retaliation. "The sugar with which we sweeten injuries leaves a bitter taste in the mouth," says a Chinese proverb; and these humiliating taught the boy—

though the lesson was a rude one—that there is a difference between prodigality and true generosity. But the first feeling which they produced was only resentment at what he regarded as the ingratitude of his schoolfellows, whom he reproached in no measured terms; his anger, however, produced only a laugh, and Charley chanted the first line of the Iliad, which alludes to the wrath of Achilles, to the air of “Rule Britannia.”

About a week after this incident, just as the boys had commenced their sports in the playground, another basket and another letter were brought, both addressed, as before, to Felix Manby. The boys gathered round him, and with an air of anticipated triumph, he broke the seal, and read as follows:—

“The basket of fruit which I now send was intended for you; but as I was about to send it off, I received a note of complaint from Mr. Westwood, who is dissatisfied with your late behaviour.

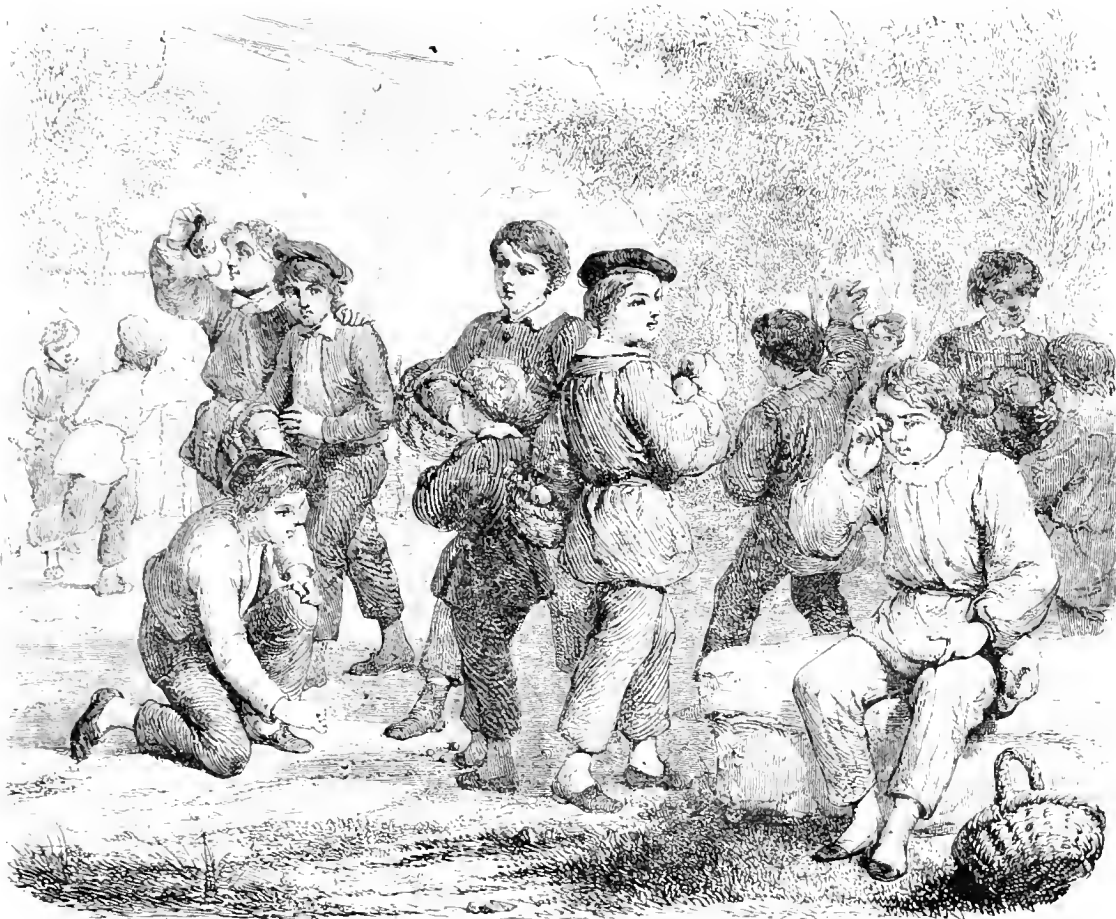
Latin pleasantry, “Felix is, like the Tityrus of Virgil, *incubans sub tegmine fagi*.”

When, however, all the rest had retired, each with his portion of fruit, regarding Felix as they passed him with a look of indifference or of mockery, Charley remained on the spot. He slowly approached the mortified and humiliated boy, and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

“Come,” said he, in a low voice, “hear what Ovid says.”

“Ah, would you mock me?” cried Felix, angrily.

“No,” replied the Latinist; “but I would have you be a philosopher. So long as your good aunt called you her dear Felix, and sent you fruit, you were courted; when she cooled towards you, and sent you nothing, you were abandoned; it is the way of the world, my dear fellow, and proves the truth of those beautiful lines



FELIX IN ADVERSITY.

In consequence of this communication, I desire that the fruit may be divided among your schoolfellows, without including you in the distribution.”

Felix turned pale and red alternately, and the billet dropped from his hands; but the announcement was received by his schoolfellows with gleeful shouts and clapping of hands. The basket was opened, and two stewards were elected by universal suffrage, who were charged with the duty of making an equitable distribution of its contents. Some of the more generous of the boys turned with a look of compassion towards Felix, who was seated on a bench, with his back to them, shedding tears of mortification, and proposed that he should be included in the division; but the majority appealed to the letter, insisting that the injunction to exclude him was positive, and ought to be adhered to. The stewards had no alternative but to abide by this decision, and carry out the lesson which Manby's aunt was anxious that he should receive.

“In fact,” said Charley, who could not resist the temptation of a

“*Donec eris forte, multos numerabis amicos.*

“*Tempo, a si fuerint nubila, solus eris.*”

Felix shrugged his shoulders.

“Don't bring your Latin puns to me,” said he, sullenly.

“Perhaps you would like this better,” returned Charley, offering him a part of his own share of the fruit, which Felix accepted with a bad grace. “Eat it, and profit by the lesson. In this world, Manby, it is necessary to use our prosperity so as to retain the friendship which we may need in adversity. He who would meet kindness and forbearance, must show them towards others. *Par pari est cur*, says Phaedrus. There is a delicacy in giving which enhances the value of the gift, and there is a manner which deprives it of half its worth, and obliterates the sentiment of gratitude.”

This lesson was not lost upon Felix, and his future conduct, shaped by his remembrance of it, brought him a degree of real happiness which proved the appropriateness of his name, as his punning friend had pointed out.

RUSSIAN FORTS IN CIRCASSIA.

The progress and aggression of Russia have never been displayed in more marked colour than in the attempts made by that power to subdue the brave tribes of the Caucasus; those hard mountaineers, who, with their chief, Schamyl, have been habitually herds of horses all year, and who now, from peculiar circumstances, have come so prominently before us. The efforts of Russia to extend her territory have been for half a century incessant. She has gone on working her way, despite mountains, hills, rivers, and valleys, and yet has been enabled on her onward course, close to the frontiers of Persia, to the unending energy and courage of the Circassian tribes. Of late years, however, she was beginning to make much more impetus, and the possession of fortified towns and forts, in the possession of Russian troops, seemed to ensure the ultimate conquest of the country.

The native general, who seldom has kept the forces of the Czar at bay, did so by the exercise of the virtues of patience and self-denial. He never lost hope in the future destinies of his country, and even appeared to prefer death in battle to submission to the dead level of Muscovite civilisation, to the rule of "that good man the emperor," as the Rev. John Overton Charles calls him. Schamyl has, during the long contest of years past, proved himself a general and a statesman. Dr. Frederick Wagner says:

"The organisation of the Circassian army is a masterpiece of neatly-meditated precision, for it is constituted in a way calculated and designed to render possible the utmost strictness of discipline, without damping the natural warlike feelings of his subjects. Every unit keeps 300 horsemen at the disposition of the chief, and the conscription is so conducted that out of every ten families one horseman is drawn, and that family is free during life from all taxes, while the other nine have to furnish his outfit and sustenance. This is the standing army."

Schamyl has taken a lesson from the customs of other nations besides his own: "In his military arrangements he has so far imitated the Russians as to institute orders, marks of honour, and distinctions of rank. The leaders of a hundred men who signalise themselves in action, receive round silver medals, bearing appropriate poetical inscriptions; the leaders of three hundred men receive three-cornered medals; and those of five hundred, silver epauletts. Before 1842, sabres of honour, to be worn on the right side, were the only marks of distinction distributed. Now the leaders of a thousand men receive the rank of captain, and those of a larger number are generals.

It is this general and this people the Russians have sought to subdue, and to effect this purpose the more effectually, they have erected forts at different places. These forts are very interesting features in the scenery of the war, and we proceed to notice some of them.

Gezi was one fort. It stood at the entrance of a vast gorge, down which came rushing a mountain-stream, and from the peculiarity of its position it was the most healthy of all the Russian forts. The hills, which fall away into a steep slope down to the sea, are at the bottom clothed with magnificent foliage, here and there broken into wide, open, grassy spaces, which give the whole a park-like appearance; and there, says a British officer, writing in May, "are now decked in all the beauty of spring." Half-way up the mountains the trees were more bare, and a short distance above that they had no foliage at all. The following picturesque description of the scene is worthy of preservation. "We see promise in such narratives of a deeply interesting series of books, likely to extend our geographical knowledge when the war is over. "Then the scene changes from elm or oak to pine and larch, which at first runs up with a mixture of other foliage, and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black tinge have all the top to them eyes. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Toward beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are three peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter, beauty and grandeur. The fort is a square, with bastions at the angles, and there is a black house at some distance from it up the valley, to command the passage."

Near this is the town of Pafuri, and the coast of Imzerilla, a country

inhabited by Christians of the Greek church, favourable to Russia. The chief is bought at the price of 25,000 dollars, paid annually. "Some people," says a recent traveller, "the more that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amidst it. These people, then, should be the noblest on the face of the earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some mile across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful. Snake arises here and there, as if agriculturalists were at work; and distant houses of wood are bathed in the brightest sunlight. This is summer; winter approaches half way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs and pines and steady snow-patches in the ravines; again there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this, first-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter, indeed, in all its dreariness and fieriness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling. It lies in one thick, unbroken mass, extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain in their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. A Russian monastery was seen enloured in trees, one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished. It is now deserted. The circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect."

Advancing towards Suchum-Kaleh, there is a fine view of snow and rock. The former, on the far-off mountains, appears to come down to the very base; but though ice and snow can be seen on all sides, the weather below is very hot. The scene is very picturesque. The snow-piles and drifts are partially lit up by the sun; elsewhere they are concealed by clouds. It is very difficult at times to define the limits of sky and hill, for they seem to melt into one another. One giant peak of porphyry, with a vast mass of perpendicular towards the sea, towers over the glaciers and snow-filled valleys.

A bay, of handsome proportions, forms the entrance to Suchum-Kaleh. In a part of it there are seventy fathoms of water. The place is very beautiful. Passing voyagers can smell the odours of delicious flowers wafted from the shore. Here the Russians and the Georgians lived together on terms of the greatest amity. It is a very populous district. Houses, homesteads, farms, are scattered all around. It has a red-hot shot battery on one flank, and the old Genoese castle on the other. This is surrounded by a strong wall, of great thickness and extent. Between these is a long street, with shops and houses of wood and stone. A spacious road leads to the country. It has walls on either side covered with trees, and behind them are cottages covered with roses and jessamine. There are botanical gardens in this place with whole hedges of roses. The place altogether seems to have been one which the Russians must have left with regret.

Beyond Suchum-Kaleh are the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which here runs inland. The highest peak is 8,000 feet, and forms one of the most splendid snow landscapes in the world. The next post of importance is Rebut-Kaleh, which the Russians almost wholly destroyed, previously to abandoning it. A personal observer says: "The place is entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the main part of the town, but black beams strewed around. In the centre stood isolated the some steps which formed the approach to the church. The chimneys and ovens of the houses alone mark their site, all the rest having been of wood. Apparently a handsome street had run parallel with the river; but its houses must have been very unhealthy, as both on the north and south sides stretches a marshy country, covered with brushwood and large hills. The glass of the houses was seen in fused lumps; pottery strewed the ground; and occasionally were found rats and mice, from their position burnt to death in the act of running away."

This is a picture of war rather dark and desolate in its suggestions. There are several other stations, however, which have been recently visited. There is Wilhelmowsky, occupying a beautiful position on a fertile slope, with excellent defences, beneath which the cliffs fall abruptly into the sea, with valleys between at intervals, filled by luxuriant foliage. The next little station, of Lazaroff, is picturesquely situated in the very centre of some

deliberate scenery. This is not, but it is now a strange corner of the outer walls of the centre of a little level, rising up the side of a vast gorge. On each side, and to every part of the distance, a valley and dale may be seen, a level covered in tall grass and cereals behind, closing up the cones of snow and pine clad mountains. Several mountain streams, sweet and wild, near Liszouk, and in those will now be seen Turkish and Circassian trading boats. Indeed, should the Allied Powers secure the independence of Circassia, this country might easily now be opened up to civilisation and commerce. The nation has confidence in us, which, if we do not abuse, may make of it a useful ally.

The next station is Gofirinsky, and then Point Bardan. The Russians had hitherto failed in capturing, and hence, being the only Circassian outpost, it was the place where the young ladies of Circassia were started to be rightly settled in the hands of Stambul. We will, previously to making any remark on this point, quote an extract from an intelligent officers letter, to which we shall afterwards reply: "As soon as we were landed, we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led me by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a large field, surrounded by woods, among which several well built dwellings showed their roofs. This was a beautiful spot, and the ground beneath us a mass of daisies and but crocuses. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to seek one of the mountain heights. We had a heavy pull up this hill, on a narrow pathway covered with briars and brambles. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather more faded, but with beautiful complexions and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces; we had a dragoman with us, an order which they showed the good sense by neglecting. At the top we had a most noble view, a complete panorama of rich wood, overtopped with snow; several villages were dotted among the woods and upon the mountain sides, the dwellings being all of wood. We descended by another mountain-path to the sea; here we took another stroll, and entered the wood. We had been advised not to straggle far, as the Circassians of the mountains were ignorant of our arrival, and might take us for Russians. In the wood we met with a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted and proceeding slowly; with him were two Circassian girls—the daughters, as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce; but on hearing us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be Englishmen." Then his daughters came forward, and shook

head with us. One of the two was not above five years old, the other not more than three. They were both tall, slender, and light-looking, with large, bright, intelligent, and lively eyes. They were quite dressed in the ordinary Circassian style, but their dresses were of a different material from those of the women of the mountains.

The same interesting scene is described in the *Fort and Camp* by the gentleman to whom our letter was addressed. The Russians have in the wood taken up the report that the Circassians are to be sold as slaves; they, to examine them, were invited in. But a Christian would be able to buy a Circassian girl. The young ladies were the daughters of the noble wife of a Circassian baron, and as the slaves. They came with an intention to be sold out to India on northern European shores. It is regrettable that our friends, the Circassians, did not be convinced it was not an ordinary slave-trade, and we should have to look up in them, with our noble-minded friends, very properly. The other young ladies had seen the French, the English, and the other. He sometimes had these Circassian girls look forward to this, as they wished to get a good education and a fulfilment of their wishes in England, just as a young lady in London might be "drilled" and her. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked in earnestly, in confirmation of papa's words, and in the son of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pointed out I would bear a fine polish. But a Circassian girl had to be at Stambul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stambul. They are generally educated in Turkish young lady-like accomplishments, music, etc., and imbrill by degrees the artificial life must lead home forth. No Turk ever marries, unless he provides well for his wives with all manner of ornaments and luxury, and hence a decrease in the population which would greatly gratify Mr. Dalrymple. As the Turks of the lower orders die at Stambul, this place is mostly filled by fresh imports from Asia. A French officer told me that boats had arrived to export a freight of the same nature as the little blue-eyed girl I have told you of, a French ship would hold 200 of them. On descending the mountain we saw a number of Circassian women, sitting in the brushwood among the ships; directly we appeared they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of "Jack-in-the-box." I cannot account for such excessive delicacy on their part, except, perhaps, by their being the wives of some of the warriors on the beach, who perhaps were very jealous fellows.

ROYAL TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

In walking through the old Gothic abbey of St. Peter, and surveying the tombs of departed kings and queens, the spectator cannot fail to observe the similarity which they bear to each other. There is little variety in the reliefs which ornament them, and the statues are always executed in a stiff and formal style, and held flat on their backs, with their hands either crossed over the breast or joined in prayer. Previously to the accession of the Stuarts, most of the kings and queens of England were interred in Westminster Abbey, and their tombs are useful as records of the progress made in the ornamental arts during the period between its foundation and the death of Elizabeth.

The chapel of the founder, Edward the Confessor, is full of ancient remains, of which the chief is his own tomb, nearly in the middle. The relief work, though very much degraded, is a curious monument of antiquity, but the design is superior to that of a later date in a different style. This Adel Saxons king and king was originally buried at the rock of Westminster, on the erection of the shrine by Henry III., his remains were transferred to their present resting place with much pomp and solemnity. In the same chapel, a large, noble-shaped effigy, composed of 1123 slabs of Purbeck stone, represents the remains of Edward I. who was crossed in 1774 by a granite tomb, the Society of Antiquaries. The royal effigy was found in a state of perfect preservation, clad in two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the

other of crimson velvet; each shoulder hand held a sceptre, and a royal crown glittered on the head. The corpse measured six feet two inches. The monument of his queen, Eleanor of Castile, whose conjugal virtues tradition has so pleasantly recorded, is of gray Petworth stone, covered with a table of gilt copper, on which the statue of the queen lies in the usual recumbent position. It is a creditable performance for the age, and the nobility of the original is well expressed in the sweetness of the countenance.

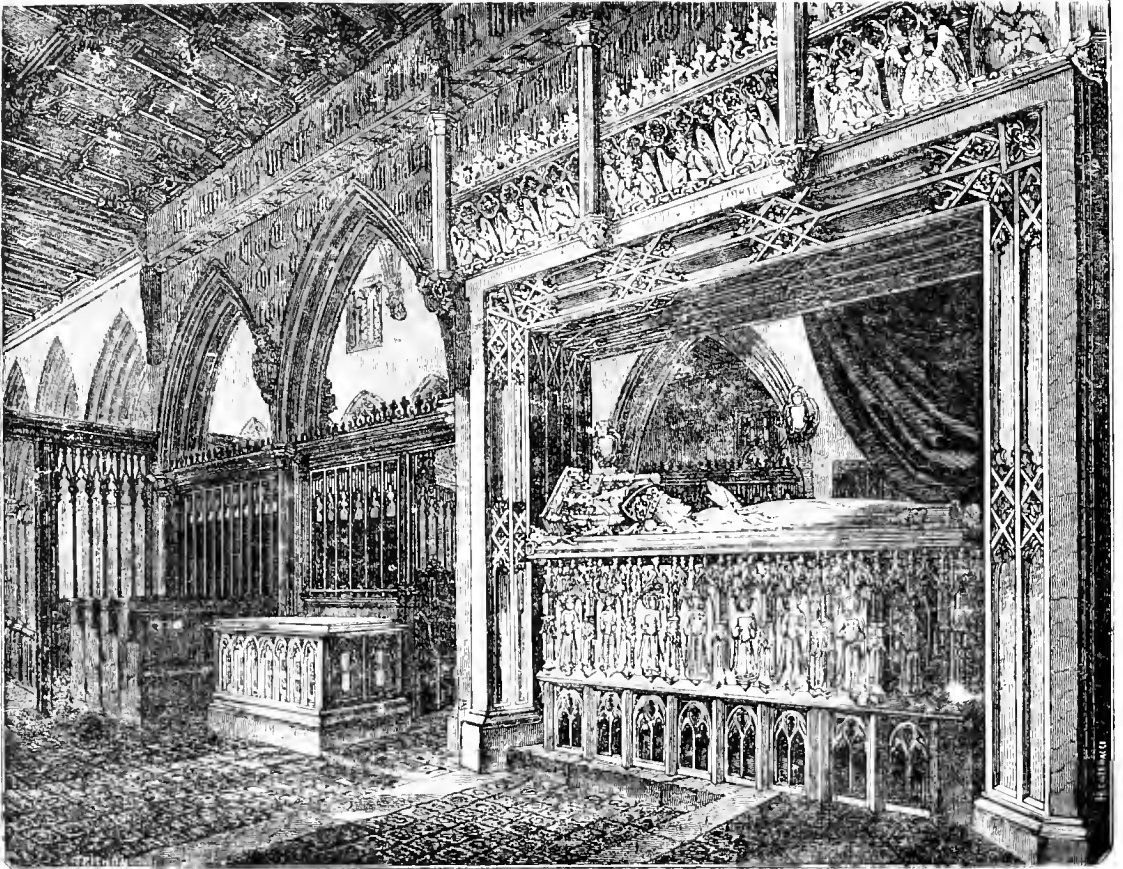
The lofty and somewhat imposing tomb of Henry III., is very similar in materials and style of workmanship to that of Edward the Confessor. The brass statue of the monarch, which lies upon the brazen table of the tomb, is the first specimen of casting executed in this country; both the statue and the table are richly gilded, and the table is engraved with a beautiful inscription. The king is the most interesting specimen of sculpture of the reign of a monarch of inferior merit, and is very creditable to the sculptor, that Cardinal Becket, whose remains are deposited under the effigy, also deserves to be mentioned as having been sculptured by the same hand. Henry VII. is represented in a kneeling posture, in the effigy, the queen is seated on a high throne, and is accompanied by a group of attendants. The effigy of Richard III. was not interred in Westminster, but is deposited in the choir of the abbey, the tomb being a magnificent structure, which is now almost entirely gone. A magnificent monument of Henry VIII. was erected in the same spot, which has long since been almost wholly destroyed.

All these tombs and effigies are much decayed and ornamented

executed in a uniform style of stiff formality. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, a better style began to prevail, and though the statues were still laid on their backs, in rigid and ungraceful postures, an improvement is perceptible in the chiselling of the countenances, the folds of the drapery, and the ornamental accessories. The superb tomb of Henry VII., in the chapel called after that monarch, is a specimen of this improved style; it is the work of an Italian, however—Pietro Torrigiano, a fellow-student of Michael Angelo, whose nose he is said to have broken in a dispute respecting their comparative proficiency in the arts. The pedestal is of black marble, but the figures and pilasters are of gilt copper. The statues of Henry and his queen lie upon the tomb, side by side, with their hands raised in the attitude of prayer. Simplicity is the characteristic of the design, and there is an extremely natural expression in the countenances of the royal pair. The screen which surrounds the tomb is the work of English artists,

upon four marble pillars, of the Corinthian order. The cost of this sumptuous monument was £965, exclusive of the materials. The design was furnished by John de Critz, who also executed the painting and gilding. The monument of Queen Mary, of Scotland, is in better taste, and the statue of the beautiful, erring, and unfortunate queen, in white marble, has an air of delicacy which creates a far more pleasing impression than the glaring splendour lavished upon the tomb of her enemy.

We cannot more appropriately conclude this notice of the royal tombs, than with the reflections of Washington Irving, in reference to his own survey of them. "What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres, but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is indeed the empire of death; his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monu-



A TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and is a most elaborate specimen of open-work founding in brass and copper in the pointed style of decoration. There is an octagonal tower at each angle, and an arched doorway, surmounted by a shield of arms, on each side. A projecting cornice and a parapet form the upper part, and on the transverse plates at the sides, between the two divisions into which the upright compartments are divided, is a long inscription to the memory of the monarch whose remains repose beneath.

The later royal monuments are not superior to this, and by some are thought scarcely equal to it. That of Queen Elizabeth exhibits a considerable deviation from the designs of the sepulchral monuments of the preceding age; but the custom of representing the deceased lying stilly on the tomb, face upward, is slavishly adhered to. An open arcade, with a richly-ornamented entablature, rises upon a large altar-tomb of marble, upon which lies the statue of the queen, painted and gilded in a style of gaudy and meretricious magnificence. Each side of the arcade is supported

by a pair of marble pillars, of the Corinthian order. The cost of this sumptuous monument was £965, exclusive of the materials. The design was furnished by John de Critz, who also executed the painting and gilding. The monument of Queen Mary, of Scotland, is in better taste, and the statue of the beautiful, erring, and unfortunate queen, in white marble, has an air of delicacy which creates a far more pleasing impression than the glaring splendour lavished upon the tomb of her enemy.

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ments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history becomes as a tale that is told, and his very monument a ruin."

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

In the gallery of the Luxembourg palace, in Paris, is the magnificent picture by Horace Vernet, here engraved, representing one of the most memorable episodes of the quarrel between those master-geniuses of their period - Raffaele and Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. The responsibility of a quarrel so much to be deplored is said to rest with those artists of inferior genius, who, jealous of the reputation of Raffaele, and the favour in which he stood with

talent; and the universal esteem which he enjoyed, with the celebrity which he immediately acquired as a painter, excited the envy of the Roman artists - the gifted Buonarrotti being no exception. A rivalry sprang up between the two great painters, which increased with the fame of Raffaele. "Michael Angelo," says Lanzi, "disclaiming any secondary honours, came to the combat, as it were, attended by his shield-bearer; for he made drawings in his grand



RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO AT THE VATICAN.

the pontiffs, Julius II. and Leo X., availed themselves of every opportunity of fanning the flame of rivalry between the two great masters into enmity.

Raffaele had already acquired considerable celebrity at Florence, when he was summoned to Rome by the first-named pope to decorate the walls and ceilings of the Vatican. Arrived in the Eternal City, his attractive person and engaging manners obtained him the favour of the most illustrious men of the day, whether in rank or

style, and then gave them to F. Sebastiano, the scholar of Giorgione, to execute; and by these means he hoped that Raffaele would never be able to rival his productions either in design or colour. Raffaele stood alone; but aimed at producing works with a degree of perfection beyond the united efforts of Michael Angelo and Sebastiano del Piombo, combining in himself a fertile imagination, ideal beauty founded on a correct imitation of the Greek style, grace, ease, amenity, and a universality of genius in every depart-

ment of the art. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, and allowed him no respite. It also excited him to surpass both his rivals and himself in every new work. The subjects, too, chosen for these chambers, aided him, as they were in a great measure new, or required to be treated in a novel manner. They did not profess to represent bacchanalian or vulgar scenes, but the exalted symbols of science; the sacred functions of religion; military actions, which contributed to establish the peace of the world; important events of former days, under which were typified the reigns of the pontiffs Julius and Leo X.; the latter the most powerful protector, and one of the most accomplished judges of art. More favourable circumstances could not have transpired to stimulate a noble mind."

The excellence of Michael Angelo, as a painter, is chiefly in vigour of design; in composition and colouring he was far surpassed by his rival. It occurred to him, as Lanzi has stated, that if he supplied the design, and Sebastian del Piombo executed the picture, Raffaello would be unable to compete with them. In this manner was produced, in fresco, a "Transfiguration," in the chapel of St. Peter in Montorio. Raffaello, being subsequently employed to paint a picture for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., in his accustomed spirit of emulation, chose the same subject. "This is a picture," says Mengs, "which combines more excellence than any of the previous works of Raffaello. The expression in it is more exalted and more refined, the *chiaroscuro* more correct, the perspective better understood, the pencilling finer; and there is a greater variety in the drapery, more grace in the heads, and more grandeur in the style." The heads are considered the most perfect he ever painted, and the colouring is extolled as eminently beautiful.

Sebastian del Piombo, being engaged by the cardinal to paint a companion-picture to that of Raffaello at the same time, chose for his subject the "Raising of Lazarus," the design of which was made for him by Michael Angelo. The two pictures, when finished, were exhibited to the public; Sebastian produced a very fine painting,* which has been very much admired, but the palm of superiority was awarded to the magnificent picture of Raffaello. It was during this period of rivalry that the meeting took place between the rival painters, the memory of which has been preserved by Horace Vernet in the picture from which our engraving is taken. Michael Angelo was passing through a court of the Vatican, when he encountered Raffaello in the midst of a group of his pupils. "You have a suite as numerous as a general," he observed, in a tone which betrayed his envy, as he passed on. "And you," responded his rival, "go about alone, like the hangman." Buonarrotti is descending the stairs, carrying before him his portfolio and brushes, and a plaster cast and a sword; he looks back, with a glance of hatred and envy, towards his rival, whose handsome features wear an expression of calm disdain. A little apart from the group of students are several peasants, who come to serve them as models; the young woman in the centre, with a brunette complexion, downcast eyes, bare feet, and a naked child in her lap, is evidently a study for the Madonnas which the painters of Italy have produced in such numbers.

THE MEETING AT BOULOGNE.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I CAN recollect nothing, since the great Field of the Cloth of Gold, to resemble the very grand affair we have had at Boulogne. My partiality for that old place as an autumn residence is well known; and as I arrived before such royal and imperial honours were decided on, I obtained lodgings at a reasonable rate. Most of those who came to see the pageant will tell a different story. Where they managed to put all the people, I really cannot say, unless they packed them on shelves. I fancied all England was coming; and what with the visits from friends, the awful cannonading and fighting, and the dust and general noise, I do not know when I shall be myself again. I had taken the trouble to go over with a friend, who is very learned in history, to the site of the old camp at

* The "Raising of Lazarus" was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Orleans; it was purchased by the late Mr. Angerstein for two thousand guineas, and is now in the National Gallery.

Boulogne, right away to Heuvault and Wimereux, where so many thousands collected to capture old England, which only three days ago I actually saw shining far away with its white cliffs in the distance. I could say something pretty about the rainbow of liberty stretching from these heights to Dover cliffs; but then, as, according to the *Moniteur*, the emperor said nothing of the kind, I may as well drop the metaphor.

We learnt, I assure you with some surprise, that Prince Albert was coming. I will own that I was very incredulous on the point, even until the 2nd. I walked down with my boy towards the port to see the steamer come in. The well-informed said the Guards were on board, who were to be Prince Albert's escort. Well, the steamer came in, but no guards were to be seen. This made me smile. My triumph, however, was short-lived; for in a few minutes another steamer arrived, and on board this were a small party of five Life-guardsmen and two Blues, in charge of twenty fine horses belonging to Prince Albert. There were a great many French soldiers in the crowd; and no sooner were our men on shore, saddling their horses as coolly as in the barrack-yard, than the Gauls rushed up and insisted on drinking with them. You see they knew the way to an Englishman's heart. The women of Boulogne were much struck by the English soldiers, who certainly were very fine fellows. They will be lions for the rest of their days, and will talk to thousands with pride of their visit to Boulogne and the reception they met with there.

On Sunday we were surprised by the arrival of the King of the Belgians, who, however, only stayed a few hours, leaving the same evening. Next day came the king of Portugal and his suite, so that we had nothing but saluting and powder-burning all day. Boulogne never had such a harvest. The emperor drove out wearing the grand cordon of Portugal, while the king wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. It is generally believed that these two royal visits would have been much protracted, but for a question of etiquette. The emperor wished to pay almost exclusive attention to Prince Albert; but the two others being crowned heads, they would necessarily have had precedence over a king-consort, which, under the circumstances, the emperor would not allow.

Tuesday, the 5th of September, was really a glorious day. Overhead shone a bright and cloudless sky, illumined by a sun such as has done so much good to the harvest; the sea was not so placid as the waters of Leman's lake, but still was not rough. A fresh breeze braced the nerves of the masses, and all Boulogne was on foot—visitors and sight-seers to see, tradesmen and others to prepare for the golden harvest. A gay and delighted crowd, with a great preponderance of ladies, collected on the pier between seven and nine—some in straw hats, some with parasols, some with umbrellas, and not a few with telescopes. Meanwhile, in the town, busy preparations were making. Right away from the Hotel Brighton, round the railway station, all along the busy quay to the landing-place, there were flags and gaily-ornamented poles in great profusion quite a change from the usual fishy and ill-favoured appearance of Boulogne streets.

It was a little after nine when the paddle-boxes of the "Victoria and Albert" came in sight, and the excitement of the masses began to know no bounds. The English were particularly moved from their usual phlegm and equilibrium. They thought their personal honour at stake that the display should go off well. A pilot was seen to go out in the gig of the captain of the fort, and then the squadron became visible to the naked eye. They approached at a very good speed. The French by this time were down in great numbers; hitherto the pier had been almost wholly tenanted by English. When the joint flags of England and France could be distinguished on the "Black Eagle" and "Vivid," and "Victoria and Albert," the cheering was immense. A burst of cannon at the same moment announced that the emperor had started to meet the representative of the royal family of England. He came in a carriage accompanied by the British ambassador, the foreign minister, and the minister of war.

The fine new body of the "Hundred Guards," which formed the escort, excited much attention. Their uniform is rich, especially with helmet and cuirass, though in undress they look too much in the style of Souleuvre's guards. They have sky-blue frocks, gold

lace: red trousers, gold stripe; cocked hat; a waist fit for a girl; and sword. They are truly a pretorian guard, and their personal devotion is secured by their pay being double that of any other troops, while they are better fed, mounted, and cared for. They are the picked men of France. For myself, I prefer the *carabinieri*. The other military corps who turned out were of the very best regiments.

The emperor, as usual, wore a full suit of uniform, of no particular rank, with a profusion of stars and orders, which he has collected during his eventful life. He was surrounded by a staff very much resembling that of the emperor at Austerlitz, only more brilliant, as far as gold and lace could make them so. There was a body of civilians, too, the mayor and corporation of Boulogne, some of them once warm partisans of another Louis, now no more.

His majesty had resolved to be the first at the rendezvous; and so he was. Seven minutes elapsed between his arrival at the landing and the coming up of Prince Albert—seven minutes spent in apparently very lively conversation; for the staff laughed loudly and often. But now up came the royal yacht, and the prince, with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Seaton by his side, was recognised by the English, than whom no people are more learned in public men. A lusty English cheer, in which my Henry joined, made my head ache. It was taken up by the French, who are becoming great proficient in howling; and at twenty-three minutes past ten the vessel was moored. The emperor and prince had already raised their hats and bowed. The prince now came ashore in a quick, almost anxious, manner, and advancing, raised his hat again; the emperor did the same, and then they shook hands.

Cannon roared, "God save the Queen!" burst from French lands, the vessels in the port were all manned, the crowd grew denser every minute, ladies in splendid dresses poured down in greater numbers than ever, and England and France seemed one. All felt, as I did, doubtless, that the present war was a fine thing for the emperor. To us the alliance is politically of vast importance, but to the Queen personally it is of no moment. To Louis Napoleon it is a kind of legitimisation. It has buried the past in oblivion, and raised the character of the empire.

The same afternoon began the sight-seeing and military parading for Prince Albert. He started for the camp at Honvault about four, escorted by his seven English soldiers, whose appearance excited immense interest—quite a sensation, in fact. The general reception by the French troops was very enthusiastic. There is no denying it, the French are in their element. They are at war; and the army is, to a man, eager for the fray. If the emperor wanted volunteers, I do believe the whole army would turn out. Nothing is thought of but battles and sieges. Louis Napoleon might, just now, lop off even the semblance of a constitution he has given the people, and not any murmurs would arise. I was never so convinced of the military character of the French nation before.

The camp commences at Honvault on the plateau above Boulogne. It is a kind of mud or clay city—a long line of huts, each containing twelve men. They are pretty comfortable. The kitchens are apart, and built of stone. It presents a very curious panorama to the eye, especially when the soldiers are lounging about in easy dress. High mass is performed every Sunday; and, weather permitting, there is dancing the same evening. The English crowd up to see the fun. A *café*, billiard tables, and cards afford amusement to the officers, who also walk of an evening over to the town, when their manoeuvres do not require their getting out before daybreak the next morning.

The view from Honvault is striking. Away for six miles along the coast, by Wimereux and Audouville, the white tents of the soldiers can be seen. It is a very remarkable congregation of soldiery, and reminds one of the days when a similar army was collected by another Napoleon, at the same place, for quite another purpose. The change of feeling since 1818 has been immense. From my knowledge of France I must say that it has all taken place since then. Under Louis Philippe the feeling was hostile in the extreme.

A great deal has been said about a banquet, a toast proposed by Louis Napoleon, and a speech made. The words have been given in the most authoritative manner; and one writer says, "I am

able to give you some details of the banquet at the Hotel Brighton." Where he got his details from I know not; but the whole is imaginary. No toast was proposed, and no speeches made. It was also said that Louis Napoleon took off his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and handed it to Prince Albert. This could not be, as Prince Albert has had the cordon some years already.

Wednesday was spent in military inspections, and on Thursday our beautiful yacht came in for a share of the honours. It was visited in the afternoon by the emperor, who went over it minutely and took refreshment in the splendid cabin. He much admired our tars, and certainly had a very good specimen before him, for they appeared to be about the best men in our navy for appearance. The yacht was visited by many others after the departure of the royal party.

A ball was announced in a large open place with trees, famous for festivals of the kind, called Tintelleries. It is an oblong space, railed in. The English were invited *à la carte*. The illuminations were good, but an unlucky shower of rain kept a great many away. English and French national airs were played at intervals all the evening, and on each occasion excited immense applause. All this is very theatrical, and a great deal of it mere lip enthusiasm, but still there is much genuine feeling at bottom. The tremendous vows of friendship made between strange Englishmen and stray Frenchmen, lasted, even in their memories, only the evening; but the alliance of the two nations will not soon be forgotten.

I know nothing of military affairs, but Henry went on horse-back to the great review, or battle, on Friday, and brought back a most enthusiastic report. It was like going to the Derby. Carriages, carts, horses, donkeys, and donkey-carts were all to be seen making for Marquise—celebrated for its legs of mutton at an early hour. This was the head-quarters of the imperial army. Louis Napoleon commanded here in person. The sanguinary invaders, who were supposed to have landed at Calais, were led by General Schramm. The affair began on Friday morning. Henry says: "Having bivouacked at Marquise, the enemy showed themselves at early dawn. The emperor's right wing extended to Holiquent; his left to Lequent. At half past seven the armies were *en présence*, and the roar of artillery commenced on both sides. I now began to understand what a battle was. A battery of heavy field-guns opened on Schramm. The Imperialists made a charge, supported by the whole right wing. A terrible engagement, as far as noise, dust, and confusion, made it so, now ensued, which ended in the retreat of Schramm—*comme de just*."

"Schramm, however, tried it again. At Inglevent he endeavoured to make up for the misfortune of the morning. A cannonading, beating everything I could have imagined, now ensued. At this moment I saw the emperor and the prince. They were gazing at the scene. The emperor's steed pawed the ground like an old war-horse, and was evidently warmed and delighted. I must say, the emperor himself joined with boyish delight in the scene, just like his uncle in the battle of Brienne. Prince Albert, too, was quite enraptured by the novel spectacle, while I never saw any set of men more excited than our guard-men. They were all in their element, which, when we add, that one had been in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, will be understood.

"Some fine cavalry charges here took place, which appeared to decide the battle, for Schramm again retreated, and retired to Cesar's camp at Wissart."

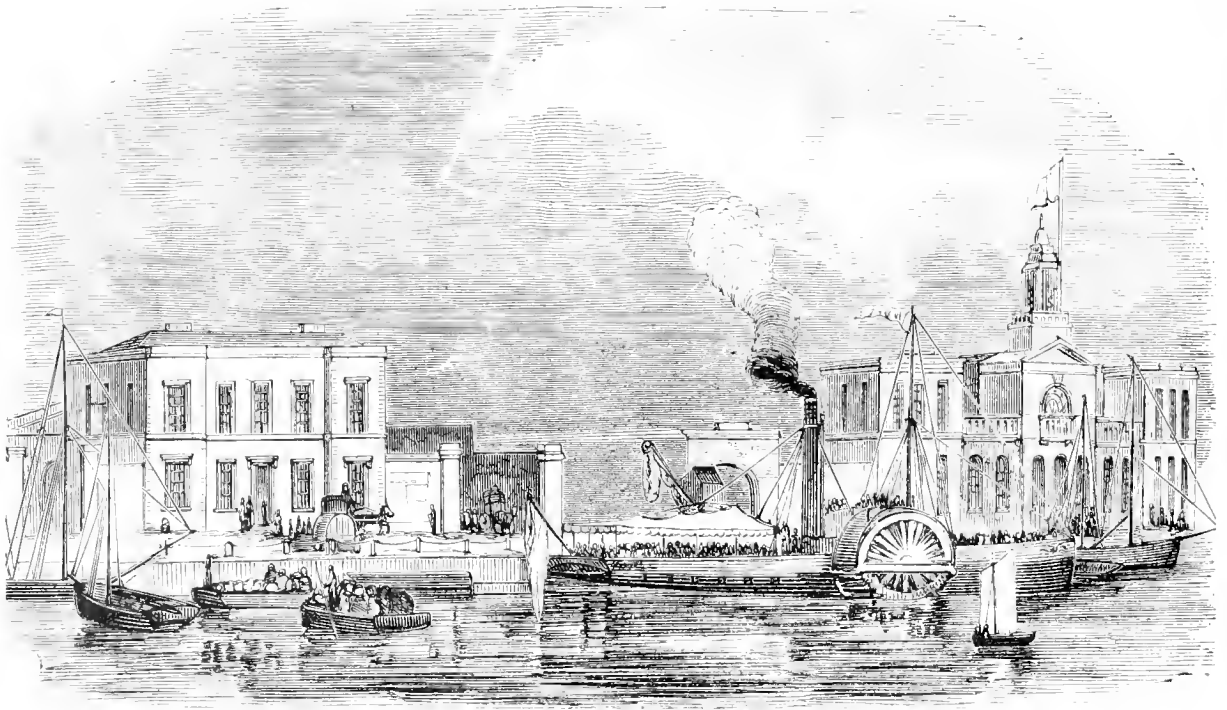
There was to have been a great deal more of all this, but in my opinion there was quite enough. The military display lasted many days longer, but Prince Albert left the same evening. The sea was now, indeed, as calm as an inland water, with a silvery moon, making night beautiful. The crowd was immense, and cheered the prince lustily. The emperor escorted him to the quay, and saw him on board, when the yacht weighed anchor and departed, sending up a magnificent display of rockets.

The military manoeuvres were to end with the capture of the city of Boulogne, but this idea was abandoned for the present. The army was to have marched up from St. Omer and besieged and captured the city. An inspection of the army took place on the 11th. The review by the Emperor when I mentioned that there was a great deal to be seen by sketching, was the most military spectacle I ever beheld in my life.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

IN former volumes we gave numerous illustrations of Irish scenery, chiefly from the pencil, no less accurate than fanciful, of Mr. James Mahony, of Cork, a fellow-townsmen and schoolfellow of Maelise, and one whose native genius, like that of the great painter just named, has been disciplined and matured by study of the best continental masters, in Italy and elsewhere. The appearance of those sketches in our pages was the means, we believe, of attracting to the sister country a considerable number of visitors who might not otherwise have gone thither; and we are happy to think that the majority found the reality of the scenes more attractive than our description, or even Mr. Mahony's delineation, had led them to suppose. During the present year he has opened up a vast extent of new ground, richer, if possible, than what he had before depicted; and with his aid we purpose taking a rapid and cursory view of the more recent beauties he discloses. We shall begin with that delightful region of the south lying between Cork and Killarney; or rather that first and briefer portion of the route which the new line of railway between Cork and Bandon has

valley, through which winds the Currabeg road, thus avoiding much of the bleak and uninteresting track of the old mail-coach road in the western environs of the city, and reaches the Waterfall Station, six miles from Cork. From this point a magnificent view of the "beautiful city" and suburbs of Cork is obtained, and the distant mountains of Dumanaway, Kerry, and Kilworth are seen to great advantage. About a mile further on we reach the antiquated ruin of Mourne Abbey, adjoining which is to be seen the ruins of a Danish fort; here the highest point of the railway is reached, and we descend through a tunnel half a mile in length, arriving at the Ballinhassig Station, ten miles from Cork. From this point omnibuses in connexion with the company ply to and from the town of Kinsale, nine miles distant. Winding along the deep valley of the Owenbeg we arrive at the Upton Station, fifteen miles from Cork. Emerging from the deep cutting at Rockfort, where a vein of silver ore was discovered during the progress of the works, we now approach the most beautiful scenic attractions along the railway, namely, the Brinny and Bandon Valleys, at which



CORN EXCHANGE, CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY TERMINUS, AND RIVER EXCURSION BOAT. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

rendered accessible to travellers, instead of the old route either through Mallow, or by way of Dumanaway, Bantry, and Glengariff. Our opening sketch speaks for itself, and represents a party proceeding down the beautiful river Lee—a subject we introduce here for the purpose of acquainting the intending tourist that he may vary his trip in the district alluded to by a water excursion, which, for the brief time it takes and the small sum it costs, is probably without compare in the United Kingdom, as it presents the opportunity not only of becoming acquainted with one of the most lovely rivers in the world, but also of visiting the most attractive points of interest within Cork harbour, viz., Passage, Monkstown, Haulbowline Island, and Queenstown. The sketch represents one of those excursion parties embarking on board the steamer on arrival of the train at Cork.

Soon after leaving the Cork terminus, the train passes over the Chetwynd Viaduct, nobly raised on arches of 100 feet high, and 120 feet wide, spanning the deep glen that widens into the broad

point the rivers bearing those respective names unite, close to the picturesque ruins of Dundaniel Castle. Here, indeed, the lover of the picturesque may enjoy a delightful ramble through this rugged, yet luxuriantly-planted glen, which forms part of the extensive property of the Duke of Devonshire, about one mile distant from the pretty little town of Innoshannon. Diverging from the Brinny Valley, the train enters the Bandon Valley through a tunnel 170 yards in length, and crosses the river of the same name, over a handsome bridge, constructed of timber and iron, to the Innoshannon Station, eighteen miles from Cork, and two from Bandon. The scenery from this station to Bandon is indeed charming; the railway runs parallel with the river, which is sinuous in its course, the hills on each side of the vale being high and steep, and planted to their summit with varied and stately timber, while the numerous villas and gardens with which the whole is interspersed add to the beauty of the picture. Having passed through this "happy valley," we arrive at the terminus, twenty miles distant from Cork, at the "pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood," as Spencer called it, one of the largest, best built, and most respectably inhabited

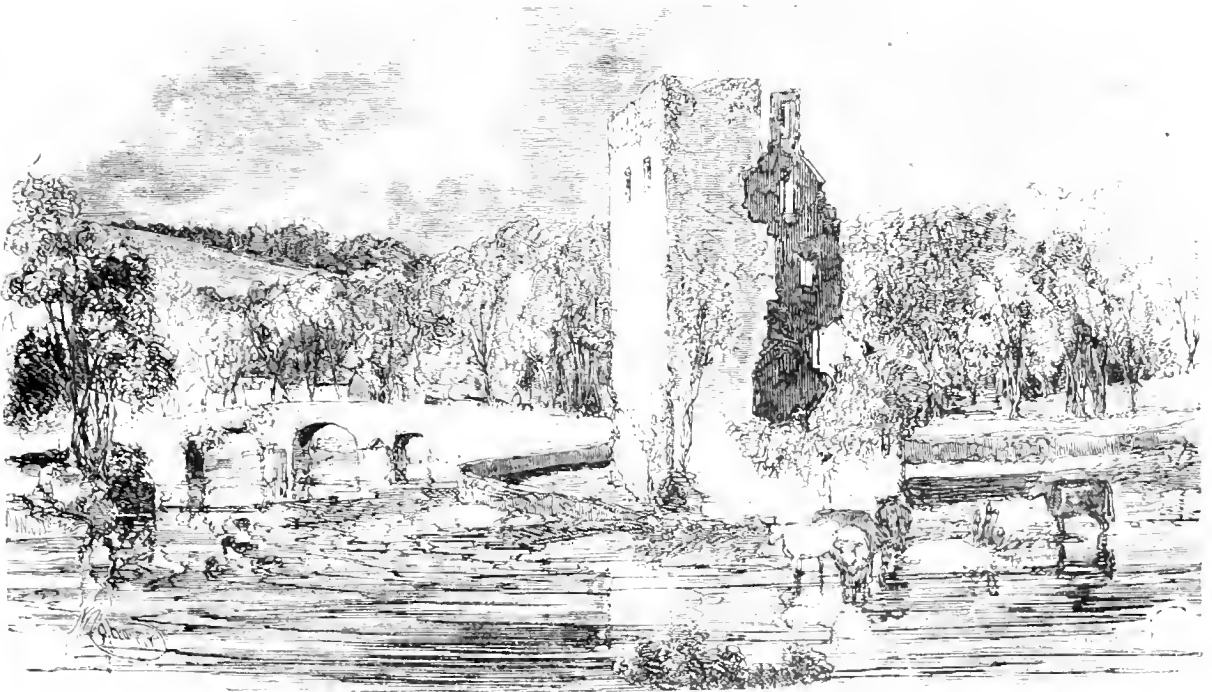
district towns in the country. The river before alluded to flows through it, and is spanned by a bridge. It was represented for a short time, previously to the passing of the Reform Bill, by Lord John Russell. The western environs are singularly beautiful, and

open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway.

The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distil-



THE CHETWARD VIADUCT, ON THE CORK AND LONDON RAILWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



MEETING OF THE WATERS, DUNDANIEL CASTLE, A SKETCH IN THE BRINNY VALLEY ON THE BANEON RIVER. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

hat immediate vicinity derives no small portion of its attractions from the demesne of Castle Bernard, the princely seat of the Earl of Bandon, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and father of Viscount Bernard, member of Parliament for the borough. The conservatories, gardens, and the demesne grounds are most kindly thrown

open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway. The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distil-

leries, a newly built church, celebrated for its architectural beauty, and an excellent hotel, named after the principal proprietor of the town, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. There are regular weekly and monthly fairs held, which are becoming very important and extensive. Here also the first movement was made towards the in-

roduction of the growth of flax into the south of Ireland, and there is little doubt that ere long the produce of this important article in the South will compete in honourable rivalry with the sister North, the trial crops having yielded very handsome profits.

An Act of Parliament has been obtained for extending the railway from Bandon to Bantry, with branches to Clonakilty and Skibbereen, which will materially facilitate the tourist in his movements, and open up an extent of valuable country, the mineral, fishing, and agricultural resources of which it is impossible to estimate; while at the same time little doubt exists of the line being eventually extended to the important harbour of Crookhaven, the nearest south-westerly point to the American continent, and where every probability exists of a transatlantic packet station and a depot for embarking and disembarking passengers, mails, etc. between the Old and New Worlds, in addition to the telegraph communication, being permanently established. Of this we shall give a sketch and some particulars on a future occasion.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

In the old cathedral city of Norwich—famed at Christmas for its splendid turkeys and tempting sausages—in those days of glorious extravagance when George III. was king, threading his way along the intricate streets with which it abounds, might be seen a figure whose oddity of appearance would at once attract the eye. Possibly a few roguish school-boys, with the want of true insight into character incident to that age, might be seen following in his wake. From them the stranger might learn that the individual before him was known by the *soubriquet* of Old Horn-Button Jack. With a countenance much resembling the portraits of Erasmus, with gray hair hanging about his shoulders, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and his hands behind him, as if in deep meditation, he would be sure to excite the attention of the observer; especially when we add that this little bandy-legged individual arrayed his outer man in a short green jacket, a broad hat, large shoes, and short worsted stockings; and well might the observer stare, for in John Fransham he saw no ordinary man.

Norwich has the honour of his birth, which important event took place about the year 1740. At an early age he exhibited marks of genius, and appears to have been destined for the church. Unfortunately the want of funds compelled him to relinquish that idea and betake himself to a far different occupation. At Wyndham he was apprenticed to a cooper; three weeks, however, of this drudgery sickened him of trade. He was, consequently, compelled to do something for a livelihood. Amongst other things he wrote sermons and offered them to clergymen, some of whom, struck with the singularity of the application, with the peculiarity of his appearance, and his extent of knowledge, offered him what he conceived to be the worth of his productions—more than that he would never take.

But our hero found it difficult to procure a living by his pen, and his father having urged him to betake himself to some regular employment, stating that he could not continue to find him clothing, and gently hinting that the shoemaker's bill was more than the parental exchequer could meet, Fransham found himself in a bit of a dilemma. Could he whose soul had been attuned to celestial philosophy descend from his mount of inspiration and spend his life and powers in the dull routine of mechanic trade? Most certainly not. At the same time, honest John was compelled to admit that a want of money, in this depraved world of ours, is a most serious ill. It was evident that, to live and yet gratify his literary taste, he must live more simply than he had yet done. Fransham accordingly recollected that shoes were not absolutely necessary to his existence, much less to his literary progress. After reflection, therefore, he resolved to discard from his dress both shoes and stockings. This resolution, to which he adhered for three years, was, however, productive of some inconveniences. With some other eccentricities he betrayed, it induced his father to suspect that his intellect was affected. That a young man should walk about the streets without stockings, was a phenomenon which could not be accounted for by his parent and neighbours on any other supposition. They could not place themselves in his situation. They could not imagine it possible that, merely to gratify an

ardent thirst for knowledge, a youth would deviate so widely from the established attire. To walk without shoes and stockings—though the constant custom on the other side the Irish Channel—was considered insanity, and his father obtained medical advice on so delicate a subject. The doctor's advice was that he should live low and not be contradicted, to neither of which conditions did Fransham junior make any very strong opposition.

Some time after this he became clerk in an attorney's office; but law did not consort well with the pursuit of knowledge, and he gave it up. After this he put himself under the instruction of a weaver named Wright, with whom he remained two years. His instructor was a man after his own heart. Wright, Fransham used to say, was one who "could discourse well on the nature and fitness of things. He possessed a finely philosophical spirit, and a soul well purified from vulgar errors." Fransham placed his loom not only in the same room, but also in such a position that while at work they faced each other, by which means they could talk together, and thus weave a mingled yarn of philosophy and wool. The death of Wright again unsettled Fransham, and he started for Scotland, with a view to study at one or other of the universities there. He embarked for North Shields, with the intention of walking the rest of the way. Meeting, however, at Newcastle, with a regiment known as the Old Buffs, he enlisted for a soldier; but was soon discharged the service, as being too bandy-legged. Finding his pecuniary resources too much diminished to accomplish his proposed object, he walked back to Norwich, which place he at length reached, with only three half-pence and a plaid which he had bought on the way. Upon his return, he contrived to live as a tutor and writer for attorneys and authors. He then formed an intimacy with a veterinary surgeon. Fransham rode home the horses after they were shod; and, whilst the iron was heating, he and his friends used to be employed in Latin exercises and mathematical problems, worked upon a slate hung against the forge. His hatred of all cruelty to animals soon, however, excited the animosity of his companions, who took their revenge by throwing the hot horse-shoes about the shop, by which Fransham's naked feet were several times severely burnt.

About 1771 he lost a kind friend in a Mr. Clute, whose instructor he had been. This rendered his scanty income more scanty still. Finding that it was not equal to his expenditure, and reflecting that it might be less, Fransham resolved, by way of being prepared for the worst, to try with how little he could live. He therefore purchased daily a farthing's-worth of potatoes, and likewise having laid out the same amount in salt—which was then a far more costly luxury than now—he reserved one potato every day from those he purchased, as a compensation for the salt he eat with the remainder; nor would he buy any more salt till he had saved his farthing's-worth of potatoes. He thus contrived to exist for a farthing a day. That he might also be prepared for the most abject poverty, he resolved to try the effect of sleeping in the open air. A severe cold, caught in consequence, effectually prevented his repeating the experiment again. His amusements were singular; one of them was playing with cup and ball, a toy called the bilbo catch, which he learnt to use with such dexterity as to be able to catch the ball upon the small or spiked end two hundred times. As he never could get beyond this number, he was infinitely distressed. "What cause," he would ask, "can be assigned for my not being able to succeed beyond this number of times? It seems, from the almost infinite efforts which I have made, and made in vain, that this number constitutes a fixed and determinate limit, since I never can exceed it. Is there anything in the formation of my muscles which prevents the possibility of my holding the toy sufficiently steady to succeed after a certain number of times? Is there anything in the constitution of my mind that prevents me from continuing the requisite fixed attention to the subject?" These were questions, alas! to which poor honest Fransham never could get a satisfactory reply.

We have called him honest, for such most undoubtedly he was, as the following anecdote will prove. He had purchased at a book-stall of some poor old woman, a small edition of one of the classics for two shillings. On showing this book to a literary friend, he was informed that, from its scarcity, it was fairly worth seven shillings. "Do you think so?" said Fransham, "I am certain

of it," said his friend; "for I gave that sum for a similar copy only a few days since." "Well," said Fransham, "I am glad you have mentioned the circumstance, as I will now go and pay the poor old woman the other five shillings." "Why so?" said his friend; "what necessity can there be for doing that? The old woman, no doubt, had a handsome profit at two shillings; why, then, should you give her seven?" "Why," replied Fransham, "if I had purchased the book of an established bookseller, I should not have felt the necessity of returning the other five shillings; because, as a tradesman, he ought to have known the price of the book, and I should then have thought it probable that his valuation of it was correct and yours erroneous. But as it was a poor old woman, there can be no doubt but that she was unacquainted with the value of this particular edition; and I think I should be doing an unjust act if I were to take advantage of her ignorance. I therefore feel it my duty to pay her the other five shillings." He accordingly went immediately to the woman, who received the five shillings with joy, declaring that she had never met with so honest a man before. Another trait in Fransham's character was his hatred to cruelty; it was the only thing that ever raised his anger. He was indignant that the clergy did not preach against those old English barbarities which were so popular in his time.

Although Fransham, in the days of his prosperity, when he was earning nearly a guinea a-week, resumed the use of shoes and stockings, yet his dress had a very singular appearance. In hot weather he would hang his green jacket across his arm, and carry his large broad-brimmed hat in his hand. Whilst walking one sultry day in this manner, he was met by an opulent manufacturer, a member of the Society of Friends, who accosted him with "My, Johnny, thee look cool and comfortable, notwithstanding the heat of the weather." "Most likely," said Fransham, "but thou lookest very hot and very uncomfortable, and verily thou wilt continue to look so, for thou hast not courage enough to follow my example, since thou darest not show thyself at the Friends' Meeting-house with thy coat on thy arm, and thy hat in thy hand, although thou professes to be indifferent to the customs of the world." To this the Friend replied: "No, Johnny, no society forbids it. I like to have some regard to decency." "Well, then," rejoined Fransham, "do, for the sake of decency, continue to wear thy thick cloth coat and great heavy hat on a hot sultry day, and I, for the sake of comfort, will continue to carry my jacket on my arm, and my hat in my hand." The singularity of Fransham's appearance, and the fame of his learning, obtained for Fransham the reputation of a fortune-teller among the ignorant. His reception, however, of two ladies who visited him in that capacity was such as to put a stop to all similar visits for the future. Fortune smiled on Fransham. He became rich. He saved a hundred pounds. Such a large sum he would not trust to a bank, but lent it to a friend. This friend failed. Fortunately, Fransham had withdrawn £75, a few weeks previously, and lost only £25. Fransham, however, stoutly maintained, that instead of losing £25, he had gained £75.

Fransham kept up his simple habits to the last. At the age of threescore years and ten, he would never allow his bed to be made but once a-week. It seemed, in his opinion, the height of effeminacy for a man to have his bed made every day. Such a custom, he maintained, was the nurse of luxury and idleness. Tea and bread and butter constituted the principal part of his fare. Occasionally, however, he would deviate for philosophic reasons. Fransham enjoyed good health. It was his opinion, however, that the value of health could only be estimated by a comparison with sickness. In conformity, therefore, with this opinion, he would sometimes call in his walks at the shop of a confectioner, where he would eat to repletion of tarts, cake, etc., till he produced a violent headache, that he might have the felicity of curing it by copious draughts of strong tea, and that he might be reminded of the inestimable value of that uninterrupted health which he enjoyed till his death, which took place in 1810. To the last he was an early riser, and an abstainer from intoxicating liquors.

In conclusion, we may note of this worthy man that he was remarkable for industry. He left behind him five manuscript volumes in quarto, most neatly written, containing original disquisitions in prose and verse, on theology, ethics, civil policy, mathe-

matics, metaphysics, &c. As a metaphysician he was an ardent admirer of Hume, whom he would call the prince of philosophers, and whose dangerous "Essay on Natural Religion" he considered one of the most masterly productions of the human mind. This was the only metaphysical modern writer he read with satisfaction. Plato and Cicero were the two idols of his bibliography. As a mathematician, he appears to have been eminent for the solidity rather than the extent of his knowledge. In this, as in other matters, he gave the chief place to the ancients. Had he lived during the famous Bentley and Boyle controversy, the latter would have found in Fransham a willing ally and friend. He had a much higher veneration for Euclid than Newton, and preferred the "Elements of Geometry" of the former to the "Principia" of the latter. Indeed, he never could understand the celebrated doctrines of Fluxions. The mathematical authors in whom he most delighted, were Euclid and Apollonius. It must be confessed that he carried his veneration for the ancients to an unreasonable pitch, since he could seldom be induced to look at any modern book on mathematics.

Fransham's religion is best described by negatives. He was not a Christian, though his life was far more Christian than that of many men who glory in the term. With the moral speculations of men who wrote prior to the advent of Christianity he most sympathised. He was neither an Epicurean nor an Academic exclusively. His philosophy was eclectic. Like the Stoics, he placed perfect happiness in virtue; like the Epicureans, he held pleasure, or happiness, to be the chief good of man; like the Academics, he detected some good in every ill.

PATTERN FOR CHEMISSETTE.

MATERIALS:—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40; Walker's Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. This chemisette is composed of raised roses, leaves, and the following

INSERTION.

Make a chain of 200 loops, and fasten off at the end of every row.

1st row: Work 1 treble, chain 1, miss 1, and repeat to the end, work 1 treble, fasten off.

2nd: Work 1 plain in the first 1 chain of last row, chain 5, miss 2 treble of last row, and repeat to the end, plain 1, fasten off, and work the other side the same.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the first 5 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, plain 1, and fasten off; work the other side the same.

4th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last row, chain 3, repeat to the end, fasten off, and work the other side the same.

5th: Work 2 treble in the centre between the 2 treble of last row, chain 3, and repeat to the end, fasten off, and work the other side the same.

6th: The same as last.

7th: Plain 1 in the centre of the 3 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat to the end, fasten off, and work the other side the same, which completes the centre piece of insertion. You now make a chain of 600 loops, and work the first four rows the same as the last insertion, which forms the outside of the chemisette; and after working the four rows, work the 7th row for the one side, work the other side the same; you then work another piece on the one side only, which forms round the neck; you then work eleven of the following roses:—

PATTERN FOR RAISED ROSE.

Make a chain of eight loops, plain 1 to form a round, and fasten off.

1st round: Work 1 treble, and then 3, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off. (You should have seven in the round.)

2nd: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1, repeat round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 6, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.

4th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

5th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 9, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

6th : Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 10 treble in the 9 chain of last round, plain 1, repeat round, fasten off.

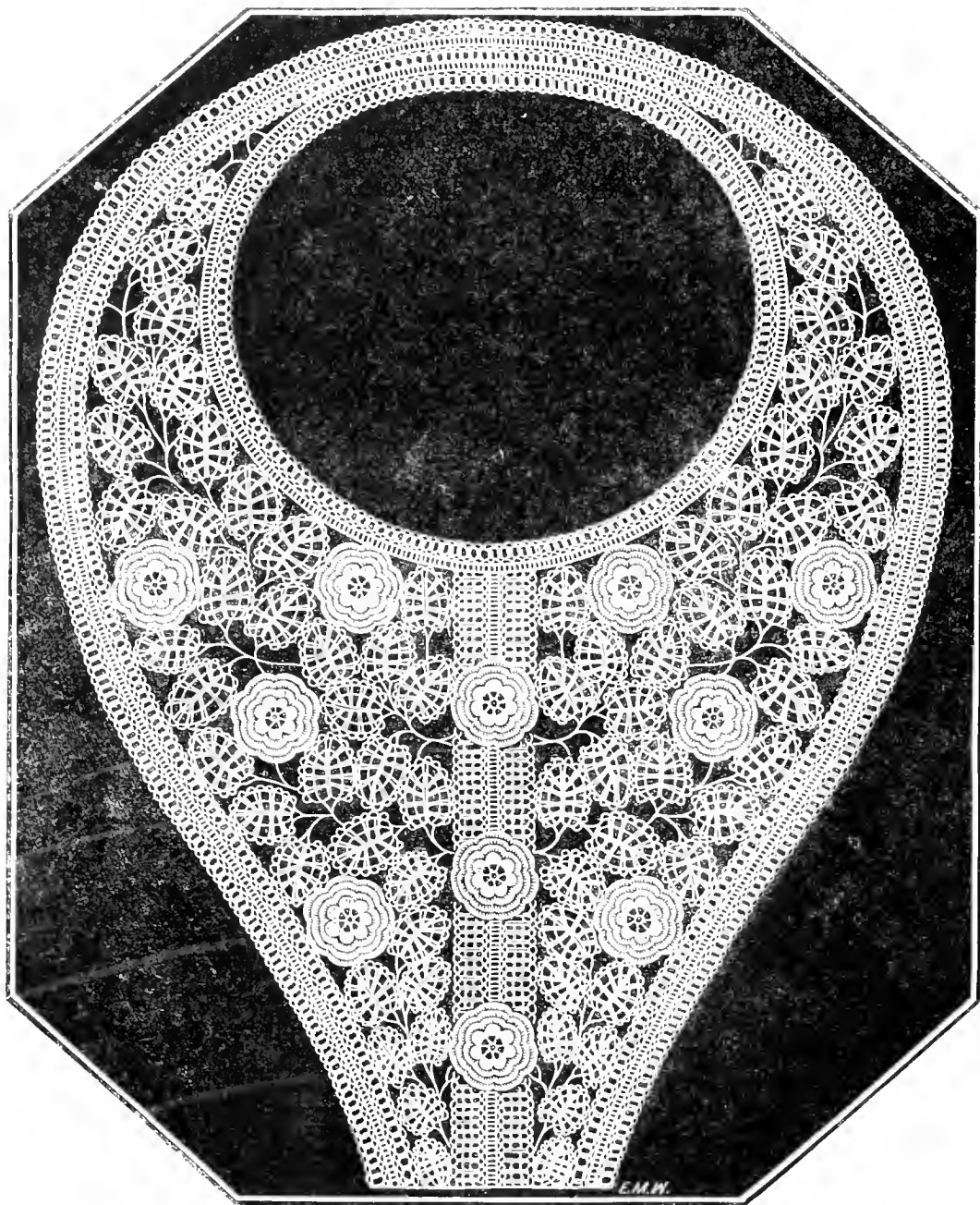
7th : Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 12, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

8th : Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 13 treble in the 12 chain of last round, plain 1, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the flower ; you require eleven of these flowers ; then work the following.

chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next treble of last round, repeat round, omitting the 1 plain which you commenced with, chain 3, plain 1 in the centre of the 3 chains, the same as on the first side, turn back.

3rd . Chain 1, plain 1 in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 1, plain 1 in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the leaf.

You now work a stalk to each leaf as follows, varying the length as required for the space you have to fill in the place allotted for



PATTERN FOR CHEMISSETTE.

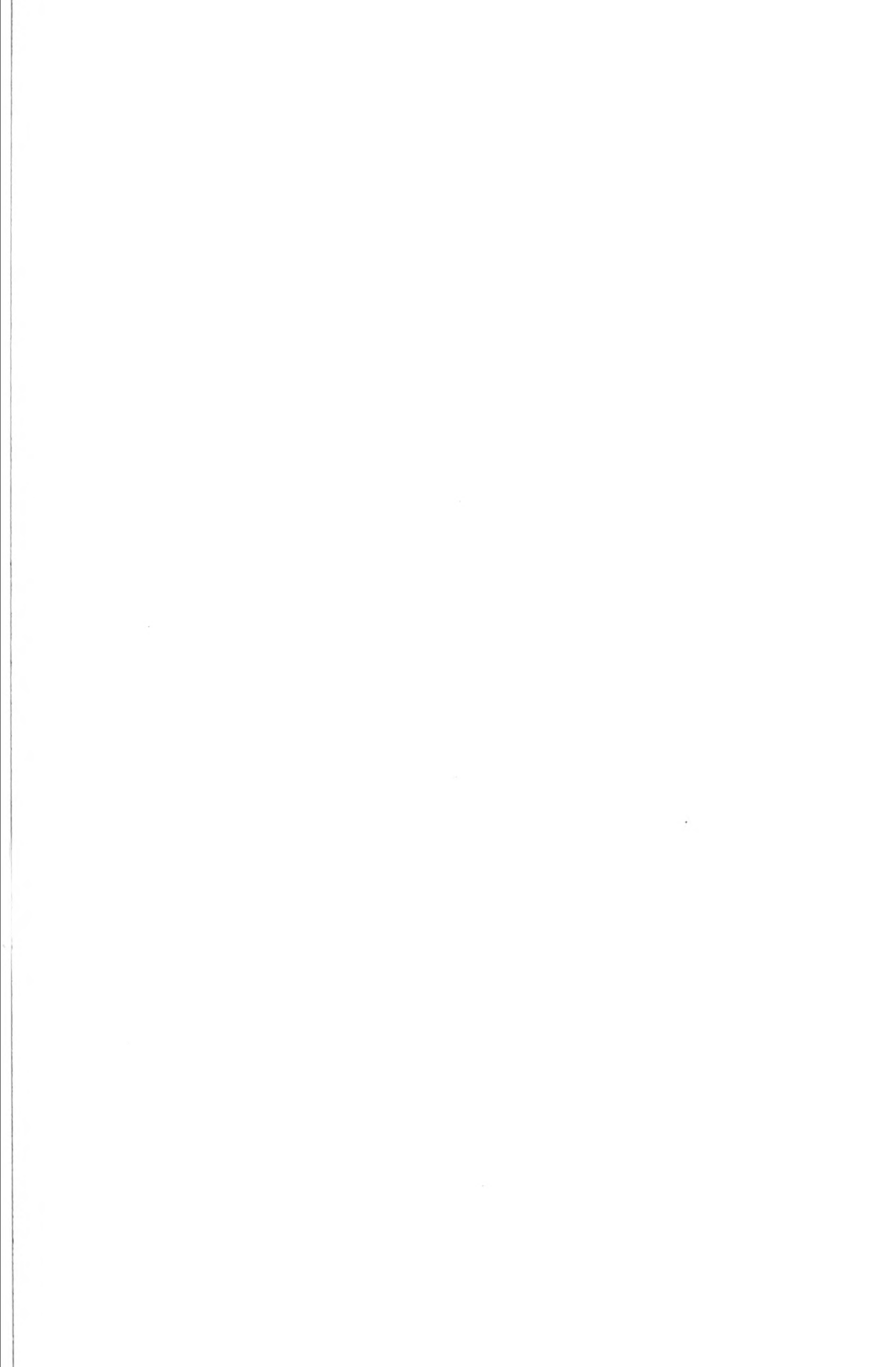
LEAF PATTERN.

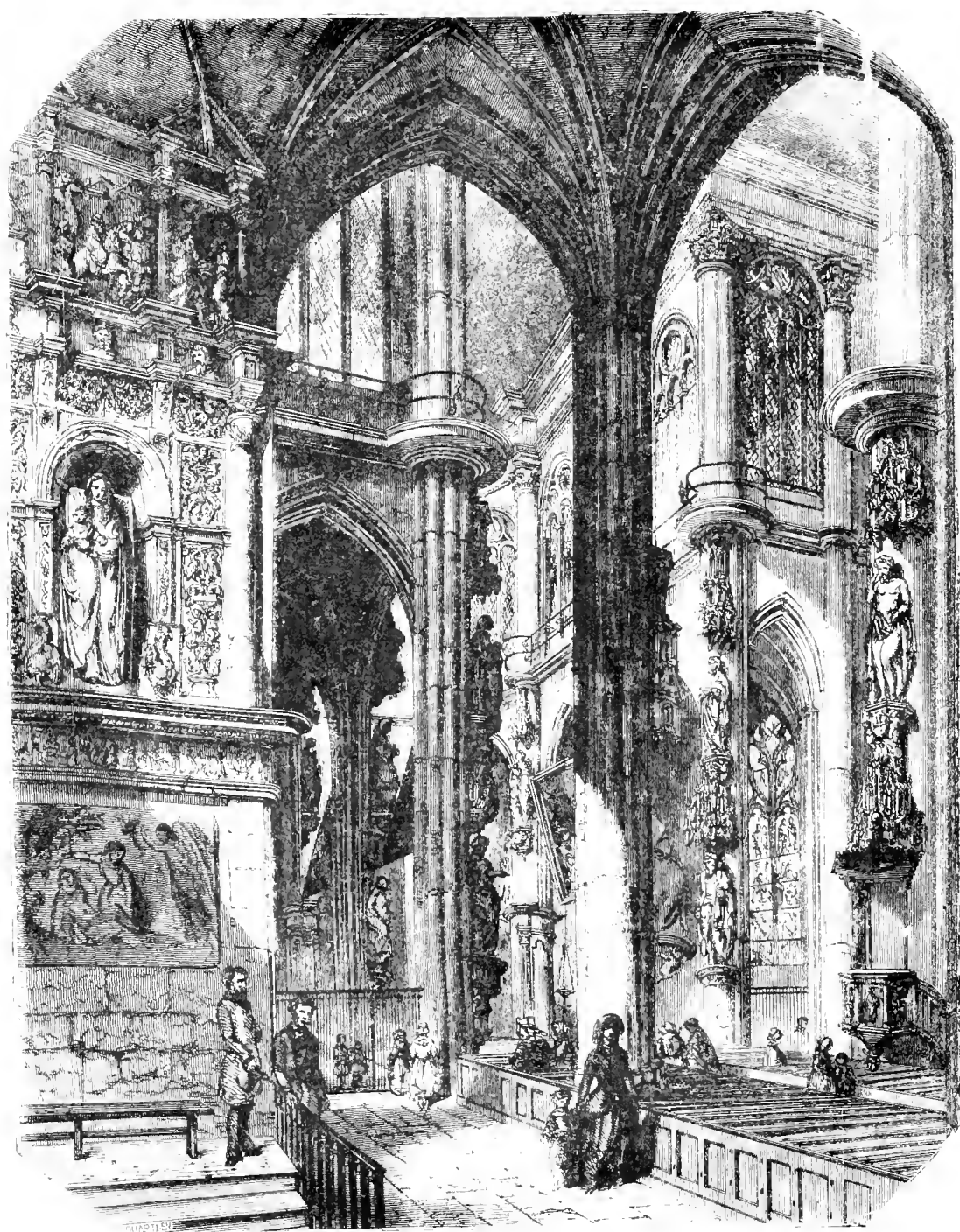
Make a chain of 12 loops, turn back, and work the 12 loops double.

1st round : Chain 3, miss 2, work 2 treble in one loop, repeat to the end, chain 3, work 2 treble in the end loop ; work the other side to correspond with the treble opposite the treble and the 3 chain at the end, plain 1 at the end loop, fasten off.

2nd : Plain 1 in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round,

each leaf, but for the general number of leaves chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the chain round between the edge and the centre of the leaf, work 1 treble on the other side the same, turn, and work the 5 chains plain, fasten off ; then join the leaves together with a stalk, with as many chains as required, and plain, or work the chain double, as taste may think fit ; then form the leaves and flowers in the insertions, as shown in the illustration, which will complete the chemisette.





CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALÉON, AT TROYES.

THIS church, which stands in the western part of the town of Troyes, in the department of the Aube, was consecrated to St. Pantaléon, in honour of Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a poor shoemaker in this town, named Jacques Pantaléon. St. Pantaléon, we may remark, suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, in the reign of the emperor Galerius, about the year 305. The church dedicated to him is an edifice of small dimensions, constructed in the Renaissance style, on the ground occupied in more ancient times by an oratory. A Latin inscription, fitted into one of the pillars, records that it was erected in 1527. The front gateway, however, is of no more ancient date than the middle of the eighteenth century.

St. Pantaléon's is a succursal church—what in England we call a chapel of ease. The walls of the nave and the chapels are ornamented with a great number of sculptures and paintings. The twelve pillars which sustain the arches are ornamented with statues of the saints, twenty-one in number, under richly-carved canopies. The countenances of all the figures have an expression of pleasing *naïveté*. The cause of there being an odd number of these statues, while that of the pillars, in front of which they are placed in two rows, is even, is, that the place of one of them is filled by the pulpit, as will be seen by the engraving. The execution of these statues is generally attributed to an artist named François Gentil, who also sculptured the group of St. Joachim and St. Anne, which is seen in the chapel on the right of the altar. The first chapel on the right of the nave, called Calvary, contains several groups in the same style, among which may be distinguished: a figure of the Virgin, called the Mother of Pity, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gentil; Pilate showing Christ to the Jews, and the Virgin supported by the Magdalen and St. John, sometimes described as the "Three Mariés." The altar-screen of the chapel is decorated with a group of figures, three feet high, representing St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, occupied, the former in cutting a piece of leather, the latter in sewing the sole of a shoe, while two soldiers are about to seize them. Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the countenances of the two saints, and forms a striking contrast to the fierce joy depicted in those of the barbarous soldiers. The costumes are those of the reign of Henry II., an anachronism very frequently committed by the artists of the middle ages. The arcades of the nave and the choir are adorned with six pictures by Carré, the pupil of Le Brun, representing the principal events in the life of St. Pantaléon; and two by Herluisson, which represent the Nativity and the Entombment of Christ.

All the churches of Troyes have painted windows. Those of St. Pantaléon are painted in black and white only, but in a good style of decoration: the subjects of these compositions are taken from the lives of the prophet Daniel and Jesus Christ. They were executed in the sixteenth century by Macadie and Lutereau. The columns of the screen before the principal altar are also worthy of notice.

The other religious edifices of Troyes are: the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter; the parish churches of St. John and the Magdalen; and four succursal churches—those of St. Nicholas, St. Renny, St. Urbain, and St. Nizier. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the exterior is much less handsome than the interior, the pavement of the choir and the beautifully painted windows being generally admired. The same remark will apply to the other churches of Troyes; that of St. John has a shrine finely sculptured by Girardon, and a good painting of the "Baptism of Christ," by Mignard; and in the church of St. Renny is a bronze figure of Christ by Girardon, which is considered one of that artist's finest works.

A VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

WE paid a visit the other day to Haslar Hospital. This fine building, which is situated upon the Gosport side of Portsmouth Harbour, near Blockhouse Fort, was first projected in the year 1742, and was sixteen years in completing. It is devoted to the reception of invalid and wounded seamen and marines, and the officers of each service, with a separate space set apart for lunatic patients. The building stands four stories high, and consists of a main body 576 feet long, and two wings 533 feet each. It contains

114 roomy wards, each capable of accommodating twenty patients; and we were informed that, in the time of war, there have been as many as 1,700 patients at one time in the hospital. Enclosed within the walls of the establishment is an airing-ground for convalescent patients, measuring thirty-three acres, pleasantly laid out with walks, grass-plots, flower-beds, &c., and a small chapel, in which divine service is performed by a clergyman, who resides in the hospital.

By the courtesy of a gentleman connected with the establishment we were conducted over some of the lunatic wards. A painful sight—but, withal, interesting and instructive. It was a sight, too, not unaccompanied with a sort of melancholy pleasure, to witness how much care and kindness had done to recompense these poor creatures for their heavy loss—the heaviest, perhaps, of all—the loss of reason. All seemed happy. Groups of old weather-beaten sailors were everywhere to be seen recounting past scenes of perils on the deep, which in all probability had never been encountered, save in the visions of "the heat-oppressed brain" of the narrator. Here was a man who had formerly been a "boat-swain." He was still indulged by being allowed to carry his official whistle, and shrilly did he "pipe all hands a-hoy!" doubtless imagining himself still upon the deck, far out at sea.

One man approached us, in whose calm, pensive face, browned though it was with tropical sunshine, there seemed something so peaceful that we could not think him mad. Laying his hand upon our arm, he looked eagerly into our face, and said in a hurried whisper: "You have seen her?" We knew not what to answer him; but the friend who accompanied us came to the rescue. "Yes," he replied, "we saw her yesterday." "Well," exclaimed the lunatic, his eyes fairly flaming with excitement, "has she not written?" Our friend shook his head. "No, no; she dare not write—she knows they stop all her letters," was the rejoinder, in a sad desponding tone. Then hastily looking up again, and darting his eyes around (we can find no other word to express the lightning-like rapidity of the motion), the poor fellow lowered his voice to a scarcely audible whisper. "But she will come to me!" "Yes." Another change from anxiety to ecstasy. "Yes; she will—I knew it! When?" "To-morrow," said our friend. "To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" he cried, with increased vehemence at every repetition of the word, until at last he fairly screamed "to-morrow!" and ran exultingly away. When he had gone, our friend informed us, that he fancied some great lady was in love with him, and every one he saw, he thought a messenger from her. And so for years had he been alternating between despair and happiness, when he thought first of her letters being stopped—and then, that she would come—and every day he felt she would come—"to-morrow." Poor fellow! the falsehoods of our friend were blissful truths to him. He knew that "she" was coming, and was happy. How cruel would the cold, stern truth have been, which told him "she" had no existence, and could never come. Truly, in cases such as this, there is a falsehood better far than truth. We went on through another of the wards, where we found a man sitting at a table, drawing pictures of ships—or, rather, of a ship—for every one he drew—and they were many—was the exact counterpart of every other. Whatever the size of the picture, there was exactly the same deep blue waves, with exactly the same quantity of white foam upon each, washing exactly the same pea-green coast, upon exactly the same spot on which stood exactly the same vermilion-coloured cottage. While, in the ship itself, every line of the complicated rigging was identically the same in every picture. And all these lines so strongly was his one ship impressed upon the artist's brain were perfectly correct. Not a rope in the whole ship was wrongly placed, nor was there one omitted; but all were carried out to such minute detail, that were it required to give a diagram illustrative of the uses of the various ropes on board a ship, perhaps no better one could possibly be had than this poor madman's drawing. At the same time, all the rest of the picture was as unlike anything on earth as it is possible to conceive. The bright red flag-stead at an angle of

about forty five degrees out from the sea-green shore, while this shore in its turn stood up perpendicular to the horizon, and the waves which washed the beach were rushing tumultuously up an amazingly steep hill. These drawings the artist sold to any visitors that happened to notice him; and there were few who passed him without laying out sixpence or a shilling in his strange productions. But what struck us most was that he had, in his odd wandering ideas, conceived the notion of *printing*! Whether he had ever seen the art practised, or whether it was a passing thought, which, flitting with other madman's fancies through his brain, had been arrested there by his one dailing thought of painting ships, we know not. We are inclined to think, by the way in which he spoke of it, that the latter was the case; and that, in the retirement of Haslar Hospital, this poor old lunatic had (as far as any previous knowledge of his own was concerned) absolutely invented printing! We had stopped to watch him painting, and had purchased one of his very largest productions for the sum of one-and-sixpence. He had fixed prices for his pictures, and he seemed to estimate their value entirely by the number of square inches contained in them—much in the same way, by-the-by, as exhibitors of certain panoramas advertise them as covering so many thousand square yards of canvas. While we were standing watching him, he suddenly looked up from his work, exclaiming, "Do you live *outside*?" We did not understand the question, and he saw it; so he explained: "I mean," he said, "they don't keep you in here—do they?" We assured him they did not. "Then," said he, "I will tell you how you can make a deal of money. I would do it myself if I were *outside*, but I can't in here. Look now," he continued, taking in each hand a copy of the ship, the coast, and the cottage. I got sixpence for this size, and a shilling for this. It takes me a long while to do them. But if I were *outside*, I could *make a stamp the same as the picture*, and then put the paint on the stamp, and squeeze it on the paper so." And he pressed down an imaginary stamp upon the paper lying before him, with all his force. "I could do them very quick then, sir—couldn't I? Now, if I was *outside* like you, sir, I would do it." We thanked the poor fellow for the hint, and promised we would make a stamp at once and set about it; and then walked on, leaving the inventor of this great art still compelled to resort to the old process of hand-labour, simply because he was not *outside*.

We left the lunatic wards, after engaging in conversation with several other patients—some of whom assured us they were kings and princes; others were sorry to say they had no grog to offer us; and no end of them sent messages by us to be delivered in towns and villages of which we had never even heard the names. Promising everything, acquiescing in everything, and purchasing everything—for there were other producers besides our friend with the ships; one man spending his whole time in making stuffed balls, another in making black dolls (&c.), which were made and dressed in a style that would be the envy of any nursery in England—passing amongst all the varied songs, whistles, orations, dances, and other sounds and sights around us, the doors of the lunatic wards at last closed behind us.

We then proceeded to the Museum. This is a well-arranged and tolerably extensive collection of skeletons of human beings, mammals, birds, fishes, reptiles, serpents, and other species; stuffed and preserved fishes; some stuffed animals, and a very good collection of birds; some strange-looking weapons—axes, knives, &c.—from various savage tribes; a Chinese shield, made of wicker-work—a curious material to ward off a blow, but bearing upon it a painting of a hideous face, to frighten the foe away; a few bells; Captain Cook's speaking-trumpet, and some other relics; and various articles which our space will not allow us to print out. Altogether the Museum is an interesting collection; it has been formed principally by donations from naval officers and others, who "went down into the sea in ships," and bring from foreign climes their varied curiosities.

However, it is time we left Haslar, and proceeded back to the town of Portsmouth. To do this, we go to Gosport, which is close by, and then over the harbour by means of a mode of conveyance which we doubt not is new to many of our readers. This is the Floating Bridge. Though called a bridge, it might with equal propriety be termed a galley, for all the steam-boats, for

though without either paddle or screw to work it, it is still a floating vessel, and propelled by steam. It consists of a large vessel made of wrought iron, about one hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth. It plies between Portsmouth and Gosport four times in the hour, and is capable, if necessary, of accommodating from twenty to thirty carriages, and about five hundred passengers at each journey. The manner in which it works is somewhat singular. Two very large chains are stretched right across the harbour from one beach to the other, the chains sinking to the bottom when not in use, so as not to interfere with the passage of vessels over them. Within the body of the Floating Bridge are two steam-engines of sixteen-horse power each; these engines give motion to two large wheels, the circumferences of which are grooved so as to receive the large chains of which we have spoken. These chains passing over the wheels, it follows that, as the wheels revolve (the ends of the chains being fixed), the bridge itself must be drawn towards this fixed point, in the same manner as a man standing in a boat and pulling a rope, the other end of which is fixed to the shore, causes his boat to approach the shore. The chain is thus lifted out of the water as the bridge goes on, and after passing over the wheel, is allowed to sink again behind the bridge.

Arrived at Portsmouth, we disembark at "The Point," close by the Quebec Hotel—an excellent house, by the way, for the visitor to Portsmouth to take up his abode in—and then proceeding up through the town, we turn up on to Southsea Common for half-an-hour's walk before dinner. Southsea Common is a large, a very large open tract of land, one side of it being washed by the sea, the other bounded by handsome terraces and buildings forming the town of Southsea, the fashionable suburb of Portsmouth. The bathing at Southsea is said to be equal, if not superior, to any in England. A handsome carriage-drive and promenade, close by the water's edge, along the whole length of the common, and affording a beautiful view of Spithhead and the opposite shores of the Isle of Wight, has recently been constructed by public subscription, aided by a grant from the Treasury of £387,108. It is called the Clarence Esplanade; it consists of a fine carriage-road forty feet wide, and a foot-path of twelve feet, and is upwards of a mile in length.

At the end of the Esplanade nearest to the town have been erected two statues. Inscriptions affixed to these inform us that they are placed there "in honour of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, K.B., hero of the Nile and Trafalgar," and "in honour of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G., statesman, hero, conqueror." In honour! Heaven save the mark! What is the fatal destiny which hangs over every British hero? How is it that so few escape having their effigies stuck up in such form, that once a year at least, upon the 5th of November, my little boy in the kingdom would be completely justified in seizing them, and burning them for "Guys?" Poor Nelson! his celebrated exclamation, "England expects every man to do his duty," strikes reproachfully upon the heart when we behold his sculptured caricature. So long has England been "expecting," and yet no man has as yet done his duty by removing this. However, Wellington, poor man! is, perhaps, even worse. His statue battles description, as does Nelson's also. Suffice it to say, the "statesman, hero, conqueror" has legs whose gigantic proportions, compared with the rest of his body, might well be supposed to typify the firm stand he always took against the enemies of his country; though why these tremendous limbs should be encased in Jack-in-the-water boots, which by no means fit him, or why he should be made to stand there all day upon some cannon-balls, which must be a very uncomfortable, not to say an idle footing, we can't discover. As to Nelson, he leans upon an anchor of most a drossy-diminutive size, especially when compared with the immense coil of cable to which it is attached. The intention of this strange want of proportion, we must say, puzzled us likewise; the only thing we can think of is, that the artist, conscious of the beauties of his work, was anxious to give the statue "rope enough," in hopes that the old proverb would be carried out. However, there he still stands, in an attitude which strongly suggests the idea of the hero of the Nile being about to do a little juggling with a telescope which he is holding in his hand. These two statues, we are informed by the inscriptions, were pre-

sent to the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Portsmouth by Lord Frederick Fitz-Larence, in 1750.

From Southsea Common the fleet at Spithead forms a very pretty object in the landscape. A new regulation has recently been introduced with regard to ships coming into port. Formerly the ships were "paid off," and the crews sent ashore, their pockets full of money and their heads full of anticipated "spree" on shore; and then, after having squandered all their wages and ruined their health by a continued course of debauchery, they were left helpless, friendless, to seek another ship or starve. Now, however, instead of being paid off and discharged, a fortnight's leave is given them to go ashore, and six months' wages kept back, both as a security for their returning to the ship, and as a fund for them to fall back upon when all the rest is gone. Some of the sailors object to this alteration; but we fear the majority—reckless fellows as they nearly all are—have a very different idea. One man we spoke to seemed to think it a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the same ship again. He said: "You see, sir, after a three year's cruise or so with the same shipmate, we know too much of one another." A true sailor's longing for change! Another improvement—a far greater one, perhaps, than this—is the establishment of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, where they can live while on shore at a most reasonable rate, and have all their money and clothes taken care of for them, instead of their being driven to the frightful dens of infamy where so many of them, until now, passed all their time as long as a single shilling remained in their possession. This Home was established a few years back by charitable donations, and has been found to work admirably.

But to return to Southsea Common. One of the most general sights to be seen here is the exercising of the different regiments stationed in the town, who go through the various military manoeuvres of the common, and are inspired by their full bands, some of which play very beautifully. Another sight, of a very different kind, but one not without its interest to the thinking mind, is also frequently to be seen here. We allude to the gangs of convicts who are employed in improving, levelling, and draining the common. We never see these wretched outcasts of society, led out in gangs by horses or oxen, no longer free agents, but taken to work whether they will or not—labouring, not to obtain a future good, but to extortone a by-gone wrong committed; we say we never see a gang of convicts, with out an irresistible desire, prizing up within us to try to fathm the mind that lies below the fixed, sullen look that every face wears, to think what each man's feelings are. One pair of eyes meets ours, and is instantly cast down; we think we see almost a blush rise to the convict's face. He is a young man, and we feel that man may yet perhaps be reclaimed. He passes, and a second comes, whose fierce frowning

low peaks plainly of a flame—every man's hand against his neighbour's hand shall be against every man. He has society; for he has wronged it, and society has punished him. Another we fancy a more animal; he does not care. He gets his food and lodging—he got no more to be stolen; what matter where he is? He doesn't care for people staring; let 'em stare—they don't hurt him. These, and a score more varieties we are sure you have detected. But enough. Portsmouth is a great or public for convicts, several hulks being situated in the harbour. These, however, are now nearly empty, a new convict pen being in course of construction in the town, a pen of stone and iron, instead of of the hulk. A large number of them are employed in the Dockyard, the Gun-wharf, and other public places, (trenches, where, on their daily march, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, thus rendering escape impossible.)

But we will leave these convicts to their labour, and pay a visit to one of the establishments we have just mentioned—the Gun-wharf. The Dockyard would require no article to itself. The Gun-wharf, as its name implies, is a store-house for artillery. From this place the guns are shipped off to all the world, as they require them; and here, when ships are laid up in ordinary, their guns are brought and stored away until again in need. Wherever the visit is turned, his head, long rows of cannon, of all conceivable shapes and sizes, are ranged side by side, presenting a singular appearance as they gradually diminish in perspective. Immense pyramids of cannon-balls, shells, &c., piled upon each other, are to be seen ranged around, some of the piles containing upwards of 2,000 balls. The shot used in the naval service, to be seen at this establishment, are of all sizes, varying from 3lb., which is the smallest, to 70lb., the largest. Then there are Turkish cannon balls, taken in battle, made of solid iron; Chinese shot of different kinds, French, Spanish, and Portuguese cannon; and various descriptions of guns and shot from other countries. But, perhaps, the most interesting object (not a pleasing one, for the whole atmosphere of the place seems redolent of slaughter) is the Small Armoury. Here are shown all the varied instruments employed by civilised humanity to knock each other's brains out, cut each other's throats, or blow each other into atoms by means of "villainous saltpetre." It is a distressing thought how much ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of instruments of destruction. Well, well, standing here, surrounded on every side by muskets, swords, and bayonets, it is not for us just now to moralise on war. An evil we know it to be—a hideous, unmitigated evil, whether a necessary one or not—that is the question. We will leave it unanswered for the present, and only say that if it ever should come near our shores, here is ample preparation for it.

MOZART.

This eminent composer, one of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century, was born at Salzburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756. His father was sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop of Salzburg, who in those days was also a temporal prince of the empire. In the intervals of leisure afforded him by the duties of his office, he gave lessons on the violin, and taught the rules of musical composition to a select number of pupils. He was also the author of a work on the violin, which was held in much esteem in his day, and may still be referred to with advantage by students of the divine art. The musical taste and talent of the father were transmitted to the son, who, before he had attained his third year, evinced his aptitude for music by the delight which he took in the lessons on the harpsichord, which his sister, four years his senior, received from their father. His great pleasure was to find *tricks* on this instrument; and, when he succeeded, he expressed his joy in the most exuberant glow.

The sensitiveness which is the almost invariable accompaniment of genius, and which was very acute in the case of Mozart, was manifested at a very early age. "Do you love me?" was a question he frequently put to those about him, as soon as he began to talk; and, when ironically answered in the negative, tears filled

his eyes immediately. The ardour with which he applied himself to the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, and the interest which he took in his studies, were extraordinary for his age. "While learning the elements of arithmetic," says one of his biographers, "the tables, the chair, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations." And it may not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music; had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating power would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice.

The powers of application and memory were possessed by the child in a remarkable degree. The exercises and simple lessons which his father taught him at four years old, more to amuse him than with belief in his ability to master them, were each learnt in about half an hour. Soon after he had attained his sixth year, he acted with his father by composing a concert for the harpsichord, mostly original, and correctly written; this was shown to several professors of the art, who pronounced the most favourable opinions, their only objection being that it contained too many difficult passages. He afterwards composed some short

pieces of music, which his father noted down; and it is to be regretted that none of these early productions have been preserved. The encomiums which these compositions elicited determined the elder Mozart to cultivate the musical talent of his son, and also to introduce him as a prodigy at the courts of the German princes. He first took him to Munich, and the favourable reception he met with there from the elector of Bavaria encouraged him to proceed from thence to Vienna, where the wonderful child performed before

to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age, I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings; and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution, in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age."

On taking their leave of the British public, the family returned to the continent; and while staying shortly afterwards at the Hague, six more sonatas were published. From the court of the Stadt-



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

the emperor Francis I., who was as much delighted with his vivacity as amazed by his proficiency in music.

In the year 1763, the family made an extensive European tour, and passed several months in Paris, where the child-musician performed on the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king of France and all the court, and gave several public concerts, which were well attended. From Paris the Mozarts proceeded, in the following year, to London, where they remained until the summer of 1765. Here also he exhibited his talent before the royal family, "and

holder the party proceeded to Paris, where the patronage young Mozart's talents received induced them to make a long stay. In 1768 they returned to Salzburg, where Mozart, by desire of the emperor Joseph II., composed his first entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by Metastasio, and also by Hasse, who was then in the zenith of his reputation. It was never publicly performed, however, and is now unknown; the modern standard of criticism cannot, therefore, be applied to it, but, in all probability, whatever merit it possessed was only of a relative

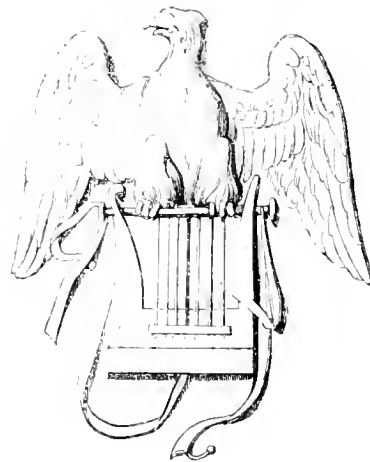


BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.

underwent," says the biographer quoted before, "more severe trials than any to which he had been before exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner." During this residence in the British metropolis, he composed and published six sonatas, which he received permission to dedicate to Queen Charlotte. "Of Mozart's infant attempts at music," says Dr. Burney, "I was unable to discover the traces from the conversation of his father, who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable

character. He was only thirteen years of age at the time, and nearly twelve years elapsed before he produced an opera which has survived his period.

In the following year the Archbishop of Salzburg appointed him director of his concerts; but shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to Italy, where he added largely to the laurels he had already won. The pope was so much pleased with him that he conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur; and while in Rome he gave a remarkable proof of his large concentrativeness and powers of



memory, by noting down the whole of the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed in the pontifical chapel. At Bologna he was introduced to the celebrated Martini, who expressed the warmest admiration of his talents; and he was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica. His second opera, "Mitridate,"

1773. In 1775 he composed the cantata, "Il Re Pastore" for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, and in the course of the four succeeding years he produced several other works, none of which, however, though highly admired at the time, obtained the celebrity so deservedly acquired by his subsequent productions.



BRONZE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALZBURG.—BY SCHWANTRALLER.

was written at Milan in 1770, and performed twenty nights consecutively in the opera-house of that city. "Lucio Silla," produced three years later, had twenty successive representations; but neither of these operas has been reproduced in more recent times. Two masses for the chapel of the elector of Bavaria, an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera," and some other works, were also produced in

In 1779 Mozart rested from his wanderings, and settled in Vienna. He had now attained his twenty-fourth year, and contrary to what has been usually observed of juvenile prodigies, his genius shone the brighter as it became more mature. The society of Vienna was very agreeable to him, and he had not resided there long when he became attached to Mademoiselle Constanze Weber, a young actress of talent

and celebrity, who combined personal attractions of the highest order with the most enchanting amiability of disposition. Finding his attentions received in a manner flattering to his hopes, he made her a proposal of marriage, which was courteously declined by the young lady's parents, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Animated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the fascinating actress, Mozart directed all his powers to the production of a work which should surpass all his former efforts. He composed the opera of "Flora," a work which he always regarded as his best, and the first in which he displayed those masterly powers that distinguish his later productions. There are parts of great originality and grandeur, but some of the airs are too much in the style of that period, which has since become obsolete; and on the whole, it is inferior to those masterpieces of operatic composition which he produced a few years later. His own estimation of it may have been considerably influenced by the circumstances under which it was composed.

When this opera was produced, the principal character was personated by Mademoiselle Weber, who was as much interested in its success as the author, and may be supposed to have exerted her talents to the utmost. The success of this work added so much to Mozart's reputation, that the parents of the young lady made no more objections, and his genius was rewarded by receiving her hand in marriage. The union was a most happy one, the young actress proving an affectionate and warm-hearted wife, and a zealous and useful counsellor.

Mozart's next operatic production was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" (*L'Enlèvement au Sérail*). It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Joseph II. said to the composer, "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears; it has too many notes." "I beg your majesty's pardon," returned Mozart, whose consciousness of genius had imbued with considerable independence of mind; "there are precisely as many notes as are necessary, and no more." The emperor made no rejoinder, but was evidently disconcerted by the reply; however, on the first public performance of the opera he applauded it in the most rapturous manner. "Le Nozze di Figaro," the *libretto* of which was abridged from the comedy of Beaumarchais, and which, at the present day, is one of the most popular of Mozart's productions, was brought out, by desire of the emperor, in 1786; and in the same year he produced a short opera called "Schauspiel Direktor," a work very inferior, and now scarcely known.

In the following year the *chef-d'œuvre* of this eminent composer, his celebrated opera of "Don Giovanni," the *libretto* of which was admirably made up from several dramas on the same subject, was produced at the Italian opera-house at Prague. "I have written this opera to please myself and my friends," said Mozart, who was conscious of its being a production of no ordinary merit, and above the comprehension of the bulk of the public. Indeed, though it created a great sensation at Prague, it was not appreciated when produced in Vienna, nor even in Paris, thirty years later. The honour of according it the reception it merited among the capitals of Europe, was reserved for London, where it was not produced till 1817, when it was put on the stage of the Italian opera in the most spirited and liberal manner. The enterprise of the lessee was rewarded by a degree of success which had attended no previous speculation; the profits amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds, and its production was regarded as constituting an epoch in our musical history. The comic opera, "Così fan tutte," was produced in 1790; "Die Zauberflöte," a still popular opera, in the following year, the strange *libretto* being furnished by M. Schikaneder, the proprietor of a theatre in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where it was first performed. "La Clemenza di Tito" was brought out the same year, on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II.

Of the symphonies, quintets, quartets, sonatas, masses, and numerous smaller vocal pieces of Mozart, we have not space for even an enumeration. His additions to Handel's "Messiah" would alone suffice to earn him a niche in the temple of fame, so refined and correct is the taste which dictated them, and so complete is the manner in which he has identified himself with the genius of the great composer. They were made for the Baron von Swieten, and the oratorio has since seldom, if ever, been performed without them.

Men of exalted genius are seldom blessed with that robustness of constitution which marks men of inferior powers. The man of learning may attain a vigorous old age, but the man of genius does so very seldom indeed. It is a remarkable fact, that many of these delicate and sensitive natures have dropped off at thirty-six: Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, are cases in point. Mozart was strikingly handsome, but he was small and slight in form, and fragile in constitution. His health began to decline a few years after his marriage, and the tender devotion of Madame Mozart was then shown in the patient and unwearied manner in which she nursed and watched over him. Though his imaginative powers remained in full vigour to the last, his health continued to decline; but his end was undoubtedly accelerated by an attack of a fever which prevailed in Vienna in the latter part of 1792, under which he sank on the 5th of December, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The last and most sublime composition of Mozart was his "Requiem," which he may be said to have composed on his death-bed. Concerning the origin of this famous mass, a strange story was told at the time of his death, and has been often repeated. It is said that, some years before that event, a stranger presented himself to Mozart, and, refusing to reveal his name, commissioned him to compose a funeral mass. Mozart undertook the commission; but as time passed on, and he saw no more of the mysterious stranger, he did not execute it, and at length ceased to think of it. A short time before his death, it is said that the unknown appeared to him again as he was setting out for Prague, and reminded him of the undertaking. Mozart again promised to execute the work, and on his return to Vienna he applied himself to the task. The rapid decline of his health warning him of his approaching death, he became impressed with the conviction that the stranger was a visitant from the world of spirits, and that he was composing the "Requiem" for his own funeral. The manner in which this idea wrought upon his imagination contributed to the sublimity of the work, which was scarcely finished when he died, some minor details being subsequently filled up by his pupil, Süssmayr. Such is the story, for which we cannot vouch; probably there is some truth in it, embellished from the imaginations of those by whom it has been related.

Had Mozart lived a year longer, he would have made a second visit to England, having made an agreement with the enterprising Salomon to write symphonies for his concerts, and superintend their performance in person. He left two sons, one of whom adopted his father's profession, but without having inherited his genius; the other was many years in the civil service of Austria.

The statue of Mozart, represented in our engraving, was cast in bronze at Munich by the inspector-royal Stieglmayer, from the model made by the sculptor Schwanthaler, and inaugurated at Salzburg, the birthplace of the composer, on the 5th of September, 1842. The homage to his genius was tardy; but we have shown that his finest productions were not fully appreciated until some years after his death. Moreover, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the whole of Germany was the scene of desolating warfare, in the turmoil of which music was only cultivated so far as it could be made subservient to patriotism, and the claims of its departed masters were forgotten. The *fête* of the inauguration was a splendid and imposing one, worthy of the man thus honoured. The occasion had drawn to Salzburg a great number of foreigners—princes and princesses, counts and countesses, composers, authors, and musicians—admirers of the genius of Mozart; and the musical academies of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw, were each represented by some of their professors. More than fifty thousand persons were present. When the statue was uncovered, a salvo of twenty pieces of artillery was fired, all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal, and an orchestra of six hundred performers filled the air with sweet sounds. At night, two thousand persons, professors and amateurs, assembled at the foot of the monument, which was illuminated by Bengal fires, and sang a hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus de Serker, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. On the following day, at noon, two thousand eight hundred amateurs executed the "Requiem" of Mozart on the same spot.

ORIGIN AND INAUGURATION OF THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR.

NAPOLEON I. was as yet only First Consul, and was residing at the chateau of Malmaison with Josephine, while his victories were preparing for him the imperial crown, and his architects were restoring the palace at St. Cloud. One Monday evening in the month of February, 1802, the conqueror of Marengo reached Malmaison at about six o'clock. Dinner was soon on the table, and after dinner the company separated into two circles. Madame Bonaparte retired to the drawing-room with the ladies and several gentlemen, among whom was M. De Ségur, a veteran colonel of the dragoons of Noailles, at that time a senator, and afterwards master of the ceremonies, one of the most agreeable men of his day. The First Consul withdrew to the council hall, as it was called, with Monge, the Inspector of the Ecole Polytechnique, General Duroc, Dablot, Councillor of State, D'Anon, Director of the Museum, and Arnault, the tragic poet. They all stood before Bonaparte, and he conversed with them standing, as was his custom. In the course of the conversation, he said to Monge—"I did not see you at the Tuileries yesterday, at the grand reception of the ambassadors."

The inspector excused himself, on the score of his numerous engagements.

"I know your industry," replied the consul; "but you lost a magnificent spectacle. All the representatives of the Powers were there, a horde with ribbands and crosses of the different orders of the world. How did you like it, Denon?"

"It was a glorious sight. Nothing sets off a man so much as those brilliant colours and enamelled crosses."

"That is only an artist's prejudice," said the republican Monge; "these decorations are mere playthings."

"Playthings, if you choose to call them so," said Bonaparte; "but mankind admire and like them. They are in their eyes real proofs of greatness. Let us fairly consider the point. Distinctions please all men; such has always been their character. Do you know by what means Louis XIV. managed to make head against all Europe? It was the cross of St. Louis."

The First Consul went on to develop and illustrate this thought with that ability and perfection of detail, which his exalted genius and thorough knowledge of history rendered easy to him.

"Well, we must re-establish the cross of St. Louis," said Monge ironically, he having been a member of the commission which had abolished it in 1793.

Bonaparte said nothing in reply, but gave him a very significant look, at the same time no doubt saying to himself—"Instead of re-establishing an old one, I will establish a new one, and you shall be the first to be admitted to it." He then proposed that they should join the ladies, which they did.

Having now mooted the point, he waited two months without saying anything more about it. At the end of that time, in a council at which, besides the three consuls, several distinguished politicians were present, he again insisted on the importance of decorations, and announced his intention to create an order like those which existed in Europe. Cambacérés and Regnaud strongly supported him, the latter refuting the objections of the republicans by saying that the most democratic states had recognised such institutions. On the 4th of May, Roederer read to the Council of State the proposal for instituting the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte explained the reasons and objects of the proposal in an extemporaneous address which ended with these words:—"The Legion of Honour will be the commencement of the reorganisation of France." This amounted to a declaration that the work of reorganisation was as yet unaccomplished, and that the Legion of Honour would be the keystone of the arch that was wanted to give it stability. General Matthew Dumas desired that the decoration might be exclusively military; but the conqueror of Marengo replied by insisting upon the importance of political, intellectual, and moral excellence with a degree of impressive force that silenced all objections. At the next meeting of the council he was still more eloquent and decisive. Yet the proposition narrowly escaped being adjourned. It was, however, adopted by the Tribunal and Legislative Body in due course. Two years were to elapse before the complete organisation of the order, at the expiration of which

period it was hoped the firmness of the state would be in a position to carry it with an unalloyed success. During those two years the opponents of the plan had free scope for their objection and remarks. "Wait a little," said Bonaparte; "those who sneer at it to-day, will eagerly solicit it to-morrow. It will become the object of ambition to all Europe." Moreau, Madame De Staël, and others, were liberal of their sarcasms, and some had to undergo the penalty of exile for their freedom of speech.

At length the day arrived. Bonaparte was now no longer First Consul, but emperor and the master of the world. On the 14th of July, 1804, at the very hour when the old constitution had fallen with the walls of the Bastille, fifteen years before, the new one rose with the Legion of Honour. As the 14th fell on a Sunday, the ceremony was put off to the next day. It took place in the Chapel of the Invalides, where the ashes of the emperor now rest. After a grand review, the emperor arrived on horseback at the Invalides, coming through an immense crowd of eager observers. He ascended the throne in the choir. In a gallery opposite were the Empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte. Besides these, there were eighteen marshals of the empire, only four being away on the field of battle. After mass had been performed by Cardinal Caprara, and the gospel read, M. de Laëpèle, of the Institute, the Grand Chancellor of the Order, rose from his seat. Napoleon had resolved to honour intellect by placing him at the head of the Legion of Honour. Laëpèle pronounced the inaugural discourse, and called over the names of the grand officers, who took the oath required by the statutes before the throne. Then the emperor delivered a speech such as a man but he could deliver, and, reading the oath to the legionaries, asked them in a loud voice whether they would take it. All, with one voice, answered in the affirmative. Two large basins were brought, one of gold, containing the gold crosses for the officers, and the other of silver, containing the silver crosses for the simple members. The symbols and the device were the same for both classes, a number of standards collected together, the ensign of Napoleon, and the words "Honour and Country," borrowed from the old monarchy. M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, took a cross of each metal, and gave them to M. de Talleyrand Perigord, Grand Chamberlain; he passed them to Louis Bonaparte, Constable of the Empire, who placed them on the breast of Napoleon. At this moment, three rounds of applause resounded through the building. Then the distribution commenced. First came the members of the Institute, comprising all the most distinguished philosophers, literary men, and artists of the day, and headed by Monge, the very man who had previously ridiculed honorary distinctions as mere playthings. After these, the military officers of high rank, received the new decorations at the hands of the emperor. A *Te Deum*, by Lesneux, followed the distribution of the crosses; and in the evening there was a concert at the Tuileries, a general illumination of the city, and a grand display of fireworks on the Pont Neuf.

But the army not having been able to be present at the Invalides, Napoleon went to them at Boulogne, where a second *Te Deum*, equal in splendour to the first, was celebrated. On the 16th of August, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the emperor, in the simple uniform of the light horse, appeared in the camp on horseback, and took his seat in the bronze chair by Dagobert, which is still to be seen at the Museum of Sovereigns. From this elevated position he commanded a view of the harbour, the two camps, the batteries, the harbour of Wimereux, and the coasts of England. Salvoes of artillery thundered forth, and the crosses were placed in helmets and cuirasses. At the sound of eighteen hundred drums, sixty thousand men began to march, and the legionaries, leaving their ranks, came one after the other to receive the cross from the hand of the emperor.

Such was the origin, and such the inauguration, of the Legion of Honour, an institution which need doubt contribute to the restoration of order, and is still attended with important advantages. The want of some such honorary distinction suitable for political, literary, scientific, and artistic eminence, as well as military and naval exploits, has long been felt in this country, and was fully evident at the close of the Great Exhibition, when the Royal Commissioners found it impossible to mark the sense of the value of services rendered by certain parties, in a way at once appropriate and acceptable.

THE ROBIN ACACIA

Among the arboreal antiquities of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is a venerable acacia, the first that was ever brought to Europe. This acacia, known to botanists by the name of *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, was planted where it now grows by Vespasian Robin, son of

gardens at that period. The following is the inscription on the label attached to this interesting memorial of the first establishment of the gardens:—"*Robinia pseudo-acacia* (North America). First acacia grown in Europe: planted by Vespasian Robin in 1635."



THE ROBIN ACACIA (*ROBINIA PSEUDO-ACACIA*).

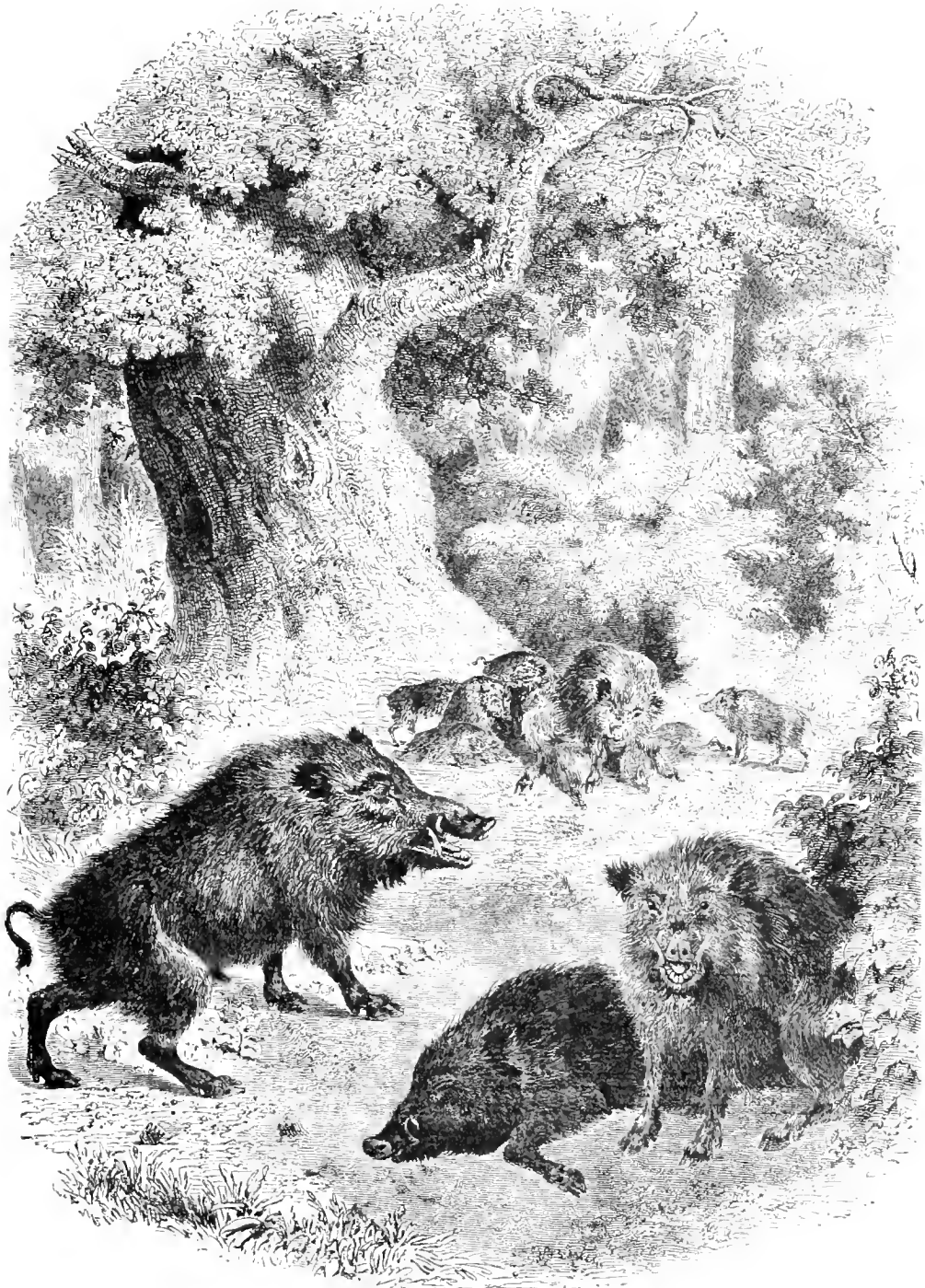
John Robin, who obtained it from North America, the tree having been previously unknown in Europe. The planting of the tree was coincident with the definitive institution of the Royal Garden by an edict of Louis XIII., which was registered in parliament in May, 1635; and it is now the only survivor of the trees planted in the

It was Linnaeus who gave the genus *Robinia* the name under which the species composing it are known to all botanists of the present day, and which recalls the numerous services rendered to botany and gardening by John Robin, the celebrated author of the "*Jardin du Roi Henri IV.*"

THE WILD BOAR.

FROM the testimony of Fitz-Stephen, a monk of the time of Henry the Second, it appears that the wild boar was an inhabitant of the forest which in his day covered the whole northern part of the county of Middlesex, approaching within a few miles of the gates of London. But the forest has disappeared long since (the tract of

"stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," the two last are not now to be met with in any part of the British Islands, if we except the few so-called wild bulls carefully preserved in Chillingham Park. The wild boar, like his enemy the wolf, has long been totally extinct in this country: for we are informed by Pennant, that though



THE WILD BOAR.

wooded country known as Enfield Chase is supposed to be the only vestige now remaining of it), and with it the game which no doubt afforded the nobles of those days many an opportunity of indulging in their favourite amusement of the chase. Of the wild animals enumerated by Fitz-Stephen as denizens of the forest of Middlesex,

Charles the First endeavoured to introduce the breed by turning some into the New Forest in Hampshire, they were destroyed during the civil wars. The occurrence of the wild boar in different parts of England is, however, proved by the laws made for his protection. Thus the laws of Howell the Good, Prince of Wales in the

tenth century, permitted his grand huntsman to chase this animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December; and William the Conqueror, whose memory should be held in the highest reverence by all preserving squires, took the wild boar, with the stag and the roebuck, under his especial protection, enacting that any one found guilty of destroying one of these animals should be punished with the loss of his eyes. Barbarous as this certainly is, the modern penalty for killing a pheasant or a hare is scarcely less hurtful to the individual, and decidedly more prejudicial to society.

On the continent of Europe, however, the case is very different: the wild boar still finds a home in the forests even of France and Germany, and his pursuit is still one of the most exciting sports of these countries. His formidable weapons render the chase of the wild boar rather a dangerous occupation both for the huntsman and his dogs; and the former is not unfrequently compelled by the boldness of his charge, which has obtained for him in Germany the appellation of "knight of the forest," to take refuge in the branches of the nearest tree.

The canine teeth of the boar, which grow to a considerable length in old animals, must be reckoned amongst the most dangerous weapons to be met with in the animal world. The upper canines spring from a singular projection of the sides of the upper jaw, and, instead of taking a downward direction, as in most animals, grow upwards on each side of the snout. The lower canines follow the same direction, and are applied to the sides of the upper pair; so that, by the constant friction of their surfaces, both pairs of teeth are worn to a sharp edge, and kept constantly in the best possible condition for inflicting a severe wound. This apparatus is applied with great force by a slight upward movement of the powerful head and neck of the animal when within reach of his foe; and when the boar is at bay, he will often, by taking a single step forwards, lay the foremost of the dogs dead at his feet. These weapons arrive at their full perfection when the animal is about three years old, and, before this period, they are said always to remain in the company of the old ones for protection. As the boar increases in age, his teeth gradually become more curved in their form, so that the points are no longer available, and the weapons become far less formidable; and a boar of five or six years old is said to be by no means so dangerous as one of from three to five years.

In their native forests, these animals collect into flocks, and, when danger threatens, the well-armed boars press forward to face the enemy, often forming a circle, in the centre of which the females and young are placed, and in this position they defy the attacks of their foe. The domestic hog is observed to retain the same habit; and a curious instance of the exercise of this instinct, by some of the half-wild hogs of Jamaica, is given by Mr. Gosse, in his interesting book upon the natural history of that island. The account is from the pen of Mr. Hill, of Spanish Town. He says: "The best display of woodland instinct that I have witnessed was recently exhibited in some young pigs of the blue breed, brought from the commons and forest-runs of a mountain-farm, and domiciled in town. Three of these country pigs, a boar and two sows, had taken up with a black pig and some four young followers, evidently town-born and bred. In tramping home, after feeding out, for the night, some of the town dogs, of a good enough quality of the hound and terrier breed, set upon them. Instantly the country hogs turned round, and coolly taking up their position in the angle of a wall, put the black pig and four young ones within the corner in their rear, and threw themselves before them. . . . The dogs that came upon them, being reinforced by a troop from the several yards round about, became a pack of twelve or fourteen in an instant. Among these were some five small curs. The three blue pigs were undaunted. They stood their ground with their faces to their enemies, and though the dogs beset them with a determination to fight in earnest, they successfully kept off their assailants. The curs barked, and grabbed at them between the legs of the larger dogs; the larger dogs rushed at them six in a line together. The young boar, with well-developed tusks, stood in the centre, and stepping every now and then one pace forward, made his upward rips at the dogs, and effectively struck them without receiving a single touch himself."

By means of his strong cartilaginous snout, the boar can readily turn up the ground in search of roots, and he also uses it in forming a hollow for his sleeping place. This he lines with grass and dead leaves; and this habitation, if we may credit every statement we hear, sometimes presents a picture of conjugal comfort such as can hardly be credited in swinish life. It is said that when the boar has lain himself down for his night's repose, his partner covers him over carefully with litter, and then creeping in under the same shelter, the happy pair sleep cozily until morning. In some cases, several of them form a common sleeping-place, in which they lie with their heads all directed towards the centre.

The wild boar is of a black or blackish-gray colour, and is thickly covered with stiff bristles. In the pine forests of Germany these, by continual rubbing against the stems of the trees, become so completely agglutinated together with resinous matter as to form a sort of shield, which is said to be hard enough to resist a bullet. In his form, the wild boar generally differs from his domesticated relatives only in being more gaunt and meagre, but his strength and ferocity are much greater. His flesh is in the best condition from October to the end of the year; and it is during this period that he is hunted. He is usually pursued with dogs; and as a well-tusked boar seldom exhibits any great fear of his enemies, but flies slowly, often turning round to threaten his assailants, the dogs employed in hunting him require more strength and courage than fitness of scent; in fact, independently of the danger to which they would be exposed, good hounds would soon be entirely spoilt for any other description of hunting if employed in this sport.

Wild swine occur in all parts of the earth; but the species appear to be different in different localities. The Indian wild boar appears to be a distinct species from the European, although very similar in habits and appearance; and the African species are distinguished by a singular bony protuberance on each cheek, which may be seen very distinctly in the fine boar of the Cameroons Warthog (*Potamochoerus penicillatus*), now in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park.

The wild hogs of America, like the wild horses and cattle of that continent, owe their origin to individuals of the domesticated European breeds, which have escaped from servitude, and resumed, with the independent forest life, most of the habits of their European ancestors. They are plentiful in the larger islands of the West Indian Archipelago, and an interesting account of their habits will be found in Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," from which we have already quoted.

THE EDDA.

ABOUT the year 1100, a native of Iceland, named Sæmund Sigfuson, animated by a zealous desire to preserve the mythological, heroic, and didactic poems which had been thus far handed down by oral tradition, made that collection of them which is known as the Edda. Most of these Runic poems are believed to have originated in the period between the commencement of the sixth and the close of the eighth century; and the original language and rhyme were scrupulously preserved by the collector. The verses are short, in lines of six and eight syllables, and the style of all of them is rude and concise. The predominant subjects are the amours and rivalries of the gods; but the exploits of the heroes of ancient Germany and Scandinavia are also recounted, and held up to admiration. There exist two ancient manuscripts of this work, one of which is preserved at Copenhagen, and the other at Upsal.

About a century later, the Icelandic chronicler, Snorro Sturleson, composed a prose Edda, in which the Runic myths were accompanied by a commentary relating the historical facts connected with them, explained the allegories, and developed the dogmas. To this work, so valuable to the elucidation of the Scandinavian mythology and traditions, are appended the Sagas, or biographies of celebrated warriors, composed at different epochs, and full of curious details of the adventurous adventures of the hardy and daring pirates of the North.

The subject of the first poem in the Edda of Sigfuson is "The Vision of Vala," an inspired priestess, who relates, in vigorous and stirring rhymes, the creation of the universe, and the causes and manner of its destruction and renewal. It is interesting to trace,

the resemblance which exists between this Runic cosmogony and those of Hesiod and Zoroaster, as set forth in the Theogonia and the Zendavesta, and between all these and the Genesis of Moses. In the beginning, we are informed, there existed only chaos, typified by the giant Ymer: the gods created the earth, and seeing that it was sterile and desolate, spread over it the starry firmament, placing the sun in the centre, to shine above the mountains and warm the earth into verdure. Then they made Ask and Embla, the parents of the human race, and assembled in the plain of Ida to forge the metals, and fabricate therefrom implements for their use. We have also the allegory of the tree of life, above whose spreading branches a luminous cloud continually hung; and the appearance of the Nornes, three august virgins, the Fates of the Runic mythology, whose names are Urd, Verdandi, and Skulda.

A race of dwarfs appear on the scene, whose chiefs are Mod-sognir and Durin, the representatives of the active and passive principles in nature. These pigmies are the geni of the winds, the torrents, the cascades, the clouds, and the glaciers; they are also the forces which give verdure to the foliage of the forest and the herbage of the plain, and to the flowers their colour and perfume. The Greek imagination did not more completely people the earth and ocean with supernatural forms.

The peace of the infant world is broken by the murder of Balder, son of Odin, by his brother Hoder, whose sad fate causes the earth to mourn, and Freya (the moon) to withdraw her light. Vali avenges the death of Balder; and Lok, the evil genius of the world, the tempter to the crime, is bound upon a bed of fire. There, in the realms of torment, a dark flood rolls its fetid waters, to which are consigned perjurers, murderers, and adulterers. There the dog Garm howls frightful discord, and the untamed wolf Freki rattles his chain. But in the gardens of the blessed, the sound of the harp is heard, the woods are melodious with the song of birds, and the heroes are awakened by Pialar, the cock of the shining plumage, to their daily banquet and mimic fight.

The earth becomes filled with corruption and bloodshed; the brother falls by the hand of a brother; hostile armies erasion with blood the green of earth's carpet; cruelty and impurity are universally practise. Signs are seen which portend the end of the world: the branches of the tree of life are strangely agitated, and the luminous cloud disappears. The Fates, the enemies of the gods, take courage; Lok is on their side, and with them comes the wolf Freki and the black dragon Nidhogir. Swords of fire are their weapons. The mountains tremble, and the geni of the earth retire into the recesses of their sacred caverns. After a terrific battle, the gods

are overcome by the giants; and then comes the triumph of evil and the destruction of the world. The lights of the firmament are extinguished, the earth sinks beneath the waves of the stormy ocean, and darkness and silence reign supreme over all. This state of things does not, however, continue always: a new earth rises from the sea, the heavenly bodies again shine forth from the darkness, the gods return to life, and the reign of peace and virtue commences, under the laws of Forsete, the god of justice, and son of Balder.

The religious system of the Scandinavian nations of an antiquity is abundantly displayed in the various ballads of the poetic Edda which follow the remarkable Vision of Vala. In the song, or poem of Vathrudner we have a trial of knowledge between Odin and a giant, each striving to give the best explanation of the mystery of creation. The song of Grimner is a description of the twelve rebellious abodes. In that of Alvis a wise dwarf enumerates to Thor the various orders of beings, in the language of the gods and the Fates, the dwarfs and mankind; the enumeration is supposed to typify the different nations that succeeded each other on the Scandinavian soil. These are followed by three poems on the exploits of Thor, two on the death of Balder, one on the amours of Freya, and two on the genealogy of the kings. The series is closed by the remarkable poem called the Banquet of Egir, the deity who presides over the ocean, in which Lok, who is the impersonation of irony and malice, rallies the assembled gods, and holds up to ridicule the sacred mysteries.

From these ancient Runic poems has been gathered all that is known of the Scandinavian mythology, which may be thus summed up. An invisible and eternal spirit, called Allfader, the universal parent, ruled from the beginning the principles which, in combination, produced the world. A pestilential vapour, first condensed by the cold of Nefthelm (the North Pole) into an enormous mass of ice, was afterwards thawed by the heat of Muspellheim (the South Pole), and became the giant Ymer, who, during a profound sleep, gave birth to Hymur, the demon of frost and progenitor of the Fates, and Surtur, the demon of fire. One of the gigantic race of the Fates, named Bor, by his marriage with the goddess Felta, became the father of Odin, Hoder, Heir, and Loder, and, who attacked Ymer and destroyed him. His divided body produced the elements: his flesh became the earth, his blood the water, his bones the mountains, his hair the plants, his brains the clouds, and his eyes the celestial luminaries. In the centre of the earth rose Ygdrasil, the tree of life, whose topmost boughs reached the heavens.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1851.

RESTING our rambles at the point from which we took leave of the reader in our last article, namely, at Crookhaven, we now present him with a sketch of that most picturesquely situated little town, the fens, or at least the future fens, of what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this, but for untoward circumstances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Reverting again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the first of the annexed smaller illustrations.

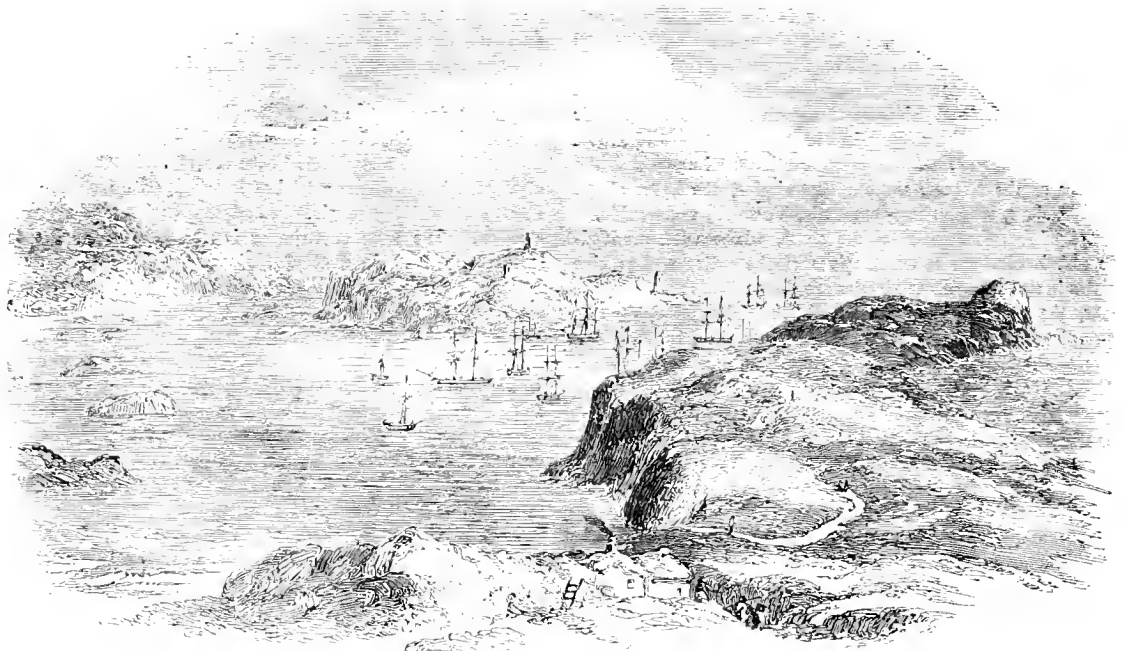
Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of

the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of Ballingearry, or "the Place of the Wilderness," thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A small us chapel, a national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen through which flows the Ballingearry stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on we approach Gougane, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaleigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the last sight of Saint Finnian of the Silver Locks, before the

journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to

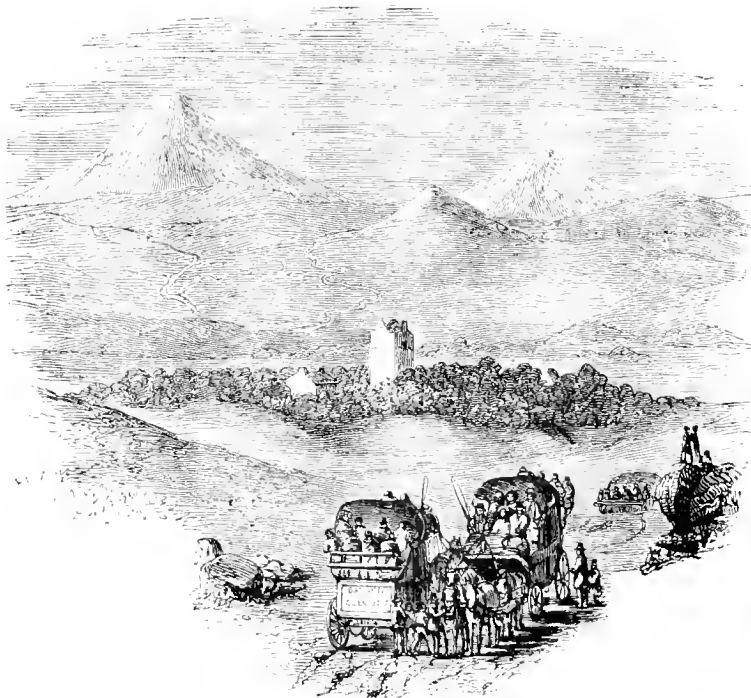
Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and



CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.

cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding

difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glegariff, and Bere-



INCHICELLA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA — DRAWN BY MAHONY.

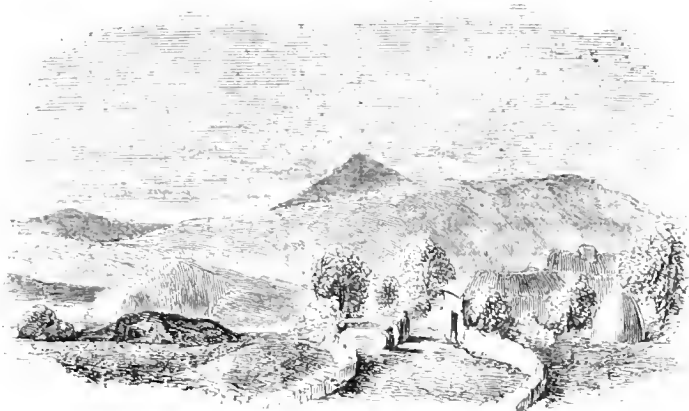
along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the "silver Lee."

haven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this lonely

scene, we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Windele, in his "South of Ireland," speaking of Keimaneigh Pass,

paring realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings."

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this



LAKE OF ISCHINGELO.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

observes: "Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or delf, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute

splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Giengariff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims— "Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic,



PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resplending and com-

English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the

foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengarriff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengarriff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravan-sary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivaling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eedes' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengarriff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cronwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengarriff river.

SELF-DENIAL;
OR,
PASSAGES OF A LIFE.
BY A WAYFARER.
II.

THE place was a regular London lodging-house, and not of a very high character. There were several bell-handles outside, and inside there was no carpet on the stairs, while all had a dingy appearance that spoke of poor owners and poor lodgers. I was surprised. I had expected to find Charles almost in affluence, and had been half-ashamed to present myself before him. I feared to excite his pity, and my pride revolted at the very thought. Now I knew not what to think.

I knocked. A quiet, almost timid voice bade me enter. I opened the door and found myself in a garret. It was very scantily furnished. There was a bed of very unpromising appearance, a rickety chest of drawers, a small table covered with books near the window, at which sat a tall, pale, almost cadaverous-looking youth.

"Ogilvy," said I hurriedly, "can this be you?"

"Ted," he replied, rising, and a faint blush crossing his handsome face, "I may ask you the same question—jolly Edward Markham, dust-worn and weary, why?"

"Charles," I cried, shaking his hand heartily "I have run away from home. Let me sit down."

"Run away from home!" he cried, almost with a shriek. "Edward, my dear boy, you must be mad!"

"Hush," I replied; "hear my story first. But I am hungry and thirsty."

A burning blush suffused his features, and he covered his face with his hands. I heard him sob. I was alarmed, though the true reason did not strike me.

"Charles, what is the matter?" I cried, seizing his hand; "speak to me. Are you ill?"

"Edward," he replied, in a faint and choking voice, "I am a wretch. You come to me hungry and thirsty, and I cannot even offer you a crust of bread. *I have not taken food for two days.*"

I thrust my hand into my pocket and pulled out a sovereign, with which I was about frantically to leave the room.

"Stop," said Charles, firmly; "I cannot be exposed here. Listen to me quietly. I have been out to dinner both to-day and yesterday, at least so they think. I would die rather than they should suspect, especially Edith. Let me arrange. I will order tea, and request that cold meat may be provided, as you have come off a long journey. Don't be alarmed. An hour more or less will do me no harm."

In his quiet, gentle way, he took the sovereign from me and rang his bell. I thought it was answered with an alacrity which was scarcely to be expected under the circumstances. The young person who had opened the door appeared, as if by magic, and asked if we wanted anything.

"My dear Miss Ellis," said Charles, gently rising with a respect

and tenderness of manner which struck me more afterwards than at the moment. "This is a schoolfellow and friend; he has just come off a long journey, and is very hungry. If you will be kind enough to let him have some tea and ham and eggs, or something, I should feel very much obliged."

As he finished, he held the sovereign out to the young person, who looked extremely surprised and then blushed violently.

"Tea, ham and eggs for two, I suppose," she said in a half-timid, half-cheerful tone.

"Edith," said a shrill voice from below, "what are you doing all this time up stairs, there? Johnny has fallen down, and first floor want their tea."

"Johnny must pick himself up, and first floor must wait for their tea," replied the young lady, rather pertly. I speak of the impressions of the moment. Charles meanwhile stammered out something about having just dined, to which Miss Edith paid no attention.

"Is she not an angel?" he said, when she left the room.

"Very charming person, but slovenly in her dress," I said, but unfortunately before she had quite shut the door. Poor Edith! I had no intention to hurt her feelings.

"My dear Edward," exclaimed Charles, "that girl's a perfect slave. Her father and mother have no pity on her. They presume on her good nature, and though she is far above them, yet has to do half the work of the house. They are not bad people, but they are poor and unhappy. The husband drinks, and the wife sobs. But now, Edward, for your story." I told it in a few brief words, and then asked for his.

"You are in a very false and difficult position, my dear Edward," he said; "but mine is worse at present. You know that my mother has been left a widow, with two girls and one son. To give that son an education, my mother has gone to Wales to live. Out of £200 a-year she allows me £80; it is enough for a student. I have been six months in London. I had the £80 in a lump. I spent it madly, wickedly, in the first four months; since then I have starved. I owe two months' rent, and six weeks' breakfasts and teas—on these meals I lived for that time. That is refused me now; and but for Edith I should be expelled. She has stood my friend, and when the father—a gentleman when he likes—wished to turn me out, indignantly remonstrated. They have now agreed, after inquiry, to wait six months for their rent—three shillings a-week. But living is another question: for six months I shall not have a penny."

I listened with perfect awe; I could not restrain a shudder. I saw before me a dark and gloomy vista. For some minutes I was silent.

"Could you not get five pounds of your mother?" I said timidly.

"No; it would tell the truth. I would rather die than expose my weakness. I must work; I am promised some copying. Half the day I must study—half the day slave for a law stationer."

"But, Charles, I have another sovereign," I said, producing it. "I could sleep capitally close against the wall. Take it."

"Edward," exclaimed my old schoolfellow, taking my hand, "for the present I accept your offer; it will enable me to do a heavy job of copying; that finished, I can pay you. But let me decide the fate of this coin. We had better pay Mrs. Ellis four weeks' rent; otherwise she may object to your sleeping here."

"Just as you like," said I; "and now, Charles, I am installed here, and must work for my living. You know my hand; you continue your studies—I will do the copying."

After some hesitation, he consented. It was lucky he did; his hand was totally unfit for the work, while mine was admirably suited. I was so delighted at this arrangement that I became quite jovial. Suddenly I rose.

"Bravo!" I said, opening the door—I had while talking brushed my clothes and hair, and otherwise adorned my person—"here comes the tea."

Miss Ellis entered, preceeing the Irish girl, who carried the tray. I almost started as I noticed how neat, almost elegant, was her appearance. I had caught her hard at work. She smiled, I thought, maliciously, and I then guessed that my observation had been overheard. I had no time, however, to think much of the matter, so eager was I to attack the smoking viands.

The cloth was laid, the tea was placed on the table, the tempting

food was merely a couple of plates and knives and forks were on each side, ready for appetites as ravenous as those of any of Homer's heroes; and yet Miss Ellis did not go. She allowed the girl to retire before she said a word.

"Here is your change, Mr. Ogilvy," she began. "Shall I make tea for you—you men are so very helpless!" she continued, with a smile of such exceeding sweetness I was quite angry with myself.

Charles stammered and blushed, and handed a chair, which Miss Ellis took, and began quietly to pour out the tea. Luckily for Ogilvy, it was necessary for him to eat slowly, so that the nature of his appetite was not apparent. I kept assisting him to eat, however, and could see a change come visibly over his face. There crept a faint red over his pallid countenance, his eyes looked less wildly bright, and when the warm and genial tea followed, he seemed an altered being. His voice became more natural, his spirits rose buoyant and glad, and he talked with extreme animation.

I noticed the difference between us before half an hour. He was poetical in his conversation; his sentences flowed from the heart, as from a well-digested book. There was a brilliant doud of eloquence about him, but at times he was a little mystical. I was more ordinary in my talk, told a good story, made Miss Ellis laugh, and was always plain and comprehensible. Miss Edith said little, but listened attentively. She gave her undivided attention to the one speaking. At last we spoke of business. Then the young lady was indeed eloquent. She accepted me as a lodger without hesitation, and undertook, with the twelve shillings in her hand, to secure the consent of her parents.

And thus it was I became an inmate of the house in — street, Strand. The work came in the next day, and I sat down to it with energy and courage. I was delighted to be able to do something useful. We lived, after the famous tea, which was a well-remembered day, most economically. We bought a few necessaries, and nothing more. All our meals were taken at home, and, as no one but Miss Edith ever came to our room, the secret of our poverty was pretty well concealed.

For a month I contrived, through Ogilvy, to earn ten shillings a week, and then the supply of writing stopped, and in a few days we were reduced to our last shilling. We spent it in oatmeal and made porridge. I was now at work on a tale intended for a popular periodical. Charles approved of it. I read it him page by page as it was written, and he believed it certain of acceptance. I sent it with the usual polite note, and intimated my intention of calling for a reply. I did so at the end of a week. The editor was out of town.

I wandered slowly along the Strand after my visit to — street, and scarcely durst go home. I knew not what to do. Charles had gone out, I believe having bent his proud spirit to ask a favour of an acquaintance. If he failed, our position was desperate. At last, however, becoming faint and exhausted, I went home. The door was opened by Mrs. Ellis, once a pretty woman, sadly altered by care and trouble. She left the door half open and went away muttering something. I closed the door behind me and walked up stairs. Charles was at home, and I saw by his face that something extraordinary had happened.

"Edward," he exclaimed, "I have a letter from your mother."

"My mother," I faltered,

"She writes to me, begging for news. She is sure I must have heard of you. Your father is very angry, but she sends you five pounds!"

I sat on a chair. She would never have done that without my father's consent. I almost felt angry, but soon recovered myself. I then bade Charles write and say he had seen me, that I was at work, he paid all were well, and promised to see them when my position was more defined and settled. Charles shook his head and agreed.

"I hoped you would relent and go home," he said; "I kept some other news back. I called on S —, but had not the courage to ask him for money; so I spoke of you. S — edits a paper of no great circulation or influence. They pay me a guinea for them for review. But they must have criticisms. If you like to get a new book or two from the library, S — will give you ten shillings a-week for a couple of columns."

I accepted readily, and raised the bed. Miss Ellis appeared as usual. I begged her to let us have dinner at home for once, and to give her mother one pound. The kind-hearted girl smiled, and at that moment Charles stammered out something about a ticket for Drury-lane, if we liked to go. I am sure he would have given the five pounds that constituted our worldly wealth, to have gone himself with her. At least I knew so since, but he was so diffident, and at the same time so generous, he could not say so. We accordingly accepted, and Edith having gained her mother's consent, the more readily that the one pound was an unexpected pleasure, we started. My costume was not very brilliant, but my young friend appeared not to know the facts. Still, it was his charming and innocent youth, and beauty could make her. I have not the slightest recollection of what we saw. I only know that we talked much and pleasantly, that Edith was delightful, full of spirit and animation, and showed a singular good sense, which quite won me into admiration.

I felt it, I was certain of it; that night, as I lay down upon my pillow, I knew that I was in love with Edith Ellis, and that I would sacrifice everything to win her for my wife. And yet, though the discovery came upon me like an electric shock, I kept it to myself. I did not say a word about it to Charles. I was naturally timid over this my first love-advice. But, dear Charles, my friend and benefactor, was there not a suspicion of the truth, to keep my lips so still?

Next day I began my new editorial duties. I was not very well "up" in my subject, but I borrowed a weekly review of high character, and studied its columns with assiduity. I had received too good an education not to write correctly, and thus began my career as an author. I gave satisfaction, and supplying myself, my article had my salary raised to fifteen shillings a-week. This continued for about two months, when an event occurred of some importance to me. I was in the habit, the first week in every month, of going to a coffee-house, and there perusing the magazine; after which I served up to the readers of the "Weekly Spectator" a couple of columns of emanent. I imagine my surprise and delight when, turning over the pages of the " — Magazine," I found my own tale in print.

A young mother gazing on her first child, a penniless orphan coming into a rich estate, a relieved criminal, have all their own peculiar sensations; but the young author who sees himself in print for the first time, is etel beyond all power of description. Pride, surprise, a long and brilliant future, fame, a joy doing no rapture, fill his heart. He would fain rush upon a stranger, show him the awful page, and cry, in tones of exultation, "That is mine, my article, my tale!" I thought everybody was looking at me in the coffee-house, and I could not remain there. I rushed out, bought a magazine, and flew home. I was in a state of mind bordering on madness.

Charles was not at home, but Edith was setting the room in order. I know not what possessed me. I kissed that noble face. Miss Ellis pushed me away, half angry, half laughing. She saw that something had happened. I showed her the tale; it had my name to it. "Have I not said, 'What mighty errors spring from trifles!'"

"Miss Edith," said I boldly, "I am certain to succeed now. I have an opening; the thin end of the wedge is in. I may now speak frankly. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have only, by-the-by, the honor of a peer and a son. I beg nothing of you. But nothing can stop me. If you do not, Edith, will show my path with your bright smile, I shall think me a noble man, an amount of work. I must prosper. Sign the necessary conditions."

She made no reply. I fell on my knees, and begged her to talk to me sensibly; I was old. I was well educated. I was an independent.

"Edward," said she, smiling, "you are an excellent young man, industrious, and full of self-denial. When you can give me a home, and Charles is satisfied, I will be your wife."

Before I had time to reply, I caught sight of Charles Ogilvy. He was looking at me with the deep respect his bow was doubly redoubled upon my fall. We started like two guilty creatures.

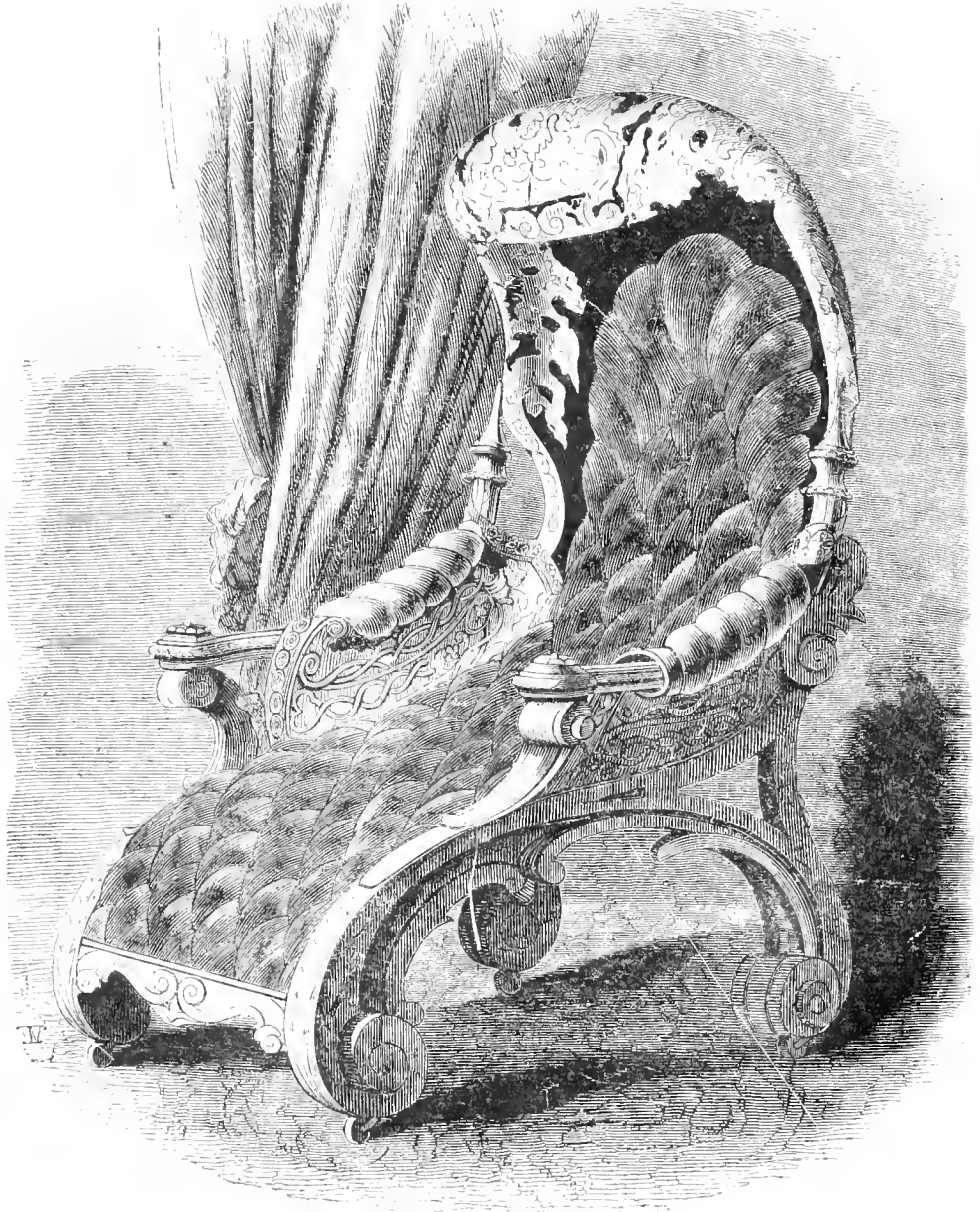
"And have I not said a serpent in my system?" he said, "and that if any and reproach I never shall forget."

PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

OUR French neighbours claim the honour of being the original inventors of the papier maché. In Paris the manufacture of the article is carried on very extensively; but far beyond the articles produced at Paris—articles both of utility and ornament stand those of our own Birmingham manufacturers.

The old method of manufacturing papier maché is as follows—The paper for use is gray in colour, but similar in texture to

formed article is taken from the mould, the several parts are planed, filed, and trimmed, so as to be quite correct and level. The process of stoving then follows; after which the varnish is laid on, and brought to a smooth, hard, brilliant surface. The article is then coated with several layers of shell-lac varnish, coloured, which, after being hardened, are scraped quite level. The different varnishings and smoothings are carried on for a period varying from twelve to eighteen



PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

ordinary blotting paper. Prior to using it, the paper is well saturated with flour and glue mixed with water, in about equal proportions, and is then laid on the mould of the article intended to be produced. These moulds are of iron, brass, or copper. The mould, coated with the first layer of paper, is then dried for twelve hours. A careful smoothing by a file follows, after which another deposit of paper is made. The processes of drying and smoothing are successively repeated with each additional layer of paper, until the article assumes the required strength and thickness. When the newly-

days, according to the purpose for which the article is required. The exquisite surface is produced by manual polishing with rotten stone and oil; but the finish is obtained by the process of handling alone.

Various alterations and improvements have been made from time to time in the manufacture of papier maché; and sometimes the paper is reduced to pulp, cast into the form required, and then rendered compact and solid.

The specimen which we present is of a chair in papier maché; the grace and elegance of the design deserve especial attention.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

In the last year of the fifteenth century, in the city of Florence, was born one of the most talented and skilful artists in metal which that or any subsequent age has produced. We allude to Benvenuto Cellini, the son of a citizen of the Florentine republic, who was himself an admirable carver in ivory, a maker of musical instruments, and a good musician. So much was he attached to music, that he

both to leave Florence. Benvenuto repaired to Sienna, where he worked for some months with a goldsmith named Castoro; and afterwards went to Bologna, where he got employment from a Jew, and earned a great deal of money, as he tells us himself in his autobiography. Six months afterwards he obtained permission to return to Florence, but having an altercation with his father, he once



STATUE OF PERSEUS, AND OTHER WORKS OF CELLINI.

neglected his avocation, and would have made Benvenuto a flute-player, but the youth manifested an early taste for the art of design, and at the age of fifteen placed himself, contrary to his father's wish, with a goldsmith named Sandro.

He had already become a skilful workman, when an affray in which he and his brother, a youth of fourteen, who was in the military school of Giovanni de Medici, were engaged, compelled them

more left home, and proceeded to Pisa. There he made great progress in the goldsmith's art, and remained nearly a year, at the expiration of which he returned to Florence, and was laid up two months with fever. Having recovered his health, he worked under Sandro again, and made the acquaintance of Tommaso, the designer of Henry VIII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, who offered him employment, but he was unwilling to leave Italy. "At this time,"

As he, "I produced a piece of bejewelled work in silver, about as big as the hand of a little child; it served for the clasp of a man's belt, clasp of that size being then in use. Upon it was carved a group of foliage, made in the antique taste, with several figures of youths and other beautiful grotesques. This piece of work I made in the shop of a person named Francesco Salimbeni; and, upon its coming under the inspection of the Goldsmith's Company, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade."

In his nineteenth year he again left home privately, accompanied by a youth of his own age, and proceeded to Rome, where he obtained employment under a goldsmith named Pienza, immediately after his arrival in the city. At the expiration of two years, he returned to Florence, at the request of his father, and again worked under Salimbeni, with whom he gained a gentle subsistence, taking great pains to become perfect in his art. It is evident from his actions and his own admissions, that Cellini was a man of a very hot temper, vain of his acquirements, and of a restless disposition. In doing honour to the skill of the artist, we must not conceal the failings of the man. He had at this time a quarrel with a young man named Gnaseotti, whom he stunned with a blow of his fist, and was sentenced by the Council of Eight to give four bushels of meal to a community of poor monks. Irritated more than ever, he made a furious attack on Gnaseotti and his relations, slightly wounded the former with a dagger, and with difficulty made his escape from the city, in the disguise of a friar.

He proceeded to Rome, where he at first worked for a goldsmith named Senti, but having gained a high reputation for talent and skill by setting some valuable diamonds for a lady, and making a large silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, he established himself in business, and was patronised by Pope Clement and several of the cardinals. He passed his leisure in making drawings after Raphael and Michael Angelo, and also of the antiquities of the city; and during the prevalence of the plague in Rome, he passed much of his time in shooting wild pigeons among the ruins of the Coliseum and the Forum, and sometimes made excursions into the country.

After the disappearance of the plague, he seems to have lived a rather gay and dissolute kind of life, and the candour with which he records his irregularities shows how his were the morals and manners of the age.

When Rome was menaced by the Imperialists in 1527, Cellini raised a band of fifty men for the defence of the city, and went with three of them to the Campo Santo, where the Duke of Bourbon was leading the enemy to the assault. He thus relates the incident which has made his name famous in history:—"Levelling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest; but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." Cellini and his brave companions regained the walls with some difficulty; and the former, having reached the ramparts of St. Angelo, found the garrison deserting their posts; "which vexed me to such a degree," he says, "that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, I directed the fire of the artillery where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy." The Imperialists were now entering the city, through which they spread terror and desolation. Cellini defended the castle by his own exertions until the evening, when Santa Croce was appointed to the command by Pope Clement, and posted him with five guns on the highest part of the fortress.

The castle was besieged from the 6th of May to the 5th of June, during which time slaughter and desolation, with every frightful accompaniment, devastated the city. During all this time, Cellini kept up a harassing fire on the Imperialists, and contributed much to the prolongation of the siege. When submission became inevitable, the pope, before flying to Orvieto, employed Cellini to remove his jewels from their settings, and melt down the gold. A

few days afterwards the castle was surrendered, and the artist returned to Florence. Though he succeeded in compromising with the magistrates the affair which had caused him to fly from his native city, he remained there only a short time, and then set out for Mantua. There he only remained four months, during which time he made a silver ornament for the duke and a signet ring for Cardinal Gonzaga. His restlessness led him to return to Florence, where his father had died of the plague during his absence; and in that city he now resided some time, and was much employed by the Florentine aristocracy in setting jewels. At this time he made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo, of whom he speaks in terms of the highest praise.

Being informed that Pope Clement was desirous of employing him, Cellini again repaired to Rome, where he received a commission for a button for the pontifical cope; and executed it so much to the pope's satisfaction, that, besides being liberally remunerated, he was appointed to the lucrative post of stamp-master to the mint. His brother Francesco was killed about this time in an abbey near Rome; and the incident affords a picture of the lawlessness of the times, and the ease with which crimes were compromised by those who had money or influence to protect them. Cellini ascertained the name of the soldier by whom his brother had been shot, and attacking him in the street, wounded him in two places, and left him for dead. Yet no judicial inquiry was made, and Cellini, after concealing himself for a few days, showed himself at the Vatican again without being rebuked, and went about his accustomed avocations.

In 1531 Cellini was appointed one of the papal mace-bearers, an office which he held four years, and which added above two hundred crowns to his annual income. His holiness had promised him more lucrative preferment, but was often displeased by Cellini's proud and independent bearing; and when the seal-office was vacant, he conferred it on Sebastian del Piombo, the eminent painter. Partly through annoyance at this preference, it seems, and partly on account of some rough treatment he experienced from Cardinal Salviati, whom the pope had appointed his legate during a visit he made in 1532 to Bologna, Cellini delayed finishing a gold chalice, for which he had made a beautiful design. The warmth with which the pope reprimanded him on his return still further irritated the artist, and the chalice remained unfinished, Cellini declaring that he could not proceed without more gold, and his holiness refusing to supply him with it. At this time a goldsmith named Tobbia, who had been condemned to death for coining, was reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, and recommended by him to the pope, who gave him a commission which Cellini had expected himself. Shortly afterwards, in consequence of the calumnies of a rival artist, Cellini was deprived of his office of stamp-master to the mint, and ordered to send the unfinished chalice to the papal palace. This, however, he firmly refused to do, alleging that it was his own property, and all that his holiness could demand of him was five hundred crowns which he had received on account. The pope endeavoured to frighten him, by first ordering his arrest, and afterwards requiring him to pay the five hundred crowns immediately; but, finding that threats had no effect upon the artist's unbending nature, and that the money was forthcoming, he was obliged to be content with ordering him to finish the chalice as soon as he could.

The impetuosity of Cellini's temper led him into an act, soon afterwards, which compelled him to seek safety in flight, as on a former occasion. In the course of an altercation between an ingenious workman whom he had taken into partnership, and a notary named Benedeto, the latter applied an abusive epithet to Cellini, who threw a stone at him, which, striking him on the head, caused such an effusion of blood that the bystanders thought him killed. Pompeo, the jeweller who had before calumniated Cellini, happening to pass, saw what had taken place, and, hurrying to the palace, informed the pope that Cellini had slain Tobbia, the goldsmith. His holiness, in a great rage, ordered him to be arrested and hanged on the spot; but while the papal guards were looking for him, he was already on his way to Naples.

Pope Clement no sooner discovered that he had been misinformed, than he recalled Cellini to Rome, took him into favour again, and employed him to execute two medals, for which the artist had

scouted by Madame d'Etampes and his rivals, Cellini at length made up his mind to quit France, and returned to Florence, where he was graciously received by Cosmo de' Medici, the grand duke. After some delay, a house to live in and a salary of 200 crowns per year were assigned him, and he immediately made the model for his admirable statue of Perseus (p. 345), which he afterwards cast in bronze. He relates that he met with great difficulty in carrying on the work, through the jealousy of the sculptor Bandinello; and at one time a conspiracy was formed to charge him with a horrible crime, which induced him to leave Florence for a time, and take

Perseus first. In this he at length succeeded; and, in order to prove that he could work in marble as well as in metal, he commenced statues of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, which, however, he does not appear to have ever finished. He also executed a bronze bust of Altoviti, a merchant of Rome; and, while on a visit to that city to obtain payment, in which he was unsuccessful, he renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated Michael Angelo.

On his return to Florence from this visit, he experienced a cold reception from the duke, who had been prejudiced against him by his steward; and scarcely had he recovered the duke's favour when



CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO.

up his residence in Venice, where he passed most of his time in the society of the painter Titian and the sculptor and architect Sansovino.

After a short stay he returned to Florence. The Perseus proceeded slowly, owing to various difficulties which were thrown in his way; and he complained to the duke, which for a time had the desired effect. He made some small silver vases, and set some jewels for the duchess, who wished to occupy him entirely in that kind of work; but he was so desirous to prove himself the equal of Bandinello in sculpture, that he chose to complete the statue of

he lost that of the duchess, for whom, with a lamentable want of principle, he represented an inferior string of pearls to the duke as being of great value, the duchess having set her mind on the ornament, and promised him two hundred crowns for the service. The duke possessed sufficient knowledge of pearls to know that Cellini was endeavouring to deceive him; and on being accused he confessed the whole affair, and thus rendered the duchess his implacable enemy. The breach was widened by his refusing to gratify her by placing the bronze figures intended to ornament the base of the statue of Perseus in her own apartment, and the artist often

regretted having left France. The Perseus was at length set up in the great square, and elicited universal admiration. The pleasure which this afforded him was embittered by disputes with the duke about the remuneration he was to receive for the statue and his ornaments; and though his demand of ten thousand ducats was reduced by arbitration to three thousand five hundred gold crowns, the sum was paid him by small instalments, and a balance of five hundred was never liquidated.

The next great work of Cellini was a figure of Christ in white marble, upon a crucifix of black marble, which was greatly admired, and which he originally intended to have placed above his own tomb; but receiving an offer of fifteen hundred crowns for it from the duchess, he was induced to part with it, and it was placed

On the 16th of March, 1563, Cellini had the melancholy honour of being deputed to attend the obsequies of his friend, the illustrious Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The sculptor Ammanati was associated with him in this honour, while the printers of Florence were represented on the solemn occasion by Giorgio Vasari and Agnolo di Cosimo, called Bronzino.

Previously to his marriage, Cellini had adopted one Antonio Sptasenni, the son of a man of prodigate character, whose wife had served the artist as a model for his Medusa, and other female figures. The father being sentenced to imprisonment, his wife, with her infant, applied for assistance to Cellini, who not only maintained Sptasenni during his incarceration, but supported his family likewise; and at length adopted the child, intending, as he



CELLINI ON HIS KNEES BEFORE FRANCIS I.

in the Palazzo Pitti. It is now in the church of the Escorial, at Madrid, having been presented to Philip II. by the grand duke Francesco I.

About the year 1560, Cellini married a female who was in his service at the time of casting the Perseus, and whom he mentions as the kindest and most prudent of women. She had nursed him with great care during a long and dangerous illness, which he attributes to poison given him by the wife of a farmer, of whom he had purchased a life-interest in a farm, and he had made a vow to marry her if he recovered. By her he had six children, two of whom died in their infancy. His autobiography terminates in 1562, when he was sixty-two years of age, and he does not appear to have been engaged in any work of much importance afterwards.

had then no son of his own, to make him a skillful artist. But the boy turned out so idle, intractable, and stupid, that Cellini could do nothing with him, and he became a friar.

After Cellini's marriage, Sptasenni, who had long resided at Pisa, came to Florence, and, contrary to the artist's desire, took the youth away with him. Cellini, upon this, having then a son of his own, renounced all further connexion with the Sptasenni family, and considered himself discharged from all further responsibility with regard to the son. But, in 1570, Sptasenni commenced an action against Cellini, to compel him to provide for the young man, and to secure for him a share of Cellini's property after his decease. It seems that Cellini allowed judgment to issue by default: for a sentence was given against him, which was annulled,

however, upon petition to the duke, setting forth the real circumstances of the case.

The autobiography of the artist may be regarded as his latest production. He began to write them towards the end of the year 1758, and the greater part of them seems to have been submitted to the inspection of his friend Varchi, one of the Florentine literati, in less than six months afterwards. The manuscript, now in the Laurentian library at Florence, consists of 519 folio pages, unnumbered only in part, with a rough cover of parchment, and tied with bands of the same material. On the cover is written, "The book of Andrea de' Lorenzo Cavalcanti;" and on the first page, "This most precious book was ever held in the highest esteem by the good and, to me, always dear, Signor Andrea Cavalcanti, my father, who would permit no one to copy it; resisting even the repeated solicitations made to him by his most serene and reverend highness the Prince Cardinal Leopold of Tuscany, etc., because

Lone in its happy realms one Phoenix dwells,
Lives to itself, parent and offspring both,—
So by the world is prized: rare worth is both
To court applause; what's each one's rankly smells."

On the back of this is written, in Cellini's own hand, a memorandum respecting the manuscript, and a sketch of his life. The autobiography commences on the second folio, and appears by the memorandum to have been written by the son of Signor de Gara Vestri, as dictated by Cellini, as far as page 490. Then come three pages and a half in an unknown hand; the remainder being in the writing of Cellini himself. At the end are five blank pages, except the first, on which are the words, "I afterwards went to Pisa."

That this is the original manuscript which Cellini sent to Varchi for his revision, there seems no reason to doubt; for his handwriting appears in several places. Cavalcanti made a gift of the work to his friend Redi; and at the commencement of the present century it was found in a bookseller's shop in Florence, and subsequently bequeathed, with other MSS., to the Laurentian library.

Honore Walpole regarded the autobiography of Cellini as "more amusing than any novel;" and the Italian literati have carried their admiration of it to the highest pitch, describing it as "the most entertaining book in the whole compass of their national literature. His intimacy with the great Italian painters and sculptors, and his intercourse with the king of France and the emperor, with the popes and the Medici, military commanders and dignified ecclesiastics, afforded him opportunities of making the most interesting observation; and, as a picture of society at the period in which he lived, the work is invaluable.

He died on the 15th of February, 1570, and was buried, by his own direction, in the chapter house of the Nunziata, with a grand funeral ceremony, which was attended by all the members of the Academy of Drawing. Besides his life, he wrote a treatise on goldsmiths' work, and several poems, which, however, are not above mediocrity.

SELF-DENIAL;

OR,

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

III.

For a moment I felt all the shame and mortification of one detected in some disgraceful crime. I stood, wishing myself annihilated, while Edith sank into a chair. There was a moment of dead silence; of silence quite painful. I felt it could not last, and I was anxious to break it myself. Charles prevented me.

"Ever since I have been in this house, six months before you came here, Edward, I loved this girl. For her it is I have had courage, for her it is I have driven; and now that I come the herald of somewhat better news, I find my hopes dashed to the ground."

"Mr. Ogilvy," said Edith, rising, and though suffused with blushes, speaking in a firm and resolute tone, "I never had the least suspicion of this."

"Then why were you my friend, why did you defend me against your mother, and keep me here though I was a pauper?"

'Twas pity—pity for the poor starving student. Hail! hail! 'Tis mighty pleasant and consoling!"

"Mr. Ogilvy," again said the dear girl—her face showing all the pain she felt—"I always respected you as a friend. If I induced my mother to let your rent run on, it was because I knew you would honourably pay her. There was no occasion for pity."

"Edith," said Charles, taking her hand, and bursting into tears, "you are an angel. The past cannot be recalled. I should not have been the timid fool I have."

"I assure you, Mr. Ogilvy—I never thought—I never suspected."

"And why should you?" resumed he, with one of his old laughs. "Dumb courtships, I see, my dear Edward, will not do. But come, let us sit down and talk the matter over. You have scolded the matter in a rapid way I never should have dreamt of. No excuses, no apologies. It is I who beg your pardon for my violence. But you see, Edward, for the dream of a whole year to vanish in one moment was, to say the least, trying. It is over now. You are a brave, good couple; may you be happy!"

"Generous and good always!" I cried.

"A truce to compliments. What I want to know is, how this came about. I suppose you have had some good news to elate you, eh?"

I told him the exact truth.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said, when I had finished—"very glad. Now for my news. My mother has had a legacy left her, quite unexpectedly. She has sent me fifty pounds of it. Now, young people, I am for marrying at once. Mr. Edward here, has about a pound a-week, he is clever, he has an opening, he will make his way. I suppose all you will want will be a couple of rooms. I will furnish them, and the author must pay me when he can."

I would not hear of such a sacrifice. But Charles insisted so gravely and so earnestly, that we gave way; and then came the great question of the parents. I felt sick at heart as I reflected that I could not communicate with my father and mother. To this marriage I felt they would never give their consent. I was not sorry, therefore, to be spared the pain of being refused.

"I will undertake Mrs. Ellis," said Charles, smiling. "I am going to pay her in advance until Christmas. That will give me weight, I can tell you. Are you engaged this afternoon, Edith?"

"No," said the young girl, blushing.

"Here is a ticket to see the Panorama of London," he continued. "Go and get ready, and ask Mrs. Ellis to have her receipt ready up to Christmas."

Edith, glad to find herself free, escaped with the utmost rapidity. We were alone.

"Edward," said my earnest friend, "I love you more than ever. It was a bitter discovery to make; but she is a noble girl, and she has chosen well. Now, Edward, take my advice. Begin very humbly. The career of a literary man is one of the most difficult. It is a rough and tortuous one; and yet it has its pleasures and advantages. You will succeed, if you are not in a hurry."

"But already am I falling into debt, my dear Charles," I replied.

"There is no such thing as debt between real friends. You will do for me what I have done for you, when you can. Recollect that I shall be always to be found; and as you love me, Edward, never borrow half-a-crown of an acquaintance. Most men will lend; but a half-crown borrowed inconsiderately has cost many a man months of idleness. You cannot deny yourself to a man to whom you owe money. There is much truth in what Shakspeare makes old Polonius say to his son, Laertes:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loseth both it-self and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'

"You speak warmly, Charles," I said.

"I speak from experience. Debt is the curse of the idle and improvident—a mill-stone about the neck of many a struggling sufferer, who has to pay all his life long the penalty of his youthful folly and extravagance."

"You don't think of your self, Charles," I said; "your whole thoughts are on us. You will remain here?"

"Certainly. I shall continue to reside with your mother and father, who is a very excellent woman at heart, Edith told me. She is a child born and bred; but letting bad habits go, I don't, have a poor even the best of us. Nobody should start in it but those who have had experience in childhood. To be continually on the watch for money, suspicious and exacting, often to be deceived, is a terrible work."

"And Ellis himself?" I asked.

"He has been an officer and, I believe, a gentleman. He was shelved on half-pay, I fear from too great liking for the bottle. He was in a drinking regiment, and learnt the habit. He's not, mind you, a regular drunkard, but he wastes a small income at the tavern. He fancies himself at the mess-table. Besides, the house is all let but the kitchen, and the poor man is half driven out."

I looked very grave at this description. It was too many of the loose habits unfortunately contracted by too many on entering the army at an early age that my father had objected to. He had painted the fatal weakness of young men in giving way in a manner that I thought exaggerated.

"Edward," he had said in conclusion, "my ambition is to see my son a good man and a Christian; therefore it is that I prefer a profession where there is less temptation."

All this made little or no impression on me at the time, for as the words rose in judgment against me, I had a more practical proof of the possibility of what my father said. I knew that it was wrong to be indolent, a whole body of the faults of a few; still I could not deny that my father was right to keep me out of temptation.

Edith returned shortly, dressed in a plain white frock that became her much. She was rosy with blushes, and, as I thought, never had looked so beautiful. It was little then to be wounded at, that all regrets vanished as I descended the stairs with my dear little affianced wife.

It is hard to say which is the happiest day of our lives, when there are really so very many that are happy. But I believe we are generally right when we select that on which we first know of the gentle affection of a woman, as at all events one of the happiest. It is one of those days we never forget, and look back upon it is always pleasant in the most arid and gloomy hour of existence.

I do not believe either of us saw much of the sight we went to see. For my part I recollected nothing about it the same evening. We wandered about, her arm leaning on mine, sometimes talking of the future, but oftener silent, unless when we joined to sing the praises of our friend and benefactor. At last we remembered that it was time to return.

Edith turned a little pale, and I could tell that her heart was beating violently as we came up to the door of No. 13. I showed her up as well as I could, though, to say the truth, I did feel a little like a soldier going into his first engagement. But it was my duty to support and cheer her. I therefore assumed the virtue which of all others I had not at that moment.

"Courage, dearest," said I, with a very poor attempt at a satisfied smile. "All will be well. Charles is a good friend. I fear nothing."

He himself opened the door.

"All goes well," he exclaimed, as his eyes beamed with delight.

I pressed his hand, but could not find a word. He hid none of himself, but opened the door of the front parlour, at that moment unlet, and we were ushered into the presence of the parents. The father was a handsome man of about forty-seven, with a countenance which I appeared to have seen before. He was a little shabby, and a little flurried, but he was quite sober, though there was a bottle of brandy before him.

Mrs. Ellis was a little round, and temperate woman, and, however, a look of care on her countenance, which was in part explained by her battle with the world. The poor woman had seven children, of whom Edith was the eldest. It was in order to keep them, and provide them with schooling, that Mrs. Ellis let lodgings.

"I am proud, sir, to make your acquaintance," said the ex-captain, in a voice that would have been hoarse, had he not been husky from drink. "Mr. Ozbly has apprised us of the honour you desire to confer upon us."

"Rather abrupt," thought I. But I supposed the captain had not considered his acceptance in the parlour of the "Fountain."

"Ozbly," said Mr. Ellis, gravely, "this gentleman has been a very good friend to us in these."

"Not at all," I said, "I have only let Mr. Ellis accept of my case. It is with a view to reap the inestimable favour of becoming a member of your family, that I have claimed the honour—the honour."

"Sit down," said Charles, with a sigh, "it's all settled. I have told Mr. and Mrs. Ellis over, and all they require is, that you should make them child happy. I have given you a numerous character—you have got to keep up to it."

"You are both very young," put in Mrs. Ellis, "and, so tenderly, I could not believe it was the same person who peeped shyly on the stairs, to noisy lodger, and crying children; and yet, if you have industry and economy, it is perhaps to be so. Mr. Ozbly talks of a month's house. You are very soon then to leave me, Edith."

"I never said I would marry in a month," began Edith, looking quite frightened.

"But," said Charles, rather gravely, "it is a fact on time."

Edith bowed her head, rosy with blushes, half anger, half tears, and made no reply.

"I think it necessary," I began, in a sudden thought struck me, "to explain, that, having come away from home, for private reasons, I have come to London under a fictitious name. My real appellation is Edward Milham."

The husband and wife gazed at each other with a strange look, which, however, did not prevent my continuing.

"And I am the eldest son of the Reverend Edward Milham. At my mother's death, I am entitled to three hundred a year."

There was a profound silence for a moment, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis left the room, taking Charles with them. Edith and I were left alone. The abruptness of her parents certainly surprised the dear girl, but I left her little time to think. My tongue was loosened at last, and I gave it full swing. I repeated a dozen times the same thing. I painted our happy little home. I built a thousand castles in the air, and I drew her attention by my words that she forgot all else.

Presently, after quite an hour's absence, they came back.

"Edward," said Charles, gravely, "Mr. and Mrs. Ellis consider it necessary to reciprocate your confidence. If Edith becomes your wife, it must be as Miss Furtham's family reasons, principally paid about lodging, letting, having induced them to take an assumed name. But Edith must, like yourself, be married in her real name."

I listened with considerable surprise, a faint glimmering of some strange fancy coming over me, as I heard the words; but as Charles gave no further explanation, I did not give utterance to my thoughts, but sat down at the invitation of my new friends to tea. Edith made it, and blushed a good deal, too, at her father's odd looks. He joked her in the most quiet way possible about her naturally look at the tea-table; wondered what the world would come to, when children of sixteen thought of marriage, and I kept the poor girl in a state of half pleasure, half vexation.

Charles, in one of his rambles, had found a quiet little inn, a cottage at the foot of Bungstead Hill. I was quite sure he had looked at it with a view to taking it for himself, and the same dear girl, who now was to be mine. But I never even hinted at anything of the kind. The poor fellow had so miserably believed the old saying, one idea of his soul was well kept, that he had taken Edith's many kindnesses as a sign of love.

I saw a deep blush suffuse Mrs. Brown's face, when the wedding was over. I was glad to hear his reply, but I knew, however, that he had broken his promise, and next time we went to see it was to be the rough ploughman's.

I received a letter from Mrs. and Edith, both in my paper, so I could not get any of it. With this I paid the expenses of the wedding, and I made a bargain with them, to not paid for a quarter before, and I was to be paid for the future, and I was to be paid for the future.

I was to be paid for the future, and I was to be paid for the future.

ENAMEL PAINTING.

The engraving which we now present to our readers, is taken from a beautiful specimen of enamel preserved in the Museum of the Louvre. It is a large rectangular plate, containing an oval medallion about twenty inches in length and sixteen in breadth. It is the work of the celebrated Bernard Palissy, and represents the destruction of the Israelites by fiery flying serpents. The flesh of the various figures introduced is of white enamel; the vestments are coloured either brown or green. The figure that lies upon the

a third with a lute, and a fourth with a pipe or flute. The figures in the lower corners of the piece are separated by a long medallion of an oval form. The variety of colours introduced presents a very pleasing appearance to the eye. The ground-work of the plate is blue. The reverse is not in enamel. The frame is of carved oak.

The style of the composition, and the general beauty both of the colouring and execution, render this work of the great Palissy particularly interesting; but, apart from the merit of the work itself,



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ISRAELITES BY THE FIERY SERPENTS.—FROM AN ENAMEL BY BERNARD PALISSY.

earth in the very front of the design, and whose form is half covered by a robe, is particularly well executed, the garment, which is yellow, contrasting well with the other tones of the colouring. The vestments of the female figure near the tree is blue. The whole composition is contained within an ornamental border; it is decorated with a variety of devices in yellow, here and there enriched with a fantastic head in yellow blue. At the corners of the enamel are represented full-length figures, playing on various musical instruments—one with a species of bass-viol, another with a guitar,

the fact of its being the production of the potter would be enough to render it valuable. The story of the life of "poor Master Bernard of the Tuileries" is full of interest and instruction. The struggle of the good man to perfect his art, the troubles he endured to complete his experiments, and the sorrows which came upon Master Bernard for conscience sake, that sent him to the Bastille, and were nigh dragging him from thence to meet the flames;—all these things have made Master Palissy a hero—a hero of the right kind.

THE TOWN OF HUY.

Huy, a town of Belgium, in the province of Liege, stands on the shores of the little river Hoyoux, from which it derives its name. The position of the town is remarkably picturesque, and the hills around are clothed with luxuriant vines. The quaint old houses,

picture not easily surpassed for beauty, and not readily forgotten when once seen.

The chroniclers of the middle ages, and writers of modern times as well, claim for the town of Huy a good old age; it was founded,



THE TOWN OF HUY, IN BELGIUM.

the heavy roof, the casement windows, the small bridge with its light railing, the little stream, so clear and still, the trees and creeping plants that have overgrown the rustic wall, and, towering above everything else, the church of Notre-Dame—a noble building that has stood there for more than seven centuries—present a

so they say, in the first century of the Christian era, and for this assertion they appear to have a very conclusive authority. We say, that it was known in the seventh century, that is, on a point at all. It was a great place in the days of Charles the Great, and the most important town in the Belgic provinces of the empire.

its glory has departed. Before the year 1795 it contained fourteen parishes, one collegiate church, two abbys, and seventeen convents; now the number of parishes is reduced to five, and the population is estimated at eight thousand.

In the Church of the Crusaders is the tomb of Peter the Hermit, but the Church of Notre Dame is the principal ecclesiastical edifice. The castle, built upon a rock, commands the city and the river Meuse, which divides the town into two parts and is spanned by a stone bridge of seven arches. This castle is of very ancient origin, but a great part of the first building was destroyed by Henry II. of France.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

Along with our Saxon ancestors there came into England some of the strangest notions and oddest fancies that we can well conceive. Albion had, without doubt, plenty of wild, unearthly stories when her sons razed the forest, before those forests echoed to the tramp of the Roman legions. And no doubt from the City of the Seven Hills there came new superstitions, more wild and terrible than the wood-coloured savages had ever heard of before. Paganical serpent-eggs, and the rest of the mistletoe mysteries, were followed by the nymphs of the mountains, at the very sight of whom sane men were driven mad. But with the Saxons came an entirely new class of superstitions, some of them full of horror, some light and cheerful, some terrible as was ever giant-goblin story to a child's fancy; others beautiful and gay as the fables that slept in the bell-flowers and floated on the zephyr. The chief part of the fancies, however, being those we are about to mention here, were connected with the most ordinary affairs of life, and invested every little circumstance with a peculiar and awful meaning. They beset the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country; and many of them are still preserved amongst us. Of course these things are now slighted, and, except he be a very unlettered peasant indeed, a man does not turn back in dismay at the sight of three magpies; but once these things were received as positively true, and were regarded with as much certainty as we might count on a tide or a change of the moon.

Imagine a man believing that all these little circumstances—the falling of a stone, the ticking of a death-watch, a tingling in the ear, a shivering sensation in the back, or any other similar trivial occurrence—really betokened some good or evil fortune, what a strange sort of a life he must lead!

A stork settles on a gable of his house. Welcome. To kill the bird would be open sacrilege, for the stork is a harbinger of happiness. He receives the visit with a feeling of delight, and hails it as a promise of good luck. When he goes out, a strange dog follows him: here again is another sign of prosperous fortune. A strange dog never follows any person without good luck speedily coming on the favoured one. Welcome to the dog. When night sets in, the man looks up on the shining points in the heavens, the jewels of the night, and notices a shooting star. Good luck again. He forms a wish before the star has disappeared, and the wish is certain to be gratified. Moreover, our friend is lucky altogether: he was born with a caul, and this is certain to render him remarkably fortunate, besides having the extraordinary effect of preserving anybody who buys it from a watery grave. People now-a-days are short of faith, and prefer life-preservers of another sort—such, for instance, as cork jackets. But our lucky friend, besides being born with a caul, having a stork on his house, a strange dog at his heels, and wishing himself good fortune as a shooting star flits over the face of the heavens, has found, unawares, some four-leaved clover, and on this account, as well as all the rest, is entitled to the best of luck all his life along. Fortunately, too, he has been seated, involuntarily, between a married couple at a dinner table, and this ensures a

"Hone, and in the cup of life
That honey drop, a pleasing wife."

and at no distant date—within the twelvemonth, as sure as the zodiac.

But our friend suffers from rheumatism. What is he to do?

Go to the doctor!—nothing of the sort. Let him steal a potato, or, if he objects to steal one, let him beg, but on no account buy, one. If he prefers a chestnut to a potato, a chestnut will answer just as well. As long as he retains either in his possession, he is a safe man. Still accidents may happen, and sitting next his dearest friend, our lucky man lets fall some grains of salt upon the table. Spilling salt betokens a strife between the person who spills it and the person next to whom he sits. What is our friend to do in order to avert the omen? He must lift up carefully, very carefully, not leaving a single grain, the salt that is spilt, with his knife, and throw it over his shoulder. Nothing else will avert disaster. But what if he upsets the salt-cellar altogether? This signifies a shipwreck, and our friend may look out for squalls; there is fine weather now, but a storm is brewing, and the gallant little "Triton," with a gooily cargo, will meet with accident—no doubt of that.

While our friend is thinking of these things, and trembling for his "Triton," bound to the bottom as sure as ever scuttled ship was doomed, he feels a tingling in his ear. This satisfies him that some are talking about him. But what can they be saying? Are they telling up his good deeds, numbering his excellent qualities, writing up his virtues—like tombstone grief; or are they pointing out his weakness, condemning his vices, ridiculing his absurdities, and writing him down an ass? Which ear is it tingles? The right; then are his excellencies exalted. A tingling in the right ear is always a good omen. But, unfortunately, it is in the left—there is no mistake about it; the most subtle casuist cannot make left right, and right left. The talker talks with no respect of persons: he condemns our friend as a scoundrel, whispers all the idle gossip of the town, tells all the prattle—such prattle as people love to hear, though it be foul and dirty, and black as ink. All the stories that our friend would have kept secret are blazing forth, and he knows very well that the circle of listeners,

"Whatever they hear are sure to spread
East and west and north and south,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,
Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth."

When the left ear tingles, people talk ill of us; if it be so, some people's left ears must never leave off tingling. But what is to be done? Charm for charm. Our friend must bite his little finger; the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. Don't spare the little finger.

Our friend has been relating a remarkable story, the visitors have been all listening anxiously. "Is it true, is he quite satisfied of its authenticity?" Quite. Up stands our friend, when his chair falls backward, and falls on the ground with a crash. There is an audible titter. Our friend colours "rubbier than the cherry." What does it mean? The falling of a chair is a sure sign that the person who sat in it has been guilty of untruth. Our friend is about to present a very choice knife to a fair acquaintance, but he knows very well that it may sever their friendship for ever. To give cold steel, scissors or knives, separates friendship between even the dearest friends. Therefore, some money, no matter how small a piece, must be paid—holy paid—and the affair be regarded as a purchase. Salt, also, must not be given; it must be bought, else unthought-of calamity is sure to follow. Our friend has plucked a water lily, that spread its broad leaves and white and yellow cups upon the water. No harm is done by this; but he has unfortunately slipped and fallen while he had it in his hand. What will be the result? Perhaps a bruise or two; nothing of the sort—but he will now be subject to fits. Moreover, he happens to have cut his finger rather deeply, and the manner which he takes to cure the wound is as simple as it is remarkable. He anoints the knife with oil, puts it into a drawer, and allows it to remain there for some days. Sympathetically the cut is cured. Our friend, likewise, entertains the notion that if he goes under a ladder he stands the chance of being hanged; that the consequence of such an imprudent act will in all probability be a long cord and a short shirt. Then, being once or twice detected talking to himself—like a modern Prince of Denmark—he is confirmed in the idea, for to soliloquise is the sure precursor of a violent death. And as our friend occasionally feels a cold shivering sensation in his back,

he begins to understand that his time is near, and that somebody is walking over his grave.

Such are a few of the odd fancies which our Sages of the other left us as an heir to me. Signs and omens, such as ancient Romans might have gathered from the flight of birds, and other omens from the writhings of a snake in a victim, our Sages and Sages scattered in every trifling circumstance of daily life. Such fancies are still

retained in Holland, and in Germany, and here, in the East, are not forgotten. It seems, therefore, probable, that about the middle

of the Twentieth Century."

Should have entered the mind of man, but that they have been swept by all all-dipity, and have only been found in an occasional chapter of the delusions of the olden time.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

More controversy has taken place among men of science as to the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. It may be thought that of a people so ancient abundant testimony would be found in the works of the Greek travellers and historians, but the difficulty has been created by the conflicting statements of those writers, rather than by their silence on the subject. Volney maintains that they were negroes, and found his opinion on passages in the works of Herodotus, Æschylus, and Lucian. Ammianus Marcellinus says they were, for the most part, of a brownish colour; and in an old Egyptian document in the Berlin Museum, in which the several parties are described by their external appearance, one is called black or dark brown (the word may be rendered either way), and the other yellow or honey-coloured. Dr. Prichard infers from these accounts, that the ancient Egyptians were a dark-skinned people, and that, at the same time, great varieties of colour existed among them, as is the case with the modern Hindus and Abyssinians.

Bacon gives the following description, founded upon a general examination of Egyptian statues, busts, and bas-reliefs:—"They had delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances soft and pliant; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but closed and smiling; complexion dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineations among modern travellers has observed, the genuine African character, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation."

The figures which illustrate this article afford some specimens of the characters exhibited by Egyptian sculptures. The originals are in the Egyptian Gallery in the Louvre. Fig. 1 represents two unknown persons, probably husband and wife, as may be indicated by the figure of a child between them. There is nothing to indicate that these figures represent deities, royal persons, or indeed any persons of distinction; probably the man held some civil employment under the Pharaohs.

Fig. 2 is a statue in black granite, without a head, of which it has been deprived by accident. It was found on the site of the ancient Sais, and is considered a fine specimen of ancient Egyptian art. The attitude and the execution are superior to the majority of Egyptian statues; and we may here remark that the sculptors of ancient Egypt represented upright figures less often than those which are seated. There is an inscription on this statue, from which we learn that it represents Horus, the son of Psammetichus, and a military chief.

The ancient Egyptian artists sometimes represented men kneeling before a kind of altar on which their deities were represented in relief. We give two examples of this kind of sculpture. Fig. 3 is a statuette in stone, of heavy workmanship, representing a high functionary, called in the inscription, "Babilus Grammatas, chief of the cavalry of the lord of two worlds, and guardian of the royal legs," kneeling before an altar, in a niche of which is a figure in relief of the god Osiris. Fig. 4 is a kneeling figure in black granite, supporting before him a serpent (Beneb), in which three divinities are seated. The inscription on the upright slab at the back of the kneeling figure intimates that it is that of Eusanr, the son of Anuwer, who, among other titles, is called, "Chief of the cities of the meridional country."

Fig. 5 represents an individual kneeling in the New Kingdom's inscription, Seneferu, prophet and priest of the white goddess. The prophets were not in the first rank of the sacerdotal class, and were ranked after the arch-prophets, and the grammateus attended to the worship of deified kings. This statue, which is regarded as one of

the most precious specimens of the Egyptian art, is made of black stone, and appears to have been executed in the earliest period of the Egyptian art. The position is simple, and the style is of antique rude. The head is round, the shoulders rather like the back, presents an appearance of strength, the articulation of the face is robust. The somewhat remarkable head-dress is spotted black, and a green band is drawn under the eye.

Fig. 6 is a representation of a bas-relief in calcareous stone, from the tomb of Seti I., a member of the nineteenth dynasty, and a fourteenth century before the Christian era. The name, on these of Seti, the goddess Hathor, supposed by Champollion to have been the Egyptian Venus, but more probably another name for Isis. Though both figures are in profile, the eyes, as was usual with the ancient artists, are represented full. The king has a youthful appearance; he wears a kind of seat, the fibres of which are arranged with regularity, and somewhat terminated in spirals. His forehead is adorned in front with a serpent, and he wears bracelets on his wrists, and a collar of four rows of cow-horns. His right hand holds the left hand of the goddess, and his left hand rests on a lotus which she holds out to him. The head-dress of the goddess is of great richness, and is surmounted by a collar of a between cow-horns, from which a serpent hangs. She wears a collar of cow-horns from the knees. Her arms are round and adorned with bracelets and amulet; her feet are also bare, and ornamented with girdles. Her robe fits very closely to her form, and is curiously ornamented with figures and symbols. Her ears in ancient times were; the latter very large, thus translated; "I shall be of justice, I will not of the many years, and I will be like that of the sun." Offspring of the sun, friend of the gods, Seti, the lord of Eternity, live for ever! Lord of two worlds, establisher of justice, we give thee many years, and thousands of generations. Thy wife, offspring of the sun, lady of diadem, Hathor, the friend of Ptah, regarded as the sun, lord of two worlds, lady of Hathor, in that she always the land of peace and truth."

It has been commonly when Egypt is mentioned, and was used by the ancient Egyptians to designate the power or principle by which the universe was originated and provided over. Sometimes it was called Oneph, denoting a good genius; and it was represented symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, an emblem of eternity.

Figure 7 is a fragment of a bas-relief in calcareous stone, representing a funeral scene. The mother of the deceased has her hand to her head, with grief expressed in her countenance, perhaps to cover her hair with dust, according to ancient usage. A priest clings the funeral urn, and beholds him three persons utter exclamations of grief or repeat the chorus of the hymn. In another compartment aquatic birds and plants are represented, an offering, but conveys the oblation across the lake water to the lake of death. In a representation of a funeral on a similar bas-relief, the king, the Pharaoh of the dead, and his family are seated round the table, below a table covered with offerings and plants, in a compartment, the only example of the representation of a banquet or repast, of the Egyptian art.

If we may form an idea of the workmanship of the modern Egyptians from the paintings found in their tombs, and from the bas-reliefs of the monuments, we shall be surprised to find that they have a most successful and judicious use of the light and shade. The colouring is not so brilliant as that of the ancient Egyptian art. The reds are not so bright as those of the olden time, and the greens are not so rich. The figures are not so full and rounded, and the lines are not so bold and expressive. The figures are not so full and rounded, and the lines are not so bold and expressive. The figures are not so full and rounded, and the lines are not so bold and expressive.



FIG. 1.— EGYPTIAN FIGURES (UNKNOWN).



FIG. 2.— FIGURE BEFORE AN ALTAR (BASILICUS GRANNATCS).

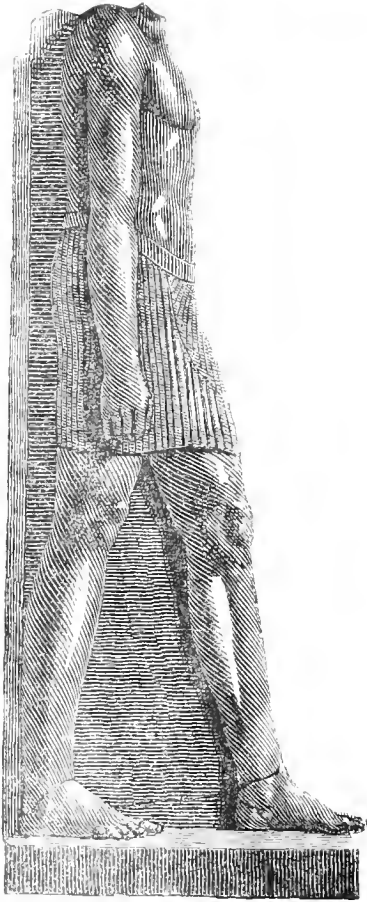


FIG. 3.— STATUE OF HORNS.

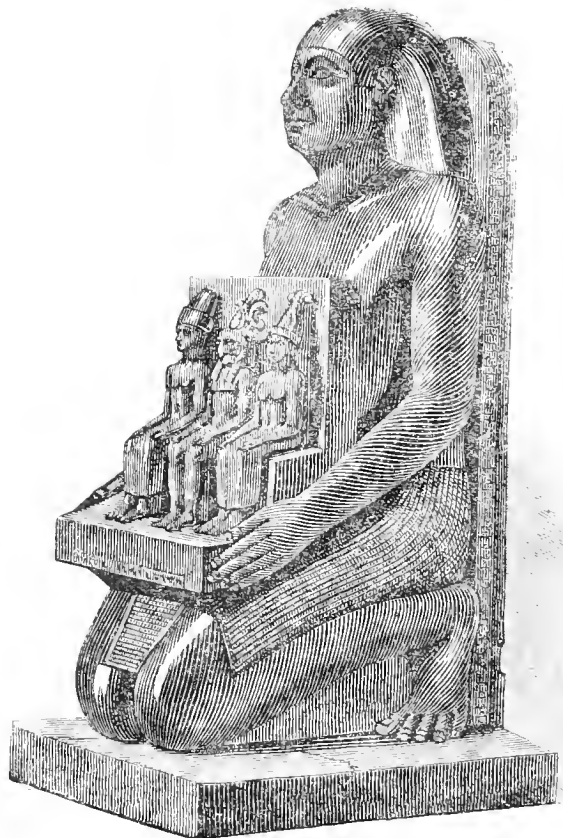


FIG. 4.— KNEELING FIGURE (ENSANORI).

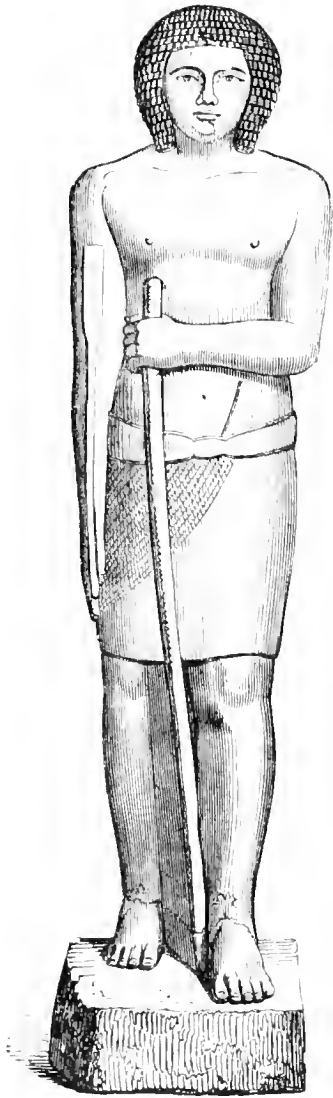


FIG. 5. STATUE OF SEMA.



FIG. 6. BAS-RELIEF FROM THE TOMB OF SETI I.



FIG. 7.—BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING A FUNERAL SCENE.

brown. "This red colour," says Dr. Prichard, "is evidently intended to represent the complexion of the people, and is not put on in the want of a lighter paint, or flesh colour; for when the limbs or bodies are represented as seen through a thin veil, the tint used resembles the complexion of Europeans. The same shade might have been generally adopted if a darker one had not been preferred, as more truly representing the national complexion of the Egyptian race."

The Copts, who are well known to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have yellowish-brown complexions, and features which bear considerable resemblance to those of mulattoes; and Denon says he was struck with the resemblance of the Copts to the old Egyptian sculptures. Mr. Ledyard, whose testimony is the more valuable as he had no theory to support, says: "I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race; the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here, is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like the mulattoes." This description agrees with those of Volney, Lotry, and Pagnet; and the preservation of their language shows that the Coptic race has undergone very little change since the days of the Pharaohs.

CELEBRATED SPRINGS.

SPRINGS are interesting objects, whether we regard them as entering into the composition of picturesque scenery, in which character they appeal to the eye of the artist and the lover of the beautiful in nature, or as associated with classical and modern poetry, or with the bygone events chronicled by the historians of the olden time. Whether gushing forth from the rock, and sparkling in the sunlight as their waters fall into their natural basin—or murmuring in the seclusion of some deep glen, half concealed by feathery ferns—or rising in the arid desert, to slake the thirst of the camel and his tawny rider, to whom the palm which invariably grows beside it affords a welcome shade—a spring is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. No wonder, then, that the active and poetic imagination of the old Greeks placed the springs of their country under the guardianship of the Nymphs, and that their feeling of the beautiful led them to believe that the nymphs were grieved and displeased by the pollution of the sparkling waters which the gods had placed under their protection. What reader of classical literature has not heard of the fountain to which Ulysses was directed to go, to find his herdsman, when he returned to his native country? This fountain,

"Where Arcthusa's sable waters glide,"

is about six miles in the interior of the island, the road leading to it ascending all the way. The water is continually percolating through the superincumbent rock at the top of a ravine, and falls into a small basin. The sides of the ravine are covered with evergreens and odoriferous shrubs, and before the spring stands a broken and crumbling arch, through which may be seen the blue waters of the Ægean sea. The summit of the rock, above the spring, commands an extensive and beautiful view of the islands and distant mountains of Greece. The goat-herds of the islands quench their thirst at this spring, which flows as brightly now as in the days of Homer, three thousand years ago.

Dobwell, who visited this spot, describes its waters as clear and good, trickling gently from a small cave in the rock, which is covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built, to check its overflowing. After oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle. In the winter it overflows, and finds its way, in a thin stream, through the glen to the sea. The French had possession of Ithaca in 1798, and the rocks of the Arcthusian fountains are covered with republican inscriptions.

Who also has not heard of the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, in which the priestess of Delphos laved her limbs, and from which she was supposed to derive her inspiration? Of the former magnificence of the city and temple which in ancient times occupied this site not a vestige can now be discovered; but Parnassus still rears its rocky summit to the sky, and the Castalian spring still pours forth its sparkling waters.

"The shrine hath shrunk! but thou—unchanged art thou!"

Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!

Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,

With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams.

And all thy founts of song! Their bright course seems

With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,

Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems

As with its mantle veiling from our gaze

The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!"

A small shallow basin on the margin of the rill is pointed out as the bath of the Pythoness, which is fed by the cascade descending through a cleft of Parnassus, as the snow on its summit is dissolved. This probably accounts for the extreme coldness of the water. The poetic expression, "Castalian dew," refers to the spray of the cascade. In accordance with the common practice of erecting edifices for Christian worship on the spots consecrated by the traditions and myths of the older creed, a chapel, dedicated to St. John, now rises by the side of the Castalian spring, the picturesqueness of which is further increased by a large fig-tree, which produces an agreeable shade, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and trailing or pendulous ivy.

In the desert of Northern Arabia may still be observed some of the springs at which the Israelites halted in their long and toilsome journey from Egypt to Palestine, still shaded by a few palms, and objects of contention to the wild tribes who wander from oasis to oasis with their flocks and herds. Sometimes the water is bitter and brackish; and we read in the Mosaic narrative, that "when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter." The juice of a plant, however, rendered them palatable. There is reason for supposing the spot mentioned to be the spring Hawarah, a small basin of brackish and rather bitter water, near which Dr. Robinson found several bushes of a low-growing, thorny plant, producing red berries of an acid flavour, which are found a corrective to the unpleasant qualities of the water. "And they came to Elish, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." This spot has been identified with Wady Gharamel, a slight depression in the wide desert, with a copious spring in the bottom, producing a small rivulet, and surrounded by date-palms, tamarisks, and acacias. Though twelve wells cannot be traced at present, the circumstance does not militate against the identification of Elish with Wady Gharamel, as wells are frequently filled up by the drifting of the sand.

In the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is a spring dedicated to the Virgin, the waters of which flow through a subterranean channel cut in the solid rock into the Pool of Silwan, an artificial reservoir, fifty-three feet long by eighteen broad. From thence the water is led off to irrigate the gardens and orchards in the valley. The waters of this spring exhibit the remarkable phenomenon of flowing at intervals, in a manner analogous to the flux and reflux of the tides of the ocean. Jerome first called attention to the circumstance, towards the close of the fourth century; but most modern travellers have discredited the story. Among the inhabitants of Jerusalem, however, the belief in the ebb and flow of the water is universal; and Dr. Robinson was enabled, a few years ago, to verify it by his own observations.

"As we were preparing to measure the basin of the upper fountain," says he, "and explore the passage leading from it, my companion was standing on the lower step, with one foot on it, and the other on a loose stone lying in the basin. All at once he perceived the water running into his shoe; and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was also covered with water. This instantly excited our curiosity; and we now perceived the water rapidly bubbling up from under the lower step. In less than five minutes it had risen in the basin nearly or quite a foot, and we could hear it gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes more it had ceased to flow, and the water in the basin was again reduced to its former level. Thrusting my staff in under the lower step, whence the water appeared to come, I found that there was here a large hollow space; but no further examination could be made without removing the steps. Meanwhile, a woman of Kefti-Selwan came to wash at the fountain. She was accustomed to frequent the place

every day; and from her we learnt that the flowing of the water occurs at irregular intervals—sometimes two or three times a day, and sometimes, in summer, once in two or three days. She said, she had seen the fountain dry, and men and flocks, dependent upon it, gathered around and suffering from thirst; when all at once the water would begin to boil up from under the steps, and

on the side from the bottom in the interior part, and flow off in a copious stream."

The British Museum hereafter becomes distinguished among other flowing wells, of which some examples are found in England, though the phenomenon does not appear to have any regular periodicity.

THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR.

COLLETTES MALAYANES.

Nor many years have elapsed since the appearance of a dancing bear, with the indispensable accompaniment of a monkey, was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the streets of London. But the march of progress has introduced new police-mets, and before these many of the sights and sounds familiar to our childhood have either wholly disappeared, or become very unimportant. None appear to have succeeded more completely to the strong hand of the law than our shaggy friend, Bruin. Punch occasionally gets an audience together at the corner of some side street, where the old jokes appear to have lost none of their piquancy; the Fantoccini, with its wonderful dancing skeleton that falls to pieces, and throws its head up to the top of the stage in such a surprising manner, is still to be seen now and then in our thoroughfares; the monkey, even have held their ground to a certain extent, but the bear and the camel, the most wonderful of our early street reminiscences, appear to have departed forever.

Our children can only make the acquaintance of these animals in menageries and zoological gardens; but here we have abundance of evidence that the ursine race has not lost one particle of its popularity. The bear-pit is always surrounded by a delighted troop of youngsters, watching with the greatest interest the ineffectual movement of the shaggy brutes, which often look like a burlesque upon human action, and enticing them up to their uncomfortable position at the foot of the pole by the irresistible temptation of half a bun. But if the rising generation have some just cause for regret that their street opportunities of picking up a knowledge of natural history are somewhat curtailed, this disadvantage is certainly more than compensated for by the facilities afforded by the zoological gardens of the present day. Here, instead of the wandering showman with his scanty troop of animals, they may visit a magnificent collection of the rarest and most interesting creatures from all quarters of the globe; and for a guide in their inspection, instead of the "History of Three Hundred Animals," which was almost the only attainable zoological reading of our younger days, there are innumerable handbooks, of various degrees of excellence, which furnish the reader with the most recent information on the natural history of the animal creation.

The common bear of Europe (*Ursus arctos*), like all his relatives in the northern region of the earth, is clothed, as is well known, with a thick coat of long, shaggy hair, which serves to protect him from the severe cold to which he is so frequently exposed. But the bears inhabiting the countries lying between the tropics are usually destitute of this shaggy covering, and present a sleek and comfortable appearance, which contrasts remarkably with the rough exterior of our northern species. This is, however, by no means universally the case, for some of the bears from hot climates are as shaggy as their northern brethren, but these appear generally to inhabit mountainous districts, where they are exposed to considerable cold.

Of the short-haired bears of the Eastern Archipelago, for which Dr. Horsfield has proposed the formation of a genus, two species are known. One of these, the Malayan sun-bear (*H. larctus Malayaensis*), was first described by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1821; and a specimen of it appears to have been brought to England about two years previously. This bear is found in the peninsula of Malacca, in the kingdom of Pegu, and in the islands of Java and Sumatra. It is called *beruang* by the Malays, a name which has a singular resemblance to our English *beaver*. The second species, the Bornean sun-bear (*H. larctus borneensis*), considered by some zoologists as a mere variety of the Malayan bear, is found in the great island of Borneo, and was described by Dr. Horsfield in 1825,

from a specimen then living in the Royal Menagerie in the Tower of London, of the habits of which he gives a most interesting account. Both these species present a very striking similarity in form and colouring; both are of a deep glossy black, with the muzzle yellowish brown, and both have a large pale mark on the chest; but this in the Malayan bear is of a white colour, and usually takes the form of an irregular crescent, while in the Bornean species it is also a square and of deep orange colour.

From the northern bear, and especially from the great white bear of the arctic region (*Thobas arcticus maritimus*), which appears in its structure as in its habitation to present the greatest contrast with these tropical species, the Malayan and Bornean bears are especially distinguished by the great breadth of the skull, the portion occupied by the brain being almost globular, whilst in the northern species it is more oblong. In their manners and disposition, also, these animals contrast most favourably with their polar relative, and in a less degree with the intervening species. Dr. Horsfield has drawn a pleasing parallel between the two extremes. "The polar bear," he says, "lives in the most distant regions of the north, near the ocean, among ice and tempests. Its food is exclusively of an animal nature, and is supplied by fishes, seals, and the carcasses of whales. It passes more than half the year in a torpid state, and when it awakes exhibits an insuperable ferocity of disposition. Although repeatedly taken in a young state, no individual has ever been even partially domesticated. The voyagers to the northern regions abound with accounts of its courage and fierceness. It has often been found a dangerous and destructive enemy to man. The *H. larctus*, on the contrary, inhabits the most delightful and fertile regions of the globe. The range both of the Malayan and Bornean species appears to be limited to within a few degrees of the equator, and it is therefore with propriety designated as the equinoctial bear. Its food is almost exclusively vegetable, and it is often attracted to the society of man, by its fondness for the young protruding summits of the coconut trees. It appears therefore, not infrequently at the villages, and has in many instances been taken and made to submit to the confinements of a domestic life." It is to be observed, however, that the bear, although belonging to the order of carnivorous animals, generally subsist to a great extent upon vegetables, and that the polar bear is perhaps the only species confined exclusively to a flesh diet. The fondness of these animals for honey is proverbial, and the tropical species are not only endowed with the same taste, but appear to have many opportunities for indulging it. Several species of wild bees inhabit these favoured regions, and the bears will climb the highest trees with great agility in search of the sweet stores hid up by those industrious creatures, in devouring which their tongues, which are long, slender and flexible, appear to be of great service to them.

One remarkable peculiarity of these bears consists in the loose fleshy structure of the upper lip, which is equalled being protruded in the form of a short proboscis. When any article of food is held a little way beyond his reach, the animal will frequently extend this, as if to seize it, expanding his nostrils and moving his nose at the same time, in a manner which, as Dr. Horsfield observes, is very ludicrous. In this respect, however, the Malayan and Bornean bears are greatly surpassed by the species from the continent of India, called the Juggler's bear (*Prachin's habitus*), from its being carried about for exhibition by the Indian jugglers. In its general structure this species very closely resembles its insular relatives, but still presents several differences to have caused the formation of a separate genus for it, proposed to which, from the great extensibility of its lip, the name of *Prachin* has been given. Unlike the sun bears, the

animal is covered with long shaggy hair, so that he bears a considerable resemblance, in external appearance, to the common European bear. This animal, on its first arrival in Europe, was the subject of a most absurd blunder. A specimen was exhibited in England, in the year 1790, when it was examined by Pennant, and the other authorities in zoological matters in those days. The specimen had lost its front teeth, probably, as Baron Cuvier supposes, from age, and these gentlemen, struck with the circumstance, chose to overrule all its other characters, and immediately pronounced the animal to be a new species of sloth (in which the incisors are naturally deficient), which they described as the Ursine or Five-toed sloth (*Bradypus ursinus pentadactylus*). Shaw even goes so far as to tell his readers that "it is not otherwise related to the bear, than by its size and habit, or mere exterior outline!" and in accordance with the dictum of that distinguished compiler, the

do so; but it violently resents abuse and ill-treatment, and, having been irritated, refuses to be courted while the offending person remains in sight." A bear does not seem likely to prove a very amiable domestic pet; but Sir Stamford Raffles' account of the behaviour of a tame specimen of the Malayan species which lived—or about two years in his possession, may go a long way towards removing our objections to such an inmate. "He was brought up in the nursery with the children; and when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of a playful disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain-bird, or Lory of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of



THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR (*HELARCTOS MALAYANUS*).

animal appeared for some years as a sloth in all works on natural history; and in that delectable compilation, "The History of Three Hundred Animals," it figures under the more mysterious appellation of the "Anonymus Animal." Subsequent researches, however, showed that the absence of the front teeth in the first specimen was entirely an accidental circumstance, and that the creature was a genuine bear.

In captivity, all these tropical bears appear to be of a mild and often playful disposition. The Bornean bear in the Tower exhibited, according to Dr. Horsfield, a great consciousness of the kind treatment it received from its keeper. "On seeing him," says the Doctor, "it often places itself in a variety of attitudes, to court his attention and caresses, extending its nose and anterior feet, or suddenly turning round, exposing the back, and waiting for several minutes in this attitude, with the head placed on the ground. It delights in being patted and rubbed, and even allows strangers to

the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden, he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots." With these qualities—omitting, perhaps, the last-mentioned—we might almost expect the sun-bears to become fashionable pets; but their size, unfortunately, is rather against them. They measure some three or four feet in length; and when standing upon the hind legs, which they can do with ease, reach to a height of five or six feet. The natives of the countries which they inhabit apply them to a more useful purpose, employing their skins in the formation of articles of dress. Their claws, also, which are very long, are frequently strung together into necklaces by these people, or attached to their clothes and weapons by way of ornament.

THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

ALEXANDRE MAVROCORDATO, whom political exigencies have again placed at the head of the Greek administration, was born at Constantinople, on the 15th of February, 1791, and is consequently in his sixty-fourth year. He is descended, in a direct line, from the Alexandre Mavrocordato who acquired some renown both in politics and the sciences towards the close of the seventeenth century, and received the title of count from the emperor Leopold II. for his co-operation in the deliverance of Vienna, when it was besieged by the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, in 1683. Nicholas, son of Count Mavrocordato, was made hospodar of Moldavia in 1709, in the place of the native prince, Rakovitz, and of Wallachia in 1716.

The education of Alexandre Mavrocordato was carefully attended to by his father, who was grand interpreter to the Ottoman Porte, and intended him for the diplomatic service. He pursued his

association formed with that view. When, at the close of 1818, Caradja abruptly quitted the principality, and was replaced by Alexandre Soutzo, Mavrocordato also left Bucharest, and after travelling over a considerable portion of Europe, fixed his residence at Pisa. There he was joined by Argyropoulos, the Archbishop Ignatius, and several other Greeks of distinction, all actuated by the same desire of liberating their country from the Ottoman yoke.

During his residence at Pisa, he received from the Emperor Alexander, whom he had met in Bessarabia in 1818, an advantageous offer of employment in the Russian service, which his ardour in the cause of his country's independence led him to decline. Alexandre Ipsilanti, the chief of the Hetairists, proposed an invasion of Moldavia, encouraged probably by hopes of support from Russia; but Mavrocordato conceived an unfavourable opinion



ALEXANDRE MAVROCORDATO, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

studies partly under the paternal roof, and partly in the school of Kourou-Tchesna, founded by Demetrius Morousi, in the little village of Bosphorus, which at that time enjoyed a considerable reputation. Young Mavrocordato soon displayed a great aptitude for languages, and at ten years of age, emulating his father, was able to speak and write, with equal facility, Greek, Turkish, Persian, French, and Italian. Subsequently he acquired a knowledge of English and German.

In 1817 he took up his abode at Bucharest, in the quality of secretary to his maternal uncle, John Caradja, hospodar of Wallachia; and attained in a few years to the highest offices of the administration. It was at this time that projects were first initiated for the regeneration of Greece, and the name of Mavrocordato was inscribed on the list of members forming the council of the secret

of the enterprise, and refused to take any part in it. In his opinion, an insurrection would have no chance of success, either on the banks of the Danube or at Constantinople, and he recommended a descent on the coast of the Morea. His advice was followed. On the 10th of July, 1821, a Greek vessel, under Russian colours, entered the port of Marseilles, having on board Mavrocordato and his companions, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, destined for the cause of Greek independence. There they were joined by a number of their compatriots from the universities of France and Germany, and fifty French and Piedmontese sympathisers, mostly in the military services of their respective countries.

Eight days afterwards the vessel sailed for the Morea, and on leaving the port the national flag was substituted for that of Russia, amid the roar of a salute and enthusiastic cries of "Liberty for

ever!" On the 3rd of August the patriots disembarked at Missolonghi, about six weeks after the arrival of Demetrius Ipsilanti in the Peloponnesus. It is needless to enter here into the particulars of the war. The patriots were successful in expelling the Turks from the Morea; and on the 1st of January, 1822, Mavrocordato, who had been elected president of the executive council of the Greek nation, signed the famous proclamation of the National Assembly of Epidaurus. The constitution which provisionally regulated the organisation of Greece had just been promulgated. But differences of opinion were beginning at this time to distract the councils of the great chiefs, and Mavrocordato shortly afterwards resigned his authority, rather than divide the insurgent forces, which Colocotroni would certainly have done, but for this patriotic self-denial.

In July of the same year Mavrocordato met Lord Byron, for the first time, at Missolonghi. The political ability of Mavrocordato was not unknown to the noble poet, who generously offered a large sum of money for the equipment of the Greek fleet, on the condition that he should resume the direction of affairs. The friendship which thus sprang up between these two distinguished men was terminated shortly afterwards by the death of the poet, for whom the National Assembly decreed a general mourning. After the heroic defence of Sphacteria in 1825, Mavrocordato retired into private life, but he continued to correspond with the Philhellenic committees, and to keep up relations with the government.

Under the arbitrary government of Count Capo d'Istria he for some time kept aloof from public affairs; but when he thought he could serve his country by doing so, he accepted an important mission to the island of Candia, and organised, in concert with Tombazis, the increasing fleet of the infant state. During the minority of King Otho, and under the Bavarian regency, he held for short periods the ministry of finance and the presidency of the council, and afterwards received, under the colour of a voluntary retreat from office, the appointment of minister of legation to the court of Munich. He was subsequently accredited in the same capacity to the court of London; and when Otho, in July, 1840, found the difficulties of government thickening around him, he was sent for to form an administration. He took this opportunity to represent to his majesty the necessity of removing the Germans who filled all the offices of state, establishing the political institutions of the country on a sound basis, introducing certain desirable reforms into the administration, and giving the people some guarantee that their rights would be respected. Finding that his views did not agree with those of the king, he tendered his resignation. His immense popularity followed him in his retirement. This abnegation of office, when he could not hold it without a sacrifice of principle, commands our admiration, more especially as he was without fortune, having consecrated all his patrimony to the liberation of his country. The government offered him a pension of 7,200 drachmas, as a mark of their appreciation of the services he had rendered the nation; and his refusal, based on the scruples he felt at becoming a burden upon the people, increased the esteem in which his disinterested patriotism caused him to be held by all classes of his countrymen.

Two years afterwards, the revolution of the 15th of September, 1843, broke out, and compelled the king to convoke a National Assembly, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Mavrocordato was at that time Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople. Recalled to Athens by the revolution, and elected representative of Missolonghi, he presided for six months, with remarkable talent and dignity, over the most stormy assembly that had ever been convened in Greece. After the promulgation of the constitution, he was induced to accept office; but he did so with some reluctance, well knowing how precarious his tenure of power would be. In fact, the minorities, vanquished in the Assembly, soon coalesced against his administration, and offered a furious opposition to all his measures. In consequence of this factious opposition, he resigned his functions as president of the council, and resumed his place in the chamber, to which he was called by five electoral colleges. He now became the leader of the opposition, and resisted the arbitrary measures of Colletti to the utmost of his power; but in 1848, fearing an anarchical reaction, as a consequence of the political excitement of the period, he abandoned his opposition to the government, though

without giving it his support. At the close of 1850, however, he accepted the appointment of minister of legation at Paris, but without any sacrifice of his opinions on the internal policy of the kingdom. The events of which Greece has lately been the scene, and particularly the temporary occupation of the Piræus by an Anglo-French division, have awakened King Otho to a more just appreciation than hitherto of the conditions on which he holds his throne; and the fact of his again placing Mavrocordato at the head of the government seems to indicate an intention to make his future policy more in accordance with the wants and wishes of the people.

THE YOUTH OF GOETHE.

THE great German poet and thinker, whose name appears at the head of our present article, makes in his autobiography the remark which must have occurred to very many persons before him—that "when we desire to recall what befel us in the earliest period of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own direct experience." There is great truth in this. Few men can look back and tell when they began to remember, what they know themselves of their own knowledge, and what has been told to them.

We fancy that Goethe is himself in the category of those who record much from the narratives of others, which they fancy they recollect from their own experience. He gives us a minute description of his house—the house in which he was born—and tells gravely, in the style of Rousseau, of little peccadilloes, which are almost too trivial to be worthy of record. But the world had made Goethe unconsciously vain; and he really felt that it was important to the world to know how, when scarcely more than a baby, he amused certain grave old men by smashing a basket full of crockery just bought; and how he was curious about the name of his street—"The Stag-ditch;" and didn't like to go to bed in the dark, and so on. The apology for all this certainly is, the *naïve* style in which the childish adventures are told.

The event which, probably of all others, had an influence on the tone of the boy's mind, was his old grandmother's having a puppet-show exhibited to the children. We can fancy the impression made by the mimic drama on a boy who was naturally of a romantic disposition. The little stage was given over to him, and became his constant amusement and occupation, until a great change in the family induced other impressions. They lived in a queer old house, with every story projecting over the other; and when the grandmother died, their father determined to rebuild it. He tried to do this while the children were in it, until the water came into their very bed-rooms, and then he reluctantly allowed them to go to school.

The hero of this narrative now began to make acquaintance with his native town, to wander on the bridge over the Maine—it was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine—to get ferried over the river, and to watch the market-boats arriving. He used to avoid the market itself, and "always flew away from the meat-stalls, narrow and disgusting as they were, in perfect horror."

Frankfort is a quaint old town, with historic memories—its Hasengasse, its fortresses within the walls, its Nuremberg court, its Comportella, Brauzels, and other strongholds, turned to the peaceful purposes of trade. There were gates, and towers, and walls, and bridges, and ramparts, and moats—remains of a past long since dead, but which affected the boy's mind with reverence for the antique, which he further studied closely in the cuts of Grave on the "Siege of Frankfort." Then he would lose himself in the lower vault-like halls of the old council-house.

"We obtained an entrance, too, into the large, very simple session-room of the council," says the old man writing his Boy-memories. "The walls, as well as the arched ceiling, were white, though wainscoted to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any carved work; only high up on the middle wall might be read this brief description:—

'One man's word is no man's word,
Justice needs that both be heard.'

"After the most ancient fashion, benches were ranged around the wainscoting, and raised one step above the floor, for the accommo-

dation of the members of the assembly. This readily suggested to us why the order of rank in our senate was distributed by benches. To the left of the door, in the opposite corner, sat the *Schoffen*; in the corner itself, the *Schultheiss*, who alone had a small table before him; those of the second bench sat in the space to the left, as far as the wall to where the windows were; while along the windows ran the third bench, occupied by the craftsmen. In the midst of the hall stood a table for the registrar."

Here he listened to the audiences and legends of Charlemagne, and heard that Maximilian would be the last German emperor; and then he wandered round the cathedral, and there heard stories of coronations, and all the long train of splendours connected with them. After this came the fairs (twice a year, with all the old customs—customs that dated from the middle ages, to which the Germans, with their quaint love of antiquity, cling tenaciously, and still cling. One may be cited as a specimen of all the rest. The city of Worms brought an old felt hat to signify some tenure or other, which hat being always redeemed, again figured in the ceremonies of centuries. The boy used to be very proud when to the old *Schultheiss*, his grandfather, the traders did homage of pepper. Then came festivities and rejoicings outside the city. On the right shore of the Main, going down, about half an hour's walk from the gate, there rises a sulphur-spring, neatly enclosed, and surrounded by aged lindens. Not far from it stands the *Good People's Court*, formerly a hospital. On the commons around, the herds of cattle from the neighbourhood were collected on a certain day of the year; and the herdsmen, together with their sweethearts, celebrated a rural festival, with dancing and singing, and all sorts of pleasure and clownishness. On the other side of the city lay a similar but larger common, likewise graced with a spring, and still finer lindens.

But the new house was finished at last, despite delays, and was light and roomy and bright; and then began the delight of arranging it. The first thing which Goethe notices is the books, Dutch editions of the Latin classics, all in quarto, and the Italian poets, and travels; but, doubtless, the pictures that hung on the walls were much more noticed by him at the time. His father followed the principle that it was best to employ living artists. He said he was sure that pictures could be produced in any coming year, of just as excellent quality as in years passed. He would remark that many old pictures owed their excellence to their being dark and brown, in the eyes of amateurs; but he protested, says Goethe, in quite a Sterne-like sentence, that he had no fear that the new pictures would not also turn black in time; though whether they were likely to gain anything by this, he was not so positive.

Doubtless the gradual filling of the house with pictures influenced the youthful mind of the future poet. Early associations are all but irresistible, when they are pleasant; and all that awakens art love must be so.

There came, on the first of November, 1755, a fearful rumour over the earth. Lisbon had been destroyed by an earthquake, one of the most terrible in the history of the world. Sixty thousand people were killed. Alarm spread to the uttermost confines of civilisation. The end of the world was said to be at hand. Goethe was alarmed for the first time, and his religious ideas were puzzled between the alarmists and the hopeful. A fearful storm immediately after, which broke all the glass in the house, made a serious impression, which did not depart for some time.

Meanwhile the boy studied very hard, and learnt Latin, followed the usual course of instruction, and began to rhyme. There were, he complains, no children's books in those days. Boys had no resource but to pore over the "*Orbis Pictus*" of Amos Comenius, and the "*Averva Philologia*." At last he got "*Robinson Crusoe*," and "*The Island of Felsenberg*," and Anson's "*Voyage Round the World*." A little later he fell upon fairy tales, which the future poet devoured with avidity. Illness intervened, and the father, unfortunately, in times of convalescence, tried to make him fetch up lost time, which over-strained his mind.

After one of his illnesses, Goethe made an acquaintance which was to him important. He first became acquainted with Homer in a prose translation, which may be found in the seventh part of Herr von Leen's new collection of the most remarkable travels,

under the title of "*Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy*," ornamented with copper-plates in the theatrical French style.

His religious education was peculiar, or rather, was no education at all. He picked up stray notions on all sides, and thought himself a regular high priest, building himself an altar, of which, however, he afterwards no doubt made more than really was due to the circumstance.

Then the war broke out which had so much influence on his life. He was seven years old. His family was divided. His father leaned towards Prussia. Other relatives took the other side. Quarrels, discord, and discontent, entered the quiet homes of the pacific citizens. The old Sunday-evening meetings were broken up. The nearest relatives could not meet in the street without quarrelling. The boy sided with the king of Prussia, and was horrified, when he dined with his grandmother and grandfather, to hear his hero slandered. These events acted on his mind with very great force, and awoke sentiments and feelings which never died. One was a general distrust of public opinion on every point. Goethe was in many things essentially a doubter.

About this time he began his career as a fictionist, by the children's tale of "*The New Paris*," which, with all its affected simplicity, owes much to the polish of after-days. He dwells at great length on his youthful struggles.

The society of men of talent and learning, which was brought together by his father, doubtless had its influence on the dawning mind of the young German. He dwells with pleasure on John Michael von Leen, curiously on the *Senkerbergs*; but an author who came to him in his books, Klipstock, made most impression. His "*Messiah*" was almost burnt by heart.

But now came the French and billeted themselves in the town, and one Count Thorane was sent to their house. What a misfortune for a Prussian thus to entertain one of the opposite party! The father was miserable. The Frenchman was polite, artistic, a man of taste; but he was a Frenchman. This outweighed every consideration. He employed all the same artists as the old man; but it was in vain. The boy, however, was happy. He watched the artists at work for the count, he learnt French, he went to the French plays, and fell in love by way of a change.

Now came Good Friday, 1759, and a terrible battle at the gates of the city, in which, to the great delight of the mother, the French were victorious. The father was miserable; he insulted the French officer, who ordered him under arrest, and then let him go. A right good honest fellow was this Count Thorane. A thick-headed citizen, having a complaint to make one day, called him "*Excellency*," with a bow. The count returned the "*excellency*" and the bow. The astonished citizen, thinking he had not been humble enough, said "*Your highness*." "*Sir*," said the count gravely, "*we will go no further, or we shall come to 'majesty.'*"

The father allowed his son to frequent the theatre, because he advanced so rapidly in French. At last the count went away, and Goethe learnt music and English and Hebrew, and began to study theology and biblical history with great earnestness. Physical education was not neglected. Goethe learnt to fence and ride on horseback. The mode of teaching riding disgusted him, though he at last became a daring and fearless rider.

He tells, with great earnestness, how at this time he was present at the burning of a book, a French comic novel. "*The packages exploded in the fire, and were raked asunder by an oven fork, to be brought in closer contact with the flames. It was not long before the kindled sheets were wafted about in the air, and the crowd caught at them with eagerness. Nor could we rest until we had hunted upon every shelf and a few marvellous libraries to procure the forbidden pleasure. Nay, if it had been done to give the author publicity, he could not himself have made a more effectual provision.*"

Goethe shows his knowledge of human nature, for, the novel being against religion and morals, he does not give its name; as, if he had, it would have been continually in council, because it had been paid for by the. Here properly ends the early childhood of Goethe, whose life, it will be seen, begins very much as that of a literary man should, amidst learning and art, and surrounded by historical associations.

THE COLONISATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It has been observed that truth is a plant which thrives best in the soil of persecution. Imprison the preacher of a new creed, and his followers increase tenfold. Burn a book, and you make a fortune for its publisher and a reputation for its author. Opposition excites a man's combativeness into action, and often causes him to go further than he intended. The quiet thinker is converted into the propagandist by the necessity of defending himself and vindicating his opinions.

The inefficacy of force in matters of conscience was well exemplified in the case of the celebrated William Penn, whose name is better known in connexion with the propagation of Quakerism, than even that of its founder, George Fox. Imbibing the doctrines of the new sect while a youth of sixteen, at the university of Oxford, he was fined for non-conformity, and afterwards expelled the college. His father, Admiral Penn, who was high in the favour of Charles II. and the Duke of York, and anxious for his advancement at court, was deeply offended with him; and finding remonstrances and arguments ineffectual to wean his son from his

superintend the family estates, remaining there about twelve months. He returned to London just as the Conventicle Act had been passed, and the Friends expelled from their meeting-house. He had not been long in the metropolis when he was arrested on the charge of preaching to "a riotous and seditious assembly"—that is, an open-air gathering of the Friends—and committed to Newgate. He defended himself on his trial with great ability, and though the judge directed the jury to convict him, they had the honesty and courage to return a verdict of acquittal. The bench fined the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned until the fines were paid; but the Court of Common Pleas pronounced the proceeding illegal and quashed it.

Admiral Penn died shortly afterwards, perfectly reconciled to his son, to whom he left a considerable estate; but he had scarcely succeeded to it, when he was again committed to Newgate for six months for preaching. On his liberation, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and the next five years were spent in the calm and felicity of rural retirement. In 1677, Penn made a sort



PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

new opinions, he inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and turned him out of the house. Awakening, however, to a sense of either the impolicy or the injustice of this treatment, he provided him shortly afterwards with the means of passing two years in France and Italy; and on his return sent him to Ireland to manage his property there—a step which proves that he had confidence in his judgment and steadiness, for the future founder of Pennsylvania was then only in his twenty-second year. While at Cork, he attended a meeting of the Society of Friends, when the preacher, Thomas Lee, with whom he had become acquainted at Oxford, delivered so impressive a discourse on faith and spiritual-mindedness, that he became still more imbued with their doctrines.

Admiral Penn immediately sent for him to London, and again remonstrated and threatened, but without effect; ending, as before, with turning him out of doors. He now began to preach and write in support of his religious opinions, and his zeal in a short time caused him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained nearly seven months. On his liberation, his father once more received him into favour, and he again repaired to Ireland to

or religious tour through Holland and Germany, accompanied by the other two chiefs of the new sect, Fox and Barclay; and on his return to England exerted himself, though vainly, to procure the repeal of the acts under which his brethren were persecuted and oppressed, and the admission of their affirmation in the place of an oath.

He now began to look for a land in which he and his co-religionists might live in peace and security, unvexed by Exchequer prosecutions and the scoffs of the worldly-minded. America was then the haven in which all who were persecuted for conscience-sake sought refuge and rest. A sum of £16,000 was due to him from the crown, on account of money advanced by his father for the use of the navy; and Penn petitioned for a grant of a tract of land on the west bank of the Delaware, to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of his claim. Charles gave a ready assent to this arrangement, and the Duke of York ceded an adjoining tract, lower down the Delaware, in addition. The royal patent was dated March the 4th, 1681, constituting Penn absolute proprietor and governor of the province, which received from Charles, in honour of

the founder and his father, the name of Pennsylvania. Liberal terms of settlement were offered to those who wished to emigrate, and a friendly intercourse was opened with the Indian chiefs by letters and presents; for Penn's clear perception of the requirements of justice showed him that Charles Stuart had no right to dispose of the lands in the possession of the natives, and he resolved to purchase them.

A settlement had been made by the Swedes on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in 1627, which, after being some time in the possession of the Dutch, had been ceded in 1664 to England. Several other small settlements were scattered along both sides of the bay. Three vessels sailed with emigrants, chiefly Quakers, as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be effected; and Penn followed in the autumn of 1682, leaving his wife and children in England. The voyage across the wide Atlantic was made in safety; and his first act was to assemble the colonists and the Indians under an immense elm near the spot where Philadelphia was afterwards founded, and arrange the treaty according to which he became proprietor of the territory, by what he rightly considered a better title than could be conferred by King Charles. The date of this

and on the undulating plains which stretch towards the Blue Mountains, leaving the country between the mountains and the valley of the Ohio in the possession of the Indians. The Swedes had already built a church at the confluence of the Schuylkill with the Delaware; and Penn thought the situation such a pleasant one, that it was determined to build there Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love. Eighty houses were built in the course of 1683, and in two years the population amounted to 2,500. In three years it had made greater progress than New York in half a century.

In the summer of 1684, Penn returned to England, leaving the great seal in the hands of his friend Lloyd, one of the principal Quakers of the colony, and the executive power in those of a committee of the council. On board the vessel in which he sailed he wrote a farewell address to his brethren. "My love and my life are to you and with you," he said, "and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love; and you are beloved of me and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteous-



PENN TAKING LEAVE OF THE COLONISTS.

treaty has not been preserved; but the event is one of which the Quakers should be proud, and the memory of which should be treasured. Voltaire observes that it was the only treaty unratified by an oath, and the only one the provisions of which were not violated. For seventy years, or as long as the Quakers retained the administration of the affairs of the province, the friendship thus cemented between the colonists and the Indians remained uninterrupted.

The constitution which Penn had drawn up before leaving England was submitted to a general assembly of the colonists at Chester, in December, 1682, and received their approval and confirmation. So largely did it breathe the spirit of civil and religious liberty, and so humane and equitable were the laws founded upon it, that thousands were attracted to the new colony from most parts of Europe, but chiefly from Germany, descendants from natives of which country now constitute a fourth of the whole population of Pennsylvania. There were also many from Holland. No less than fifty vessels arrived with emigrants during the two years following Penn's arrival in the country. All of them settled in the south-eastern part of the province, along the banks of the Delaware,

ness, peace, and plenty, all the land over. You are come to a quiet land, and liberty and authority are in your hands. Rule for Him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it their honour to govern. And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayst stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed."

A dispute which had arisen between himself and Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, on the boundaries of their respective provinces, was referred to the Committee of Trade and Plantations on his arrival in England, and decided in his favour. He remained in England fifteen years, during which time he was four times arrested on charges of disaffection to the government of William III., arising out of his intimacy with the deposed monarch, James II., but always succeeded in vindicating himself before the council. In 1692 he was deprived of the government of Pennsylvania, which was annexed to that of New York; but it was restored to him two years afterwards. His wife died during this sojourn in England, and he married the daughter of a Bristol merchant named Callowhill.

Poverty retarded his return to Pennsylvania, which did not take place till 1699, when he was accompanied by his wife and children. He had not been more than eighteen months in America, when an attempt of the home government to convert the proprietary governments into royal ones recalled him to England. The bill was abandoned, through the exertions of Penn and his friends, and the accession of Queen Anne restored him to favour at court. Before his departure from Pennsylvania, which he was never to revisit again, the constitution of the province underwent a revision, and continued in this improved form as long as the proprietary government lasted. The legislative power was vested in the governor and assembly, the latter being elected annually, and the people had the power of appointing sheriffs and coroners. "And now," says Baneroff, "having divested himself and his successors of any power to injure, he had founded a democracy. By the necessities of the case, he remained the feudal sovereign; for only as such could he grant or have maintained the charter of colonial liberties. But time and the people would remove the inconsistency. Having thus given freedom and popular power to his provinces, no strifes remaining but strifes about property, happily for himself, he departed from the young country of his affections."

Pennsylvania does not appear to have been to its founder the source of pleasurable contemplation which he anticipated in the early days of its settlement. His liberality was met with selfishness; and the latter part of his life was embittered by disputes with the colonists about property—a state of things which, though much to be deplored, seems a natural result of the anomalies of the constitution. Feudality and democracy were brought into unnatural union, and hence incessant antagonism and discontent. His attempts to obtain the sanctity of marriage, the advantages of education, and the rights and comforts of domestic life for the negroes, were defeated; and his philanthropic wishes for the conversion and civilisation of the Indians were equally ineffectual. His liberality was abused, and he was compelled to mortgage the province, which he steadily refused to sell to the crown, because he knew such a proceeding would undo all the good he had been enabled to do. The proprietorship remained with his descendants till the Revolution, when they disposed of their claims to the federal government for £100,000.

It is one of those anomalies of human nature for which it is difficult to account, that Penn, with all his acknowledged virtues and ennobling qualities, should not have perceived the sin and injustice of slavery, and its antagonism to the spirit of the Gospel. It is true, he tried to ameliorate the condition of the slave; but he continued to hold slaves when his benevolent intentions had been defeated. But in this he was not singular, even among the Quakers, for they all did the same, except those from Germany, who held with George Fox, that it was unlawful for those who had the light of the Gospel to guide them, to hold their fellow-creatures in slavery. Thousands of professing Christians—including even ministers—hold slaves at the present day, so much does self-interest blind men to the requirements of religion and justice; but that Penn should have done so is a contradiction to every other trait in his character.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

WITHIN the last few years, and more particularly within the last twelve months, the explorations of European and American travellers—some with scientific, others with commercial object—have thrown a flood of light upon the geography and resources of the hitherto almost unknown region watered by the Amazon and its tributaries. By referring to a good map of South America, the reader will perceive that this river is the largest in the world, having its sources among the snow-capped Andes, and discharging its immense volume of water into the Atlantic, nearly under the equator. Its entire length exceeds 3,000 miles, and the volume of water which it pours every second through the Narrows of Obylos is calculated at 750,000 cubic feet. It has its source in the Lake of Manriococha, situated 14,000 feet above the sea-level, among the snowy peaks of the Andes; and from thence it flows for 120 miles

through a ravine, in some places rushing like a mill-stream, and in others roaring and foaming as it tumbles over piles of rocks, above which soars the condor—the great vulture of these mountain solitudes. Near Huary the ravine opens, and the river flows more quietly through a wooded valley for a distance of 350 miles. Its course is then interrupted by rapids, and it flows eastward for 180 miles, with such force and rapidity that the Indian dares not venture even in his light canoe upon its foaming waters. Leaving the mountain region by the rapids of Manseriche, seven miles long, it now receives in succession, from the pathless wilds beyond its northern bank, the rivers Morona, Pastaga, and Tigre, of which very little is known; while on the south it receives the waters of the Huallaga, made known to us by the recently-published work of Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States' navy, who has lately descended it from Tinga-Maria, the head of canoe navigation, to its junction with the present stream, four miles below the village of Lagana. The Huallaga flows through a fertile plain, watered by numerous rivulets, and dotted with villages; the climate, moreover, is healthy, there are no mosquitoes or sand-flies, and the Indian tribes are friendly—advantages which induce Mr. Herndon to recommend it as the most eligible portion of the valley of the Amazon for European or North American colonisation. Cotton, coffee, sugar, and cocoa are produced abundantly—indigo grows wild—and cinnamon, storax, and gums abound in the woods, and may be procured from the Indians at prices almost nominal.

Most of the towns and villages of the extensive regions watered by the Amazon and its tributaries are situated on the rivers, and very little is known of the greater portion of the interior, much of which is a dense forest, rendered almost impenetrable by prickly creepers, and trodden only by hostile Indians and beasts of prey. Snakes and lizards are numerous—birds of gorgeous plumage hover above the gigantic trees or nestle in their foliage—huge black monkeys swing themselves from branch to branch—and at night the forest is resonant with the growlings of the puma and the jaguar. The Indians who dwell near the settlements of the whites are milder in their manners than those of the woods, profess a degraded and superstitious kind of Christianity, engrafted upon pagan ideas and customs by the zeal of the Jesuits, and wear cotton drawers, or a piece of cotton folded round the middle; but the forest-dwelling tribes keep aloof from the settlements, hold negroes in abhorrence, have no other religion than a species of Fetichism, and go entirely naked, both men and women. M. Alphonse de Lineart, who ascended the Tapajós (one of the tributary rivers) a few years since, describes the hostile tribes who inhabit the extensive forests which stretch far away on both sides as being painted and tattooed, and wearing caps of parrots' feathers, and collars and bracelets of beads, shells, and jaguars' teeth.

Next in succession to the Huallaga, but on the opposite side, is the Napo, which, after a course of 700 miles from the north, falls into the Amazon a little below the village of Aran. The Iça is next reached, which has a similar length; and then comes the Yapurá, flowing 900 miles from its source to its mouth, or rather months, for it has four, the two most distant of which are more than 200 miles apart. Both these rivers flow into the Amazon from the north. On the south it receives successively, after Nanta is passed, the Ucayali (which flows through forest solitudes producing sarsaparilla of the finest quality in great abundance), the Yavari, the Jutai, the Jurua, the Tefé, the Coavy, and the Purus, the plains and valleys traversed by which yet remain unexplored. In its course through the plain included between the mouths of these rivers the Amazon increases in width from half a mile to two miles, and between the mouth of the Madeira (its most considerable tributary, having a course of nearly 2,000 miles) and Obydos it reaches three miles. The Madeira flows through a beautiful valley, clothed with verdure, and abounding in scenery the most striking and picturesque. Of this river we shall probably soon know more through the exploration of Lieutenant Gibbon, who was sent out by the United States' government at the same time with Lieutenant Herndon, and started to descend the Madeira while his fellow-traveller was paddling down the Huallaga. They expected to meet at some point on the Amazon, but Mr. Herndon reached Pará without having seen or heard of his brother-officer from the time they parted.

CROCHET NIGHT-CAP.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 20; Penelope Hook, No. 4.

Make a round loop the size of this , and work 16 double in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 3, miss 1, work 1 double, repeat round.

3rd: Chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, repeat round.

4th: Chain 4, work 1 double in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, repeat round.

5th: Work 1 treble in the centre of the first 4 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round.

6th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 4 treble of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same loop as before, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, repeat round.

7th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 3 chain as before, work the same in each 3 chain all round.

8th: Chain 7, work 1 double in the first 3 chain of last round, repeat round.

9th: Chain 3, work 5 treble in the 7 chain of last round, repeat round.

10th: Chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the first 2 treble of last round, chain 1, miss 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 2 treble of last round, repeat round.

11th: Chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 1, treble in the 1 chain of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

12th: Chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

13th: Chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 5 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

14th: Chain 5, work 3 treble at the top of the first 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

15th: Chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 5 chain as before, chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 1 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

16th: Chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain (which is between the 2 two trebles of last round), chain 5, work 3 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, chain 1, work 3 treble at the top of the next 3 treble of last round, repeat round.

17th: Chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 5 chain as before, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the same 5 chain as before, chain 3, work 5 treble in the centre of the 6 treble of last round, repeat round.

18th: Chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round (which is between the 2 two trebles of last round), chain 5, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 5, work 3 treble in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, repeat round.

19th: Chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 1, work 2 treble in the same 5 chain as before, repeat round.

20th: Chain 3, work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the 1 chain of last round, repeat round.

21st: Chain 3, work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, repeat round, which will complete the crown, or back part of the cap. You now only work two-thirds of the round, leaving one-third for the back of the neck.

22nd: Chain 2, work 3 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, repeat two chains of the way round, and fasten off, and commence the next row at the other end.

23rd: Work 1 double in the centre of the 2 chain of last row, chain 5, repeat to the end, work 1 double, so as to make both ends correspond, fasten off.

24th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last row, work 6 treble in the next 5 chain of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off, making both ends to correspond.

25th: Work 1 double in the centre of the 6 treble of last row, chain 6, repeat to the end, work 1 double, so as to correspond with the other side, fasten off.

26th: Work 1 double in the centre of the 6 chain of last row, chain 8, repeat to the end, work 1 double, and fasten on.

27th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 8 chain of last row, chain 3, work 7 treble in the next 8 chain of last row, chain 3, repeat to the end, work 1 double to make both ends correspond, fasten off.

28th: Chain 3, and work 1 double between each treble stitch of last row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

29th: Chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the three chains of last row, except those which cross the 1 double of the 27th row, repeat to the end, fasten off.

30th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, and repeat the same in each of the 4 full width 3 chain of last row, work 1 double, chain 4 (this four chain fall over the three chain at the top of the 1 double in the 27th row), repeat to the end, fasten off.

31st: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, and repeat for 3 times more as you did in the last row, work 1 double, chain 5, repeat to the end, fasten off.

32nd: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, and repeat twice more, work 1 double, chain 6, repeat to the end, fasten off.

33rd: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last row, chain 7, repeat to the end, making both ends correspond, fasten off.

34th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 7 chain of last row, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the same 7 chain of last row as before, chain 9, and repeat the same in the next 7 chain of last row, the same as in the last, until you have worked to the end, fasten off.

35th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last row, chain 8, work 1 double in the centre of the 9 chain of last row, chain 8, and repeat to the end, fasten on; and if you would like the cap very low down the ears, work one or two more patterns at the ends as described in this row.

36th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the first 8 chain of last row, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 8 chain as before, chain 1, repeat to the end, fasten off.

37th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 8, repeat to the end, fasten off. This row is the commencement of another pattern, and the next 10 rows are worked the same as from the 27th to the 36th row, both included; and after working the 10 rows as described, you will work the

38th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last row, chain 8, repeat to the end, fasten off.

39th: Work 2 treble in the first 2 chain loops of last row, chain 2, miss 2 loops, repeat to the end, and fasten off; then work the following

TRIMING OR BORDER FOR THE CAP.

You require this edge all round the back and ears part of the cap, leaving the front, or part which passes across the forehead, with as many rows plain as pattern 1; and you can put as many rows of border as you choose, as follows.

Work 1 double in the 2 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat all round the front of cap, and at equal distances at the ears and hind part as in the front.

261: Work 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain of last row, chain 5, and repeat round.

301: Work 1 treble, and chain 1 for 6 times in the first 5 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 5 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, leaving the front plain, if preferred.

4th: Work 1 double between the first treble stitch of last round, chain 5, and repeat round.

5th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off; work as many rows as preferred, and then work the following

PATTERN FOR STRING OF NIGHT-CAP.

Make a chain of 216 loops, or 12 loops for each pattern, turn back, miss 5.

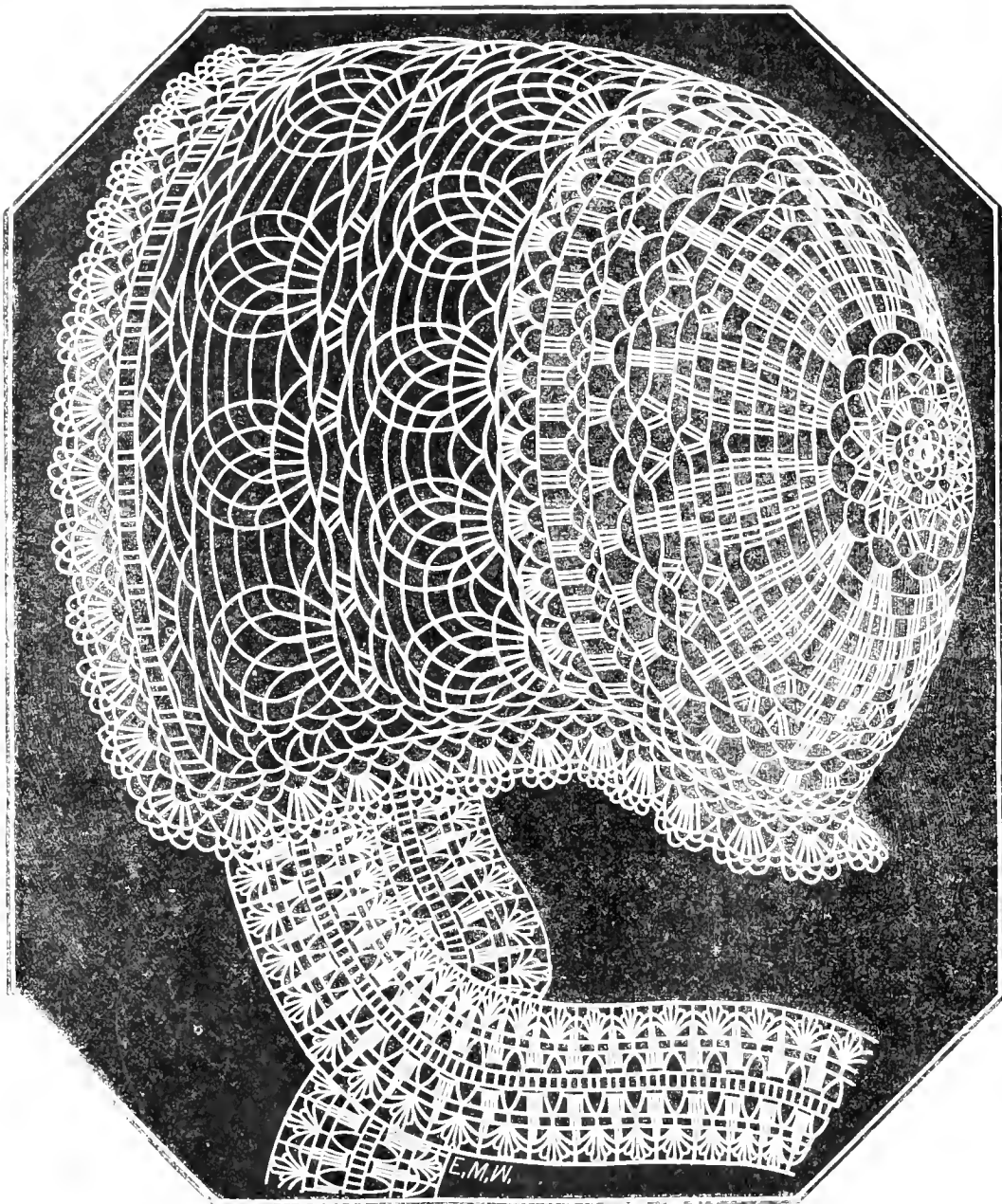
1st round or row: Chain 2, miss 2, work 1 treble, repeat to the end, fasten off

the 1 double at the end, work up the other side the same, fasten off.

4th: Work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 treble of last row, chain 4, work 1 double at the top of the 1 double of last row, chain 4, repeat round both sides, and fasten off.

5th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last row, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the 1 double of last row chain 5, repeat round both sides, fasten off.

6th: Work 1 treble in the centre of the 2 treble of last row, then chain 2, and work 1 treble for 5 times in the 1 loop of the 1



CROCHET NIGHT-CAP.

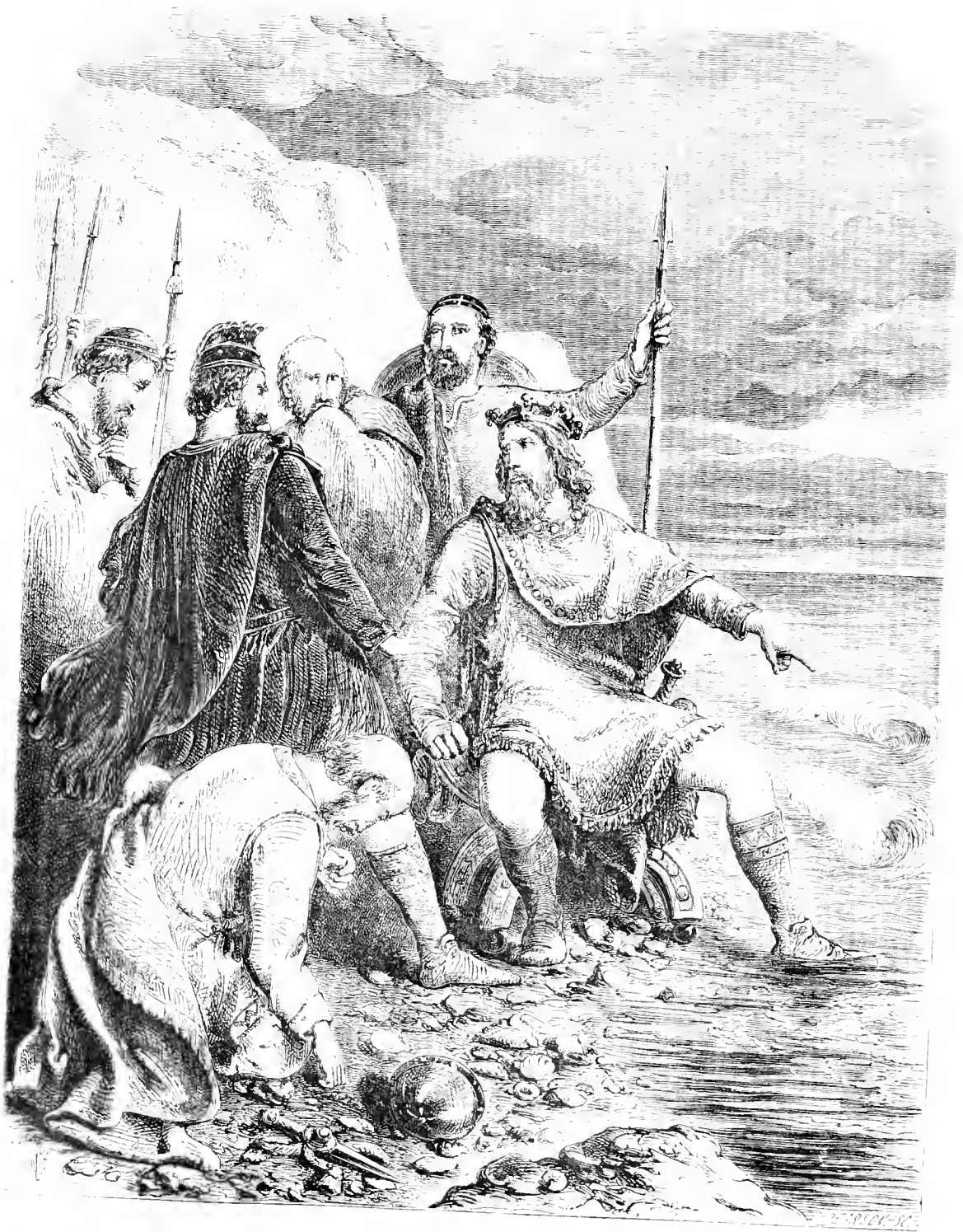
2nd: Work 1 double in the centre of the 2 chain of last row, chain 6, miss the next 2 chain of last row, and repeat to the end; chain 6, work 1 double in the end 4 chain, chain 6, for the round at the bottom of the strings; work up the other side the same as first, and fasten off.

3rd: Work 4 treble in the centre of the first 6 chain of last row, chain 3, work 1 double in the centre of the next 6 chain of last row, chain 3, repeat to the end, working 4 treble in the centre of

double of last row, chain 2, and repeat round both sides, and fasten off.

7th: Plain 1 in the centre of the 1 treble of last row, chain 9, plain 1 in the centre treble of the 5 treble of last row, chain 9, repeat round both sides, fasten off.

8th: Double fasten off, which completes the one string; work another the same; stitch them on the side of the ears part of the cap, which will complete the cap.



KING CANUTE REBUKING HIS COURTIERS.

CANUTE AND THE DANES.

THERE is something grand and awful in the sea. Watch it when it lies all calm and still like molten gold in the red rays of the setting sun, when on its peaceful bosom a silver sail may here and there be seen, and as its waters break in gentle music on the sands, and there is not a cloud in the sky as the twilight comes and deepens into night; when there is scarcely a breath of wind astir; when there is nothing to break the prospect, and the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, meet together in the distance,—watch it under such circumstances as these, and a peaceful solemnity comes over the soul, for the spirit of God seems to move on the face of the deep. But watch it when the storm is raging—when the wild winds are careering over the depths, shrieking among the sails and corlage of the tempest-tost vessel—when waves roll mountain-high, and like a straw the ship is cast now into a valley of waters, now carried on a mighty wave to meet the clouds, and buried once again in what seems a fathomless abyss—when the lightning blazes from the sky, and exhibits for a moment the surging waters as they rise and fall, and rise and fall again, up to the heavens, down to the depths, the soul melted because of trouble,—a bleak, desolate prospect, as if the world were at an end and chaos come again;—and then the peaceful solemnity is changed into awe at the presence of Him who commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind and lieth up the waves of the sea.

In all its calm, still beauty—in all the majesty of its wrath—the sea is a spectacle of wonder, and calls forth the highest admiration; when a fair wind is blowing, and the good ship rides well; when the tempest is raging and the vessel rolls and plunges in the trough of waters, or even when the dead-calm comes on—such as the "Ancient Mariner" describes—

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck; nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean"—

it is still the same.

To be the masters of the sea, to rule the waves, to win honour and glory and renown upon the bosom of the deep, has been the boast of men in all ages. In the seventeenth century, Selden gravely asserted that the English had an hereditary uninterrupted right to the sovereignty of the seas, "conveyed to them from their earliest ancestors in trust for their latest posterity." And England indeed has, from very early days, been famous for the maritime character of her people. Her rugged shores, begirt by the waters—

"Compassed by the inviolate sea"—

have given strength to the natural bent of the islanders. Some, indeed, have supposed that her first inhabitants were adventurous seamen, who, weary of the dull, tame shore, braved the perils of the ocean to discover a new land.

But there were men who boasted of their power over the sea—who gloried in it as their own peculiar element—before Britain had attained for herself any very great name in history, when her by-past glory was lost in the emurped dawn of mythical tradition, and not to be found in the broad noon-day of fact; when her people, by Roman spears and Saxon lances, had been driven to the hills for a refuge and a home. Then other nations lorded it over the ocean depths. These were called the Sea-kings, and rejoiced in the name. They were known as Danes or Normans, according as they came from the islands of the Baltic or the coast of Norway; were descended from the same primitive race as the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, speaking a language intelligible to both nations. But this sort of fraternity exercised no beneficent influence over the manner in which they treated both Franks and Saxons. The conversion of the Teutonic nations of the south to Christianity broke every brotherly tie between them and the Teutons of the north. The Danes and Norsemen remained faithful to the divinities of Germany. They rendered tribute to Neebo, the God of the Sea; cast lots under the influence of Tamsana; and believed that the Dyse would at last bear the soul of the true warrior to the Valhalla of the mighty Odin, and there—as the Runic ode has it—

"Exalted on the noblest seat
Where the deathless heroes meet;
They immortal draughts should quaff,
And in the pangs of death should laugh."

Franks or Gauls, Longobards and Latins, became hateful to the men of Odin. Their wars against them partook of a religious character. They shed the blood of a priest with pleasure, were particularly gratified by pillaging churches, and littering their horses by the altars; and when their frightful work was done, returned, saying: "We have sung the mass of lances, it began at dawn of day and lasted until night."

These Sea-kings—elected by their followers in old Germanic fashion—were faithfully followed and zealously obeyed. The chief was always the bravest of the brave—Kongakong—king of kings; he could govern a vessel as a skilful rider guides a horse; he could throw three javelins to the mast-head and catch them alternately in his hand; he could run across the oars while they were in motion; and his boast was, that he never slept beneath a raftered roof, or drained the bowl at a sheltered hearth. The Danes laughed at the winds and the waves; "the force of the storm," they said, "is a help to the arm of our rowers; the hurricane carries us whither we would go."

So the Danes became the terror of Europe. Before they approached, say the old chroniclers, the stars fought in their courses, and there were signs in the heavens above and omens in the earth beneath. Whirlwinds swept over the land and tore up forest trees like saplings in a giant's hand; thunders loud and terrible shook the rocks, the wild waves rose with unwonted violence, fiery dragons flew in the air and settled on lofty mountain heights. Meanwhile the Danes, as their old songs express it, "kept on the track of the swans;" and the Vikings, fanatical in faith and cruel in war, came down upon the coasts of England. With what result one of their old bards tells us; their leader sang it as he died:—

"We smote with our swords on that day, when I saw hundreds of enemies stretched on the sands beneath an English headland; dew-drops of blood fell off our swords; our arrows sang in the wind, when they sought the helmets of our foes. It was sweeter to me than the smile of woman.

"We smote with our swords on that day. I struck down the youth so proud of his flowing hair, who all the day long pined after the maidens beautiful and fair. What fate so fit for the brave as to be the first to fall in battle. He who never received a wound, leads a dull life. Let us make man our enemy that we may resist him in the play of combats.

"We smote with our swords on that day. But men are the slaves of fate. We must be obedient to the will of our fairies. I thought not to meet death from the hand of Ella when I spelt to my prow of planks across the wide foam of waters, and gave a feast to the flesh-devouring fishes. Yet I laugh with delight at the thought of what is reserved for me in the halls of Odin.

"We smote with our swords on that day. Did the sons of Aslanga know the anguish I endure; did they know that the venomous fangs of snakes that twine about me are covering me with their bites, they would shudder, and would fly to the combat; for the mother I leave with them gave them stout hearts. A viper is tearing open my breast and gnawing at my heart, but I hope that the javelin of my son shall soon pierce the breast of Ella.

"We smote with our swords in fifty and one battles. I doubt if among men there was ever a king more famous than I am. From my boyhood I have shed blood. I have longed for such a death as this. Goddesses sent from Odin call me. I am going to drink at the banquet of the gods. The hours of my life are fast ebbing, but I smile under the hand of death."

Such songs as this very graphically express the character of the Danes. But however great and powerful they might be on land, however they might smite with their swords on solid ground, the ocean was their true empire. Not till the days of Alfred did they meet with any serious check, but in him they had their match.

This great monarch resolved to meet the enemy on the sea. Skilful himself in maritime affairs, he directed his attention to the improvement of his navy; and by inventing ships of an entirely new construction, he gained infinite advantages over a people continually practised in naval armaments. The spirit of this man survived in some degree in his successors, and not so easy as of old did the Sea-kings find it to stretch hundreds of their enemies beneath an English headland. But the Saxon race degenerated; the country was torn asunder by civil war; the ships rotted in the harbours. The Danes gradually regained their old position; they once more asserted their ascendancy on the ocean. "No sooner did Sweyn, king of Denmark," says the author of "The Naval History of Great Britain," "find himself superior at sea than he set up a title to the kingdom, which the Saxons were no longer able to resist. This is an early and strong proof, that this island is only safe while it remains the first maritime power; hence the importance of keeping up our navy is too manifest to be denied, and we may be convinced, that as our freedom flows only from our constitution, so both must be defended by our fleets."

When the Danes established their supremacy in England, much of their bloodthirsty spirit passed away, identical as it was with the Edith of Olin, and they became Christians. Knut, or Canute, who succeeded his father, offered up no sacrifice to Nocco, as he looked over the wide ocean that swept around his island home; he came with no magical standard, no mysterious raven to flap or droop its wings as victory or defeat attended on his arms; but he came imbued with the religion of the time, renowned for virtue in peace and for valour in war. By degrees he exhibited great humanity of disposition; he entertained views of government as exalted as his age and his position could lead us to expect; he even evinced a spirit of impartiality in regard both to English and Danes. Without diminishing the very heavy tributes imposed upon the kingdom on the conquest of it by the Danes, he expended a portion of those revenues in a payment of compensations to some of his own countrymen on their consenting to return to Denmark, thus rendering less prominent the division of the inhabitants of England into two races inimical to each other, and possessing unequal privileges. Of all the Danish warriors who had accompanied him, he retained only a body of chosen men, amounting to a few thousands, for his body-guard; this corps was named *Thing-men*, or retainers of the palace. The son of an apostate from Christianity, he made himself appear a zealous Christian, rebuilding the churches which his father and he himself had burned, and munificently endowing the abbeys and monasteries. Desirous of flattering the national spirit of the Anglo-Saxons, he erected a chapel over the place of sepulture of Edmund, king of East Anglia, who, during the preceding century and a half, had been venerated as a martyr for the faith and for patriotic zeal for his kingdom; besides which, the same motive actuated Canute to erect at Canterbury a monument to Archbishop Elfg, a victim, like king Edmund, to Danish cruelty. He wished to have the saint's remains transported thither, which had been entombed in London; but the inhabitants of that city having refused to be dispossessed of them, the Danish monarch suddenly, in the performance even of an act of piety, resumed the manner of a pirate and a conqueror. He carried off, in military style, the coffin, which was borne betwixt two lines of soldiers, having their swords drawn, to the Thames' side, and embarked on board a ship of war, of which the prow was decorated with an enormous figure-head of a dragon.

At the time when England was divided into independent sovereignties, several of the Anglo-Saxon kings, particularly those of Wessex and of Mercia, sent occasional contributions to the Church of Rome. The object of such gifts, partly gratuitous, was to secure a better reception for English pilgrims resorting to Rome, to provide pecuniary supplies to such of them as arrived in distress in that city, to pay for maintaining a school for youths from England sent thither for instruction, and towards supplying the lamps constantly burning at the sepulchres of St. Peter and St. Paul. The payment of these Rents—called in Anglo-Saxon *Romsc' s'c'c'* and *Romsc' census*, or Rent—was more or less regular according to the degree of zeal of kings and people; and was entirely suspended in the ninth century on the occurrence of the Danish invasions. Wishing to expiate as far as possible the wrong which his country-

men had done to the church, and to surpass in his munificence any of the Anglo-Saxon kings, Canute re-established the institution of a rent for Rome on a greater scale, and subjected all England to a perpetual tribute, which was denominated *St. Peter's pence*. This impost, rated at a penny of the money of that age on each inhabited house, was, thenceforward, to be annually levied, according to the expression used in the royal ordinances, "To the praise and glory of God the King, on the fast-day of the chief of the Apostles."

So the courage, the wisdom, and the piety of Canute became proverbial. He was the hero of his age, the saint of his time. His love for the ocean did not decrease. He knew it had been for ages gone the empire of his forefathers and the scene of their triumphs, and he knew that it was still his strength and his defence. Everywhere was the ocean the proud defender of

"The jewel set in the silver sea."

And the courtiers knew it too, and knew that to the king the wide-stretching sea was as the face of a friend. But the courtiers of that age were not skilled in the art of adulation. The censor spake with bated breath; there was no spots on the sun of the royal firmament; the one-eyed princes were always painted in profile; if royalty had vices, they were compensated by its graces; it was sacrilege to criticise defects, "rank blasphemy" to talk about the sins and follies of royalty; the king was king everywhere and king over everything; the language of flattery was only to fall on the royal tympanum; wholesale praise, indiscriminating eulogy, stereotyped glorifications, took the place of honest truthful speaking. But the thing was overdone; praises such as these were about as worthy as the old Eastern salutation—"O king, live for ever!"

Canute was a shrewd, far seeing man. The glittering praises of the courtiers were not all gold. They, in admiration of his greatness and grandeur, declared that all things were possible to him—that the sea knew its master, and would bow to his will. They talked to Canute; not to him who scourged the ocean when it destroyed his bridge of boats; and Canute had no stomach for such fare. He ordered a chair to be brought, and seated himself on the sea-shore when the tide was rising. As the waters approached, he said, in a commanding tone: "Thou sea art under my dominion, and the land which I sit upon is mine; I charge thee, approach no further, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign."

"Merrily sprang the foaming spray
To the sovereign's feet: it melted away,
And the waters deeper grew;
They tumbled and roared around his seat,
They reached his knees, 'twas time to retreat,
And Canute looked round his courtiers to greet—
Ah! where were those courtiers true?"

As the sea advanced the courtiers retreated, and now the monarch turned upon them and observed, that every creature in the universe is feeble and impotent, and that power alone resides with One Being, in whose hands are the elements of nature, and who can say to the ocean: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

From this period Canute would never wear his crown, but ordered it to be placed on the head of a crucifix, in the cathedral church of Winchester.

The story has been told over and over again. It is one of those circumstances, real or fictitious, which stand out prominently from a great man's history. Like Alexander weeping for other worlds to conquer; like Nero playing the lute and singing of Troy's destruction as the flames consumed the Roman capital; like Alfred, disguised as a harper, entering the Danish camp, or in the head-herd's cottage, forgetting to turn the eales, and getting rated for his illness; like James of Scotland going about as a beggarman to find out the real opinion of his subjects; or like Czar Peter in Deptford Dockyard, with a timber for a throne and an adze for a sceptre, so this anecdote of Canute rebuking his courtiers is, perhaps, more familiar than the far more important events of his reign.

The story is told by Henry of Huntingdon.

THE WAHABEES.

THE Arab tribes, known by the name of Wahabees, occupy all the province of Nedjid, or central Arabia, a vast region almost unknown to Europeans, but one the war undertaken by Mehemet Ali, for the subjugation of this people, which a French writer has called the Protestants of Islamism. Many of the desert tribes are now united under this name, the principal, that of which the founder of the sect was the sheikh, being composed of the direct descendants of the Carmathites, a body of intrepid and warlike marauders, who, in the same deserts, and animated by the same spirit, became, under the Abbaside caliphs, the scourge of Islam and the terror of Arabia.

The corruptions of the Mahomedan religion, shown in the veneration of saints and the reception of traditions, the gross immorality which marked the lives of many Mussulmans, and the tyranny and luxury of the pashas, induced Abdul Wahab, the sheikh of a powerful Bedouin tribe, to attempt a reformation. He had studied theology in the school of Bussora, and during a subsequent residence at Damascus, he inveighed with such spirit and energy against the corruptions of Islamism, that he found himself in danger from the fanaticism of the Sunnites, or orthodox Moslems, and fled to Mosul. After some time, he returned to his native desert, and propagated his views with such earnestness that his followers soon formed a numerous body. He forbade the invocation of Mahomed and the saints, ordered their tombs to be destroyed, and declared the Koran to be the sole source of religious knowledge. He abolished the laws, the use of wine, opium, and tobacco, abolished the use of the crescent in prayer, and inveighed with stern and unrelenting eloquence, against the superstitions which exist among the Turk.

The Bedouins, among whom corruption had made less progress than among the Turks and the town-dwelling Arabs, needed little urging to enrol themselves under his standard, and Abdul Wahab and Mahomed Ibn Saoud, a powerful sheikh, who was one of his earliest converts, soon became the spiritual and temporal chiefs of all Nedjid. The former died in 1787, and was succeeded in authority by his son, under whom the Wahabees extended their power over the greater part of Arabia, and became a source of great uneasiness to the government at Constantinople. In 1797 the pasha of Bagdad led an army against them, but was compelled to retreat; his own province was then overrun by the victorious Wahabees, who took the town of Binnu Hussain, and plundered its famous temple of the treasures deposited there by the pious munificence of the Ottoman sultans and the shahs of Persia. In 1801 another Turkish army invaded Nedjid, but was completely routed by the Wahabees, who next marched against Mecca, which they took in 1803, having previously captured the towns of Taped and Kenfodah. The splendid mosque, the decoration and enrichment of which every Moslem prince had contributed for centuries, was plundered of its treasures and rich furniture, and the tombs of the saints were despoiled and destroyed. In the following year they took Medina, where they rifled and destroyed the tomb of Mahomed.

The sultan's indignation and displeasure which seized the orthodox Moslems when they heard that the Kaaba was in the hands of unbelievers, and the tomb of the prophet destroyed, may be conceived. It was as if John Bull, with an army of reformers, had taken Rome, cast down all the statues of the saints, and seated himself in the chair of St. Peter. Abdul Aziz, the son of Wahab, was murdered by a Persian fanatic in 1803, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Saoud, who forbade the public prayers to be said in the name of the sultan, who, from that moment, ceased in the eyes of the people, to be the visible head of Islam. The pilgrimages to Mecca ceased for six years, during which Saoud established his authority over the whole of Arabia, with the exception of the districts under the rule of the Imam of Muscat, in whom he found a powerful opponent. In 1809 the Wahabees turned their arms northward, overran Syria, and made an alliance with Yusuf, the rebellious pasha of Bagdad. The Porte soon became sorely alarmed, and, in a year for its existence, invaded the empire of Mehemet Ali, the pasha of Egypt.

Preparations were immediately made for the invasion of Arabia, and towards the end of 1811, an Egyptian army, commanded

by Tuam Bey, the commander-in-chief, proceeded to the siege of the fortress of Arafah, a town of great importance in the eastern shores of the Red Sea. The invaders were repulsed at Arafah, but in 1812 they captured Mecca, and made the city the seat of their empire. Thomas Keith, a Scotch man-of-war, known as Ibrahim Aga, who led the storming party which carried the fort of Mecca, was taken by the Egyptians in 1813, and in the following year Saoud died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdallah. In 1814 the invaders were defeated at Zalam, but they obtained favourable terms of retreat afterwards at Busel. Peace was then concluded, on conditions unfavourable to the Wahabees; but in the following year hostilities were recommenced, and Arabia was again invaded by an Egyptian army, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha. After an obstinate resistance, the Wahabees retreated to Deraiyah, where they were besieged in 1818. After a defence of several months, Abdallah surrendered on discretion, and he and several of his family were sent to Constantinople, where they were exposed to the gaze of the people for three days, and then suffered death by decapitation.

The greater part of Arabia now fell under the dominion of Mehemet Ali; but though the power of the Wahabees was breaking, they were not quite exterminated. Some of their chiefs in the southern and eastern parts of Nedjid refused submission, and on the approach of the Egyptians fled into the wild and desolate regions south of that province. They were still powerful enough to have considered Mehemet Ali a mortal enemy, but in 1827, and even before that time, he considered it expedient to suppress the rebellion which he encountered in the province of Yemen in 1811. Four years before he began to feel such danger as symptoms of rebellion, that Mehemet Ali thought it necessary to send an army into Nedjid to coerce them, but just as they were at length relieved from a mission, the pasha ordered his troops to send them into Syria, where his rule was disputed by the Porte. The result of the campaign was the loss of Syria, and he would have been deprived of Arabia also, but for the difficulties which the Turkish government saw it would have to encounter in dealing with the Wahabees. The loss of political power does not seem to have weakened their enthusiasm or repressed their energies, and it is not at all improbable that they are destined to yet play an important part in the affairs of the East.

Though the ascendancy of the Wahabees might for a time throw back the advancing civilisation of Turkey, there can be no doubt that the spread of their principles would be conducive to the morality of the country, and hence to the triumph of Christianity. The fundamental doctrine of their belief is the rejection of all worship except that of the Supreme Being. They refuse Mahomed the character of a prophet, and deny that the Koran is the revealed will of God, only adhering to its precepts because they believe them to be superior to those of any other book. Their mosques have neither cupolas nor minarets, and are entirely destitute of internal decorations. They hold the orthodox sectaries of the prophet in honour, and display more intolerance towards them than towards Christians or Jews. Veneration for the memory of departed sheikhs and imams is idolatry in their eyes, and as far as their power extended, they destroyed their tombs, that they might not again be made places of resort for pilgrims. In Syria, among their dispersed and afflicted brethren, and all extraneous adherents, and in India, it proved fatal.

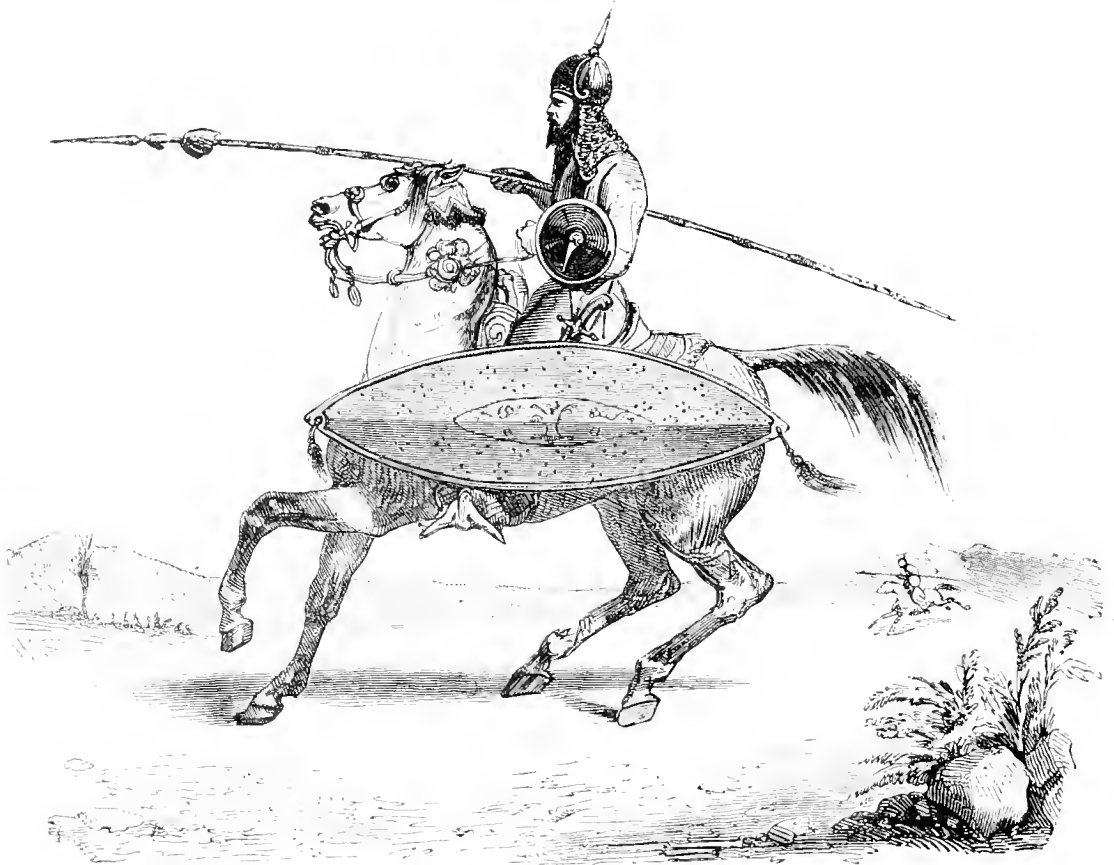
Their manner and customs are singular. They have a strict and perfect equality of rank among them, and the only distinction is that which separates the sheikhs from the people. The system of government established by the founder of the sect was, in all, conformable to the principles of religion, the Koran, and not resembling that of the early caliphs. The sheikhs, that is, the heads of the different districts, were all to be held responsible for the conduct of justice in their respective parts. The caliph of Deraiyah, the immediate religious and civil chief, and in time of war the secular and military chief, controlled the whole of the sect, and the government. Egypt was the original seat of the sect, and the sheikhs of that country were the most numerous and influential of them any where. It was the sheikhs of Deraiyah, however, who first required laws to be constructed to govern and

source of revenue, the remaining four-fifths being divided among the soldiers.

Trade and agriculture were protected, and the repugnance of the Bedouins to the latter seems to have been overcome among the Wahabees. They have cultivated the mechanical arts, also, and their linen and cotton fabrics, and even their manufactures of leather and iron, are not inferior to any produced in Arabia. In general, the frugality of the Wahabees is extreme; they live chiefly on barley-meal cakes, dates, and fish, sometimes, though rarely, substituting rice for the former, and mutton for the latter. It is only on the coast, moreover, that fish can be procured. Like all the Orientals, they take their meals seated on the ground, with their legs crossed under them, all the family sitting round the dish, and helping themselves with their fingers. Their chief beverages are milk and water; opium and tobacco, so universally used among other Moslems, whether Sunnites or Shites, they never touch.

outer garments are of finer texture and brighter colours, their caps are adorned with long tassels, and their sandals are ornamented with figures cut out of leather of various colours. In time of war, the Wahabees wear a girdle, covered with ornaments of tin or silver, in which is carried a curved poniard, that they use with terrible effect in close encounters with the enemy. The leather bags in which they carry their ammunition are always ornamented with tin and coral. When bullets are scarce among them, they use round pebbles instead, wrapping them up in leather to make them fit the barrels of their muskets and pistols; and the wounds inflicted by these projectiles are more dangerous than those made by a leaden bullet.

The Wahabees usually fight on foot or on the backs of dromedaries; the sheikhs alone appear on horseback. Each dromedary carries two soldiers, one of whom is the active warrior, the other guiding the dromedary and loading the weapons of his companion.



A WAHABEE SHEIKH.

Their powers of endurance and extreme frugality were remarked in all the campaigns of the Turks and Egyptians against them; each man carried a supply of barley-meal on the back of his dromedary or horse, and when pressed by hunger, mixed a small quantity with water, and made a meal of it without any other preparation. Accustomed to endure all kinds of privations in their native deserts, they were able to pass several days entirely without food.

The costume of the Wahabees is very simple, and nearly the same as that of the Arabs of the environs of Mecca. It consists of a full shirt of yellowish linen, which covers nearly all the body, and over which they wear a garment of woollen. Their head-dress is a coloured cap, tied round with a string of camel's hair, or a circle of wood, ornamented with pieces of tin or mother-of-pearl. The sheikhs display a little more luxury in their vestments, but are interdicted from wearing silk or ornaments of gold, which are prohibited by the Koran. Their shirts are embroidered, their

Their chief strength, however, is in infantry, the dromedary riders being seldom brought into action, but reserved for pursuing the enemy when put to flight, and for sudden attacks and plundering excursions.

The sheikhs, when equipped for war, wear a helmet surmounted with a steel spike, and having chain-mail falling from behind to protect the neck and shoulders; and are armed with a long and heavy two-edged sword of native manufacture, or a sabre of Turkish manufacture, a small buckler on the left arm, and a curved poniard in their girdle. Their saddles are ornamented with glass and coral beads, and with ostrich plumes, and are well adapted, by their form, to render their seat firm, so that they seem fixed to them. Their stirrups are usually simple rings of iron, and sometimes consist only of a cord of camel's hair. Two large rhomboidal shields, attached on each side to the flanks of their horses, protect them from the thrusts of lances and the strokes of sabres and poniards.

DRESDEN.

This beautiful city, sometimes called the German Florence, is situated in the centre of the wine district of Saxony, and occupies the finest portion of the fertile valley of the Elbe. It is divided into the Old and New Towns, connected by two bridges, the former lying on the right or south bank of the river, and the latter on the left bank. The elder of the two bridges is 1,420 feet long, and built of stone, with sixteen arches; the balustrades are of iron, and the central pier is adorned with a bronze crucifix, and an inscription commemorating the destruction of a portion of the bridge by Marshal Davoust during the retreat of the French army in 1813, and its restoration by the Emperor Alexander, of Russia. The other bridge, over which is carried the railway from Leipzig to Prague, was constructed in 1850. The fortifications were demolished by order of Napoleon in 1810, which has greatly improved

stones, curiosities, and objects of *virtu*. The picture gallery contains the finest collection in Germany, including many of the best works of Correggio, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Claude, &c. In the apartments beneath the gallery is a fine collection of plaster casts of the most celebrated ancient and modern sculptures, made under the direction of Mengs. Augustus II. intended to build a new palace, but completed only a portion, which is now appropriated to the armoury, containing a collection second only to that at Vienna, a zoological and mineralogical museum, and a gallery of fine engravings, to the number of at least 200,000. The grand opera-house adjoins one of the wings of this fine pile of buildings, and is capable of accommodating 8,000 persons. The churches most worthy of notice in this part of the city are that of Our Lady,



DRESDEN.

the city, the ground which they covered having been converted into public walks and gardens, which constitute one of the most frequented promenades of the inhabitants.

The streets of the Old Town are narrow, and the houses have a heavy appearance, often inclining considerably towards the street. Here, however, are the principal public edifices, including the royal palace, the palace of the prince, the far-famed picture-gallery, the grand opera-house, the palace of Prince Maximilian, the mint, the arsenal, the house of assembly, the town-hall, and the new post-office. The royal palace is externally a heavy and ancient-looking building, having been erected in an age when strength and security were regarded as essential characteristics of royal residences. The interior, however, is very splendid, and the state treasury contains a large and valuable collection of precious

in the new market, and the Catholic church, which occupies a prominent position between the royal palace and the bridge. The former is a beautiful stone edifice, with a cupola modelled after that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is shown in our engraving on the left of the bridge. The latter, which the reader will perceive near the foot of the bridge, is a large and profusely decorated building in the Italian style, containing a fine altarpiece by Mengs, and a splendid organ, the masterpiece of Silbermann, and celebrated throughout Germany for the sweetness of its tones.

In the New Town the streets are wider, and of more regular architecture, but the public buildings are not so numerous. The railing, represented in the foreground of the above engraving, bounds the beautiful gardens of the Japanese palace, constructed by Augustus II., and now called after its royal founder, the August-

team. The gardens form a delightful promenade for the citizens, and the palace contains a splendid collection of antiquities and sculpture, a cabinet of coins, an extensive library, and the celebrated porcelain cabinet, with sixty thousand of the choicest productions of the potter's art, from the manufactories of Meissen, Sèvres, Italy, China, and Japan, altogether filling eighteen apartments. The gallery of sculpture contains, among other antiquities, the *torso* of Minerva, the head of Niobe, a fawn, three female figures from Herculaneum, and a fine series of Etruscan vases. The library contains 250,000 volumes, 100,000 pamphlets, 20,000 maps, and 4,000 manuscripts, including a "Treatise" by Albert Durer, on the proportions of the human body. All these apartments are accessible to the public. In the market-place of the New Town is an equestrian statue of Augustus II., who is represented in the ancient Roman costume, but with the singular addition of a full-bottomed wig. The only other public buildings worthy of notice on this side of the Elbe, are the town-hall, the church of the Holy Trinity, and the residence of the military commandant.

The inhabitants of Dresden are industrious and orderly, and concern themselves very little with politics; but a love of music and the fine arts generally is very highly developed among them. There are five newspapers, but none of them take a prominent or decided part in political agitations. A stroll through the picture-gallery, and afterwards a walk on the Brühl Terrace, or the beautiful gardens of the Augusteum, are the principal amusements of the people. In the environs of the city are several places to which they resort in fine weather to indulge their love of promenade and dancing—as the Zinkbad, a hotel on the right bank of the Elbe, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the tastefully-laid out gardens called Findlater's Vineyard, about three miles beyond the New Town. On Sunday afternoons these places are thronged with company, sitting under the trees, refreshing themselves and listening to the music of the excellent bands with which all these places of popular resort are provided. Dancing is a favourite amusement at these gardens, but is not prolonged to such a late hour as it commonly is in this country, as few people in Dresden are out of bed after half-past ten at night. The moderation that is displayed in the pursuit of these enjoyments, and their love of art and appreciation of intellectual pleasures, speak highly for the national character.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, afterwards Lord Collingwood, was born in the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 26th September, 1750. He was the eldest of three sons. His father, though descended from an ancient and once wealthy Northumberland family, was a man of narrow fortune. The Collingwoods had taken the side of Royalty during the memorable struggle for liberty with Charles the I., and again had taken the side of Legitimacy in the rising for the Stuart cause in 1715. This lost them their estates, and the father of the subject of this memoir with difficulty brought up, educated, and provided for a family of three sons and three daughters. The education which young Cuthbert Collingwood received was obtained under the Rev. Huzh Moises, the head master of the Endowed Grammar School of Newcastle, an establishment at that time in some repute. At this school, from which have issued various men more or less known to the world, he had four school fellows, the two sons of Mr. Scott, a coal-merchant, John and William, who with himself were destined in a few years to reach celebrity and a peerage, though by a path less heroic, and probably less pure, than that of their little playmate. It is a curious instance of the vicissitudes of life, that, in this ancient school of a remote town, should be, at work or at play, within a few yards of each other, the future Lords Collingwood, Eldon, and Stowell. The fortune of Collingwood's parent was, as we have said, not great; and hence, probably, he was early destined for the sea. His uncle by the mother's side, Captain Brathwaite, afterwards Admiral Brathwaite, who was then in active service, readily received his young kinsman; and in 1762, when Collingwood had turned his eleventh year, he was placed with Captain Brathwaite, and began soon after a sailor's life, as a young midshipman. In after days, Collingwood used to describe the pain which

this early separation from parents, friends, and home caused him to suffer; for of home, Collingwood through life was enthusiastically fond. The anecdote as he told it, is very characteristic of the feelings of a child so circumstanced. After coming on board, and seeing his captain and relative, he found himself so lonely that he sat down and cried heartily—thinking of his home and kind parents. The first lieutenant observing this, and being a humane man, took his hand, and cheered him up by affecting to make a little companion of him. This kindness so won upon the heart of the poor boy that, taking the lieutenant down to his berth, he offered him, in gratitude, a large and doubtless nice plum-cake, which his careful mother had deposited in his sea-chest.

Collingwood's first ship was the *Shannon*, then commanded by his relative Captain Brathwaite. Here he served for some years of his youth; and afterwards sailed with another Northumberland friend, Captain, afterwards Admiral Robbun, of Robbun in that county. The fatal American war, caused by the outrageous cupidity and tyranny of the English aristocracy, now broke out; and in 1774, young Collingwood, now in his twenty-fifth year, was sent to Boston, under Admiral Graves, to assist in carrying on that suicidal, and to England disgraceful and disastrous, conflict. In 1775, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and received his commission on the day of the memorable fight at Bunker's Hill, for the troops who fought at which he was employed in the conveyance of stores. In 1776, he was removed to the *Hornet* sloop; and afterwards to the *Lowestoffe*. Of this vessel, Nelson was then lieutenant; and the two officers, soon perceiving each other's value, became friends for life. This friendship was highly honourable to both. In some respects no two men could be more different than were Nelson and Collingwood. The latter inheriting of the rash ardour of the former; but was cool, calculating, and prudent to a high degree. Both, however, possessed an unbounded devotion to the service of their country, and a contempt of the corruptions then very prevalent in the navy, which they carried with them through life, but not with equal steadiness. The transactions in the Bay of Naples, many years after this, no doubt prompted by the profligate queen of Naples, and her equally profligate confidante, Lady Hamilton, cast a shade upon the character of Nelson, from which that of his comrade Collingwood is completely free. From those stern rules of honour and honesty, which were his pedestal through the whole of his career, Collingwood never for one instant swerved. He never was subservient to influence or official corruption. He was incapable of a mean action. His sense of honour was what is now termed "romantic." His sense of honesty was unchangeable and impregnable. He had nothing of the showiness of Nelson, but he had more stability, common sense, conjoined with a rare intrepidity, was the characteristic of Collingwood. During, joined to wonderful tact and splendour of conception, distinguished Nelson. Thus differing, as they did, their life-long friendship was honourable to both.

To Collingwood it was useful in many ways. His great modesty of character made him liable to be overlooked. He had no pretension, and, with superficial men, pretension is everything. Lieutenant Nelson, however, made his worth known to his own patron, Sir P. Parker; and whenever Nelson was advanced Collingwood succeeded him; and thus in early life he gained ground in his profession and kept it, though some of his very virtues stood sadly in his way towards promotion.

After Collingwood joined the *Lowestoffe*, his promotion was rapid; and he soon became master and commander, first of the *Bulger* and next of the *Hinchinbroke*, a twenty-eight gun vessel, then on the West Indian station; and whilst on this service, he was made a post-captain. In the year 1780, towards the close of the great American conflict, the *Hinchinbroke* and her captain were sent on an expedition to Niagara. The object seems to have been to try to open a passage by water into the Pacific, through the river *San Juan*, and the *Nicaragua* and *Leon Lake*—precisely the line by which a ship canal is now projected. The project failed. The ventilation of ships, and the mode of preserving the health of crews, were then little understood. The result was, that numbers of those who went on this ill-fated adventure died of fever, until, in some cases, hardly a man was left; and the expedition was, as a matter of necessity, abandoned.

From the Hindostoeke Captain Collingwood was now, in 1780, conveyed to the Pelagon, a small frigate, in which he was, in the midst of a tropical hurricane, wrecked upon some rocks called "the Morant Keys," and with difficulty saved his life and those of his crew. They were compelled to remain upon a sandy island, almost destitute of food, and still more of water, for ten days, until providentially taken off by the Diamond frigate. The American war now found its disastrous conclusion. The United States became an independent union of Federated Republics; and Collingwood, together with his friend Nelson, was employed in the unpleasant duty of stopping the trade between the States and the West India sugar islands of Great Britain, now illegal, but yet clandestinely carried on by the English colonist and their American friends. This difficult service Captain Collingwood executed with a goodly measure of humanity but strictness of surveillance, that gained him great credit. In this disagreeable task he was ably assisted by his brother-in-law Captain Wilfrid Collingwood, whom, however, he lost shortly after, a victim to the climate.

About this time Captain Collingwood appears to have corresponded with a young connexion of his own, named Lane, who was about entering the navy. These letters are strongly characteristic of the good sense and correct notion for which this great man was, throughout his whole career, distinguished; as the following extracts will show:

"I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it as exactly as when you were with me. Were a man as wise as Solomon and as brave as Achilles, he would still be unworthy of trust, if he addicted himself to wine. He may make a dupe of; but a respectable officer he can never be, for the doubt must always remain that the capacity which God has given him will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you guard against submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, dissipated men, and hold it a maxim that you had better be alone than in low company. You don't find pigeons associate with hawks, nor lambs with bears; it is as unnatural for a young man to be the companion of blackguards. Read, let me charge you to read. Study books that treat of your profession and of history. . . . Remember, Lane, before you are five-and-twenty, you must establish a character that will serve you all your life. November 9th, 1787."

In this strain of sensible and high morality did Collingwood, himself still in the morning of life, write to his young friend. We shall afterwards see in what strain he wrote to his own children, when full of honours and at the head of his profession.

From 1786 to 1790, he was not on active service; and, of course, went down to Northumberland, to make himself acquainted with the branches of his own family to whom he was yet a stranger. During his sojourn in the neighbourhood of Newcastle probably the happiest portion of his life: he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whom he afterwards married, and to whom he was devotedly attached through life. The marriage took place in 1790, and his wife, in due time, bore him two daughters; Sarah, born in May, 1792; and Mary Patience, born in 1793. This state of peaceful content, so congenial to the well-regulated mind of Collingwood, was not, however, fitted to last. In 1789, the French Revolution began by the opening of the States General. As it proceeded the passions of both the royal and democratic parties became more and more inflamed. One excess brought on another. A

coalition against France was formed by the continental depot of Prussia and Austria. This led to the death of the unfortunate King; and England having now joined the League, war was proclaimed, and Collingwood again in actual service. He was now captain of the Princess Admiral Boscawen's frigate, and in her bore his share in the action of the 1st of June. His fondness for his family is beautifully, because unobtrusively, evinced in his letter to his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett, written after the conflict. He thus expresses himself: "We crucified like disappointed people, looking for what they could not find, until the invasion of 1793. *Sunday, 14th February, between 11 and nine, when the French fleet of twenty-five sail of the line was discovered to windward.*" With the enemy in sight and on the verge of a bloody conflict, he dwells on his little daughter's birthday. The detail of this remarkable battle are known to all readers of history. That Collingwood's duty nobly is beyond all doubt. Yet here the singular modesty and humility of his character seem to have stood in his way. He was not named in the despatch of the admiral, Lord Howe, nor did he receive the medal given for this victory until 1797. This omission astonished the whole fleet, as Collingwood's valour and skill were conspicuous; but it was afterwards amply atoned for. That he was deeply hurt on this occasion, he has put on record; but for that hurt he caused a balsam to be afterwards applied, which was potent to heal.

It would be needless to go into the details of the various service in which Collingwood was busily engaged, between the period of this victory and the equally memorable action, under Jervis, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797. Suffice it to say that, on this occasion, he commanded the Excellent, line-of-battle ship, and in activity and intrepidity was second only perhaps to his friend Nelson, who in this action commanded the Captain. On this last occasion, it is evident from all the narratives of the battle that the united intrepidity, devotion, and skill of Collingwood really caused the surrender of three of the prizes, if not four, although he only took possession of one formally. He first compelled the Salvador del Mundo, of 112 guns, to strike; but passing on to the next, the Spaniards again hoisted their colours, until attacked a second time by a succeeding vessel. He then took the San Isidro, seventy-four, and left her in charge of the Lively frigate. He next fell on board the San Nicholas of eighty, and the San Joseph of 112 guns, and silenced their fire, but left them to be boarded and taken by Nelson, whose ship they had terribly shattered. He then attacked and engaged for upwards of an hour the Santissimo Trinidad, a huge four-decker of 132 guns; but though he was assisted at last by other ships, this enormous ship escaped them all, being reserved for another fate. And now came Collingwood's triumph, and the *action honorable* for the most unmerited and unworthy slight which he experienced after his services on the 1st of June. When the admiral saw Lord St. Vincent inform Captain Collingwood that he was to receive one of the medals which were distributed after this victory, he refused to take it unless that of the 1st of June accompanied it. He at once avowed that he had been unjustly treated, and that he would not appear to ratify injury by receiving a medal now, whilst the other was withheld. "This," was the answer I expected from you, Collingwood," was the reply of Lord St. Vincent. Both medals were immediately sent, together with an apologetic letter from Earl Spencer, at that time at the head of the Admiralty.

We must reserve the conclusion of the gallant admiral's biography for a future occasion.

THE MERCHANT OF THE EAST CENTURY.

The rise of commerce in Europe dates from the time of the Crusades. The vessels which conveyed the soldiers of the Cross to the shores of Syria, and the greater part of their military stores and provisions, were furnished by the Italian republics; and the towns on those coasts which were temporarily in the hands of the Christians became the emporiums of Italian commerce. The products of the sultry East, which have since become the materials of a lucrative and extensive commerce, were thus first introduced into Europe;

and while the prizes of the Crusades filled the stores of their palaces, strown with riches, the merchant of Italy tried the soft carpets of Turkey.

The application of Gibber's discovery of the polarity of the magnet to navigation, and the opening of the ocean route to India by Vasco di Gama, in the fifteenth century, transferred the commerce of Europe from the hands of the Italians to those of the Portuguese. The discovery of America opened a new world to

commercial enterprise, the benefits of which were shared by the English and French, while the countrymen of Pizarro and Cortez were absorbed in the search for gold.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the great commercial powers of Europe were Britain, France, Holland, and Spain. The war of the French Revolution established the naval superiority of Britain, and gave such an immense impetus to our foreign trade, that our manufactures and the produce of our colonies now find their way to all parts of the globe. Of the merchants of the early part of the last century we have some interesting glimpses in Scott's "Rob-

The relations between the merchant, who was almost always a shipowner, and the crews of his ships, were much more durable than at the present day. Generally the sailors continued all their lives in the service of the same firm, and very often this relation was continued through two or three generations, the sons serving the same employers as their fathers and grandfathers. Partaking, under certain conditions, of the benefits of each voyage, they regarded the affairs of the firm they served as their own, and while acting with exemplary fidelity and honesty, often contrived to save sufficient money to engage in trade on their own account, or secured



THE MERCHANT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

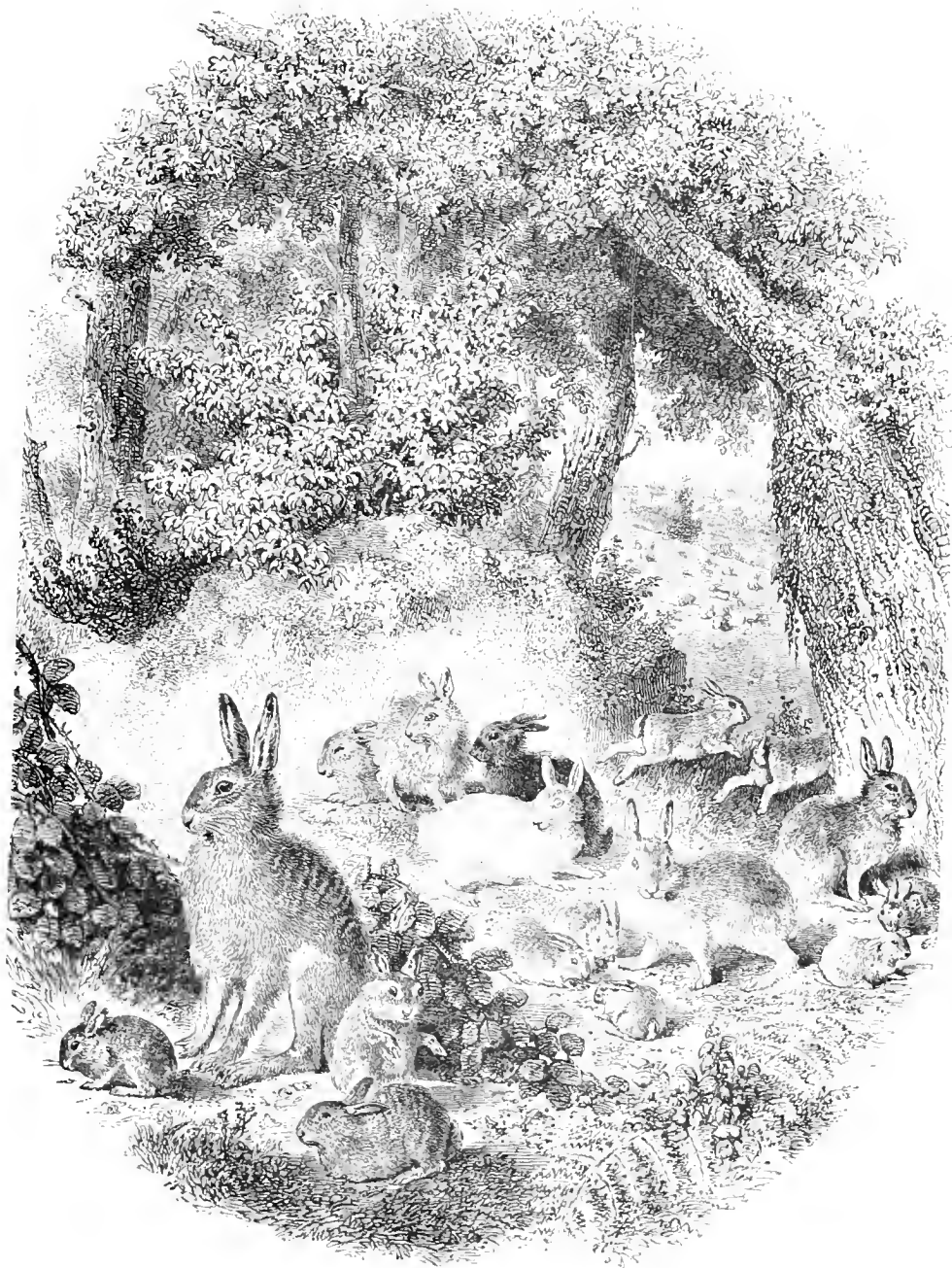
Roy," in the elder Osbaldestone, his honest old clerk Trisham, and worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Perhaps, as a class, the character of British merchants for probity, intelligence, and generosity was never better maintained than at that period. Heads of commercial houses were anxious to transmit the reputation they had acquired to their sons, as an heritage of honour.* Death caused no interruption in their affairs; the business of the firm continued to be conducted on the same principles, and generally under the same name; so that the old maxim, that "the king never dies," and the proclamation of the French heralds, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" was as applicable to them as to more exalted personages,

in an ample provision for their declining years. The master, generally honoured with the title of captain, was a sort of middleman between the merchant and the crew; and in the picture which we have engraved the artist has represented one of this class arranging the preliminaries of a voyage with the owner. The costume of the merchant and his clerk indicate the middle of the last century; the captain's is such as was worn at that period by the mariners of Dieppe and Flushing. His attitude is free and independent, as characteristic of his class; and he holds in his right hand the pocket-book from which he has taken the charter-party which the merchant is perusing.

THE HARE AND THE RABBIT.

We presume that most of our readers are aware that the hare—when first caught and afterwards cooked in a cocoon with the well-known receipt of the celebrated Mrs. Glasse—constitutes a highly-esteemed article of food; and, taking this for granted, we shall not trouble ourselves with the consideration of the dietetical properties of the animal, although doubtless much might be written

present day, so much so, in fact, that Martial terms it “inter quadrupedes gloria prima,” with some other nations of antiquity it was a forbidden food; the prohibition in the Jewish law is well known, and our own Druidical ancestors even considered the use of hare’s flesh an act of impiety. The Koran also prohibits the followers of Mahomet from eating the flesh of this animal.



HARES AND RABBITS.

upon the precise degree of putrefaction at which its flesh acquires the finest flavour, the superiority of one mode of cooking over the other, or the origin of the custom of eating currant-jelly with it as a condiment. With reference to this important branch of the subject we may observe, however, that although the hare was as great a favourite with the ancient Romans as with the epicures of the

The appearance of the hare must also be pretty well known to our readers; but many of them are perhaps not so well acquainted with its natural history; and as this presents much that is interesting, we shall confine ourselves as far as possible to a sketch of its habits.

The Hare *Lepus timidus*, with its well-known congener the

Rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*), belongs to the same order of quadrupeds as the rat and the squirrel,—an order distinguished by having a pair of strong chisel-shaped cutting-teeth in the front of each jaw, by means of which they are enabled to gnaw with facility into hard substances, such as wood, bark, &c.; from this peculiarity they are termed *Rodentia*, or gnawing animals. The construction of these teeth, and the provision for their constant maintenance in an effective condition, is very curious; the front of the tooth is covered with a thin coating of very hard enamel, so that the cutting-edge is kept sharp by the continual wearing away of the softer parts; and as this would in course of time gradually wear them down to useless stumps, they are furnished, instead of roots like those of other teeth, with a permanent pulp, which keeps the teeth continually growing, so as to make up for the wearing of the upper extremity. This circumstance is sometimes productive of a singular deformity, for if one of the teeth happens to be broken off, the corresponding one in the other jaw, having nothing to check its growth, goes on increasing in length, until so far from being of service to the animal it must become a positive nuisance to him, and in some cases may even cause him to starve to death. It is with these teeth that the hares often strip the bark from young trees—a proceeding which is by no means regarded with favour by the proprietors of plantations. In fact, like most game animals, hares are a great pest to the farmers in their neighbourhood, their fondness for succulent vegetable food leading them to make frequent incursions upon the young crops, to which they often do immense damage; and as they are completely nocturnal in their habits, it is by no means easy to prevent their depredations.

Fortunately for the husbandman, the numbers of these animals, whose great fecundity would otherwise soon render them one of the farmer's greatest enemies, are continually kept in check by their numerous natural foes. The numbers destroyed by men are certainly very great, but the human epizootic is not the only carnivorous animal endowed with a taste for hare's flesh; all our wild canivora, from the fox downwards, appear to be equally fond of it; almost any dog will pursue a hare as soon as he sees it, although his success in the chase is rarely commensurate with his zeal. The domestic cat is not infrequently a successful poacher; and birds of prey, and even snakes, often drive the hare from its resting-place. Surrounded in this manner with inveterate enemies—seeing a foe in almost every animal it meets—the hare, as might be expected, is an excessively timid animal, and every part of its organisation is peculiarly adapted to enable it to perceive and avoid the dangers which environ it on every side. Its ears are very long, and adapted, like the tubes used by deaf persons, to collect and convey to the internal ear the very slightest sounds; the eye is large and prominent, giving the animal a great range of vision; and it is a popular belief that it always sleeps with the eyes open. It is singular that the same practice has also been attributed to the lion, probably with equal justice in both cases. There can be no doubt, however, that the hare is a very watchful animal; during the day it sleeps in its form, and only ventures forth when the shades of evening seem to promise it security. Then the hares come out of their resting-places and gambol about in the most sportive manner; but the slightest sound, the rustle of the wind in the bushes, or the fall of a leaf, is sufficient to interrupt their sport and scatter the whole troop in every direction.

When actual danger approaches, the hare flies with a swiftness which has become proverbial, always endeavouring to make for some rising ground, as its long and powerful hind legs give it a great advantage in running up hill. The instincts with which it is endowed then come into play; it endeavours by continual turnings and dodgings to throw its pursuers off the scent, and sometimes, when hard pressed, it has been known to turn another hare out of its form. If water comes in its way, it will plunge in and swim across; sometimes it will run up one side of a hedge and down the other, and instances are related of a hare's completely throwing out the dogs by getting on the top of a cut hedge, and running along for a considerable distance in this elevated position.

Notwithstanding this apparent league of all carnivorous animals, biped and quadruped, against the life of "puss," the continuance of the species is amply provided for by its prolific nature. They generally produce three or four young at a time, and breed several

times in the course of the year, so that, but for these numerous checks upon their increase, the country would speedily be overrun by these animals.

The fur of the hare, with that of the rabbit, was formerly much employed in the manufacture of *hatter* hats. Linnæus tells us, that the hare being a favourite animal with the fleas, the inhabitants of Dalecarlia make a sort of cloth of the hair, which attracts the fleas, and thus saves the wearer from the attacks of those troublesome insects. We fear that the fleas would soon find out their mistake, and that the protection afforded by this hare-cloth would not be very lasting.

In confinement, the hare exhibits many entertaining and amiable qualities, loses much of its timidity, and adapts as play-fellows animals that would have been looked upon as sworn enemies in a state of nature. Cowper's account of his tame hares must be familiar to most of our readers, and although many will, perhaps, be inclined to laugh at the poet's attachment to his pets, few, we think, will read his description of their habits and the variety of character displayed by them without pleasure.

In its general structure and many of its habits the rabbit closely resembles the hare. Its enemies are equally numerous, and its timidity perhaps almost as great, although as it is not endowed with the same swiftness of foot as the hare, it rarely exhibits this in the same manner. To make up for its want of speed to fly from its enemies, the rabbit burrows in the earth, and disappears into its holes with the quickness of thought the moment it suspects the approach of danger. Like the hare, the rabbit feeds principally at night, remaining during the day in its burrows, which are often of great extent, and inhabited by an immense number of these creatures. This peculiarity in the habits of these animals enables their breeding to be carried on as a branch of rural industry, and, as both their flesh and skins are consumed to an enormous extent in most countries of Europe, a good rabbit-warren is by no means an unprofitable concern. Immense numbers of rabbit skins are imported into this country from the continent, to be worked up into cheap furs, and a considerable exportation of them also takes place, especially to China, where they are in great request. The particular skins preferred by the Chinese are those denominated "silver gray," and these will fetch from two to three shillings a-piece in the home market.

It is generally supposed that the native country of the rabbit is Spain, and that the species has been introduced into this country. They are now, however, completely naturalised both here and in most parts of Europe, although they are said not to thrive in the cold northern countries.

THE SECRET TRIBUNALS OF WESTPHALIA.

No period in the history of Germany presents such a picture of social anarchy, of the operation of the law of might in all its uncontrolled fulness of power, as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The landed nobility were the universal disturbers of social order and the most reckless violators of the moral law; from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Alps, they set the written laws of the empire at defiance, filled their castles with banditti, and, according to the testimony of Arnold of Lubek, each followed the bent of his inclination. When a social evil becomes no longer endurable, circumstances invariably arise to counteract it, often such as at other times would be an evil in itself. The crimes of the barons led to the establishment of the *Vehm-gerichte* (holy tribunals), which the genius of Goethe and Scott has invested with so many circumstances of mystery and awe.

These remarkable tribunals had their origin in Westphalia, where the first traces of their operations are discovered in the latter part of the thirteenth century; but they soon existed all over Germany. Owing to the secrecy which surrounded them, and the awe with which they were regarded, for death was the penalty of revealing their secrets or becoming surreptitiously possessed of them, their history is involved in obscurity. The first writers who mention them—Henry of Heworden, a Dominican monk of the fourteenth century, and Eneas Sylvius, secretary to the emperor Frederick III.—ascribe their institution to Charlemagne; but Eginhart, the secretary and biographer of that monarch, and all other contem-

poetry writers, say nothing of this circumstance, and there is no evidence whatever to support such an opinion. It is true that this opinion was always prevalent, for the members of the *Vehm*, or *ichte*, were assiduous in disseminating it, to add importance to the institution and their decisions; but the most probable hypothesis is, that they owed their origin to a little band of bold and honest men, determined to put a period to the lawlessness and tyranny of the feudal nobility, and the outrages of the *landritzi* with whom they were often leagueed.

In drama and romance, the black-robed judges of the *Vehm* tribunals have been represented as meeting, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the dungeon of some baronial castle, when, by the red light of flickering torches, revenge usurped the place of justice. But, in reality, the equity of their proceedings formed a striking contrast to those of the ordinary tribunals, and for almost a century they were the only check upon crime and oppression. The powerful baron who exercised jurisdiction over his own domains, and the knight who had at his disposal a hundred robbers in the nearest wood, could afford to treat with contempt and defiance the decisions of the ordinary tribunals; but the secret organisation of the *Vehm*, *gerichte*, their widely-extended ramifications, and the number and fidelity of their emissaries, were not so lightly to be set at naught. Their castles and their armed retainers might enable them to resist successfully the execution of the ordinary laws, but no strength of walls or depth of moat could protect them against the sworn servants of the *Vehm* tribunal dwelling unsuspected beneath the same roof.

No one was allowed to become a member of the *Vehm*-*gerichte* who was a foreigner, or of illegitimate birth, under the ban of excommunication or outlawry, or a member of any religious order. The ceremony of initiation was a very solemn one: the oath of secrecy and adherence was administered, and the signs were communicated by which the initiated recognised each other. The clergy, women and children, Jews, and heathens (as some of the natives of Prussia still were), were exempted by the regulations of the *Vehm* tribunals from their jurisdiction. When an offender had been denounced to the *Vehm* judges, and did not appear to the citation served upon him, he was outlawed, and every one of the initiated

one hundred thousand in number, according to *Ennius Sylvius*, was empowered to take him, alive or dead. The chances of escape, in such a case, were small indeed; and brief was the period which usually intervened between the issue of the ban and the appearance of the offender before the dread tribunal.

The *Vehm*-*gerichte* had three methods of procedure—the summary, the secret, and the open. The summary course was only followed when an offender was caught in the act of commission, or in endeavouring to escape; and then only when three of the initiated happened to be present. Such cases, it must be evident, could very rarely occur; but when they did, the daggers of the initiated were the instruments of execution. The secret process was only adopted when the crime was of more than ordinary atrocity, and there was a fair of the offender's escape; the tribunal was then summoned in haste, and on proof of the crime being given, sentence of death was passed, and communicated to all the initiated, thousands of whom were immediately on the offender's trail. The more usual method was to cite the offender to appear before the tribunal of the district in which he resided, failing in which a fine of thirty *schillingen*, a much larger sum in that day than at present, was recorded against him; if he did not appear to the second summons, the fine was doubled; and if the third was equally unsuccessful, the offender was outlawed. The plea of unavoidable absence was always admitted, the impediment being proved by the *Vehm* laws being sickness, imprisonment, pilgrimage, the public service, lawful absence from the country, and unavoidable delay upon the way to the tribunal.

In romances and drama, the *Vehm* tribunals are always represented as being held in gloomy vaults, but in reality only one—the *Land*-*Vehm* tribunal being held underground, and it was at *Brandenburg*; and in the majority of cases they were held in the open air, the initiation of the parties to a murder, as described by *Tacitus*. It is probable that they originally met in the glades of forests, where they would receive more observation; but it is recorded that at *Dormund* the tribunal was held in the market-place, at *Nordkirchen* in the church, and at *Arensburg*

in an orchard. No one was allowed to wear armour or carry arms in the tribunal, and the ranks of the association required that the tribunal itself, who was always of the rank of nobility, and the assessors, who formed the jury, should be sober and free from anger. The judge, or tribunal lord, sat at the head of a table, on which were placed a halberd and a naked sword, and on his right and left stood the clerks, the assessors, and a number of the initiated as chose to be present, all bare-headed. The accusation having been read, witnesses were called in support of it, and the accused had the privilege of calling whom he chose for his vindication. The assessor appeared to have decided by a majority of voices, and if the sentence was a capital one, the offender was hanged upon the spot, and his name, crime, and sentence recorded in what was called the "Blood Book." If he was one of the initiated, he was hanged seven feet higher than usual, as being the greater criminal. If the accused had not surrendered, all the initiated were set in pursuit of him, and when taken he was hanged on the nearest tree, without further ceremony or delay.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the jurisdiction of the *Vehm* tribunals extended over all Germany. But, like all similar institutions, they at length became corrupted, and were made subservient to private interests and passions. Various attempts were made in the sixteenth century to reform them, but without success; and having outlived the social state in which they had their rise, they became an evil and a nuisance. The civil reforms of the Emperor *Maximilian* did much to render them obsolete; and though they were never formally abolished, they gradually sank into insignificance and desuetude, and towards the end of the sixteenth century became a thing of the past. Their power and influence were at their zenith at the commencement of the fifteenth century; the middle period of their history, when the Emperor *Rupert* ordered the decisions which declared and defined the privileges of the emperor with respect to these tribunals to be collected; and this is the earliest accredited source from which a knowledge of the *Vehm* laws and methods of procedure can be derived.

The power and influence which the *Vehm* courts possessed in the fifteenth century is proved by the citation of powerful nobles, and even sovereign princes. In 1419, the *Rhingrave* was summoned before the secret tribunal of *Norderman*; in 1448, the Elector *Palatine* was cited to appear before a *Vehm* court, and with difficulty escaped condemnation; and in 1451, the Duke of *Saxony* was compelled to appear and defend himself before the tribunal of *Limburg*. The Duke of *Bavaria* also was cited to appear before the tribunal of *Waldeck*, on the charge of depriving one *Gaspar* of the office of chief huntsman, which was hereditary in his family; of having destroyed his castle of *Tornuzen*, beaten his servants, and seized his bounds; and with having robbed the said *Gaspar's* wife of her jewels and other property. The duke appealed to the Emperor *Sigismund*, who declined to interfere; and finding it necessary to answer the charge, he had recourse to the artful expedient of causing himself to be initiated in some other *Vehm* court, and thereby acquiring the privileges of membership, which obtained him more lenient treatment than he would otherwise have received.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find the *Vehm* tribunals rising superior to the prejudices of the age, and boldly supporting the cause of a man accused of treason against the highest powers of the empire. The accused was a citizen of *Gorlitz*, named *Weller*, and a member of the *Vehm* society; for the time alleged against him he was expelled from the town, and his property confiscated. Having vainly appealed to the chancellor of the empire and to the pope, *Weller* resolved to bring the matter before a *Vehm* tribunal, and the magistrates of *Gorlitz* were cited to appear before that of *Bruckel*. *Gorlitz* having been exempted from foreign jurisdiction by the emperors, the magistrates appealed to the King of *Bohemia*, who attempted to mediate; but his interference was disregarded, and the burgesses and town-council, failing to appear before the tribunal, were outlawed. The diet of *Bohemia* and the Landgrave of *Hesse* were desired their mediation, but the *Vehm*-*gerichte* would be bound of nothing but the reversal of *Weller's* sentence. The emperor finally interposed for the protection of *Gorlitz*, and *Weller* died in 1502, without obtaining his property, but in 1512 full compensation was made to his heirs.

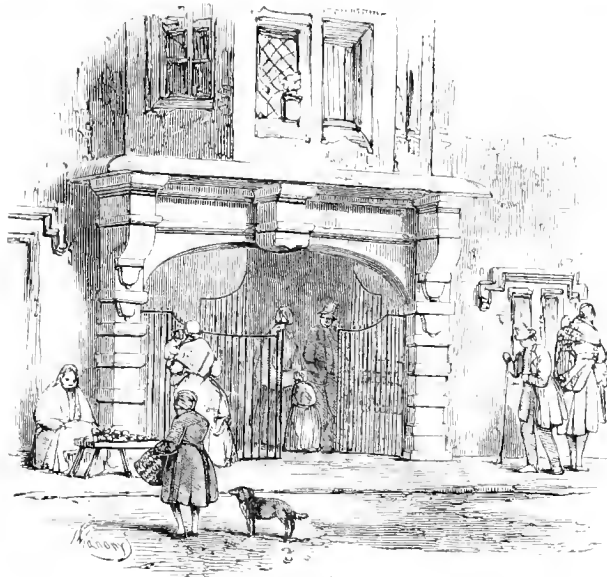
TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

THAT portion of Ireland lying to the south and on either hand of the point at which our last article concluded having been described and illustrated in previous numbers of this periodical, we have now to invite the reader to commence with us a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable features of what may be called the Shannon district, beginning with the central point of tourist departure for such exploration, namely, Athlone, an important trading town and military station, on the Shannon, which here separates Leinster and Connaught, and the counties of Westmeath

Shannon at the place of the ancient ford, rendered famous by the desperate encounter upon it between the army of King James, under St. Ruth, and King William's soldiers, under Ginkell, in 1691, was pulled down a few years ago, and replaced by the present graceful structure. The barracks, adjoining the castle, can accommodate 267 artillery, 592 infantry, and 107 horse; and there is an armoury of 15,000 stand of arms. Of numerous monasteries, scarcely any remains exist; probably they were destroyed during some of the many sieges, the most memorable of which occurred in



BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



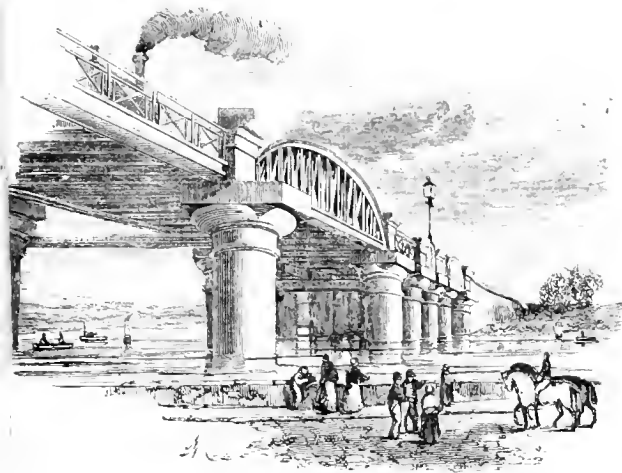
FRANCISCAN CONVENT, GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

and Roscommon. The castle is of great antiquity, but in perfect repair, strengthened with additional fortifications, some very recent. Once Athlone was the chief pass from Leinster to Connaught; and, soon after the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, became one of their strongholds. Of the ancient walls- portions remain; and the north gate, a square tower of Elizabeth's time, was pulled down only a few years ago. Several relics are still preserved, one being the doorway of the residence of General de Ginkell at the siege in 1689. The renowned bridge of Athlone, which spanned the

the Revolution, when in ten days Ginkell, in taking a portion of the town which held out for James, expended 12,000 cannon-balls, 600 shells, many tons of stone-shot, and fifty of powder; the loss of the defenders being 1,200. In 1697 the citadel was struck by lightning, when 260 barrels of powder, 10,000 charged hand-grenades, besides other combustibles, exploded, destroying nearly the whole of the town. Besides the church of the Establishment, and several Roman Catholic chapels, Athlone contains Baptists' and Primitive and Wesleyan Methodists' chapels. There are no modern

buildings worthy of particular notice. Immediately above the town, the Shannon expands into Lough Ree, on which a regatta is held in August, the landing-place on one of the islands being

a literary turn, in taking the Shannon route to the West, is the opportunity it affords of visiting the scenery of the ever-alluring "Deserted Village;" and we cannot now resist the desire of pro-



RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ATHLONE. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.



SPANISH PLACE, GALWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.



RUINS OF ATHENRY, COUNTY GALWAY. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.



LANDING-PLACE AT HARE ISLAND, LOUGH REE, ON THE SHANNON. — DRAWN BY MAHONY.

greatly admired—how deservedly will be seen from the graceful sketch by Mr. Mahony.

One of the main attractions, however, to tourists, especially of

senting the reader with a fac-simile of the birthplace of the poet himself, and exactly as it is at this present moment, for it has been expressly sketched by the artist within the last twelvemonth.

On the direct line to Galway there are few things to arrest us between Athlone and Ballinasloe, except the fine viaduct over the Suck, across which the train passes. Ballinasloe is a town of considerable size, partly in County Roscommon, but chiefly in County Galway, containing some handsome buildings, and remarkable for the great fair held from the 5th to the 9th of October, the largest cattle mart in the kingdom, attended from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent. Garbally, seat of Lord Clunmear, in the immediate vicinity of the town (his lordship is proprietor) is a beautifully laid out, and the house contains some fine pictures, and the access is generously granted to both. The ruins of a castle, of great strength in Elizabeth's time, are situated on the Roscommon side of the Suck, and the fosse and several flanking towers remain. Four miles from Ballinasloe is the village of Aughrim, remarkable from the battle on the adjoining fields of Kilmoulan in 1691, between James and William, when the former was totally routed, and St. Ruth, his general, killed. However, the point from which the tourist should start for the scene of this great and decisive conflict is Athlone; and it has been the cause of much wonderment with some that Mr. Creasy did not give this hand-to-hand fight precedence to the battle of Crey. A part of the ruins of Aughrim Castle can still be traced; and in the village are a church, chapel, and small Methodist meeting-house.

The next object of interest we meet is Kilsnoel, a village where a monastery for Franciscan friars was founded about 1169. Nearly the entire shell of this most beautiful structure remains. A little further on we come to Athery, a village also most remarkable for its ancient buildings, of which the castle, built in the thirteenth century by the De Bermingham family, is the most perfectly preserved. The Dominican Abbey is, perhaps, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the whole country.

Besides the castle and its religious houses, the whole town retains a great portion of its wall, and one of its ancient castellated gateways. The former, which is of considerable height and thickness, is defended at intervals by round towers of great strength.

We have now almost accomplished our journey to Midway, near the seventh mile-post from which we pass the ruined Castle of Berrydonnell; and from about the twenty-first, we see Oranmore Castle, built by the great Earl of Clarendon. The splendid swivel bridge at Lough Athalia, said to be the largest in the world, next arrests attention, when the tourist finds himself before the magnificent railway terminus and hotel of the ancient "city of the tribes," the proverbially Spanish aspect of which will be readily recognised from the two little sketches subjoined, with which we close our pencilings for the present.

SELF-DENIAL;

OR,

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

IV.

SELDOM did any one begin life with a smaller share of worldly goods, and at the same time richer blessings of hope, health, and a bright future than I did. I certainly did feel a kind of oppression come over me, as I reflected that I had taken this important step without consulting my mother and father; but that was a feeling that weighed on me only when I was alone, and my dear little wife did not leave me often.

I had a good deal of work to do at home. The — — Magazine used my articles occasionally, and the paper was regular in its payments and in its payments. When tea was cleared away, she would draw up her work-table near to me, or take a book. Sometimes I would read to her. I had much to do, to prepare myself for the career of a literary man. I had to study and read, my stock of knowledge being rather scanty on the whole. I saw at once that there was much to be learnt, and I set to work in earnest to make up for my deficiencies.

Charles came the second Sunday after our marriage. Mr. Ellis,

as I at present must call him, was with him. Charles looked very pale and thin. The quiet sacrifice he had made had proved upon him. He shook me warmly by the hand, and tried to look smiling, but it was too much of an effort. Presently, however, he was better, and when Edith chatted with him, and gave him his tea, and called him dear Charles, he was soon himself again, full of spirits, life, and talk. He made us laugh before he had done, and quizzed my wife because she was so shy of showing her affection for me before company.

Our way of life was humble, because we were poor, and knew it. Luckily I fell into no bad habits in those days. My home was everything to me, and no sooner was my work done than I flew home to delight myself in the sunshine of Edith's smile. Things went on tolerably well for about a year. I lived abstemiously, but well enough for my taste. I even saved a little, because I knew it would be wanted.

At the end of our first year of love and happiness I became the father of a boy, and we called him Charles. When I showed the infant to his namesake for the first time, I saw his lip quiver.

"God bless you, child!" he said in a murmuring tone; "as long as I live, you shall never want a father."

His health was much injured by his severe study; and when he knew that all was right, and that Edith and her child were well, he bade us adieu, and went down to spend a month or so, during the long vacation, with his mother and sisters. We saw him depart with regret; but as we believed the journey necessary to his health, we were bound to be glad.

I had concealed from Charles, and I believe I was wrong to do so, that the expenses of this period had for the first time placed me in debt. Ozily had restored my mother's watch to me, and already it had gone again to meet the demand made upon me. When Edith went out for her first walk with me, I had scarcely a penny left. I went down to the office that evening, and obtained a small advance.

With this in my pocket I began work anew. I had a few good books, and I read hard. I had projected a work on a popular subject, which required, however, reference to many books, and I applied for admission to the British Museum. By the favour of the publisher of my magazine, I obtained it at once, and I made a point of going there three days a-week, collecting materials for my volume, which I firmly relied on selling.

Oh, those were happy days indeed. My dear little wife was so proud and joyous, and light-hearted, especially when she could show her infant to her mother, who, like all grandmothers, we suppose from Doro: Bye did win, was in raptures with the child, and vowed — except that its mouth and eyes and nose were different, and that it was a boy — that it was the very image of Edith.

About this time I had an offer made me, which, promising an addition of ten or fifteen shillings a-week to my income, I gladly accepted. As few of my readers are among the initiated, I must explain my new duties rather clearly. All the leading Sunday papers copy the police reports from the morning journals, except on Saturday, when, in the competition for news, they pay for the reports to be made for them, thus forestalling the Monday morning publications. Now it appeared that the — — had had a difference with the man who supplied the copy usually. There was only one reporter at this office, who had a monopoly of all the papers. The — —, however, declined his copy, and I was requested to attend on Saturday and supply the deficiencies.

I went. I found myself in quite a new and changed atmosphere. It was a tainted and insober one. I associated at once with men of a different character from what I had been used to. To write my report I went to a public-house. I found myself among detectives, witnesses, officers of the court, from whom at this early stage of my career I was obliged to ask information. I wrote my report, and then drank without eating. I took down the copy to the office, but I spent more money than it could bring me in. Yes! I went home that night in a state which alarmed my wife. I must own it. But I was gentle as a lamb. I have heard of men beating and ill-using their wives under such circumstances; but I am thankful to say I was never guilty of such disgraceful brutality.

I was very ill the next day. How my dear darling Edith did nurse me. I never saw her look so much like an angel. She would scarcely let me give her an explanation of how or what it had been, or of Edith, but scolded my dear mother with a blow, and before me not do it again.

"The dear fellow is punished enough. I don't like any to be a mother; I will not allow him to be a father."

And I was not scolded, but got up on Monday morning with a firm resolve not to let this happen again. I am ever ready to confess, but why write my life, if I do not tell the truth of what did happen again.

I was angry with myself that I could not look at Edith, I could not bear to hear the child cry; but the fever was on me, and I was way to it. I was thirsty and feverish, and drank again. When I wrote, was necessarily very inferior to my former productions. I utterly neglected my book.

One week I had obtained an advance from the printer of my new rent. It was given to me rather oddly, with an intimation that it must be worked out before I had any more money. The following Saturday came round. A thin, obscured of sufficient respect to warrant a police report. I sat at one or two trifling things. They were not inserted.

I went to a tavern that evening, where I was in the habit of meeting my new class of acquaintances. There was one there with whom I was more familiar than the others. I asked him to lend me five shillings. He did so, with the understanding that I was to repay him on the following Saturday. With this I went home to my dear little wife, who took the money with a painful and blank look, which did not strike me so much then as it did afterwards. She knew by my manner that it was the last for some days. I even told her that I had borrowed it.

"Of whom?" she said, bending over the table, ready to give her tears.

"Of a friend," I replied quickly.

"Of a friend, Edward?" she continued, shaking her head, "one of your new acquaintances you mean?"

"Well, yes." Herbert of the ——" I said, slowly and reluctantly. "And it's precious hokey I did, for I don't know where I should have got a farthing, but for him."

"You used to get money enough before you knew anything of the police-reporting for a Sunday paper," said Edith, with a very strong stress laid on the word "Sunday."

The next Saturday I paid the borrow'd money and some of my debts, and I went home with very little again. I was, strange to say, at that time quite sober. I paid the little money I had to my wife's hand, and I looked in her face. She held down her eyes, which were red with crying.


"You are not well, dear ste," I said, in a very young and gentle tone.

"I am afraid I have not lived quite well enough," she replied, kindly but kindly; "but oh, Edward, I would not care, but for the baby."

I snatched the money from her hand almost fiercely, and rushed into the open air.

CROCHET PATTERN FOR MUSIC-STOOL COVER.

MATERIALS.—Books 40, at E. & J. B. in Paris, or at the Grosvenor Street Thread, No. 18; and Wadley's Book, Chelsea, B. K.

- Make a round loop the size of this  and the
- 1st round: Chain 2, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd loop, plain 1, and fasten off, which will give 1.
- 2nd: Work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.
- 3rd: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1st treble of last round, chain 10, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.
- 4th: Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3rd treble of last round, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.
- 5th: Work 8 treble at the top of the 3rd treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round.
- 6th: Work 7 treble at the top of the same of the 8 treble of last round, chain 7, repeat round.

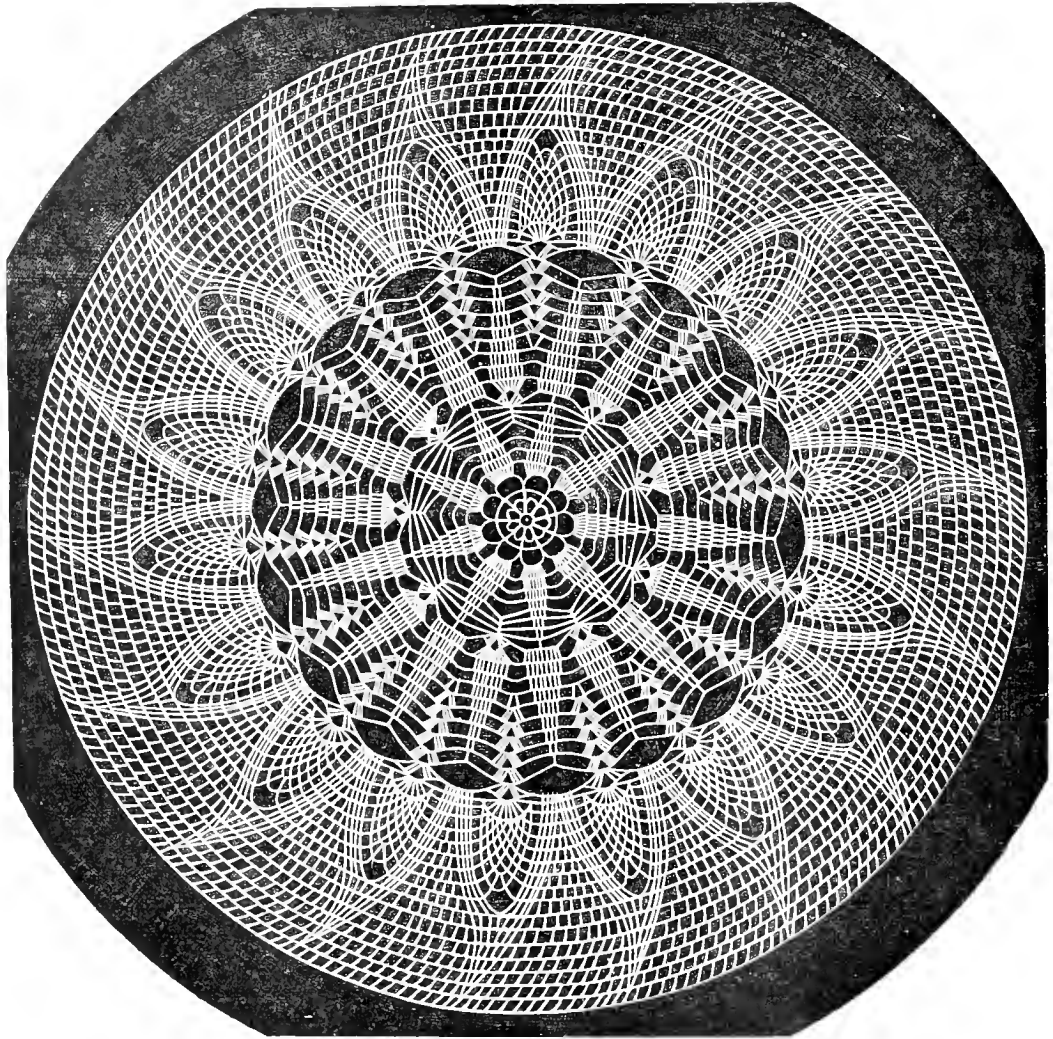
- 7th: Work 6 treble at the top of the centre of the 7 treble of last round, chain 9, repeat round.
- 8th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 5th treble of last round, chain 9, repeat round.
- 9th: Work 4 treble in the centre of the 4th treble of last round, chain 7, plain 1 at the top of the 4th treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round.
- 10th: Work 3 treble in the centre of the 3rd treble of last round, chain 7, plain 1 at the top of the 3rd treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round.
- 11th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble at the top of the first treble of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the 1st treble of last round, chain 8, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off.
- 12th: Work 2 treble in the 2nd loop in the centre of the 4th treble of last round, chain 7, work 2 treble in the centre of the 2nd chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round.
- 13th: Work 8 treble in the centre of the 9 treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round.
- 14th: Work 7 treble in the centre of the 8 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5th chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round.
- 15th: Work 6 treble in the centre of the 7 treble of last round, chain 2, work 2 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, repeat round.
- 16th: Work 5 treble in the centre of the 6 treble of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble at the top of the first treble of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble at the top of the next treble of last round, chain 2, repeat round.
- 17th: Work 4 treble in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 2, work 3 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, and repeat round.
- 18th: Work 3 treble in the centre of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 3 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, and repeat round.
- 19th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 3, and repeat round.
- 20th: Work 1 treble at the top in the centre of the 2 treble of last round, chain 7, work 3 treble in the centre of the middle of chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 4, and repeat round, plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble, and fasten off.
- 21st: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 5, work 3 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 12, and repeat round, plain 1 in the first treble of last round, and fasten off.
- 22nd: Work 8 treble in the centre of the 12 chain of last round, chain 2, work 4 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 1, and work 1 treble for 8 times in the same 3 chain of last round (which will make 9 trebles with 4 chains between each treble), chain 2, and repeat round.
- 23rd: Work 6 treble at the top of the 1st treble of last round, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the first 3 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the 3rd treble of chain, and so on to 8 times in the 3 chain, and repeat round.
- 24th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 5th treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 1st chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, and repeat round.
- 25th: Work 3 treble in the centre of the 4th treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 1st chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, and repeat round.
- 26th: Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3rd treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 1st chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, and repeat round.
- 27th: Work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 1st chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 treble in the centre of the 2nd treble of last round, chain 2, and repeat round.

26th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chains of last round (which will be twice), chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the next 4 lots of 5 chain of last round, chain 2, repeat round.

27th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times), chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work

then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 5 times), chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 2, repeat round.

30th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 6 times), chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, repeat round, fasten off.



CROCHET PATTERN FOR MUSIC STOOL COVER,

1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the next 3 lots of 5 chain of last round, chain 2, repeat round.

28th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chains of last round (which will be four times), chain 3, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the next 2 lots of 5 chains of last round, chain 2, repeat round.

29th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round,

31st: Work 7 treble at the top of the 8 treble (in the centre), then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each lot of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 7 times), chain 3, repeat round, fasten off.

32nd and six following rounds will be the same as the last, with 1 treble less at the top of the treble in each row, until you come to 1 and 3 extra chains and 1 extra treble in the open part of the pattern, which will increase the number of open squares to 14; fasten off at the end of every row, which will complete the centre for the stool; you now require an edge to go round the centre—see page 55.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Is there not a proverb that says a good story cannot be told too often? I thought so. Well, encouraged by that proverb we are about to tell a very old story here.

Once upon a time there lived in beautiful Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. After awhile Athamas grew weary

went the ram—his golden fleece glittering in the bright rays of the sun—and took his course toward the east; the boy, however, was alone preserved, for, as they crossed the strait which divides Europe from Asia, poor Helle fell into the sea—an accident which needs no other confirmation than the fact of that strait ever afterwards being called the Hellespont. As for the youth Phryxus, he reached the



BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING PHRYXUS AND HELLE ON THE RAM WITH THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

of his spouse, put her away, and took another. Kings and emperors since that period have occasionally copied his example—

“Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.”

On account of their stepmother, poor hapless Nephele trembled for her children, and sought diligently for some means of effecting their escape. Mercury—like a true knight of chivalry, or rather like a truly classical divinity as he was—came to her help, gave her a ram with a golden fleece, on which she placed her darling children, trusting, with all the fond trustfulness of a woman’s heart, that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. Of

king Ion of Colchis on the eastern shore of the Euxine, was hospitably received by Eetes, the king of the country, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the skin to his new friend. So the golden fleece was placed in a consecrated grove, and a dragon, which was never known even to wink, kept watch and ward over the precious treasure. “Lies,” says the Spanish proverb, “have short legs” but truths have unnumbered long ones. The story of the golden fleece spread far and wide. People regarded it, some with doubt, some with strong belief, some as a dream of the poets, and some as the subtle engine of the mystic—it was to them as the lost Atlantis, which puzzled the minds of philosophers in after years. Who could any young man of spirit and daring do better to attest his zeal and courage than go in search of this golden fleece? Who can wonder that the

chivalric Jason, Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor, the heroes and demigods of Greece, should flock together, and in adventurous brotherhood take water in the Argo, and with oars propel the vessel—for masts and sails were yet as things unknown—to Colchis? Who can feel surprise that the hero Jason should overcome every difficulty that was thrown in his way? should calm the brazen-footed bulls, whose snort was like the heat of a furnace, should make them gentle as so many "sneaking doves," and put the charmed yoke over their necks? Who can wonder that when the dragon's teeth were sown, and a goodly crop of armed men sprang up and rushed on Jason, he should dexterously fling a stone into their midst and set them fighting one another till there was not one left? Who but can readily suppose that with the certainty of chloroform he should send the ever-watchful dragon fast asleep, and seize upon the golden fleece, which had cost him so much trouble? Who can wonder at all this, when they recollect that the beautiful Medea, as potent in sorcery as she was beautiful in appearance, had aided him to gain the triumph? Nobody can wonder at it—not one—nor that Medea fled away with Jason to Thessaly the beautiful.

As to what the story means—it may be, that if stripped of all its glory, and seen in open daylight, this Argonautic expedition was nothing more than a piratical invasion, the rich spoils of which gave rise to the idea of the GOLDEN FLEECE; but, however this may be, certain it is, that a skilful artist has embodied the beautiful old story in as beautiful a bas-relief, of which we here present a spirited engraving.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

It is curious to reflect, when gazing at the brilliant wares in a modern jeweller's shop window, that a time existed when such a display of varied coloured gems, of gold and silver ornaments, instead of conjuring up thoughts of fashion and festivity, of bridal morns, ball-nights and birth-day presents, would probably have aroused a host of perturbed associations, in which sorcery and sickness, poison and the evil-eye, would by turns predominate, and the liveliest fancy have been the choice of periapt or counter-charm.

Then—for every gem had its genii, every precious stone some occult power—instead of studying fashion or his taste, the purchaser would have had respect to secret tendencies—his hopes, his fears, the terror that came by night, the pestilence that walked abroad at noon-day, and would have bought his jewellery less as an ornament than as a spell.

Chronology throws no light on the birth of this belief in the magical properties of gems; research only deepens the idea of its antiquity, and shows it to have obtained from the earliest periods of human history of which we have any record.

That dusky father of the church, Tertullian, unable to trace the origin of their use, or the discoverer of their presumed medical and mysterious qualities (of at least bestowing the mercurial charm of ornament on the fair wearers of them), boldly advances, not as an hypothesis, but as a fact, that in those days, when there were giants on the earth, and angels visited the daughters of men, those fallen spirits, in order to enhance and preserve the beauty that had captivated them, sought out all secret spells, and brought from mines and caves these glittering talismans for good or evil.

Pliny, referring to the legend of the Roman poets, makes men ignorant of even the existence of precious stones (did the writhing hand of Prometheus, bound by an iron band to Caucasus, broke forth a crystal fragment of the rock, which gave the type of the ring, and the gem which afterwards solemn it).

Yet, long before the Roman poets sang the fable of Prometheus, in the days of the swartly Phœnicians, we find evidence of idolatrous and forbidden superstitions in connection with jewels. Why else, when Jacob purified his household from all the strange gods that were in their *houses*, did he also bury with them under the oak at Shechem the earrings that were in their ears?

It is true that the Israelites had not yet entered Egypt, where the eye of Osiris, the sacred Scarab, and other symbols or images of their gods, partly from religious, partly from superstitious motives, were in common use; but they had wandered through the border-

lands, and the incident only proves how wide-spread was the belief in these mystic agencies.

A little later there occurs a striking instance in the Hebrew annals of the oracular power attributed to precious stones, in the supernatural evidence of the *Petræ and Thaumata*, glowing in the gems of the Jewish high-priest's pectoral, divination by means of which is frequently alluded to, and to which appeal was made under various solemn circumstances by kings and great men. Here we probably see the prototype of a belief existing era after era in human history, surviving in this country to comparatively modern times, in the magic crystal of Doctor Dee, and only fading out with the extending light of the liberal sciences, wherewith the soul of man is beautified.

Hereafter we shall come to the presumed virtues of some of the gems employed in adorning the miraculous breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest, and as these reputed properties were believed to be imbibed by the wearer, and to endow him with their secret influences, we may imagine how its resplendent glory, full of solemn associations, of occult power, and a divine mystery, graven with the names of their tribes, and flashing up to heaven, as it is expressly said, in memorial of them, must have added personal awe to priestly veneration, and have affected the deeply superstitious minds of the Jewish people.

We read that the Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, and Hindoos regarded precious stones "if not as spiritual creations, at least as abodes with which spiritual influences were associated, and gave to each its tutelary spirit or guardian genii. Hence the Arabs wore gems set in Afric gold bound on their arms to defend them from demons, and hence in more recent times the Asiatics had the blades of their scimitars engraved with a text from the Koran, with the figures wrought in gold or silver or in marquetry with small gems.

The Greeks and Romans, in like manner, found a presiding deity for every gem, and thus Proserpine claimed black agate, red Mars the blood-stone, Apollo the sapphire, and Bacchus the purple amethyst.

Gems were regarded as so precious by the Hindoos, that the very gods were accused of stealing them; and Christina in his childhood was said to have purloined one from Præsona. What wonder, therefore, that the exhibition of gems should have entered largely into the pharmacopœia of these mystic periods of human science, or that men should have hoped by contact with them to elicit their supposed healing virtues, or by their simple presence to escape contagion. In a learned treatise on Hindoo medicine, we find gold, silver, diamonds, and pearls plying a very important part in their prescriptions, but it is evident that these costly medicaments were only necessary to the constitutions of rich men, for the sage, after giving a prescription of gems for the diseases of a King, adds another of simples for those of people in general.

It has been suggested, that the primitive use of gems in medicine was probably as much with the view of propitiating the spiritual power associated with them as from any intrinsic healing properties, of their own. The Indians, however, laid great stress upon these properties in disposing of their pearls from the Persian gulf, and diamonds from Golconda; but as nearly all the precious stones were brought from India, commercial policy might have mingled slightly with professional zeal, and have tintured their representations to other eastern nations, who purchased gems, and used them medicinally, as remotely as the times of the Persian Magi.

The diamond, ruby, sapphire, coloured agates, onyx, crystals, jaspers, and emeralds, as well as the rare opalescent sapphire, with pearly-like reflections that Pliny speaks of, and which partook in itself of all the virtues of the rest, were brought from India. Upper Egypt had, it is said, its mountains of emeralds, the islands of Crete and Candia their sacred agates, and in Lombardy the poplar wept amber, which, though not *of them*, has ever kept in the company of *gems*, and has been used for the same purposes of health and ornament.

Gold, also, though not coming under the head of our subject, is yet so blended with it, that without much irregularity we may be allowed to observe, that it anciently claimed almost as large an amount of superstitious veneration as the gems for which it has always served as the setting. The belief of the ancient fire-worshippers, that gold was the first production of the sacred

element, no doubt sanctified this metal in every land where the knee was low. In the East; hence, it was not only used for golden images, but served to enclose graven ones, and was itself supposed to be endowed with healing qualities, and with a protective power. This alone will account for its appearance in rings, chains, bracelet and earrings at a period when such things were regarded, not as ornaments, but as amulets, and symbols of rank and power; it was with this intuition that it figured in the heart-shaped bulls of the Romans, and was suspended, as late as the chibblish days of Dr. Johnson, in the English vein called an "angel," round the necks of those patients who received the royal touch, the efficacy of which would have been very doubtful if unaccompanied by this sign of pure gold.

It is no one thing, perhaps, is the growth of human nature so distinctly marked as in the enlargement of the reasoning faculties. In those twilight days of the world's history to which our subject refers, when men sat down like children in the dusk, and spite of the great side-lights skinting on them, frightened themselves with shadows—the powers of the imagination appear to have been in a state of the most intense activity, while the reasoning principles were only partially developed, and the few great heads in possession of them ruled the rest, not in the modern sense of intellectual superiority, but with an iron sceptre, as sars and slaves. All things, therefore, that tended to envelop the multitude in the thick darkness of ignorance, to mystify and terrify them, were so many veils between reality and the fables, which bowed them in the veriest slough of superstition, and rendered their numerical and physical strength timid and helpless in the hands of their intellectual tyrants, save as they led the way, in mystic pillars of fire, or clouds of smoke, with gorgeous ceremonies or solemn rites of magic. From the beginning there has been no such engine of power in this world as superstition, and no superstition so fatal to the intellectual and moral growth of mankind as that which hid its malignity, like the spear of Balaam, with the leaves and flowers of religion. Only the priests of Egypt were allowed to heal the sick; the knowledge of medicine, like all other knowledge, was in their hands; and in order to heighten the effect of their power over mind and body, magic made a part of their religion as well as of the mystery of leokeraft. Even the wandering Arabs, who, it is said, had some skill in the application of plants and minerals to medicine, affected a knowledge of magic in their practice of it; and the same superstitions inoculated the Greeks, and subsequently the Romans.

When we remember the relation in which Greece stood to Egypt, it could scarcely have happened otherwise. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six years before we find Inachus the Phœnician founding Argos. Three hundred years nearer the Christian era, Cæsar had peopled Attica with Egyptians; and in 1493 B.C., Cadmus built Thebes upon the model of the Thebes of Egypt, and introduced, with the alphabet, her gods and superstitions. What wonder, then, that we find the amulets and talismans of the East—the idols, the scarabæus, and sacred hieroglyphics, engraved on rings, or worn suspended from the neck, or fashioned into necklaces—in constant use amongst the early Greeks? The stones of which these amulets were formed, and on which these images were graven, were always chosen with reference to their own reputed virtues; and the fact that the majority of the fine engravings of antiquity are executed in cornelian, speaks to the lover of such line of more than the aptitude of the stone for the art of the graver, and exhibits, in the frequency of its use, a pleasing trait of those antique people in their domestic relations, though shrouded with the mask of superstition; for it was supposed to appease anger, and make peace and love reign in households that were unhappily the scene of strife and hatred.

The virtues of the sard, worn as an amulet, were numerous, that Montfaucon tells us we should scarcely believe, had it not been *put forth* in what Pliny says: "In summo est a sardonyx, corneum in an emerald is a certain mineral, and first all poison of no kind, and finally it is in such a way, but it is said to be a stone in a ring, when any one wishes to be the possessor of a friend, or a favour from a tyrant. But Pliny is not alluding to the sard, but of the *sardonyx*—one of those stones which were growing amongst the rocks in that island of Upper Egypt that Plutarch tells us was for ever guarded by serpents, which in Egyptian

mythology represent the god Cneph, or good genius; though Christians regard them as the type of Aspidochelone, and he tells us that one of these precious stones, engraved with an eagle, or the like animal herms, has not only the qualities Montfaucon has quoted, but that it also averts hail and bad weather, properties which Ambrosius also confirms of it.

The emerald made a part of the rich merchandise which the Syrians imported to the sea-bound Tyre, and glittered no doubt upon the finger, or in the bracelet, or lay secreted upon the breasts of many a merchant prince and sea-captain, as well as amongst the talismans of the landowner—a spell to calm the tempest, and ward off the insect spoilers from the summer fruit and harvest.

General Lesh, in his "Annals of Artillery—Imprinted at London, in Flere Street, within Temple-Barre, at the Sign of the Kloude and Stare, by Richard Tuttle, A.D. 1568," remarks of the emerald (or scriptural smaragd) that "Ecclesiastes, in commendation thereof, maketh the comparison, that as the myrrour musse comforteth the spirits, so the smaragd comforteth the sight, by which the heart receiveth joy"—a scriptural allusion to the constant belief that this gem cleared the vision and helped against talismans. It was doubtless with this impression (disisted on when Pliny wrote) that we find the Emperor Nero, at the spectacles and theatres of old Rome, using a large emerald as the frequenter of the opera house and theatres of our times do their lozenges; but the modern use of green glasses, to refresh the optic nerve and assist the sight, proves how much of fact lay hidden in the fable of its virtues. But its effect on the serpent tribe was exactly the reverse; for it was believed in the East, that if a snake or serpent fixed his eyes on the green lustre of this transparent stone, it immediately became blind; when we add to the former as good as proven quality, that it comforted the vital spirits—so wrote the natural historians of the times—increased riches, and made the wearer prevail in play, we think an excellent case has been made out for a count for the popularity of the sea-green gem, which shone in the second row upon the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, and remains to this day one of the most precious in the regalia of kings.

Yet in comparison with the potent diamond, which Pliny prettily thinks should grow nowhere but in a mine of gold, though he owns it is a miracle to find it there, the spells of the emerald become weak and insignificant. Not even the wild legends of oriental superstition could have ascribed to this gem-guarded gem more various and mysterious influences than did the western nations of Europe through the long night of intellectual darkness that followed the destruction of the Roman empire, and continued till the dawn of the Reformation.

Precious above all other natural bodies, its value was further enhanced by the spiritual influences imputed to it, and which promised the fortunate possessor immunity from almost every ill that flesh is heir to. It insured the wearer long life, rendered him invincible, and drove away those vain imaginations that set men beside themselves, dispelled vain fears, resisted witchcraft, and tested conjugal fidelity; borne on the *left shoulder*, says Boccaccio, "it hath virtue against chidings and strife of enemies;" and, better still, made peace in the domestic circle. At its touch, the magnet lost its power of attraction, and diseases, though they had baffled every other mode of treatment, vanished. It was an antidote to poison; though, on the other hand, Paracelsus tells us that the powder of the diamond was so fatal that no remedy could arrest its venom! No wonder that the Persian kings wore gems upon their foreheads, when the very possession of them not only conveyed the knowledge of wealth and power, but was supposed to enclose the wearer within impregnable. The Star and Morning, and Hunt, and Rabbit, of these days must have driven a pretty capital business; perhaps, besides the magic, and a knowledge of the gem, they had some skill in the *art* of their trade-traffic. The matter, the mounting, the figure—not only so-called to be a certain gem, but also engraved upon particular parts of the gem, which were not the star, which they were to be placed in a ring, and the whole finished with a special skill—these things must have given a mysterious attraction of the nature and tear-binding as the laboratory of an alchemist of the middle ages.

THE TOWERS OF DUNKIRK AND SARAGOSSA.

THE towers represented in the accompanying engravings are assuredly not of the same origin, for they were erected at different epochs, and their architecture is very dissimilar. They are connected, however, by a popular ceremony, which is celebrated in both places—the procession of the giants, which is represented in both illustrations. The sole difference consists in the costume of the effigies which figure as the heroes of the *fiés*. At Dunkirk the giants are always three in number, supposed to represent father and sons, and wear helmets and coats of mail; at Saragossa a

claimed for the Dunkirk *fiés*, on the ground that a similar ceremony is observed at Douay, which is shown by documentary evidence still in existence to have been instituted in 1580, “in honour of God and all the celestial court, and of Monsieur St. Morand (the patron saint of Douay), to whom thanks are to be given for the taking and keeping of this town by the French, on the 16th of June.” In 1670, however, the day of celebration was changed to the 6th of July, in commemoration of the capture of the town by the troops of Louis XIV. Some historians assert that all the



THE CLOCK TOWER AT DUNKIRK.

the number is also three, but they wear the turban and flowing robes of the Moslem. These gigantic effigies are formed, in both cases, of wickerwork, and are always carried, at Saragossa as well as at Dunkirk, past the great clock tower.

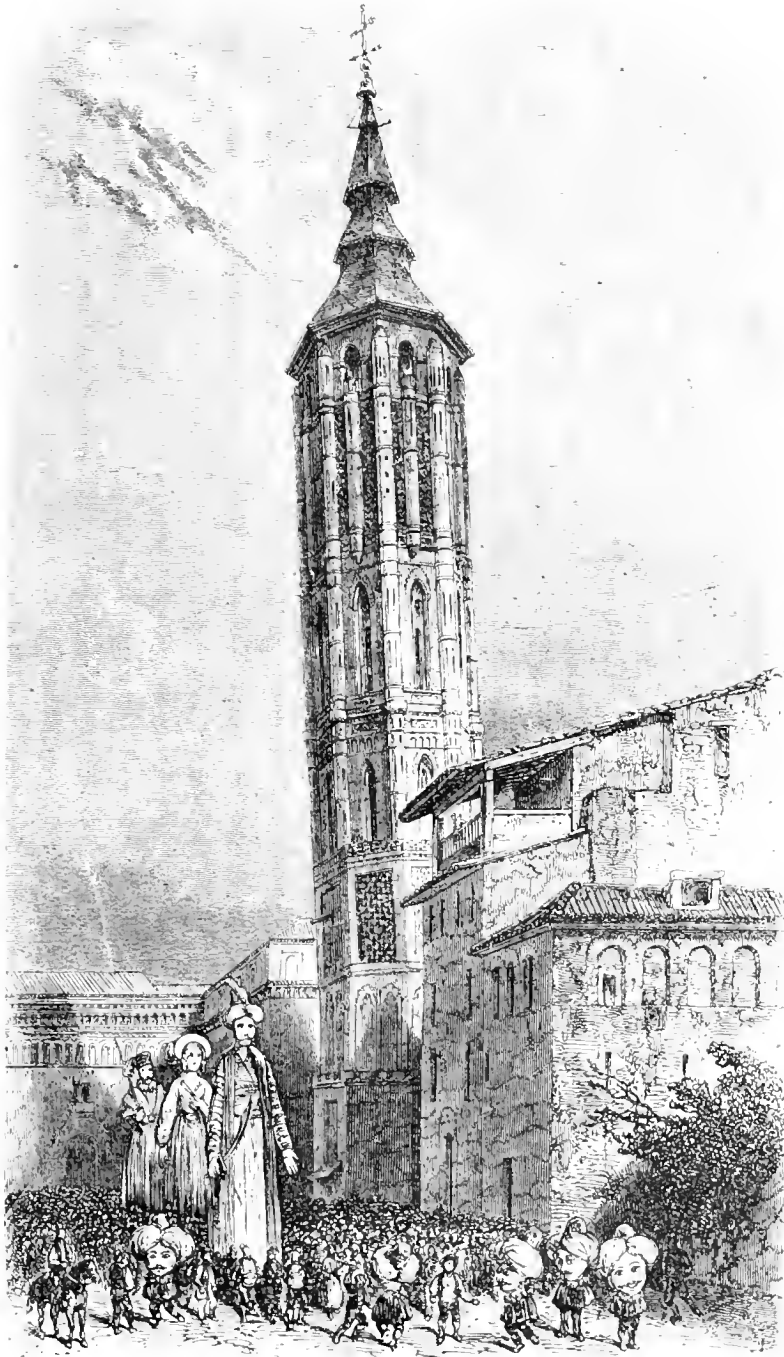
This singular procession seems to be of Spanish origin, and its introduction into Dunkirk probably took place while Flanders was subjected to Spanish domination. At Saragossa it was instituted after the expulsion of the Moors, of which event it appears to be a festive commemoration. A French origin has, however, been

claimed for the Dunkirk *fiés*, who sought by this means to neutralise the dissatisfaction of the people by amusing them.

The clock tower at Dunkirk was erected previously to 1440, in which year it is recorded that the town possessed only one church, and that the inhabitants, being desirous of obtaining additional accommodation for worship, erected another, using the existing tower for the porch and for containing the clock. This church was destroyed by fire in 1538, but the tower was uninjured. A new

church was built subsequently, but at a little distance from the tower. This church, dedicated to St. Eloi, still exists. On the redemption of Dunkirk by Louis XIV., it was stipulated that all the towers and belfries should be pulled down to the level of the housetops, but the inhabitants of Dunkirk evaded the treaty as regarded the clock tower, by building a little house on it, which served as a temporary landmark to the mariners frequenting the

The clock tower of Saragossa is of later origin than that at Dunkirk, having been commenced in 1504, and finished in 1515. It inclines towards the street in a very remarkable manner, reminding the traveller of the singular leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna. The basement is constructed entirely of cut stone, and is perfectly perpendicular; it is the superstructure, which is built with bricks, that overhangs the street, and looks as if it were about to fall



THE CLOCK TOWER AT SARAGOSA.

port, whom the treaty had deprived of the Leven which had hitherto been their guide.

It is asserted that on a clear day the towers of Dover Castle can be discerned from the roof of this tower, which was used by the astronomer Cassini for his observations, and served MM. Arago and Biot for the same purpose when they were determining the measurement of the earth.

into it. The bricks on that side appear as if crushed by the superincumbent mass, and in some places have lost half their thickness. The inhabitants entertain no fear of its fall, for it began to lean towards the street, as it is seen at present, very soon after it was completed, and has not yielded any further since. Indeed, during the siege of the city by the French, in 1808, a shell burst exactly over it, without at all impairing its solidity.

SELF-DENIAL;

v.

WHEN once I was in the street, I sat down upon a distant step and wept. Then I rose and walked along towards town. As I went, I bought a basket. I laid out every farthing I had, in articles of food. I bought meat, bread, tea, sugar, and other necessaries. I purchased a small joint for the next day, and some steak for supper. With all this I sallied home, as proud as if I had really done something very wonderful.

I reached the door, and, as I did so, looked up at my window. I saw a man's shadow on the blind. I almost fell with shame and sorrow. I could have fled and concealed myself for ever from their sight. I knew it must be the noble Charles Ogilvy. All the past flashed before me like a panorama. Would he have lowered her and made her suffer in this way? I was quite sure he would not. I felt it was not in his nature.

Never before or since have I felt such humiliation.

But I had repented of my sin, and I was ready to bear the punishment without flinching.

I knocked at the door. Mrs. Brown opened it to me.

"Goodness gracious," said she, "what a load!"

"Hush!" I replied, "I don't want her to know. Have you got a fire?"

"A beautiful fire," she replied, in a half timid tone, as if she feared my acts were the freaks of intoxication.

Now, my good Mrs. Brown, I have been neglecting that dear little wife of mine, and making a fool of myself; but never mind, that's all over now. Just come along with me into the kitchen. The girl had left about a month, because we could not pay her.

"Well to be sure" said Mrs. Brown, as I displayed my riches, "this *is* a treat. The fact is, Mr. Mildmay, she has neglected herself lately. When you are not at home she never thinks about cooking."

I almost choked. I knew it was, because there was nothing to cook. But on this point I said nothing, satisfied that my wife having kept her secret herself, would be pained indeed if I revealed it.

"Now, Mrs. Brown," said I, for I was rather diffident about appearing upstairs suddenly, myself. "Will you lay the cloth for supper upstairs. There is Mr. Ogilvy with my wife, and there is nothing he likes better than taking a little supper with us."

The old woman was about to move, when I heard Charles Ogilvy come out on the landing.

"I won't stop to-night," he said, with affected carelessness; "as he is out, I will come to-morrow morning. I am anxious to see him after three months of absence."

"I am sure he won't be long," replied my wife, who in reality was overwhelmed with sorrow; "he never stops out—very late."

"But it is late," said Charles, good humouredly, "and I must be off. Good night, Mrs. Mildmay. Good night, baby."

"Good night, Charles," replied Edith, slowly.

"Good night! no such thing," said I popping out of the kitchen. "Don't you smell the steaks? Here am I broiling away like a masher, to get you a nice hot supper, as our Mary is gone, and you are running away. How do you do, old boy?"

"Why I thought you were out, Edward," said my wife, almost overwhelmed with surprise.

"So I have been out—to market to be sure," I replied cheerfully, "I am coming. Only let me wash my hands, and I will join you."

They went into the room where Mrs. Brown was busy laying the cloth, and in a few minutes I followed. I shook Charles heartily by the hand.

"My dear fellow," said I, when we were alone, "you have come here on a very suspicious evening—suspicious, I mean, in comparison with all those of the last three months."

Charles looked bewildered. Edith made signs to me to hold my tongue. But I would not be checked. I was determined to speak the truth, to unburden my conscience to a friend, and thus have support even against myself. I told the whole story, of which Charles had no conception. I watched him narrowly as he listened to me. His lips were compressed once or twice convulsively, and his hands were clenched. He turned pale and red in turns. At last I ceased.

"Edward," he said, warmly, "to say I am not grieved at

what has passed would be to assert that which is not true; and I have never said I my lips with a falsehood. I heard at the office that there was something wrong, that you kept rather late hours, and I had a hint about Herbert having your place."

I groined in reply, but said nothing articulate.

"Never mind," continued Charles, cheerfully, "you only stick to work, and all will be right. They say themselves they will try you another month, so that is all right. Nothing is wanting to place you where you were, but to keep your own excellent resolutions."

From that night I went no more to my old haunts. But I had a rude battle now to carry on against my difficulties. I had very little coming in, while for a week or two I was unable to commence my new work. I persevered, however, and the bright smiles of my wife were my best reward. We contrived as well as we could for some time. I worked very hard; my paper gave me a good deal of work, and I pushed on with my book with increased energy. It was impossible quite to conceal our position from Charles, and, not regarding it, we were compelled to receive assistance from him. We always, however, made light of our difficulties, and, above all, took care to be cheerful and happy. And we were happy. Edith had such a joy in her child that no other cares or sorrow could touch her while the babe was well.

At last my book was finished and I left it with a publisher. That was a proud day too; for it is something to have written a book, especially when one feels that it has been written with care and under the influence of high aspirations. I was now in a very great state of anxiety. I leave it to the imagination of my reader to tell all the dreams that now came to me by day and by night. I could scarcely sleep. I considered that on this work depended my whole future.

At the end of a fortnight I called on Messieurs———. I sent in my name. I was requested to walk into a very neat, very elegant apartment, where a gentleman asked me to take a chair. He then quietly informed me that he could give me no answer just yet, he was very sorry—

"I hope you will excuse my anxiety," I said rising, and speaking with some little trepidation, for the man before me was one on whose will depended the fate of my whole future existence. He was a scholar and a gentleman; but he was that awful thing to an author's mind, a publisher.

"Quite natural, my dear sir," said the other blandly; "but we have so many manuscripts on hand just now, that the gentlemen who read for us are quite unable to keep pace with them."

I returned home, like a very weak personage as I was, with a very serious face. I was too young in my profession not to feel overwhelmed with disappointment at the very natural interview I had had with the world-renowned Mr.——. Edith saw it at once.

"No success, Edward," she said, with a little sigh, for I had promised her so many things—not luxuries, but necessities. "Well, never mind; you must try some one else."

"But I have no answer of any kind," I said, with a mortified look.

"No news is good news," said the little woman, with a jocund laugh, tossing the baby into my arms; "there nurse that, papa, while I get the dinner."

I took the little one, and as I sat with it in my arms, very unreasonably wished authorship at the bottom of the sea, mused about the philosophy of sweeping a crossing, wondered whether I could get a clerk's place, and, in fact, thought the usual amount of nonsense which a disappointed man will think. In reality I ought to have been very thankful that, with my youth and inexperience, I was able to support a wife at all.

That evening I walked down to the Strand and called on Charles. I told him my day's adventure with a very solemn face. He laughed at me.

"You unreasonable dog, you!" he said; "why, if I get a brief in five years after I am called I shall be satisfied."

"But you have an income," I replied.

"Not an income to enable me to fight my way at the bar," said he, with his gentle smile. "I know it well, and I am working hard at short-hand. The gallery is the place for a young unfledged barrister."

"Indeed!" I cried; "have you made up your mind to it?"

"Yes, and got my engagement, my dear fellow. I don't recommend it to you, because you are a married man, and I don't think you would find it pleasant. Better, your branch is better. Put on your hat again, for I am going up to sup with Mrs. M. I will buy a lobster as we go along, to celebrate my engagement on the 'Morning ———'"

MONKEYS AND LEMURS.

SCARCELY anything, perhaps, is more attractive to the great mass of mankind, especially in their juvenile days, than the curious imitation of human actions displayed by the different species of monkeys. The near resemblance of their form to that of our own species, at one time, indeed, have led them with an importance in the eyes of philosophers which they no longer possess; for, during all periods of antiquity, the dissection of the human body was strictly forbidden, as something almost sacrilegious, and the ancient philosopher was compelled to get his best notions of human anatomy by the dissection of monkeys. To the modern naturalist they are still interesting, although in a less degree, from the same cause, their resemblance to man; which, it must be confessed, in the higher species is so close as to be by no means flattering to our pride, although we cannot think it is sufficient to justify the views of some, even of the most distinguished of modern zoologists, who place the human race in the same order with the apes.

One of the principal external distinctions consists in the conversion of the hind-feet into grasping organs or hands; and this, when we compare them with the feet of civilised men, whose toes have been confined all their lives in a barbarous leathern case, is certainly very striking; but the toes of savages, which have never been subjected to this beautifying pressure, retain a great deal more individual motion; and we remember having seen two native Australians, who were in London a year or two since, frequently make use of their feet to pick up objects even of small size from the ground, transferring them afterwards to their hands in a very monkey-like fashion.

This order of *four-handed* animals, however, includes a great variety of creatures; and if the higher species exhibit a considerable resemblance to man, the lower forms are certainly very far removed from him. To illustrate this diversity of structure we have given representations of two species, — one a member of the highest, the other of the lowest group of the order.

The former, of which only the head and hand are represented in our illustration, is the common Barbary ape (*Pithecus harrisi*), which is particularly remarkable as being the only species of this order found in Europe. This animal, which is the one most commonly met with in confinement, exhibits a considerable amount of intelligence; and it is to this that most of the anecdotes of monkeys are to be referred. When taken young, and properly brought up, this monkey is generally very good-tempered, especially when he is allowed a certain amount of freedom; but strict confinement soon renders him savage, and his powerful teeth then give him a dangerous means of revenging himself for any fancied injury. The Barbary ape usually measures from two to three feet in length; his colour is a grayish-brown; his hands are well-formed, and furnished with thumbs on both pairs of extremities; but the tail, which in many monkeys is such a striking feature, is reduced to a most absurd fleshy rudiment. The only spot in which it is known to occur in Europe is the rock of Gibraltar, although it is supposed by some authors to exist also in the mountains of Andalusia and Granada.

As compared with the chimpanzee, the orang, and the other large, man-like apes, this monkey exhibits some little deficiency in intelligence; but he is still greatly superior in this respect to many of the other monkeys of the Old World. Amongst these, the baboons, distinguished by their elongated snouts, which give the head somewhat the appearance of that of a large, fierce dog, are particularly unintelligent; in their character and habits they exhibit an exaggerated picture of all the worst passions of human nature, unredeemed by any of the lighter graces which render the

When he who had been so bitterly disappointed could be so cheerful, how could I rejoice.

I determined not to do so, and the next morning went to work again with renewed energy, after writing a letter to Messrs. ———, to say that when they had decided, perhaps, they would drop me a line.

monkeys in general such amusing pets. Their appearance is in accordance with this unamiable disposition; their bodies are heavy and strong, their heads large, their face generally clothed with bare skin, sometimes decorated with brilliant colours, and disfigured by bony lumps or ridges, and their buttocks usually covered with callosities of a most disgusting appearance. Some of these animals are nearly of the size of a man, and their jaws are armed with canine teeth quite as large in proportion as those of the most voracious animals, rendering them very formidable antagonists for an unarmed man.

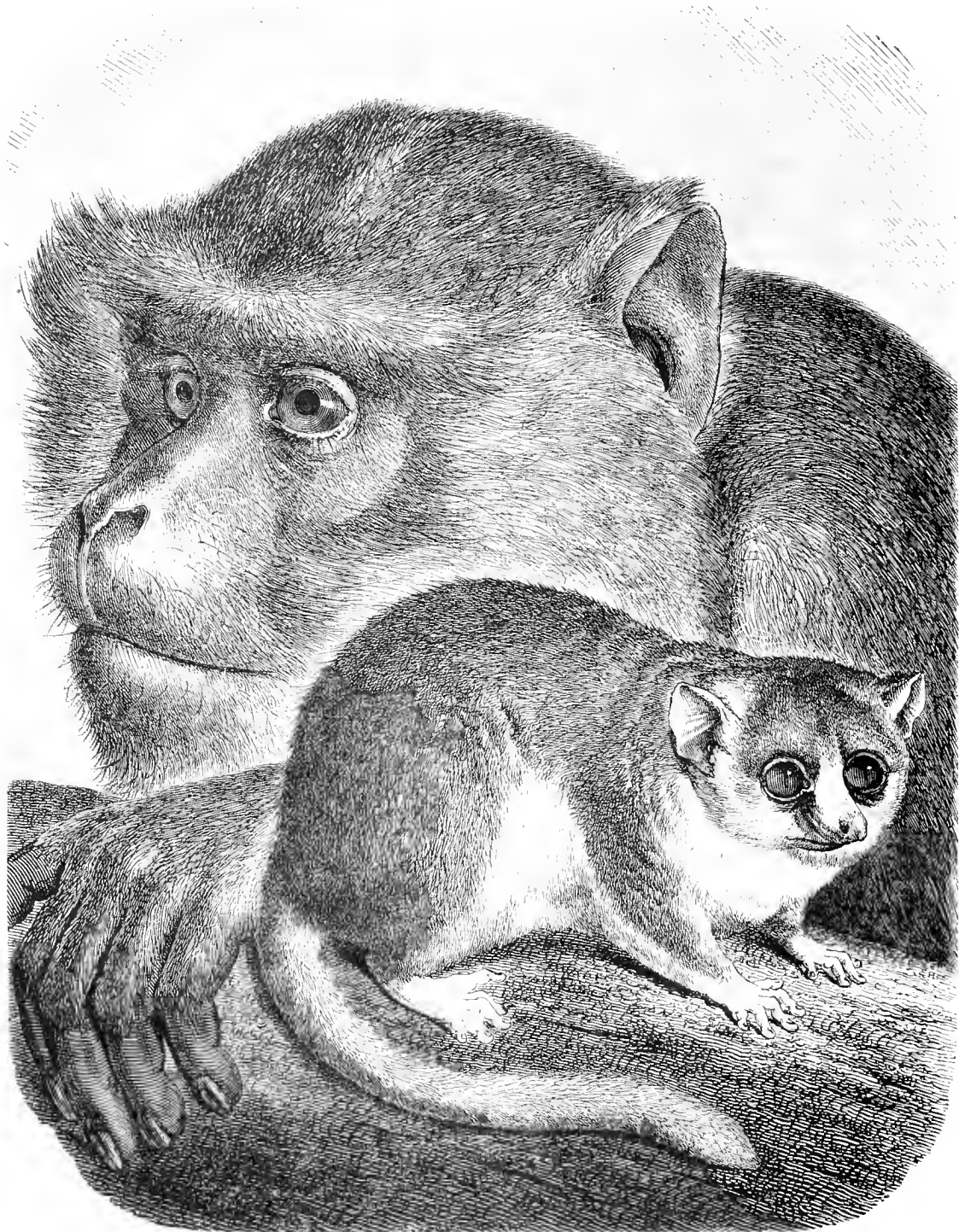
The American monkeys are at once distinguished from those of the Old World, by the position of the nostrils, which in the latter are placed close together at the extremity of the snout, whilst in the former they are separated by a broad space. The thumbs are often wanting, especially on the fore-hands, and even when present, they are not properly distinguishable from the other fingers. In the form of the head and the size of the brain, these animals generally show a greater departure from the human type than their brethren of the Old World. Many of them, however, are very lively and intelligent pets; the little marmosets in particular were formerly great favourites with the fashionable ladies of Europe. In their habits many of them are nocturnal, and they all appear to have a great liking for animal food, often surprising small birds upon their nests, sucking their eggs, and even devouring the mother when they succeed in capturing her. Mr. Wallace, the Amazonian traveller, tells us that a marmoset in his possession "was particularly savage. He once seized a large parrot by the neck, pulled him into his cage, and bit out a large piece from his bill, and would probably have destroyed it, had he not opportunely come to the rescue. Two other small birds which approached too near his cage he seized and completely devoured."

The most singular of the American monkeys, however, are the howling monkeys. These animals have the lower jaw of enormous size, and the bone of the tongue dilated into a large bony case, within which their voice reverberates until it acquires a degree of loudness which appears quite disproportionate to the size of the animal producing it. The noise thus produced is said to be most awful, breaking, as it does, upon the stillness of the night. Waterton, in his interesting account of his "Wanderings" in Guiana, says of the howling monkey: "While lying in your hammock in these gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals, from eleven o'clock at night till daybreak. You would suppose that half the wild beasts of the forest were collecting for the work of carnage — now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs on his prey; now it changes to his dejected growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force; and now you hear his last dying moan beneath a mortal wound." Writers on the natural history of South America are not altogether agreed as to whether the noise is produced by an individual at a time, or by the combined efforts of a grand chorus; but all seem to be unanimous in representing it as one of the most terrible sounds that can well be conceived. Many of the American monkeys are furnished, as it were, with a fish limb, in the form of a prehensile tail, by means of which they can swing their bodies from a branch in perfect security, and so tenuously does this singular organ retain its hold, that it is a thousand times more so pulled from a branch of a tree, than it is dislodged from its hold when the hunter is gone.

From the numerous monkeys of the Western Continent, the true subject of the present article of the Old World is but a step. The general characteristics of these animals, generally of a somewhat cat-like form, with long pointed snouts, and usually with long tails. In their

manners they are mild and tractable, and one species, the ring-tailed lemur (*Lemur catta*), is a very handsome animal. The greater number of the known animals of the Lemur tribe are found in the great island of Madagascar, where they seem to take the

the smallest, perhaps the smallest species belonging to this order. In its general conformation it agrees closely with the lemurs; its large eyes, with contractile pupils, and large membranous ears indicate its strictly nocturnal habits. In a state of nature, it hides



THE BARBARY APE (*PITHECIA IMBRICATA*) AND THE MICROCEBUS.

place of the monkeys; one or two species are found in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, and on the continent of Africa. They subsist principally upon fruit, insects, and small birds.

The elegant little animal, represented of the size of life in our illustration (the *Microcebus* of Geoffroy St. Hilaire), is one of

during the day in holes of trees, from which it issues at night in search of insects, and a specimen recently received from Madagascar at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, retains this habit most completely, keeping itself concealed all day long in the wadding with which its cage is filled.

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE scenes which we have chosen for illustration present America under two very different aspects: in one, asserting liberty—in the other, maintaining loyalty; in the first, denouncing the executive of kingly power—in the second, fighting nobly in defence of monarchy; in the former, speaking with a stern, strong voice, the same hard truths it uttered at Bunker's Hill—and, in the latter, proclaiming the sentiments which were almost universally held till



BACON ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL.



DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

other, maintaining loyalty; in the first, denouncing the executive of kingly power—in the second, fighting nobly in defence of monarchy; in the former, speaking with a stern, strong voice, the same

American blood, shed by English soldiery, crimsoned the snow in the streets of Boston.

They are both of them grand subjects, picturing incidents worthy

of the country and the people. We propose, as briefly as may be, to tell the story that they illustrate.

Who is this, that stands so proudly in the presence of the Governor of Virginia, and compels—veritably compels—him to sign a commission, as truly as Cromwell swept away the Long Parliament, or Napoleon scattered the Council of Elders? This Nathaniel Bacon, a young man scarcely thirty, who has studied law in London, but who, leaving the old country, has come to the colonies, and is “popularly inclined.” He possesses all the qualities which people want in a leader—“a complete man,” singularly endowed with a persuasive eloquence and quickness of apprehension.

Virginia—the beautiful land of Sir Walter Raleigh, who first beheld it in all its palmy grandeur—was riddled by these distresses. A fatal change had taken place in the constitution of the state; and, betrayed by one in whom they had almost blindly trusted, the people felt the hard, pressing, crippling tendencies of a foreign policy. They had been free, as free as the elk in the valleys yet untrodden by the foot of man; they had rejoiced in that liberty, and with a brisk trade and increasing affluence had hailed with shouts of joy and blazing bonfires the restoration of King Charles II. But then a change came. The liberty they had loved was to be taken from them; the trade that had been brisk and thriving was stunted by the Navigation Laws; the democratic tendencies which some of their laws exhibited were carefully weeded out, as cockle from among the barley; the executive power was no longer dependent on the will of the people, but on that of a monarch thousands of miles away; and the freedom of religious sentiment clean gone for ever. Customs, liturgy, and catechism took the place of the “old ways,” and Virginia found to late that her people had shouted and lighted their bonfires to very little good; that the promises even of a king were not always redeemed; and that old Hebrew wisdom was as true and fresh in the seventeenth century of the Christian era as when Solomon sat on the throne of Israel, and that consequently it would have been far wiser not to have put their trust in princes.

In our enlightened age it seems almost incredible that any man in authority should express himself as follows: “Thank God, there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have them for three hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world—and printing has divided them and libelled the best of governments. God keep us from both!” So spoke, however, the sage Sir William Berkeley, sapient governor of Virginia. Under such rule and authority the people became seriously alarmed;—what was the beautiful succession of valleys on the other side of the Blue Mountains, what the rich vegetation of their plains to them, if every means was to be employed to impoverish the subject and enrich the ruler—when, added to all the local and incidental tyranny of such government, the king bestowed one day in a merry humour upon his favourite, the Earl of Arlington, “all the dominion of land and water called Virginia, for the full term of thirty-one years, together with all quit-rents, escheats, the power to grant land, and all other powers of absolute sovereignty!”

The people of Virginia found their alarm to be turning rapidly into discontent, and discontent into a desire to resist the tyranny that so cruelly oppressed them. In the grand old forests, under the shade of night, they met and talked over their grievances. Glimmering, half-red embers, if kindled together, get into the brightest white glow. Matters were coming to a crisis. At this time portentous omens were observed—a comet stretched its fiery tail across the black canopy of night—a fearful plague of flies settled on the land, the Indian war, which had slumbered so long, broke out again with fearful violence; the war-whoop sounded—the signal of death to many a peaceful family; atrocities of the most frightful description were perpetrated;—but the governor adopted no measures to put an end to the struggle; he disregarded all their appeals for defence, and, irritated by their wrongs, they determined to help themselves, and looked round for a leader. That leader was found. The hour had come, and the hour brought the man. Nathaniel Bacon stood forward as the champion of the people.

The governor sternly forbade the people to arm, or to attack the Indians—he had an interest in the beaver trade, and it might have

interfered with that; but despite his commands they prepared for the fray, and young Bacon protested that if he was denied a commission, he would march against the Indians with no other commission than his sword. A white man was slain—scalped to the music of the war-whoop—the Red Skins fell upon some of Bacon’s personal friends, and slew them with every aggravation of cruelty. He pursued them, and was himself pursued by the troops of the governor. Circumstances, however, prevented an encounter, Bacon was victorious over the Indians, returned in triumph, was elected a member of the council, confessed his error (so they termed it), in taking up arms without a commission, was promised a commission on the Monday—that being Saturday—so that the colony rang with applause, and Bacon was the hero of the hour.

When Monday came there was no commission for the self-made captain. With many idle words and a variety of protests, the granting of the commission was deferred from hour to hour, and from day to day. Worn out with such treatment, and suspecting treachery, Bacon withdrew from Jamestown. Writs were issued for his apprehension, and he came, not as a prisoner, not banded with irons like the unhappy Drummond, but at the head of a considerable army, the sight of which made Governor Berkeley tremble with fear, under his robes of state, and rush forth in a sort of tragic excitement, leaving his breast and crying:—

“Here, shoot me! ‘Fore God, a fair mark!’ shoot!”

“No, may it please your honour,” Bacon answered, “we will not hurt a hair of your head, or of any other man’s; we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go.”

The governor looked hopelessly around; there met his glance on every side the same waving crowd of stern determined faces, the same dense forest of spears, and the shout rang through the air, “We’ll have it! we’ll have it!” He turned and entered the State House, followed by Bacon, and as the shout of the people still arose, one of the council went to a window and harangued them into quietness, sending down soft and gentle premises as thick as snow flakes on a wintry day. While this man was speaking to the people, Bacon addressed the council, not confining himself to the Indian disturbances, but condemning the exorbitant taxes, the corruption of the administration, and mourning over the grievances of the country. The commission was signed, the harbinger of a better legislation, on the 4th of July, 1676, one hundred years to a day before the signing of the final Declaration of Independence.

What followed need be told very briefly. Attempts were made to do away with the force of the commission, and Bacon was branded as a rebel; he and his people swore to defend themselves and the liberties of their country, not only against Governor Berkeley, but against England itself. Sarah Drummond lifted a small stick from the ground and broke it, saying, she feared the power of England no more than a broken straw. The civil war commenced. Jamestown was besieged by Bacon and his forces. Those within were unable to withstand those without. A tyrant is proverbially a coward. Berkeley was the first to fly. Next day Jamestown was in flames, and the ruins of the church tower and one or two gravestones in the churchyard are the only remaining memorial of the place. The revolutionary spirit spread. The fire of enthusiasm caught, and far and near the people turned out against English rule. Bacon was the leader in that tremendous struggle, a prodigy to the more tremendous struggle to be made a century later; but in the midst of his triumphs disease attacked him, and he who had faced death on the battle field unscathed, fell beneath the marauding of the Jamestown marshes. There was no one to finish his work; as is generally supposed, the people sank the body of their chief in the majestic waters of the York river, they buried their cause with him, and the rest was blood and murder, and rampant tyranny trampling down all honest zeal with its iron heels.

But now of our second sketch. It is about eighty years later in American history. The French war was the one grand theme in America as well as in England. Virginia was in a state of perpetual alarm, for the Indians had joined with the French, and accomplished fearful and deadly work. Scalping parties advanced to the very centre of Massachusetts, and it became necessary that some earnest effort to repel these attacks should be made at once. The

BUCHAREST AND THE WALLACHIANS.

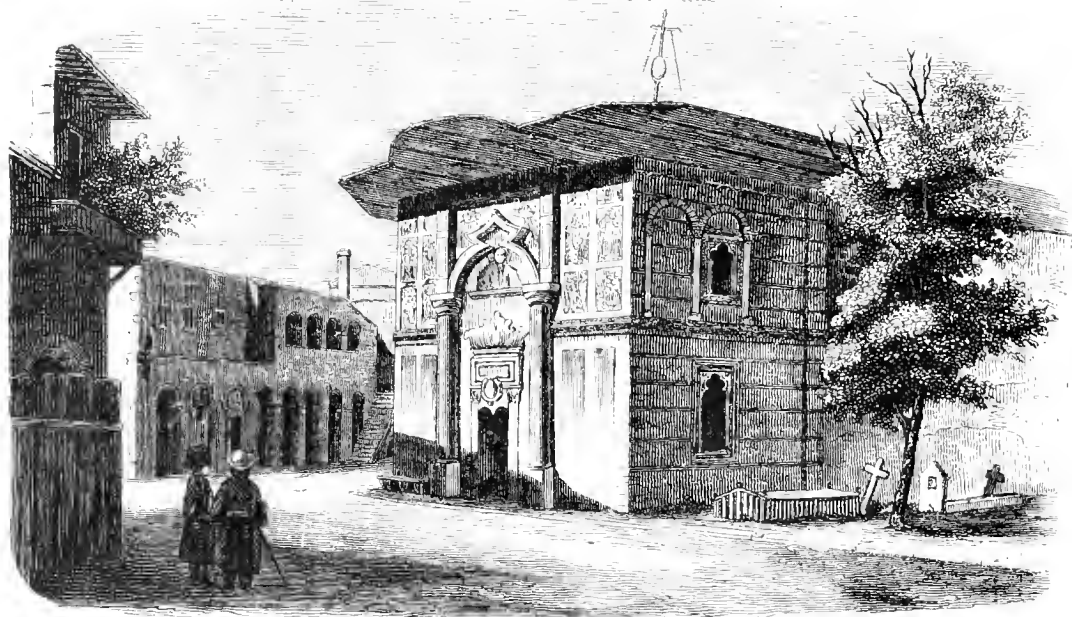
BUCHAREST is agreeably situated in a wide and fertile plain, on the eastern bank of the Dumbovitzza. Its name signifies "the city of enjoyment," but beyond its agreeable situation, it has little claim to such an inviting appellation. Its first appearance creates ideas of beauty and magnificence, which are doomed to speedy disappointment. The towers and domes of sixty churches and the turrets of numerous convents, rising among gardens and promenades shaded by trees, give it an agreeable aspect as the traveller approaches it; but once within its streets the illusion ceases. Wooden cabins rise in the close vicinity of marble palaces, and a heap of ruins is seen next to a splendid hotel; while in some parts there are whole streets of wooden or mud huts, without either pavement or drainage.

The plan of the town is very irregular, as it consists of sixty-seven quarters, which are the property of as many boyards, on whose lands colonies of their serfs have gradually accumulated. The residences of the boyards are spacious, and built of stone. The palace of the hospodar is a large and irregular pile of buildings, used instead of the modern palace, which was destroyed by fire in

more modest of these edifices. There are also a Roman Catholic and a Lutheran church, and a synagogue for the Jews. Seven of the Greek churches, as well as the twenty monasteries, are surrounded by walls. The other principal edifices deserving of notice are, a large bazaar, several hospitals, and the residences of the foreign consuls, among which that of the Austrian consul is the most handsome.

Schools are numerous enough in Bucharest and the neighbourhood but it is only within the last twenty years that education has made much progress. French is taught almost universally, and is the pivot of the national system. The Lyceum for young Greeks is conducted by twelve professors, and the example set by the German portion of the population, mostly skilled operatives from Saxony, has led to the establishment of several other schools. There is also a society of the belles lettres, a public library, and several reading-rooms, supplied with the German and Russian newspapers.

In one respect, Bucharest well deserves the name of "the city of enjoyment." The people are extremely gay, fond of music and



GREEK CHURCH AT BUCHAREST.

1812. This building and the metropolitan church are both situated in the principal square, and in the centre of the town. The principal street, Sogoumokol, is as crowded and lively in the afternoon as the Boulevards of Paris.

The boyards vie with each other in the splendour of their equipages, and frequently ruin themselves by their ostentation and extravagance. The magnificence of their costume, and the rich liveries of their numerous servants, contrast strangely with the rude and simple garb of the working classes, and still more with the slovenly and dirty appearance of the Jewish usurers.

There are sixty churches, none of which have fewer than three steeples or towers, and many no less than six; some even have as many as nine. A coat of brilliant stucco usually covers the fronts, and the roofs, as in Russia, are covered with tin, and painted green. A profusion of statues generally encumbers the peristyle, and the picture of some saint is often placed over the principal entrance. The nave is ornamented with statues and pictures, and separated from the choir by a handsome screen, which serves to conceal the altar, on certain occasions. Our illustration above will give an idea of the

dancing, and addicted to sensual pleasures generally. For such tastes and desires there is abundant provision. The city is full of taverns and coffee-houses, nearly every one of which has a room devoted to billiards, bagatelle or cards. Casinos and concert-rooms are as numerous as in Paris, and music is heard at night in every street. There is also a theatre, where French operas, dramas, and vaudevilles are represented by native performers. The saloon is crowded nightly with the beauties of the city, dressed in their gayest attire, and with the rich boyards and gay officers of the army. The white uniforms of the Austrians have now replaced the green jackets of the Russians, but the brilliant throng is as gay and sparkling as ever. The pit presents a curious *mélange* of all the Oriental types, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, etc.

But for observing these various types and national costumes and peculiarities, the traveller will not find a place better adapted than the annual fairs, particularly the great fair of St. Peter, held at Giurgevo, a town on the Danube, opposite Rustshuk. There the picturesque costumes of Wallachia may be seen in the greatest variety. Tall, robust men, with long black hair falling upon their

shoulders from beneath a fez of scarlet or blue cloth, and dark moustaches, hanging down like those of the Tartars; pelisses trimmed with fur, the cloak thrown over the left shoulder, breeches of remarkable amplitude, and high boots: such are the men of the middle class, who can command some of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. Mixed with these are seen peasants in their broad-rimmed hats, loose jackets and leather girdles, each carrying a staff that will serve for a stout weapon as well as for an assistant on the road; Jew pellars, meanly dressed and excessively dirty, displaying their wares; and Bulgarian shepherds and herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, and stamped indelibly with an impression of servility and brutish degradation. The costumes of the women are even more picturesque than those of the men. The ladies of Bucharest, particularly among the resident aristocracy, adopt the Parisian fashions, though much less picturesque than the national costume of their countrywomen of the rural districts. This consists of a white veil, which covers the head and falls down behind over the shoulders; a dress full in the body, and coming close to the throat, with loose sleeves, and rather short in the skirt, which is sometimes embroidered a little above the hem; and over this a loose jacket, with sleeves nearly as long as those of the dress. The hair

states that, when Aurelian ceded Dacia to the Goths, he removed the Roman colonists into Moesia, and there is no trace of such a population in Dacia at any subsequent period. The Byzantine historians, on the other hand, frequently mention a people called Vlachi, who lived chiefly in the country round Mount Pindus; and in the twelfth century a great number of these people, being oppressed by the Greek emperor, left Thrace, and settled north of the Danube. A fresh emigration took place in the thirteenth century, after the extermination of the original inhabitants of Dacia by the Tatars. That the Wallachians are descended from the Vlachi is most probable, especially as the same people are still found in Thrace and the neighbouring provinces. Moreover, there is no trace of the introduction of the Greek religion into Wallachia by missionaries, as was the case in Russia; for the Vlachi were already converted to Christianity, and carried their religion with them.

The basis of the language spoken in Wallachia is Latin, which contributes about half the words, the remainder being derived from the Greek, Albanian, and Slavonic languages. The alphabet resembles the Russian, and contains forty-two letters; it was invented by Bishop Cyrillus, about the year 870, and is called



FAIR OF ST. PETER, AT GIURGEVO.

is often ornamented with strings of gilt or mother-of-pearl beads, and falls down behind in two and sometimes three long plaits, which are tied at the end with ribbon. Women of the humbler classes wear a very loose garment, with long, loose sleeves, and over this a petticoat of a darker colour, open down the right side, and confined at the waist with a girdle. The under-garment scarcely reaches the ankles, and about six inches of the skirt is shown below the petticoat. Very often their feet are bare, and their long black hair, instead of being plaited, falls loosely over their shoulders, and waves in the breeze as they walk.

Gipsies, of whom there are said to be 90,000 in Wallachia, also attend this and other fairs in great numbers, some offering wooden bowls and spoons for sale, or telling the fortunes of the credulous; while others attend the lower sort of taverns, or set up booths in the fair, the young women dancing, and the men playing various rude instruments of music. Juggling tricks are also exhibited by some of them, and, indeed, the fair depends very much upon these tawny wanderers for the amusements offered to the people.

It is the opinion of some writers that the Wallachians are descended from the Roman colonists whom the Emperor Trajan sent into Dacia; but this is extremely doubtful, for Vopiscus

after his name. Literature, however, is at a very low ebb in Wallachia, though some of the more enlightened boyards have endeavoured to substitute the Roman characters for the Cyrillian, with the view of promoting it. Many ancient chronicles and other works exist in manuscript, and will probably be published when the country is under a better system of administration, and education has made greater progress. There is a newspaper, called "The Wallachian Courier," published at Bucharest, and another in the Wallachian language at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, called "The Bee." There is little difference between Moldavia and Wallachia, the two provinces having originally been one country, and the people and language are the same. Much ignorance prevails among the bulk of the population, which will take a long time to remove; but considerable progress in civilisation has been made during the last twenty years, and wherever progress is visible, hopes may be entertained of better things to come.

The Austrian occupation of the principalities promises to be as inimical to their progress, and to the well-being of their inhabitants, as was that of the Russians, and only with the return of peace can we hope for very marked signs of progress. War is a sad retarder of civilisation, but its results in this case will probably be beneficial.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

We now come to another of those traits of character, which, though not of a nature to be widely known, mark the temperament of the great and good man. Lord Collingwood, from his earliest years, held the practice of flogging in great dislike; he would recommend no officer, however skilful, that indulged in severe corporal chastisement. When a commander, he rarely ever practised it; and when compelled, was always seen to suffer inwardly and to be much depressed afterwards. When flogging seemed imperative, he limited the lashes to a few, and always remitted his punishment when he could. Yet so excellent was he deemed as a disciplinarian, that, after the Mutiny of the *Kore*, several of the most violent mutineers were drafted into the *Excellent*. "Send them to Collingwood," Lord St. Vincent used to say, "and he will reform them." Yet this was effected more by kindness than severity of any sort, and often by a minute consideration of the feelings of his men, of which he was very careful. "If you do not know a man's name," he told his officers, "call him 'Sailor,' and not 'You-sir,' and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper." Of the sick, his care was exemplarily indeed; even when admiral, he personally visited them, and inquired after their wants and welfare. And thus he came to be revered more like a father than a commander, while his command was perfect and complete; for though kind to his seamen, he never permitted himself to unbend too much, and preserved a dignity and awe about him which went far with some of the spirits with which he had to deal. Such was the example he set his officers, and thus he contrived to dispense with severer methods of discipline. One day his favourite lieutenant, Clavell, being out of humour with some of his men, exclaimed: "I wish I were captain, for your sakes!" The admiral happened to overhear this, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Pray, Clavell, what *could* you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them, sir, precisely well," answered the lieutenant, still in a passion. "No, you would not, Clavell—no, you would not," quietly rejoined the admiral; "I know *you* better." In fact, it was said of him, that his officers were more afraid of him than his ordinary seamen, which in one sense was true; for though his reproofs were gentlemanly and considerate, yet such was the quickness of his eye, that he detected the most trifling disorder or carelessness, and *never omitted to notice them*, however small.

With all this kindness of nature, however, and consideration of those *under* his command, he would brook nothing resembling slight or insult, or wanton disregard of propriety, in those *above* him. On one occasion, when post-captain, he evinced this resolute maintenance of dignity in rather a marked way. When off Cadiz, the *Excellent* was signalled to close with the admiral's ship; and, in running down, the signal was made five or six times for altering her course—first to one side, then the other, and at last for a lieutenant. Captain Collingwood, who had observed this in silence, and *did not* had to be annoyed, and accompanied his lieutenant. On boarding the admiral's ship, he ordered his lieutenant, when the order was copied, to bring it to him. In the meantime, he walked the quarter-deck with Lord St. Vincent and Sir Robert Calder. When the order was brought he read it aloud, and it turned out to be merely to receive two bags of onions for the use of the sick. "Bless me!" exclaimed Collingwood; "is this the service, my Lord?" "Is this the service, Sir Robert? Has the *Excellent's* course been five or six times altered for two bags of onions? Man my boat, sir"—turning to his lieutenant—"and let us get on board again." Nor could all the civilities of Lord St. Vincent detain him to dinner.

Another prominent characteristic of this admirable seaman was his economy of naval stores. Nothing irritated him so much as waste of the nation's resources, and his most severe reproofs were always elicited by any flagrant waste of naval means on the part of inferior commanders. On some such occasion he once broke out: "That man would exhaust a dockyard, and still want! I do not think such a *man* should go to sea; they certainly neither regard nor feel for the future necessities of their country." Of another he said: "That officer should never sail without a store-ship in company. He knows as much seamanship as the

king's attorney-general. I wouldn't trust him with a *float* in a foot-steam!" Had the navy possessed more Collingwoods, our "national debt," would have been somewhat less bulky than it is.

Collingwood's employment, for some time after this, was of a desultory nature. He was to blockade Cadiz, and to cut off the trade of the Spanish ports. Whilst thus engaged, his friend Nelson achieved the victory "of the Nile," as it is called, though fought in Aboukir Bay. His letter to Sir Horatio, soon to become Lord Nelson, does honour both to his head and heart. He was above the meaner passions; envy or jealousy had no room in his breast. Yet it is evident how strongly he wished to have been present; and, in a familiar letter to Captain Ball, he laments that, whilst they are winning victories that may change the fate of Europe, he is only "watching market-boats and cabbage-carriers off St. Lucars." In this harassing duty Collingwood was employed till 1801, when that famous coalition against the naval supremacy of Great Britain, at the head of which was the Russian emperor Paul, was organized. At this period Collingwood was ordered to Plymouth, and here he had the happiness of meeting once more his wife and children, whom he had not seen for some years. The interview was short, for he was again ordered to sea, where he remained until the Peace of Amiens was signed, when he rejoined his beloved wife and family at Morpeth, in Northumberland, now their place of residence. During this period, he took great pains with the education of his daughters; and there exist, in the hands of his relatives now living, various abridgments of particular portions of English history, with remarks by Collingwood, written with great power and terseness, for his daughters' use. He hated all trifling occupations, even for females; and his own spare time was spent in cultivating his garden on the banks of the beautiful river Wansbeck, and in draining and planting his grounds. It is said a brother seaman, who called upon him here, sought him through his garden in vain, until at last he was discovered, with Scott, his gardener, hard at work in the bottom of a deep trench which they were cutting. He, however, real steadily and wrote occasionally, and so well that one of the ministers, with whom he afterwards had to correspond, used to say: "Where did Collingwood get his style? I can't conceive where—but he writes better than any of us."

In 1803, war had been rekindled, and Collingwood's services were soon in requisition. He was ordered to reinforce the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis off Brest. On Nelson's own application, his friend Collingwood was given him as second in a command which only ended with the lives of both. They soon had to engage in that terrible and final conflict off Cape Trafalgar, which will long be remembered. The circumstances of that greatest of naval conflicts are generally known. The share which Collingwood had in it was certainly extraordinary, and his reliance upon the discipline and bravery of his crew must have been complete to induce such a man to run the apparent risk he did. His conduct on the eve of this terrible action is eminently characteristic of the cool courage of the man. Smith, his servant, entering the cabin, found the admiral dressing himself. Collingwood told him to look to leeward, and he would see the French fleet, adding, "We shall soon see more of them." But, continued Smith, the narrator of this scene, "I looked more at the admiral, who was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me." Lieutenant Clavell, coming down dressed in boots, the admiral remarked to him, "You had better, Clavell, put on silk stockings, as I have done. If one gets a shot in the leg, they are much more manageable for the surgeon." He then went through the decks and encouraged the men, and finally addressed the officers, saying, in conclusion—"Now, gentlemen, we are to do something to-day which the world will talk of hereafter." The result is known to all; but it is a remarkable fact, that Collingwood's flag-ship so much outstepped all the rest, that, when he closed with the enemy, the nearest of his followers was a mile astern. It is said that this during combat greatly affected the spirits of the enemy; and that, from the first, the French commander despaired of success. There is nothing like this in the naval records even of England. Towards the close of the conflict, Collingwood went on board the *Victory* to visit his dying commander-in-chief; on his reaching the cockpit, however, Lord Nelson had just expired.

From this time forward until his death, the life of Lord Collingwood was one of harassing anxiety and wearing occupation. He was now Commander-in-Chief of this great fleet; and his correspondence with the ministers and other officials, both of his own and other countries, was varied and incessant; and when to this was added the care of such a force, it was more than any man of his age could long sustain. That Lord Collingwood ardently desired to be suffered to rejoin his family, and to recruit, if possible, his sinking health, is on melancholy record. No success could, however, be found for such a man and at such a crisis; and he was suffered to die at his post, worn down by labour and confinement on board ship. A few extracts from his correspondence, and anecdotes of his conduct, will best illustrate the plain and practical nobility of his character, his manly contempt for all corruption and frivolity, his devotion to his country, and next to his family, his high morality, and his deep sense of religion, as evinced more in act than word. Lord Collingwood's constant attention to economy in naval stores has already been adverted to; but one proof of it is of a nature so singular that we cannot resist relating it. In the hottest part of the battle off Cape St. Vincent, when closely engaged with the *Santísima*, Collingwood was heard to observe to his lieutenant, at that time near him, "Bless me, Mr. Pettus, how come we to forget to bend our *old* topsail!" They are quite ruining that *new* one. It will never be worth a farthing again!" Of his hate for everything mercenary, the following passage of a letter to Lady Collingwood, written soon after his promotion as a peer, affords ample proof, especially when it is recollected that his whole revenue at that moment was not more than £1,100 per annum: "I am afraid the fees for this patent will be large, and will pinch me; but, never mind. Let others seditiously pension: I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour." On another occasion he writes to his lady in this strain: "Here are several officers so much in distress, that they cannot get home; but what can I do? The Admiralty will not say a word to me about the prizes, the promotion of officers, or any subject! I never did, nor will I ever do anything but what I think conducive to the public good. I am not ambitious of power or wealth more than I have; nor have I connexion of any kind to sway me from the strict line of duty to the country. I have neither sons nor cousins to promote by any of those tricks which I have ever held in contempt: so that when I err, it will be from the head and not from the heart." To his father-in-law, Mr. Blakett, he thus expresses himself in reference to the pension voted him by parliament: "The pension was most honourable to me, as it flowed voluntarily from his majesty's bounty; but if I had a favour to ask, money would be the last thing I would beg from an impoverished country. I am not a Jew, whose god is gold; nor a Swiss, whose services are to be counted against so much money. I have motives for my conduct, which I would not give in exchange for a hundred pensions." It would be easy to multiply these noble

passages twenty fold; but our limits tell us we must, with whatever diligence, curb our inclination, and restrain.

We have already given proofs of the amiable and great manly-deep love for his family, and his desire to improve them with sentiments concerning his own. When can be finer than the following remark addressed to his lady, with reference to the education of his daughters, in the year 1805: "To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in outward show, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but they require a careful selection of books, in which they ever have access to two or three volumes; but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything more is undertaken. How it would enrage their minds, if they could acquire an imperfect knowledge of mathematics, and a trifling acquaintance with the beauty and wonder of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly 'true ladies,' only act as if they were told to be ignorant of the fashion of the church. But I would have my girls gain such a knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of their Being, who could be the author of such a world."

That Collingwood was truly a philosopher, as well as a hero, the following exquisite passage amply demonstrates. It occurs in a letter to his lady on October 2nd, 1806: "I have written enough about money; and I between ourselves, I think, I believe, there is more plague in it than can be said, and that the fruits of our Morph garden, and the howa would have afforded us as much happiness as we shall ever have. I have lived long enough in the world to know that human felicity has nothing to do with *exterior*; then let us cultivate it in our own minds."

When writing to his daughters, he often indulged in a strain of light sarcasm and keen jealousy. He tells his eldest girl: "I think I know the character of a lady pretty nearly from her handwriting. The *de lices* are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the *scribbles* flatter themselves with the vain hope that as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for *sentiments*." With lazy, incompetent officers he had no patience. Of one, he says: "He is living on the navy, not serving *in it*. He, —, too, is applying to go home. *If he goes, we may stay*. I have no notion of people making the navy a mere convenience for themselves, as if it were a public establishment for loungers."

We now conclude. This great man died at sea on the 7th of March, 1810, of a disease brought on by long confinement and over toil, at the age of fifty-nine, a martyr to his devotion to his country. Posterity will not fail to do him full justice, and recognise him as an example to be admired, studied, and imitated by all who pursue a profession of which his character is one of the greatest ornaments.

THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

THE Serra dos Organos, or Organ Mountains, are a branch of the Serra do Mar, or sea range, which runs parallel to the coast of Brazil, between the Bay of Santos and Cape Frio. The highest summits of this range rise to about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the passes over them to from 2,000 to 2,500 feet; their distance from the coast is scarcely anywhere more than twenty miles, but south of the Bay of Santos, where they form to be called Serra Cubatão, they recede to sixty or eighty miles from the coast.

In that portion of their course adjacent to the river Mucuna these mountains are elevated into a great number of inaccessible peaks, some of them of very singular forms, and the name of the range is derived from a faint resemblance which several of them bear to the pipes of an organ. The highest of these peaks is 3,600 feet above the level of the Atlantic, and its summit has not yet been reached by man, for only the hardy hunter and the enthusiast naturalist have ventured to climb its craggy and precipitous sides in pursuit of game or in quest of rare specimens of natural history. The

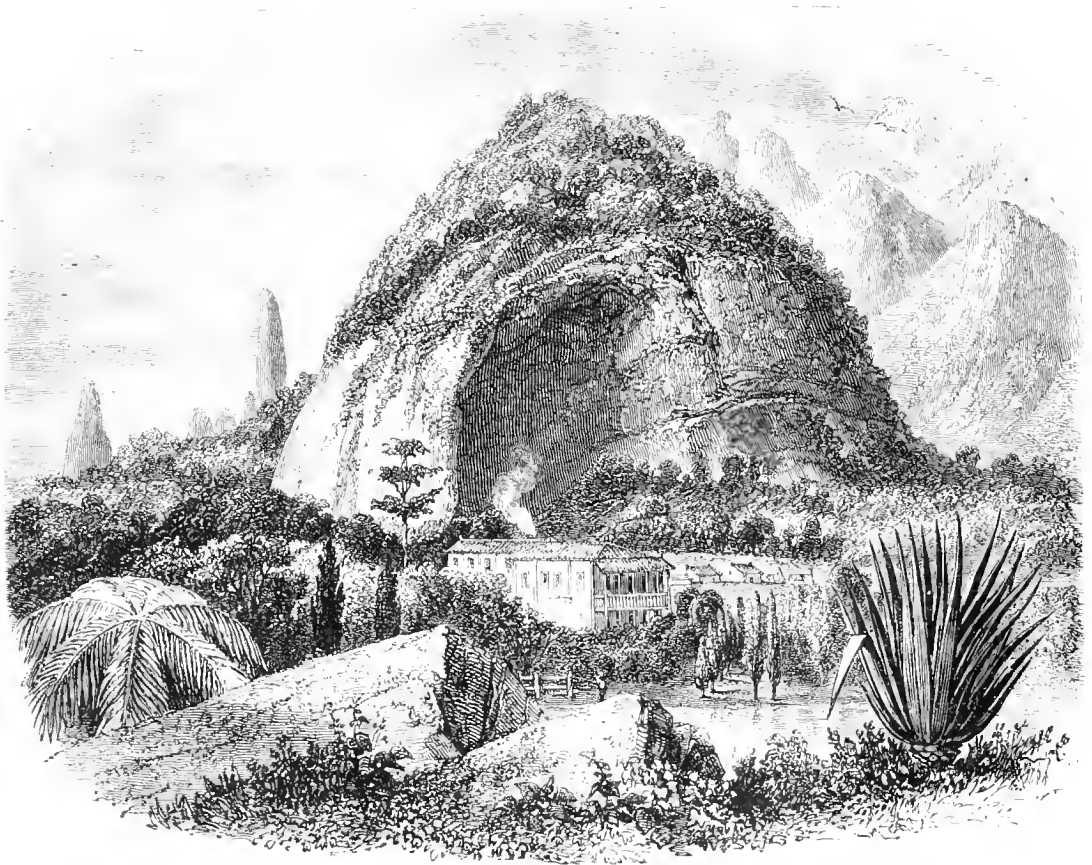
picturesque spot represented in our illustration lies in the rear of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and, with one other site in the range, has been for several years a place of pilgrimage for persons whose health has suffered from the intensity of the tropical heat during the summer months. Europeans, who are especially liable to the enervating influence of the Brazilian climate, find their faculties renewed by a timely removal to the eastern slopes of the Organ Mountains, where the tropical heat is tempered by the breezes which have blown from the Atlantic, and the atmosphere rarefied by the elevation of the site, they find a climate as agreeable as that of Sicily or Andalusia. According to Dr. Silland, physician to his Imperial majesty, Dom Pedro II., there are nearly always seven or eight degrees of difference between the temperature of Rio Janeiro and that of the Organ Mountains at the height of 3,000 yards above sea level in the illustration. Hall and Silland, who were the first to visit these mountains, are intervals between Rio Janeiro and them frequently on these mountains, but we cannot admit the statements of those authors who assert that the peaks

of the Organ Mountains are constantly covered with clouds, and that their summits, whitened by the hoar-frost, present a striking contrast to the richly wooded hills of the lower region.

In the Organ Mountains, however, originate those violent storms which sometimes burst over Rio Janeiro; and from thence, also, blows that invigorating wind designated by the Brazilians by the significant name of *vento terral*, which exercises so agreeable an influence upon the hygienic condition of the city.

Favoured by the delightful coolness enjoyed in this portion of the province, Mr. Marsh, an able English horticulturist, has been for several years engaged in acclimatising experiments, and has succeeded even beyond his hopes. The greater part of the fruits and useful vegetables of southern Europe, already naturalised under the happy climate of Minas Geraes, are now produced in equal perfection under the tropical sun of Rio Janeiro. By the judicious application of his horticultural skill and experience, Mr. Marsh has succeeded

The marvellous riches of nature reserved in the Organ Mountains for the explorations of future botanists, are said to surpass the most glowing conceptions of the imagination. Gardner, the traveller, who, while pursuing his scientific investigations in the Organ Mountains in 1837, was for several months the guest of Mr. Marsh, has painted these beautiful solitudes with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature, and speaks of the region as the "land of promise" of botanists. The whole of Brazil, in fact, is characterised by the same rich exuberance of vegetation. A great part of the interior is overspread with magnificent forests, which have hitherto been trodden only by the jaguar and the native hunter, and in which vegetation prevails in its most wondrous and gigantic forms. Tall palms and arboreal ferns are tangled with rope-vines and other climbers; mahogany and caoutchouc trees support screens of flowering trailers; and everywhere beneath them is a thick undergrowth of aloes, azaves, and prickly creepers, which



THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

in producing excellent cherries, and peaches and apples very little inferior to those of Europe. The exceptional climate of the Organ Mountains, influenced by the causes we have noticed, has enabled him to place the most delicious fruits of Europe on the tables of the wealthy Brazilians, in competition with the luscious horticultural productions of the tropics. Our strawberries now mingle their perfume with that of *aracás* and ruddy *pitangas*, and the peach takes its place by the side of the yellow and glossy-skinned *caju*, the *mara caju*, the taste of which reminds the partaker of that of the prune, the *combaca*, which has an agreeable acid flavour and the odour of the apricot, and the *jubicaba*, which grows abundantly in bunches, and is a most refreshing fruit. It is right to mention here that, sometime before Mr. Marsh began his experiments, a Frenchman, the Count de Gestas, had already enriched the fruit and vegetable markets of Rio Janeiro with some of the productions of his own country, and was engaged in further attempts at acclimatisation when his useful labours were interrupted by death,

sometimes render the forests absolutely impassable. "In the interior of the new continent," says Humboldt, "we almost accustomed ourselves to regard man as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is bled with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles are masters of the rivers; the jaguars, peccaries, and monkeys traverse the forests without fear and without danger: there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance. This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing, has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass: Here, in a fertile country, adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world altogether different from that which gave us birth."

FRENCH ART PRIZES.

In France there has of late years been a good deal said in disparagement of the School of Fine Art and the Roman Academy. Divers opinions have been held as to the utility of the noble creation of Colbert's, and the liberal institutions of Louis XIV. Yet are they well calculated to excite emulation, and their rewards are such as to be thoroughly serviceable to the art-student. Many have slighted, if they have not derided, these advantages; and the result has been most unfavourable to art and artists. To make a pilgrimage to Rome, is the ardent desire that should animate every disciple of art: for that seven-hilled city—the mistress of

This is effected by the French Academy by way of prize, and the very same plan is adopted by the Royal Academy of London. A promising student, whose talent is sufficient to entitle him to the prize, receives that which is the greatest of all prizes to him, the means of perfecting himself in his art by the study of those grand masterpieces which have won for their authors immortal names.

Among the painters who have been successful in obtaining prizes this year in France, we may mention M. Renard, whose admirable landscape is deserving of all praise. The grouping of the trees, the distant scene, the calm, still water, and the clear sky, testify the



HECTOR IMPLORING THE GODS FOR HIS SON. BY CARPEAUX.



A FAWN.—BY CUMERY.

the world, once in Pagan glory, once again in Catholic Christianity—boasts of possessing the richest treasures, both in painting and in sculpture, which the world has ever seen. But the necessary expense attending a continued residence at Rome involves considerable outlay; and, as it sometimes, alas! too often happens, that the student's means are bounded by very narrow limits, the benefits arising from a sojourn in the Eternal City are denied to all but a favoured few. Nothing can be more appropriate, more in keeping with the aims of true art, than to assist those who need such assistance to acquire that which they could not otherwise obtain.

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talent of the artist. M. Giacomotti exhibits a very fine composition, representing "Abraham washing the Feet of three Angels." Both of these works have obtained for their authors the grand prize—the first in landscape painting, and the second for figure drawing. The sculptures are also very good. The subjects which we present have gained the first and second prize. The first, "Hector imploring the Gods for his Son" is a very masterly composition, and M. Carpeaux has fairly earned the prize he has obtained. The second, "A Fawn," by M. Cumery, is also deserving of great praise. The accusation—by often I thought again t

this exhibition, that it has failed to answer the end proposed, cannot, at all events this year, be maintained. There has been of late a steady progress, and we trust that still further advancement will be made. The first prize for engraving was obtained by M. Soumev.

THE GRAVES OF BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

THE tourist in the midland counties, if he be an admirer of the genius of Byron, as well as a lover of the beautiful in nature, should leave the railway at Derby, and inquire the way to the hamlet of Hucknall, where the noble poet lies interred. The road is over a wide moor, formerly a part of Sherwood Forest, the scene of the exploits of Robin Hood and his "merrie men;" and many a fragment of ballad lore will occur to the tourist's recollection, as he pursues his way through the yellow-blossoming furze, and sees a magnificent oak here and there spreading its branches over the track. The road is very indifferent, and the soil sandy; but on a fine morning in summer no pedestrian excursion can be more delightful. After a walk of seven or eight miles, the tourist reaches a primitive-looking wayside ale-house, which, according to the traditions of the neighbourhood, was a resort of Robin Hood and his stalwart lieutenant, little John; but the hostelry looks much more modern than the tradition would indicate, and the bold foresters of Sherwood loved to quaff their nut-brown ale under the shade of the venerable trees.

About a mile beyond this lonely little inn, almost the only habitation of man which is seen during the walk, the tourist reaches Annesley Park, the birthplace of Mary Chaworth, whose beauty captivated the heart of the poet in his boy-h-days. Through the park lies the nearest path to Hucknall; and as the tourist winds his way onward, he will have no difficulty in recognising the scene of "The Dream." There is the "gentle hill," on which the poet and Mary Chaworth met, and which is still

"Green and of mild declivity, the last,
As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape."

But the "trees of circular array" are gone, and the broad branches of the oaks no longer shade the spot where the "youth and maiden" of "The Dream" once stood together, in the sunny time of their youth, ere disappointment and misfortune had clouded the path of either. The scenery of the park, however, is very picturesque, groves of magnificent oaks crowning the surrounding hills, and numbers of deer reclining beneath the shade of the venerable trees in the park, or cropping the verdant herbage.

Hucknall is a mere straggling hamlet, without any other attraction than the poet's tomb, which suffices, however, to draw around it tourists of every civilised nation under the sun. It is approached from the park by a lane, shaded with tall hedges and bending trees, the branches of which, in some places, nearly meet overhead, forming an agreeable shade in the summer; and on reaching the village street, the tourist sees a comfortable-looking inn on one side, and a little distance before him the church. The latter is old and decayed, and everything about it, both within and without, bears the marks of neglect. The vault wherein the poet lies buried is covered with two large slabs of rough stone clumsily fitted together, and the floor of the church, which is of the same material, is broken and irregular. A plain white marble tablet, bearing an inscription to the poet's memory, is fitted into the wall, and surrounded by a black border. It is immediately above the vault, and beneath it are the memorial bearings of the Byron family carved in stone. The remains of the poet's mother lie near him, and opposite to his tomb is a stone bearing a long inscription commemorative of the virtues and services of a Byron who adhered to the fortunes of Charles I., and perished when

"At Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers bedewed with their blood the bleak field."

The road from Hucknall to Newstead Abbey lies through a wood,

and the foliage of oaks and pines forms an arch of verdure overhead for more than a mile. This part of the journey is very pleasant. Several clear streams cross the road, while footpaths lead off at different points into deep shades. At the end of the wood, the road runs over a gentle eminence, and on reaching its top the tourist sees the Gothic ruins of Newstead Abbey rising before him. They stand in a quiet valley, surrounded by green hills, and are partly mantled with ivy, which nearly covers the old chancel window. In one portion of the tastefully laid-out grounds, an oak planted by Byron is shown; and in a deep, shaly dell, called the Devil's Wood, there is an old tree on which the poet, when he visited the spot in company with his sister on the evening before he left Newstead for ever, cut the following inscription:—

BYRON, }
AUGUSTA, } Sept. 1814.

The bark has partly grown over this interesting record, and some difficulty is now found in deciphering the date. Near this spot is a shady recess, formed by the intertwined branches of the oaks, overhung with ivy, and a sparkling spring called the Holy Well.

In the body of the abbey, among the ruins, are several figures in stone, and a fountain gurgles through an old and quaint piece of sculpture, realising the description of Byron:—

"Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, yet decked with carvings quaint,
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint.
The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spouted
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glories and his vainer troubles."

Should the tourist continue his ramble to the neighbourhood of Nottingham, than which he cannot do better, if he is fond of old English scenery, such as the railways are fast altering, he will find, below that town, on the romantic banks of the Trent, the large estate of the Musters family, whose patrimonial mansion is called Colwick Hall. This place has nothing to do with Byron, but there Mary Chaworth lived and died. The handsome exterior of Mr. Musters won the heart of the blue-eyed Mary, and she became his wife; but her life was blighted by his brutal manners and profligate habits, which rendered him an object of aversion to all the neighbourhood. During the reform riots of 1831, when Nottingham Castle was destroyed by an exasperated mob, the rioters visited Colwick Hall, and set fire to it, but it was not burnt down. Mrs. Musters fled from the house in alarm, and took refuge in a wood on the estate. Fright and exposure brought on an attack of fever, which terminated her existence after a few days' illness. She is buried in Colwick church, where her tomb is frequently visited by tourists.

The church is close to the hall, and is draped with ivy, and overshadowed by trees gray with age. The Trent flows close at hand, sparkling in the sunlight as its clear waters ripple over its pebbly bottom, murmuring the requiem of her who was the object of a great poet's love. She is spoken of in the neighbourhood as a woman of remarkable personal attractions, and of a character forming a bright contrast to that of the man to whom she was unhappily united. That Byron long remembered her with tenderness, is well known; probably he never ceased to do so. What might have been the results of their union, as regards the happiness of both, it is of course impossible to say; but we know the influence which the virtues and more spiritual character of Shelley had over the poet while they were together, and it is pleasing, though vain, to contemplate the firmer influence which such a woman as Mary Chaworth might have had upon a heart so susceptible of softening influences as that of Byron. Poor Byron! A feeling of sadness steals over us as we read his "Dream," and then think of the unhappiness of the "two beings" whom it immortalizes, and who now await the resurrection and the judgment, the one in the odd and dreary church of Hucknall, the other by the banks of the blue and winding Trent.

CERVANTES.

DON MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA the author of the immortal romance of "Don Quixote," was born in 1547, at Alcalá de Henares, a town in the province of New Castile. His father, Don Rodrigo, was a poor hidalgo, or noble, one of those who possessed little more than a lance in the arm-rack, an old round shield, a bony and buck-set horse, and a lean greyhound. He had served his country by sea and by land, and talked often and with enthusiasm of his campaigns; but as he well knew the frightful cost of military duty, he sent his son to Madrid, to pursue there the studies necessary to prepare him for the more peaceful honours of the church. Don Miguel, however, after making considerable progress in his studies, renounced the pretensions and bishoprics which his family had dreamt of for him, and resolved upon trying his fortune in the thorny paths of literature. In fact, he had made acquaintances among the students of the capital, and become a frequenter of taverns, where his wit and humour were a hindrance, and he was easily converted to the opinion of his associates, that he possessed those qualities in an uncommon degree, and of the highest order. Thus it was that he conceived the idea of becoming a poet, and living upon the productions of his intellect, though he was unconscious at that time of the genius which he really possessed, and which revealed itself at a later period of his life.

Having taken this resolve, as it was necessary for him to eat and drink, he did not allow his pen to remain idle; but instead of making use of his own ideas, he employed those of others, after the example of his poetising companions. During two or three years he continued to produce rhymes resembling all the verse of that period of Spanish literature, mediocre as regards the style, and without any pretensions to originality of ideas. They brought him little else than compliments, that old currency which, worn as it is, always has for young poets the same sound and the same value as new pieces of gold. Always confident in the promises of his muse, but always ignorant of the side on which she called, he published, in 1569, a work on which he expected to establish his future renown as an author. It was a pastoral tale, entitled "Philene," in which he was no more successful than in verse, for it was as insipid, as improbable, and as wearisome as anything of the kind that ever emanated from the press.

Disappointed in the hopes with which he had embarked on a literary career, young Cervantes resolved to try the army. Destitute of all, yet doubting nothing, except the good taste of the Spanish public, full of illusions, loyalty, and courage, he left Madrid one fine morning, and returned to the paternal mansion, where he acquainted his father with his new views and hopes. The good hidalgo, with whom he remained some days, advised him to renounce his project, and seek employment at court. Finding, however, that Don Miguel was little disposed to listen to this advice, the old man saddled his lean Rosinante with a sigh, and gave the animal to the young adventurer. It was, alas! with his blessing, all that he had to give. Miguel mounted, bade his father adieu, and set out for Italy.

What golden dreams he indulged in on the road! He was assuredly now on the track of fortune. Italy was in arms; there was war also in Germany and France. Armies must need officers; the officers would require commanders. What an illimitable vista was opened to his ambition! Alas, for the bright beams of youth, the golden exhalations of the dawn of life! When he arrived in Italy, a truce had just been proclaimed, and the services of Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra were not required. It was a sad awakening from his glowing dreams to twilight from his horse, and he became, like Gil Blas, *val de charbon* to a bishop, the cardinal Acquaviva; but such, in fact, was the only employment he could obtain.

In the following year, however, the war broke out again, and with more fury than before; and Cervantes threw off the livery of the cardinal, and enrolled himself under the banner of Marco Antonio Padovano, Duke of Palliano, who commanded the troops of the Venetian republic. His first campaign was an unfortunate one. His regiment was sent to the relief of the island of Cyprus, then besieged by the Turks. The island was taken, the inhabitants were nearly exterminated, and the ship which carried Cervantes

and his companions in arms narrowly escaped being captured by the fleet of the victorious Ottomans.

The vessel was then ordered to Legonia, and in the terrible engagement off that place Cervantes greatly distinguished himself. Unfortunately, he received a shot wound in his left arm, which crippled that member for the rest of his days. But as he did not need his left hand to hold his sword, this accident did not prevent him from continuing in the service, and he served against the Turks in the Morea until 1575, but without obtaining any solid advantage in return for the almost daily risk of life and limb. The hollow glory was his sole reward.

He now resolved to return to his native country, and embarked on board a galley for that purpose. After all, though he had not become a captain, he had lost the use of his left arm, and this would qualify him to wear his hat jauntily on one side, and raise his voice in the taverns when he talked of battles, and the dangers he had encountered by flood and field.

But, as that admirer of proverbial philosophy, Sancho Panza, was afterwards made to observe, "one misfortune never comes alone;" the galley in which he had embarked was captured by a corsair, and Cervantes, instead of returning to Madrid to tell long-winded stories of his exploits in the Morea, was carried into Algiers, and sold into slavery.

His first master was a Venetian renegade, called Hassan, who had become commander of the militia. This advancement, which had given him an authority of which few persons knew exactly the limits, caused him to be regarded with much fear, a feeling which was not, however, shared by our adventurer. It appears, on the contrary, that Cervantes inspired the renegade with a certain respect which does credit to his mental perception. Don Miguel had expected to be impaled for the feats of valour he had performed in the conflict which occurred before the corsairs became masters of his destiny, and was surprised to find that Hassan did not give him so much as a single blow, or even a hard word. The renegade was contented with exercising over him a surveillance which forbade every hope of escape.

Instead of being disheartened, Cervantes became more daring. Guarded by night and by day, and in a foreign country, escape was almost impossible; but Cervantes made several bold attempts, and even planned an insurrection of the slaves. All his schemes failed, however, and five years were passed in servitude and chains. In 1580 he was ransomed by the Fathers of Mercy, established at Algiers for the purpose of manumitting Christian slaves to the extent of their funds, and obtained a passage to his native country.

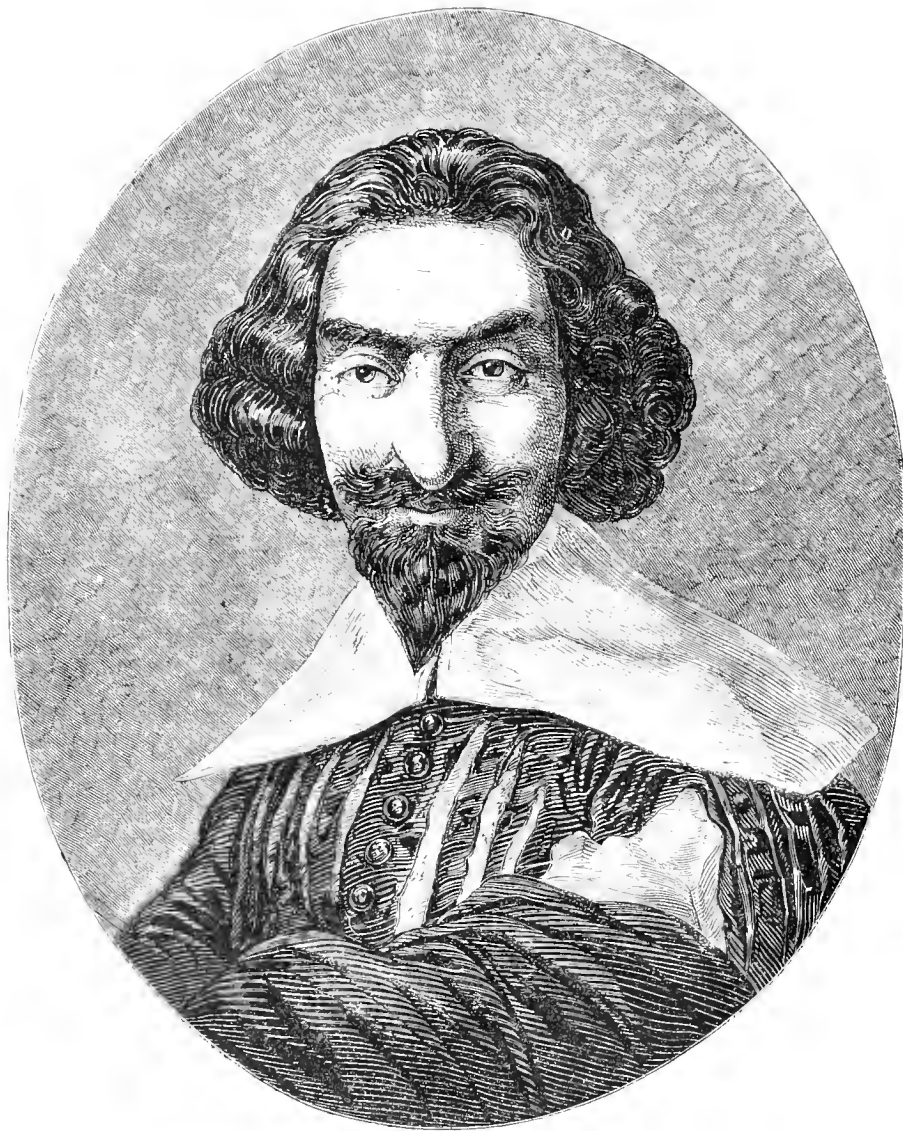
When he returned to Spain he was thirty-four years of age. His father was dead, and his cousin had sold the greater part of his little patrimony in order to effect his ransom from slavery. Being destitute of resources, he joined an expedition which was then preparing for the Azores, and was engaged in that and other expeditions four years. On again returning to Spain in 1584, he became enamoured of a young lady of noble birth, but as poor as himself, Donna Catharina Salazar y Palacios de Espinosa; and under the influence of this passion he resumed his pen, and wrote a pastoral tale in prose and verse, entitled "Goldoni," in which he has introduced himself and the object of his attachment, as a shepherd and shepherdess, by the names of Elvira and Galatea. The liberty of our waters washed the Italy, and promised him, if a life of domestic felicity and literary ease, for he was not yet weary of the illusions which make up the life of the enthusiastic, the disappointment consequent upon whose awakening is always in proportion to the brightness of their anticipations.

Disillusion came as before; his marriage had been, to speak like Sancho Panza once more, the union of hunger and thirst, and did not bring him the happiness he had anticipated. He continued to write, not for pleasure or for fame, but to obtain bread. The soil, not by his muse, but by hunger and his creditors, he made thirty plays, which, he has assured us, were acted at Madrid with great success; but, judging of them by the two which alone have come down to us, we can only credit the assertion of our contemporary Madridians of that day were very considerably overvalued by the

taste. It is certain that his success as a dramatic writer, whether real or pretended, did not prevent him from being very poor; and, in 1588, he solicited and obtained the insignificant office of assistant purveyor to the Indian fleets. He endeavoured to obtain some appointment in America, but without success; and in 1596 the purveyorship was abolished, and he was again thrown upon his own resources.

He appears, for some years subsequently to this period, to have lived a very unsettled and precarious life, wandering with his wife from town to town; sometimes employed in the capacity of agent to various municipalities and wealthy individuals, but always in

him as being employed at this time as tithe-collector in the province of La Mancha, and as being arrested by the alcalde of Argamasilla, and kept some time in prison, when he is supposed to have commenced "Don Quixote." The truthfulness with which he has described the scenery of La Mancha, and the manners and customs of the people, show that he must have passed some time in that province, and give a colour to these suppositions; but Navarrete, who has spared no trouble in investigating the most minute incidents of the life of Cervantes, has demonstrated that the story of his imprisonment rests on no other foundation than a vague tradition.



IGN. MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

necessitous circumstances. Two burlesque sonnets are all that remain of his literary productions of this period, which, probably, were not numerous. Perhaps we have in these two poems all that he wrote between his cessation from dramatic writing and the appearance of "Don Quixote."

The obscurity of his pursuits at this period is evidenced by the fact, that nothing is really known of the manner in which he lived, and in what corner of Spain he concealed his misery, from the time of his leaving Seville, in 1598, till we find him, four years later, living at Valladolid. Some authors, who have supplied from their own imaginations the gaps in his life's history, have represented

The first part of his renowned romance appeared in 1604, and was dedicated to the Duke of Bejar. Of all the works of Cervantes, "Don Quixote" is the only one worthy of preservation; but this is a masterpiece, and perhaps the most original, the most amusing, and the most profound that exists in any language. Without being superior to Molière, Le Sage, Shakspeare, and the other great painters of humanity whose works we admire, Cervantes has placed mankind in a broader point of view. His characters, extravagant as they are, resemble a greater number than those which we see on the stage or meet with in other novels. Harpagon, Tartuffe, Lovelace, do not represent varieties of the human species so

numerous as those of which the knight of La Mancha and his trusty squire may be accepted as the types. All the world are not, thank Heaven! misers, hypocrites, or libertines; but who among us does not carry in himself his Don Quixote and his Sancho Panza? Who among us has not combated more than once in his life with windmills? Who among us has not run himself out of breath after that marvellous island which drew Sancho Panza in the footsteps of the cavalier? So much courage wasted, so many sword-thrusts in water, the hope which survives so many deceptions, and those charming conversations of the simple hidalgo with his worldly-minded squire—are not all these typical of what passes in the lives of all of us?

The gradual disenchantment of Cervantes from the illusions of his youth, had revealed to him the strength and scope of his genius. He no longer saw life through a rose-coloured medium, but in its reality. The tales of chivalry which had excited his enthusiasm in

who, mounted on his ass, trots behind the knight, like tardy experience, always coming when the evil is done.

These two persons, Don Quixote and Sancho, are inseparable; they are soul and body, sun and shadow. One represents all that is lofty and generous in human nature, the other all that is grovelling and selfish. Give to Don Quixote a little of the hard common sense of his squire, or to Sancho a little of his master's heroism and loyalty, and of the two madmen you will have made a sage. But the elements of the two characters are seldom found in combination; imagination and common sense are qualities which possess little accordancy or power of cohesion. Prudence and experience are the cold currents which temper the generous ardour of enthusiasm and philanthropy, and give the individual the hardness of character which marks the man of the world.

"Don Quixote" made no sensation on its first appearance; it attracted, in fact, scarcely any notice. He continued to live, poor



CERVANTES, HIS WIFE, AND THE COUNT OF LEMOS.

his youth now only called up a smile. Chivalry had gone out of Spain with the Moors, and in the rest of Europe only a vague souvenir of its former existence remained. Cervantes demonstrated that the institution was long dead, by resuscitating one of the knights-errant of old, and bringing him into ludicrous juxtaposition with modern manners, institutions, and modes of thought. His first intention was probably to parody the wild and incredible stories which were then current in Spain; but the character of Don Quixote was such a happy conception that he found it difficult to take leave of him; for the first and only time in his life, he was veritably inspired; he had created his hero himself, and found a subject in which he could resume the experience of his own life, his dreams of glory, his dreams of love, and all the rude lessons which dissipated his illusions. He conducts us through the history of the honest hidalgo, who squanders his substance in running after the shadow, glory, and gets only hard blows; and introduces to us Sancho Panza, who is common sense by the side of imagination, and

and forgotten, at Valladolid, awaiting to some of his biographers, at Toledo, subsisting on the bounty of his patrons, the chief of whom at this time was the Count of Lemos. He was obliged, in order to obtain readers, to publish an anonymous pamphlet, in which he pretended that the work was, under the veil of an allegory, a satire on the reigning monarch, Philip III., and the principal persons about the court. The *opus* succeeded; the work was read at court, and in a short time the whole of the edition was sold. A second, a third, and a fourth were demanded within the year in which it first appeared; but from two of these, printed at Valencia and Lisbon, it is probable that the author derived no profit. Our second illustration represents Cervantes receiving the welcome intelligence of the success of his stratagem to obtain popularity from his patron, the Count of Lemos. The poor author is sitting upon his bed, perhaps because the state of his wardrobe would not permit him to rise, and has been interrupted in his task of writing the second part of "Don Quixote." His wife stands near the head of

the humble couch, and the plumed hat, boarding-axe, and stiletto of the hero of Lepanto are suspended against the whitewashed wall as memorials of his military exploits.

According to some accounts, Philip III. was so much pleased with this work that he wished to see the author, who was introduced to him by the Count of Lemos. Be this as it may, he was shortly after engaged by the Duke of Lerma, that monarch's minister, to write an account of the festivities, bull-fights, religious ceremonies, etc., with which the British ambassador, Lord Howard, was entertained at Valladolid in 1605. In the following year he took up his abode in Madrid, and continued to reside there to the end of his life. In 1613, he published a collection of "Employment Tales," which are not only interesting and amusing, but have not the least taint of immorality, by which so much of the similar literature of that period is infected. The tales are twelve in number, and added greatly to the literary reputation of their author. In the following year his "Journey to Parnassus" appeared, a satire on the bad poets of the period, who were much offended by the publication, and one of whom published a continuation of the adventures of "Don Quixote," full of abuse of the author. The response of Cervantes to this attack was the publication of the second part of "Don Quixote," which shone in bright contrast to the miserable production of his traducer.

The other works of Cervantes are a collection of comedies and interludes, written in the new style of dramatic writing introduced by Lopez de Vega, published in 1615, but never acted; and a novel, entitled "Persiles and Sigismunda," the least successful of his works, and written in a different style from any of them.

Cervantes died on the same day as Shakspeare, the 23rd of April, 1616, being then in his sixty-ninth year. He was buried without the east display in the convent of the Holy Trinity, at Madrid, in which his daughter Isabella had taken the veil four years previously. Some years afterwards the nuns removed to another convent, and the old one being pulled down, the remains of Cervantes were lost.

His fame spread rapidly throughout Europe, and the universality of his genius is proved by the many languages into which his great work has been translated, and the number of editions it has gone through. With the exception of "Robinson Crusoe," there is no work of fiction, the popularity of which can be brought into comparison with that of "Don Quixote." In Spain, however, a long period elapsed before the work was so extensively read and appreciated as it has been in other countries. But its popularity has increased rapidly since the commencement of the last century, and within the last few years, two monuments have been erected in Madrid to the memory of its author: one, a handsome bronze statue, which stands in the Plaza de las Cortes, on a pedestal of granite, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing subjects taken from "Don Quixote"; the other, the bust of Cervantes in white marble, placed over the door of the house in the Calle de Francos, in which he lived and died.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA.

THOUGH there has never been any large secession from the established Greek church, there are in Russia a considerable number of dissenting sects, the members of which are called generally Raskolniks, from the Russian verb *raskolat*, "to split." The only considerable schism which we find on record is that which arose out of the emendation of the corrupted text of the Slavonic version of the Scriptures in the middle of the seventeenth century. During the period of the Tartar domination, which greatly retarded the cultivation of learning, the text of the Scriptures became corrupted by omissions and interpolations, arising generally from the ignorance of those by whom they were transcribed. The propriety of obtaining a correct version was acknowledged on several occasions, and an attempt was made to remedy the evil, in the middle of the sixteenth century, by comparing the version in use with the Greek text, by a monk of the convent of Mount Athos; but he encountered so much opposition from the ignorant and bigoted clergy of Russia, that nothing was done until more than a century afterwards. In 1651 a council was assembled at Moscow, presided over by Nicen,

the patriarch of that city, which decided unanimously on the propriety of revising the corrupt text of the sacred books. This decision was approved by the patriarch of Constantinople, and the reigning czar, Alexis Michaelovitch, ordered the version of the Scriptures used by the churches of Greece and the East to be substituted for the corrupted version hitherto in use.

The bishop of Kolomna protested against the alteration as an heretical innovation, and was supported by a number of the inferior clergy, as well as of the lower classes of the people, all of whom were extremely ignorant. The strenuous opposition of the bishop and the schismatic clergy to the introduction of the new liturgy caused the former to be deprived of his dignity, and confined in a monastery, in a remote part of the empire, where he died. His followers regarded him as a martyr, and increased rapidly, especially in the northern provinces. The consequence was a terrible persecution, during which many of the opponents of the Niconian heresy, as the revision of the Scriptures was termed, were put to death. Some fled into Poland, and others into Bulgaria, where, under the protection of the Porte, they were secure from molestation. Many shut themselves up in their churches, and setting fire to them, suffered a horrible death, finally believing that the baptism of fire would suffice to secure their salvation, and that their souls would immediately rise to heaven in the form of doves. A remnant shut themselves up in the fortified monastery of Solovetzki, situated on an island in the White Sea, where they defended themselves with the most dauntless courage against the troops sent to dislodge them, and prolonged their resistance for seven years. The place was at length taken by storm, and the defenders were all either put to the sword or perished in the flames by which their stronghold was destroyed.

A great number of the rising generation had imbibed the hostility of their parents to the new version of the Scriptures, and the severe persecution to which they were subjected in the following reign did not abate their opposition to it. In the beginning of the reign of Peter the Great, the harshness of their treatment provoked a dangerous tumult in Moscow, which led to a ukase granting toleration to the sectaries, but imposing a tax upon them, and requiring the to wear a copper medal stamped with a beard.

Though the terms Raskolniks, or dis-centers, and Starovertzoe, which signifies "those of the old faith," are in general applied indiscriminately to all who dissent from the established church of Russia, there are some considerable differences among them, both as regards doctrines, rites, and discipline. They may all be classed under two heads—the Popovosheheena, or those who have priests, and the Bespovosheheena, or those who have no priests; the latter division comprehending a great variety of sects having nothing in common except the peculiarity which separates them from the former.

The Popovosheheena approach nearest in doctrines and ceremonies to the established church, from which they differ on no essential point, notwithstanding the tenacity with which they adhere to their own notions. They use the old version of the Scriptures, and differ from the church as to the form of the cross. They repeat the "Hallelujah" only twice, instead of three times, adding, "Praised be the Lord;" and use two fingers, instead of three, in making the sign of the cross. They also differ from the church in beginning their processions from the left, instead of the right. Shaving the beard is regarded as a deadly sin, in which opinion they are supported by the declaration of the general synod held at Moscow in 1551, which denounced shaving the beard as the "most damnable and criminal of the heresies which are punishable by excommunication." The eating of hares and sausages, likewise prohibited by the synod of Moscow, and the use of tobacco and snuff, are also regarded by them as unlawful. They admit the ordination of the priests of the established church to be valid, although performed by heretical bishops, because it descends in uninterrupted succession from the times of "the true church," viz. before the revision of the Scriptures. They therefore admit among them priests who have been expelled from the established church for misconduct or heresy, without requiring them to be re-ordained.

The most important of the more heterodox sects, or those which have no priests, is that of the Pomoranes, which signifies "the inhabitants of the seacoasts," so called because it originated on the

shores of the White Sea. These maintain that all ordinations of priests of the established church since the time of the patriarch Nikon are invalid; that the administration of religious rites by them is a profanation; and that their churches are the abodes of Anti-Christ, whose reign has already commenced in spirit, though he is himself invisible. As a necessity arising out of the two former articles of their faith, they rebaptize all who join their communion, and also dissolve the marriages of such as have contracted matrimony. The couples thus dissolved may be married again by those who officiate as ministers of religion in the sect. They confer one another the sacrament of the Lord's supper to themselves, and assemble for prayer in private houses. Their ministers are not ordained, and may follow any other vocation when they please, which is not allowed to the priests of the established church. The sacramental bread which they use, is said to be derived from some consecrated loaves saved from the monastery of S. David when it was stormed by the imperial troops, which has been preserved and multiplied by working fragments of it into each successive dough. The bread thus prepared is considered as holy as the original, and every member of the sect is always provided with a crumb of it, that he may be able to administer the sacrament to himself in case of emergency. There are several subdivisions of this sect, the principal of which are the Theodosians and the Philipians, which are named after their respective founders, both of whom had been priests of the established church. The points of difference between them are very trifling, and relate merely to external forms of worship; but they are characterised by the wildest fanaticism, which manifests itself in the frequent suicides among them, these ignorant and misled people believing that self-murder is pleasing to God, and that by it they obtain admission into heaven.

The Doobhorotzy, or "Bomohorotzy in spirit," first became known as a sect in the reign of the empress Anne, who appointed commissioners to inquire into their tenets. There are many points of resemblance between them and the Quakers and Moravians, and it is very probable that they are a branch of the latter sect. Like them they never take an oath, and are opposed to war. They entertain Unitarian opinions, and admit only the New Testament. They have neither churches nor pastors, and in their devotions use only the Lord's Prayer. In the reign of Catherine II. and Paul they were much persecuted, but bore every oppression with the same resignation as the followers of George Fox. Alexander ordered them toleration, and offered them waste lands in the south of Russia, which they have colonised and cultivated. Their settlements still flourish, and travellers have spoken highly of their industrious and frugal habits, and the simplicity and inoffensiveness of their manners.

The Chovstomniki, or "Sentimentalists," are a sect founded by a monk named Bonifati, and very latitudinarian in their doctrines, which incline to deism. There is some confusion in the accounts respecting them, but it seems that they use the unreviled Scriptures and do not require those who join them to be rebaptised. The cause of the difference in the accounts given of them by different writers appears to be that there are many shades of belief among them, some deriving little from the Popeworth heath, and others being Unitarians.

The Capitulars were also founded by a monk. Like the Pomorans, they have no churches, but assemble for prayer and the celebration of their religious rites in private houses. They also dissolve the marriages of those who join them, and are obliged to live in a state of great licentiousness. They have no public prayer, which seems to be performed among them as the administration of the communion. A girl prays on her knees, clothed with raisins, which, after several prayers and prostrations, she distributes among the assembled votaries.

The Shekolniki, or "Chinkians," form a sect, who, according to the Cossacks of the Don, and derive their name from the custom of kneeling when they pray, before a drink, through which a ray of light enters. They reject images, and never go to church, saying that God is omnipresent, and does not dwell in houses built by man. They use the revised version of the Scriptures, in which they differ from every other dissenting sect in the empire.

All the preceding sects are confined, for the most part, to the labouring classes, and seem to be on the increase, which is probably

owing, in a great measure, to their zeal for making proselytes. Most of them display much hostility towards the established church, and an equal amount of unity and kindness of feeling within their respective communions. Although they are no longer persecuted, they are only tolerated; they have no record of existence, nor are their ministers and priests regarded as such by the government.

CROCHET HAT-PATTERN.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Good-Fashionable Plain Cotton Thread Crochet Thread, No. 12, or Purse-silk, the same four-ply thread, and Walker's Pencil Crochet Hook, No. 3.

1st round: Make a round loop, the size of this , then work 1 treble, and chain 1 for 15 times, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

2nd: Work 1 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 4 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round. (Chain 3 at the commencement of every round, which you must count as 1 treble, to save the fastening off; and in each of work 1 treble, as described in the first 1 treble of last round, work only 3, and the 4 chain will appear like 1 treble, so as to correspond with all the other 1 treble.)

4th: Work 1 treble at the top of the first 1 treble of 1st round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 1 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

5th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be twice), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

6th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double treble for 5 times more in the same 3 chains as before, chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be three times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

7th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the 1st chain of 1st round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 1 chain of last round (which will be 5 times), then chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the 3 treble of last round, then chain 2, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be four times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

8th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 1 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times), then chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

9th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 1st round of last round, chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be 3 times), then chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the 1st round of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round, then chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

10th: Work 1 treble at the top of the same 1 treble, with this difference, you pass the silk twice over the hook, and work each loop as 1 treble, which makes the stitch double the length of the treble.

treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 6 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

10th : Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 7 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

11th : Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 8 times), chain 3, repeat round.

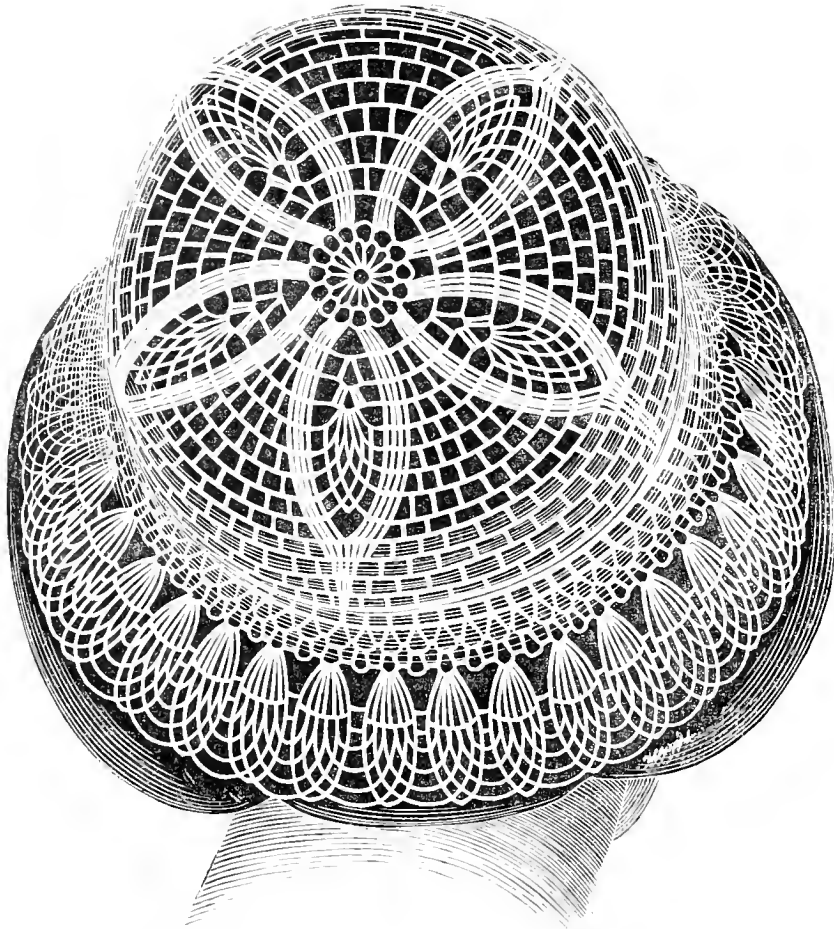
centre of the 3 chain of last round, repeat round, and after working the 8 round, work the

25th : Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, repeat round, having two treble at the top of each treble with 3 chain between them.

26th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, repeat round.

27th : Work 7 double trebles in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, and repeat round.

28th : Work 1 double between the first 2 double treble of last round, then chain 5, and work 1 double between each double treble



CROCHET HAIR-NET.

12th : Work 7 treble at the top of the 8 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 9 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

13th : Work 5 treble at the top of the 7 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 10 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

14th : Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 11 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

15th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 12 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

16th, and 8 following rounds : Chain 3, and work 1 treble in the

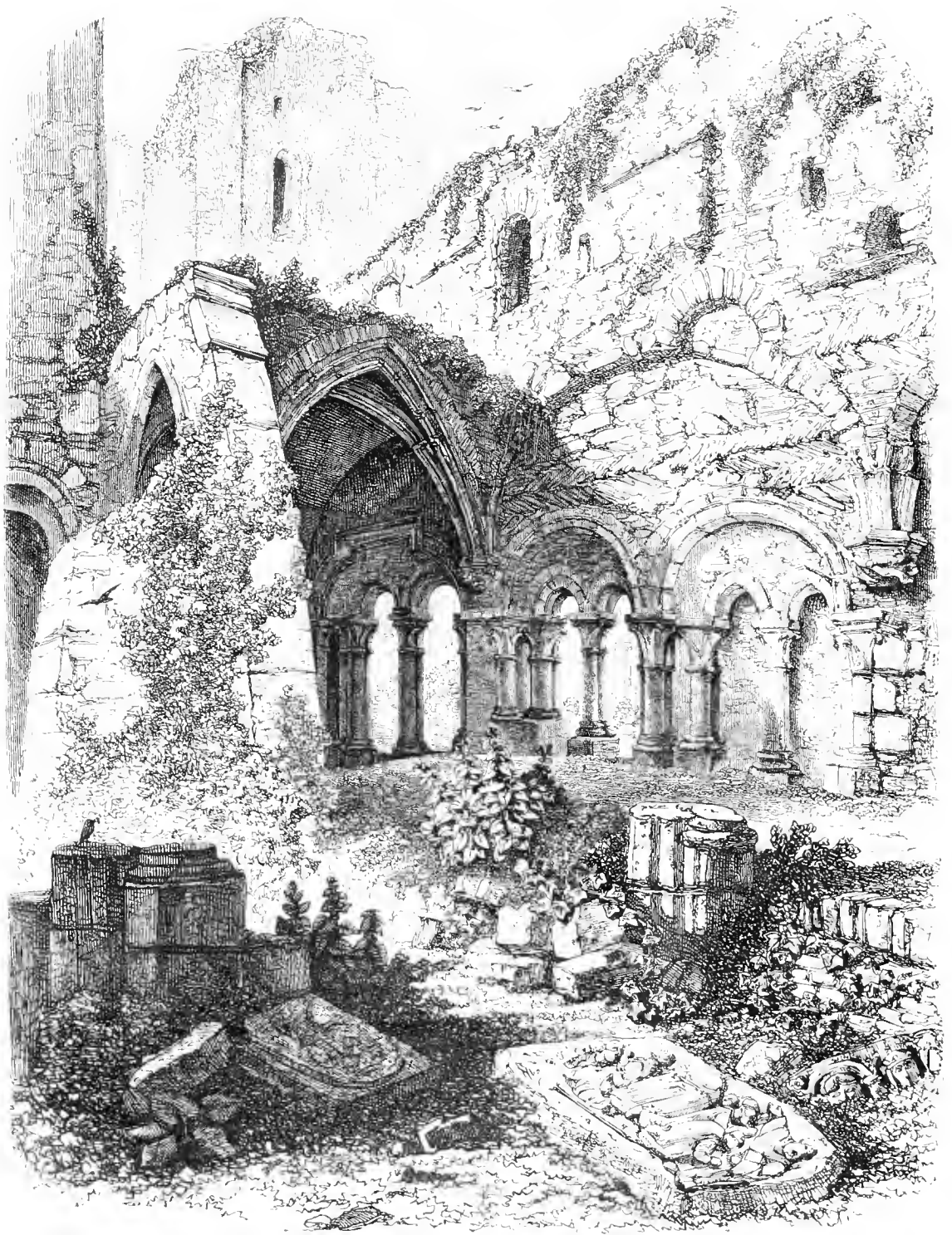
of last round (which will be 5 times more), chain 3, and repeat round.

29th : Work 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 4 times more, chain 3, and repeat round.

30th : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 3 times more, chain 5, and repeat round.

31st : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat twice more, chain 7, and repeat round.

32nd : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 9, and repeat round, fasten off, run a piece of elastic round the twelfth round from the edge, which completes the net.



THE ABBEY OF ST. BAVO.

THE ABBEY OF ST. BAVON, AND CRYPT OF ST. MARY, AT GHENT.

St. AMAND, one of the first missionaries of the Christian faith in Flanders, founded, about the year 631, a chapel and a cloister, the former dedicated to St. Mary, and the latter to St. Peter, at the confluence of the rivers Scheldt and Lys, on the site of a fortress or intrenched camp which the old chroniclers call *Castrum Gandarum*. According to some authors, this *castrum* was a work of the Romans, others suppose it to have been constructed by the Normans during one of their earliest incursions into Gaul. Such portions of this fortress as were in good preservation were retained by St. Amand, and served in part for the foundations of his chapel and cloister; they still exist, and distinct traces may be observed of the kind of masonry known as herring-bone work, the chief characteristic of which is, that on each row of stones arranged obliquely from left to right, another row is placed leaning obliquely from right to left.

Allovin Bayon, prince of Hesbaya, having been converted from paganism by St. Amand, retired into the seclusion of the Abbey of St. Peter, and died in the odour of sanctity, in a cell which he had constructed near the cloisters. His beatification took place in 680, under Abbot Wilfred; the proclamation was made by St. Eby, bishop of Noyon, and on this occasion the dedication of the abbey was changed from St. Peter to St. Bavon. The crypt of St. Mary, according to the most reliable accounts, was constructed in the time of Arnold the Great, count of Flanders, on the site of the chapel erected by St. Amand among the ruins of the *Castrum Gandarum*. This crypt, which is only in part subterranean, appears to have been restored about 1148, at which time it was newly consecrated by Anselm, bishop of Tournay. In it was interred St. Macaire, archbishop of Antioch, who died of the plague in the Abbey of St. Bavon, and was the last victim of the pitiless scourge which desolated Ghent in 1012. In 1177 the body of the archbishop was transferred to the sanctuary, where the holy relics were deposited; and in 1179 it was again removed, and placed in a special chapel, constructed above the lavatory, and consecrated to St. Macaire by Everard, bishop of Tournay.

The remains of the abbey and crypt are considerable; the walls are partly mantled with ivy, and bear evidence of their great antiquity. Shrubs and flowering plants grow profusely among the ruins, and broken columns and sculptured monuments meet the eye at every turn. A picture by Rubens, representing the reception of St. Bavon into the abbey, after having distributed all his worldly goods among the poor, adorns one of the numerous chapels of the cathedral of Ghent, which was originally dedicated to St. John, but took the name of St. Bavon in 1540, when Charles V. caused the collegiate chapter of the Abbey of St. Bavon to be removed to it. The picture was carried off by the French during their occupation of Belgium, but was restored in 1817.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

II.

The vulgar sigels and magic rings, with which the superstition of poverty sought to protect itself, made as distinct a branch of traffic from that of the dealers in precious stones and costly pearls, as exists at the present day between those of the rich goldsmith who supplies the jewelled altar-plate, and the purveyor of waxen saints and wooden rosaries for the use of the Roman Catholic church.

Fragments of agate, amber, cornelian, and jasper, rough and unpolished, or rudely carved into the shape of beetles, animals, eyes, fingers, or other parts of the body, and suspended about the person, or strung into a necklace, served as a charm, and were probably to be bought at the shops of such tradesmen as Eulamius (in Aristophanes), or Phertatus (in Antiphones), who grew rich by the sale of rings, supposed to possess magic qualities, at the low price of one drachma (about twopenny) each.

A jeweller of those antique times must have known more of the predilections, the mental fears, the prevailing passions or unbreathed aspirations of his customers, from their purchases, than a priest knows of the consciences of his flock through the confessional.

Doubtless the veil or lappet of the toga did the same service on some of these occasions as the mask and cloak performed in the conferences of the metallurgists and necromancers with their dupes in later times; but under any circumstances, a wide field was open to them for the knowledge and study of human nature and its varied idiosyncracies.

From the amulet of amber beads to hang about the neck of the heir, as a singular preservation against secret poison or sorcery—for those were times in which changelings crept into cradles, and the glance of an evil eye had power to blight young babes—to the subtle opal, which Nares tells us, wrapped in a bay-leaf, rendered the wearer invisible, and was such a spell as the midnight assassin, the coward thief, or jealous tyrant, would crave; as well as the black agate or sacred jasper, that went down into the grave to ward off evil spirits from a corpse—our jeweller possessed them all. From the moment, therefore, that the child of a rich man was born, till the gloomy funeral flames closed over his remains in deceased manhood, he became in some sort the client of these dealers in sacred gems and magical or medicated jewellery.

The nurse—for nurses were expected to have a perfect knowledge of amulets, and to know what would best shield their infant charges from the jealousy of treacherous relations, witchcraft, and venomous animals—doubtless recommended a collar of amber or malachite, either of which was supposed to possess a natural virtue to preserve young children. Not that the use of amber necklaces was confined to infancy. The country dames of Lombardy and the adjacent parts wore coronets of it, partly to adorn themselves, and in some sort for health; for it was said to be of great use in bronchial affections, and had very anciently been esteemed for its medicinal qualities. Great quantities of it were brought to Rome during the reign of Nero, who, having made a sonnet in praise of the hair of Poppo, which he compared to amber, caused it to be more than ever in vogue amongst the ladies of the imperial city, who made use of it as a gem. Callistratus has recorded that necklaces of amber are good against frenzy and faustical illusions; and our jeweller (if he had not discovered to the contrary) very possibly believed, with Pliny, that it detected false gems.

Pearls are another branch of our subject which were very important to infancy, whenever nature was tardy in providing its sustenance. Outwardly applied, in the shape of a ring, or bracelet, or monile, the usual forms in which the Roman women wore their amulets, they had power to fortify the mother's heart and raise her spirits; and a confetion of pearl powder never failed to produce an abundant supply for her offspring.

Engendered, according to the poetical theory of Isidore, of the dews of heaven, pearls were especially dedicated to Venus, to whom, we may remember, after his conquest of our island, Julius Cæsar offered a votive shield emblazoned with British pearls. Both Aristotle and Plato insist on their restorative and comforting qualities, and the latter adds that they are food for man, to which old Gerard Leigh, whom we have already quoted, gravely subjects that this is verified by Josephus, "who sheweth that, when Jerusalem was besieged by Titus Vespasian, the Jews lived long, having nothing to eat but pearls." Probably because sacred to Venus, pearls were believed to have the gift of imparting beauty, and were much coveted by the Roman women; and as gems were in England objects of great superstition, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, it is not unlikely that some shadow of this faith mingled with this royal lady's abundant and constant use of them. When we recollect that a place was created at court (that of master of the gloves) to mark her majesty's favour of Dr. Dee, whose magic crystal, there is little doubt, the greatest of the Tudors had many times consulted, and remember also the agate ring which the Lord Chancellor Hatton sent to her, to be worn in her sweet breast against infectious air, we may presume, without much heresy, that a shade of classic superstition blended itself with her majesty's exuberant partiality for pearls.

Agates, by the way, were anciently esteemed most potent in magic properties; the little handkerchiefs that are sometimes to be

traced in them seemed too miraculous for anything short of supernatural agency, and accordingly every description of this stone was accounted sacred and holy. The Persians supposed that a perfume of it could calm the tempest, and stay the violent streams and rage of rivers; but, in order to insure these effects, it was essential that it should be worn tied with the hairs of a lion's mane.

It is held for a truth, says Pliny, that only to look upon an agate is very comfortable for the eye; and in Eastern lands the possession of one must have been as good as a water-gourd to the sun-parched traveller, for we are told that, held in the mouth, it quenched and allayed thirst.

The agate was one of the precious stones of which the Sidrophels formed their seals, which not only averted accidents and cured diseases, but destroyed the power of the evil eye and overcame witchcraft. Only such as were marked with a hyena's skin, Pliny tells us, the magicians could not abide, as they always caused discord in a house. Agates of a simple blue rendered wrestlers who possessed them invincible, and hence, no doubt, formed part of the necklaces worn by athletes (according to the Scholiast on Juvenal) to insure them victory: a practice, the tradition of which may be traced in a custom of the middle ages, of which Douglade tells us—namely, that in all legal single combats it was part of the champion's oath that he carried not about him any herb, spell, or enchantment, by which he might procure the victory.

It is curious, in reference to agate, that at Paris none have a right to trade in it, save wholesale merchants and goldsmiths. Sword-cutlers may sell it, but only when made into handles for *couteaux de chasse*, and ready set; and the same privilege is extended to the cutlers for their knives and forks.

Another stone, which in some degree partook of the virtues of the agate, was the jacinth, or iacinth. Like that, it gave strength, and defended from pestilential air; but it did more—it put away sorrow and increased mirth. Oh! why cannot faith in better things do us much for us? There was another spell also proper to the jacinth, which must have made it the only "read blessing" of the day to mothers and the sick. It promoted sleep; and so thoroughly was this property believed in, that not a century ago apothecaries were supposed to keep a cordial and confection of it in their shops.

The *topaz*, glowing like a bit of imprisoned sunshine, was another talismanic gem of wondrous power, and according to Dioscorides possessed even more sedative qualities than the precious jacinth: it calmed *wrath* as well as *sorrow*, of which this last is so often a consequence; it was good against melancholy, and put away evil thoughts and bad dreams; it helped the bearer against frenzy and sudden death; and for its worthiness, observes our quaint friend, Gerard Leigh, was set in the breast-plate of Aaron!

Like the *cornelian*, the *sapphir* should have been a household gem, for it had the lovely property of reconciling people at strife; but it held too high a price in those magnificent porticoes of old Rome, wherein the jewellers and those who dealt in the most precious wares took up their standings, and was more used as a medical than as a domestic talisman; bound to the pulse it abated the heat of fever, helped to drive away melancholy, and stayed the bleeding heart that coughs of anguish. Hunters probably wore it, just as warriors did the beryl, for while this excited courage even in the timid, and kept the warrior from falling into indiscussible of enemies, the former lightened the body, and preserved the limbs, and being especially hallowed to Apollo, strengthened and preserved the sight. It was also regarded as a remedy against venom and poison, catastrophes which the ancients appear to have been in constant fear of.

The ruby, as an amulet, must have been rather a questionable combat, for while revelling in many imaginary excellences, hot blood, troubled sleep, and a temper easily roused, appear to have attended the wearer. It is true that if being "forewarned is being forearmed," he had greatly the advantage of his neighbours, for the gem was said to change colour and become obscured when any danger threatened him, and to recover its brilliancy when the peril had passed away. In times of pestilence, also, the carbuncle or

ruby was esteemed a singular preservative against infection and sickness, and trusting to the doctrine of ions many wore them with this intention so late as the period of the great plague in London.

Another gem, famous in ancient time for its presumed power in relation to man, was the sacred amethyst of Bacchanalian memory, whether so called because its fine purple colour resembled the dark grape, or because it gleams in the sun like the hue of wine mixed with water, or from the prevailing supposition that it prevented drunkenness, we know not; but this we know, that it occupied the ninth place on the pectoral of the Jewish high-priest; and that Pliny says of it, that if the name of the sun and moon be graven on it, and so worn about the neck, either hanging therefrom with the hairs of a cynocephalus's head or swallows' feathers, it is a sovereign remedy against charms and poisons.

Rings of its deep violet colour flashed on the fingers of the *bona vacants*, who perhaps shared with *Horace* and the wanton Lyde, the full cups of that cask that bore its date from the consulship of Bibulus, and which he breached in honour of the feast of Neptune. Or perchance hung insculp'd with a Bacchus or Silenus (a secret charm against *is potency*) upon the breasts of those *al fresco* painters, those fast gentlemen of ancient Rome, who preferred the green sward, under a plane-tree's shade, to the domestic *tribulation*, while some singing girl stood by to entertain them and a slave cooled their cups of *Verdant Falernian* in the passing stream. Certain it is, that with the classical nations, it was customary for great drinkers to wear an amethyst about the neck as a charm against drunkenness. But this was not the only virtue of the gem; like the emerald it had power over the elements, and averted hail-storms and tempestuous weather, and as it was said 'to cause a man to have good forecast, a quick mind, to remove idle thoughts, and increase the understanding,' it is easy to perceive why it should be supposed a countercharm to an excess, which robs him of them all.

Those were times when people suffering from diseases of the skin wore red jaspers graven with Marsyas, and when merchants and sea-captains felt all the safer with their lives and merchandise for the possession of a Neptune carved in aqua marine! In those days, also, when the Roman matron (thanks to Venus and her pearls) rose up looking fairer and fresher than before, and saw her boy thrive till his amulet of amber-heads was put aside for the *holla aurea*, at once the sign of his rank and the seal of supernatural protection; when anything had happened to disturb the serenity of her lord the senator's temper, and he returned from the *Torum Romanum* or the Senate, weary, heated, and angry, ready to find fault even with his little son (and what mother could see this and not resort to it), perchance when some good angel—though she would call it her good genius—suggested patience for love and peace sake, instead of uttering the reproaches that rose to her lips, Maria, or Julia, sought the jewel-merchants in the portico *Argyrotaria*, and after a little inward debate between the virtues of cornelian and the potent sapphir, ordered an agate of Crete (which rendered the wearer eloquent, proud, amiable, and agreeable), to be forthwith graven with a figure of Harpocrates and set in a ring, so that it might remind her to keep silence, save when the spells of the agate were upon her. Rings so graven were worn by the Roman women when Pliny wrote; and we can fancy that some such gracious myth was involved in the usage.

The sardon, or sardonyx, so frequently mentioned in Scripture, was another precious stone on the excellence of which great stress was laid by the old naturalists and medical empirics, who sold it as a charm to render men discreet in their valour, "not hasty in battle, but victors!" Jodire affirms that it hath "most pure virtue;" and our Lordlie authority, Leigh, adds that St. John says of this gem, that the sardonix shall be the sixth stone of the foundation of the heavenly Jerusalem; "in which city," he exclaims, "I pray God that I may be persuisant!"

The opal was another very precious stone with the dealers in amulets and talismans; because, partaking of the colour of every other gem, it was supposed to possess all their virtues; and so firmly was this superstition rooted, that we find a Roman senator named Norminus, preferring banishment to the giving up of a favourite opal which Mark Antony was desirous of possessing. In its presence the witch muttered her incantations in vain; it sub-

* The opinion of the ancients is, that the people attributed all the virtues to wearing it about their neck.

† Pliny told persons to hold stones in their hands, and draw away melancholy.

but all less potent spells in the hands of the enchanter; it could wear a to walk safely in the midst of pestilence, and resist the venom of poisonous beasts, which, in those days, resorted to the natural historians and herbaldists, must have abounded in cities and towns rather more numerous than in the Asiatic deserts and forests. We find scarcely a page of any old writer on these subjects in which their malignant wounds are not referred to, and charms and nostrums for the cure of them propounded, till one would imagine deadly serpents common as frogs in the Pontine Marshes, and scorpions numerous as flies. In all these fabled virtues of the opal no doubt Nechims was a believer; it is even possible that his credulity went the length of investing it with the property, which Nares so gravely assumes for it, and imagined that by wrapping it in the leaves of the tree sacred to Apollo, he could conceal himself in what nobody calls the ardentest of all colours ("for darkness was before the light"); and it is not less probable, from the fact of *his* coveting possession of it, and the unscrupulous way in which he avowed his appointment, that Mark Antony shared in the same folly. But, as we before said, these superstitions were by no means confined to particular countries or times; the fact of their existence is not more curious than the universality of faith in them, which appears to have spread over the remotest parts of the world, and to have existed full-grown at the earliest period of written history.

It followed the same path by which the arts and sciences arrived in Europe; it was, in some sort, the handmaid to them of the lapidary and graver, and led the way to the exquisite handiworks of the goldsmith and jeweller. The stringing together of bits of precious stones by way of amulet, resulted in the elegant necklace of gems; and the wearing of charms bound on the wrists and arms, in the manufacture of bracelets and amulets, which were first used by the people of Eastern nations to hold these talismans. It is curious that the serpent-form of bracelet, so fashionable in the

present age, and the same mixed with the tail of a Rocco, being entirely devoid of any magical power, should have been the first of its kind, and that the serpent was a more efficacious charm to protect the eyelids.

From the period of Pliny's death, the early dawn of the early British empire, we have not a single instance of any talismanic or magical virtue of the opal; but in the early centuries of precious stones as soils to protect the delicate eye, this property we find that opal-stones were chiefly used. In the 13th century, Egil-bronthe, jet, iron, lead, and white, red, and black, by the Danes, talismans in the ancient times of England, and in those of our Anglo-Saxon and Saxon times, were held in high esteem; and in the early days of Christianity, the talismanic property of them, in the jewelled gowns and mantles of the nobles, with which kings and prelates were clad by their vassals, and which, as in the dresses and other ornaments of the kings of France, were sold gratis to the living, and the talismanic property of them, in the belief of the souls' immortality in the men's, improved, indifferent to the meddling habitations it had found, in such years were no longer held in the great world off, dead and unquiescent, faith in their beneficial efficacy of the living by no means faded. On the contrary, during the Middle Ages, and for a long time after, we find all the various fabulous attributes we have enumerated transferred from the text of ancient writers to the nervous lips of the monks, and subsequently to the medical treatises of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts; while the practice of wearing them as charms and amulets, not only to cure diseases and prevent witchcraft, accidents, and sudden death, but also to bewitch the wearer with omnibifid, dissection, eloquence, invincibility, etc., was continued.

We wonder how the human mind ever gave from materials so lush and beautiful, so thick a tissue of superstition. Truly, Malvoie was not mad but over-informed with wisdom when he exclaimed, "there is no darkness but ignorance."

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1851.

GALWAY, as we have said, is full of interest. Situated upon the finest Atlantic harbour, and connected by rail with all parts of the kingdom, it is destined to assume a proud position among the ports of the British empire. Of its history, before the arrival of the English, little is known. In 1192, the castle was built by Connor, king of Munster, and again in 1149. In the thirteenth century it was strengthened by walls and towers, and soon after the rival Limerick. In 1399 a charter was granted, and a mint established. It continued to flourish till about the close of the sixteenth century, when its trade appears to have died out. There are many points possessing peculiar attraction for the antiquarian, the historian, the politician, and the artist. Numberless old buildings to interest the first; historical associations to engage the attention of the second; monuments and passing scenes to see on the *quadrant*; the thinking powers of the third; and ever-changing views, at almost every street-end, to rivet the eye of the fourth. Among the few modern buildings, the most conspicuous is Queen's College, and is distinguished, among many other characteristics, by having, for its librarian the venerable James Hardiman, whose labours in familiarising the reading world with the archaeological glories of the noble old town that claims him as one of its worthiest citizens, have justly endeared him to his countrymen in particular, and to the republic of letters generally. Financially, however, not very much, what Galway evidently was. Looking out upon the Atlantic, from its harbour, a staple and still chief of the Spain, which supplied the wine the Irish lords loved, while Ireland was a principal market for warm climates and the West Indies; and a profitable trade was the consequence. Strength first offered security to merchants, and consequent wealth augmented the capacity to protect. High walls and strong gates forbade the approach of the "fiery O'Flahertys," whom the legends on their portals denounced; and the citizens, who delighted to trudge on their tails the rest of their being "real Englishmen," made a history and a passage for themselves. They often found it more expedient to buy the enemy off than fight them. Athlone, four or five miles distant, the

English capital of the province, though more bold, was less fortunate; and its remarkable ruins, some of which have already been noticed in these pages, tell the story of its misdeeds and its fall, as we have seen; while Galway still flourishes, a pleasant town, and a loyal mart of trade. The impress of Spain is still upon the place, for the houses and the customs are Spanish.

It is, I would say, as the headquarters of a continuing plot of terrorism for Conamara and the wild West, that Galway peculiarly offers itself to our notice here. The first district of the province we enter upon after leaving the town is that of Conamara, and still remarkable region known as the Martin property, to which Sir Robert Peel, some seven years ago, drew attention in the House of Commons, as presenting an admirable field for commencing the experiment of really improving Ireland through the dissemination of British capital and skill systematically applied; and in the period of that speech may be dated the commencement of the Irish improvements that have since gone on in a striking manner, nowhere more than here, principally within the walls of the Earl of Seely's estate, its proprietor, Earl Charles Fitzroy Campbell, having a portion of the land under his own management, called Barra, which he divided into small farms, and sold them on a tenancy, and to the promotion of the public good, he has published information papers delivered at the time, and containing in the end of the year it might be said, a complete account of the improvements to be made on the Barra estate, and of the progress of the County Galway, from the commencement of the improvements towards the brute and the people, and the progress of the improvements, who advised that the improvements should be made in the manner which he has described.

The improvements were made in the year 1840, and of Ballinacorney, the improvements were made in the year 1841, and of all the improvements, the improvements were made in the year 1842.

The improvements were made in the year 1843, and of the improvements, the improvements were made in the year 1844, and of the improvements, the improvements were made in the year 1845.

preaching of the Christian faith in Ireland. Here are the remains of an oratory and of a venerable church, and here is pointed out what is credibly asserted to be the tomb of the sister of St. Patrick, who followed him from Tours, where her uncle (the celebrated Martin) held all but regal sway, and where his real or supposed miracles caused him to be regarded in his archdiocese in the light of a prophet or apostle. The remote and isolated position of this little island, and also the absence of anything to reward the spoiler for his trouble, are the principal causes to be assigned for these antiquities being allowed to remain in such a state of preservation.

immediately in front of us as we enter. The view from the remains of the bell-tower is very fine, and as we ascend, all doubt is removed as to the place being used for defence as well as monastic seclusion. A fine view is obtained from the tower. Below us, to the left, lie the snug and pretty residence of Mr. Lambert, the town of Cong and its busy mills, the wide-expanding Corrib, and the mountains of Mayo, surrounding Lough Mask.

Another focus of much legendary interest is that depicted in the annexed little sketch of the castle situate in Lough Mask, beyond Ballinacree, in the County of Mayo. The Castle of Mask is placed



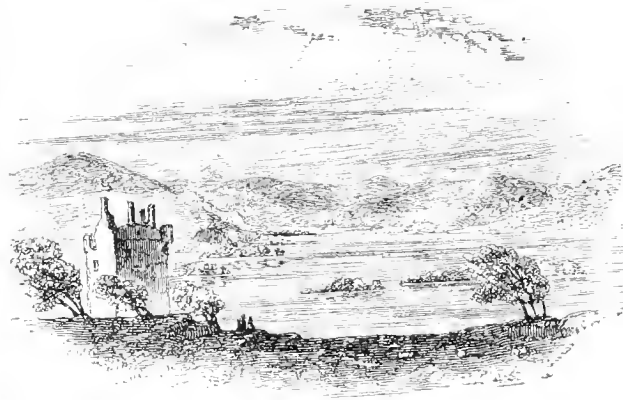
BALLINAHINCH LAKE AND CASTLE. LATE THE MARTIN PROPERTY.



CONG ABBEY, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



ROUNDTOWN, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.



LOUGH MASK AND CASTLE.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Scarcely inferior in archaeological interest, and still more interesting in a public sense, as being infinitely better known to the generality of travellers and readers, is the celebrated Abbey of Cong, one of the most beautiful ruins anywhere to be met with, the sepulchre of kings, and the centre of an infinite deal of Irish celebrity of all sorts—regal, priestly and popular. How the mind is wont to travel back, as we view its mouldering remains, to the time when the portly abbot and his attendants chanted the funeral service over a departed king! The ruined entrance to the abbey is truly beautiful, as are also the two doors or archways

on a bold and projecting promontory, and has the appearance of one of those castellated houses so common in Ireland in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the residences of the great ones of the land had to combine all the conveniences and comforts of a domestic abode with a fortress. These buildings belong to a period long subsequent to the old baronial castles, and furnish a striking illustration of the insecurity of life and property, as also the formidable character of the marauders of those times. Tradition is anything but a truth-teller if the Castle of Mask did not witness dark deeds.

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

THE result of the war in which General Wolfe perished, left a vast amount of debt as a heavy weight upon England. By disease and by the sword the American colonies had lost about thirty thousand men, and their debt amounted to four millions of money. England was burdened with a debt of £110,000,000, and found it necessary to keep a standing army in the colonies to preserve the conquests she had won. When the noise of the fight was over, when the last report of cannon had died away, when the dead lay asleep in their graves, and the maimed had returned to their homes, when England and America had time to look at what the glorious victory had cost them, they found it had been a very expensive business, and England—very near the eye of bankruptcy—looked for over the Atlantic waves, and called to her colonial settlers for help.

Now during the war the colonial settlers had been fighting bravely. They had showed that they could handle the musket as well as men in the old country; they had become accustomed to soldiering, had begun to have a sort of liking for the trade, and as men will sometimes question great facts of the age, and glorious manifestations of absolute authority, they began to ask how it was that the mother-country should assume so vast a superiority. Their country had been turned into a military college; they knew well enough the power they held in their own hands; they were acquainted with their own resources; and when Englishmen talked of the colonists as children planted by their care, nourished by their indulgence, and protected by their arms, they were apt to retort in the language of their advocate:—"They planted by your care! No, your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence! No, they grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! No, these sons of liberty have taken up arms in your defence." The colonists had begun to entertain such sentiments as these, and they were fast spreading. When the Americans came to the shores of the New World, they were the greater part of them republicans in feeling and in principle; the divinity that hedged a king had no sacredness in their eyes. They had indeed submitted to the rule of home, just as a son might submit to parental authority, but asserts at last the independence of manhood. This was their grand point. In early days they had been coerced and bound, but the simple growth of the giant's limbs was fast bursting the bonds, and every movement but more thoroughly proved their strength and ability.

In England it was felt that the colonies were dependent on the mother-country, and owed her implicit obedience. America was to be regulated in her laws, taxed in her commodities, restricted in her trade by a British parliament. The Navigation Act declared that, for the benefit of English shipping, no merchandise from the English colonies should be imported into England excepting by English vessels; and for the benefit of English manufacturers prohibited exportation from the colonies, and did not allow articles of domestic manufacture to be carried from one colony to another. It was rendered illegal to fell pitch or pine trees unless in enclosed lands; to erect iron works or to prepare steel; to make hats, where beavers abounded; to have more than two apprentices at one time; while sugar, rum, and molasses were subjected to exorbitant duties. In order fully to carry out these restrictions, diligent search was made, and "writs of assistance," as they were called, were issued to the Custom-house officer to examine the premises of suspected persons, for it was well enough known that the law was in very many cases evaded.

In 1764 Lord Granville proposed a new tax, by way of raising a revenue from his majesty's dominions in America. This was the Stamp Act. All pamphlets, almanacks, newspapers, bonds, notes, leases, policies of insurance, and all other legal papers, were compelled to be drawn on stamped paper, to be purchased only from the king's officers appointed for that purpose. The bill was not to be enforced for one year, in order that the feelings of the American colonists might be ascertained upon the subject; the British parliament, however, giving to the plan its entire approbation.

The colonies received the news very ungraciously, nay, with strong indignation. "If we are not represented," they said, "we

are slaves." It was no use attempting to prove to them by cunningly-devised pamphlets that obedience was their first duty, and submission their grandest privilege. They stoutly denied the right of parliament to enforce taxation, they spoke out boldly; but King George, described by Charles Townshend as "a very obstinate young man," refused to listen to any appeal; the Stamp Act triumphantly passed both Commons and Lords, and Benjamin Franklin wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, saying:—"The sun of liberty is set; you must light up the candles of industry and economy;"—to which he received this most characteristic reply:—"We shall light up torches of another kind!" But against such torches King George and his ministers supposed they had provided, when they made a new clause in the mutiny act, authorising the sending of any number of troops into the colonies, to be provided by the colonies with "quarters, firewood, bedding, drink, soap, and candles."

Cadwallader Colden, a venerable man, eighty years of age, was then governor of New York, and his councillors were men of the highest character in the province. He was a liberal-minded man; but duty to his sovereign compelled him to discontinue the proceedings of the people, and his name appears in the records as the enemy of civil freedom. The "Sons of Liberty" were organised at this time throughout the colonies, and gave Colden a great deal of trouble. The newspapers spoke out in a quiet, manly strain; but as the fatal first of November approached, the day on which the Stamp Act was to come into force, both press and people became more defiant. On the 31st of October, a general meeting of the citizens was held, when two hundred merchants appended their names to resolutions condemnatory of the act; and a committee was appointed to compel James M'Evors, the appointed stamp distributor, to resign his commission. This meeting was held at the King's Arms, now No. 9, Broadway.

The stamps which had arrived on the 23rd of October had been placed for safety in Fort George, which had been strengthened and fortified against an expected attack. The guns of the fort were levelled upon the town, vessels of war prepared for action rode in the harbour, the city presented the appearance of being under siege; but, notwithstanding every preparation, the people assembled in vast multitudes, and armed with all kinds of weapons, and carrying upon poles the obnoxious act, with the inscription, "England's Folly and America's Ruin." They settled down before Fort St. George, and demanded the stamps; this demand was refused, and they then proceeded to acts of open violence. The whole city was stirred. Bearing an effigy of the governor, Colden, the rioters paraded the streets, uttering shouts of defiance. The effigy had a drum upon its back and a label on its breast, and in one hand a stamped paper—the drum was in allusion to the fact that Colden had been a drummer in the army of the Scotch Pretender—a figure of the devil being, by his side, with a book in its hand, to indicate the hatred the people felt towards the Earl of Bute. Bearing these effigies before them, the people marched to "the Fobbs," and there made merry by hanging the governor's representative; they then returned to the city, broke into the governor's house, made a bonfire of his coach, destroyed his library, furniture, garden—everything. The excitement became so great, that the authorities at length gave up the stamps to the mayor and corporation, which for the time satisfied the people. Shortly after, some stamps which were brought in a bag were disposed of in a far more summary way. Ten boxes were taken to the shipyard and burnt in a tar-barrel. Flags were hoisted half-mast high; bells were muffled and rung a funeral peal; the stamp act, with a death's head affixed, was carried through the streets; day after day the greatest excitement prevailed, not in New York alone, but all over the colonies. Public meetings were held under the shadow of "Liberty Tree." Liberty trees sprang up with marvellous rapidity; inflammatory speeches were made; inflammatory sermons preached; the front of the Stamp Act were hung in effigy; houses were burnt; pris-

* There were then but three newspapers in New York; the *New York Mercury*, the *New York Weekly Gazette*, and the *New York Post*.

party destroyed; the King of England was styled a tyrant; the fervour of patriotism was excited by every possible means; and in hot debate Patrick Henry declared, that while "Cæsar had his

ment prevailed, and party-split ran high. Dr. Franklin was accused of favouring the British government; he was lampooned in caricatures and placards, while his house was menaced with attack.



THE STAMP ACT BOB IN AMERICA.



THE "BOSTON BOY" THROWING TEA INTO THE HARBOUR.

Brutus, and Charles I. his Cromwell, George III. might profit by their example!"

In Philadelphia, and other commercial towns, the same excite-

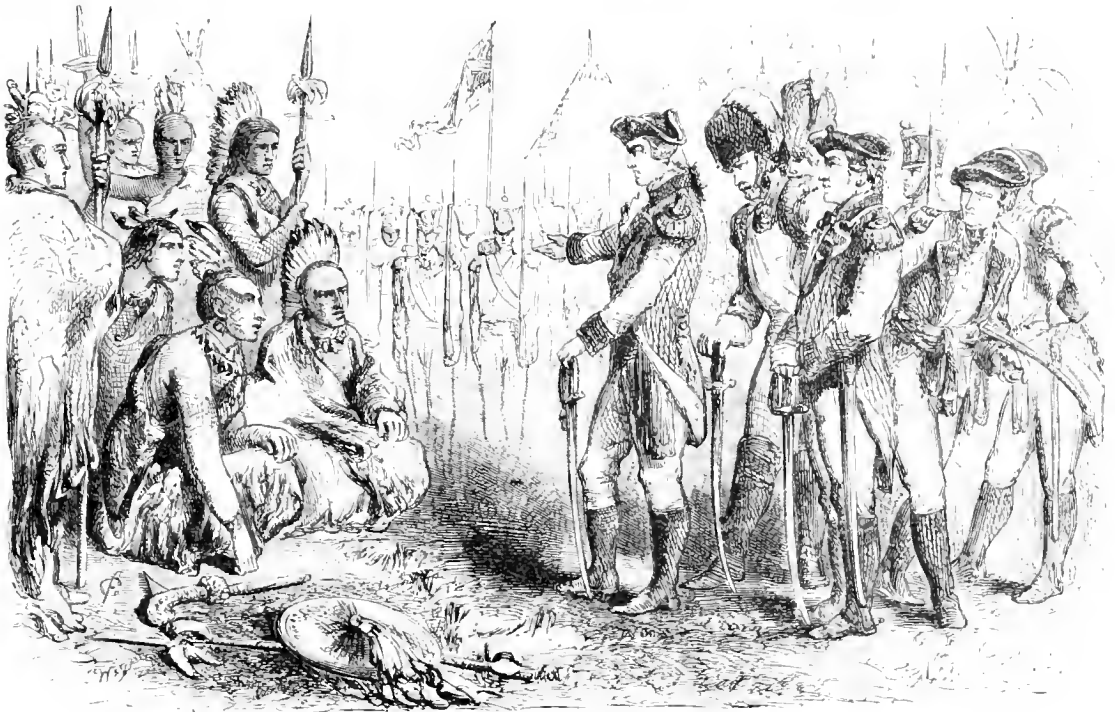
In one of these caricatures he was represented with Satan whispering in his ear, and saying, "Thou shalt be agent, Ben, for all my realm;" and in another he was described thus:

"All his designs concentre in himself,
For building castles and amassing pelf,
The *Public* 'tis his wit to sell for gain,
Whom private property did ne'er maintain."

The injustice of all this was evident enough.

scriptions as "The times are dreadful, doleful, dismal, dolorous, and dolorous!" "Alien to the Liberty of the Press!" "We expire in hope of a resurrection to life again," and so on.

Business ceased. Law courts were shut up. Marriages could



GENERAL BURGOPYNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.



GENERAL WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW-YORK.

The leading Philadelphia paper on the day previous to that on which the law was to be enforced appeared ornamented with skulls and cross-bones, spades and mattocks, surrounded by such in-

not take place. The affairs of the dead could not be settled. It seemed as if the old days of interdicts had come back, and that the colonies were under some ecclesiastical ban. The news reached

England of what had occurred. Some were for withdrawing the obnoxious act; some for enforcing it at the point of the bayonet. Pitt pleaded for the colonies. Lord Camden advocated their cause with great eloquence. "My position," said he, "is this—taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on an eternal law of nature, for whatever is a man's own, is absolutely his own; no man has a right to take it from him without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury; whoever does it, commits a robbery!"

So the Stamp Act was repealed, and the news was received in America with the utmost joy, gratitude and loyalty.

But the good news of repeal was very rapidly followed by the bad news of new taxation. The general burst of loyalty and gratitude was quickly followed by discontent and murmuring. A bill had been brought into the British House for taxing all tea, glass, paper, &c., imported to the colonies. This bill passed both Houses of Legislature. To add to the dissatisfaction of the colonies, a standing army was formed, to be maintained by them, and permanent salaries given to those in authority, thus rendering them independent of the colonial assemblies. These acts, passed in such rapid succession, left no doubt as to the line of policy about to be pursued, and the Americans became indignant and excited. Again the papers, in some cases the pulpits, rang with invectives against the proceedings of the English senate; liberty trees again sprung up plentifully; meetings were held, and declamatory speeches made; the marching of a body of troops into New York with bands playing and colours flying, during divine service on a Sabbath morning—was not calculated to modify the popular resentment; and so, step by step, the colonies and the mother-country were more and more estranged.

On the very day which saw the first blood shed in the struggle—the day of the Boston Massacre—Lord North, then at the head of the British administration, brought in a bill for removing all objectionable imposts except one. That one was the tax on tea. But all conciliatory measures were now out of the question, the matter had proceeded too far, and nothing but a complete exemption from taxes imposed by the British would receive attention from the colonies. They had resolved to deny British control, to cripple British trade; and to effect this, there was a non-consumption of all British importations. The struggle for independence had begun in earnest.

The British ministry then permitted the East India Company to export tea to the American colonies free from English duties, and liable only to a duty of threepence per pound, to be paid by the colonists. So great quantities of tea were shipped off for America. The colonists resolved that it should never be allowed to land.

The people of Providence were among the first to express their disapprobation of this forced importation. On one occasion, the town-crier went through the streets proclaiming that at ten o'clock that night, a bonfire of tea would be made in the market-square, requesting all those who possessed any of the objectionable article to bring it on that occasion to add fuel to the flames. At the appointed time there was a glowing fire in the market, and the "nest of rebels," as the people of Providence were afterwards called, made merry at the burning. Whoever the obnoxious tea was brought, the people resisted its landing as an outrage upon liberty. Sometimes under guard of British firelocks it was brought on shore, and stowed away in warehouse cellars, sometimes in strong forts and other secure places; but it was sure to be discovered, and whenever this was the case there was a redness in the sky, and a obnoxious bonfire in the street or market. At Philadelphia, the pilot were ordered not to conduct their ship into the river, and with their cargoes they returned to England. At New York the tea was landed under a strong military guard, but its sale was prohibited. At Charlestown, also, it was landed, but the sale prohibited, and so it rotted in dump cellars and was destroyed. But at Boston, the greatest and most serious disturbance took place. There the tea being confined to the governor and his friends, it was feared that some extraordinary measures would be adopted for its landing and in order the people thereof resolved upon a most extraordinary remedy. It was on the 16th of December, 1773, that a very large meeting, the largest perhaps that was ever held in Boston, met in the Old South Meeting; there it was unanimously

resolved that the tea should not be landed. The meeting was greatly excited, and as twilight approached a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person disguised like a Mohawk Indian raised the war-whoop, which was answered from without, and a cry was raised in the gallery, "Bo—on Harbour a teapot to—night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" The vessels lay in the Boston Harbour upon that calm, still night, and they were suddenly boarded by a large number of "Boston Boys," disguised as Mohawk Indians, and after a short, sharp, vigorous struggle, the tea was seized upon, the chests stowed, and their contents thrown into the sea. Two hundred and thirty-two chests of tea were thus broken and destroyed.

This determined act hastened the catastrophe. When the news reached England, it was resolved "to make such provisions as should secure the just dependence of the colonies, and due obedience to the laws throughout the British dominions." Boston was a doomed city. It was ordered to pay for the whole of the tea destroyed, all commercial intercourse with the port of Boston was interdicted, the landing or shipping of any goods at that place prohibited, while the custom-house and its dependencies were removed to Salem. But the people of Salem were not disposed to be the rivals in trade or commerce of their Boston brethren; all the colonies sympathised; there was a general movement; dissatisfaction, discontent, long-pent-up anger, patriotism, liberty, all united to make them rise as one man. The storm which at the first was but as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, came at last in all its terrible fury; and in that storm the good ship Columbia parted company with her English convoy, and hoisted strange colours.

Among those who stood out prominently in the efforts of the "Britishers" to subvert the spirit of liberty in the American people, who were both surprised and mortified by the successful resistance of the colonists, stands General Burgoyne. Within the narrow limits of this article it would be impossible even briefly to glance at the tremendous struggle in which the Old and New Countries were engaged, and in which Burgoyne made himself so conspicuous. One incident in his disastrous campaign is represented in our third sketch, namely, his address to the Indians, Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Onondagas and Mohawks. The unsuccessful issue of that address, seeing it was delivered in what was to them an unknown tongue, may be easily guessed. They deserted him in great numbers, and went over to the side of the Republicans.

A few more words about Boston. As the war went on, the city was occupied by the British troops, and Howe felt almost as secure as if he were on the shores of Old England. They had no fear of the "rebels;" they had obtained a plentiful supply of provisions, and the winter was tolerably mild; a theatre had been established, balls were held, and a subscription was opened for a masquerade. They had got up a farce called "Boston Blockaded," in which General Washington was represented with an un-oath-gut, a large wig, a long rusty sword, and attended by a servant—a country bumpkin—with a rusty firelock. On the 8th of January, 1776, while this piece was performing, a sergeant suddenly entered and exclaimed—"The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker's Hill!" The audience thought it part of the play, and laughed innocently, but they were soon undeceived by the voice of the fiery Howe, shouting "Officers, to your arms—posts!" The Yankees had in truth begun the attack, and the sock and tuckin, the domino and the dancing slippers, had to be put off for the habiliments of war. Everybody knows the result of the attack on Boston—how, after a hard siege, it fell, and the "rebel" army marched into their beautiful city, the metropolis of New England, to find it a city of desolation. Our last sketch represents the entry of Washington into New York after the final cessation of the war. He entered the city by the Bowery, the only road at that time, accompanied by his friends and the citizens, mostly on horseback. The British troops ere they had departed had "knocked off the cleats and slashed the flag-staff," so as to prevent the American colours from being hoisted, but after an hour's hard work in which a sailor boy, with true indomitable yankee courage, particularly distinguished himself, the standard of the States was displayed, and a salute of thirteen rounds was immediately given. Thus America asserted her final triumph.

OTTERS.

In a previous article we described the structure and habits of the seals, carnivorous mammalia in which every part of the body has been modified to suit them for a strictly aquatic life, and which appear scarcely capable of enjoying their existence in any other situation. The otters seem to form a sort of intermediate stage between these and the terrestrial carnivora, their truly quadruped structure fitting them for passing a good deal of their time upon land without inconvenience, whilst their webbed feet and the general form of their bodies enable them to swim with great facility in search of their food, which consists entirely of fish.

This great adaptation for an aquatic life, coupled no doubt with the peculiar, and we should think not very agreeable, flavour communicated to their flesh by fish diet, gave rise in former days, when zoological information was not quite so generally diffused as at present, to considerable disputes as to whether the otter was a fish or a quadruped; and our old friend Sir John Falstaff, in one of his complimentary speeches to Mrs. Quickly, compares that exemplary old lady to the otter, for, says the fat knight, "she's neither fish nor

has left us, in his charming pages, a most picturesque description of a chase, at which, we may suppose, he was present. Even in the present day some people keep dogs specially trained to this sport, of which Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," gives the following animating account. "When the otter is found," says that author, "the scene becomes exceedingly animated. He instantly takes to the water and dives, running a long time underneath it, and rising at a considerable distance from the place at which he dived. Then the anxious watch that is kept for his rising to 'vent,' the steady purpose with which the dogs follow and bait him as he swims, the attempts of the cunning beast to drown his assailant whilst they have fastened on him, the baying of the hounds, the cries of the hunters, and the fierce and dogged resolution with which the poor hopeless quarry holds his pursuers at bay, inflicting severe, sometimes fatal wounds, and holding on with unflinching pertinacity even to the last, must altogether form a scene as animated and exciting as the veriest epicure in hunting could desire."

THE COMMON OTTER (*LUTRA VULGARIS*).

flesh." We need not refer to the worthy hostess's indignant repudiation of the libel; but the fat knight's comparison shows that in Shakspeare's day the belief in the doubtful nature of the otter was tolerably general. The dispute, however, was of a religious rather than of a scientific nature, and related to the important question, whether or no the otter might be eaten by devout Catholics during Lent. The sages of the church appear to have settled this point in a manner somewhat at variance with modern zoological views, for we find that its flesh was eaten during that period of fasting.

The flesh of the otter does not appear to have been a very favourable article of food at any time, and its destruction was principally regarded as a sport, although sometimes prompted no doubt by the desire of freeing a piece of water from an inhabitant whose existence entailed a considerable loss of fish. As a sport, however, the pursuit of the otter appears to be of a most exciting description. Old Izaak Walton, who did not regard hunting in general as by any means comparable to his favourite diversion, yet seems to have looked upon an otter-hunt with a particularly favourable eye, and

Although a fierce beast in a state of nature, the otter, when taken young, may be easily domesticated, and when thoroughly tamed is said to be almost as good-tempered as a dog. Occasionally the natural propensity of the animal for fishing has been turned to good account, by its being taught to bring the fish which it catches to its owner. Bewick mentions one which brought sometimes as many as eight or ten salmon a day to its master. This use of the otter is, however, very rare in Europe, and seems to be rather a matter of curiosity than anything else; but in some other places, these animals appear to be important aids to the fishermen in the pursuit of their vocation. Thus Bishop Heber, in his "Journal," mentions his passing, on the banks of one of the Indian rivers, a row of nine or ten otters of the Indian species (*Lutra nairi*), tethered by straw ropes to bamboo stakes, and apparently by no means dispirited by their loss of freedom. "I was told," says the bishop, "that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth."

The training of these animals for the latter purpose appears to be attended with some little difficulty. The young animals are to be carefully dieted at first with a mixture of fish and bread and milk, the former being gradually diminished, and the latter increased in quantity, until they are brought to live entirely upon bread and milk. They are then taught to fetch and carry like a dog; and when this lesson is learnt, and they have been accustomed, by carrying a stuffed leather fish, to deny themselves the gratification of their instinctive desires, a dead fish is substituted for the eel, and the otters are severely punished if they attempt to help themselves to a portion of the tempting morsel; their education is then completed, and they may be taken to the water in search of living fish.

Our common otter (*Lutra vulgaris*), which generally inhabits fresh water, often makes its way, especially in winter, to the sea coasts, where it usually grows to a larger size, and its fur requires a deeper colour. This fur, which is soft and much valued, is formed of long hairs of a fine brown colour, beneath which is a very fine light grey down. The Russians carry on a great trade in these skins with China; they are said to possess some means of giving a golden tint to the longer hairs, by which their value in the Chinese market is greatly increased. But the fur of the common otter yields vastly in importance and commercial value to that of the great sea otter (*Entellia lutea*), which inhabits the western coasts of North America, and the opposite shores of the Asiatic continent and islands. This animal weighs from seventy to eighty pounds, whilst the weight of a large specimen of the common European species scarcely exceeds twenty pounds. The hind feet of this animal are more distinctly palmated than those of the common otter, and it swims with great celerity in every position—on its back and sides, and sometimes almost upright in the water. The principal trade in the skins of these animals is in the hands of the Russians, who obtain them in vast quantities from the Kamtschadales, and sell them at enormous prices in the Chinese markets.

The common otter (p. 249) usually brings forth four or five young at a birth; these the mother tends with the greatest care and assiduity, guiding them early into the water, and teaching them how to avoid danger by diving and hiding themselves amongst the reeds and bushes which fringe the banks of their native stream. An interesting instance of the care of the female otter for her progeny was exhibited some years since in the gardens of the Zoological Society. A female in the Society's collection had two young ones, which had already begun to eat fish and accompany their parent into the water. One day, according to the account of Jane Hunt, the head keeper, when their pond had been emptied for the purpose of cleaning it, and was only about half-full of water, the whole family got out of their sleeping-places and plunged in. The distance from the surface of the water to the edge of the bank was too great for the young animals to get out without assistance, and "after they had been in the water for some minutes, the mother appeared very anxious to get them out, and made several attempts to reach them from the side of the pond where she was standing; but this she was not able to do, as they were not within her reach. After making several attempts in this manner without success, she plunged into the water to them, and began to play with one of them for a short time, and put her head close to its ears, as if she was making it understand what she meant; the next moment she made a spring out of the pond, with the young one holding on by the turn at the root of the tail with its teeth. Having safely landed it, she got the other out in the same manner; this she did several times during a quarter of an hour," the young ones, with the characteristic indelicacy of youth, persisting in plaguing their affectionate parent by plunging in as soon as she had got them out. When the pond was nearly filled with water, so that she could reach them with ease, she took a more unceremonious course with the unruly youngsters, laying hold of their ears with her teeth, and dragging them out by force. When they were out, according to the keeper's account, "she kept chattering to them, as if she was telling them not to go into the pond again."

All the otters are exceedingly fond of play, and their movements, when thus engaged, especially in the water, are often very graceful. The Canadian otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) has a very peculiar way of

amusing itself during the long winters of that northern latitude. It enjoys what no doubt many of our younger readers are already looking forward to with delight, a regularly lively game at sliding. There is this difference, however, between the "otter slides" and those which would be preferred by our young friends: the former always terminate with a plunge into the water, a consummation which biped sliders generally endeavour to avoid. M. Gosse, who saw several otter slides when travelling in Newfoundland in the winter, tells us that several of these animals select a suitable place, where the steep, snow-covered bank slopes rapidly down to the edge of unfrozen water; "then each in succession, lying flat on his belly on the top of the bank, slides swiftly down over the snow, and plunges into the water. The others follow, while he crawls up the bank at some distance, and running round to the same place, takes his turn again, to perform the same evolution as before. The wetness running from their bodies freezes on the surface of the slide, and so the snow becomes a smooth glitter of ice." The otters keep at this amusement for hours, with all the perseverance and apparent enjoyment of a party of human sliders, and seem thoroughly to appreciate the advantage of what we believe is technically denominated "keepin' the pot a-bilin'."

SELF-DENIAL.

CONCLUSION.

An unexpected blow now damped all our joys. The ——— paper, upon which I almost depended, suddenly ceased to appear. It had not been doing very well, and the proprietor merged it into another, which had its full staff already. It was just after breakfast when the letter came. This was one of those accidents against which I really ought to have been prepared, but I was not. It prostrated me for the moment. My wife quietly asked me to come out for a walk, it would do me good.

It was almost the dusk of evening when we reached home. I lit a candle the first thing, and raised it to show my wife the way. I nearly dropped it as I snatched up a letter of the table.

When Edith entered the room she really must have thought me mad. I acted like a lunatic, for without any explanation I began singing and laughing in a most suspicious manner.

"Edward, dear, what is the matter?" asked Edith, looking at me, and in a way almost comic.

"Hurra! sold my book!" I replied, still running round.

"Oh, Edward, how thankful we ought to be," began the dear little woman.

"Yes!" said I, gravely. "I am very thankful. But the surprise was so great. They say the book is very well spoken of, but considering it is only my first appearance, and my name is not known, they can only afford £25 for the little volume at present, for which *sun they* *schob* *me a clove*, which I am to acknowledge by return of post."

Just as we sat down to tea Charles came in. I was eating with an appetite of an alarming character. Edith was singing with all her heart and soul. He had never seen us look happier, and yet he looked at me in a curious inquiring way. He evidently thought I was under the influence of intoxication.

"Glad to see you, Charles," I said, "I have sold my book."

"This is indeed pleasant and fortunate," he said, "I am delighted at your success. But have you the money?" he asked; his hand mechanically moving to his pocket.

"Because the fact is, you have come up with some," I replied, smiling. "Well, this time, Charles, we cannot accept," and I handed him the letter and the cheque.

One morning—it was about three months after the sale of my book, which had been published about a month—we issued from our humble abode on our way to town. Edith and I walked arm-in-arm, while the girl carried the child to the omnibus for us. We were going to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Charles. It was early, as we had to dine at two—an hour that did not suit my working habits, but which did very well on a holiday.

We had reached to about twenty yards from our door, when Edith started and looked up in my face.

"What is the matter, Edward?" she said. "How you do tremble!"

There was a bench close at hand; I sank upon it almost insensibly.

"Yes," I faltered; "I feel rather dizzy."

"Don't be alarmed," I continued eagerly; "it is nothing; Charles will explain."

Edith turned sharply round, and saw Charles standing close to us, while behind came a lady and gentleman of some what imposing mien, for he was very tall. She herself trembled violently, for she began to suspect something of the truth.

"It is his father and mother," whispered Charles quickly. "He was much agitated himself. "It is all right."

I at this moment saw the girl, with the child in her arms, stepped by my mother. "I heard her speak distinctly."

"Is this Mr. Mildmay's boy?" she said earnestly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the awed little nurse.

My mother took it in her arms. "I grant to my fact, and advanced towards my father. He held out his two hands; it was quite evident he did not know what was afoot.

"Why, what a man you have grown!" he remarked, wishing to say something. "I've read your book, boy, and have come to tell you it's a great credit to you."

"You are too kind, my father. I have not deserved this."

"Edward, my boy, let us say nothing about the past just now; we've both been to blame. So this is your wife and child. Up in my word—and my dear father laughed heartily. "Well, this does seem strange, Mary. He was but a boy the other day, and here we find him a husband, a father, and *an author!*"

I do believe it was this last circumstance that most delighted him. My father had a profound respect for literature, and my book was an historical sketch for students of early English history. The subject was a favourite one with him.

"Where were you going," suddenly asked my father, while my mother and Edith were conversing apart, of course about the child.

"I was going to dine with Edith's father and mother," I replied, rather hesitatingly.

"Come along," said my father; "we have a carriage round the corner. I long to see the parents of your wife. Your friend Charles there," he added in a whisper, "has told me all her virtues."

"Charles is a noble fellow," I began; "but—"

I knew I was about to make some excuse, when Charles interrupted me.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Mildmay," he said, addressing my mother, "if I interrupt you; but you have something yet to learn, as have these young people."

"What is it?" asked my father, gravely. He did not much like surprises.

"My dear sir," said Charles gently, as if well aware of the gravity of his question. "Your wife had a brother—"

"Charles Farnham?" exclaimed my father in an agitated tone.

"Yes."

"Well, what of him?" continued my father, while my mother held the child as if determined nothing that occurred should sever her from it.

"Your son has a right to be called a gentleman," said Charles, gravely. "I know it at present, but he didn't."

"My niece and daughter!" said my father, while my wife held the child. "This is, indeed, a surprise. But let us go; the matter is not so serious. Poor Captain! I have some splendid news for him."

"I think I'll go," said my father in a low tone, "that they are poor, and let Edith rest."

"I understand," said my father; "you will be prepared to dine with me at your hotel. Bring them with you."

Charles thanked my father; and after shaking hands by the hand, hurried away. We walked quietly to the carriage.

My father then told me of my mother's brother. He had not succeeded in the army, and had, in deed, left it rather suddenly and disappeared. He had been to blame himself; but the system, said my worthy parent, was also to blame. It had been the experience of his brother-in-law that had decided him to re-try again in the army.

For several years, however, he had sought the captain, who, I now first learnt, had really no half-pay, but a small annuity. He had sought him in vain. The agent who paid the money refused his address. His friend once did the rest.

"You must feel, my dear boy," said my father, "how this has pained me, when I tell you that your father in law is heir to three hundred acres, like your mother. Why, there are three thousand pounds of accumulation. I am the trustee; and the money he can have this very day."

How my wife brightened up, how she smiled and felt happy! To relieve her father and mother from the drudgery of a London house had been her dream a long time. How brilliantly was the dream realised. Edith, like my self, felt satisfied that we could now manage the captain, and so secure the future, which her misery and outward temptation had drawn him into. A look from her told me this.

We arrived at the hotel and waiting. My mother and wife retired to a bedroom to talk. I was left alone with my father. I confess I felt a degree of nervousness, but I never had experienced in my life.

"Now, my dear boy," said my father, "I have one favour to ask of you. You are a man now, a friend more than a child. Let this case of our partner be ever mentioned."

"My dear sir," I began, "I could not go on so much as I allowed."

But I gave me no time to show much emotion, for he began speaking of my book, which he pulled out of his pocket. With all his good sense and erudition, I verily do believe that he thought it one of the cleverest things in the English language. Love and affection really are, to a certain degree, blind. There were one or two, indeed many passages, which were almost unconscious reflections of lessons he had given me in my youth. He would take these as personal compliments to himself. He had read the book with extreme care, and marked passages after passage. *Veritas quod veritas vincit*, were to be seen on almost every page.

The scholar and the student had been moved from every thought of anger by his son's book.

Presently the captain and his wife came in. They were much amused. My father received them admirably, though he would even to them show his pride about his son. Then he told them of their unexpected good fortune. Mrs. Farnham merely turned pale and red; but the captain would have fainted but for a glass of water. It carried him back to the days of his youth, when he was a gentleman.

Edith came in at this moment, and at once drew her father on one side. I heard the good soul's words.

"Now, father, you will come and live in the country with us," she began.

"I will, my dear," he replied in a low tone; "and, my blessed girl, I know what that look means—I will be a gentleman, a gentleman, I will be a gentleman, Edith."

Next day I found that the three thousand two hundred pounds of accumulated money was settled on Edith. Her father had insisted on this. A few days later we all moved to the country. Captain and Mrs. Farnham took up their abode near my father's house, and he devoted his leisure to writing. I did not care to disturb my presence, which I readily obeyed, and I still preserve, though no longer drawn to work for immediate benefit.

I saw nothing new or wonderful in the marriage of Charles, Edith, my sister Helen, and the settling up of business of Jack, Prudence, and I went out to London, and to the other letter of them, my dear father, that all my dear friends will have read from your very brilliant servant. THE AUTHOR.

CROCHET TOILET PINCUSHION COVER.

Materials: Bead-stitch, Pattern, Pincushion-cover, Crochet Thread, No. 11 and 12, and White, Purple, Crochet Hook, No. 1 and 2.

With the No. 1 Hook, make 14 Crochet Threads, and 12 No. 2 of the same and 12

1st round: 12 Double Crochet.

2nd : Work 7 treble in the first 7 loops, chain 2, miss 1, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd : Work 5 treble at the top in the centre of the 7 treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chains of last round, chain 5 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

5th : Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 6, work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 6 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 2 treble of last round, chain 7, work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of

then work 1 treble and chain 3 for 4 times in the one 3 chain of last round, repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off, which completes one round ; work the number required, then work the following

INSERTION FOR THE INSIDE ROUND.

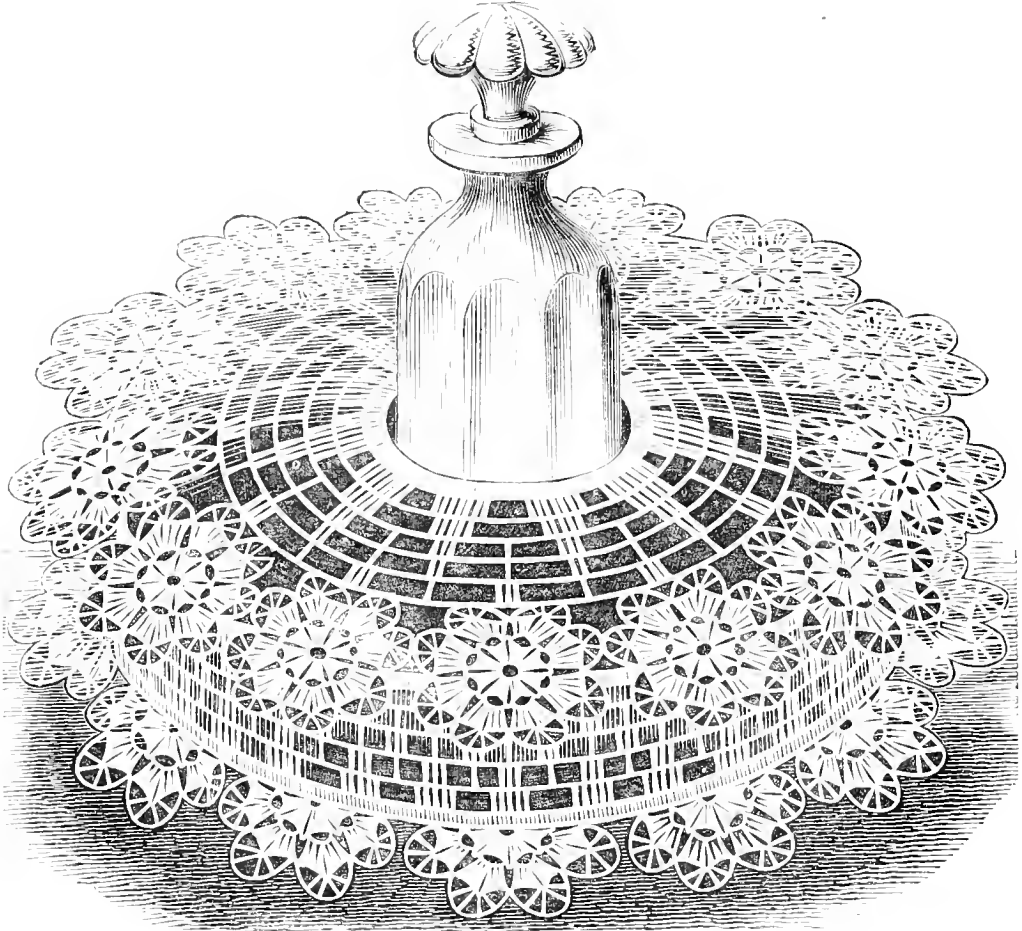
With the 14-Cotton make a chain of 104 loops, join it to form the round.

1st round : Double.

2nd : Work 5 treble, chain 3, miss 3, and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round ; fasten off.

3rd : Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round,




CROCHET TOILET PIN-CUSHION COVER.

last round, chain 7 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off, then work 13 of the following rounds or flowers, and join them in the centre of the 3 treble, as shown in the illustration.

FOR THE FLOWER.

Crochet Thread, No. 30 ; Hook, No. 5.

Make a round loop the size of this , then work 3 treble, and chain 3 for 8 times in the round loop, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

2nd round : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3 and repeat round.

3rd : Work 3 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Plain 1 in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, chain 3,

chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off.

5th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 5 treble in the centre, at the top of the 3 treble of last round, chain 3 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

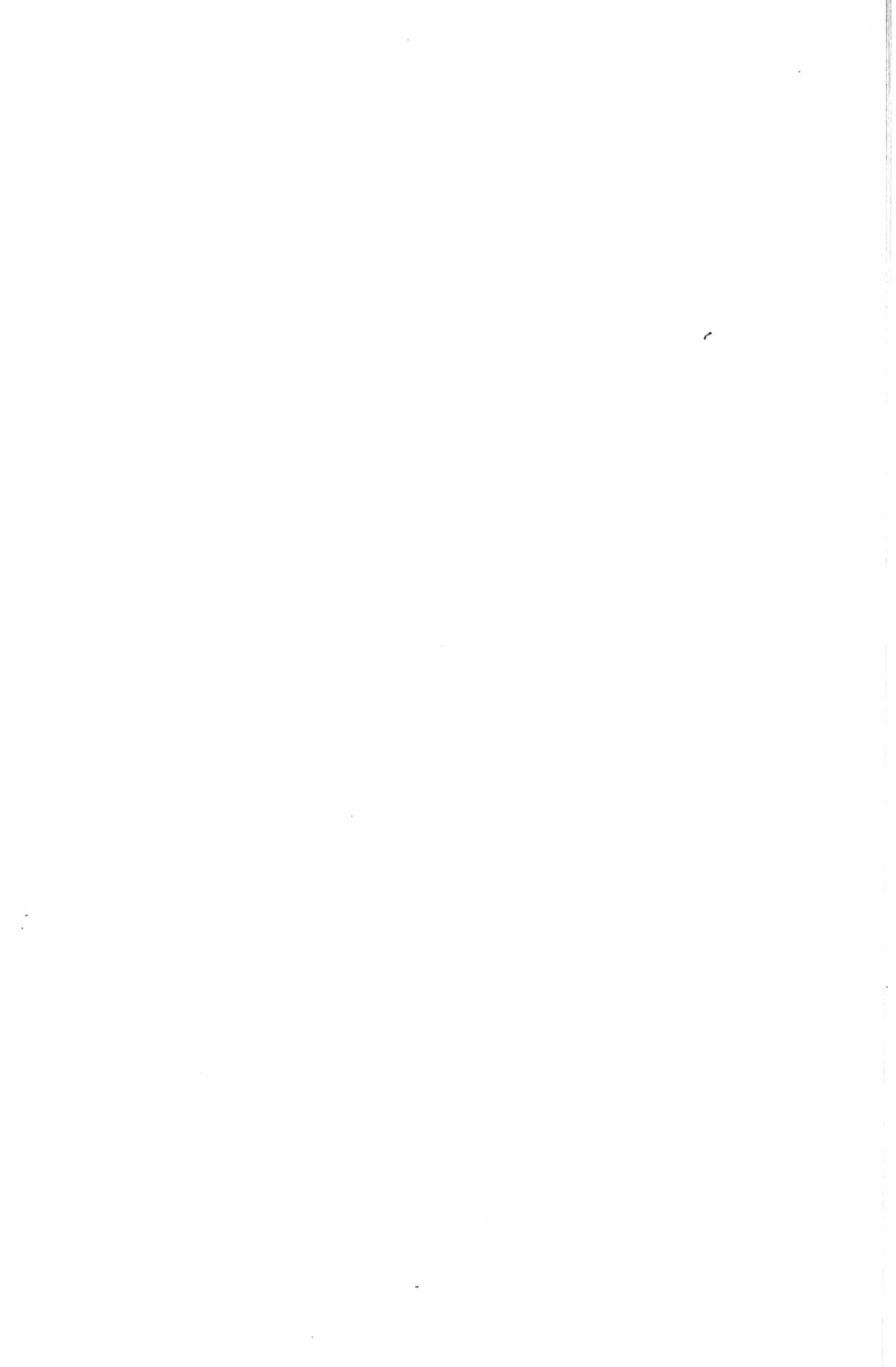
7th : Double crochet, which completes the insertion for the well. You then make a chain of 322 loops for the outer round of the cushion, which is worked exactly the same as this, and after making the top and bottom both alike, make the cushion and cover it with crimson silk, or satin, or any other colour you may prefer, then put the crochet work over it, letting the rounds hang half over to form the edge, which will complete the cushion.

THE
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AND
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THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

JAN STEEN.



Houbraken, who was for a short time the contemporary of Jan Steen, has represented this artist to us as a free drinker,



tion of a confirmed drunkard and buffoon. All those who have spoken of Jan Steen, since Houbraken, have, in imitation of his biographer, repeated the jokes of the celebrated painter, so that they have become proverbial, especially in Holland. But, for want of having carefully studied his works, and in consequence of the practice, common to almost all book-makers, of copying one from the other, without making any sort of independent inquiry or research, the biographers have given us a false idea of the Dutch painter, in describing him as a man who was capable of nothing better than drinking and jesting. His private affairs, rather than his art, appear to have engaged their attention—they concerned themselves too much with what took place in his household, and did not rightly comprehend what passed in his mind.

It is, doubtless, quite true that Jan Steen lived at the ale-house, and ended by turning his own dwelling into a tavern. This view of his life should not, however, prevent us from desecrating his real merits, or from allowing, that though a free-liver, he was also a philosopher, a profound and acute observer, and able to raise himself without effort to the conception of beauty. Possessed of much comic power, he was skilful in portraying diversities of character, and in reproving the follies of mankind,—not with bitterness, but gaily, as it becomes a man who laughs both at the great and petty miseries of life.

Among the numerous biographical works of Arnold Houbraken—which are for the most part without interest, detail, or colour,—that of the life of Jan Steen is remarkable. One

and relates of him such numerous excesses and ludicrous traits of character as to have given him in history the reputation of a drunkard and buffoon.

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feels that this writer, although younger than Jan Steen by twenty-four years, knew the man of whom he speaks, and derived the elements of his biography from a good source. He informs us that Jan Steen was born in 1636 at Leyden, in Holland, and that he was the contemporary and friend of Mieris. His master was Jan Van Goyen, under whose instruction he made great progress. Whilst he excited the admiration of this painter by the rapidity with which his talents developed themselves, he insinuated himself into his good graces, and eventually Van Goyen became so partial to him, that he granted him entire liberty in his house, and allowed him to live there on terms of the greatest intimacy. Van Goyen had a daughter, named Margaret, an indolent and simple, but very pretty girl, who, from being much amused by the continual jokes of Jan Steen, came at last to be far from indifferent to him. The affection of the youthful painter for the damsel being thus reciprocated, they agreed to marry, if the consent of their parents could be obtained. It naturally became the lover's task to communicate with the father of the young lady; and an opportunity was sought to accomplish this object. When he had finished his work in the *atelier*, he was accustomed to go in the evening to drink beer with Van Goyen. One day, finding the old man in a tolerably good humour, Jan Steen gently accosted him, although not without some hesitation. "I have," said he, "some news to tell you which will surprise you as much as if you were to hear the thunder rumble at Cologne. Your daughter and I, since it must be told, have an affection for each other; and, if you do not consider me unworthy, I shall be much honoured in becoming your son-in-law." Van Goyen, though rather surprised at this speech, for he had never thought of such a thing as his daughter's "falling in love," comprehended at once the force of Steen's argument, and that his resistance would only aggravate his pupil and his daughter. So, like a good father, he acceded with a good grace to the proposition of Jan Steen. But the latter did not find his own father, Hayik Jan Steen, quite so easy to deal with. He was a brewer, established at Delft; a practical man, less sensible to the power of love than to the value of ready money. It was long before he would consent that his son should marry at an age when he was not in a condition to maintain a family by his labour. However, after much entreaty, he at last yielded to the pressing solicitations of Jan, and agreed that the nuptials should be celebrated. But, that his son might be in a fair pecuniary position, he built a brewery at Delft, where he established the newly-married couple, with a capital of 10,000 florins. Steen, finding himself in possession of ready money, and considering it but natural to spend it, thought only of leading a joyous life; and Margaret, on her part, constitutionally indolent, neither attended to her domestic duties nor to her counter.—

Je laisse à penser la vie
Que firent nos deux amis.

It may easily be imagined that affairs managed by two persons of this temperament could not long continue in good condition. "Margaret," says Campo Weyerman, "kept no account-book; all the beer that was taken on credit from the house was set down in chalk upon a slate or a wooden board. Now it happened one day that, being accused of having defrauded the rights of the town-due, Jan Steen was summoned by the excise officer to show his books. The slate was produced, but no one could make any thing of it, not even Margaret Steen, who had left it all in confusion, and who was not in the habit of giving any thought to what she had written down. Nevertheless, a heavy fine was exacted, but, as the brewery was on the eve of its ruin, Jan Steen, laughing heartily, reminded the exciseman that, where there is nothing, the devil loses his right and the king too."

The artist-brewer was on the point of being forced to close his house when his father came to his assistance. But this only delayed the ruin of Jan Steen. Margaret confessed one morning to her jovial husband that there was absolutely nothing left in his cellar, neither beer nor casks, and that there

was scarcely corn enough to make a cake. It was all over. Jan Steen saw the ruin of his brewery, for a second time, with an undisturbed mind, and was even the first to joke about his disaster. After all, said he to himself, here is a picture all ready; and, remembering that he was a painter, he set to work and depicted in a spirited composition the disorder of his house. This picture represents a room in which every thing is in confusion, the furniture is upset, the dog licks the saucepan, the cat runs off with the bacon, the children are sprawling on the floor, and the mother, seated in an arm-chair, calmly contemplates this delightful scene, whilst Jan Steen stands philosophically holding a glass in his hand.

This was our artist's first picture, and it is not astonishing that he, a painter of what are called conversation pieces, should have taken as his subject the scene which passed before his eyes. Those who have the genius to observe, look first at the objects which immediately surround them. But all biographers are much mistaken in saying that Jan Steen painted himself in all his works; and that almost all his compositions represent ale-house scenes, coarse farees or smoking-rooms, full of toppers. Nothing is further from the truth, as is proved by the works of this painter. Jan Steen has always allowed his sly humour to peep out of his pictures, but it is an exception when he has painted the customs of his life. When will the mania cease for copying from books without inquiring into the truth of their statements? Even in our days, that is to say, in a time in which the spirit of criticism is more than ever developed and exercised, we perceive this fault in some very valuable books, written by regular authors no less than by amateurs. For instance, in Smith's Catalogue, so exact and truthful in all that concerns the description of the pictures of each master, the author, repeating what the biographers have successively said, does not fail to observe that Jan Steen was the painter of his own manners and those of the society in which he lived. And this is even more surprising, because this preliminary notice is followed by a long catalogue of the known works of Jan Steen, and among more than 300 compositions, which are there described, only thirty have drunkenness for the subject, and the ale-house for the scene. This master takes the subjects of his pictures almost entirely from human life; we mean life considered from a comic point of view, from the side which amuses philosophers and good-tempered observers.

Another modern writer, M. Immerzeel,* remarking, doubtless, that the works of Jan Steen had little relation to the circumstances of his life, as Houbraken and Campo Weyerman assert, has resolutely contested the assertions of the historians of his country, without giving any other reason than the startling contrast between the habits of a dissolute man and pictures so delicate, sometimes even so elegant, as those of Jan Steen. But how are we to deny facts which have been repeatedly affirmed and related in detail by a contemporary of Jan Steen, when such a denial is without proof, and really rests only upon a presumption, in itself very contestable? In short, is it inadmissible that a professed drinker may have refinement of mind, delicacy of feeling and the talent of observation? And even if genius were always incompatible with the sad propensity to drunkenness, what becomes of the observation of M. Immerzeel, opposed to the authority of a biographer, who, for more than a century, has not been contradicted, at least on this point?

Yes, Jan Steen was what the world calls a joyous toper, who went through life laughing—not with that coarse laugh which is only the gaiety of fools, but with that delicate, intelligent, and slightly sardonic smile which is the sportiveness of philosophers. He passed his life in observing men for his own amusement, and in painting for theirs. Nobody had a more communicative joviality; and it is impossible to contemplate one of his pictures without feeling one's heart expand. He was the first to laugh at that bottle which he kept continually by his side, and which doubtless sustained

* *De levens en werken der hollandsche en vlaamsche Kunstschilders.* Amsterdam, 1842.

his Rabelaisian humour, although continually emptying and refilling it. And it is remarkable that, when he happened to represent drunken people, he never failed to ridicule their drunkenness; thus he seemed to preach temperance with the glass in his hand. Take, as an example of this curious fact, the celebrated picture, which was in the celebrated collection of Mr. Beekford; it is entitled, "The Effects of Intemperance." The artist has there painted himself, with his interesting and pretty wife, in the state of drowsiness which follows too frequent libations. She, dressed in a red jacket edged with ermine, over a silk petticoat, is seated in the middle of the room, as it becomes the mistress of the house. While the husband and wife sleep, others profit by their intoxication. The children are searching in their mother's pocket, and already a little boy has pulled forth a piece of money, which he holds aloft in his hand with a triumphant air; another holds a glass in his hand, which he appears about to dash to the ground and shiver in pieces. The servant of the house hastens to profit by so favourable a moment to declare his passion to a young girl, sliding into her hand some money, which no doubt he had also stolen. The dog seizes upon a pie; the cat breaks a china vase, in endeavouring to spring upon a cage containing a bird; the monkey amuses himself with some parchments and books; on the ground, scattered pell-mell, are silver dishes, broken glasses, a violin, a Bible, a china plate, and, as if the elements themselves must interfere, the fire is burning a goose which is on the spit.

Jan Steen has treated this subject several times, and a different version of it may be found among the valuable pictures in the collection formed by the late Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House. The monkey in this instance plays with the clock, as if, says Dr. Waagen, to show that the happy do not count the hours. But such a lesson given to drunkards has nothing pedantic, thanks to the good humour with which the painter has represented himself. Jan Steen, being a witty man, who wishes to continue amusing, bears on his own back the burden of human caprices and follies.

The picture called the "Young Gallant" (page 4) gives us the whole style and manner of Jan Steen in a single composition. It consists of six figures, sitting or standing round a table, on which are some eggs in a dish. A man in a chair at the left-front of the picture is talking to a dog, while on the opposite side a young fellow comes dancing in from the open doorway, holding a mackerel up by the tail, and carrying a few young onions in the other hand. The mistress of the house looks smilingly up from her seat, and another woman, standing at the table, desists from her household duties, and looks a smiling welcome to the young gallant. A man standing by the bedside points to another going out at the door, probably the "good man" of the establishment. The entire composition—the candle-chandelier, decorated with flowers in token of the summer weather; the pipe stuck in the hat of the sitting figure, in the way our waggoners wear them even in this day; the heavy close-curtained bed, the bare room, the expectant dog looking up to the suspended fish, and the sunlight streaming in from window and garden doorway, bespeak a thoughtfulness for general effect and picturesque arrangement entirely Jan Steen's. This has been considered one of the best of his *genre* paintings.

In 1669, after his ill success as a brewer, he set up as a tavern-keeper. Old Havik Jan being just dead, Jan Steen came into possession of a house at Leyden. This induced him to leave the town of Delft, and to establish himself under the paternal roof; and there it was that he opened his tavern. He placed a sign-post before his door; and, as if he wished to effect a reconciliation with his creditors, he painted as the sign, a picture representing the figure of Peace, holding an olive-branch. Houbraken tells us he was his own best customer, and that he did not succeed better in this new occupation as brewer and tavern-keeper, though he possessed all the gaiety, all the animation, which attracts customers to an ale-house. He was, probably, better able to induce them to drink than to pay. Most of those who frequented his house were painters as poor as himself. Franz Micris, Ary de Vos,

Quiering, Brackelenkamp, and Jan Lievens were among those who resorted there, day and night; for Jan Steen never shut his door, that he might show his friends that he was not afraid, and because, having little to lose, he could laugh in the face of thieves. His cellar being soon emptied, he was obliged to take down his sign. In this extremity the painter came to the help of the tavern-keeper. The wine-merchant not being willing to give him credit any longer, Steen presented him with a little picture in Holland every one likes painting—and the merchant sent a purchase of wine in exchange. The sign re-appeared. Steen's friends re-assembled to listen to his facetious stories, and the band of painters, who had turned out, hastened back, resolved not to leave the place while a drop of liquor remained in Master Jan's taps. But the cask did not last long, and this time it was necessary to close the tavern entirely.

Campo Weyerman, a facetious writer, who has sought out sarcastic expressions, some of which are marked by the grossest triviality, has enlarged upon the life of Jan Steen, and related numerous anecdotes, interspersed with coarse jokes, in which the piquancy especially consists in the unpolished language. After having exhausted his facetiousness, he accuses his predecessor Houbraken of borrowing his anecdotes of Jan Steen from the Almanack of Liège, and of retelling a little story, *as dry as sea biscuit at the time, and as probable as the travels of Pinto*, about some incredible supply of bread made to the family of the painter. These censures have not prevented Campo Weyerman from relating many anecdotes himself; "A little story," says he, "will show that the kitchen and cellar of Jan Steen were not so abundantly supplied as the hotels on the quay of Y, or the *Lion d'or* at the Hague. Once, towards midnight, the famous Jan Lievens (pupil and friend of Rembrandt) knocked at Jan Steen's residence, and the door being only latched, according to custom, he entered without ceremony. 'Who's there?' demanded Jan, waking up with a start. 'It is I, dear brother,' said Lievens, 'I am come to bring you a couple of chickens, as fat as strong Brunswick beer, as white as the white of an egg, and as tender as the leg of a pheasant.' 'Are they roasted?' asked Steen. 'No, king of the universe,' replied Lievens, 'they are raw; but I have resided in several courts, and there I learned to cook; I pray you, then, get up, and I will serve you up a dish in my own way.' Jan got up, lighted his lamp, and calling Corneille, his eldest son, who was his waiter, ordered him to prepare every thing for the repast. But some of the ingredients in the worldly pleasures of our two painters, who especially regretted the absence of wine and tobacco, were wanting. In spite of the reluctance of Corneille to ask for credit, Steen sent him to the wine merchant, Gorkens, to beg him, for the last time, to advance some wine, for which he should be paid in paintings. 'That done,' added the father, 'you will go to Gerard Vander Laan, and ask him for a penny-worth of leaf-tobacco, with a couple of little pipes, and you will swear in my name that my gratitude will be eternal.' Whilst Corneille ran through the town to awaken the tradesmen and to execute his commissions, Jan Lievens set to work, without losing a moment, plucked his fowls and placed them on a broken gridiron, which was buried in the peat dust to preserve it from rust; and Jan Steen, on his part, prepared a highly-flavoured sauce with pepper, mustard, vinegar, and butter. When the fowls were scarcely cooked through, the two companions began to devour them with such an appetite, that poor Corneille, returning quite out of breath, with his supply of wine and tobacco, only found, upon the earthenware dish, a head and a-half and three black feet. The wine and the packet of tobacco, which had just arrived, were now all that remained to be consumed, and this did not occupy long. After Steen and Lievens had thus satisfied their appetites, they went to take an airing outside the *Porte-aux-Vaches*, and walked along talking morality like true disciples of Pythagoras. But Jan Steen paid dearly for the carelessness with which, relying always on Providence, he ventured from home, leaving the door on the latch, as is the custom in the little towns of Westphalia. Whilst he slept, all his clothes, as well

as those of his children, were carried off; and, to put the finishing stroke to his misfortunes, the canvas and panels, on which he was employed in painting pictures for his creditors, were also taken. The tavern-keeper, who was accustomed to be awakened by the noise of the children, remained in bed; but finding that the house was silent longer than usual, 'Holloa, you rogues,' cried he, 'get up at last and light the fire.' The children replied by the denial of Adam, complaining that they were naked and could not find their clothes. Steen stretched forth his hand to reach his garments, but,

a pirate, and he, being as poor as a church mouse, was the man to rob a painter without much scruple, when occasion prompted. The suspicions of Jan Steen were aroused against the chemist, and when he came expressly to condole with him on the loss of his clothes and his pictures, Steen, no doubt incensed by so much hypocrisy, received Esculapius, knife in hand.—'Race of thieves!' cried he, 'pirate! buccancer! thou shalt see if thou canst carry off the shell after having taken the yoke of the egg!' At this exclamation, the alarmed doctor immediately took flight, and although he was innocent,



THE YOUNG GALLANT.

finding that his whole wardrobe had vanished, he was obliged to send one of the little Adamites to the cook, Goumert Baus, who lent him some clothes till he could tell his misfortune to his nephew Rynsberg, who took the plundered Jan and his featherless chickens to a woollen draper's, where the father and his progeny issued like so many of those birds of the sun, baptized by Pliny by the name of *Phœnic*. The most ludicrous part of the story is what happened to a doctor, who frequented Jan Steen's alchouse, and sometimes served him as a model. The brother of this doctor had the reputation of being

he left Jan Steen persuaded that the robbery had been committed by the very man who had just expressed so much regret that it had taken place."

Among Jan Steen's companions, and, like him, a determined drinker, was the celebrated painter, Franz Mieris. Judging from his carefully-finished little pictures, and the elegance of his compositions, one would never have suspected that Mieris passed his life in drinking, and in listening to the humorous speeches of Jan Steen, who, by means of his superior intelligence, and the amusing sallies of his inexhaustible wit, exer-

eised an irresistible influence over him. This painter of rich interiors and silk dresses yielded in spite of himself to the ascendancy of Jan Steen, even following him into the midst of taverns, and there passing whole nights in a state of oblivion. Nevertheless, completely as he was ruled by his friend, Mieris had, in his turn, and perhaps without being conscious of it, a decisive influence over the manners of Steen; by this, however, we do not mean his manner of thinking, but his manner of painting. This influence is often perceptible in the larger works of the tavern philosopher. One often meets with a

bronze; a guitar hangs from one of the panels; and a beautiful landscape is enclosed in an ebony frame. The repast is composed of delicious fruits, and some ready-opened oysters which glisten temptingly, the sight of which "makes one's mouth water." There are ripe grapes, fine peaches, whose downy skins rival the blush upon a maiden's cheek, and lemons, part of whose golden peel lies beside them. Such was the reciprocal influence which Mieris and Jan Steen possessed over each other; and, in connexion with this subject, we remember, that whilst standing before the pretty



THE PARROT.

"Dutch Repast," a "Game at Backgammon," in which the careful execution and soft, tender touch remind one of Mieris; and the elaborate style is then in harmony with the importance of the subject, and the distinguished appearance of all the personages in the picture. There is no coarse drinking, as in the taverns of Adrian Brauwer. Each one plays his part naturally, and sometimes even gracefully; not one ignoble accessory obtrudes upon the order of the house, and the details of the furniture are all in accordance with the refinement of the guests. For instance, on the mantel-shelf is seen a Cupid in

picture, which is called "The Parrot" in the Amsterdam Gallery, an amateur came up who, at first sight, took this Jan Steen for a Mieris. In this picture the figures are elegantly dressed and very good-looking. Three gentlemen, their swords at their sides and their short mantles thrown over the back of the arm-chair, are playing at backgammon; a charming woman, negligently dressed in a silk petticoat, is feeding the parrot. Her arms are raised for this purpose, and, her back being turned towards the spectators, her face is only seen in profile; while the parrot, whose cage, in the shape of

a lantern, is hung from the ceiling, is putting out his claw for the tender morsel. A child is feeding a cat, and a matron engaged in cooking some veal on a grilliron, for the gentlemen to eat between the games, completes the charming picture.

"The Aged Invalid" (p. 12) is another of Steen's *genre* compositions. It is conceived in his happiest spirit, and represents an incident common enough in high life in all countries. A rich hypochondriac is servilely tended by various friends and nurses, who, while they feign great affection and care for his person, are every one of them intent upon making a purse for themselves by favouring his whims and fancies. Here, as in many others of Steen's paintings, the physician and family friends are introduced. The nurse-maid is warming the bed, while on the floor are scattered various tokens of sickness—bottles, candle-pans, cooking utensils, and a chamber candlestick, with which a cat is playing. All is real and life-like, and every figure and object seems to have its place and purpose; and the whole picture is carefully drawn. The colours in the original, which were once bright and transparent, have, however, yielded, says Kügler, to the finger of Time.

But Jan Steen, when he abandons himself to his own fancy, may be easily recognised by the sprightly mirth of his composition. It is almost impossible to find a picture of his in which there is not a sly meaning. He translates popular proverbs with sufficient spirit to relieve their triteness; and, by the appearance of the figures, the appropriateness of their gestures, and the part that each one plays in the comedy of life, according to the character suited to his age, trade, or condition, he gives these proverbs piquancy. Doctors have often called forth the caustic wit of Jan Steen; besides, it was the custom with all the artists of the seventeenth century to turn them to ridicule. Whilst Molière paraded them on the French stage, Jan Steen delighted in painting them, in all the quackery of their gravity, in all the severity of their costume, studied for effect.

The "Dancing Dog," which we give at page 8, may be considered a gem—a complete triumph of artistic arrangement and varied colour. It consists of ten figures, with the dancing dog in the front centre. Jan Steen's whole family are portrayed in this composition. There is the painter himself with his invariably good-natured smile and his violin in his hand—for he was a tolerable musician as well as a good artist—sitting between his wife and mother. The latter offers him a glass of wine,—an offer he was seldom known to refuse,—and the former looks lovingly into his eyes, while she allows his friend to seize her by the hand and invite her to join in the dance. One of his sons plays the flute to the dog, another is dipping water from the vine-decorated water-tub, and a third, a fine plump little fellow, with a whistle in his hand, stands behind in calm contemplation of the joyous scene. Just behind the jovial old lady stands a figure, whom we may suppose to be Franz Mieris, holding a tankard; and in the back centre are a couple of figures with smiling faces, whom the painter probably introduced to fill up the unseemly gap which the disposition of his other figures would have left in the picture. The owl on the wall looks wisely down, as becomes a bird of his staid and solemn nature, while the parrot, released from his cage, seems to listen to the music with quite a critical ear. Trees hang over the garden wall in the extreme distance, and a rich piece of drapery disposed in graceful folds, contrasts admirably with the sameness of the walls before which it is suspended, and gives an air of finish and luxurious refinement to the whole. The accessories are few and simple, and consist—as in most pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools—of the utensils of the table, and the means of enjoyment—drinking cups, dishes, pipes, and so on. This picture is at the Hague, where it is highly esteemed as a good exemplification of the artist's peculiar humour. The painter's family, grouped in various ways, has often formed the subject of his pictures.

Quite different in style and moral feeling is the elegant little picture called "Le Benedicite" (page 9). Here the sentiment is pure and holy; but even here the painter's comic vein

peeps out,—for the dog licks the empty soup-pot, and the toyship and child's ball are made accessory to the action of the picture. Peasant life in Holland is nowhere so fully shown as in the compositions of Jan Steen. While in the pictures of Terburg we have the ease and tranquillity of well-bred society, the noise and riot, the humour and joviality—the high spirits and special license of middle and low life in Holland, is discovered in the paintings of Jan Steen. There is never any difficulty in reading the story which he tells with his eloquent pencil. In the "Dancing Dog," no less than in the "Grace before Meat," we have a simple incident simply expressed. In the one case all is life, fun, and frolic; in the other, an air of tranquil satisfaction and calm prayerful sincerity sits upon all faces; in each the expression is suited to the subject, and a perfect harmony pervades the picture. The whole economy of a Dutch family—their pleasures and their duties, may be discovered in these two pictures.

It is asserted that Jan Steen was related to Metz, who was, like him, originally from the town of Leyden. It is certain that the style of Gabriel Metz may be recognised in some pictures of his compatriot; for example, in the "Nativity of St. John," which was in the Braamecamp collection, in 1771, and was sold for 1,210 florins. It is equally certain that Steen painted the portrait of Metz, and that of his wife: these two portraits appeared in a sale which took place at Paris, in 1771. But that there was the same kind of intimacy between Steen and Metz, as existed between Steen and Mieris, is not likely, on account of the character and quiet habits of Gabriel Metz. Houbraken does not mention their friendship; nevertheless, it is probable that this biographer was personally acquainted with the amusing brewer, whose jests he relates, and from whom he bought more than one picture. However, without drawing the elegant and sedate painter from the rich Dutch boudoir to the tavern, Jan Steen could charm him by his conversation; for no one spoke better of his art than he; and, without having learnt its rules, he seemed to have guessed them by the inspiration of genius. We may confidently assert that the great principles, which he has so well observed in his small pictures, could not have been derived either from the instruction of Kimpfer—who was, it is said, his first master—or from his good father-in-law Van Goyen, who was, nevertheless, a very clever man.

How many intellectual harmonies, which have been overlooked by most of the Dutch painters, has Jan Steen perfectly understood! With him every one plays his part and retains his character throughout. Costume, bearing, physiognomy, gesture—each heightens the force of expression, and contributes something to the unity of the figure. The doctor preserves his professional importance; he is clothed in black from head to foot, and is grave from foot to head. The tooth-drawer adds a cock's feather to the peaked hat of the doctor, and gives a little more depth to the wrinkles of his forehead. The jolly peasant is distinguished from the lively citizen. The attitude of the betrothed is not exactly that of the young lover. The action of the notary is in character with his function and his habits; and, as to the drunkard, he betrays himself in the smallest details of his dress, and in the slightest leanings of his body. In short, Jan Steen could not have called forth the apostrophe of Garrick, the celebrated comedian, who, seeing an actor play the part of a drunken man with much truth, by the indecision of his look, the disfigurement of his features, and the embarrassment of his broken talk, while the action of the rest of his body did not correspond to these expressions, said to him: "My friend, thy head is truly drunk, but thy feet and legs are full of sense."

In a fit of ill-humour against the masters of the Dutch school, M. Paillot de Montabert exclaims, "This good man in black, what does he want here? What is he going to do? This is what one asks one's self in the presence of a Dutch picture; but before those of Jan Steen we do not feel the same uncertainty. The figures are characteristic, he has carried to a very high degree of perfection the delicacy, life, and precision of the character. However, but how many Jan Steens are there in this school!" With all the good qualities

indicated in the above criticism, Jan Steen did not make his fortune; indeed, he scarcely succeeded better in his career as a painter, than as a brewer or tavern-keeper. His pictures, so much prized now, were very poorly paid for during his lifetime. They were only to be found then, says Descamps, at wine merchants' houses. He, however, did not trouble himself much about the prices of his pictures, and had neither the talent to value them nor the inclination to take the trouble of doing so. On all occasions he showed a marked contempt for money. It happened one day, that he received some gold as the price of a picture. Immediately, without listening to his wife, who was unwilling to leave any large sum in his hands, he went to the tavern, spent part of the money in drink, and lost the rest in gaming. His wife, seeing him return happy, and in good humour, asked him what he had done with his money? "I have it no longer," said Steen, laughing, "and the best of the joke is, that the companions who have taken it from me think they have duped me, whilst they are dupes themselves. Of all the gold coins which you saw me with to-day, there is not one that is not light. Now, I leave you to imagine how they will look to-morrow, when they discover it!" Light! this word, so amusing in this particular instance, Jan Steen might apply to life—to his own at least. In fact, nothing weighed him down in an existence, passed in observing men, in laughing at their caprices, and depicting their carousals.

Were we to judge from his pictures, we might suppose that not a cloud of sadness had ever come to trouble the serenity of his mind. It was not that he did not see the discouraging side of things, but he did not give himself up to discouragement; and, inaccessible himself to melancholy, it did not throw its shade upon his compositions. There exists a celebrated picture of his, which is the exact representation of human life. It is in the gallery of the Hague, and we should not be able to abstain from giving a description of it here, had we not found one, simple, striking, and brief, in the catalogue *raisonné* of this valuable gallery, arranged by M. Van Sicengraecht Van Costkapelle. "The subject," says this connoisseur, "seems to point out the different periods of existence. In the foreground some children are playing with a cat; beyond, a woman is courted by a young man; near the hearth an old man is seated, holding a child on his knee; the old man and the child are amusing themselves with a parrot. A servant is cooking some oysters; in the background several persons drink, smoke, and play. A picture, hung upon the wall behind, represents a gibbet, as if to point out the end reserved for those who give themselves up to excess in drinking and gambling. An opening made into the granary beyond, discovers a young man carelessly reclining and blowing soap-bubbles, with a death's head at his side; an impressive allusion to the vanity and emptiness of life. A thick curtain at the top of the picture is suspended above these various personages, and seems to threaten, by its fall, to end this whole scene of human action. There is nothing in painting more ingenious or more striking than the simple idea of this vast curtain, which immediately gives one to understand, that the scene represented is the "Comedy of Life."

Jan Steen had six children by Margaret Van Goyen, who died before him; but, as if not contented with these, he took it into his head to contract a second marriage with a widow named Mariette Herkulens, who had two children of her own. This large family constantly furnished models to the painter; he delighted to represent them with disordered hair and dress, in all the sprightliness of their frolics, observing the variations of age, from the extreme simplicity of the little girl who plays with a rattle or teases the cat, to the comical gaiety of the lad of fourteen, who already assumes the manners of a man. His old parents also figured in his pictures whenever he wished to represent old age, so that, like a true philosopher, Jan Steen observed the whole human family without leaving his own; and there was nothing, even to his spotted dog, which he did not admit to the honours of painting, and consider worthy to represent his whole race. The Dutch have a proverb, which, when translated, runs thus:—"As the old sing, the young

whistle." Wishing to illustrate this saying, and to characterise the pleasures of each age, Jan Steen painted the portraits of all his family, in a picture which may be seen in the Museum of the Hague, and which is rendered still more valuable by the artist's having represented himself, between his two wives, Margaret Van Goyen and Mariette Herkulens. These persons were both good-looking, the first especially, if we may rely upon the brush of their husband, who, however, was not a man likely to flatter either them or himself. Mariette Herkulens sold ready-cooked calves' and sheep's heads and feet in the market. Steen's union with her was not exactly a prudent marriage, and the poor painter saw his increased family sink into the deepest misery; but for this he appears to have shown little concern.

The day of St. Nicholas is in Holland the children's fête, and it is known that on that day fathers and mothers are accustomed to fill the shoes of their little ones with all sorts of playthings and sweetmeats, making them believe that St. Nicholas came during the night to throw these *bombons* down the chimney for them. Jan Steen has treated this subject in several of his works, and it is evident that, like a good father, he often celebrated the fête of St. Nicholas. With the exception, perhaps, of Hogarth and Wilkie, among the modern artists, no painter—certainly no painter of the Dutch school—has carried the expression of human sentiments, as they are discovered in private and familiar life, to so high a degree of perfection as Jan Steen. What variety of physiognomy; how much truth of character! Whilst from a window in the background the grandmother, playing the part of the saint, throws dainties into the fire-place, the children rush to pick up the presents which the good saint sends them. They hurry forward, push against each other, upset the chairs, and tumble on the ground. A little girl holds out her apron, her eye expressive of hope and faith, and a boy, cap in hand, goes a begging among his more fortunate rivals. A baby, with outstretched arms, seems to claim his share; and the servant, animating the competitors with voice and gesture, seems to say, "You see what it is to be good!" We may repeat what M. Burtin has justly said of Jan Steen, that not only can we perceive the thoughts of each person in this picture, but we seem to hear what he says.* The most amusing and comical figure in this composition is that of a boy of nine or ten years of age, who, carelessly leaning against the chimney-piece, smiles, with an intelligent and superior air, at the innocence of his little brothers, and seems quite proud of knowing that St. Nicholas has nothing to do with the matter. Play of feature could scarcely be rendered with greater truth than in the works of Jan Steen, and, except perhaps Chardin, we should scarcely find his equal, in this respect, among the masters of the French school. The Dutchman has thus secured for himself a lasting celebrity. "So long as there is expression in your pictures," wrote Pope (Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) to an artist friend of his, "you may congratulate yourself upon your works. That constitutes the essence, and renders many faults excusable, which one would not pardon in an ordinary artist."

Houbraken relates, that he long possessed and preserved in his house one of Steen's pictures, which was afterwards sold to the Duke of Wolfenbüttele. The subject of this picture was the signing of a marriage contract. The attitudes and gestures of all the figures are so natural and so expressive, that the spectator imagines himself to be present at the ceremony, and even to take part in it. The two fathers-in-law, completely bent upon asserting their respective claims, are explaining them with much earnestness to the notary, who, pen in hand, listens with a grave and attentive ear. The bridegroom, transported with anger, throws his hat upon the ground, together with the wedding presents. He shrugs his shoulders, raises his hands, and looks at his affianced bride, as if to give her to understand that he takes no part in such vulgar calcu-

* *Traité théorique et pratique des Connaissances qui sont nécessaires à tout amateur de tableaux*, par François Xavier de Burtin, Brussels, 1808. M. de Burtin describes this "Fête de St. Nicholas" as having formed part of his own collection.

lations. She appears moved, and as a return of tenderness, casts her eyes, full of gratitude and love upon her future husband. "It must be confessed," says Houbraken, "that this picture is admirable for expression.

Amongst the friends of Jan Steen was the Chevalier Karel de Moor, the celebrated painter of Leyden. In one of the frequent visits which he paid to his countryman, hearing that Mariette Steen had long teased her husband to paint her portrait, and that Steen continually promised, but never kept

husband, could not help laughing at this joke, and her portrait, thus completed, appeared to her more charming than ever.

Happy the painters who have excelled in expression, in character! They are certain of renown during their lives, and of fame afterwards. If the number of amateurs who appreciate the properties of touch, delicate *impasto*, purity and felicity of tone—in short, all that constitutes the technical in art, is limited; on the other hand, almost every body of any



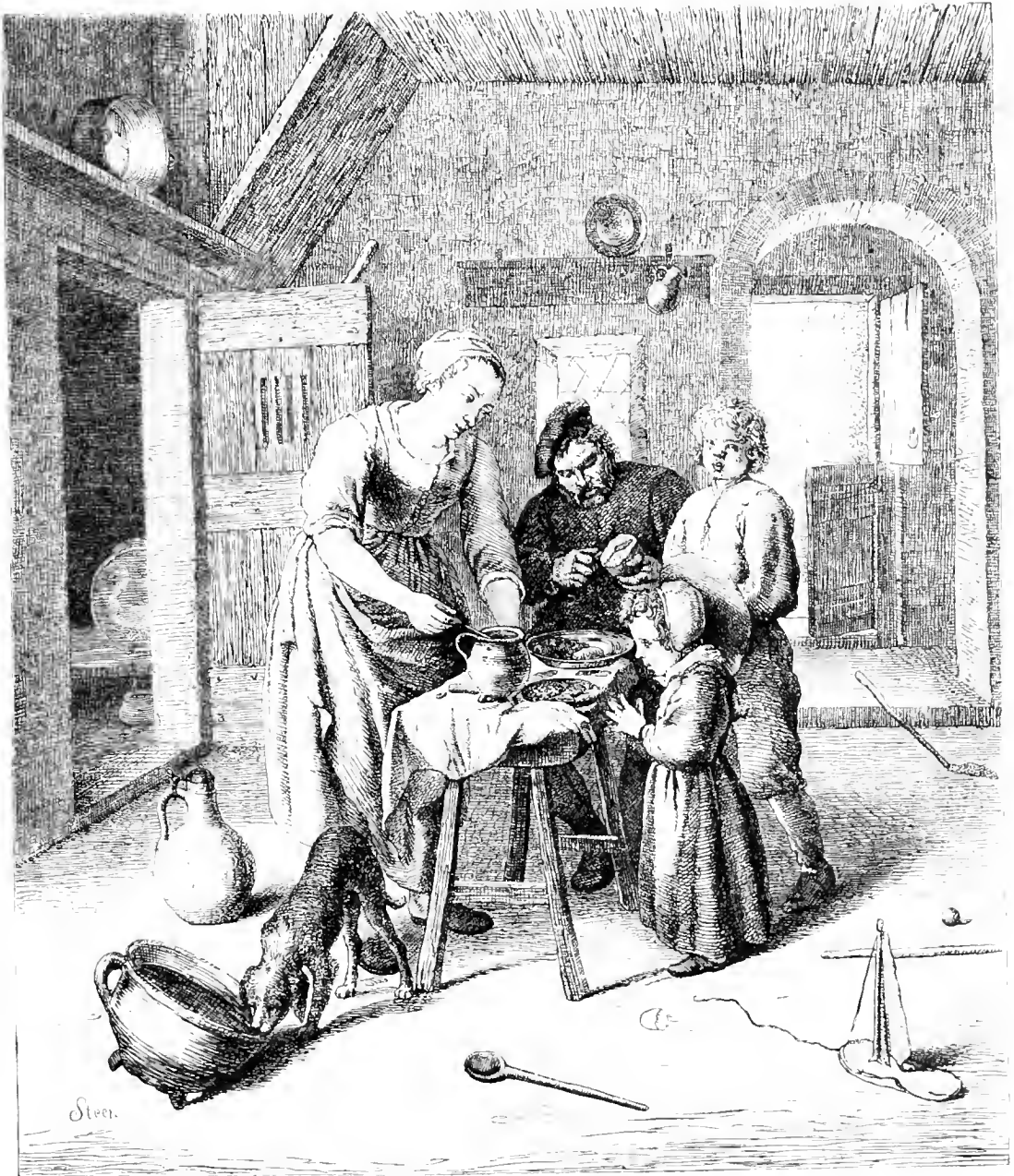
THE DANCING DOG.

his word, Karel de Moor offered to pay her the compliment of executing the long-desired picture. She joyfully accepted his offer, and dressed herself in her smartest clothes for the occasion. The picture finished, Mariette immediately carried it to Jan Steen, who highly approved of it. "There is but one thing wanting," said he, "which I will add." Then, taking his palette and brushes, he painted, in a few strokes, a large basket hanging on her arm, filled with sheep's heads and feet. "You understand," said Steen, "that without this basket you would not be known." The wife, as philosophical as her

enlightenment is able to understand the thoughts which an artist has translated by his brush, and is solicitous at least to appear interested in them. We do not mean to say that ingenious turn of thought can compensate, in painting, for feebleness of execution; but, when the execution is sufficiently vigorous to please the eye, it is a great advantage to the popularity of the artist to awaken in us sentiments and ideas, the effectiveness of which is independent of the prejudices of schools and of national and local customs. By working upon the human mind, which has always points of resem-

blance, one may suit the taste of the most opposite people. Such has been the fortune of Jan Steen, one of the masters of the Dutch school, whose works command the highest prices even in our day. Holland and England, especially, contend for his pictures, which, however, do not always need the indulgence that the comic humour of the painter might fairly claim for them. In fact, if there is a want of uniformity in his painting, if it is sometimes poor, inconsistent, and blame-

tures—as, for instance, in the “Sick Young Woman;” but he certainly had two manners. Sometimes his composition is hurried, careless, too uniformly brown in tone, and his colouring seems harsh and inharmonious; sometimes he painted with a clear and exquisite colouring, in the elaborate style of Mieris, but with more liveliness than that master. This latter style is especially marked in Jan Steen’s “Country Wedding,” in the museum of Amsterdam. It is a little *chef-d’œuvre*, in



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

able, on account of the carelessness of execution; on the other hand, his pictures are often carefully finished and executed with firmness, in the style of Gabriel Metz. They are rendered piquant by a touch of humour, and their tints are charmingly fresh and clear. We do not know whether it is true that all the drunken and disorderly habits, to which Jan Steen abandoned himself, were the cause of the extreme negligence which is observable in certain portions of his pic-

tures, which the light is as well managed, and the execution as rich, as in a Van Ostade. Jan Steen has occasionally the vigour and depth of Peter Van Hooghe, and his painting proves that execution is subordinate to intellect, and that the mind guides the brush at least as much as the hand.

The interiors of Jan Steen, like those of Ostade, are taken from a raised point of view, so that the figures which are in the further part of the room are not hidden by those in

the foreground. A second window is generally introduced in his backgrounds, to throw light on the distant figures and objects. Then the number of utensils is less than with the other Dutch painters: Jan Steen had too much sense to multiply them uselessly and without measure. No superfluity is found in his pictures, and if the painter introduce some kettles, a frying-pan, a pestle, or other utensils, it is only to recal the familiarities of domestic life. Like Metzu, Steen liked to paint framed pictures to adorn the walls of his "Repasts," his "Joyous Meetings;" and it is remarkable that these frames are always filled with noble subjects—engagements of the cavalry, heroic landscapes, and fabulous scenes, as, for instance, the conflict between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

Jan Steen died, in 1689, at the age of fifty-three. He left nine children, concerning whose future he never troubled himself. The son he had by his second wife was named Thierry, and practised sculpture at the court of a German prince. Of the other children nothing is known.

Dr. Franz Kugler, a most friendly and judicious critic, thus speaks of the character of Jan Steen as an artist:—"His works imply a free and cheerful view of common life, and he treats it with a careless humour, such as seems to deal with all its daily occurrences, high and low, as a laughable masquerade, and a mere scene of perverse absurdity. His treatment of subjects differed essentially from that adopted by other artists. Frequently, indeed, they are the same jolly drinking parties, or the meetings of boozers; but in other masters the object is, for the most part, to depict a certain situation, either quiet or animated, whilst in Jan Steen is generally to be found action, more or less developed, together with all the reciprocal relations and interests between the characters which spring from it. This is accompanied by great force and variety of individual expression, such as evinces the sharpest observation. He is almost the only artist of the Netherlands who has thus, with true genius, brought into full play all these elements of comedy. His technical execution suits his design; it is carefully finished, and notwithstanding the closest attention to minute details, is as firm and correct as it is free and light."

This artist, who never painted for the mere pleasure of painting, has had the honour of being cited by Sir Joshua Reynolds as one of the most eminent masters. He says of him, that if with his genius he had had better models, in point of taste, he might have ranged with the greatest pillars of art. His lasting renown is not to be accounted for by the numerous anecdotes which the Dutch historians have related of his life, and which are all more or less ridiculous, but arises from the fact that his pictures, being full of sense and sly humour, remarkable for expression, and amusing from their comic meaning, delight all those who, not wishing to have their minds uninterested in the admiration of works of art, look for something else in painting than the representation of a carpet, the execution of a silk dress, or the delicacy of a tone.

Jan Steen, perhaps the most jovial and lively of Dutch masters, has treated every kind of subject, domestic, grotesque, and bacchanalian scenes, conversation pieces, landscapes, history, and religion. By his hand are "The Continence of Scipio;" "Jesus Preaching in the Wilderness;" "The Marriage of Cana," &c. &c.; but let us observe that the comic sentiment of the artist penetrates even these compositions.

At any rate, the superintendents of public museums, as well as amateurs, endeavour, with a very justifiable earnestness, to obtain the works of the celebrated Dutchman.

In the royal collection of Windsor Castle there is a fine specimen of Jan Steen's best period. It is the interior of a Dutch cottage, with the inmates preparing for a meal. Although a small picture, being only fifteen inches in height and twelve in breadth, it is full of evidences of Steen's peculiar method of treatment, and homely, though forcible style. It consists of eight figures in all: in the front is a man with a pipe, playing with three children, while a woman is laying a

cloth on a table behind, and others are engaged in the processes of cooking at the fire. It is hung in the apartment called the King's closet, between a picture attributed to Andrea del Sarto and a Holy Family of Teniers.

Neither at the National Gallery nor at the collection at Dulwich, which is rather famous for Dutch and Flemish pictures, is there a single specimen from our painter's easel.

In the private galleries of English noblemen and gentlemen, however, there are many pictures illustrative of what may be called low life in the Netherlands. Thus, besides the seven pictures of Jan Steen's in the Queen's private collection, there are several examples of our master's best manner in the possession of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Ashburton, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Hope, Mr. Munro, the late Mr. Beckford, the Earl of Scarsdale, and the Marquis of Bute, besides numerous genuine Steens in the houses of amateurs of art.

The Queen's private collection at Buckingham Palace contains by far the most rare and excellent examples of the Dutch masters in England. This collection was originally formed by George the Fourth, whose predilection for Flemish and Dutch pictures is well known. Through the agency of Lord Farnborough, many of the most precious specimens of Jan Steen's pencil were secured to this country. Of the seven pictures by this master, the most celebrated in this collection is "A Family Party," in which the painter has introduced himself playing on the violin. The group consists of eleven persons, all of whom are amusing themselves in various ways—card-playing, singing, and laughing. There is a vast deal of humour in this composition, and the treatment is more than commonly careful; but the tone of the colour is considered by artists rather too dark in some parts—an accident which may possibly be the work of time and the picture cleaner. "Twelfth Night," a group of twelve persons, with the king of the revels in the centre. "A Company of Country People indulging in riotous mirth before the door of a Public-house;" "The Card Party," a small composition, consisting of four figures; "The Village Feast," which represents the interior of a tavern, with a number of country people eating, drinking, and dancing; a nameless picture, having for its subject a young lady at the toilet; and one other completes the list. Of the last in our list, Dr. Waagen* does not presume to offer an opinion, though of the "Village Feast," and the "Maiden's Toilet," he speaks in high terms. The one he pronounces to be "full of the happiest and merriest thoughts, but at the same time delicately finished;" and of the other, he says, "that in admirable *impasto* and spirited execution it rivals the finest Metzu;" and that the "bright masterly graduated light and the cool harmony of the colours, in which blue and purple prevail, make this one of the choicest pictures of the master."

Lord Francis Egerton's collection of paintings—known as the Bridgewater Gallery, from its founder, the duke—is famous also for its examples of the Dutch and Flemish masters. The Village School of Jan Steen, a picture which cost its owner no less a sum than £1,500, and one or two smaller specimens of the same master are deservedly esteemed.

Lord Ashburton's collection of paintings at his house in Piccadilly—permission to view being easily obtainable—is one of the lions of the metropolis. The two specimens of Jan Steen—which hang beside other worthy examples of art from the Netherlands—are especially commendable for "the care and delicacy of their finish, the humour of their incidents, and the warmth of their tones." These quoted words are those of a most learned art-critic; but as one of the finest of these paintings has been selected by our artist for illustration, we may be excused if we dwell a little longer upon its peculiarities. THE GAME OF SKITTLES (p. 13), is one of Jan Steen's most successful pictures; and not its least merit is its entire originality and genuineness—its history, from the celebrated Poulain collection to that of Prince Talleyrand—through seven cabinets, in fact,—having been clearly traced. It is a composi-

* Works of Art and Artists in England. By Dr. Waagen

tion of nine figures, and is painted on panel, 13½ inches in height, and 10¾ inches in width—a size not uncommon with the best of the Dutch masters. Two men are playing at skittles in the foreground, with a couple of boys watching the game; while, on the grass to the left, are seated a young man and woman, the latter drinking from a long Flemish glass, and a man smoking a pipe with a pitcher of liquor before him. A horse belonging to one of the company stands patiently by the fence, an old fellow appears in the field beyond, and looks longingly over at the group upon the grass, and a woman is seen in the background, as if trudging homewards. This picture has been pronounced a "model of picturesque arrangement;" but we may go farther than that, and say, that for careful finish, delicacy of tone, cheerful humour, and freedom from coarseness and vulgarity, this picture of Jan Steen's is superior to many attributed to him. Indeed, the spirited execution of the landscape, in which the effect of a bright evening sunlight is well and feelingly represented, and the minute touches of nature everywhere observable, stamp this as one of the most successful of the Dutchman's pictorial efforts. "Worthy of Cuyp," was the late Mr. Turner's exclamation on looking at this picture when it was first placed in its present position; and worthy indeed it is of all praise, as an incomparable specimen of careful finish and brilliant execution. How different are the manner and moral of the little engraving under the portrait—a reduced copy of a large engraving in the Munich gallery.

In the Duke of Wellington's collection, at Apsley House, are several fine examples of Jan Steen. One of the most striking is that to which we have already referred—"The Topsy Mother." This is really quite a moral lesson. The mother, sleeping off the fumes of the liquor, sits stupidly in the centre of the room, while one of her sons empties her pockets, and two others assist in conveying away the purloined property. The eldest daughter is engaged in an evidently interesting conversation with her lover, while a fiddler romps with the servant-girl. Confusion and riot reign supreme; but with all this, and over and above the humour and truth of the delineation, "this picture has the merit of careful execution and clear colouring."

Mr. Hope's gallery contains three good pictures—"The Glutton," and its companion, "The Christening;" and another of a large company singing and dancing before an ale-house. Of the first, Dr. Waagen says:—"The expression of boundless thoughtlessness and total absorption in transitory sensual pleasure was perhaps never represented in such a masterly manner as in this jolly fellow, who, with his whole face laughing, looks with the most wanton complacency at a pretty girl, who presents a glass of wine to him, while an old woman is opening oysters for him. In the foreground is a dog, and in a back room two gentlemen playing backgammon. The picture of Fortune over the mantel-piece, with the inscription, 'Lightly come, lightly go,' is like similar allusions in Hogarth's pictures. Marked with the artist's name and 1661. The careful execution is at the same time as spirited and free as the conception, the colouring glowing and powerful, the light and shade equal in clearness and depth to De Hooge."

In the collection, formed by the late Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek," at Fonthill Abbey, near Bath, was a famous picture, called the "Progress of Intemperance," of which we have already spoken, in page 3. This picture—which is two feet nine inches in height by three feet in width—may be traced through the well-known collections of Danser, Hyman, Smeth, Van Alpen, Sereville, and Dalberg. The sum of 220 guineas, for which it was sold at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection, proves that, even in England, the best pictures are sometimes sold at prices which, compared to those obtained on the continent occasionally, are not considered very high.

Lord Northwick's collection contains the "Marriage of Cana," not a very successful painting; and in the Marquis of Bute's gallery, at Luton, are three pictures by Jan Steen, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen: "1. A Cock-

fight. A composition of twelve figures, full of happy thoughts. An old Man holds out his hand to a young Man, to receive payment of a bet, at which another laughs. In clearness of colouring too, in spirited, and, at the same time, careful execution, it is one of the finest works of the master. Two feet ten inches high, three feet nine inches wide.—2. Stragglers plundering a Farm. Most powerfully impressive by its dramatic truth! The desperation of the farmer, who would attack the soldiers with a pitchfork, but is held back by his wife and child; the insolence of the soldiers, one of whom cocks his musket, and another fires at some pigeons, form a striking contrast with two monks, who, enjoying themselves in eating and drinking, endeavour to make peace. Likewise very carefully executed. One foot eight and a-half inches high, one foot eight inches wide.—3. A Girl in white silk, and otherwise elegantly dressed, listens with pleasure to a richly-dressed young man, playing on the lute. An old man, behind a pillar, is watching them. In such pictures, which he rarely painted, Steen is very nearly equal to Metzou in clearness, force, and delicacy, but in general excels him in dramatic interest. One foot three inches high, one foot wide."

The Louvre possesses only one, but it is of a superior quality, although Mr. Smith, and the surveyors of the museum, who, in 1816, valued it at £32, do not consider it a good specimen of the painter's talent. This picture is worth £1,200. It represents a "Village Banquet."

The Belvidere Gallery, at Vienna, contains two, a "Village Wedding," and a "Dutch Family," a capital picture, dated 1663. The figures are one-third the size of life.

At the Pinacothek, at Munich, there are also two, "Some Boors quarrelling;" and "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Sick Woman."

The Royal Gallery at Dresden contains only one, which represents a "Woman feeding her little Child."

The Royal Museum at Amsterdam is rich in this master's productions, it contains as many as eight. "The Portrait of the artist;" "Villagers returning from a Fête;" "A Scourer;" "The Baker;" "A Quack;" "St. Nicholas' Day, an excellent picture, with a very lively composition;" "The Backgammon Party;" and a "Country Wedding."

At the Hague are six pictures by Jan Steen, "The Family of the Painter;" "Representation of Human Life;" "A Doctor feeling the pulse of a Young Girl;" "A Dentist;" "A Poultry-yard;" and lastly, "A Doctor going to pay a visit to a Sick Person."

The Hermitage, St. Petersburg, "The Sick Girl and the Doctor."

In the Royal Museum of Berlin is found, "A Familiar Scene."

The Frankfort Museum includes "The Interior of a Room;" and a "Doctor dressing a Man's Wounds."

In the Florence Gallery, "Peasants seated at Table in an Arbour;" and "The Young Violinist;" are the only examples of Jan Steen.

In the museums of the departments of France, there are some beautiful works of this master.

At Montpellier are the "Repose of the Traveller;" and "A Familiar Scene." They both bear the signature of the master, and were bequeathed by M. Valdeau to the museum of this town.

At Nantes, there is a single picture of Steen's, called "Topers seated at Table."

Rouen possesses a gem, known as "The Loves of Jan Steen."

In the private collections of noblemen and gentlemen are to be found the most beautiful productions of our lively artist.

At M. Delesserts, in Paris, "The Interior of a Kitchen," and "St. Nicholas' Day."

It was not till lately that Jan Steen's pictures became known in the public sales of France, where their number has never been considerable.

At the Gagnat sale, in 1768, "A Dutch Interior" sold for £18.

At the Duc de Choiseul's sale, 1772, "A Sick Old Man,"

of which we here give an engraving, fetched £32 10s. "The Interior of an Alehouse," which heads this biography, realized £699 10s.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, 1777, "A Topsy Woman," who is being carried away in a wheelbarrow, while a little boy squirts water at her with a syringe, produced £64.

At the sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777, "The Skittle Players" went for £64.—"The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £1,200 6s.

At the Calonne sale, 1788, "The Villagers' Dance" fetched

At the Van Leyden sale, 1801, "La Fiancée Précoce" went for £79.

At the Lampérière sale, 1817, "The Doctor and his Young Patient" reached £162, after a smart competition. This is a picture admirable for finish, firmness of touch, and brilliancy of colour. It contains three figures: the sick girl, her mother, and the doctor.

At the Rouge sale, 1818, "The Village Wedding" sold for £72; "La Danse de l'Œuf" for £120; "The Lesson on the Harpsichord" for £281 10s.



THE AGED INVALID.

£81 10s. This picture came from M. de Montriblon's collection.

At the Duc de Praslin's sale, 1792, "The Lesson on the Harpsichord," from Randon de Boisset's collection, produced £52.

At the Robit sale, 1801, "The Dancing Dog," which we here give (p. 8.), was purchased for £112. This picture came from the rich collection of M. Nogaret.

At the Lanjeac sale, 1802, "The Skittle Players," from the cabinet of Randon de Boisset, was knocked down for £116, and "The Betrothal," for £70.

At the Lampérière sale, 1823, "A Familiar Scene" was purchased for £60; and "The Comic Concert" for £19.

At M. Erard's sale, 1832, "The Village Wedding" brought £196; "The Pleasures of the Kermess" £75.

At the sale of the Duc de Berri, 1837, "The Marriage of Cana" sold for £540. This picture has been added to Van Leyden's celebrated collection; it was the delight of the dowager, to whom it was brought every day, as a powerful specific against ennui, thoughts of sorrow, and of her approaching end!

At the Heris' sale, 1841, the picture called "Indisposition" went for £224; and "The Wedding" for £112.

At the sale of the Count Perreux, 1841, "The Servant Girl dressed in a red Boddice" fetched £398.

At Paul Perrier's sale, in 1843, "The Marriage of Cana," from the collection of Duc de Berri, was purchased for £660.

£182 10s. The painting in this last picture seems to bid defiance to Terburg, Gerard Douw, or Metzua, on account of its elaborate finish and the beauty of the touch.

The drawings of Jan Steen are, like his paintings, full of animation and wit. We have seen a charming one, containing thirteen figures, amongst which is that of a little boy, who is beating a drum before the door of a house.



THE SKITTLE PLAYERS.

At the Vasserot sale, in 1845, the well-known picture "Resistance," and its companion, "The lost Bird," sold together for £90.

At the Meffre sale, in 1845, the "Fête des Seigneurs," sold for £268.

At Cardinal Fesch's sale, at Rome, in 1845, "The jovial Repast" went for £328, and "The after-dinner Nap" for

Jan Steen signed most of his pictures thus :

Steen. *Steen*
1672

SALE OF MR. WOODBURN'S PICTURES.

The late Mr. Woodburn was well known as a collector of paintings, and often employed in that capacity, not merely by noblemen and gentlemen, but also by government. His collection of pictures, including works of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and German schools, was recently put up for sale by public auction. As might be expected from the position he occupied, many of them are productions of a high order, and the large sums for which they were sold showed the estimation in which they are held by connoisseurs. Of the Italian school, three were described as Raffaelles, several as specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, and one as the work of Buonarroti. Doubts have been expressed as to the authenticity of some of these, particularly that of "Christ bearing a Cross," by Da Vinci, and the "Saint John," by Raffaele. These doubts are founded partly on the anatomical modelling of the figures, and partly on the elaborate foldings of the drapery. That they were pretty generally entertained, is proved by the prices at which these pictures were knocked down. The total proceeds of the sale were £7,500. Among the paintings which sold best were the following:—"The Madonna of the Immaculate Conception," which was painted by Murillo for the Royal Family of Spain, and once belonged to the Infante Don Gabriel, was purchased by Mr. Farrar for 1,000 guineas. It is described in the catalogue as "the finest in England." Mr. Uwins bought "The Adoration of the Virgin," by Giorgione, for 500 guineas, in the name of the government. This picture represents the Virgin sitting with the infant Jesus, St. Joseph

by her side, and a Venetian general in armour kneeling before her, while his horse is held by a page. A convent is seen in the distance. The composition of the picture is strange, but the colouring is very rich and the treatment majestic, especially that of the Holy Mother, whose attitude and features display great spirituality. "The Magdalen," by Titian, fetched 210 guineas. "A Spacious Landscape, with a Village on a River and Figures," painted by Wouvermans, and bearing date 1699, formerly in the Duchess de Berri's gallery, realised 405 guineas. "The Virgin Weeping over the Body of Christ," by Guercino, produced 250 guineas; "The Holy Family," by Vaga, 370 guineas; "The Marriage of Saint Catherine," by Poussin, 175 guineas; "The Virgin and Saint Joseph kneeling over the infant Jesus," by Perugino, 153 guineas; "The Tribute Money," a composition of twelve figures, by Rembrandt, engraved by M'Ardehll, 380 guineas; "The Virgin," by Raffaellini, 145 guineas; "Saint John, in a Landscape, Preaching," by Raffaele, 135 guineas. Other lots were—"Bacchus and Ariadne on the Shore of the Island of Naxos, with Nymphs and Satyrs," by Guido, for 145 guineas; "The Virgin," by Hemling, for 121 guineas; two paintings of rural scenes, by Cuypp, for 115 guineas each; "A Landscape," by Wouvermans, for 181 guineas; "An Italian Landscape," by Wilson, for 150 guineas; "A Classical Landscape," by Claude, for 101 guineas; "A Frozen River, with a Village," by Van der Neer, for 100 guineas; "An Interior," by Terburg, for 93 guineas; and "The Duke of Urbino receiving the Order of the Garter," by Francesca, for 80 guineas. This last was purchased by Colonel Phipps.

THE WATERFALL, BY RUYSDAEL.

THE works of Jacob Ruysdael—who was born in Haarlem in 1636, the same year as Jan Steen, and died in 1681, a few years before his comic contemporary—present a great and astonishing contrast to those we have just had under review. If Steen was well known for his *genre* and conversation pieces, Ruysdael was as famous for his shadowy landscapes, and exquisite, because natural, sea-pieces. This painter, says Sir Edmund Head, is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole school of Dutch landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something which was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brook—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are in fact a renewal of that old worship of the spirit of nature which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man, but such features in general stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements. Thus it is that the pictures of Ruysdael form the strongest possible contrast to those of Waterloos and other painters.

Ruysdael's subjects are taken from the scenery of the north, although the tunc form of nature which he saw in his immediate neighbourhood rarely satisfied him; or when he did adopt it for his model, he generally impressed on it a feeling of mournful solitude. A simple picture in the Berlin Museum is a good example. It represents an old peasant's hut, behind which are leafy oaks; a little stream runs close by at the foot of a wooded hill, bubbling over bushes and stones; lowering shadows from the clouds are cast over the picture; a bright gleam of sun falls on the stem of an old willow, which

stretches itself upwards like a spectre in the foreground; the scenery is secluded and inhospitable; we feel the desolation in which the inhabitants of the cottage must dream away their existence. Other compositions of this kind bring before us the solitude of shady canals, or the depths of a thick wood, enlivened by the passing bustle of a stag-hunt. In some the works of man form the point of interest, but decayed and ruined by the elements. Of this class is the celebrated "Monastery" of the Dresden Gallery—a picture of a deep and peculiar poetic character—but above all his "Churchyard," in the same collection. In this last we see in the background the ruins of a once mighty church, obscured by a passing storm of rain; the whole scene around is wild and desolate, partly covered with bushes and brambles or with aged and decayed trees. This wildness extends even to the churchyard, in which monuments of varied forms give evidence of its former importance. A foaming stream in the foreground finds its way into the waste, even through the tombs, whilst a gleam of sun lights up its eddies and the adjoining graves.

Ruysdael more frequently delineated nature in her grander forms, such as rocky heights surrounded by woods, and torrents rushing between cliffs; sometimes he added a lonely dwelling, which, by its contrast, strengthens rather than softens the horror of the scene, or a shepherd who silently passes on his way over the light bridge. Frequently the scene is perfect solitude, in which the voice of the waters seems to be unbroken by any other sound; on a distant height, perhaps, is a solitary chapel, with the moon behind it, whose beams play upon the foaming waves and dart their single rays of light into the darkness. Pictures such as these are most widely dispersed, and the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Vienna, and the Hague, possess a great number of them. They all display the silent power of Nature, who opposes with her mighty hand the petty activity of man, and with a solemn warning, as it were, repels his encroachments.

In Ruysdael's admirable representations of the sea we find the same grand repose, and the same thorough life and motion of the element. In this line of art also he has executed first-rate works. A large and most excellent sea-piece, with a

brisk swell and rain-clouds clearing off, is in the Gallery of the Berlin Museum.

Her Majesty's private gallery contains one picture by Ruysdael; that of Lord Francis Egerton no less than six; and Professor Waagen ascribes to this master another work in the same collection, which usually bears the name of Hobbema. Sir Robert Peel has three fine Ruysdaels: Lord Ashburton's are still more numerous. Besides these, the collections of Sir Abraham Hume, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Hope, must be specially referred to. Waagen speaks with peculiar admiration of a large picture belonging to Mr. Sanderson, and mentions the Ruysdaels at Burligh and at Luton; more particularly a rare specimen in the latter collection, of the interior of a church, with figures by Philip Wouverman. The small but exquisite picture called "Les Petits Canards," which Smith, in 1834, valued at 150 guineas, sold in 1844 for 360 guineas, at Harman's sale. It should be added that the Louvre, as well as the Gallery of the Hermitage, contains some very fine Ruysdaels.

The exquisite picture on the next page may be considered a good specimen of Ruysdael's most popular manner. In it rock and water, cloud and verdure, action and repose, are blended together in a manner at once natural and magnificent. The name of Ruysdael is said to signify roaring or foaming water; "and thus," says Descamps, "he seemed predestined by his name to be the painter of Cascades." Houbraken, too, makes no reservation when he praises the transparency and brilliancy of the water in Ruysdael's pictures. "Where is the traveller familiar with the impressive beauties of mountainous countries who cannot find them in the pictures of this great master? At the foot of those steep rocks, how the water falls, foams, and writhes round the ruins it has brought down! It dashes forward from the right, from the left, and from the background of the picture towards the gulf which draws it in; it rushes down, we were about to say, with a hollow noise, for in fact we imagine we can almost hear it. We see it gliding down the slippery rocks, dashing against the rough bark of the trees, and gushing down the rugged bottom of the ravine. We fancy we feel the cold and humid spray falling on our faces. To the left, upon one of the rocks which bound the torrent, is perched a frail cottage, close upon the noisy abyss; and the fragility of this edifice, erected there by the bold hand of some hermit, excites an apprehension as we approach it of some violent assault of the waters that so closely besiege the feeble dwelling. The sky is cloudy, the air oppressed with fog, and great birds are soaring through the loftiest regions of space. The trees are motionless, because the winds have no access to this narrow and confined retreat. The vegetation around it is in admirable vigour. On every rocky point that contains a little earth a tree has taken root. But such is the power of genius, that after having seen in all its magnificent reality the spectacle which the artist has reproduced on a piece of canvas of some few inches in magnitude, nature herself seems to us less grand and less startling than the work of Ruysdael!"

While on the subject of so celebrated a landscape painter, a question of high importance occurs, which had already been raised by the study of Claude Lorraine. Is not the beautiful in art only an imitation of the beautiful in nature? We are of opinion that it is not, and for this reason—but here we must quote the words of a man of taste and genius, an amiable writer, a painter with the pen, who will give our reason better than we could ourselves. "I have here upon my right a fine tree; a vigorous oak, young, leafy, even that of which—

'Le front au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.'

"Ruysdael, approach! and with those dark mysterious touches peculiar to thy sombre colouring, with those transparent shadows wherein thou knowest how to plunge the branches, paint us this colossus in all its beauty. Forget not, we pray thee, the harmonious figures of this unstained bark;

nor, higher up towards the north, those few leaves which, chilled and tardy in blowing, shelter beneath the stems of their elders their still fragile stalks and tender verdure. On the other hand, I have here upon my left an oak lopped and thick set, recently mutilated by the wood-cutters; it is nothing more than a knotty and twisted trunk, which from its base to its summit has sprouted forth in unequal twigs; on this side the ants have built their granaries in its gaping flanks, and we can see from its oozing and rotten caverns, black and slimy, the sap exuding from the diseased wood. Approach, in thy turn, Karel Dujardin, and with that charm of simplicity, that unaffected feeling, which breathe in thine artless execution, paint for us this pollard stump amidst all its sickly poverty. Forget not, I pray thee, those distorted swellings, those warts which surmount, like downy hair, the tufts of abortive stems, nor those humid black spots which hang like beads of soot upon the hollow channel of the pith.

"Our two pictures being finished, let the amateur enter, and let us observe him. He is ravished, transported. But this seems absurd, for he has certainly seen, many a time, upon the plain or the hill side, without even noticing them, as beautiful oaks as the one, and still more mutilated pollards than the other. How comes it to pass, then, that, on being thus reproduced upon canvas, these two trees yield him so much pleasure? How is it that already they seem not to be trees he is contemplating, but objects which give him pleasure, which affect him, which speak to him; words and language in which he reads some charming thought, expressed with grace and poetry that transport him? It is already clear that this oak, the production of Ruysdael, says things which our oak, the production of the acorn, does not say, and that if fine oaks do spring from the earth, it is nevertheless, in reality, this fine production of Ruysdael's art, and not this fine produce of the earth, which ravishes and transports the amateur."

Amateurs, who above all look at the painting, that is, the execution of a picture, remark in Ruysdael nothing of his touch (for it is blended and but slightly visible, in comparison especially with the *impasto* style of Hobbema) but those warm and bituminous grounds which give so much vigour to his tones, and serve as a basis to their harmony; then the cleverness with which he could render this preparation cold again by a general tint of a bluish and pearly-gray, which is more in accordance with the cast of his reveries; they admire the perfection of his foliage, which, instead of being rounded and *a peu près*, like that of many painters, is rendered with a precision and a tremulous touch imitating the cut-out leaf of parsley; but what they admire above all, are the transparency, the lightness, and depth of his skies. In Ruysdael's clouds are found at once the most beautiful forms of nature and its finest colours and movements. Sometimes they are seen floating rapidly through space, and casting their fleeting shadows over the country; sometimes they are sailing through the firmament with a majestic slowness. The illusion is always complete; the eye follows them, and expects at every instant to see them disappear. In the representation of clouds, Ruysdael has never been surpassed, or even equalled, unless by Guillaume van de Velde and Karel Dujardin; he excels especially in the art of representing those bursts of light when the sun suddenly disperses the rainy clouds and banishes them to the extremity of the horizon. This glimpse of the sky between two storms, this pale and fugitive smile of nature, have been cheering to the artist; they have at least soothed for an instant the morbid melancholy of his heart, and he has therefore rendered them with all the power of his genius. Nothing can be more wonderful in this way than the "Coup de Soleil," at the Louvre, known amongst artists as the "Thicket of Ruysdael." To attempt a description would be useless: how is it possible to describe a picture which is simply composed of a large dark thicket and a sandy road gilded by a sunbeam?

Grandeur is a quality of the mind. Thus we see how Ruysdael, in his landscapes of two or three feet square, has

succeeded in producing the illusion of profound solitude and infinite space. To produce such great effects, he employed very few means. Trees, water, and sky,—these are all his machinery: men and animals seldom intervene, or they are

monuments of man. Passion, then, was the genius of Ruysdael. What renders his pictures inestimable is, that he has, so to speak, enclosed under their glaze his most intimate and secret sentiments; and on seeing so rare a mixture of



THE WATERFALL. BY JACOB RUYSDAEL.

not done by his own hand. He did not even avail himself of the mournful but commonplace influence of ruined buildings. He only painted the trunks of trees torn up by the tempest, or pieces of rocks carried away by torrents, that is to say, the ruins of nature; for nature has her ruins like the

ineffable poetry and strict precision, it may be said that he painted his landscapes in the obscure chamber of his soul.

Like a true poet, this great painter lived poor, and died young on the 16th of November, 1681.



CASCADE DE TERNI. FROM A PAINTING BY THE LATE J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

TURNER.

WE purpose presenting to the reader two or three specimens of the works of the masters of modern times, for the purpose of supplying him with a few random recollections of the men and their works.

The name of the late J. M. W. Turner has for years been the war cry of one of the great art factions in England, and his pictures have served much the same purpose as the famous shield, about the colour of which two knights-errant belaboured each other all day long, though neither had seen more than one side. He never exhibited a picture in the Academy that did not give rise to the fiercest disputes and recrimination, which were often carried far beyond their legitimate sphere or object. Since his death, however, his works have gradually been assuming their proper rank, and there is hardly a doubt that at the present moment they stand as high in the estimation of all competent judges as those of any artist, either of ancient or of modern times.

We shall now endeavour to put the reader in possession of those points in which he is considered to excel, and those in which he is said to be deficient by those who have devoted most time to the study of his works, and their comparison with the productions of "the great masters."

Before Turner's time landscape painting in England partook very much of the character of young ladies' drawings, or the steel engravings in annuals, at least so far as regarded the subjects chosen. These were generally moonlight scenes, calm sunsets with clear skies, shady valleys, and river banks at summer noon-day. Little change was ever seen in the character of the atmosphere or hue of the sky. People were beginning to get tired of this, when Turner appeared to supply them with a change of fare.

Turner, strange to say, is the only painter who has ever represented the surface of calm, or the force of agitated, water with precision and fidelity. He has obtained this expression of force in falling or running water by fearless and full rendering of its forms. He goes down with the stream or cataract, but never loses himself and his subject in the splash of the fall, or forgets to follow out the details. He does not blind us with spray, or veil the countenance of his fall in its own drapery. It is easy to give the appearance of indiscriminate foam; but nature gives more than foam, she shows beneath and through a distinct outline and character for each wave, and bend, and jet—in short, throws a character of definiteness over the whole. Now Turner is remarkable, above all things, for his dislike of generalities, and for his love of definiteness, and he accordingly discards every thing that conceals or overloads it. In the "Cascade of Terni," one of his Italian views, the whole basin of the fall is blue and dim with rising vapour, and is arched by a rainbow; but, nevertheless, the attention of the spectator is mainly directed to the concentric zones and delicate curves of the falling water itself. The great mistake of most other painters has been that they have given the water a springing parabolic descent, as if it were an enraged prisoner springing eagerly from his bonds: they give it an appearance of activity. Now falling water is in reality, to all appearance, helpless and lifeless, a heavy falling body. Water may *hop* over a stone, but it *tumbles* over a fall, abandons itself wholly to the air, and the descent becomes a dead weight. It is the expression of this hopeless abandonment, this utter prostration—if we may so speak—for which Turner is famous. There is no muscle, or sinew, or wiriness, or self-control in his cataracts.

He displays the same wonderful powers of perspective in his treatment of the water as it flows among the rocks after its descent. Water, when once it finds itself in the bed of the river, and commences its onward course, when it meets with any obstructions, does not rush madly onward after surmounting them, but rests awhile in the hollow on the other side, and so it goes on, alternately gurgling round the stones in its way, and then resting again. But if it be going down a steep descent, so that its motion is much accelerated by flowing down a steep incline, it leaps manfully over the

first obstacle in its way; and instead of resting now, it leaps again over the next with increased momentum; and so on in a succession of leaps, until its surface becomes a series of undulations. Turner seizes on these curved lines of torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are a constant expression of power and velocity, and tell us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. The leap and splash may occasionally be seen in any quiet lowland scene, but the undulating line is the peculiar attribute of the mountain torrent which has been rushing mid foam and fury, for miles, over rock and fall.

His "Rising Squall, Hot Wells," from St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol, was the first of his works in which he displayed the wonderful mastery of effect for which he afterwards became so famous. He displayed at the very outset one of his chief characteristics, his intense and invariable nationality. The works upon which his fame will longest rest are those in which he has drawn his materials from English life and scenery, and all his foreign scenes, though crowded with surpassing excellences, are still faulty and immeasurably inferior. The author of "Modern Painters" has made the choice of home subjects an essential requisite to success in any department of art, and asserts that no one who has lost sight of this has ever achieved anything striking or original. The Madonna of Raphael is a girl of the Urbino mountains, where he himself was born and reared; Gherlandago's is a Florentine, Bellini's a Venetian. This is a position which it is hard to dispute. No scenery can ever make, or ever leave, the same impression in our minds as that amidst which our childhood has been passed, and with which our eye from the earliest dawn of observation has grown fondly familiar. To him who has been born amongst the Yorkshire hills and moors, or the downs and slopes of Sussex, no Alpine heights can ever form so striking a picture as to displace from his memory still earlier and far tenderer recollections. Sublimity, grandeur, magnificence, beauty—all give way before the force of habit, for habit it is which trains us to love places or features of scenery which are hallowed by their associations, and so to love them, that, after years of absence, it needs no second visit to enable us to describe them as if they lay before us. It is very much with painting as with language. A man's mother tongue is the only one he can ever speak with grace, force, and precision. He may discourse in foreign languages with fluency and correctness, but every one perceives he is speaking stiffly and by rule, or "speaking like a book," to use a common but most expressive phrase.

This rule is, perhaps, better exemplified in Turner's case than that of any artist in modern times; because his labours embraced a wider range of subjects than those of any other. In his earlier drawings the influence of Yorkshire scenery may be traced unmistakably—the rounded forms of his hills, and the singular massiveness in his mountain drawings, from which they derive so much of their grandeur—the disregard of effect, the strong love of place, and the intense appreciation of local minutiae. The sale of his drawings supplied him, at a comparatively early period, with the means of travelling, an advantage of which he fully availed himself, and the sketches which he made while on the continent were combined with a large number of drawings of English scenes, in the "Liber Studiorum," a work which he published in imitation of Claude's "Liber Veritatis," but on a much larger scale. The proportion of English subjects to foreign was, however, as two to one, and though the latter comprised some of the grandest and most striking scenes of the Alps, which were peculiarly adapted to the nature of his genius, the former were of a kind peculiarly simple and of everyday occurrence, such as the "Pembury Mill," the "Farm Yard," "Composition," with the White Horse, that with the Cocks and Pigs, "Hedging and Ditching," "Watercress Gatherers," a "Scene at Twickenham," and a very fine drawing called the "Water Mill." The architectural subjects, too, instead of being taken from some of the immense buildings of the French,

are almost exclusively English, many of them taken from spots entirely unknown to fame, Rivaulx, Holy Island, Dunblain, Dunstanborough, Chepstow, St. Katharine's, Greenwich Hospital, an English Parish Church, a Saxon Ruin, and an English lowland Castle, with a Brook, Wooden Bridge, and Wild Duck. The foreign architectural subjects are three in number, and these displaying but little merit. The same remarkable contrast is observed in his execution of the trees, the flowers, the rocks, and even the figures and the costume. English trees, the monarch oak, the horse chestnut, the beach, the ash, the elm, are the only ones he can portray with truth and grace. English faces and dress are the only ones that he can handle easily and familiarly. All these are so many proofs, not so much that he lost his power of perception when he set foot on foreign soil, as that his intense nationality never lost hold of him so as to enable him to divest his mind sufficiently of his home impressions.

After England, he appears to have handled the scenery of France with most success, because, of all the countries of the continent, it is that which in its leading characteristics most resembles England. For grace of stem and perfection of foliage, the French hills are altogether unmatched, and for the study of grace no country in Europe can equal France; so that an artist who wishes to perfect himself on this point can find no better ground. This is true, not merely of the mountainous districts about which tourists rove, and which untravelling readers long to visit—Provence, Auvergne, or the Vosges, but Lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, and the pleasant valleys of the Seine and the Loire. Turner seems to have been the first artist, at least in England, who found this out, and he is consequently the only Englishman who has painted French landscapes with truth, effect, and feeling—some will say the only man of any nation; for many people, amongst others, Mr. Ruskin, deny French landscape painters all power of achieving anything better than wasting good canvas, and wearing out good brushes.

In Switzerland he achieved some brilliant successes; the atmospheric phenomena in the high regions, the wild mountain scenery, accorded well with his taste and genius. But in most of his attempts he failed signally to give an effectual rendering of Italian scenery. He seems never to have been able to enter into the spirit of it, and whenever he made an effort to produce a classical subject, he showed clearly that he neither possessed the knowledge nor the feeling necessary for the task. He drew some vignettes, however, for Rogers' beautiful poem "Italy," and in them he has displayed excellence of the highest order, and seems for the first and only time really to have entered into the spirit of the Italian scenery; but his success is owing chiefly to the simplicity of most of the views and the smallness of their size. His larger pictures are full of inaccuracies, of mistakes, and misconceptions. The chief cause of these failures was, no doubt, his attempt to spread an air of joyousness and brilliancy over scenes that are peculiarly pensive, if not melancholy, to substitute radiance for serenity and fixity of light, and to give the broad, open, and free character of English downs and Scotch moors to a country cabin'd and cribb'd by walls, convents, and terraces. In his earliest works, Turner showed, amidst his many defects, that he was constantly in the habit of referring to nature, and thus atoned for numerous faults that might otherwise have been considered inexcusable. But he gave evidence that, if he but fulfilled the promise that his productions already afforded, he would effect a total change in the received system of art, and he did effect this change.

He had not laboured very long in his vocation when he began to feel that the real colour of nature had never been faithfully rendered by any school of art. It was impossible that this should escape a man whose devotion to nature was so intense, and whose perceptions were so acute. The Venetians, it is true, had given conventional representations of sunlight and twilight, by making the whites golden and the blues green; but no one had ever given an adequate idea of the brilliant, joyous, all-pervading light of the sun, and the million varying hues which external objects assume under

its influence. The finish of nature, too, and the grandeur of nature with regard to particular objects, had been given by many masters; but her fulness, space, and mystery, by none.

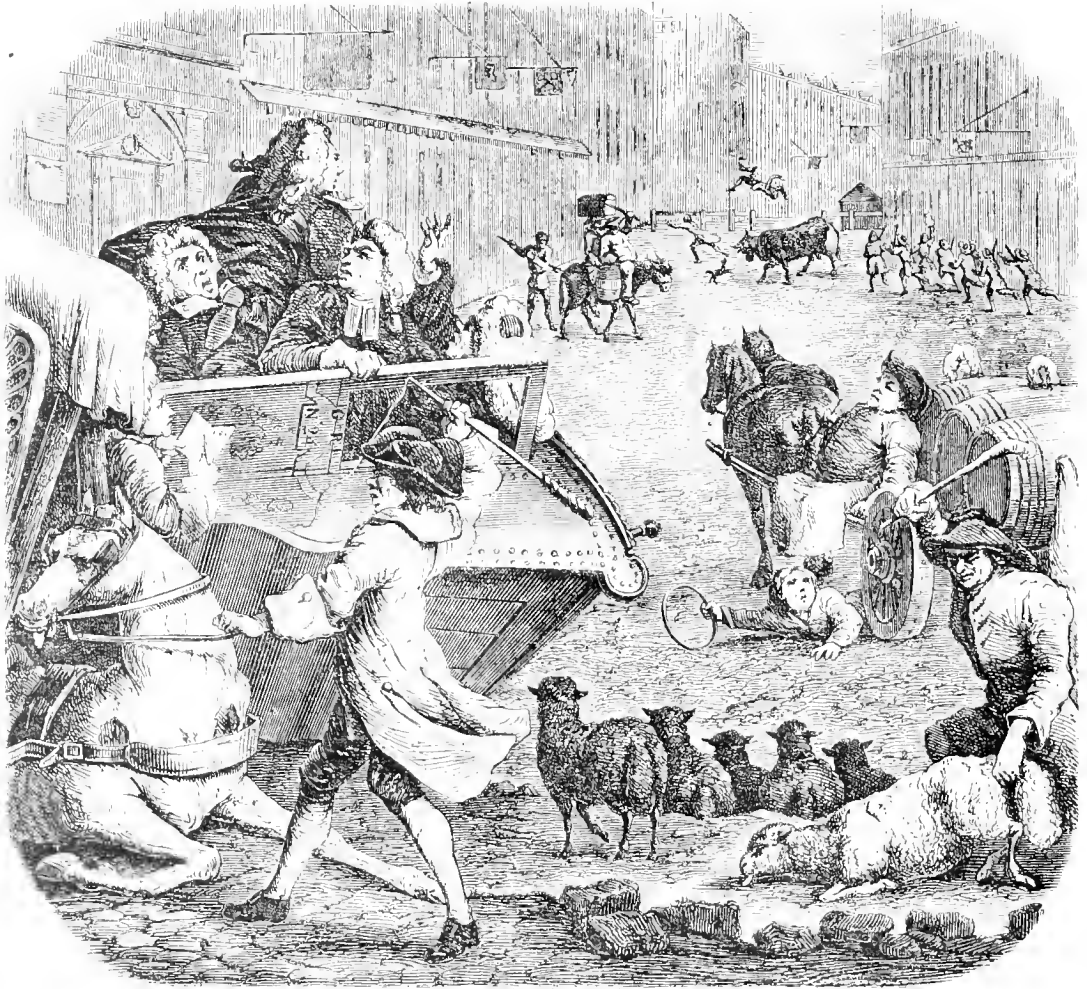
To show what changes he effected regarding colour, we must digress a little, in order to explain. Most people have heard the word "tone" used in reference to pictures by connoisseurs, but few really know what is meant by it, and probably many of the connoisseurs are as ignorant as any. Tone has two meanings:—First, "the exact relief and relation of objects against and to each other in substance and in darkness, according as they are nearer or more distant, and the perfect relation of the shades of all of them to the chief light of the picture, whether that be sky, water, or anything else. Secondly, the exact relation of the colours of the shadows to the colours of the lights, so that they may be felt to be merely different degrees of the same light; and the accurate relation among the illuminated parts themselves with respect to the degree in which they are influenced by the colour of light itself, whether warm or cold; so that the whole of the picture, or where several tones are united, the parts which are under each may be felt to be in one climate, under one kind of light, and in one kind of atmosphere; this being chiefly dependent upon that peculiar and inexplicable quality of each colour laid on, which makes the eye feel both what is the actual colour of the object represented, and that it is raised to its apparent pitch by illumination."

The old masters were all considered great in tone, but they, nevertheless, committed a great mistake in giving the dark objects in the middle distance precisely the same relation to the light of the sky which they have in nature; the light being necessarily infinitely lowered, and the shadow deepened in the same degree. But we must remember that nature surpasses us in her power of producing light, just as much as the sun does white paper; and surpasses us also infinitely in her power of producing shade. So if we start with our best white for the brightest light, and go down our scale, tint for tint, step by step, against nature, we very soon get to our deepest black—lamp-black, which, let it be ever so black, still reflects light from its surface. But nature can give shades still darker, down to total vacuity, from which no ray of light is ever reflected. What, then, becomes of all our intermediate degrees? If we give the same quantity of distance in pitch of shade that nature does, we must pay for this expenditure of our means by totally missing half-a-dozen distances no less important, and in nature no less marked. But this the old masters did. "They chose," says Mr. Ruskin, "those steps of distance which are most conspicuous and noticeable—that, for instance, from sky to foliage, or from clouds to hills, and they gave these their precise pitch of difference in shade with exquisite accuracy of imitation. Their means were then exhausted, and they were obliged to leave their trees flat masses of mere filled-up outline. Turner starts from the beginning with a totally different principle. He boldly takes pure white (and justly, for it is the sign of the most intense sunbeams) for his highest light, and lamp-black for his deepest shade, and between these he makes every degree of shade indicative of a separate degree of distance, giving each step of approach, not the exact difference in pitch which it would have in nature, but a difference bearing the same proportion to that which his sum of possible shade bears to the sum of nature's shade; so that an object half-way between his horizon and the foreground will be in exactly of half tint force, and every minute division of intermediate space will have just its proportionate share of the lesser sum and no more. Hence, where the old master expressed one distance, he expresses a hundred, and where they said furlongs, he says leagues."

This was a bold step for a modern artist to take, and it failed not to bring down on him a load of obloquy; but the man's total indifference either to praise or censure rendered him careless of any unpleasant remark that might be handed about regarding the artist. His innovations in colour were as great as those in tone. He surpassed, not only the old masters, but all painters of modern times, in brilliancy. But there can

be no question that he was right, and they wrong. When we remember the intense light which nature throws over every object in the external world, so intense and so brilliant, that were a scarlet flower or a blade of grass placed beside any landscape painting, the grandest tints that were ever placed on canvas would seem faint and faded in comparison. If a window were suddenly opened in a room in the Royal Academy, for instance, and the full light of a tropical sunset poured in, how dim and dark and unnatural would every painting on the walls look in comparison with the gorgeous hues of nature. If Turner merely attempted to bring the colouring of painting up to the standard of the great originals, he was certainly not deserving of censure.

an existence. Hence, the deep and intense feeling which is displayed in most of the works of the old masters—in the "Crucifixions;" the "Descents from the Cross;" the "Adorations of the Magi;" the "Transfigurations;" the "Assumptions," the "Flights into Egypt," the "Last Suppers," of Da Vinci, Raffaele, Rubens, Titian, and Michael Angelo. What they sorrowed over and wept over as a personal grief, we believe as historical facts. They were all that the imagination had to dwell upon. The great and almost boundless field for thought which modern science has since opened up, the great chronicles of the ancient world, which were then unknown, but are now familiar in every mouth, the "wide, wide world of fancy," which modern literature has laid before



SCENE FROM THE FOUR STAGES OF CRUELTY, BY WILLIAM HOOARTH.

The extent to which authors are at the present day aided in the utterance of their thoughts by illustrations, is one of the most wonderful phenomena of the age. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the romance of religion, if we may so speak, had possession of the public mind, artists endeavoured to give expression to the general sentiment, by painting subjects drawn from the early history of Christianity. The whole intellectual life of their day lay in the records of the sufferings and triumphs of the Saviour, his Mother, and his Apostles. The passion which was then thrown into faith and worship, was such as we, in our cold reasoning belief, can form no conception of. That artists should not only partake of this enthusiasm but should give it utterance, is what might have been expected when literature, properly so called, had scarcely

us, the rich store of incident and adventure, with which modern history has furnished us, and all the glorious light of beauty and value which modern research has thrown on a thousand objects which, in the middle ages, were spurned as useless or vile—all these were then unknown. The mind had nothing to dwell upon but sacred history, and in the study and delineation of this all its passions, and hopes, its ardour, its intensity of feeling, its power of execution, and its keenness of perception, were lavished with an open and ready hand. In this there is nothing for us to regret. We can walk through no gallery in Europe without feeling thankful that this outpouring of genius and enthusiasm was confined to so narrow a channel. Had it been shallowed by running over a wider space it might have produced greater variety, but not half so

great excellence. The tendencies of modern art, so far as regards the choice of subjects, have been widely different. History has supplied a rich store of stirring incident for the display on canvas of the noblest as well as basest passions of the human heart. There have been few grand self-sacrifices, few instances of deep devotion, of lofty resignation, few hair-breadth escapes or valorous exploits which have not had their painter as well as their chronicler. Goodness knows; some of them are only too familiar. We have been present at too many interviews between Richard Cœur de Lion and the archer who shot him; we have too often watched the meeting of Henry and Francis on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the unconstitutional act of Cromwell in turning the Long Parliament out of doors has been so often repeated in our presence, that we are ashamed to confess we have lost that abhorrence for it, which, as a free born Englishman, we are bound to feel; Thomas à Beckett has been so often murdered before our eyes that our notions of right and wrong have become, in reference to this particular occurrence, somewhat confused, and losing

possess talents of no common order to save him from the ordinary fate of bores.

It is the less excusable when the literature of fiction offers so boundless a field for illustration. Many a man, whose mind is not sufficiently imbued with the spirit, feelings, and manners of past ages to give to an historical scene all its force, and brilliancy, and precision, may body forth the conceptions of a poet or novelist with passing grace and fidelity. It is easier to seize upon the idea of one man and reproduce it, than to give form and colouring to the thoughts of an age, or the acts of a whole people. We can imagine no more grateful task for a man of taste and sensibility than giving to the airy nothings of the writer a local habitation and a name, reproducing, with all the tints and lines, the form, and features, and expression of life—what had entered in at the ear as but a vague and fleeting image. Let words sketch ever so well, — let a written description be ever so minute, ever so precise, ever so forcible and brilliant, it will fall far short of leaving on the memory an impression so distinct as a picture. The



SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF THE ALCHEMIST. FROM HUDIBRAS, BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

all sympathy for the unhappy prelate, we have been tempted to consign, not only his assassins, but himself to the charge of a person who shall be nameless. History is certainly a field broad enough to prevent this travelling in the beaten track, and any artist who persists in inflicting upon the public his version of stories that have been often told already, must

eye is ever a more faithful servant than the ear. But for the canvas of Kneller, Macaulay might have sketched the personal appearance of many of the heroes of the English revolution in vain: gorgeous as is his description of the trial of Hastings, until we see it painted, our impressions of it must be feeble and fleeting.

HOGARTH.

WILLIAM HOGARTH was one of the great humourists of the eighteenth century. He filled the place in English art which Fielding and Smollett filled in English literature. Though often considered a mere caricaturist, he was, in reality, a powerful preacher of great truths, a rebuker of folly, and an enforcer and commender of virtue and morality. He knew well the truth of Horace's maxim—

“Ridiculum aeri fortius ac melius plerumque secat res.”

and he made ridicule his vocation. There was nothing cold, harsh, or misanthropic in it. It was not the ridicule of Voltaire—sneering hatred or contempt—but the ridicule of Addison—smiling, kindly rebuking of faults which it half excused.

Hogarth first saw the light in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, London, on the 10th of December, 1697. The epoch of fashionable folly, town scandal, wits, coffee-houses,

and theatres, had just set in, after the stormy political struggles by which English society had been convulsed, during the beginning and the middle of the seventeenth century. Vice and prodigality had taken the place of the stern simplicity and virtue of the Round-heads. He was the son of a man who wrote school-books, and acted as a general hack to the London booksellers; and the privations and suffering which he underwent were quite sufficient to warn William not to follow in his footsteps. The latter, therefore, abandoned the idea of becoming a classical scholar, and served his apprenticeship with a silver plate engraver. He had, however, acquired knowledge enough to save him from the charge of being an uneducated man, and to enable him to pursue his studies, whenever occasion served, with pleasure and effect. His principal employment in his new sphere of labour was that of engraving the devices of heraldry upon plate and other articles of luxury, and he appears to have displayed diligence and application enough not only to satisfy, but materially to assist his master. He soon grew tired of heraldry, and as soon as his indentures had expired abandoned it. But practice had made him a skilful draughtsman as well as a careful and accurate engraver—no trifling advantages in any walk of art which he might choose to follow. From his earliest attempts in drawing, except designs, he had studiously refrained from copying anything but nature. Copying other men's works he thought resembled pouring water out of one vessel into another. He therefore exercised his memory and imagination as much as lay in his power. After preparation such as this, it was natural to expect something striking and original, and Hogarth made his *debut* as a satirist. The incident which revealed the bent of his talents was amusing enough. He went one Sunday to Highgate with two of his companions, during his apprenticeship. The weather was warm, and they went into a roadside alehouse, and called for beer. Some persons, who had previously entered, were already waxing quarrelsome in their cups. One of them received so sharp a blow of a quart pot upon the head, that he put on an awfully rueful countenance, which Hogarth sketched on his thumb-nail on the spot. The result was a most amusing caricature, which, when handed round the room, restored all parties to good humour. Upon another occasion, a woman who was quarrelling with one of her companions in a cellar, filled her mouth with brandy, and dexterously squirted it into her antagonist's eye, in the presence of Hogarth and Hammore, the printer, the former of whom sketched the scene. The cleverness with which he turned these incidents to account, sufficiently indicated the line of art in which he was likely to be successful; but some time elapsed either before he became aware of it, or the world seemed inclined to patronise efforts of this kind.

Hogarth was never much of a reader, and knew little of book learning. His great aim was to acquire all his knowledge from the study of nature and of mankind, and he had no hesitation in diving for that knowledge to the lowest depths of vice and prodigality. The images he brought back with him were not always very graceful or pleasing, to be sure, but they were none the less instructive and faithful for that.

Hogarth was thirty before he could do much more than maintain himself. This was owing to his being obliged for a long while to divide his time between two very different occupations. Art at that period, for a young beginner, was not a very profitable calling, and the total absence of all protection for the copyright of prints and engravings enabled knavish publishers to pirate such of his plates as displayed any great degree of merit. He was obliged to support his mother and sisters, and, in doing this, he found the griffins, and lions couchant and rampant of heraldry more valuable aids than high art. By degrees, however, he worked himself into such a position as to enable him to abandon heraldry altogether, and devote his whole attention to painting and engraving. His skill in the latter was a material assistance, and placed him far above most others of his profession, at least, in a pecuniary point of view, as it enabled him to multiply his own works to any extent he pleased. His first work of any

merit proved incontestably that his forte lay in satire. He was, in fact, the *Juvenal* of art. It was a piece engraved in 1721, and entitled the "Taste of the Town," and afterwards, "The Small Masquerade Ticket," or "Burlington Gate." Its object was much the same as that of Mr. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," to ridicule the follies of the "quality" of the day—their frivolity, idleness, and corruption.

This appears to have stamped his reputation, for, after this, booksellers began to employ him to embellish books with cuts and frontispieces. This was the first real opening of a field of art which has since supplied the public with unnumbered delights. Even Hogarth's attempts in this way were rude enough, were passed unnoticed by most people, and mentioned by Walpole with condemnation only. Still, as a commencement, they are full of interest, above all, as a commencement which has led to all the charming creations of the artist's and the poet's fancy, which now lie on the tables of the humblest in the land.

It was in illustrating Butler's "Hudibras," that he first gave a real foretaste of his genius, though even in this he did not by any means do all that might have been done. Of all the poets of the seventeenth century, probably, Butler is the one hardest to illustrate. His wit is often so keen, and his touches so delicate, that it is not always easy for the reader to catch their full force, much less for the artist to give them shape and hue on paper; and it was probably in this that Hogarth found his memory and imagination, for the first time, fail him. There are, nevertheless, countless charms in his drawings, but, as Allan Cunningham well remarks, they appear rather where he has departed from the text, than where he has literally adhered to it. We feel pleasure in presenting our readers with one of these illustrations, and to enable those who are not familiar with Butler's great masterpiece to understand it more clearly, we subjoin an extract from the portion of the text to which it refers:—

Hudibras has an esquire with him—Ralpho.

The "argument" will give an idea of what precedes the extract in this canto.

PART II. CANTO III.

Argument.

The knight (i.e. *Hudibras*), with various doubts possess'd,
To win the lady goes in quest,
Of Sidrophel, the *Rosy-Crucian*,
To know the destinies' resolution;
With whom, b'ing met, they both chop logic,
About the science astrologic;
Till falling from dispute to fight,
The conjur'er's worsted by the knight.

[*Sidrophel*, in the course of the dispute, has called *Hudibras* "a *braggartain huffer*."]]

"Huffer! (quoth *Hudibras*) this sword
Shall down thy false throat cram that word.
Ralpho, make haste, and call an officer,
To apprehend this Stygian sophister:
Meanwhile I'll hold 'em at a day,
Lest he and Whackum run away.

But *Sidrophel*, who from th' aspect
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect
A figure worse portending far,
Than that of most malignant star,
Believed it now the fittest moment,
To shun the danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and Whackum, two to one,
This being resolved, he spy'd by chance,
Behind the door an iron lance,
That many a sturdy limb had gor'd,
And legs, and loins, and shoulders hor'd:
He snatch'd it up, and made a pass,
To make his way thro' *Hudibras*.
Whackum had got a fire-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his work.
But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And stoutly stood upon his guard:
He put by *Sidrophello's* thrust,
And in right manfully he rush'd;

The weapon from his gripe he wrung,
 And laid him on the earth along.
 Whachum, his sea-coal prong threw by
 And basely turn'd his back to fly ;
 But Hudibras gave him a twitch,
 As quick as lightning in the breach ;
 Just in the place where honour's lodg'd,
 As wise philosophers have judg'd,
 Because a kick in that part more
 Hurts honour, than deep wounds before.

Hogarth's biography brings out one of the laughable, and yet saddest features in the history of English art. Some of his plates were positively sold by the weight of the copper—at so much a pound! and, what is more extraordinary, the practice seems to have been so common at that time as to have excited little or no surprise. The price, in Hogarth's case, was half-a-crown a pound *avoirdupois*. Thornhill, a painter of no small celebrity in that day, sold paintings to the government at two guineas a Flemish ell. Fancy the state of public feeling and taste with regard to works of art, when such an idea could ever enter any one's head as that of purchasing the conceptions of skill, genius, and intellect by the weight and density of the materials employed in recording them; and fancy, what is more marvellous still, the estimate which artists must have had of the dignity of their profession or the value of their labours, when they could even listen to such a proposal without laughter and contempt!

A better proof of the general want of taste and the stupidity of the times could not be given than the result of an action which Hogarth brought for the recovery of a just and lawful debt. We may reasonably suppose the judge and jury to have been fair exponents of the knowledge as well as of the opinions of the general public. A certain Morris, an upholsterer by trade, engaged Hogarth, attracted, no doubt, by the fame of his plates, to make a design for tapestry. There appears to have been no doubt whatever of his competency to execute the task assigned to him, and the work was proceeding very favourably, when the worthy upholsterer discovered, to his horror, that Hogarth was not a painter, but simply an engraver. He accordingly sent one of his servants to him in all haste, to state his apprehensions. The design was, however, completed and sent home; but on being presented to the workmen, most of whom were foreigners, they, as in duty bound, declared that tapestry could not be executed by it, rather, we suspect, however, because it was an engraver who designed it, than because the design was bad. Morris refused to pay first, and Hogarth brought his action for thirty pounds—ten for materials, and twenty for workmanship—and the jury gave a verdict against him, for the simple reason that he was not a painter.

There was a man named Kent in existence at that day, who called himself not only a painter, but an architect, ornamental gardener, sculptor, and general designer and decorator. He was ready for anything, from the leg of a chair to a hero's monument. He encumbered Westminster Abbey with some of the most grotesque, outlandish, and unmeaning blocks of marble ever hewn by a chisel; people consulted him about the make of their furniture, their picture and looking-glass frames, their plate, their barges, their cradles. Two ladies of high rank prevailed on him to make designs for the dresses which they were to wear at court on the birthday. The consequence was, that one appeared in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders of architecture, and the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured satin with ornaments of gold. That the man was an ass there was not a particle of doubt; all that was wanted was some one to make this fact known to the world, which had not discrimination enough to perceive it itself. This task Hogarth very properly took upon himself, and executed it very effectually, by a caricature ridiculing a picture which Kent had presented as an altar-piece for St. Clement's church. The print put the whole parish in roars of laughter, and the next time the bishop visited the church he ordered it to be taken down. He followed up his success with vigour, and at length

had the satisfaction of seeing the ignorant pretender thrown from his pedestal.

Hogarth had by this time gained for himself an acknowledged place amongst the artists of the day; and as portrait painting was a much more honourable, as well as more profitable occupation than caricaturing, he betook himself to it, mainly for the sake of his wife, a daughter of Sir James Thornhill, who had braved the anger of her father in marrying him. He did not succeed well, however, in this department. His best efforts had been made in the display of the busiest and most bustling scenes of town life, the rage of unbridled passion, the abject meanness of low vice, the brutal ferocity of crime and dissipation, the leer of the *roue*, and simper of the hypocrite, and he could not in a minute train his pencil to the delineation of graceful repose, of aristocratic *hauteur*. He who had gained all the celebrity he then could boast by the fidelity with which he had portrayed the types of every folly, passion, and eccentricity under heaven, could not easily bring himself to flatter the vanity of the great by smoothing down deformities, filling up wrinkles, and obliterating moles and warts, turning a grin into a smile, or a squint into a glance. His portrait painting, therefore, though he made some money by it, was decidedly a failure. In noticing his want of success in this department of art, it is pleasant to be compelled to notice a fine trait in his character also: the ability to discern when he had mistaken his vocation, and the resolution to rectify his error. If every one possessed this in an equal degree, we feel certain we should hear less complaints of the wrongs and injustice of the world.

Hogarth, before abandoning portraits, painted two or three which have derived most of their celebrity from the fame of the originals. One was Garrick, the prince of players; another the gentle, good-hearted Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, whose proudest boast was that the savings of his youth and manhood were spent in one of the noblest works of charity, and that in his old age he was poor; the other was that of a man who, though one of the vilest of his race, was instrumental in effecting as great reforms in the British constitution as many a patriot and martyr whom none mention without honour and reverence. Each of these is remarkable for its fidelity; but in the last a little of Hogarth's satirical spirit appears, and makes the fiendish part of Wilkes's nature shine out through his face, and obscure altogether, whatever of humanity there was in his expression. It was certainly a caricature, but the likeness was undeniable.

He made a good income by his portrait painting, as it then formed the only lucrative branch of art; and during the whole time he was engaged in it, he was silently laying up materials for the works on which his real and lasting fame rests, those whose manner is satirical, and whose object was moral warning or instruction. The haunts of London vice and folly supplied him with abundance of subjects—which none could have turned to better account. His reasons for turning his thoughts to painting and engraving subjects of a modern kind and moral nature—a field not broken up in any country or age, were, to use his own words, that he thought critics and painters had in the historical style quite overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the grotesque. He therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage, and further hoped that they would be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. "Let it be observed, that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable."

We quote the above, rather as giving Hogarth's own notion of his work, than as being by any means a true statement of the comparative merits of comedy and tragedy, or, in fact, giving anything like a correct idea of such teachings as appeal to the passions and senses for the effect, as pictures, and the drama, &c. To enable the reader to judge for himself, we shall conclude this notice by a sketch of the works to which he refers. The first of the series was the "Harlot's Progress," which was commenced in 1731, and appeared in a

series of six plates, in 1734. Their success was rapid and decisive. "The boldness of the attempt," says Allan Cun-

wonder a series of productions combined into one grand moral and satiric story—exhibiting in truth a regular drama, neither



THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. FROM A PAINTING BY J. E. MILLAIS, ESQ., IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ningham, "the fascinating originality and liveliness of the conception, together with the rough and ready vigour of the engraving, were felt and enjoyed by all. The public saw with

wholly serious nor wholly comic, in which fashionable follies and moral corruptions had their beginning, their middle, and their end. Painters had been employed hitherto in investing

adies of loose reputation with the hues of heaven, and tuning their paramours into Adonises; here was one who dipt both in the lake of darkness, and held them up together to the scorn and derision of mankind."

The subject of the "Harlot's Progress" was the history of one of the unfortunates who atone for the folly of an hour by an eternity of remorse; her arrival in London, fresh from the country, pure and innocent as her mother's tears and prayers and anxious care have made her—her first turning aside from the beaten path of duty—in which women

This to Lady Amelia that, vice, provided it were surrounded by speaking mirrors, gorgeous coaches, Turkey carpets, and all other appliances of wealth and luxury, might seem to the poor and lowly-born, whose pleasure even partook of the hardness and coarseness of their existence, a proud, stately, dignified, and admirable thing; but, as Hogarth represented it, no coalheaver could look on it without blessing God that he knew nothing of it, and without feeling proud that he was neither a polished *rom*, nor a fallen beauty. What rendered the satire more effective, was, that many of the prin-



SANCHO PANZA AT DINNER WHILE GOVERNOR OF BARATARIA. FROM A PAINTING BY C. R. LESLIE, R.A.
BY PERMISSION OF MR. MARSEILLE HOLLOWAY, COVENT GARDEN.

find their only safety, her deception and ruin, her deceiving of others in her turn, her rise to guilty splendour, and her fall to guilty woe, and her final exit from the world amongst wretches as vile and degraded as herself. The work, independently of its artistic excellence, was of signal importance, because it tore away the veil from vice which a corrupt and sensual society had thrown over it, and revealed it in its naked, filthy, and hideous deformity. As the court poets then wrote of it, as the "wits" about town talked of it, as it was retailed in scandal over "dishes of tea" by Lady Betty

principal personages were portraits from living originals, of men about town, famous, or rather infamous, for their licentiousness, and of women who were tossed like a shuttlecock from one "protector" to another, as fast as their appetites became pallid, of parsons who in their cups forgot the gravity becoming their cloth, and judges the sanctity of their ermine, so that the town laughed, and the culprits winced like galled jades.

The "Harlot's Progress" was followed up by the "Rake's Progress," as a sort of counterpart or pendant. This was

scarcely so successful as its prototype, however, inasmuch as it had not novelty and curiosity on its side. It consisted of eight scenes, illustrative of the folly of a young man, who has just succeeded to a large fortune by the death of a sordid miser. He spends it in London, in cock-fighting, gambling, horse-racing, and every possible species of debauchery, and at last beggared, penniless, forsaken by his fair-weather friends, who fawned on him and robbed him in his prosperity, and broken down in constitution through his excesses, he finds refuge in a lunatic asylum, where he ends his days. "The curtain," says Walpole, "was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give these works, which should be immortal, if the nature of his work will allow it."

Both these were printed by knavish booksellers, and published, with a slight alteration in the title, for their own special benefit. The chagrin and indignation which this dishonesty caused Hogarth to feel, led to the first recognition by the legislature of the absolute property of the designer or engraver in the productions of his genius and industry. By his efforts an act was passed in 1735, for recognizing a legal copyright in designs and engravings, and restraining copies of such works from being made without the consent of the owners. The phraseology of the act was, however, as is too often the case, a model of verbiage and obscurity, and within a very short time after its passing, decisions were pronounced under it which were opposed to the common sense of every man who heard them, as well as of the judge who pronounced them, though in strict accordance with the meaning of the legislature, at least as nearly as it could be ascertained.

To commemorate this achievement, Hogarth engraved a small print with emblematic devices. On the top of the plate was a royal crown shedding rays on mitres and coronets, —on the great seal, on the speaker's hat, and other symbols, indicating the united wisdom of king, lords, and commons. Underneath was a complimentary inscription.

Most of his other pieces are representations of scenes in low life in London. Their names, such as "Southwark Fair," "Modern Midnight Conversation," a scene in a cyder cellar or tavern, sufficiently indicate their nature, with several others not so coarse, but equally ludicrous and clever. His next piece, which contained a serious moral, was "Marriage à la Mode." It consisted of a series of six scenes. The daughter of a rich citizen is married to the son of a proud but poor peer. One desires a title, the other wealth, and they get them. The husband is an affected fop, and even on their wedding-day the bride seems more than half-disgusted with him, and is observed listening with an attention ill suited the occasion to the words of a wily lawyer, Mr. Silvertongue. The result is such as might have been expected. My lord wastes his substance in riotous living, spends his money amongst gamblers, boxers, harlots, winebibbers, and blacklegs of every description. The lady listens to the lawyer still, and frequents houses where large sums are lost by means of "quiet rubbers." Scandal, at last, begins to make free with her name,—and her reputation is finally gone. She consents to a meeting at a masked ball, and after this, we see her no more till the last scene but one, in which the artist displays dramatic power of the highest order. In a bagnio, in her night dress, in an agony of remorse, over the body of her dying and injured husband, who has just received a mortal wound from the sword of her seducer, kneels the unfortunate woman, now, at last, fully awake to her shame and ruin and disgrace. In the closing scene, she again appears in the house of her father, the dying speech of her paramour, who has been hanged for the murder of her husband, lying at her feet. She puts an end to her misery by draining a phial of laudanum. Her infant, who twines its arms round her neck, is the only one left to love her, for her sordid father disturbs her last moments by tearing a costly ring from her finger.

These sketches met with a decided success, so much humour, mingled with so much pathos, so much deep and heart-rending tragedy from a hand trained, as it were, to comedy, the world had never seen on canvas before, and it

evinced its appreciation of the work by the purchase of a large number of the engravings.

He followed it up by another and corresponding series, representing a "Happy Marriage," but this, for what reason is not known, he never carried to completion. In his next production, the moral purpose was more plainly manifested than in any of the others, though the artistic execution was not such as to attract any great amount of attention. In the present day, when education is more extended because its advantages are better known, and when boys are not so prone to run wild as in "the good old times," we question much whether they would attract any share whatever of public notice. But the great scapegoats of those days, the wild hairbrained portion of the population of the metropolis were the apprentices, and many of the losses and trials of the worthy tradesmen were due to their wildness and folly. When Hogarth, therefore—who had himself been an apprentice, and knew the temptations to which young men in the great world of London, far from their parents, were exposed—took up his pencil to paint the miseries of vice and idleness, and the rewards and happiness attendant on industry and good conduct; the merchants and shopkeepers hailed his efforts with delight, and hung up the engravings in their shops and parlours, to be at once a warning and an example. He executed twelve alternate scenes, of Industry and Idleness, in 1747, and published them. The following is his own account of their nature and object:—"Industry and Idleness exemplified in the conduct of two fellow apprentices, where one, by taking good courses, and pursuing points for which he was apprenticed, becomes a valuable man and an ornament to his country; the other, by giving way to idleness, naturally falls into poverty, and ends fatally as expressed in the last print." It is but right to add, however, that there was more to be commended in the moral of the prints than in their execution.

A visit which our artist paid to France, soon after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, was the means of rousing in him that holy hatred of Frenchmen which formed so large a part of the nationality of every Englishman of the old school, and which led to the belief, not yet extinct amongst the lower classes, that every Frenchman wore wooden shoes, used brass money, and lived upon frogs. Hogarth no sooner found himself in Calais, than he launched out into unmeasured abuse of everything he saw, and at last began to sketch one of the gates of the town. This caused him to be apprehended as a spy, carried on board a returning packet, and there rudely whirled round on the deck. Indignities less aggravating than these have led to bloody wars, but happily Hogarth was not one of the great ones of the earth, and was thus compelled to avenge himself merely by a caricature, entitled "The Roast Beef of Old England," in which English good cheer and the meagreness of French fare were contrasted, in the way that displayed neither much wit nor imagination.

Passing over a painting, "The Presentation of young Moses to the Daughter of Pharaoh," we come to his next moral and satirical performance, "The Four Stages of Cruelty," representing the career of a savage boy, who commences his career by gross cruelty to the lower animals, and ends it by an atrocious murder, for which he is hanged, and in due course dissected. They displayed great skill in grouping and the delineation of character, and their moral was on the surface; but the unpleasant nature of the subject, and the revolting minuteness with which all the details are given in the last scene, render the work by no means so pleasing as many others of his which display, perhaps, less talent. We insert an engraving of one of these scenes. "The March of the Guards to Finchley," in which he ridiculed the royal guards when advancing against the Scotch rebels in 1745, was a performance displaying the highest wit and humour. The whole body are represented in Tottenham Court-road, in a state of lamentable confusion and disorder, drunken, and surrounded by a horde of wives, sutlers, and lovers, all shouting, drinking, and swearing, their baggage waggons upset, and all discipline at an end. Its appearance set the town in a roar; but poor George II., a heavy, fat, lumbering German, alike devoid of

humour and incapable of comprehending or appreciating it, was sadly enraged by it. A copy was sent to him by Hogarth, who doubtless thought he would enjoy the joke; and on hearing the title, the king was rather pleased than otherwise, supposing it was some tribute to the valour and discipline of the guards who had marched so cheerfully to overthrow the Pretender. Great was his indignation and astonishment when he saw it.

"Who is this Hogarth?" said he to a lord in waiting.

"The painter, my liege."

"Bainter!—I hate bainting and boetry too; neither of them ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?"

"The picture, an't please your majesty, must undoubtedly be regarded as a burlesque."

"What, a bainter burlesque a soldier!—he deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take his trumpery out of my sight!"

So much for his Majesty's taste. Frederick of Prussia proved that he knew better what was due to genius when he received the picture as a present, and sent the artist a handsome acknowledgment.

To enumerate, even, all the other works of Hogarth would require a much larger space than we have at our disposal. We have already said enough to give the reader a general idea of their nature; we must, therefore, conclude this very imperfect sketch by a brief reference to the only book he ever wrote. He had, when he painted his own portrait, etched on the palette a waving line, underneath which was written "Line of Beauty and Grace." Nobody knew what this meant, though every one wondered. The mystery was solved in 1753, by the appearance of a work from the artist's pen, entitled "Analysis of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic," says he, "ever amused more than my line of beauty did for a fine. 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 a lever, could give of that machine as a mechanical power."

The explanation contained in the Analysis, however, did not by any means make matters pleasant. No book ever drew down such a storm of obloquy upon the author. Every available instrument of satire, ridicule, and abuse was put in force against him—verse as well as prose. His opinions, his language, and even his person and his family fell equally under the lash. The literati were indignant that a man who was self-educated, who could not spell, nor even always write grammatically, should take upon himself to write a book; and at last they declared that he could not write it, and that it was not his at all. None joined in this clamour with a louder voice than the immortal patriot John Wilkes, who now showed as little regard to truth as he had always shown to decency. There can be no doubt that the work was entirely Hogarth's own, but he confessed, with becoming modesty, that he had submitted his language and arrangement to the revision of a friend, as was natural, when he himself was not practised in composition. With regard to the opinions advanced in the work, they are at least ingenious, but they had many opponents among men who owed Hogarth a grudge, and they would probably now have more than ever. He points to the leaves which clothe the trees, and the flowers which cover the ground, and all that buds and blooms as formed of waving lines. The line of grace is found in the varied outline of the hills, in the grandeur of mountains, in everything however minute or magnificent. The beasts, the birds, the insects, and the fishes, and the shells which strew the shore, are all cited as examples of the truth of the theory; and the topstone of the argument is found in the grounded lines of womanly beauty. He thus proclaims himself the discoverer of a great and universal principle, in the full spirit of which the great artists of Italy and Greece wrought, probably, more from instinct than from knowledge. In all their works is found the line of beauty such as he described it, and nowhere stiff, rigid, or angular forms. "Michael Angelo," he thought, "had some notion of the existence of this principle when he advised his scholar, Marcus de Siena, to make a figure pyramidal, serpentlike, and multiplied by one, two and three, in which precept the whole mystery of art consisteth; for the greatest grace and life that a picture can have, is that it expresseth motion, which painters call the spirit of a picture."

LESLIE'S SANCHO PANZA.

There never was an author worthier of an artist's attention than Cervantes, in his inimitable "Don Quixote." It is one of those books which belong to no age and no clime, which can be read everywhere, for ever, and by everybody, with equal delight. In "Don Quixote" we have the broadest farce, without a particle of coarseness, mingled with the keenest satire and deep love for humanity, indulgence for its errors and follies, and belief in his innate goodness. These are qualities that find favour everywhere, and call forth as hearty admiration from the Englishman as the Spaniard. One of the most amusing characters in the work, Sancho—that happy personification of primitive instincts, of popular good sense, of matter-of-fact practicality—that charming contrast with the man of dreams, Don Quixote, his master—has been ably rendered by Mr. Leslie, in one of his most laughable situations—while "governor of the island of Barataria." The honours of royalty never sat so heavily on him as at table. We shall let Cervantes describe the scene.

The court doctor stands over the worthy governor, and prevents his tasting any of the delicacies which his attendants place before him. Hear the doctor's apology, when called to account:—

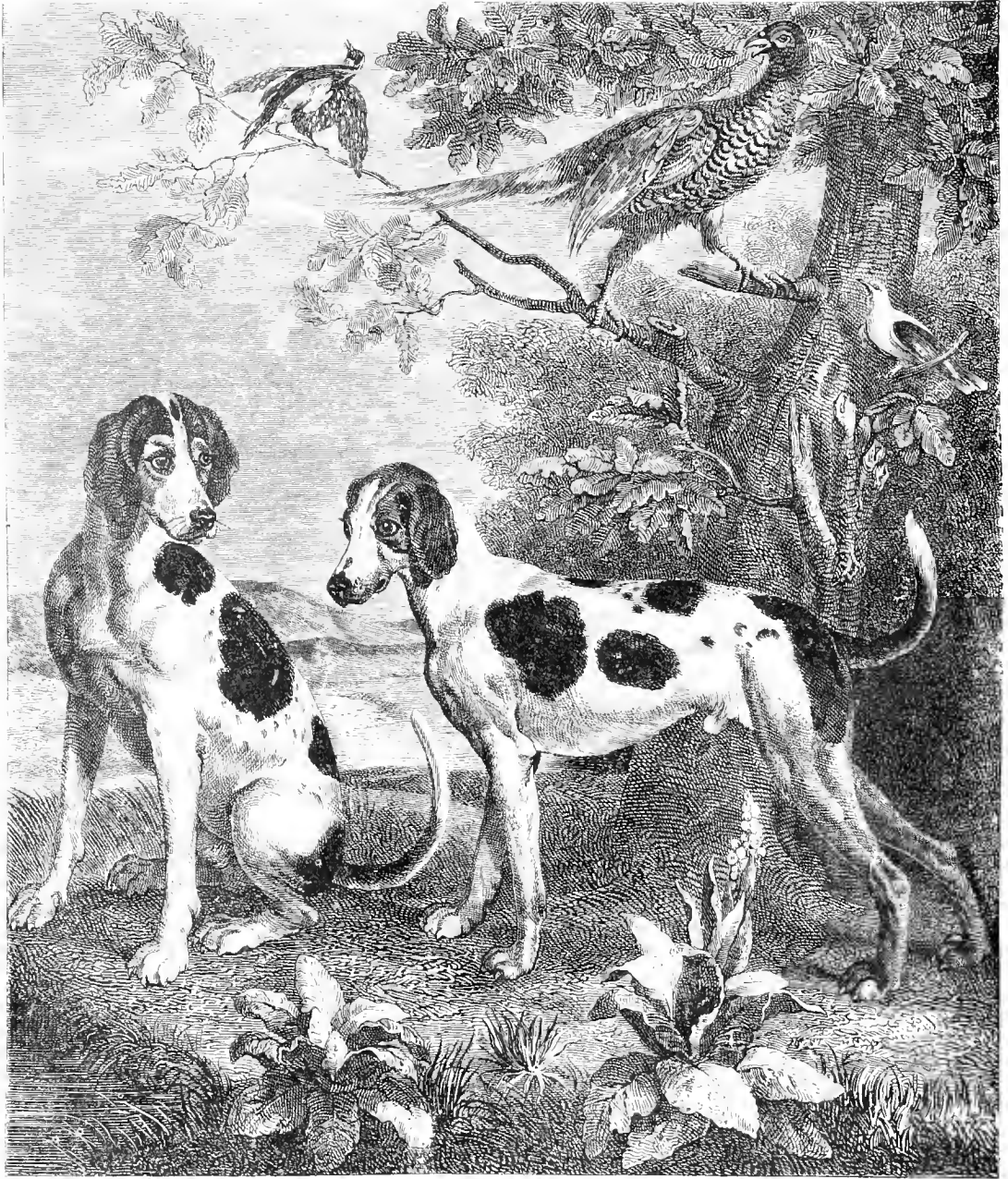
"My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's fool

* By the kindness of Mr. Maurice Holloway, the proprietor of the copyright, we are enabled to present our readers with this most admirable delineation of Mr. Leslie's portraiture of the immortal Sancho Panzo.

must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to attend to the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick; and, therefore, think it incumbent on me to pay special regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health or offensive to his stomach. It is for that reason, my lord, I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst; and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "Well then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roasted partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm." "Hold," said the doctor, "my lord governor shall not eat them, while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master, Hippocrates, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Omnis saturatio mala, perditis autem pessima.' All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst." "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye, senior doctor, over all these dishes here on the table, and see which will do me the most good or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick; for, by my soul, and as

God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let senior doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short." "Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician; "and, therefore, I am of opinion, you should not eat of those stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might

feeders at country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas in such as are compounded all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his



DOGS AND GAME. FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTS

have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed, but as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there smoking hot, which I take to be an olla podrida; for among the many things contained in it I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "Absit," quoth the doctor, "far be such a thought from us. Olla podrida! there is no worse dish in the world; leave them to the prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty

health, is about one hundred small rolled up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit easy upon the stomach and help digestion." See the incredulous air which his countenance wears as he listens to the doctor's sophistries, the gradual dawning on him of their flimsiness, mingled with a dash of unusual longing for the good cheer before him. This is a decided success, as Alexander Dumas would say.

LANDSEER'S "TWA DOGS."

SINCE the time of Snyders no man has depicted animal life with such force, precision, and acuteness of observation, as Edwin Landseer. The difficulties in the way of becoming a landscape painter are, *ceteris paribus*, no greater than in that of becoming a great animal painter, for the simple reason that the field of observation is necessarily more limited, and much harder to be got at. Nature never conceals herself—is never absent from him who loves her and seeks her diligently. The landscape always remains open for study, the green of the fields, the hues of the flowers, the light and shade amongst the foliage, the glitter of the sunlight on the water, and the gorgeous tints of the occidental sky, are everywhere to be seen. To render them truly, to be sure, is difficult enough, but it is the artist's fault if he does not suc-

within the reach of any man who chooses to bestow on them the necessary time and labour. They are to painting much what style and fluency are in writing, the result of practice merely, aided of course in some degree by natural adaptability. But Landseer has shown himself a man of the highest order of mind. His two great pictures of "Peace" and "War" display great intellectual power. A mere painter, if called upon to give us an idea of peace, would place before us a cottage, surrounded by flowers, with children playing in the garden, and reapers cutting down the corn close at hand; his "War" would exhibit an array of hostile forces engaged in deadly encounter—

"The mustering squadron and the clattering car,"
with all the blood and smoke and fury of a battle. We



THE TWA DOGS.* FROM A PAINTING BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.

ceed, and not that of the materials with which he has to deal. Not so the painter of animals. He has to haunt their retreats, to be content with hasty and imperfect observation, to wait patiently, it may be, for months before he can satisfy himself as to a certain attitude, a certain expression, or a peculiar habit. Any one whom reflection has made aware of these difficulties, must, in gazing on Landseer's works, feel lost in admiration at the marvellous perfection to which he has attained—the singularly minute knowledge of every trait of character, and every instinct of the lower animals, above all, of deer and dogs, which his pictures display—at the patience, the diligence, the industry, and perseverance which must have been expended in their acquisition. Nor is it his imitative powers merely that call forth our commendation. These are

should have seen what he meant, but nothing more. There is nothing suggestive, nothing for the mind to dwell on, any more than a sentence in a copy-book which tells us that procrastination is the thief of time—or that modesty is a quality which highly adorns a woman. But Landseer does not rest satisfied with stating the fact. He makes it suggestive of other facts—expresses a great deal, and leaves twice as

* The politeness of Mr. Gambart, the eminent print-seller of Berner's-street, enables us to lay before the public a representation of one of Sir Edwin Landseer's most popular subjects. This is, we believe, the only instance of the expensive steel engraving of Landseer's "Twa Dogs" being rendered on wood; and the extreme fidelity with which our artist has copied the peculiarities of the original cannot be too highly commended.

much to be inferred, sets us off in imagination through a wide field of causes and consequences. His works are but symbols, but how much do they symbolise! This is the highest triumph of genius—this is *truth* in painting. His "Peace" is a grass-covered cliff at Dover, with a few children playing on it, surrounded by sheep, some lazily chewing the cud, and a lamb cropping the green herbage which grows within the mouth of a dismounted piece of cannon, while the sea lies below, calm as a lake, and dotted here and there by the white sails of pleasure-boats, and the coast of France looms dimly through the summer haze. How little there is here, but how much meaning lies behind it—our long wars with our "natural enemy," the bloody conflicts for naval supremacy of which that channel has been the scene, the bristling ordnance which in other days have crowned those heights, and the watch and ward which armed men kept in hatred, and wrath, and passion, where innocence and purity now bask happily and carelessly in the sunlight.

"War" is simply a ruined cottage, half concealed by the smoke of battle—the trampled flower-beds, wrecked windows,

and devastated garden, tell fearfully of the conflict which has just ended, and a single horseman lies dead beneath his steed.

The scenes of Highland sport which Landseer has depicted are known to all our readers. In the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, two large pictures, "Night" and "Morning," have excited general admiration. Any description of them would give but a poor idea of their merits and beauty. His delineations of canine character are the most interesting of all his works. He has represented dogs in every possible situation, likely and unlikely, and in every one with marvellous fidelity, force, and precision. Our engraving may be taken as an apt illustration of one of *Æsop's* best fables, the tame and wild dog engaged in conversation. The fierce independence with which the latter asserts his full liberty to go and do as he likes, but acknowledges the hardships and dangers to which his situation exposes him; and the calm dignity with which the latter points out the ease, comfort and safety which he enjoys by a trifling sacrifice of his independence, are admirably contrasted.

THE PROSCRIBED ROYALIST. BY MILLAIS.

WE have already remarked upon the singular disposition displayed by the artists of the present day to dwell upon hackneyed historical themes. To paint history, whether with the pen or pencil, it is not necessary to describe events like a court newsman, or a penny-a-liner, telling us who was present, how it began, who took part in it, what they wore, how they looked, and how it ended. This, after all, is but a higher kind of imitation—a faithful rendering of costume, and of features as far as any thing is known of them, if the event be of remote occurrence, certainly joined with talents of a still higher order, which come into play in the grouping, expression, &c. But this alone does not impress one with the ideas of the time, does not give one a vivid picture of the state of society, of the prevailing notions and tendency of the popular mind, of the position of parties, and their prejudices and passions. These are things which historians should place in their foreground, but which, unfortunately, they do not—things which every student of history should know, but with which few students are thoroughly familiar. History, as at present written, barring the improvements it has received from Mr. Macaulay and Augustin Thierry, is a collection of dry facts, useful enough to the politician or statesman, but pictorially and æsthetically of hardly any value whatever. The first man in Great Britain who looked at history with the eye of an artist, grasped all its leading features, and without generalising them, though without dwelling painfully upon minutiae, and yet with marvellous truth, blended them into a picture of surpassing beauty, was Sir Walter Scott. Who would ever have so clear and ineffaceable an idea of the condition of the English people after the conquest,—of the peculiar relations existing between the victor and the vanquished for the first two centuries after the landing of the Normans, if in his youthful days he had not held his breath while Ivanhoe jostled in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, wept over the sorrows of Rebecca, and been merry with Friar Tuck in the merry greenwood? What idea would any Englishman have of the state of society in Scotland, particularly amongst the Highland clans, or of the rebellion of 1745—that marvellous enterprise, tinged with so much romance and frustrated by so much folly—if he had not followed the adventures of Waverley? In the whole of this there is hardly a single scene historically accurate; but still it is all historical painting of the highest order; and if the great object of history be to diffuse amongst the people a vivid notion of the daily lives of their forefathers, of their trials, their struggles, their grievances, their virtues, and their misfortunes, she owes more to the graceful pen of the Wizard of the North than to the ponderous labours of Hume.

Now we want some one to do for history with the pencil what Scott has done for it with the pen, to give the idea of truth, and not ideas of imitation. There is no lack of interesting subjects in the course of our national history, if the artist have but the requisite amount of knowledge and taste to turn them to account. A still wider field is open for the exercise of his art, if he chooses to extend his views to the history of other nations. In the "Proscribed Royalist," Mr. Millais has made a step in the right direction, and a very long step. In this scene there is as much meaning as Smollett would have taken ten pages to express, the triumphs of the Roundheads, the utter discomfiture of the Royalists, the ranging of godly soldiers up and down the land, smiting the men of Belial, hip and thigh, wherever they met with them; troopers in the churches, troopers in the old mansion-houses of the squires, Cromwell in the royal palaces, the fierce denunciation and longwinded expoundings of the serjeant, in places that had for centuries echoed to the mildly spiritual, but withal rapid discourses of the parson; the cavaliers, beggars in foreign lands, of foreign bounty—their pride humbled, their boasting brought to nought—their prowess held in no more esteem than the blows of a child's flail on sturdy sheaves, heirs of proud families lurking in woods and fastnesses, with no hope and no refuge, save in the instinctive kindness of human nature—the love, the pity, the fidelity of those who knew them in better days. Do you mark the look of broken pride, of disappointed hope, of crushed ambition, the utter despair and prostration which dwells in the poor fugitive's face, as shipwrecked, worn-out, shorn of his fiery recklessness and ardour, he lurks in fear and trembling in this hollow trunk, in a park, it may be, where he once was the gayest of the gay, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, with his slashed doublet, his neat hose, his clanking spurs, his long hair, and waving feather, and jaunty swaggering air? This girl was a belle, no doubt, in peaceful times, a gay coquette, who broke hearts by the score, and ran men through with a single glance; fickle, coy, and hard to please. The storm of war has rolled across the land, rousing a thousand bad passions, but it has swept with it all her frivolity and vanity, and left her in the native dignity and simplicity of pure womanhood, a ministering angel, visiting the captive in his affliction, and cheering his heart with her gentle sympathy. This is what a picture ought to be, telling many things and suggesting a thousand more; plucking from history its flowers of romance, setting them in a vase before us to perfume our rooms and delight our senses.

All that we have said here applies in an equal degree to a picture entitled the "Order of Release," a touching scene in 1745, exhibited in the Academy this year.

WILSON'S "MORNING."

WILSON, like most artists of his day, commenced his career by portrait painting; but, unlike most of them, early abandoned it for landscapes, and pursued the new branch with a success attained by none of his contemporaries, except Gainsborough. A sketch scratched on the window-pane, while waiting one morning for Zaccarelli the artist, to beguile the time, revealed his talent and fixed his vocation. He was a native of Wales, and had his memory filled with images of the glens, waterfalls, and wild mountains amongst which his youth had been passed. He thus possessed, if Mr. Ruskin's theory be true, one essential qualification of a great landscape painter,—a store of childish impressions, and a mind imbued from infancy with the love of nature.

He had, however, terrible difficulties to contend against. The taste for landscape painting, like too many other good tastes in England, had still to be created. Previously, portraits were all the rage. Education of any kind, or even ordinary refinement, was not much diffused amongst the middle and lower classes, and those whose wealth and position made them patrons of art, desired paintings of faces rather than of scenes, partly because the former flattered their vanity, and partly because they were too artificial for nature to come in for much share of their admiration. Wilson had not, therefore, merely to minister to tastes already formed, as is the case with most artists, but to create one. The task was indeed difficult, and no man was ever worse adapted for it than he. Rose-water was then a commodity fully as highly prized as at present. If the *beau monde* would be taught by any one, it should be by a man of courtly manners, in whom no trace of the *estriar* should offend the eye. Poor Wilson was anything but this,—coarse, slovenly, a haunter of taverns, a lover of boisterous mirth, and brusque in his manners, landscape painting did not grow fashionable in his hands. A residence of six years abroad enabled him to study the works of the great masters, and imbue his mind with the peculiar characteristics of their style. On his return to England he was fully prepared and fully competent to do justice to the beauties of English scenery. He had a poet's feeling and a poet's eye, selected his scenes with skill and judgment, and infused into them that tender ideality which is technically called "the sentiment of the scene." His conceptions were noble—his execution vigorous and forcible. There was never anything tame or insipid in any of his works. He entered fully into the spirit of nature, grew great with her grandeur, sublime with her sublimity, pathetic with her tender beauty. "Wilson," says Fuseli, in his Discourses, "observed nature in all her appearances, and had a characteristic touch for all her forms. But though in effects of dewy freshness, and silent evening lights, few have equalled, and fewer excelled him, his grandeur is oftener allied to terror, bustle, and convulsion, than to calmness and tranquillity. He is now numbered with the classics of the art, though little more than the fifth part of a century has elapsed since death relieved him from the apathy of cognoscenti; the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public; for Wilson, whose works will soon command prices as proud as those of Claude, Poussin, or Elzheimer, resembled the last most in his fate, and lived and died nearer to indigence than ease."

His scenes are mostly fanciful, a few only being representations of existing reality, and they are scattered, as they should be, through private galleries and public rooms. They were so little admired during his lifetime, that they were not bought up by the connoisseurs; so that a greater number of them are thus open to public inspection than if this had been the case. The mention of the names of some of those upon which his fame principally rests may be useful:—"The Death of Niobe," "Phaeton," "Morning," "View of Rome," "Villa of Mæcenas at Tivoli," "Celadon and Amelia," "View on the River Po," "Apollo and the Seasons," "Meleager and Atalanta," "Cicero at his Villa," "Lake Narni," "View on

the Coast of Bâle," "The Tiber near Rome," "Temple of Bacchus," "Adrian's Villa," and "Morning," of which we give an engraving, &c.

Wilson was only saved from dying in complete destitution by an unexpected legacy, which he did not long survive to enjoy—a standing reproach to the taste and humanity of the age.

ART AS IT IS.

ONE of the many advantages of peace undoubtedly is, that it recalls men to the study of all that is elevated and refined in art, and the result is, humanity becomes elevated and refined, not merely is

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

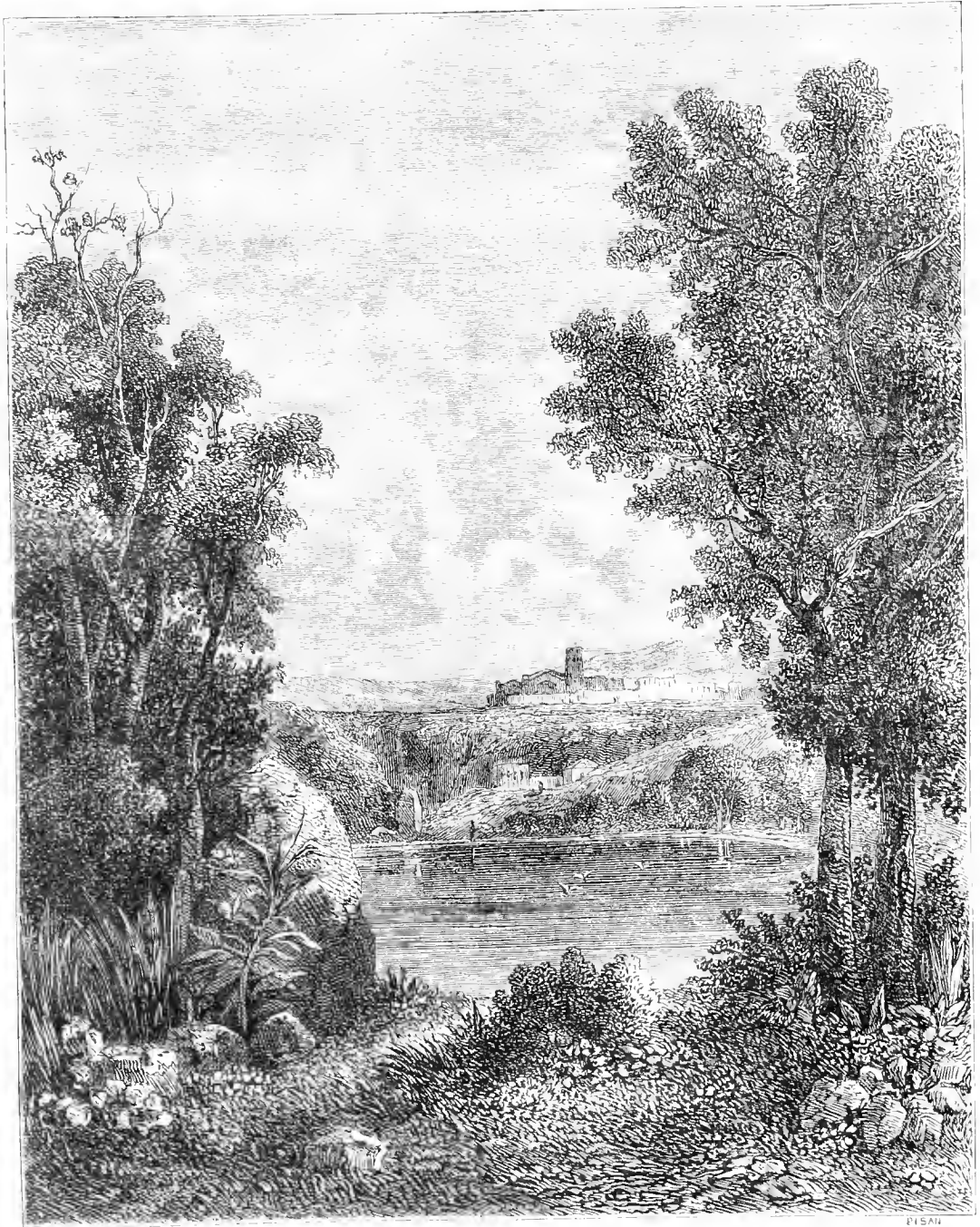
Not merely is the eye delighted and the taste gratified, but the heart of man is softened, his creed becomes more catholic, his life more pure, and thus the cause of human progress is advanced. It is, therefore, not for idle purposes we propose to glance at the artistic world as it at present appears. It concerns the happiness of the human race; its prosperity is connected with our own. If it declines, it speaks ill for us; if it flourishes, the reverse is denoted. We shall find it active and full of life.

In the way of painting we may state that Mr. E. M. Ward has received authority from her Majesty's Fine Art Commissioners, to commence at once on a second illustration of English history for the New Houses of Parliament, as a companion to the "Execution of Montrose," which delighted so many at the Royal Academy exhibition this year. The story which Mr. Ward is to tell, is the "Sleep of Argyll," and has been painted before. It rests on the authority of Woodrow, and has been copied and commented on by Fox, in his noble fragment of English history. The subject of Mr. Ward's piece is the Argyll who was executed in the reign of James II. It is said that a few hours before his execution, he was found sleeping as a child, by one of the lords of the council, his bitter, and unscrupulous enemy. The sight made a strong impression upon him, and the incident is one well fitted for the canvas. It will make a noble picture for the stately palace it is to adorn. From new pictures the transition to the restoration of old ones is very natural. We take it most of our readers are acquainted with the "Bear Hunt" by Velasquez. A few years ago, Mr. Lance, the eminent fruit painter, was instructed by Mr. Keyser, of the National Gallery, to restore this picture. Mr. Lance, before a committee of the House of Commons, thus described the injuries in the picture of the "Bear Hunt," which he was commissioned to repair. "One portion of the picture on the right hand, as large as a sheet of foolscap, was entirely bare; in fact, more than half the picture had to be restored." Mr. Lance confessed that he had not seen the picture before it was damaged, and that he had no plate to aid him in his restoration. It is clear that this attempt was most injudicious and absurd. Yet Mr. Lance is scarcely to be blamed; he was instructed by the keeper of the National Gallery. If he had not done it, some one else would. The artist's pot must boil as well as that of other men.

Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, has lately been fortunate enough to realise no less than 3,350 guineas for five moderate-sized pictures by Turner, which are pronounced by critics to be far from the most successful productions of that artist. Very different was the sale of the Standish, Spanish, and other pictures, where monks, and nuns, and martyrs, were sold "as cheap as stinking mackerel." The gem of the collection was the portrait of the infant "Don Balthasar," which was knocked down amid the applause of the room for 1,000 guineas. The portrait was painted about the year 1655, not long after the return of Velasquez from Italy, and in his best manner—the delicate flesh and curly auburn hair are

truly infantine; the picture is in excellent condition. By some it was said to be purchased for the National Gallery; by others, for Baron Rothschild; by others, and we believe correctly, for Lord Normanton. Large as the sum is, the picture is worth it; for, after all, the real value of a painting is what it will bring at Messrs. Christie's, and the fortu-

sion, for its power of submitting to those who could see and feel, but not read, a faithful matter-of-fact impersonation of the Spanish faith—of the monk and the saint—the legend and the gospel, which the church deemed fit for the nation's belief." One other thing has also been taught us—the grave and masculine character of Spanish art. It sought not to please or



And. C. R. V.

MORNING. FROM A PAINTING BY RICHARD WILSON.

nate possessor will have added to his gallery a specimen such as can only be rivalled by the Queen of Spain. The sale just concluded has been an epoch in the history of art with us. A new school has been introduced to us—a school neither political, nor ideal, nor imaginative, nor seductive, but a school having few rivals "for intense devotional expres-

flatter—to fall in with the idle fashion of the hour—to pander to the effeminate and voluptuous. It was destined not for the drawing-room, but the altar—not for man's pleasure, but for God's glory—to build up men for the life that is to come—not to make pleasant to them, or deck with flowers the life that now is—that soon shall have past away.



PAUL BRIL.

It has been for a long time believed, that those immortal artists, whose names preside over an epoch in history, were brought forth, all at once, from the womb of humanity, without ancestors, without filiation, if we may so speak—like Venus issuing from the agitated waves. Never was belief more widely diffused of old, and yet never was belief more

able painters, who needed but to have been born two centuries later to have earned also the surname of divine.

In landscape, as in historical painting, we find the same sequence, the same phenomena; to prepare for the coming of a Claude, or a Poussin, many generations of artists had to toil, if we may so speak, at the foot of the pedestal on which they were to mount; a crowd of painters from Germany and Holland had to learn how to combine the simple love of nature, innate in the people of the north, with the ideal sentiment of the beautiful bestowed on the Italians. From the mystic marriage of northern and southern Europe, the great Poussin was born.

Amongst those artists who thus paved the way for the great landscape painters of the seventeenth century, there is one whose name and works have been handed down to posterity—Paul Bril. The Venetian and Flemish schools dispute, it is true, the honour of having originated landscape painting. Although history seems to certify that Giorgione and Titian were the first who thought of treating the landscape as the principal part of a picture, and thus to justify the pretensions of the Venetians, it is, nevertheless, allowable to believe that Flanders was the cradle of the most ancient landscape painters. Such, in fact, is the opinion of the Italian Baldinucci himself. We must also add, that the grave and sentimental character of the northerners leads them to the contemplation of the external world. At the time when Europe emerged from the long barbarism of the middle ages, they were the first to awaken to a sense of the beautiful in nature. Besides all this, light, which plays so prominent a part in all landscapes, nowhere exhibits effects so striking as in the stormy countries of the north. There the sun tears open the clouds in the twinkling of an eye, and inundates one half of the landscape with his rays, while the other half remains plunged in silent shade; there the clouds assume tints so varied that the painter may study in them the most curious gradations of tone.

One thing is certain—the first painter, to cultivate land-



false. Humanity, productive and powerful as she is, cannot improvise a great man. A long gestation, a series of progressive transformations, are necessary to produce one of those brilliant geniuses whose glory effaces the remembrance of the slow and successive efforts which had been made before their time. Between Giotto and Raphael there appeared a long line of

scape painting exclusively, who afterwards attained to any celebrity, was Paul Bril the Fleming. It ought to be remarked, that this painter lived constantly in Italy; and we shall see, by the history of his life, that his genius was developed under the two-fold influence of the instincts which he brought with him from his native country, and of the great models which he found in the country of his adoption. He was born at Antwerp, in 1556.* He studied when very young under Daniel Wortelmans, painter, unknown to fame. If we are to believe Karl Van Mander, he shewed at first but little docility in learning his art, and at the age of fourteen had given no sign of the possession of genius. As he was obliged to support himself by his labour, he painted in water colours harpsichords and those three-stringed lyres that were called *pandoras*. Painting was then chiefly employed for purposes of ornamentation. All the furniture in Italy, towards the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth, were adorned with paintings. Desco, a Florentine, and Starnina in Spain, excelled in this branch of art.† Gaddi Oregua and Grotto himself painted *cassoni*—little boxes for containing wedding presents. Although Paul Bril performed this sort of work with great facility, he had great difficulty in making out a livelihood. Necessity, and the desire of seeing new countries, and natural restlessness of disposition, made him leave Antwerp early; he set out for Breda. His parents, who were already suffering from the absence of their eldest son, Mathew, soon recalled him to his native town. The reports which reached him, however, of the success which had attended his brother Mathew in Italy, revived his desire to follow him, and he took flight one fine morning, when scarcely twenty years of age, to realise his dream of Italy. He stopped, however, some months at Lyons before crossing the Alps. D'Argenville informs us that Paul Bril studied there under an unknown master, but that the instructions he received were not by any means useless. His colouring was improved, and he acquired a firmer and more vigorous style.

On his arrival at Rome, he found his brother, who had been resident there for many years, engaged in executing the great works at the Vatican, which had been committed to him by Gregory XIII. During the life of the latter, Paul laboured with his brother, and assisted him in finishing the paintings and decoration upon which he was engaged in the great gallery and apartments of the pontifical palace. He then showed so much ability, that, on the death of Mathew, which took place in 1584, Pope Sixtus V., the successor of Gregory XIII., confided to him the task of completing what his brother had begun.‡ From this moment, Paul Bril's reputation was established, and ever after continued to increase during the whole course of a long and laborious life. Popes Sixtus V., Clement VIII., Paul V., &c., employed him in a great number of important works. There is still at Rome a large composition which he painted in 1602, in the splendid dining-hall constructed by Clement VIII., in which St. Clement, the patron of this pope, may be seen bound to an anchor and cast into the sea. The picture contains an area of not less than sixty-eight Roman palms, or about fifty-nine feet. The ceilings of the two staircases, beside the Scala Santa, near St. John of Lateran, were also adorned by two large frescoes, the work of his pencil. The one represents Jonas being swallowed by the whale, and in the other the prophet appears lying on

* Baldinucci gives 1584 as the date of his birth; but this is an error, as he himself shows, by informing us that Paul Bril followed up the labours of his brother, who died in this very year. Van Mander and Sandrart both fix the birth of Paul Bril in the year 1556.

† "Lanzi's Lives of the Painters," Vol I., p. 50.

‡ If it be true that Paul Bril owed his selection to succeed his brother to Sixtus V., a year must be added to the date of Mathew's death, for Sixtus V. did not ascend the pontifical throne till 1585. If, on the contrary, Mathew died in 1584, it is Gregory III. who must have accorded to Paul the favours which had been bestowed upon his brother.

the shore after issuing from the fish's belly. The mere enumeration of all the landscapes which he painted for the pontifical palace, and the various convents and churches at Rome, would of itself form a catalogue of some length. Baldinucci informs us, that immediately after Mathew's death, Paul Bril was employed by the greatest artists of the day to paint the scenery in the background of their pictures, because none knew how so well as he to set off a historical fact by the addition of a beautiful landscape.

Paul Bril far surpassed his brother Mathew. The latter retained to the last the hard and stiff Flemish manner of the sixteenth century; Paul, on the other hand, was distinguished by the harmony of his colouring, the lightness of his touch, and the great simplicity and grandeur of all his compositions. These qualities, however, did not show themselves until the second period of his artistic career. In fact, there appears so wide a difference between his earlier works and those executed in his manhood and old age, that it has been generally supposed that he altered his style after having seen the works of Titian and Annibal Carrachi. That he was improved by the study of these great masters is quite possible; but if a profound sentiment of reality, and the genius with which heaven had gifted him, had not taught him faithfully to represent nature, the example of other painters would never have given him originality. Before he saw Titian and Carrachi, he had seen the country, he had seen the Alps—these were his masters. "The Alps," says Hagedorn, "taught Paul Bril and his brother Mathew how to treat landscape. They awakened in the mind of the ultramontane artists the taste for choosing beautiful countries, and of looking at the rich points of view, as the chief objects of the painting." In the series of sixty engravings of the works of his master, Paul Bril, which Nieuwand has left us, it is easy to perceive the justice of this observation. The grandeur of the lines, the depth of the horizon, the vivid appearance of the atmosphere, and the various accidents of the ground, all remind us of a mountainous region.

There are few subjects in landscape which Paul Bril has not touched. In his works we meet at one time with rural scenes, clear rivers whose water turns the wheel of a mill overshadowed by huge trees, shepherds driving their flocks down hollow and picturesque declivities; at another, cascades and torrents flowing between high mountains covered with firs, and sweeping away trees and rocks in their impetuous course (in this way he traces the route to Everdingen and Ruysdael); at another, a sandy beach, on which the sea is breaking gently, as in a picture of Van de Velde; and sometimes rays of the sun gleaming across clouds—a phenomenon which the great Ruysdael knew how to render with so much feeling. Bril's animals are in general coarse and rude looking, and display few traces of painstaking or elaboration. It is evident that he had not studied their anatomy, and had not acquired the art of rendering correctly either the wool and hair which forms their covering, or the grace and simplicity of their attitudes. The living beings of his landscape, his figures, were those trees—of which he knew so well how to contrast the profiles, to round off the tufted heads, to vary the forms, the masses, and the outline, indicating by this variety the diversity of the species. His favourite tree was the oak with knotted trunk, the foliage strongly emphasized, and the colour dark green. He never fails to surround it with ivy: this graceful parasite creeps from the base of the trunk, which it covers with verdure, till it entwines itself amongst the highest branches, and then falls back amongst the leaves in loose and flexible lianes. By this alone a picture of Paul, Bril's may always be recognised. He never paints an oak which does not bear the sacred mistletoe in its knotty arms. His water is beautiful and transparent; his rocks firm, well broken, wild, and abrupt.

This painter, who had, in a great degree, to create the art of landscape painting, and who was the first, according to Hagedorn, to think of lowering the horizon, to which his predecessors had given too great elevation, and who thus gave truth to the landscape by presenting us with the spectacle of nature such as she appears to us from the ground on which

we stand, and not as we see her from the top of a high mountain or the ear of a balloon,—this painter of genius was able, when his talents had reached their height, to execute works which will bear comparison with those of the greatest masters of the seventeenth century. "Pan and Syrinx," "Duck Shooting," "Diana followed by her Nymphs," "Diana discovering the weakness of Calisto," are some of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. If you want to have the idea of profound solitude—of virgin nature, where the vegetation is as luxuriant as in the forests of America—where the penetrating odour of the verdure intoxicates you—stand for a moment before the picture which represents "Duck Shooting." No one has better understood or better translated the exact force and beauty of the Latin word *frondosus*. To the right, two enormous oaks, covered with ivy, as Paul Bril loved to depict them, serve as a set-off to the background of the picture, in which we perceive a river overshadowed by trees which the light caresses, the farthest off being put in their place by the interposition of a light vapour. How skilfully they are grouped! Their position betrays all the undulations of the soil on which they flourish; their summits are reflected in the water. Grass, reeds, plants of every kind, grow on these charming banks; the lazy cattle plunge into the midst of them, and there, up to their shoulders, remain immovable. What pure air, what freshness, what silence, under that arch formed by the young trees to the right! And, nevertheless, two hunters have made their way into this quiet retreat; already one of them is taking aim at the ducks that are disporting themselves upon the banks of the river. An unexpected report will soon awaken the sleeping echoes, and destruction mark the presence of man. These figures are said to be the work of Annibal Carracci.

The most admirable feature in this painting, as in most of Paul Bril's landscapes, is his distances. The lightness of his touch in the backgrounds is marvellous; that transparent and bluish gauze, that the atmosphere seems to spread over distant objects, particularly in mountainous regions, is found in all his paintings. It floats on the top of the trees, on the summit of the hills, on the azure of the sky, and covers every object with a poetic indistinctness, and all the while the objects in the foreground are rendered with a readiness, liveliness, and freedom often verging on crudity. Paul Bril devotes his whole genius to the representation of this wonderful effect of nature. In the foreground of his compositions, he usually places to the right or left large trees plunged in shade, which make his horizons retreat out of sight bathed in vaporous light. Paul Bril had dimly foreseen those admirable perspectives which Claude Lorrain has flooded with golden sunlight. The former had less brilliancy and less life. It is Alpine nature; it is landscape seen between high mountains, whose shadows maintain perpetual freshness. On the contrary, it was under the burning sun of Italy that Claude received the splendid revelation of his genius. Nevertheless, we are far from asserting that Paul Bril was equal to Lorrain; but still the elder master has sometimes attained to such perfection, that mistakes have been made, and the works of the Fleming attributed to the Frenchman. M. Waagen found at Bleenheim House a small landscape attributed to Claude, which he took for a Paul Bril. He was not far mistaken after all, for Claude was the pupil of Augustin Tassi, who was the disciple of Bril.

In those works in which Bril has risen to the full height of his genius, there is a remarkable mixture of Italian style and Flemish simplicity. In "Diana and Calisto," "Pan and Syrinx," appear already the splendid arrangement, the broad and harmonious lines, and the choice of trees and sites, peculiar to the historic landscape. In other compositions Paul Bril has given us triumphal arches, temples, edifices, marked by reminiscences of Roman and Athenian architecture. The ideal of beauty, which antiquity had handed down to the Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which inspired the painting and sculpture of that period, then commenced to exercise some influence upon landscapes also. As soon as the Greek temple or the Roman aqueduct makes its appearance in the scene, it seems as if nature should assimilate herself to

the calm regularity of these rows of elegant columns, to the stern boldness displayed by these arches. Paul Bril was the first to seek in nature this antique ideal, and it was his finger which pointed out to Poussin the road to immortality. But if Paul Bril had some presentiment of the heroic landscape, he did not altogether lose the simple and true sentiment of nature, by which the Flemish painters have been generally distinguished—the more modern idea of reality, by which man does not seek to arrange nature according to his views or philosophy, but is content with the humble contemplation of her beauties, surrenders himself wholly to her influence, and asks in exchange the secret of her mysterious poetry. Although Bril's remembrance of his native land grew fainter the longer his stay in Italy and the older he became, there is, nevertheless, not one of his works in which some traces of it are not to be found. He always manages, even in those paintings which bear most marks of attention to style, to introduce some quiet nook, some arch of verdure, some spring bubbling up through broken rocks, in which nature is revealed in her chaste and graceful nudity. It may safely be affirmed, not only that Claude and Poussin descend from Paul Bril, but that the naturalist school—if we may use the phrase—of the Low Countries ought to recognise him, if not as a master, at least as a precursor.

Such was the reputation which Paul Bril enjoyed at Rome, that the cardinals and Roman nobles disputed with the popes for the time which he spent in *adibus vaticanis*. It would be impossible to enumerate all the frescoes, all the paintings on canvas and copper, which he executed for the different churches, chapels, and monuments of Rome, or sold to private individuals. No one thought of decorating his palace or gallery with a landscape from the pencil of this master, who was not prepared to spend more than one hundred ducats in acquiring it. This was the price of his smallest works, and it was not every one who could obtain them even at this price. His contemporaries with justice placed the greatest value upon those of his landscapes which represented scenes in the country round Rome, in which the nobility extolled the exact fidelity with which the artist rendered the monuments, the trees, and the fading outline of the hills; but they admired above all his truth in detail, and the breadth in the masses of his foliage. In the latter, in particular, he surpassed all his predecessors—and we might almost add that he has never been equalled since. His predecessors have been able to give more grace and naturalness—if we may use the word—to their trees; but none knew so well as he how to indicate, by the drawing of the leaves and the touch of the trunks, the difference of species; by the undulations of the top, or the inclination of the stem, the nature of the ground concealed beneath. Woods, when seen from on high, from the summit of a mountain which overlooks them, have the appearance of a sea of verdure, which the breeze skims over or raises like the waves of the ocean. Paul Bril noticed and painted this phenomenon with surprising ability.

He died at Rome, on the 7th of October, 1626, in his seventy-second year, and was buried in the Church of the Anima. His last works show great finish, and perhaps the example of Adam Elsheimer, who was at Rome about this period, had some influence upon the last efforts of his genius. Among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of this period of his career is a small landscape on marble, possessing the utmost mellowness of touch. It seems that his hand, instead of growing heavy as he grew older, became lighter and firmer; so that he was able to etch (a process just then coming into use), a few years before his death, several landscapes, in which he gave full scope to his imagination.

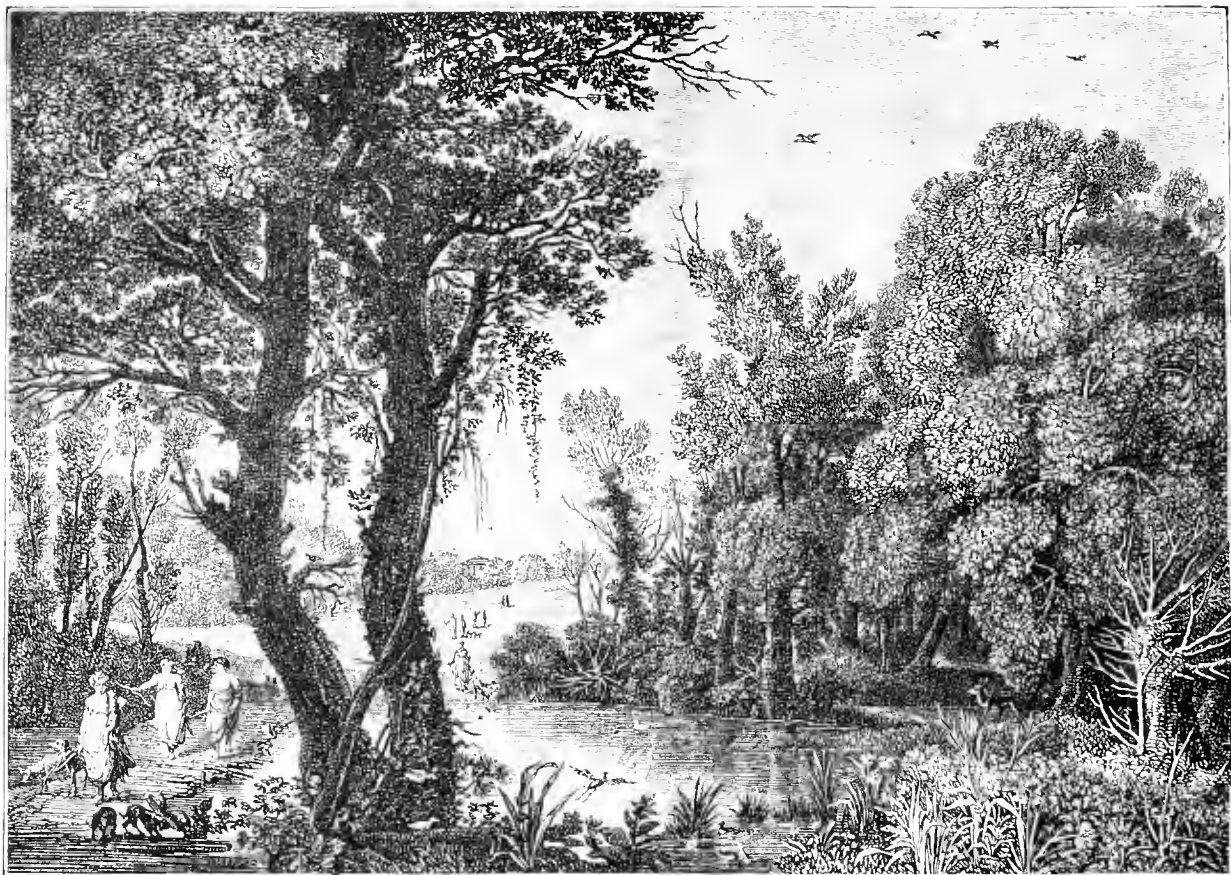
Bril's reputation caused disciples to resort to him from all parts of Europe. He had many pupils, among whom were William Niewland and Augustin Tassi, of whom we have already spoken, Spierings, Balthasar Louvers, and Cornelius Vroom. Augustin Tassi and Niewland bore, one to Italy and France, and the other to Holland, the tradition of Bril's genius. We have already mentioned that Claude Lorrain was the pupil of Tassi.

Paul Bril, then, was the head of that generation of great landscape painters who immortalized the art of the seventeenth century. This is no doubtful title to glory; but he has others, and nothing proves it better than to see his name shining at the side of the illustrious names of so many immortal disciples. How was it that the light of his genius was not eclipsed by such a blaze of splendour as is reflected from

8. Another view of the same district, ornamented in the same way.

Sandrart makes mention, also, of a large engraving composed of ruins and figures.

Many able artists have engraved Paul Bril's works, amongst others, the Sadlers, C. Gulle, Hollar, D. Custos, A. J. Prenner, Vorstermann, Hondius, Madeleine de Pass, and Nieu-



DIANA AND THE NYMPHS.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

theirs? Because his was truly original—because with extraordinary good fortune he united the strong and simple powers of observation of the Flemings with the elegance and nobility of the Italians—because his works possess at the same time ingenuity and grandeur, that is not found, in the same degree, at least, in those who have followed and surpassed him. Bril has etched several of his own drawings with great skill.

1. "A Landscape," adorned with ruins and buildings, in which is represented the parable of the Good Samaritan.

2. "The Angel ordering young Tobias to take the fish from the water."

3. "A Marine view." Shepherds in the foreground; in the middle a town in the distance, and beyond it the sea with ships.

4. Another "Marine view;" in the foreground a large vessel lying in the roadstead at anchor, and in the background a rock, crowned by a fortress.

These four are found in the series engraved by William Niewland.

5 and 6. Two "Landscapes;" marked—PAULUS BRIL INV. ET FEC. VICENZO CENOI FORMIS ROMAE.

7. "View from the Coast of the Campagna," with buildings and rocks. P. BRIL, FEC. 1590.

land, who has engraved a series of sixty. Nearly all the public galleries of Europe contain some of his works. In the Louvre there are seven—"Duck Shooting," with figures by Annibal Carracci, of which we give an engraving; "Diana and her Nymphs," which we also reproduce, and four other landscapes. These paintings have been valued, the first at £80; the second at £120; and the others at £60, £40, £32 respectively. Munich possesses two; Dresden the same number; Amsterdam, one only; Berlin, three or four; the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, four also.

In Blenheim House, there is a very fine one, which long passed for a Claude. The "Tower of Babel" is at Corsam House, in the possession of the Methuen family. There is, also, a very fine landscape at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

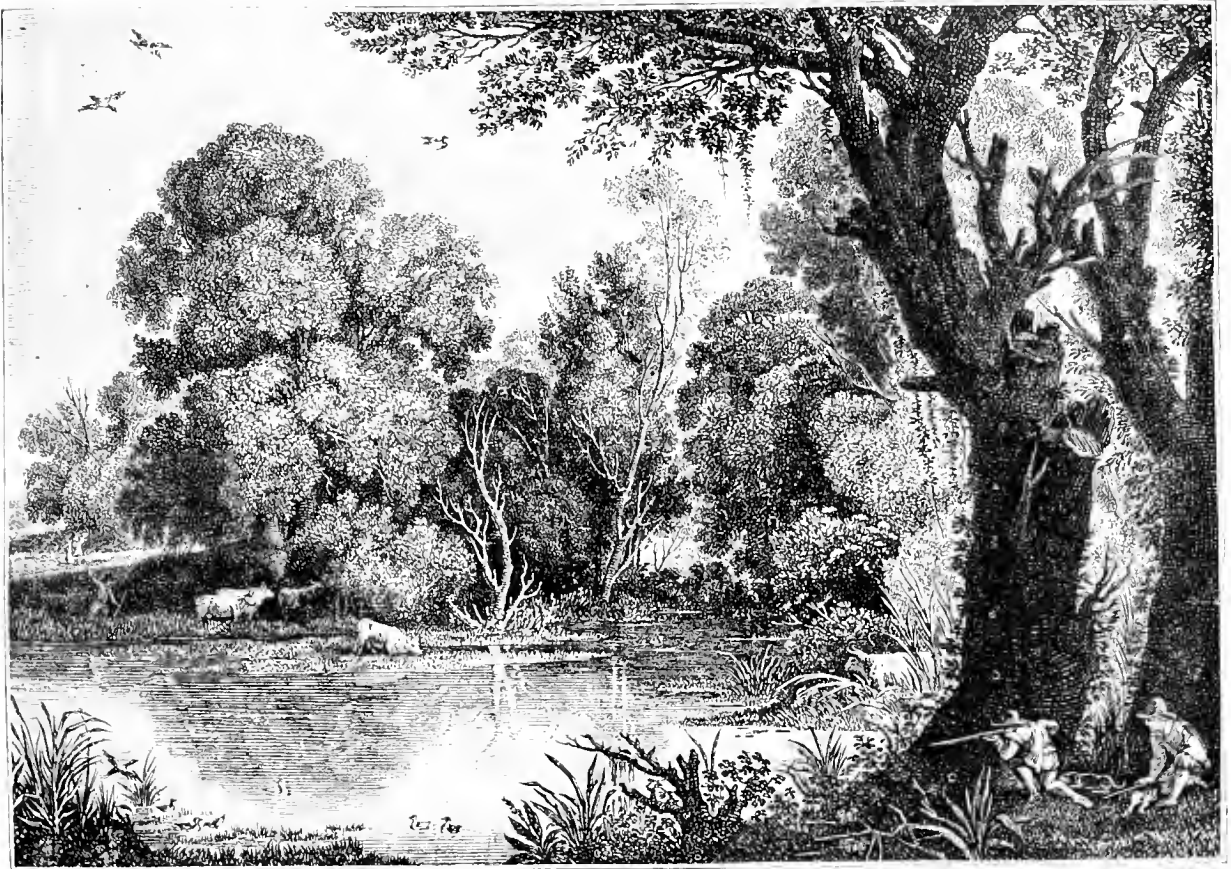
At Rome, in one of the halls of the Pope's palace, there is a large landscape in fresco, more than sixty feet long, representing St. Clement fastened to an anchor and cast into the sea; in another, six landscapes, representing the finest convents in the papal states. Bril also painted on the ceilings of the two staircases, beside the *Scala Santa*, near St. John of Lateran, the story of Jonas; the "Landscape representing the Creation of the World," is at Monte Cavallo; at St. Vitae there are ten landscapes, and at St. Cecilia one on the ceiling.

There are a great number of Brill's paintings at the palace of Fontainebleau. The artists who have painted the figures in most of his works are, A. Carrachi, Josepin, Rottenhamer, &c. He has left behind him some drawings very ably executed with the pen and a wash of bistre or Indian ink, upon which he passed hatchings in every direction.

Brill's works have rarely made their appearance at public

sales, but whenever they have done so, they have fetched tolerably good prices. We have found neither marks nor signature upon any of them. His etchings are marked thus—

*Paulus Brill Inuent.
& Fecit: 1590.*



DUCK SHOOTING.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRILL.

ALBERT DURER.

"Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Durer, the evangelist of art;
Here, in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed
its air!"

Thus sings the poet of a great nation, which, when Albert Durer was living and labouring, was not in existence. In what he says he but echoes the sentiments of all Europe. There is none who does not reverence Germany for having produced such a man—none who does not love art more because he was one of her disciples. The mere mention of his name awakens in our minds the strangest ideas, and opens to our view the perspective of a new world. It is, as it were, a calling up of all the dreams of Germany. Mysterious shapes appear to us at first indistinctly, looming through a mist. Here, an unknown cavalier makes his way among rocks and leafless trees, followed by a demon with outstretched claws, and accompanied by the figure of Death mounted on his white horse. He advances with a firm step, regardless of the

monsters which surround him, and the reptiles which crawl at his feet. There, a knight, who, like Perseus, has wings attached to his heels, and a helmet in the shape of a gigantic butterfly, has checked his horse near a ruined arch, and knocks at the portal of a deserted mansion, as though he expects the spirits of the dead to rise and come forth. Yonder an immense bat, spreading its hideous wings in the clouds, hovers over a woman seated on the sea-shore, in an attitude of dejection, her name is Melancholy. In these obscure regions fabulous heroes and nameless beings are strangely intermingled with the characters of sacred history and the executioners of Jesus Christ. It might be said, that whole legions pass before us. But we are surprised to find those symbolical figures, which inspire us with a secret terror—we know not

wherefore—ranged side by side with known and familiar objects; peasants dancing on the green, and carrying baskets of fruit; the smiling faces of young girls, shaded by the simple lace cap, such as are seen at the village church or by the quiet fireside. Domestic scenes and common-place things are singularly intermingled with the spectres of the Black Forest, or the strange phantoms of German superstition—the most familiar of which is the shaggy and horned demon. This elegant gallant, who is walking in the country with his richly-dressed and smiling lady, is evidently in happy ignorance, that close to him, concealed by the trunk of a tree, is grim Death, in the shape of a living skeleton. Oh! strange and mysterious world, in which the most ideal poetry is confounded with the simplest realities! Such a world is presented to us in the works of Albert Durer. But if studied more minutely and patiently, another medley, not less surprising than the former, engages our attention. Those visions, at first so indistinct, have assumed bodily shapes, whose outlines are clearly defined; those phantoms have taken precise forms, and their draperies fall in stiff metallic-looking folds. We might even count the hairs of their heads, those of the manes of their couriers, the rivets in their cuirasses, the blades of grass which they tread under foot, the smallest stones in the house which they inhabit, and the most minute of the leaves of the trees which shelter it. And when we turn to the man whose labours have produced these images, so lifelike and yet so imaginary, we acknowledge this strange visionary to be the most skilful goldsmith, the most indefatigable engraver, the most inimitable painter; that he loved to carve on the brass the chimeras of the Apocalypse, and to chisel his own dreams on steel. We find that this lover of the marvellous and fantastic pursued the study of the positive sciences; that this imaginative poet was a consummate mathematician; that this visionary was also a skilful geometer.

Albert Durer is rightfully acknowledged as the father of the German school. He was the living personification of the genius and talent of Germany. Historical events, consequent upon the grand struggle for the reformation of the Church, the peasant war, and the thirty years' war, retarded the progress of art in Germany from the time of its foundation by the great Nuremberg painter. It remained in *stagnation* for nearly two centuries, so that the works of Albert Durer continued to be the highest expression of German art, and, so to speak, her best struck medal.

One of Durer's earliest works, which bears the same date as his first celebrated picture, 1498, is a series of wood-engravings representing "The Apocalypse." It was certainly a strange beginning. To measure his strength in the outset against a subject at once so whimsical, terrible and sublime, of which it even seems impossible to form a conception; to mount, for his *coup d'essai* "Death's Pale Horse," and to plunge into the boundless regions of the imaginary world,—none but a German would have dared such an enterprise. The spectres which had terrified the recluse of Patmos were represented by Durer in a set of fifteen engravings. A wild and mystic poetry pervades them, the artist at once transports us into the realms of another world. He there shows us ominous horsemen, one bearing a bow, another a naked sword, the third a pair of scales, and the fourth the scythe of Death, the destroyer of whole nations. With what fury do they rush onwards! See how their panting and ungovernable chargers bound through the regions of space! These are no earthly steeds; steeds, such as these, require the gigantic riders, who have seized their manes and press their flanks. In what dream did this chain of phantoms appear to Durer? Into what sleep did he fall to see pass before him visions created by the brain of an old man of a hundred, those terrible symbols of which the signification is to us unknown!

One of the most remarkable amongst these engravings is the eighth. There are seen the angels of the Euphrates let loose by the anger of heaven, and massacring the third of the human race. Their gleaming swords fall with indescribable fury on all sides indiscriminately. In the heavens are seen the aerial riders mounted on beasts possessing the bodies of

horses, and the heads of lions; this is the flying host destined for the annihilation of the rest of the human race. Already the emperor, the bishop, the nun, and the monk, have fallen victims to their fury; here the Protestant artist has betrayed his thoughts in attempting to explain the inexplicable vision of the Evangelist, for, in the ruin of these hooded and mitred personages, we recognise that the graver has been guided by a friend of Melancthon and a disciple of Luther.

There is something most singular and original in Albert Durer's paintings and engravings, they are impregnated by the most misty spiritualism, and at the same time characterised by a patient and minute execution brought to the very highest finish. One would say that the artist observed this accuracy in order to prevent his poetic ideas from becoming indistinct. The more fanciful and obscure the subject, the greater pains did he take to render the figures plain and decisive; if we cannot fathom the profundity of his meaning, we can at least catch the reality of the figures which express it. Take, for example, his celebrated engraving known under the name of the "Great Horse," you will be astonished at first by the extreme delicacy of the work, you will admire the distinctness of the outline, the exactness with which the accessories are rendered, and the incredible patience of the engraver; but if you seek to penetrate the sense of the composition, you will be at a loss to know what motive actuates this fierce-looking warrior, who, holding his horse by the bridle, stops at the portal of a ruinous castle. It will only inspire you with an undefinable feeling of terror, and, in endeavouring to catch the meaning of the artist, you are lost in a bewildering maze of conjecture.

The love of the extravagant and fantastic, observable from the first in the works of the great German painter, never abandoned him. In that dreamer "Melancholy," who, seated on the sea-shore, seems seeking to penetrate with her gaze into infinite space, he has apparently expressed the inspiration of his own soul. For my own part, I have this picture always before me. How is it possible ever to forget an engraving of Albert Durer's, even though seen but once! I ever see her, her proud and noble head thoughtfully resting upon one hand, her long hair falling in dishevelled tresses upon her shoulders. Her folded wings, emblematic of that impotent aspiration, which directs her gaze towards heaven, whilst a hook, closed and useless as her wings, rests upon her knee. No, nothing can be more gloomy, more penetrating, than the expression of this figure. From the peculiarity of the folds of her dress, one would say, that she was enveloped in iron draperies. Near her is a symbolical sun-dial, with the bell which marks the hours as they glide away. The sun is sinking into the ocean, and darkness will soon envelop the earth. Above hovers a strange-looking bat, which, spreading its ominous wings, bears a pennon, on which is written the word—"Melencolia."

All is symbolical in this composition, of which the sentiment is sublime. Melancholy holds in her right hand a pair of compasses and a circle, the emblem of that eternity in which her thoughts are lost. Various instruments appertaining to the arts and sciences lie scattered around her; after having made use of them, she has laid them aside, and has fallen into a profound reverie. As a type of the mistrust which has crept into her heart, with avarice and doubt, a bunch of keys is suspended at her girdle; above her is an hour-glass, the acknowledged emblem of her transitory existence. But nothing is more admirable than the face of Melancholy, both in the severe beauty of her features and the depth of her gaze, in which may be recognised a likeness to Agnes,—a remarkable fact, which I do not think has before been noticed! In 1514 Albert Durer conceived the type of Dr. Faust, which illustrates that state of mind in which the result of science is but doubt, the result of experience but bitter and disheartening disappointment. Three centuries before the age of Goethe, an artist depicted the grief which in our days torments the minds of choice spirits; but the painter was not so well understood as the poet, although the poet was evidently inspired by the painter. Neither the sentiment of melancholy nor the word which expresses it had appeared in art before the time of Albert Durer.

We will now speak of the celebrated engraving called "Death's Horse." It is said that Albert Durer intended to represent Franz Von Sickingen, whose name was dreaded throughout Germany, thus giving him a terrible warning. An S traced on the picture goes far to corroborate this supposition. But, setting aside the possibility of this allusion, and also the idea that the artist intended to represent his own journey through life, this great work obtains a more lasting importance and a more general application. An old ballad has moreover suggested another signification. It thus presents to us the model of the Christian, *sans peur et sans reproche*. "Let Death and the Devil attack me, says the knight, I will conquer both the Devil and Death." Such was Durer's love of the marvellous and the fantastic, that many subjects for pictures and engravings were furnished him by his dreams. Among them is one of the most singular water-colour paintings which has ever been exhibited; this picture is in the Ambrasian collection at Vienna. There is seen a large sheet of water which washes the shores of a plain, upon which are several houses. Over this water hangs a huge black cloud, which is discharging itself in torrents of rain. On every side the air is filled with vapour. Albert Durer wrote these words beneath this painting:—

"On Thursday night, the eve of the Pentecost, in the year 1525, I had this vision in my sleep. What torrents of water fell from the heavens! This water struck the earth about four miles from me with such force, such reverberation and noise, the whole country was flooded, and such a mortal dread seized me, that I awoke: I again fell asleep. Then the remainder of the water fell nearly as abundantly as before, some at a greater distance, some nearer. It seemed to fall from such a height, that to my mind the descent occupied a long time. But as the flood approached nearer and nearer, the deluge became so rapid and resounding, that fear seized me, and I again awoke. My whole body trembled, and it was long before I could recover myself; but in the morning when I rose I painted what I had seen. May God order all for the best!"

"ALBERT DURER."

This is certainly a most artless description. However, Joseph Heller, an eminent German writer, the author of the best life of Albert Durer which has yet appeared, would not allow his ingenuity to be vanquished. He spends much time in explaining this water-colour painting otherwise so incomprehensible. He gives with the utmost care the most minute details, is even so scrupulous in his examination as to take note of the manufacturer's mark on the piece of paper used by Albert Durer. Moreover, the learned commentator had this mark engraved and joined to his text.

Notwithstanding the generally abstract character of German genius, the serious and thoughtful habits of Albert Durer did not always keep him aloof from the world of realities. He sometimes abandoned the region of chimeras and phantoms, to work at the grandest and noblest religious subjects. "The Martyrs of the Christian Legion," which is to be seen in the Austrian Belvedere gallery; "The Adoration of the Magi," which is preserved in the gallery of the Uffizzi at Florence; "The Trinity," surrounded by the angelic host; these and many other pictures prove that this great master respected the limits which separate the imaginary from the visible. Some out of this class are his *chefs-d'œuvre*, but the most perfect of all adorns the Pinakothek at Munich. It is divided into two compartments, one of which contains the apostles St. John and St. Peter, the other St. Mark and St. Paul. It was the last important production of the great artist. He had the satisfaction of ending his career by a happy and eminently successful effort towards the sublime. He painted these figures of the Apostles with the intention of leaving them in his will to be placed in the Town Hall at Nuremberg, in order to preserve there, by the memory of his genius, the religious fervour of the Lutherans; for Durer had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and the questions to which they gave rise constantly occupied his thoughts. He painted beneath "The Apostles," long inscriptions gathered from their epistles and gospels, recommending us not to neglect the study of the scriptures, or to believe in the doctrines of false

prophets. He has given to each one of these figures a distinct and well-defined character. The exile of Patmos is represented as possessing a passionate, enthusiastic, and melancholy temperament; St. Peter, with his gray hairs and calm deportment, expresses contemplative repose; St. Mark bears the aspect of a hopeful man and a zealous propagator of the faith; the figure of St. Paul, armed with a naked sword, and carrying the bible, is the symbol of action, energy, and imperious will; he casts a severe and searching glance around him, as if to discover all blasphemers, in order to destroy them with the sword of the living God.

We must not suppose that Durer never relaxed from his severe gravity. His familiar letters sometimes discover an inclination to gaiety, at times even an approach to harmless raillery. It is true that they were written at Venice, away from his wife. He writes thus to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer:—

"I should judge from what you have written me, that you are anxious to do the amiable, but that becomes you as perfume does a lansquinet. You think that when you have decked yourself out in silks, and made yourself agreeable to the women, that you have done all that you as modest should not be anxious to do. You have too many think, if you wish in a month, you Give my greeting Lorentz, and your also to our lady— was the name to his wife); thank for recollecting me, and tell her that she is a ' salope * *Item*. You will be glad to hear that my picture has succeeded beyond my expectations; I have obtained by it much honour, but little profit. During my absence I have not made more than 200 ducats; I have refused to undertake some important works, that I may be at liberty to return. I have now effectually silenced all those painters who said, 'He is a good engraver, but as to painting, he has no idea of colouring. *Item*. My French cloak and my 'Walsch' coat greet you"



is needful. Were man as myself, I gny with you; but ' amours,' and I to pay them all off will ruin yourself. to Borscht and M. pretty servant girl, accountant (this which Durer gave your housemaid

"ALBERT DURER."

Many of Albert Durer's paintings and engravings belong to the class called *genre*. He dealt with fanciful subjects as well as familiar and rural scenes. Sometimes two lovers are represented walking affectionately together in the country; sometimes the villagers enjoying their evening dance; sometimes a peasant attempting to win a young girl by his deceitful promises. Durer understood the Flemish style, the peaceful charm of every-day life, the poetry to be found in realities. Albert Durer was not only a painter of the first order, and a wonderful engraver, but he had also learnt to handle the tool of the goldsmith and the chisel of the sculptor. In nearly all the German towns, works in alto-relievo, as well as medallions, are shown to the traveller as his productions.

Sculptor, painter, engraver, this great man has also written learned works. Had he been known merely as an author, he would still have borne an illustrious name. His most celebrated work is a "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," in four books.

Having mentioned so celebrated a work, perhaps we may be permitted to express our full opinion. This book has been little read, which is partly the fault of the author. Unintelligible and without animation, it disconcerts and discourages the reader in the outset. For instance, there is no order in his arrangement, he does not set to work as a methodical mind would have done, "commencing with the large divisions and ending with the small." Before learning the position of the fourteenth part of the human body, we ought to know something about the half. This disagreeable impression, which is produced by the diffuse character of an ill-arranged book, sufficiently explains why those authors who are fond of clearness have only glanced at Albert Durer's, and im-

* We give here the original word used, and the grotesque figure of which it is the translation.

diately pronounced it incomprehensible; sometimes, however, we may gather from it beautiful ideas. Albert Durer seems to have believed that nature has arranged even her deformities with a certain regularity, that even ugliness is harmo-

which is common to all countries and ages, and which exerts a universal influence. It is true, that occasionally, especially in his picture of "The Apostles," he approaches sublimity. As no painter has expressed grief with so much



DAUBIGNY DEL.

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A FOREST SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PAUL BRIL.

nious,—an idea which has been very cleverly developed by Diderot.

Albert Durer's exclusively German taste prevented him from attaining that true beauty, that harmonious perfection,

depth and force as he in his painting of "The Passion," which he began three times, so none has displayed more grace and tenderness than is shown in his "Life of the Virgin." A zealous Lutheran, from nothing did Durer gather greater

inspiration than from Holy Writ, and filled with that Christian sentiment which obtained such influence in the middle ages, he allowed his Protestant thoughts to betray themselves in his works. Judging from his later productions, it seems

limited sense of the word—that is to say, his works are not only remarkable for their national character, but the greater part of them only suit the taste of the population of the Upper Rhine. One is struck with astonishment at his



ALBERT-DÜRER. P.

H. CARLSSON. D.

G. S. P. P. S.

MELANCHOLY.

probable that he contemplated at one time the union of Gothic and Italian art. Whilst Luther broke with Rome, Dürer held out the hand of brotherhood to Raphael. Nevertheless, the painter of the "Death's Head" is too *German*, in the

strange symbols, his thoughtful and singular attitudes, and his draperies are not less surprising than his figures. He disposes them in large masses, and breaks them into a multitude of little angular folds, which often gives them the

appearance of metal. His colouring is clear and delicate, and too brilliant to be natural; it is very like that used for the illumination of ancient manuscripts, and of an intensity which quite offends the eye. His *chiaroscuro* has also a fanciful appearance; in it the light and shadow play, as in one of

those powerful visions by which his sleep was troubled. In short, all Albert Durer's works, bearing so strongly the impress of German genius, betray the man of the North, who, combining in his life the simplest prose with the most ideal poetry, loves to rise above the world of realities into the realm of dreams.

GERICAULT.

GERICAULT was the son of an advocate of Rouen, and was born in that town in 1791. Unfortunately for him, his birth was as premature as his death; had he come into the world five years later, he would have enjoyed while living the glory which his works merited. But he died at the early age of thirty-three, as yet badly appreciated, understood only by a small number, and despised by those who, in his day, were the oracles of taste. Now the differences to which his works gave rise have disappeared and are forgotten, and there is no personal feeling to influence the judgment which the public may form of them.

He was originally destined to receive a careful and literary education. When fifteen, his father entered him in the Lycée Imperial. What then took place was what might have been expected to take place in the case of a youth of more than ordinary energy. His predominating tastes and tendencies revealed themselves with extraordinary rapidity; and so impatient did he grow to become an artist, and above all a painter of horses, that to pursue his classical studies was out of the question; for horses were his passion even from infancy. Whenever he had a holiday, he spent it in the riding-school, and at Franconi's, whom he thought the greatest of men. He often hung about the doors of the nobility, for the purpose of watching their horses being driven off in their carriages, and often ran after them like the street *gamins*. When seventeen years of age, he was placed in the studio of Carlo Vernet. After leaving him, he placed himself under Guérin, to whom his peculiar mode of colouring appeared ridiculous in the extreme. Géricault had studied in the Museum, and had there commenced to copy Rubens at the very outset—a piece of audacity till then unheard of—so that he brought with him racy tones, the mannerized forms, and a good deal of boldness. He now found his position most uncomfortable. He thought that he would one day become a great painter; his master thought not, and in fact advised him to give up thoughts of painting altogether. This hurt him greatly, but did not by any means dishearten him. On leaving Guérin he completed his education by reading the English poets, and by the study of Italian, music, and by diligent attention to the antique. He also spent much of his time in copying the old masters.

Géricault was then a fine young man, above the middle height, well proportioned, and elegant in his manners, a great admirer of the women, and greatly admired by them, and quite a lion on the Champs de Mars. Now-a-days, he would have been merely a member of the jockey club, and an exquisite; but the gaieties, and frivolities, and rascalities of the turf had no bad effect on Géricault. On the contrary, they furnished him with a rich store of materials for study and observation. It was not the fop or "fast man," who went a hunting and rode steeple-chases; it was the artist. His father, however, and his family were so opposed to his following the vocation he had chosen, that they did not even allow him funds to provide himself with a studio, and he was compelled to make use of those of his friends. He continued his course with success, barring a foolish, but temporary abandonment of his profession for the purpose of entering the royalist garde du corps, after the restoration in 1814. He was soon disgusted, as was every man of mind in France, by the feeble and ridiculous attempts of the Bourbons to restore the old régime, and returned to his first love. He now resolved to conform to the old and time-honoured custom of artists spending some time in Italy, and set out thither in 1817. He was not long in Rome before his style became greatly modified. He studied the frescoes of Michael Angelo, and of

many others; the subdued tones of the paintings in the churches, from which age and the smoke of the candles had taken all their brilliancy, quite captivated him. Impressionable and excitable, he began to doubt his own force, and ask himself what was he in the presence of these giants, whom lapse of time had only made greater, and, he set about painting gray and brown purposely. On his return from Italy, he already began to throw slight upon colour, and speak of all colourists with disdain. So it is true, after all, that Italy is not useful to everybody. Some run the risk of losing their originality, by coming in contact with the works of these illustrious dead. With them it is impossible to enter into discussion.

At last an opportunity presented itself for Géricault to undertake a great work, which should place him amongst the masters. He chose for his subject the "Shipwreck of the Medusa," the frightful details of which then occupied all minds. It was a terrible one, which perfectly suited the peculiar character of his genius. He prepared for it by severe study and assiduous labour. He familiarised himself with the aspect of death in every possible form, frequented the hospitals for the purpose of watching all the alternations of hope, despair, terror, and anguish in the human countenance. Whoever has visited the Louvre must have observed the "Shipwreck of the Medusa." Those who have not may form some idea of it from Reynolds's engraving. It is a scene of horror, lighted by one ray of hope. Fifteen unfortunates, with livid faces, half naked, with hollow eyes and ferocious aspect, are represented clustered in groups on a raft, badly tied together, and swept by every passing wave. Of the forty-eight who had entrusted themselves to this frail structure, these fifteen only had survived, and for the preceding eight days had been living on the flesh of the dead, who had perished of hunger, or been killed by the sabre, in a mutiny which had broken out, as if to add fresh horrors to the scene. Suddenly one of them perceives a sail in the horizon, has uttered a loud cry, and the others starting up, like galvanised corpses, raise themselves, and stretch out their arms in the direction in which the succour appears. Those who have any strength remaining, seek to climb upon the casks, in order to wave their handkerchiefs in sign of distress; in such a way that all the figures of the painting follow the general movement of ascent, towards the highest point, the point of hope. Some of them, however, in whom only a breath of life still lingers, remain stretched upon the planks of the raft, half floating on the waves. Here a young man rolls wildly about, and tears his hair in despair; there an old man, holding his dead son across his knees, remains mute and immoveable, as if thunderstruck. Deaf to the voice of his comrades, who announce their approaching deliverance, his heart seared by suffering, and indifferent whether he lives or dies, he gazes vacantly upon the waves, which so soon shall prove the burying-place of his child.

The painter should rather be congratulated than otherwise upon having made those about to die of the same tone as the dead, and for having given uniformity of colour to the draperies, sails, mast, and cordage; for there was no other means of producing that sombre harmony so necessary to the power of emotion. Unity is, in reality, the secret of strong impressions; and this was so well understood by Géricault, that none of his episodes distract the attention nor divide the interest. If you recur often to that petrified head of the old man, it is because the whole catastrophe seems concentrated in him.

There is but one thing wanting in the work—the immensity of the sea. The little that we see is, to be sure, of rare beauty. The dark, deep, heavy water, in which bodies sink so slowly, and which in times of storm loses its transparency, and almost assumes the appearance; but even this splendid execution does not make up for the want of expression produced by the sky meeting the heaven in every quarter—*pontum, et undique pontum*. In a scene like this, nature should be everything, and man comparatively insignificant.

Géricault was modest as became a gentleman; but he still was fully conscious of his own genius—in other words, his modesty was but one form of his legitimate pride. He repudiated the praises that his friends heaped upon him, but it was because his works did not come up to the standard which he had fixed for himself. The "Wreck of the Medusa" was, in his eyes, but the preface to the great things which he might yet achieve.

In 1820 he brought the painting to England, with the view of exhibiting it, as the event it depicted had here excited as much horror and pity as in France. The enterprise proved successful, and he realised not less than 20,000 francs by it. It was then that the celebrated engraver, Reynolds, reproduced it in an engraving in the dark manner which everyone knows.

When Géricault returned to Paris, his constitution had begun to give way. His letters betrayed a deep feeling of melancholy and *ennui*. His love, for his friends seemed to have increased in intensity, and he was continually complaining of the rarity of their visits and their letters. He became almost childishly sensitive, and the least appearance of neglect wounded him deeply. If they were a long while without coming to see him, he wrote them a ceremonious letter, in which his native tenderness was ill concealed by a constrained politeness.

He was destined to fall a victim to his own boldness. He was one day out riding with M. Horace Vernet upon the heights of Montmartre: his horse was fiery and restive (he never rode one that was not so), reared up, plunged violently, and threw him on his face across a heap of stones. A buckle in his trousers was forced into his groin, wounding him severely. He was recovering slowly but satisfactorily, when he lost patience, and rising before he was well, brought on a relapse by his own imprudence. He again mounted on horseshack, and attended the races in the Champ de Mars, and while there received a violent shock from a gentleman riding up against him at full speed. He was once more an invalid, and for a year scarcely ever issued from his room; he occupied himself by having the lithographs which he had published in London copied under his own direction. Their printing had been badly executed in England, and he wished to have them reproduced. He still remained dull and melancholy, and was

disquieted in mind by his inability to discharge some debts which he had contracted before his illness. His friends persuaded him to sell some of his paintings, which realised in one day the large sum of 13,000 francs. He was so astonished at this that he could hardly believe it, and accused his friends of having added to it out of their own pockets.

At last his health seemed completely restored, and he returned joyfully to his horse. He executed about this time a series of sketches of oriental costumes. He was about entering upon a still more ambitious work, when his malady suddenly returned, and this time was fatal. He died in his father's house, after a long and painful illness, on the 18th of January, 1824.

At Géricault's death, M. Dedreux Dorey, bearing 1 st the "Shipwreck of the Medusa" should pass into strange hands, bought it for 6,000 francs. Some Americans soon afterwards offered triple that sum for it; but M. Dorey refused to part with it, and soon after sold it to the government for what it had cost him, on condition that it should be placed in the Louvre, where it now hangs.

Géricault was an able sculptor as well as painter. On the walls of his studio he cut figures with his knife worthy of the frieze of the Parthenon. At Evreux there are many of his sculptures, amongst others, a lion in repose, and a bas-relief in wax representing an ancient cavalier. M. Etex has raised a noble mausoleum to his memory. Upon the pedestal, copies of his three principal works are sculptured. "The Shipwreck of the Medusa" appears in bronze upon the front, and on the sides "The Chasseur" and "The Cuirassier." A man of action, fiery, impetuous, and full of manly hardihood, as Géricault was, should have been sculptured upright on his tomb, as David has sculptured Armand Carrel. M. Etex, on the contrary, has represented him tranquilly and pensively reclining. The name of Géricault would always remain as that of an innovator, and yet he has not exaggerated nor gone to extremes. His style was firm, emphasized, and easily distinguishable. Without seeking after common types, he knew how to make use of them, and imprint upon them that character of force which is in reality another kind of nobility. If he saw a drayman's horse passing, he sketched it eagerly in its powerful gait. He followed steadily in the path which David and Vernet had opened up. But, without doubt, if, after contemplating "The Sabines" of David in the Louvre, we turn towards "The Shipwreck of the Medusa," the latter will produce a profound impression on us. When the two masters are placed in contrast, we can perceive an immense difference between them. Between the demigods of the former, and the agitated bodies of the latter, there is a vast gulf; but the intention displayed by both is the same—to enable humanity to infuse poetry into its history, and interest us in its misfortunes.

MURILLO.

It rarely happens that an artist of limited capacity takes much time in assuming his position. Nature having framed him for the comprehension of her beauties, some few aspects alone impart to his mind so vivid an impression of them, that frequently, on emerging from his first studies, the painter masters with a single effort the branch of art by which he hopes to gain eminence, and even the degree of perfection which he may be permitted to attain. On the other hand, an artist endowed with a universal comprehension, capable of making every chord of art vibrate simultaneously, and of thus blending the harmonies of many in himself alone, is never formed so rapidly. His progress is neither so deliberate, so direct, nor so determined. What a length of time does it not take to ripen that individuality which is as yet unconscious of its power, precisely because that power is so multifarious! What crude essays, what groping in the dark, what mixture of styles, what inroads on the domains of others, and how many relapses to originality, before the incipient master feels

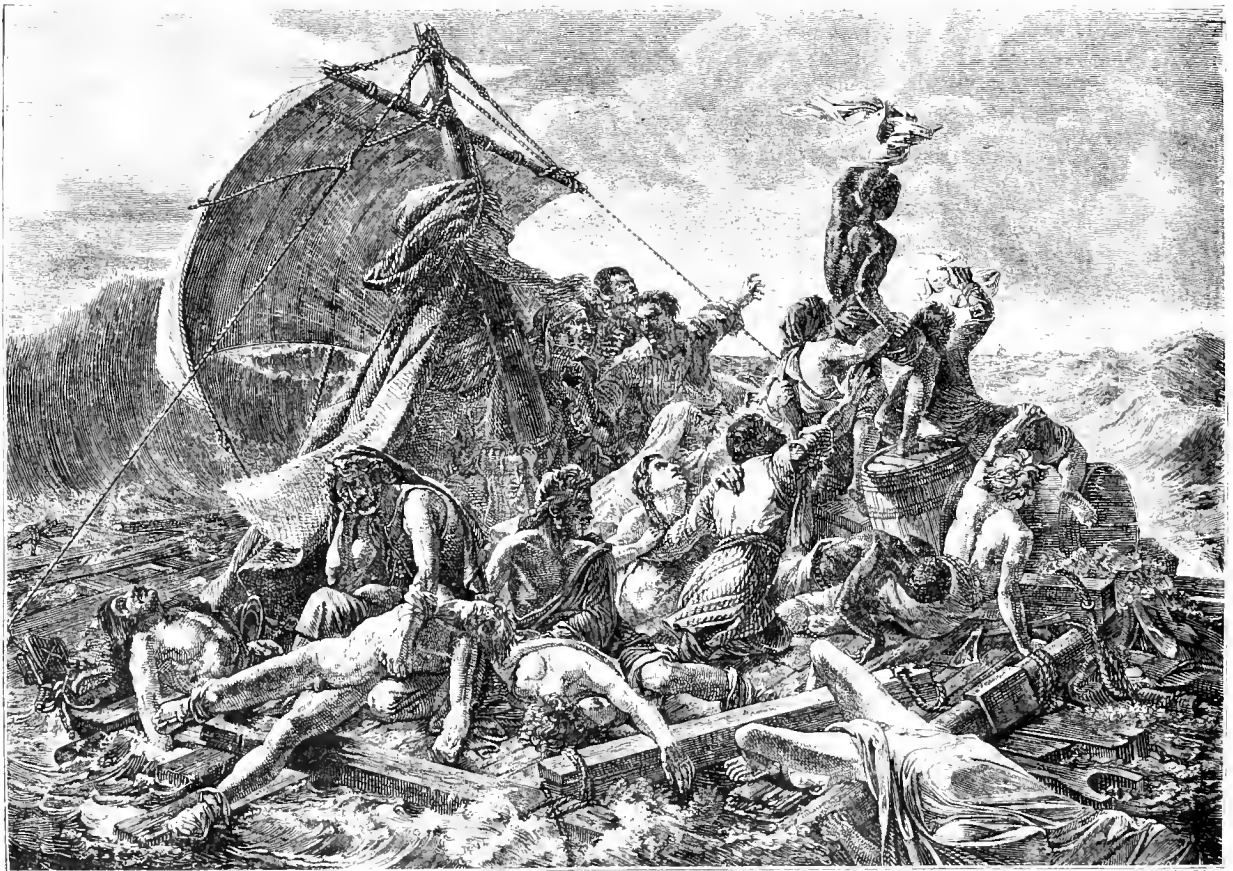
his strength, and can exclaim, in the proud language of Correggio, *Anch' io son pittore!* Such was the life of Murillo.

Will it be believed? It is no longer in the convent of the Franciscans at Seville that we must look for the pictures which first led to the celebrity of the Andalusian painter. It is in Paris alone that are now to be found the greater number of those pictures wherein the power of light and shade was so forcibly rendered from a close study of the works of Ribera. Carried off in the artillery waggons of the French generals, some of these paintings, such as the "Franciscan Cook in an Ecstasy," have contributed to enrich the magnificent museum of Marshal Soult; others, such as the "Death of Santa Clara," have constituted the pride of the Aguado gallery. To the second phase of Murillo's talent belongs a "Banditti Scene," in which, from a landscape background, vigorously painted, are relieved the figures of a monk and a half-naked robber into whose clutches he has fallen. The whole is executed in the manner of Spagnoletto; as well as a "Flight

of the Holy Family into Egypt," which represents the infant Jesus affectionately folded in the arms of his mother on the back of the humble quadruped he afterwards chose for his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, while Joseph the carpenter, leading the animal by the bridle, hastens forward through the shades of night.

In a country like Spain, Murillo must have easily won the love of the masses. He was essentially endowed with all that could please the Spaniards. Differing in that respect from Velasquez, who portrayed by preference the nobler attributes of the national character, he devoted himself to the illustration of its more vulgar qualities, and that of the ordinary and general habits and manners of the people, with all the contrasts which they offer in a nation so profoundly catholic. He could paint the sacred fervour of the devotee, or the ecstasy of the monkish enthusiast, as well as the ragged-

trary, stops; he is struck with the effect produced by the sunbeam which has penetrated through the opening and heightened the tone of the urchin's rags. He finds the attitude artless, and the subject picturesque; the accident of light is vivid, piquant, and warm, and the head in good relief. In one moment the painter has sketched his chance model, if not on paper, at least in his mind's eye, and on returning to his studio he paints that little gem of observation, so broad in its simplicity of light and shade, which is now so much admired at the Louvre under the title of the "Youthful Mendicant." Nor has he forgotten any of the accessories; neither the simple pitcher of water, nor the old basket in which some fruit appears, nor the shrimps scattered on the table-cloth — the bare earth; the preparations for, or leavings of, a frugal repast, the beginning and end of which are pretty much alike. The head is full of character; the fragments of the vest are



WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERICAULT.

ness of the proud mendicant, or the abject suffering of Job. Being himself of a pious disposition, he frequently went to pray for whole hours in his own parochial church, and was sure to remark after service such beauties as might peep through their window-blinds to attract notice. As a catholic, Murillo was at once worldly and devout; as a Christian, he bore an equal love to all human creatures, whether they were ill made or elegantly formed, disfigured by poverty or set off by luxury, filthy to excess, or adorned like queens and radiant as Seraphim. Behold him issuing from the cloister of the Franciscans, where he has been painting an apparition of angels, who might be said to be arrayed in robes of light! at the corner of the first street he perceives through a window an urchin with a shaven head squatting against a Gothic ruin, busily engaged in ridding himself of some of those insinuating friends, whose society is anything but a luxury. Any other person would have averted his gaze, but Murillo, on the con-

touched with boldness, for no one can properly paint rags; the flesh is modelled with care; the rough and sunburnt skin, and the callous soles of the feet, sufficiently indicate the truant habits of the vagabond, and the horror of work and clean water. Thus has Murillo involuntarily characterised the Spanish people by the single figure of this urchin, equally free from care and trouble, who, after unconsciously sitting for 1 is portrait, proudly holds up his head, and is at least as abstemious as he is idle. The picture itself is really a curious and agreeable object to look at.

That talent which served to make Murillo the most popular painter of Spain, had already brought him so much into notice, that in a short time he acquired fortune enough to be deemed worthy of espousing a lady of distinction (*una persona de conveniencias*) of the city of Pílas, Donna Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. This marriage took place in 1648, from which time he found his fame rapidly increase, at the same time that

he felt his genius more fully develop itself. The originality of the painter at length threw off the shackles of imitation. Vandyck, Ribera, Titian, and even Velasquez, all the models at first so ingeniously imitated, faded by degrees from the memory of their admirer, and on their vanished traces arose a new artist, a master in his turn, who now displayed a character, a stamp, and a signature of his own; this was Esteban Murillo.

This was his third and last transformation. The violent light and shade, which he had borrowed from Ribera, sensibly softened and gained in transparency what it lost in force; his touch grew more mellow, his style became fixed, and nothing remained to him of the great Velasquez but the art of graduating his tints to *paint the air*, as finely expressed by Moratin.

not anxious to have the image of its patron saint from the hand of Murillo; nor was there a high altar of a cathedral, or a chapel of renown, which was not reserved for one or other of the innumerable "Conceptions," as rapidly composed by Murillo as they were varied in character. It might be almost said that this striking miracle continually enlightened his imagination. The rapt Virgin always appeared to him clothed in blue and white, the invariable apparel which, doubtless, in the thoughts of the painter combined the two colours of purity and heaven. As to the Cherubim with which he surrounded her, those tender zephyrs of the Christian mythology charm in a thousand different ways, always graceful and artless, now playing with the skirts and folds of the flowing drapery, now merely showing their winged



THE BEGGAR BOY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

He further preserved that excellent gray tone of his which generally serves as a background to the portraits of Velasquez, in which the gravity of the personages habited in black combines so harmoniously with those cool and tranquil tints, in which still lingers that glow which makes the coldest tones of Spain approach even the warm hues of northern countries.

In spite of the fierce rivalry of Valdés Leal, and the jealousy of Herrera the younger, Murillo ascended without difficulty to the first position in Seville. People flocked to him from all parts to give him commissions for Virgins, for monks praying, for Saviours, and other devotional subjects—so truly did he paint them in accordance with the impassioned feelings of the Spaniards. There was not a community of Capuchins, of Augustins, of Franciscans, that was

heads swimming in floods of light. It seems almost as if, when he had to represent the Virgin apprised by the angel of the mysteries of her future maternity, the Spanish painter fell back into naturalism, and even produced a powerful effect by the contrast between terrestrial individualities and the ideal signs and personages sent from on high. We see frequently in Murillo's "Annunciations" the accessories of domestic life, the workbag, the thimble, and the scissors upon the linen heaped up in the humble basket. It was not undesignedly that the Andalusian painter, avoiding the lofty style of Raphael and the Italian catholics, exhibits to us in an humble workwoman the Virgin chosen as the accepted medium for the incarnation of Deity.

When a stranger arrives at Seville, he is immediately con-

ducted to the cathedral, that he may be shown the numerous paintings of Murillo, which the chapter is so justly proud of possessing. At the back of the high altar he is called upon to admire a "Nativity of Our Lady," admirable for the sweetness of the tints, its quiet shadows, and its charming tone of colour, *hermoso colorido*. The traveller, after this, is conducted to the grand sacristy, where glitter the famous pictures of St. Leander and St. Isidore, in pontifical habits. He is then stopped at one of the lateral chapels before a "Repose in Egypt," painted with the freest and most masterly handling, and resembling a Velasquez from its brilliant effect. Finally, to raise the admiration of the visitor to the pitch of enthusiasm, they unfold to his gaze the "Saint Anthony of Padua," and on contemplating this matchless and unapproachable masterpiece, the stranger, as yet but little familiarised with the beauties of Spanish painting, remains in rapt ecstasy like the Cenobite in the picture. In a gloomy cell the infant Jesus suddenly appears to Saint Anthony, in the midst of a dazzling glory; and the pious hermit, on his knees, enlightened by the apparition, throws up his arms in an indescribable transport of love for the Deity resplendent with light and beauty, towards whom he stretches out his arms as for a loving embrace. Never was the force of passionate expression carried beyond this point by any painter, nor ever was there produced, with brush and colours, skies more transparent or features of more seraphic sweetness. The management of the *chiaro-oscuro* is no less astonishing here than the faith of the visionary monk. It is inconceivable how the painter has been able, by the mere power of light and shade, to obtain so luminous an effect, and by what infinite gradation of treatment he has been able to pass from the intensity of the sun's rays to the peaceful obscurity of the hermit's cell.

But before quitting the cathedral of Seville, there remains to be seen the chapter house, the works of which were directed by Murillo in 1667 and 1668. Provided the eicerone be a well-informed canon—and some may yet be found among the chapter—he will not fail to assert, with a feeling of becoming pride, that for the "Saint Anthony of Padua" the artist received 10,000 reals, equal to 60,000 at the present day; and as the life of the great painter of Seville is well known in that city rather by tradition than by reading the works of Palomino, the traveller will learn, on the subject of the beautiful "Conception" painted for the dome of the Franciscans, the history of the curious contest which took place between Murillo and the reverend fathers. A picture destined always to be seen at a distance, must be conceived and treated with the broad style suited to decoration. It must be drawn squarely, and touched with great vigour. In putting in his contrasts roughly, the painter confides to distance the care of restoring them to their just proportions; and if he handles his colours with rude ability, he calculates on the gradations of aerial perspective to produce an appropriate harmony. Murillo had been careful not to forget the principles which he had occasionally seen so well applied in the learned practice of Velasquez. When the holy fathers had a close view of what they should only see at a distance, they exclaimed against the

coarseness of a painting that seemed all a mass of confusion, and which they doubtless thought was painted with the handle of the brush. They refused to receive it, in short; but the artist, before he carried away his picture, demanded and obtained leave to raise it for a moment to its proper position. In proportion as the canvas ascended, the figures became disentangled, the outlines softened by little and little, and the colours mingled; that which before was careless appeared finished, what was harsh became soft, and when the canvas reached its proper height, the most perfect harmony enchanted every eye. The good Franciscans then blushed at their ignorance; and to appease the irritated artist, who now expressed his intention of carrying away his work, they were compelled to offer him double the price originally agreed upon.

A happy life was that of Murillo! It was not characterised, it is true, by any of those romantic incidents which are the charm and the torment of our hearts; the sight of some pictures of Vandyck, a visit to Velasquez,—such were the two great events of that artistic life in which neither idleness nor weariness found a place. In a city peopled with monks, with picturesque mendicants, and enthusiastic devotees, in a city filled with mysterious churches, lit up, as Lafontaine would say, by the eyes of Andalusian beauties, Murillo passed his time in copying the inhabitants of the earth and inventing those of heaven. His whole world was summed up in the city of Seville. On the road on which he had to traverse, from the parish of Santa Cruz, in which he resided, to the cathedral of Seville, or else to the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls, he lost nothing that occurred to attract his notice. If he met the licentiate Alonzo Herrera and Juan Lopez y Talavan, he was struck with their fine heads, and he introduced them under the names of Saint Leander and of Saint Isidore into some devotional picture. Without the necessity of travelling, or of crossing the seas, he could handle a thousand different subjects, and paint in every branch of the art.—landscapes, flowers, sea-pieces, portraits, history, and miracles; miserable humanity cowering on the pavement, and beatified mortals wafted through the regions of Paradise. The soul and the body, visionary reverie and gross materialism, self-denial and voluptuous enjoyment, he observed all; he saw in creation all its phases, in social life its contrasts of nobleness and baseness, and in the heart of man he could read all its hidden stores of weakness, of grandeur and of love.

What Raphael Mengs said of the figures of Velasquez may be applied to the majority of Murillo's compositions,—they seem to be created by a simple act of volition. We can scarcely imagine that the painter has conceived them otherwise; and this perfect nature, with all its merit, has also some disadvantages. With Velasquez, for instance, it is seldom that the arrangement of a portrait or the composition of an historical picture has not the zest of freshness united with startling truth. With Murillo the conception is so prompt, that art has not had time to intervene. We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortunate piece of accident.

EUSTACE LE SUEUR.

There are few painters who have achieved so much so little known to fame, in England at least, as Eustache Le Sueur, which must be a matter of wonder to any one who remembers how readily any man, but particularly an artist, can become popular when the story of his life has any tinge of romance in it. About Le Sueur's there was so much that one incident in it has furnished a rich mine of materials to French novelists.

He was the son of a sculptor, and was placed at an early age in the studio of the famous old French painter, Simon Vouet, *premier peintre du roi*, who is considered the father of French art. While here he gave evidence of a very precocious talent, by executing a number of illustrations for a work entitled "The Dreams of Poliphilus," written by a Franciscan monk of the fifteenth century, and then greatly admired, because no

one understood it. Very likely neither did Le Sueur, but he fancied he did, and this answered his purpose quite as well—even better, as it left him free scope for his imagination. His paintings were accordingly distinguished by great grace and liveliness, but still displayed something of that solemn grandeur and severe simplicity which have rendered his subsequent works so famous. And now comes the episode in his career which threw over his genius a melancholy cast, and in all likelihood inclined him to employ it almost exclusively upon religious subjects.

Louis XIII. about this time paid a visit to the celebrated Mademoiselle La Fayette at the Convent of the Visitation, and presented the sisterhood with a large sum to be spent in the decoration of their chapel—the chapel of Holy Mary. Vouet,

of course, was appointed to do it, but what with his labours at St. Germain, at Fontainebleau, and at Vincennes, he had so much on hand that he was compelled to call upon Le Sueur, his pupil, to aid him in this new task, and to the latter was accordingly committed "The Assumption," to be painted on the centre of the chapel. To avoid having the sanctuary profaned by the presence of a Fornarina, the lady superior was obliged to assign him one of the nuns as a model; and, as might have been suspected, where the maiden was fair to look upon, and the heart of the artist susceptible, he fell in love with her; but as to harbour the feeling even was sinful, and as to reveal it would have been absurd, he cherished it in secret. Time, of course, at last put an end to it, but never put an end to the sorrowing regrets which it left behind, and all his life long Le Sueur was a melancholy man.

It was at Lyons, to which he undertook a journey soon after that, that the peculiar bent of his genius first displayed itself on seeing some works of Raphael. After studying them he was filled with enthusiasm for this great master, and immediately executed his painting "St. Paul laying hands on the Sick," a work which at once placed him far above mediocrity, and attracted the favourable notice of Nicholas Poussin. By his advice he sought to moderate the rapidity of his manner, caused by the natural fire of his disposition, and to perfect himself by the study of the great masters of Italy. But there were not many of their works in Paris, and by this time Le Sueur was married, and, as might be expected, was poor, - so going to Rome was out of the question. There is a story told to the effect that Poussin offered to make copies of the best of them and send them to him, and this, if true, reflects credit on him; but we do not find that Le Sueur accepted his offer, but supported himself for some time by asking frontispieces for books of devotion, theological theses, and other trifles. At last he was commissioned to decorate the cloister of the Chartreuse at Paris, and found himself in his proper sphere of action. "The Life of St. Bruno," a collection of twenty-two paintings, finished in three years for a very small remuneration, may be regarded as Le Sueur's chief work, though he himself was modest enough to call it a series of sketches. Poussin has called Le Sueur a disciple of Raphael and of the antique, but the fact is that he could be compared to no one but himself, not only in the choice of forms and in the flow of the draperies, but also, and above all, in the general expression and of conception of things not seen. In Raphael, the religious sentiment is always surrounded by something proud and imposing, which confounds impiety, but in Le Sueur it is accompanied by candour, which moves the most incredulous. The painter of Urbino lets us see a little of the pride with which the protection of the great and noble and his sojourn in the Eternal City had inspired him; but the Frenchman, simple and sad, painted all the phases of a monkish life with an humble faith, and a more devout adoration. It was in the fervour of the belief and hope by which he sought to drive away the gloom by which he himself was haunted, that he found the secret of this religious painting, which, to a sceptic, would have been impossible. So no one has ever represented with as much truth and impressiveness as Le Sueur, tranquil monasteries built in solitude upon accessible mountains; walls of enclosure surrounding communities of anchorites like barriers raised against the noise and tumults of the world; austere and thoughtful penitents struggling by dint of prayer and mortification against worldly thoughts and vain regrets, and the long white robes traversing the gloomy cloisters like ghosts. Le Sueur never appears to such advantage as when he paints his own sentiments.

Le Sueur was employed to decorate the Hotel Lambert, one of the most charming abodes in Paris; which after a long period of decay and neglect, is now restored to its ancient splendour, by Madame Czartoryski, and is the scene of some of the gayest reunions of the French capital. In this he was placed in competition with Le-brun, but by no means suffered by the contrast. His most splendid works here were the four paintings representing "The Muses." His groups are displayed in the background of charming landscapes, and the

sky, distances, and colouring, display the most complete harmony. As to the figures, they have all the virgin modesty and other poetic characteristics which imagination has for so many ages ascribed to them. The artist who, in "The Life of St. Bruno," had given charms to austerity, remained still the same when giving modesty to grace. It is said that "The Life of St. Bruno" was attacked by the malice of enemies and the envy of false friends, who did not hesitate to make attempts to mutilate the paintings which the monks of the Chartreuse were obliged to preserve. Simple as La Fontaine and sensible as Fenelon, he forgave them all; and, in his goodness of heart, never spoke of his rivals without saying, "I have done everything in my power, and will do everything, to make myself loved by them." At last, driven to bay, he stood upon dignity, and painted an allegory in which he pictured his own triumphs. But even in this the sweetness of his disposition showed itself. He represented himself reclining upon a couch, plunged in melancholy reverie, while his genius trod down his rivals and detractors; in the background appeared a smiling plain - the image of the future, to which his thoughts were turned. Every great man has moments in which he rises in pride against the age which has persecuted or misunderstood him.

Le Sueur did not long survive the decoration of the Hotel Lambert. He died in May, 1655, at the early age of thirty-eight years. Some have said that he retired to the monastery of Chartreuse, and there ended his days; but this is a story invented, without doubt, to surround him with a greater degree of interest.

The goldsmiths' company at Paris were in the habit of offering each year to the church of Notre Dame, a painting which was exhibited at the porch of the cathedral on the first of May. One of the finest and most admired of these was the "Paul Preaching at Ephesus," of Le Sueur. The painter transports us all at once to Asia Minor - to Ephesus, celebrated by its magnificent temple of Diana. The temple and statue of the great goddess of the Ephesians, seen between the columns of the peristyle, serves to localise the scene perfectly. Upon the steps of a portico, to the right, St. Paul speaks with fire, with authority - he speaks, as his gestures indicate, in the name of God, of the true God, of the only God. At the sound of his voice the Ephesians renounce their religion, and burn what they had adored. One writes down the words of the apostle upon tablets, another explains them; all are deeply moved, and tearing in pieces the sacred books of polytheism, they commit them to the flames. A slave, kneeling in the foreground, blows the wood fire which is devouring the pagan manuscripts. There is great majesty in the attitude of Paul, and of the other figures; but the position of this Ethiopian slave, who appears in the scene only in its vulgarist part, without knowing anything of the change which the world is about to undergo, is still more admirable.

In this painting there is a concealed combination, a secret balancing of lines, which gives the composition its proper position and its grandeur. Take away the least of the details, the two trunks of the leafless trees, for instance, which stand out against the azure of the sky, and the painting would soon look as if cut in two. At first sight everything seems to be the result of foresight, and yet nothing has been calculated. All has been dictated by the happy intuition of genius. It is bright as French paintings generally are, but it is, nevertheless, animated. There is no confusion in it, and there is vivacity in all the movements; it is conceived in an elevated style, and yet it bears no marks of research; on the contrary, it bears in every part an air of simplicity, of gestures dictated by nature alone. Many painters can never rise into sublimity without appearing to be on the stretch; Le Sueur's dignity always seems to be a matter easy of attainment, and it is tempered by a charming ingenuousness. This seems owing to his tact in introducing into all his works details taken from everyday life. Many instances of this may be given. The first scene in the life of St. Bruno shows us a child, in the midst of a group of noble-looking and dignified figures, trying to prevent his dog from barking; the Ethiopian

slave in the foreground of the St. Paul Preaching at Ephesus, and the signs of a dog's attachment to his master in the Martyrdom of St. Protas, are amongst the best accessories of these pictures.

In the martyrdoms of St. Gervais and Protas all is grand, noble, and even vigorous. The painter of Anchorite Retreats for Wounded Spirits, passes all at once and without difficulty

Giulio Romano was more masculine perhaps, Raphael severer and more chastened in his outline; but no one has ever given the same delicacy to the noble army of martyrs—no one has ever conceived faces imbued with so much angelic fervour.

The women of the ancient masters were not more graceful than the "Veronica" of Le Sueur, or the maidens of the Woes of St. Martin, and they have not so much tenderness



PAUL PREACHING AT EPHESUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.

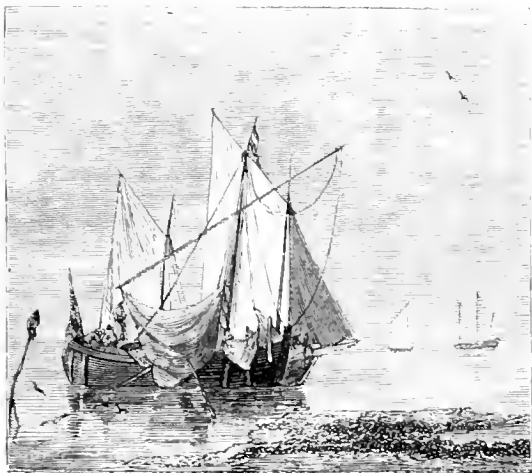
to the delineation of the most stirring scenes. He puts tumult, passion, and violence into his pictures as easily as he had put gentleness, calm, and retirement. The brutal soldiery with bared and muscular arms, the pagan judges in their togas, the boisterous mob, and impassable images of the false gods, are conceived in an easy but powerful style, which Le Sueur has found not in Raphael, but in his own genius. The graceful drawing of the elegant figures are all his, and his only.

The sentiment of antique grace, such as it appears in the bas-reliefs, addresses itself to the pure sensuality, the paganism of thought. The grace of Le Sueur, on the contrary, is impregnated with a spiritualism which touches and goes right to the heart of us. Except the "Belle Jardinière," the virgins of Raphael are more material, his carnations are more abundant, their forms rounder, and fuller; those of Le Sueur have a happy slenderness, a subduing sweetness.



WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE.

WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE, the younger, has painted the sea *con amore*, and it is for this reason that he occupies so high a



rank as an artist; it is for this reason also that two nations of sailors, passionately fond of the sea, the English and Dutch have

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bestowed on him the reputation of being the greatest painter of sea pieces that ever appeared down to his time. And, in truth, no one has more closely observed the agitation of the waves, their breaking or their repose; no one knew better the gait and habits of sailors, the rigging and working of ships, the variety of their build, their picturesque appearance when grouped by chance, and their imposing appearance when isolated between sky and water, the felicity of the lines in their foreshortening, when they rock to and fro slowly, ready to breast the billows. No one has ever felt so deeply the deep calm of the ocean, nor expressed so well the inexpressible emotions inspired by the sight of a fading horizon—the image of infinity.

Talents of so high an order did not show themselves all at once in the Van de Velde family. It is believed that Adrian, the celebrated painter of animals, and William, the younger, were brothers. This is not impossible, and the mention of the supposition reminds us, that in the Bridge water Gallery there is a "Coast of Scheveningen," by William, in which the sea, slightly agitated, is lighted by the hues of twilight, and the small figures in which are painted by Adrian. This goes to confirm the statement as to the existence of some relationship between them. This much, however, is certain—the elder William Van de Velde, the father of the great marine painter, was himself a designer of rare excellence. We shall take this opportunity of saying a few words about him, as we may not

have another. He was born in Leyden in 1610. "As he loved sailing on the sea," says Houbraken, "he found means of entering the service of the States on board a small vessel employed in carrying orders to the fleet. Being thoroughly acquainted with the construction of ships, their rigging, and trim of the sails, he set about drawing with a pen upon paper or white canvas all the vessels in the roads, large and small, and finished by grouping together entire fleets upon a single sheet. As soon as he heard that a battle was about to take place, he embarked forthwith with the sole design of being present at the engagement, and so that he might make accurate sketches of the various details. To give greater play to his talents and courage, the states of Holland placed a brig at his disposal, and ordered the commander to carry him to whichever point of the action he wished. He was then seen braving all the perils of a naval engagement, going and coming from place to place, now in the midst of the enemy, and now amongst his own countrymen. Admiral Opdam was astonished to see a man risk his life in pursuit of any glory except that to be obtained by arms. He invited Van de Velde to dine with him in his cabin, and on the very same day, two hours after the painter had taken his departure, the vessel was blown up. He was present also at the battle which took place between the English and Dutch, under the command of Monk and De Ruyter, in sight of Ostend, in 1666, and which lasted for three days with surprising fury. Neither of the fleets made a single movement which Van de Velde did not sketch with singular fidelity. These drawings were made by order of the States, and supplied them with ample information regarding the manœuvres and conduct of their officers. It appears that the fame of them reached England also. Charles II. invited him to enter his service, and after the death of that prince he continued to execute, under James II., official drawings that circumstances sometimes made doubly valuable. He died at London, in 1666, and was buried in St. James's Church.

Such was the father of the painter, whose history we are about to write. The passion of the latter for the sea and ships, and his nautical knowledge, were, as we see, hereditary. William Van de Velde the younger was born, as was also Adrian, at Amsterdam, in 1633. His master was an able painter and a skilful engraver, Simon de Vliëger, who mostly occupied himself in sea pieces. The elder Van de Velde could only teach his son the elements of design, for he had not given any attention to painting till he was advanced in life, and had then only met with moderate success. His choice of Simon de Vliëger was an excellent one, so that the first sea pieces sent by William Van de Velde to his father, who was then at London, astonished the whole court. James II. was so pleased with them, that he made him come to London, and settled a handsome pension upon him. Like most great artists, he speedily attained to the eminence which has made his name illustrious. There are paintings signed by him in 1657, when he was only in his twenty-fourth year, and even prior to that date, which are exquisite in every point of view, without mannerism, real *chefs-d'œuvre* of art, in which art is nowhere visible, and nature everywhere. From the very beginning he displayed his predilection for the representation of calms, of those tranquil, unruffled waters, which scarcely smile under the breath of wind, and which, under a clear sky, and in the full light of the sun, resemble a brilliant carpet, slightly wrinkled at its borders.

Van de Velde did wonders with very scanty materials. Without having at his disposal the splendid elements which Claude Lorrain put in motion, without having before his eyes those Italian palaces, those projecting colonnades which served as side scenes to the sea views of the French painter, he knew how to give the appearance of distance to the background of his canvas, and make the ocean retreat, as it were, from the shore to the horizon. The level line of the horizon placed in contrast with the rounded masses of cloud, the stiffness of the masts and of the shrouds compensated for by the curved line of the sails, more or less distended, and by the sweep of the ships—such are the simple combinations by which Van de Velde has been enabled to interest those even who have never

seen the sea. If sometimes a sand bank, or a group of fishermen, or the head of a jetty in pile-work forms the set off of his composition, oftener still he commences his painting only in the background, and puts nothing in the foreground, but a little angry surge, or a buoy tossed by the tide, so that the greater part of his canvas appears to have been painted not from the shore, but from a vessel at anchor. With means apparently so limited, Van de Velde has, however, produced splendid pictures, as captivating to the eye as they are agreeable to the mind, full of pleasure for those who love art, and full of delight for those who love the sea.

The secret of these impressions is simple truth—truth which he sought and rendered with passion. Owing to persevering and assiduous study, he possessed in the highest possible degree all the elements of which talent in a painter of sea-pieces is composed. He knew all about ships, thoroughly understood the working of them, and could repeat the names of every rope, pulley, and sail. As he was able to distinguish each kind of ship from every other at a glance, he enabled the spectator also to distinguish them in his paintings by the diversity of their forms—oblong, slender, bulging, or flattened; by the difference of their masts, or the size of their topsails; by the colour of their canvas, now unbleached white, now brown, and now black. But it was not only by these details that he caused each variety to be recognised—but also by the *toute ensemble*, the general outline and *character*, in fact—for every variety has its own—well marked too. He perceived and expressed admirably the majesty of the man-of-war, the elegance of the frigate, the magnificence of the yacht, the agility of the brig, the coquetry of the schooner, and the coarseness of the lugger-boat.

His figures, too, were drawn with the highest talent, and yet with the most charming simplicity. This is one of the points in which he excels Backuysen. He had bestowed the closest attention upon everything relating to the sailor. He knew and could depict admirably his gestures, his attitudes, his dress, and that rolling gait which he insensibly acquires from the habit of walking on the heaving deck. But it was in painting the sea itself that Van de Velde rose to the full height of his genius. The sea was to him not a treacherous element, but an adored mistress; he loved and admired everything about it—its caprices, its fantastic movement, its smiles and caresses, its fury and thunder. His own temperament, however, made him prefer the calm. It was while in a state of rest that he imitated the waters of the ocean with most effect, whether in those light ripples, that feeble undulation, which the Dutch call *kabbeling*, and which dies out with a low noise on the fine sand of the beach, or when in greater agitation they throw up fringes of foam, which fly back in pearly clouds from the dark sides of the ships. His water, truthful and transparent, does not possess the hard tint of green and blue, such as is seen in the Mediterranean; it is yellowish and light, like the seas of the north; the tinge is in general cold, unless when warmed by a ray of the setting sun.

Let us add that these fine sea pieces of Van de Velde are crowned by brilliant skies, light, silvery, and separated from the eye by boundless plains of atmosphere. The clouds, which play so prominent a part in all paintings of this kind,—because on the form which the painter gives them depends the disposition of the lines and their agreeable variety,—in Van de Velde's works possess rare beauty. Not only is the grouping happy and skilfully contrasted, not only is the outline well chosen, and never meaningless, but they possess admirable lightness. They appear to move like those which traverse the landscapes of Ruysdael, and their edges illuminated by the sun, rise off the blue ground, we can hardly help believing that this ground is disappearing at one point to appear at another. But what constant and assiduous observation, and what painstaking industry, it must have required to attain to such perfection! "Nobody," says Gilpin, "knew better the effects of sky, or had studied them with more attention, than Van de Velde the younger. Not many years ago, an old waterman of the Thames was still living who had often

carried him in his boat to different parts of the river to observe the varied appearance of the heaven. This man related that Van de Velde went out in every sort of weather, fine or wet, and that he took with him large sheets of blue paper which he covered with black and white. An artist will easily perceive the object of this proceeding. Van de Velde called these expeditions in his Dutch, *going a-showing*, going to make a review of the sky.*

Horace Walpole, in "Anecdotes of Painting," informs us that the pension given by Charles II. to William Van de Velde the younger, amounted, like that of his father, to £100 sterling. Mr. Riwalson, an antiquary, found in the last century the original of the patent which conferred these pensions both on father and son, and communicated this valuable document to Mr. Vertue, who collected the materials for Walpole's work. From it we learn that William Van de Velde, senior, was employed in designing naval battles for the king's private use, and to his son was committed the task of colouring these same drawings. The terms of the letters patent,† granting their pensions, seem to imply that the son was occupied only in the colouring of his father's drawings; but perhaps we should interpret the expression "putting into colours" to mean more than this, and make them refer to the son's talent for painting sea-pieces when the father could only draw them. It was in the year 1675 that this double pension was bestowed on the Van de Velde, and the date is valuable as it enables us to fix the precise period, or nearly so, at which the painter left Amsterdam to settle in London. He was then forty-two years of age.

The residence that both chose at London was peculiarly well adapted to the requirements of their profession as well as to their own tastes. They lodged at Greenwich, and had the continual movement of ships and boats, which is always going on in that part of the river, constantly under their eyes. Hence their profound knowledge of all nautical usages, of the smallest and most minute formalities of the sea, if we may use the expression; hence, too, their exactness in all the details. What is said of Ruysdael with regard to trees, might be said of Van de Velde with regard to ships. As the great landscape painter never put oak leaves on the branches of a lime tree, so the marine painter never fastened the sails of a brig to the masts of a schooner. To study the works of Van de Velde is almost to study a course of navigation.

Here is a "Frigate about to set sail." The wind appears to freshen, but the sea, although a little agitated, still reveals in the distance its tranquillizing horizon. A three-decker is at anchor. In the background an armed frigate, with all her sails shaken out, is making ready to gain the offing. The sun has just risen, and a boat full of passengers is rowing towards her, and she is only awaiting its arrival to set sail. In the distance are various ships of different sizes gradually fading from the sight. The frigate, however, is the principal object of the picture, and is drawn and painted with extraordinary care, even in its minutest details. And this minuteness, which in painting a storm would be wholly out of place, here becomes a charm; for if you, like the painter, are

one of the spectators on shore, and have no friend on board, or no personal interest in the departure of the vessel, it is but natural that you should admire all her beauties, the carving which adorns its bows, the order and neatness which reign throughout, the polish of the masts, the tautness of the rigging, and, in short, all the harness of this steed of wood and iron, which is about to walk the wide waters, and is brushed up before its departure.

There is a superb Admiralty yacht, bearing the arms of Amsterdam sculptured upon her, and carrying the admiral's flag at her stern. She is passing between two ships of war, which salute her, and she returns it. Van de Velde has imitated perfectly the white smoke of the cannon; we see it glide over the level surface of the water, in great round masses, which contrast admirably with the straight line of the sea. Fine clouds moving slowly along the sky, cast huge shadows on the ocean, and create splendid contrasts; all the artifices of chiaroscuro lend animation to a scene in which all is tranquillity; the eye is pleased and the attention is awakened, and yet the spectator is not withdrawn from the profound emotions with which the painter has endeavoured to inspire him.

But suddenly the sky is overcast; the sea, so peaceful a minute ago, begins to growl; the wind whistles sharply, and already a long belt of dark clouds seem to unite the sky and water; a furious gale sets in from the north-west. We are at the entrance of the Texel; ships great and small are struggling against the storm, in the attempt to reach the port. Amongst them passes a packet-boat lighted by a solitary gleam of sunshine, and splashed by the rising foam. Another ray of light flickering out through an opening in the clouds shows us the coast of Holland, whose grey and delicate tone contrasts well with the sombre colours of the rest of the picture, and in this the touch of the painter accords admirably with the nature of his subject. Here is no longer the complacent and brilliant execution of the paintings which represent calms, but the broader and freer pencil which tears open the clouds, whitens the sails, and boldly expresses the form of the waves, and is as much agitated as the sea itself.

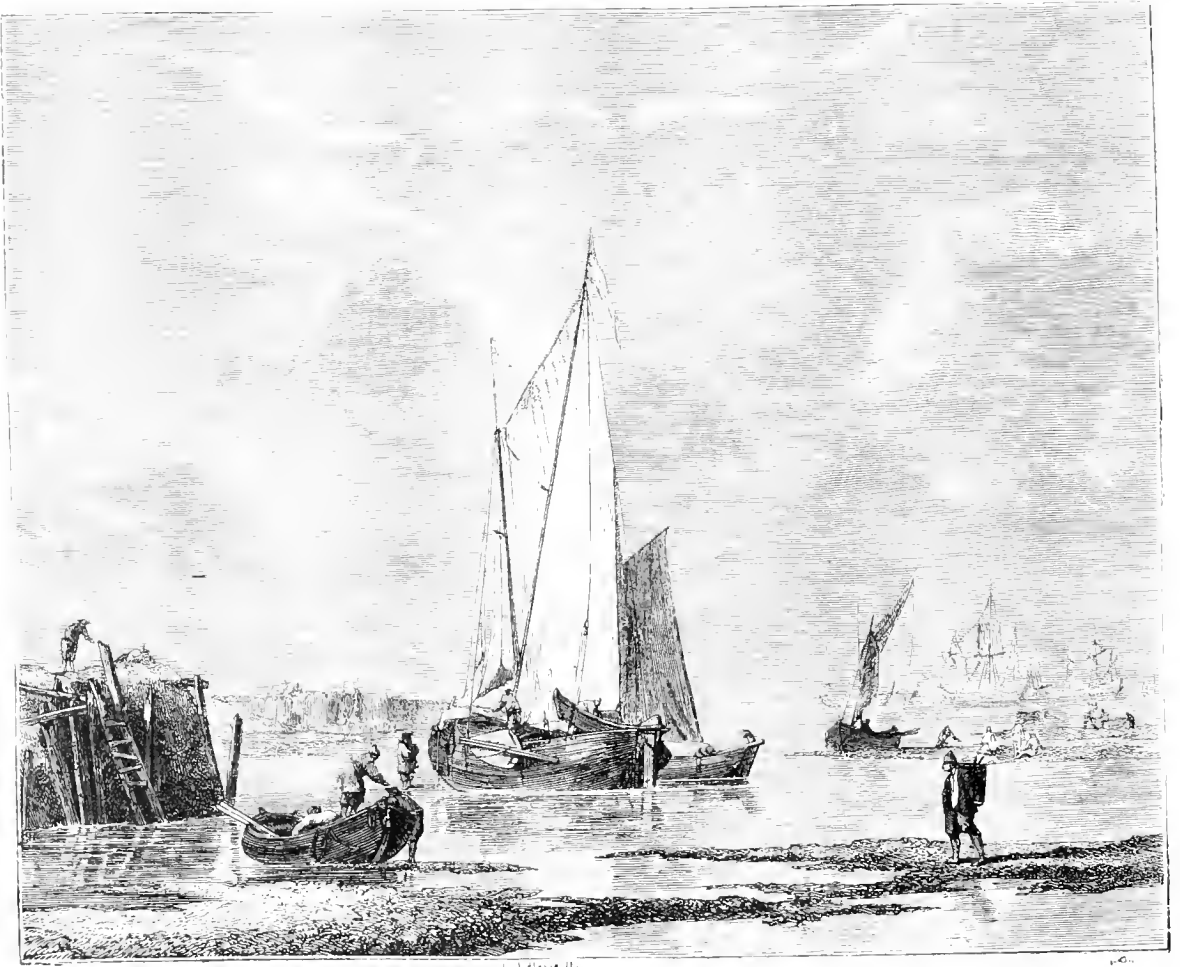
We must remark, nevertheless, that for William Van de Velde to paint a storm is an exceptional case. What we have just now been describing is rather the approach of the storm than the storm itself; and perhaps indeed this is the most poetic course to follow, for the imagination of the spectator is then becoming heated, and is becoming impatient for the termination of the scene. Thus, in the eight pictures in Sir Robert Peel's collection, we see a heavy rolling sea, and over it a cloud hanging very low down casts a dark shadow, which threatens the poor fishermen's barks terribly, and which, as M. Waagen remarks, strongly reminds us of Homer's line; "And from the height of the heavens light plunged upon the earth." We can hardly shut out some feeling of anxiety from our breasts on seeing these frail boats tossed between the descending clouds and the uprising waves. But Van de Velde departs from his natural course when he depicts storms: he is more at home in painting the sea at rest. It is over these tranquil plains that he can best put in motion the few and simple elements of which his great effects are made up—the line of the horizon, the clouds forming like chains of mountains, and the rigging of the boats. Others have endeavoured in their compositions to fill space; Van de Velde seeks to paint it. To open up immensity on the canvas, to roll out infinity upon a flat surface, such has been his preoccupation, or rather his genius. For this he passed his life upon the water; he made open boats his studio, and went a considerable distance in this way to see De Ruyter's ship caulked, and went down the Thames in the same manner nearly every day to pay a visit to his old and familiar friends—the ocean waves. In Van de Velde's eyes the sea was not the classic and conventional personage represented by a venerable god with a slimy beard—but ocean such as nature has made it—endowed with all the passions of an animated being, with all the irritability of a blind monster, and with the sensibility and appearance of life.

* William Gilpin's "Three Essays upon the Beautiful, Picturesque, &c.," a rare but excellent work.

† It may be interesting to give the exact terms of it. "Charles the Second, by the grace of God, &c. Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights; and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto W. Van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours, for our particular use; our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries, to the aforesaid W. Van de Velde the younger, to be paid unto one or other of them during our pleasure, and for so doing this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge. Given under our privy seal at our palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."—*Anecdotes of Painting in England*. Charles II. dated his reign from the year in which his father was beheaded, 1649; so that the twenty-sixth year of which he speaks must be 1675.

However, the title and the pension which he had received from Charles II. compelled him, from time to time, to paint official pictures, if we may use the expression—fleets not ranged so as to please the eye, but according to the rules of tactics or the caprices of the admiral—vessels which, to secure historical accuracy, should fulfil a certain duty, or be sketched at a certain moment. Many of these compositions may still be seen at Hampton Court. Horace Walpole informs us that at Buckingham Palace there was one representing the Battle of Solebay, which Van de Velde the elder painted from nature, or perhaps we should rather say *ad rivum*, having attended the engagement in a light sloop by order of the Duke of

well adapted for the display of their genius. Van de Velde painted, at one time, the united French and English fleets in the place where Charles II. went to see them. The king is represented in the picture in the act of stepping on board his yacht. Horace Walpole informs us, "that two commissioners of the Admiralty agreed to beg it of the king, to cut it in two, and each to take a part. The painter, in whose presence they concluded this wise treaty, took away the picture, and concealed it till the king's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch, the printseller (from whom Vertue had the story), for fourscore pounds. Bullfinch took time to consider, and returning to the purchase, found the picture sold for 130 guineas. After-



A CALM.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

York.* Weisbrod,† Captain Baillic, and several English engravers, have preserved some of these compositions, belonging both to the father and the son, though none of them were

* "Several are at Hampton Court, and at Hinchinbrook. At Buckingham House was a view of Solebay fight, with a long inscription. Van de Velde, by order of the Duke of York, attended the engagement in a small vessel."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*.

† Charles Weisbrod, designer and engraver, was born at Hamburg in 1754, and came very young to Paris, for the purpose not of learning to engrave, for he had already acquired the art, but to perfect himself in it under the tuition of John George Wille, who was the master *par excellence*. His great talent lay in seizing on the spirit of a painting, and rendering it in a lively and vigorous manner in a rapid etching. He was, therefore, admirably fitted for executing those free and hasty engravings, which lend value to the original, though they make no pretensions to translate it.

wards it was in possession of Mr. Stone, a merchant retired into Oxfordshire."

William Van de Velde died in London in 1707, as stated in the following inscription:—

Gulielmus Van de Velde, junior,
Navium et prospectuum marinarum pictor,
Et ob singularem in illa arte peritiam,
A Carolo et Jacobo Secundo Magnae Britanniae regibus
Annua mercede donatus.
Obiit 6 April, A.D. 1707,
Aetatis suae, 74.

"What we esteem in this painter," says Lebrun, "is the transparency of his colouring, which is agreeable and vigorous;

Weisbrod was fond of these, and excelled in them. In the Choiseul collection his and those of Dunkerque are by far the best of their kind. He engraved, for instance, the two landscapes, designed by

his vessels are drawn with precision; his small figures are sketched with spirit and judgment; his skies are clear; his clouds are varied, and seem to roll in the air." We might add here that the clouds of William Van de Velde are like those of Ruysdael: they have the same beautiful forms, the same agreeable masses, picturesque and contrasted without any affectation of singularity. They have also the same motion and lightness; they even seem charged with rain, but are never heavy, and we almost fancy we can see them blown along by the wind. "William Van de Velde," continues Lebrun, "is the first who rendered calm waters naturally, the sky, the fishing-boats, the vessels, and all other spectacles

are as rare as they are valuable." Van de Velde, in his old age, painted many historical battles in England, which have a reddish tone, and are not much thought of; hence they are distinguished in Holland by the epithet of "*English make*."

In England, the admiration of the younger Van de Velde has for a long period known no bounds. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when president of the Royal Academy, said, in speaking of him, that another Raphael might be born, but not another Van de Velde. The very exaggeration of this sentiment would have been sufficient to immortalize him of whom it was uttered, even if his works had not really possessed surpassing excellence. More complete than Backhuysen, as delicate and as silvery



ROUGH WEATHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE.

which the sea offers to our view. He is a disheartening model for those who wish to practise his branch of art. His pictures

Adrian Van de Velde, "Pastoral Scenes" as they were then called, in an able manner, though a little too delicately, perhaps. Ruysdael, Karl Dujardin, Pynaker, Weirötter—all the landscape painters, and, above all, those who had an eye to the picturesque—have been rendered by him with great felicity. He is liable to censure, however, for not having given greater size to the objects in the foreground, so as to enable us to distinguish the relative distances of the objects in the rear more readily.

More precise than St. Non, Weisbrod leaves less to the chances of crispness; his graver seems to take in at once the forms over which it has to run. His broken lines, short and waved in appearance, but in reality directed by a steady and skilful hand, are admirably adapted to the expression of broken down walls, disjunct and moss-covered stones, creeping plants, and in general all the capricious vegetation of ruins. In proof of this, we may refer to his fine engraving, after Alex. Kierings, to be found in Neyman's "Catalogue of Drawings" printed in 1766.

These hasty sketches of Weisbrod's were also well fitted for the

as Dubbels, more brilliant and more powerful than Van Goyen—far superior in every way to Bonaventura, William Van de

reproduction of wild rustic scenes, and rugged, undulating ground—the chalky hills, and unclothed soil of a Haysman—the brush-wood of a Waterloo—the irregular and gnarled trunks of Ruysdael's old oaks, studded with tufts of foliage—the huge plants which flourish in the foreground of Pynaker's landscapes—and last of all those sandy hillocks, half-covered by flint and grass, which Wynants, and after him Adrian Van de Velde, painted with so much grace and devotion. Weisbrod bestowed great care on the management of the transition from black to white, so as to lend softness to those changes which are formed in nature by tufts of grass springing from a sandy soil.

In general, Weisbrod's great defect is his not putting sufficient variety on the sides of his lines. It has also been remarked that his masses of trees sometimes resemble the decorations in a theatre, which appear on the sky in flat silhouette; we mean that as much relief is desirable in the middle as there is of precision and delicacy in the outline. Weisbrod has also engraved several small plates after Paul Potter, which never fail to render perfect the phy-

Velde is *the* painter of the sea. When gazing on his canvas, and on his alone, we can almost fancy we feel the spray on our faces, and snuff in the strong odour of the tar.

Mr. John Smith, in his catalogue of the works of the most eminent painters, sets down the number of works known as William Van de Velde's at 262, seven eighths of which are in private collections in England, the painter's adopted country. In enumerating the pictures, we shall follow a different method of classification. First we shall take a run through the public galleries.

Hampton Court, so rich in the works of masters of every school, contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings:—a sea-piece in his Majesty's Gallery; in the Queen's Presence Chamber—two sea-fights between the English and Dutch; a calm sea; three burning fleets; the English fleet attacking the Dutch fleet in a harbour.

The famous Dulwich Gallery, near London, contains four—three calms, and one fresh breeze.

The Pinacotheca at Munich contains two—a calm and a storm.

The Museum at the Hague—two calms.

The Amsterdam Museum contains six—the capture of the English vessel, "the Royal Prince;" that of four ships of the line; these two paintings are pendants, and are considered some of the most finished of his works. "View of Amsterdam," a very fine production; two calms, and a stormy sea with vessels in full sail.

The gallery of the Louvre contains only one—a calm; but many deny the authenticity of this altogether, and attribute it to Van de Velde's master, Simon de Vlieger.

These are almost all that are to be met with in the public galleries. In the private collections they are more numerous, above all in England, where Van de Velde was held in such high estimation.

The Duke of Devonshire has one at Chatsworth—a calm; and at his villa at Chiswick, a stormy sea covered with ships—a painting warmly lighted, and possessing very striking effects.

Sir Robert Peel's collection contains eight of Van de Velde's paintings—a sea covered with ships of war, barks in the background, and a coaster in the foreground, a fine painting, dated 1657; a calm sea, in the foreground a lighter, and two frigates in the distance—this picture is valued at £300; a coast with large vessels and figures—this bears the name of the artist, it is dated 1661, and cost £500; the coast of Schevelingen while the sea is slightly agitated—this contains a great number of figures by Adrian Van de Velde; it is one of the finest of the Dutch school, and cost £800; the coast of Holland, fishing-boat in the offing—a delicate, silvery painting, one of the most carefully-finished of the master; a view of Texel during rain, the sea violently agitated, bad weather—a work full of variety, and displaying very striking effect.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains six of Van de Velde's works—a view of the entrance of the Texel during a violent gale, a magnificent specimen, full of poetry and truth; a shipwreck; view of a coast during a dead calm; sea-fight—the "Prince Royal" surrendering to the Dutch fleet,—this pos-

siognomy of the beasts, and are true and faithful expressions of the original.

Weisbrod retired to Hamburg towards the year 1780, if we may judge from the date which appears upon his engravings, and there engraved several landscapes of his own composition, but he could not avoid imitating the masters whose works he had reproduced. He arranged his ruins in the style of Breenberg, and his pastoral scenes in the manner of Berghem; but one could not say of his compositions what was said of Huber and Rost, that he led one to expect more from his talents. Weisbrod could never complete an engraving; Dandot, Deguevanvilliers, and the celebrated Lebas, gave the finishing touches with the burin to many of his etchings, particularly the "Flight into Egypt" after Teniers, the landscapes after Ruysdael and Pynaer, and two "Views in the environs of Meinen," of his own composition. He died, most probably, at Hamburg, towards the close of the last century.

sesses great vigour of touch; and the capture of the "Prince Royal."

The collection of Sir Abraham Hume contains a great battle between the English and Dutch fleets in a slight breeze.

Lord Ashburton's collection contains "The Flotilla," from the Talleyrand collection, celebrated for the great number of vessels of every variety which are crowded into it upon a sea smooth as glass.

Mr. J. H. Hoop's collection contains two "Agitated Seas."

There are great numbers of them in other private collections in various parts of England, but to enumerate them would be tedious, if it were not useless. They are nearly all heirlooms, that pass and have passed for generations, from father to son, and are in some sense as much fixtures as the houses that cover them. It is a matter of more interest to learn the value which Van de Velde's works have borne at some of the principal picture sales on the Continent.

M. Julienne's sale, 1767. "A sea piece," price 1,039 livres; another, 300 livres.

Duke de Choiseul's sale, 1772. Three paintings of Van de Velde: "A Calm," with several vessels under sail, valued at 879 livres; another, "A Calm Sea," in the background some ships, in the foreground near the sand some fishermen's boats, 759 livres; "Calm water," in the middle of which appears a large barque under full sail, and in the background several boats in the roadstead; in the foreground a jetty, below which was a boat with several sailors; price 1,700 livres.

The Blondel de Gagny sale, 1776. "A calm Sea," on which are several fishermen's boats and vessels under sail, price 470 livres.

Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Calm Sea," with vessels under sail and small boats filled with figures, 3,151 livres; "A Sea piece," with several boats, 1,260 livres; another, a pendant to the above, also representing a sea piece—several fishing-boats, with sailors walking in the water, 861 livres.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "Calm Sea," with vessels and boats containing a great number of figures, price 8,051 livres; "A Coast"—a man walking on the sand, vessels under sail, and a boat, price 5,600 livres.

The Partlet sale, 1783. "View of Texel;" several boats containing the chief magistrates of the states in Holland; in the background, a great number of boats and barques; price 2,400 livres.

The Lenglier sale, 1788. "View of a great extent of Sea," in which vessels of all sizes are to be seen; in the foreground a barque afloat, and two men caulking her sides; farther on three sailors going on board a three-masted vessel which is firing a signal-gun for departure; price 1,400 livres.

Duke de Praslin's sale, 1793. "View of a Calm Sea," covered with a fleet of more than forty vessels, barques, yachts, and long-boats, £280.

Robil sale, 1801. "View of Texel;" same as the former one; £120.

Van Leyden sale, 1804. "View of a Calm Sea"—boats, merchant vessels, and passenger-boats, with more than fifty figures, whose action is admirable, £32.

Solirene sale, 1812. "View of Texel," the sea covered with ships and lighters; a sequel to the two former views of the same place; £120.

The Clos sale, 1812. "Great expanse of Sea in calm weather," covered by a large fleet; to the right, in the foreground, a man-of-war is firing a gun, and some naval officers are directing their course in a four-oared boat towards other vessels, to which a trumpet announces their arrival; £501.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "View of a Calm Sea," valued at £360.

Laperrière sale, 1823. "A Sea piece," with a large vessel, some merchant-vessels, and fishing-boats, £136.

The Chevalier Erard's sale, 1832. "View of the Zuider Zee"—calm weather—several large East Indiamen have just entered the bay, and are preparing to cast anchor; in the back ground a two-decker, and sailors exercising themselves in boarding; price £800. Three other paintings of this master figured in this sale: "A Dutch Fleet" of twelve vessels, £100; "A Calm

Sea," covered with ships of war, merchantmen, elegant yachts, barques, long-boats, and light gigs; £200; "A Shore in Holland," low water; the ebb of the tide has left a boat stranded on the beach, which some fishermen are striving to launch; two fishermen on the shore, a dog barking, and a man dragging a piece of wood which has been thrown up by the sea; £60.

The Duke de Berri's sale, 1837. "The Sea in a Calm;" several boats, one of them with a great number of men on board setting out for the herring fishery, a ship of war, fishermen launching a boat; £92 10s.

Heris de Bruxelles sale, 1811. "A Calm;" a group of boats in the Zuider Zee—a frigate at anchor, a small boat with fishermen, and a boat sailing towards the other vessels scattered along the coast; £390. "The Zuider Zee;" a calm, a frigate setting sail, and making towards the offing; two fishermen near a boat preparing to draw their nets; in the back ground a three-decker at anchor; £235.

Count Pergeaux's sale, 1811. "A Sea fight;" three fleets,

the English, French, and Dutch engaged; sailors in one place hauling at the ropes or shifting the sails, men in the water struggling for life, a boat rowing towards the admiral's vessel; on some of the decks the combatants are engaged hand to hand, smoke and shot are issuing from the port holes, and some of the vessels are on fire. This is one of Van de Velde's finest works. It was sold for £800.

Tordien and Heris sale, 1813. "A Fleet Setting Sail;" the sea covered with ships, vessels of war, merchantmen, boats, &c.; £310. "A Calm;" two ships and a boat—the sailors on deck variously occupied; to the right two fishing-boats near the shore, two ships of war, and sails in the distance; £100.

Van de Velde never engraved, but he has left several drawings executed with great skill, both with the pen and with wash,—outlines sufficient to show him the state of the sea, the shape of a ship, or the appearance of the clouds. There are two of them in the Louvre.

JEAN JOUVENET.

ABOUT the middle of the sixteenth century, a painter and sculptor, presumed to have come originally from Italy, took up his abode at Rouen. He was the ancestor of several generations of distinguished artists, and the grandfather of Jean Jouvenet, who was born at Rouen in 1644.

Jean received his first lessons in art in his father's house, and was then sent to study at Paris under Lebrun, who was at that time in his glory. Poussin had yielded the palm to him, and Le Sueur was dead.

Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis XIV.," speaks of Jouvenet's first attempts in Lebrun's studio thus: "Jouvenet is not, as Argenville says, an artist without a master, rough hewn by the first lessons of Laurent his father. I believe even that he acquired a taste for the great machines of Lebrun, since he laboured with him for twenty years, with several intervals, from 1661 to 1680. But be not disquieted regarding the originality of his genius and the future of his style. He will take from his master, who is doubtless an able practitioner as well as an inventive composer, nothing but breadth and ease in execution, knowledge of technical processes, and the details of arrangement in complicated subjects."

While painting from models in the Academy or in the studio of Lebrun, Jouvenet often aided his master in the ceilings of Versailles, for he had learnt his trade right speedily. There is hardly a doubt that he could paint from his very childhood, and that he never thought of anything else. Real painters receive their education from a palette and a few books, from conversing with men and contemplating nature. Jouvenet, however, gave no evidence of individuality in his style till about the year 1672. In 1673, when twenty-nine years of age, he carried off the Academy's second prize; and in the same year he executed the "May painting" for the Goldsmiths' Company of Paris, so called because during the whole of that month it was exhibited in the portico of the church of Notre Dame. The goldsmiths presented it to the cathedral, where, fortunately, it may still be seen,—"The Healing of the Paralytic,"—in the choir above the statues.

The May painting met with immense success amongst the public, and from this time the young artist's popularity was beyond doubt. Vermeulen asked permission to engrave his works, and Lebrun begged of him anew to labour at the Versailles decorations. In 1675, he was elected a member of the academy.

It is most probable that it was about this period that he married. The name of his wife has not reached us. He was soon afterwards offered apartments by the king in the Palais des Quatre Nations. And he joyfully took possession of them. In those immense galleries he had ample room for the pursuit of his profession, and he determined that his first achievement should be worthy of them, at least in size.

Upon canvas 30 feet long, and 28 feet broad, he painted his "Jesus healing the Sick," a work which contains all Jouvenet's defects as well as all his excellences. The shadows are thrown rather angularly, the figures are lively—a little vulgar in form perhaps, but full of warmth and motion. It would have been impossible to have shown a larger amount of knowledge in the drawing, more animation in the action, or more fire in the execution. The arrangement is picturesque, and the effects of the light and shade are broad and well contrasted. The five years following he was occupied in executing his celebrated works,—"Isaac blessing Jacob," for the Museum of Rouen; "The Nunc Dimittis," for the Jesuits; "The Family of Darius;" "Louis XIV. healing the King's Evil." The latter was painted in competition with Antony Coyppel, Halle, and the brothers Boullongue, but the gold medal was awarded to Jouvenet by the judge, the Abbé de St. Riequier. Lebrun died at the age of seventy-one, in 1690, and Jouvenet at once assumed the position of head of the French school. Louis XIV. to mark his sense of his merits, conferred upon him a pension of two hundred livres per annum, and after he had finished the paintings in the Chapel of Versailles, it was increased to five hundred. He also determined to send the artist to Italy at the expense of the state, but, whether owing to illness or negligence, Jouvenet never availed himself of the offer.

The "Resurrection of Lazarus" is one of Jouvenet's finest paintings. "Jouvenet," says the quaint historian Montei, "so closely applied himself to the reading of the gospel, that it would have been marvellous if he had not lighted upon its most picturesque page. This page never ceases to delight him; he never ceases to sketch it in thought, to colour it, to enlarge it, to embellish it. At last he is suddenly impelled to take up his brushes and paint. What has he seen? Lazarus has been dead many days; his body lies buried in a sepulchre hewn in the rock; Jesus appears in the neighbourhood; the sister of Lazarus, beautiful from her age, her paleness, her tears, comes to Jesus to ask him to restore her brother to life,—and here is the most touching of scenes. Jesus stands in the midst, taller than those around him; his face shining with almighty power; Son of the Author of Nature—he is about to suspend its laws. He advances, he bows slightly; he stretches out his arms towards the base of the rock; he calls Lazarus, 'Lazarus, arise!' The men who had entered the sepulchre with torches, to open the shroud, fall back stupified, not at the sight of the dead, but at the sight of the living. Lazarus breathes through livid lips, and looks out from glassy eyes. He has awakened in a body fading into dissolution. The fright, the terror of the men, under whose eyes, under whose hands, the miracle has taken place; the lively admiration of the people contrast with the calm figures of the

apostles, who are accustomed to the wonderful works of their divine master. If it be not here, where is the skill of a great painting?"

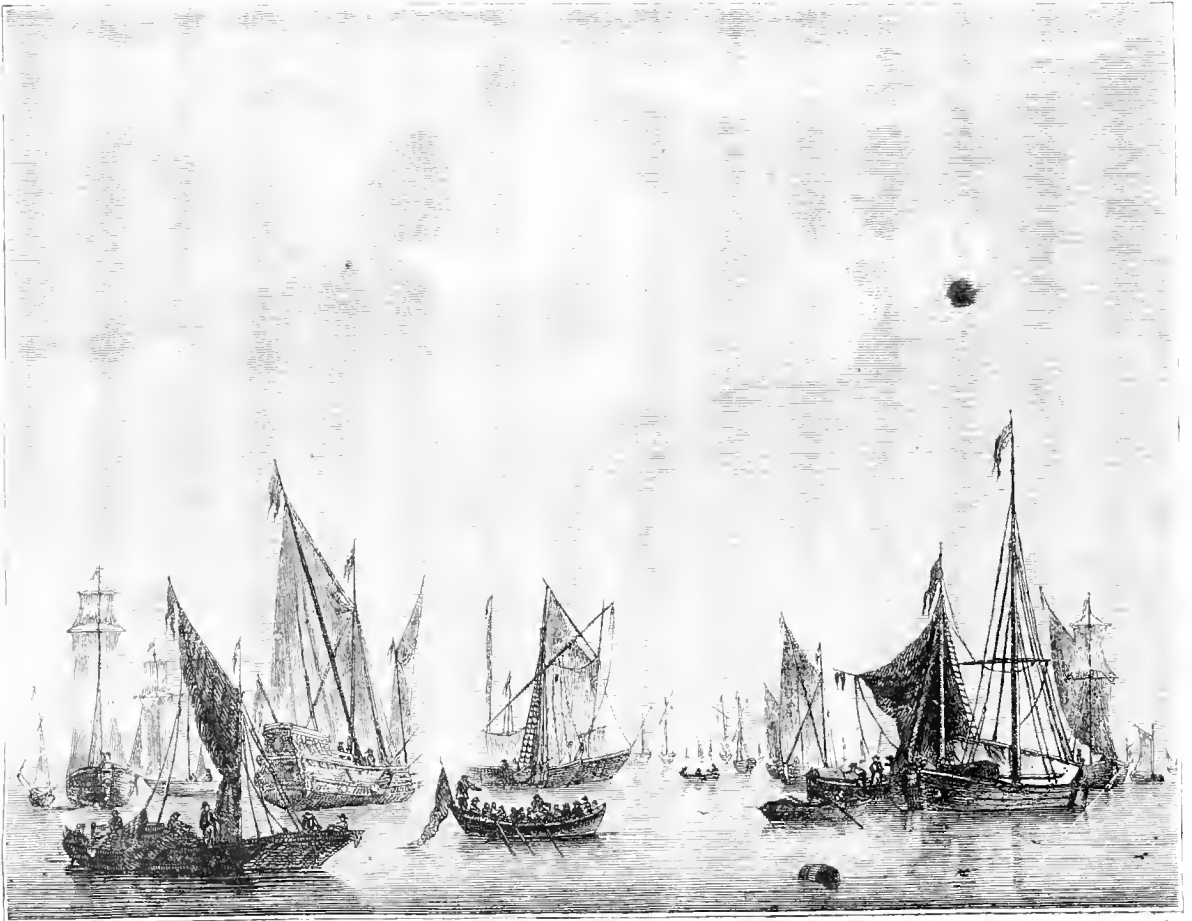
It is in this picture, which Duchange and many others have engraved, that Jouvenet has painted his own portrait and those of his daughters, between two columns to the right, and amidst the spectators. The painting of "The Money Changers driven from the Temple" was the first of the series, which, by the king's order, was completed in 1702, with "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes." In order to represent the fisherman and his crew naturally, Jouvenet made a journey to Dieppe, and brought back the fine studies which are found in the work. When Louis XIV. saw these splendid paintings he was in ecstasies, and caused them to be reproduced in tapestry at the Gobelins.

In 1709 we find Jouvenet still labouring at Versailles with all the perseverance and energy of youth. But his sanguine

almost as much dexterity as ever had been possessed by the other. The painting which he thus finished with his left hand is "The Death of St. Francis," at present in the Museum of Rouen. Holbein, we believe, is the only other artist who was thus able to paint with both hands.

Jouvenet now resumed his work, and with his left hand executed several compositions—amongst others the decorations of the ceiling of the Second Chamber of Inquests of the Parliament of Rouen. He was in the habit of signing these works *J. J., deficiente dextrâ, sinistrâ pinxit.*

All this made a great noise, and the regent himself came to see Jouvenet in his studio at the Quatre Nations. Sebastian Ricci, during his travels in France, also visited him. The courtiers and foreigners of distinction vied with each other in bestowing on him marks of favour and admiration. But his disease advanced apace, and in April 1717 he died in the arms of his sister and his son Francis. His last work was the



A FLEETILLA.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 54).

temperament proved too much for his health, and in 1713 he was seized with paralysis of the whole of the right side of his body. Despite his age, sixty-nine years, he had retained all the richness of imagination, and the impetuous desire to be at work, which had characterized his earlier years, when he found himself thus struck powerless. His impatience under such an affliction may be imagined.

He was in his studio some time after, superintending the labours of Restout, his nephew and pupil, who was engaged upon a large painting. Jouvenet seized the brush in his right hand, in order to give more expression to a head; but the disabled limb refused to do its office. He then transferred the brush to his left, and was surprised to find that in it there was

"Magnificat," or "Visitation," which still adorns the chancel of Notre Dame.

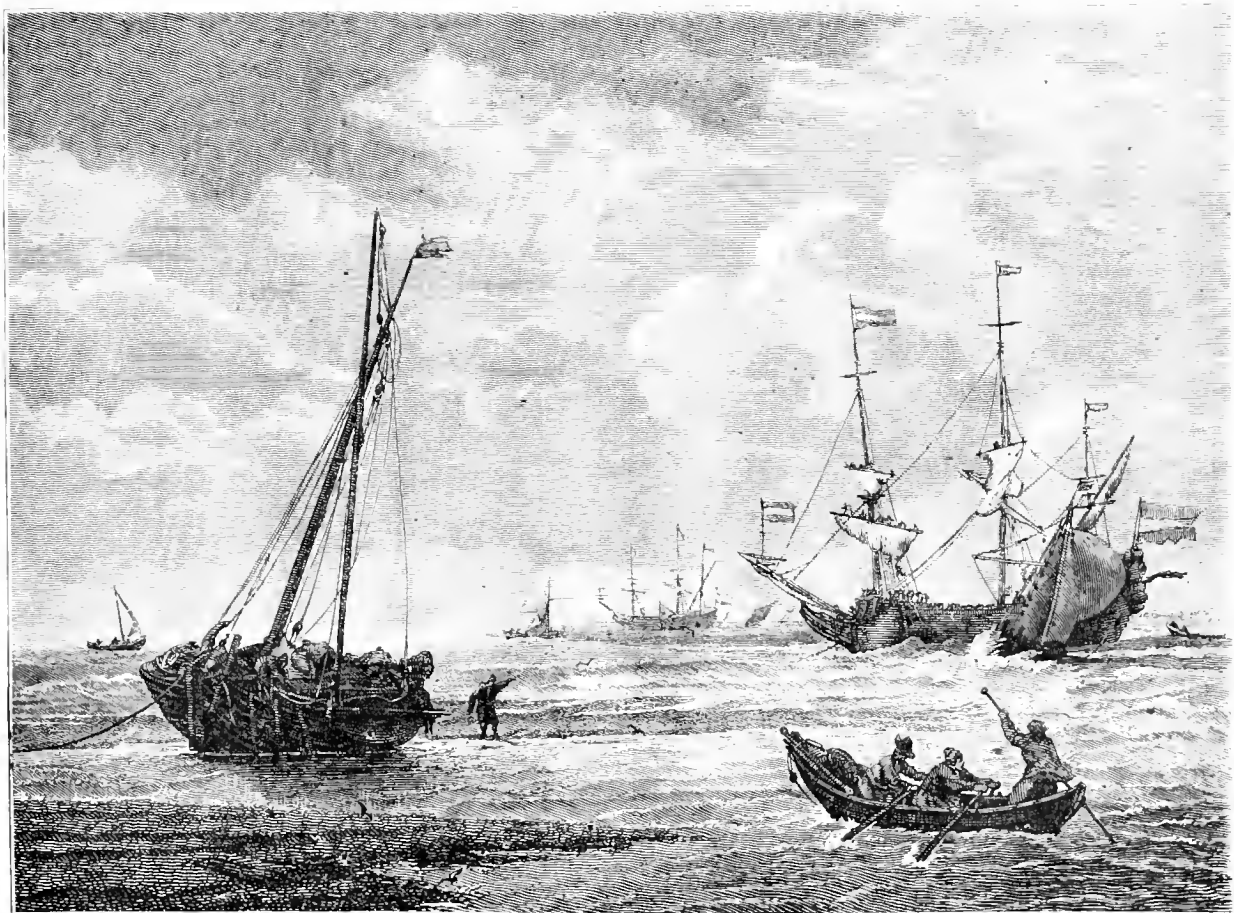
The Italians have called Jouvenet the French Carracci. There is some truth in the comparison. For he, like the Carracci, had a profound knowledge of his art; his drawing was firm and assured, his ability marvellous; like them, also, he was the connecting link between two schools; but he was more original than the Carracci, than the eclectics who mingled the school of Rome with the school of Parma, Raphael with Correggio, and took their subjects and their figures from every quarter.

What gives Jouvenet his best claim to celebrity, is his originality in the midst of his contemporaries. He was a

maker of novelties, as all great men are. In fact, for a man to be great, it is essential that he should see farther and higher than his own time.

Almost all writers who have spoken of Jouvenet have spoken favourably. He has not had to undergo those thermometric risings and fallings in public estimation like more capricious talents. Dorgenville highly appreciates him; Voltaire places high value on him also, though he rates him below Lebrun; Saillasson says he is to Poussin what Crebillon was to Corneille. Other critics believe him to have filled in the French school the place occupied by Rembrandt in the Dutch. We do not agree with Voltaire as to Lebrun's superiority. Without doubt he was a great machinist, a powerful orderer; but Jouvenet, with more energy, if not equal method, is perfect master of an immense scene, and has the merit of invention in his groups, in the outline and drawing of his figures. His drawing was very skilful, strongly marked,

and free from all hesitation. The action, which was his forte, sometimes leads him into exaggeration, a gymnastic manner, if we may use the expression, which became a vice in the school of the eighteenth century. Often, those of his figures that belong to the lower classes, such as the fisherman seen from behind, and the man who is drawing the nets, in "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," have a robust grandeur and a proud gait. Jouvenet's colouring is not of the first order, although it has been frequently vaunted by his admirers. It is reddish, bounded, and not very agreeable as to locality; but it is saved by the skill displayed in the great effects of light and shade, and their resolute expression. Of all his paintings, the most complete, the most vigorous, the grandest, the richest in colouring, is "The Descent from the Cross," in the Paris Museum. It may be seen at all times surrounded by a throng of copyists, who admire its masterly drawing, its energetic *tourneur*, its strong colour, and its powerful *chiaro-scuro*.



A FRESH BREEZE.—FROM A PAINTING BY W. VAN DE VELDE (SEE PAGE 51).

FRAGONARD.

It is not yet fifty years since Fragonard died, and yet such is the wonderful revolution which France has undergone since the period in which he flourished, that few know anything about him at the present; and even the famous "Biographie Universelle," which so seldom passes over the merits of a Frenchman, let them be ever so small, has made a blunder in giving his very name. No one, down to the present, has written much about him save Diderot; and even he in terms of condemnation oftener than of praise. The cause of this oblivion is obvious. Fragonard rose into celebrity in an order

of things, and in a state of society, which happily exist no longer. His talents, great as they undoubtedly were, were prostituted to pander to the vices, follies, and frivolities of the old regime, and when the revolution came, and with it the affectation of Roman simplicity and antique grace, the heroes and demigods of David, and the other artists of the warlike school which flourished under the empire, with their bronze casques and coats of mail, threw the shepherdesses and lovers, with their flowers and light robes, completely into the shade. And yet this was not as it should be. There was nothing

national, nothing thoroughly French, in the mawkish allegories which filled the salons during the empire, and consequently there was little in them worthy of admiration. To be truly great, a painter must be true to his early prejudices, sympathies, and associations. He must find his subjects in the men and women, and frailties and virtues, of his own time, and in the hills, and valleys, and plains, and rivers of his native land. This did Fragonard, whatever else he left undone. We are not about to stand up in defence of the scenes upon which he, in many cases, employed his pencil; but this has nothing to do with the value of his painting itself, any more than the immorality of a poem has to do with its excellence. Byron has described the loves of Haidée and Juan with as much pathos, and fervour, and beauty as if they had been the most virtuous pair who ever stood before the altar and received the blessings of the church. Pity that it should be so, but so it is. Fragonard found a certain state of manners about him, and, like Boucher, he has delineated them with a fidelity, imagination, force, and brilliancy which leave much to be regretted, but nothing to be desired. It is his paintings that we are concerned about, and not his morality; and this may serve as a general excuse for not pouring out a greater amount of virtuous indignation upon him than we shall exhibit in the course of the following notice.

Fragonard came into the world in the nick of time. He was born in 1732, just when Chardin, Loucherbourg, Hubert Robert, and Greuze were in the prime of their career. He had the benefit of their example, and the prospect of succeeding them. He was eighteen years of age before he displayed his *penchant* for art, by employing the pen which should have been engrossing deeds in a notary's office in sketching designs upon paper. His mother saw them, and instantly took him to Boucher, with the view of placing him under his tuition. But Boucher was too much absorbed in his own pursuits and pleasures, to devote any portion of his time and attention to the education of youth. His pupils were the ballet girls of the opera, and the graceful, but shameless, beauties of the court, who loved to see his pencil employed in delineating their charms. He was then taken to Chardin, who at once received him. Diderot speaks in the highest terms of Chardin's method of instruction, and adds that no one discoursed of art more ably and more eloquently than he. "By means of colour and of effect," he would often say to his young pupil, "interest may be thrown round the most vulgar subjects, and a *chef-d'œuvre* be made of a pot and some fruit. But how? You endeavour, you scratch out, you rub, you glaze, you paint over again, and when you have caught that, I don't know what to call it, which pleases so much, the painting is finished."

After spending six months with Chardin, he went back to Boucher, who finding him so wonderfully improved, received him into his studio without the payment of any fee. Boucher was at this time the painter of voluptuousness, and the delight of the court, and we may reasonably presume that from him Fragonard contracted the taste which fixed the style of the majority of his works. After six months stay with Boucher, he started for Italy at the age of twenty. While there, he copied the greater part of the celebrated pictures of all the great schools, of Michael Angelo, of Da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Titian, Corregio, the Caracci, Guido, Domenichino, and of Ribera, and this splendid collection of drawings in red chalk, made in company with Hubert Robert, testifies his desire to assimilate every variety of style and practice. But, nevertheless, they are all in the style of the eighteenth century.

His first picture after his return from Rome was his "Callirhoe," which caused him to be elected into the Academy by acclamation, and was exhibited in the Salon of 1765. It was copied in tapestry at the Gobelins manufactory. It is still to be seen at the Louvre, though it has neither number, nor name, nor a place in the catalogue, just as a great many others, through whose negligence or mismanagement we know not. It represents the great priest Coresius sacrificing himself to save Callirhoe, and is a theatrical-looking composition

about fifteen feet long. The scene is the interior of a temple; Callirhoe is fainting, her lover is slaying himself, and around stands a crowd of women, old men, and children. The whole appears very skilfully executed, and the colouring in some parts is very beautiful—the young Callirhoe is charming; but still it is not the Fragonard that we admire, who appears here.

In the Salon, 1765, the painting of the new academicien created a general sensation, but after the first tribute of eulogy had been paid to the artist, and the first round of acclamations, the public began to get bolder. Diderot pretended that he had not seen the picture, and in a pretended vision, entitled "The Cave of Pluto," he recounts the history of Coresius, and describes Fragonard's works in detail; Grimm comes into the dialogue, and exclaims, "You had a beautiful dream, and he has painted it. When we lose sight of the picture for a moment even, we fear still that the canvas will fold itself up as yours has done, and that these engaging fantasies will disappear like those of the night."

Nevertheless, the praise of the critics was loud and long, and none spoke more highly of it afterwards than Diderot. In his "Essay on Painting," he cites the "Callirhoe" as a model "of effect of light—true, forcible, and piquant." "It is a splendid thing," says he, "and I don't believe there is a painter in Europe capable of imagining such another."

Fragonard exhibited two other paintings in the Salon of 1765; a landscape with a shepherd standing upon a knoll or rising ground, and the "Profiting by the Father's and Mother's Absence;" a little familiar composition, representing the interior of a cottage, in which a young man is kissing a young girl, while the children are playing round a table. It is well planned, and, on the whole, effective and well coloured; though we know not, however, where the light comes from.

Fragonard never exhibited his works but on these two occasions, and this explains the absence of all further mention of him in Diderot's subsequent notices of works of art. Although belonging to the Academy, he was never appointed one of the professors in the school, as he had quarrelled with some of the members almost immediately after his entrance; some were jealous of him, and others were offended by his freedom and fantasies. Besides, during the superintendence of M. de Marigny, the brother of Madame Pompadour, who was entirely devoted to Boucher, he experienced great difficulty regarding the sale and payment for his "Coresius," which he had allowed to be numbered amongst the paintings, "by command." The favour of the public, however, amply recompensed him for the loss and annoyance he thus sustained. He became as fashionable as Boucher, who was now old. His paintings were greatly sought after, and all the amateurs were anxious to have one of his works in their collections. He executed, about this period, a "Visitation" for the Duke de Grammont, and a great number of graceful works, which bore sufficient evidence that his style was already formed.

Some time after this he resolved upon making another tour in Italy, a country to which he was devotedly attached, in company with a friend of his, a rich financier, who offered to bear all the expenses of the journey. Fragonard now thoroughly explored Italy, and made an immense number of drawings of the scenery in various parts. It was about this time that, in 1759, the Abbé St. Non came into Italy, and formed an intimate friendship with Fragonard and Robert. He took them to Naples and Herculaneum, and to Pompeii; they made an ascent of Vesuvius, and visited Italy and the coast of Sicily together, taking views, and sketching all the ruins and picturesque scenes; and St. Non, after his return to Paris in 1762, engraved them in a magnificent folio.* When they

* Jean Claude Richard, Abbé St. Non, was son of a receiver-general of finances; he belonged to the family of Boullongue, painters to the king. As he had a decided taste for the arts, he was pressed to engage in the study of theology and law. He was sub-deacon and counsellor clerk. Fortunately, during some of the political troubles in France, he was sent to Poitiers by a *lettre de cachet*, and ordered to remain there. He devoted himself now

returned to Paris, he was surprised to find that his fellow-traveller had no thought of returning his drawings, which had remained in his possession. Upon making application to him for them, he signified his intention of retaining them to compensate him for Fragonard's expenses on the journey. The matter was brought before a court of law, and judgment was given against the financier, who was ordered to restore the drawings or pay 30,000 francs. He chose the latter. This may serve to give an idea of the estimation in which the artist's works were at that time held. He was then, in fact, in his glory. Boucher had just died; the greater part of the young painters, forgetful of the lessons they had received, were trying to assume a graver manner—a prelude of the revolution which was soon to follow, not in art only, but in politics. But Fragonard was not the man to repudiate his old idols, and stepped into the place which Boucher had left vacant, as the only one, in fact, who was fit to fill it. When, in 1772, Madame Dubarry, the mistress of Louis XV., so famous for her beauty, her wickedness, and her terrible end, in 1793, was building the pavilion of Luciennes, it was upon Fragonard that she fixed to decorate it. Accordingly he there painted, *a la galante*, from large panels on which were represented, in the midst of allegorical ornaments, the "Loves of the Shepherds." Madame was satisfied, and forthwith Fragonard found himself more than ever surrounded by noblemen, caressed by the ladies, and visited by "distinguished foreigners." In 1773 he was decorating a boudoir for Mademoiselle Guimard, and he and she differed regarding some part of the work, and separated in "a tiff," the lady declaring that she would bring all the gentlemen of her acquaintance to look at the painting and decide between them. The ceiling, which contained representations of the gods, was already almost finished, and that Mademoiselle herself, the goddess of the opera in her day, figured as Terpsichore upon the principal panel. Fragonard felt deeply insulted at any one being brought to pass judgment upon his work, and accordingly revenged himself by changing the light and graceful figure of Terpsichore into a hideous fury, but without altering the resemblance of the portrait. The lady arrived with a swarm of her friends; when she saw the alteration she flew into a violent passion; but her companions declared coolly that Fragonard was a great physiognomist. Mademoiselle, however, never forgave him; and it was David who finished the work.

Fragonard was now entering in right earnest upon what was clearly his legitimate sphere, the painter of the tender passion in all its phases and its details. His scenes, it is true, were often warm, often indecorous, but many of them are conceived in a vein of passing tenderness and purity. Witness the "Stolen Kiss" (*le Baiser à la Derobée*), and the "Fountain of Love," in which all the ardour of the passion is glowingly depicted without the least admixture of its grossness. What power in the colouring, what sentiment in the drawing of the two young lovers, who in the flush of youth bend eagerly over the basin into which the enchanted waters of love are flowing!

Fragonard, in making use of allegory, succeeded in combining reality and symbol with the happiest effect. By means of a well-timed boldness, he took away the coldness natural to symbolical compositions, and made life palpitate under the

drawing and engraving, and met with extraordinary success. In 1759 he broke away from his imprisonment, and after a tour through England, he went to Italy, where he met, as we have stated above, with Robert and Fragonard, whose works he engraved. His style was a rapid sketching, which was admirably adapted for the expression of ruins, &c. On his return to France, he commenced the publication of his great work, "*Voyage de Naples et Sicile*," upon a grand scale, which no private resources could have carried out. He was for a while sustained by rich capitalists; but they at last became tired of the expense, and withdrew their aid. He carried it on for a while longer, by sacrificing the whole of his brother's fortune and his own; and though he was able only to publish a part of it, it was one of the finest offerings ever made at the shrine of art. He was an honorary member of the French Academy of Painting. He died in November, 1791.

wings of thought. Lesuer, Charles Lebrun, and most other great painters, who have clothed their meaning in allegory, have hardly ever got out of the domains of poetical allusion, that is to say, their characters are nearly always gods. Raphael mingled history with it; he brought well-known heroes and historical personages, such as Marie de Medicis and Henry IV., into contact with the divinities of mythology. Fragonard has done more than this; he has brought human figures and living symbols upon the scene; he was the first, we believe, to express one sentiment, or rather sensation, as it was then called, by painting another. We mean, that instead of putting allegory in the persons he has put it in the action. The "Fountain of Love," of which we have been speaking, is an admirable example of this. The waters are flowing fast over the edge of the basin which surrounds the fountain, and as it falls, groups of cupids rise from its spray. On the bank a youth and maiden in light and flowing drapery are seen flying towards it with eager and longing eyes. Here the loves are but accessories, and the ardour of passion is painted in lines of fire in the movements made by the two lovers to besprinkle themselves with the enchanted liquid which intoxicates the senses and lulls the heart into happiness and repose.

Fragonard, as we have already said, has been accused of descending in search of subjects to regions where art should never enter. But allowing that there is some truth in the accusation, there is an immense deal of exaggeration in it. It was in vain that Diderot counselled the artists of his time to choose themes of an honourable and decorous character. For pupils of Boucher, it was no very easy matter to follow his advice. What would have been said, had Fragonard suddenly falsified his antecedents, and returned to the paths of virtue! Why, this at that time would have caused awful scandal. To effect such a change in the artist would have required nothing less than a remodelling of the whole of French society. So on he went in his old way, and painted "La Gimblette;" the "Milk-pot," and many other works of the same stamp. He married a woman of great talent, who painted miniatures, and they lived together very happily at the Louvre, with a tolerably large family. Here he had a studio furnished in a style that gratified all his caprices. Curious and fantastic drawings were suspended round the walls; in the corner was a swing or hammock in which he generally placed his models, and it was by this airy staircase, that his daughter, a fine girl who died at the early age of eighteen, descended from her apartment on the upper floor. In the furniture and the general arrangement of the room, everything recalled the fairy scenes which he so often depicted in his paintings; here and there garlands of flowers, shrubs, and even *jets d'eau*, splendid carpets, and gorgeous drapery.

The voluptuous scenes he painted at this period of his career brought almost fabulous prices. He was the idol of fashion—the lion of the *salons*. Women crowded to caress him who daily held woman up to the eyes of the world in degradation and guilt—a mere animal; and the men were happy to see their vices and escapades so gloriously veiled and even transformed by the painter's genius. But their hour was come, and the destroyer was at hand. A change was insensibly coming over the French people. The philosophers had not sinned and denounced in vain. The nation was gradually rising to a sense of its true dignity and glory, and was beginning to think it foul scorn that a knot of dissolute courtiers and shameless women should stand forth as the representatives of all the courage, hope, and capability that lay slumbering in its mighty heart. For the first time, the real people, the *roturiers*, rose up into the view of the world after a thousand years of oppression, and declared their wrongs before high heaven. Fragonard saw the change, and had the sagacity to conform himself to it. He abandoned the painting of the follies and crimes of gallantry, and set himself to the nobler task of delineating the condition, the wants, the virtues, and sufferings of the poor, as did most of the other artists of the day. It was a vast and hitherto unexplored field which was now opening up. The works of Chardin and Greuze had furnished faint glimpses of it, but never before

had it seized upon the imagination and attention of the public. Fragonard's successes in the new walk were so many proofs that he was capable of better things than he had yet attempted, and resulted in most of the paintings which have since been multiplied by engraving: "The Happy Mother," "A Family Scene," and "The Cradle," were all executed at this period. In none of them has allegory any part; the sentiment is always pure, and often touching.

The "Family Scene" seems a reflection of Greuze's manner. Fragonard has in it painted a mother surrounded by her children, playing with one of them, while the others, older, are following their humour in various childish amusements. The husband is looking in through an open window upon this scene of quiet happiness. A fine taste is visible in

gratitude and admiration of mankind. But even this was too ponderous a subject for Fragonard's training and temperament. Familiar scenes suited him better, and when the revolution broke out, he paid a tribute to it by dedicating the "Happy Mother" to his country. Fragonard grown wise and grave and decorous,—what a surprise this must have been for the good old dame, who, years before, was the famous *Made-moiselle Guimard*!

By the revolution he lost two-thirds of his fortune, which had been invested in the funds, but was still left a modest competency. His fine drawings, illustrating "Orlando Furioso," and "Don Quixote," did not sell at as high a price as they would have brought in former times. M. Devon possessed the greater part of the latter; from him they were



A FAMILY SCENE.—FROM A PAINTING BY FRAGONARD.

the drawing of all the figures, and in the expression which he has given them. The children, too, are charming.

There cannot be a doubt that when Fragonard returned to the idyl also, it was in obedience to influences which then acted upon him from every quarter. Is it not a curious circumstance that the amorous painter of Dubarry's boudoir, and of the temple of Terpsichore, should afterwards have been inspired by the noble figure of Franklin? And yet nothing is more true. When the American patriarch paid a visit to France, Fragonard sketched in Indian ink, and afterwards engraved, a large composition, in his honour. Turgot's line, since become so famous.

"Eripuit cado beluen, sceptrumque tyrannis,"

explains the design of the work, in which the artist has endeavoured to set forth the old patriot's double claim to the

bought by an eccentric Englishman, who caused the "Don Quixote" to be printed in folio, struck off but one magnificent copy, and bound up Fragonard's drawings in it.

Fragonard died at Paris in 1806. He treated every possible variety of subject; historical, religious, mythological, familiar scenes, pastorals, decoration, landscapes, vignettes, in crayon, in water-colours, water body colour, Chinese ink, red chalk, black lead, beautiful miniatures, and engravings of etchings of exquisite delicacy. Some of his paintings remind us of Rembrandt by the effect and judgment of their light; of Rubens, by the splendour of the flesh and the harmony of the colouring; of Ruysdael, in some of the finished and vigorous landscapes; Chardin, and even Watteau, in the fancy figures; and Reynolds, by the vivacity of some of his sketches. Among the poets, he has illustrated La Fontaine, Boccaccio, and Ariosto. Grace and elegance reign in all his compositions.

His figures, his heads, and his hands of women are skilfully drawn. His children have a coquettish simplicity about them. His landscapes are luminous, and his skies magical. Of all the painters of the eighteenth century, Fragonard is the one whose works give an exact idea of French history during that period—commencing with pastorals and ending with terrorism. Watteau has told us of all the follies of the regency, and speaks

of love, while love had still some poetry in it; Boucher paints not love, but pleasure, or rather debauchery. Chardin tells us of the virtues of the *l'ours et al.* Greuze takes up the pencil of philosophy and preaches morality. Fragonard has done all these—fetes like Watteau's, intrigues and gallantries like Boucher's, interiors like Chardin's, sermons like Greuze's. His earliest works are dedicated to love; his latest to France.

BURNET.

We have on more than one occasion remarked upon the effect that pictures are at once expressions of the thought of the artist and appeals to the feelings of the spectator. And yet a

ness; but only suggests it, and leaves all the rest to our own imagination. Let us see what it tells us.

There has been a long and severe storm on one of our



MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES. —FROM A PAINTING BY JOUVENET. (SEE PAGE 59.)

picture does not fulfil its office when it leaves nothing untold. If there remains nothing for the imagination to shadow forth for itself, nothing for the mind to ponder over, it is little better than mere imitation. It is one of the highest triumphs of genius to convey all its meaning while expressing only a part of it. How successfully this has been done by many of our own great artists we need not say. Wilkie has taught many a solemn lesson, and written many a piece of humour rich, and pathos deep upon his canvas. There may not be any great variety of detail in the scene he pictures,—it may be one of humble life,—but there is a moral in every line, that he who runs may read. What a sermon lies in his "Young Postboy!" What warning, instruction, and tenderness in the confusion of the lad, and the anxious look of his grandmother!

The picture, an engraving of which is before us, is another of those which suggest its meaning with beautiful distinct-

coasts. For days the sea has been fretting itself against the rocks in impotent fury. Seaward, a sierra of foaming waves, black clouds, and driving rain. At intervals, vessels have been seen in the offing, tearing madly through the storm under doubly reefed topsails, and those on board must have been bold hearts if they did not shudder as they looked towards the land, that loomed upon them so frowningly, so sternly. All along the grassy brow of the cliffs, white wreaths of foam lie like woolpacks, or are swept inland to disappear on some flooded field. Great bundles of sea-weed are found on all the paths by the shore, lying where the sea cast them from it in its fury. The eagle, whose nest is in the cliff, screams hoarsely and savagely as she leaves it in the morning, and more savagely as she returns at night, for this tempest is even more than she can enjoy. There is nobody stirring abroad, the fishing-boats are hauled up high, though not dry, upon the beach; every house in the village has its door shut

ast, and blazing fires of wreckwood make the inmates comfortable.

But down in one rude cabin near the shore, matters have not been so cozy. Every blast has made the old smoky rafters shake and tremble; the rain has penetrated the thatch at a hundred places, and falls in regular and constant drops on the floor; it oozes in, too, by the crevices in the badly-joined casement of the window. The thunder roars distantly at intervals, and the lightning sends occasional flashes through the gloom. The youngsters are frightened, and crouch round their mother; but she, good woman, heard not the raging of the storm, or the dash of the rain. Her heart is light within her, and she sings gaily as she goes about her household duties; for her husband is not at sea, but snug at home, mending his nets and smoking his pipe, and waiting patiently for the return of fair weather. She remembers what fearful nights of watching and anxiety she has passed when a gale had caught him far from land; how her heart throbbed and her limbs trembled, when the boom of the minute guns of a vessel in distress has come dimly on the blast, and the hoarse dash of the remorseless surge was mingled with the melancholy whistling of the wind through the chinks of the old door. She remembers how, breathlessly, she listened for his footstep; and she remembers with what anguish she watched the morning dawning on the stormy sky, and the troubled sea, and still no Dermot returned, and she is happy in contrasting her present quiet with her past alarms. And yet, even now, she has cause for sorrow and vexation. Before evening the storm has cleared off, but it has left many a trace behind it. The thatch, the straw for which cost them so much but six months ago, has been torn off their cabin; the potatoes on which they relied for subsistence during a considerable part of the year, have had their stalks broken by the wind, and many of them are blasted by the lightning; the woodbine and the rose-tree, which had twined so gracefully round the door, are battered and torn, and bent and bruised; the little plot of flowers, sheltered from the sea breeze by a thick hedge, which was her pride and the delight of the children, is covered with pieces of stone and rubbish, and the flowers, the gay, pleasant, and sweet-scented flowers, are lying dead. The children are roaming about outside, lamenting over the ruin and desolation which meets their view; when, lo and behold, in a great lump of thatch which the wind has swept off the roof, they find a nest, lined with down and hay carefully interwoven, and in it lay three fledglings; but, alas! the cold and wet had killed two of them, and one alone survived, to gape feebly for food at the sound of a chirp. But its mother, poor thing, has fled away towards the blue sky, with sorrow in her heart, and will never, never more return. The children nurse the little orphan and carry it in. Their mother prepares a little warm feather bed for it by the fire, where it can rest snugly, secure from danger; and the rough fisherman himself, whose heart is soft and tender as a maiden's, has made a little skewer to offer it bread and milk upon; and to the delight of the two boys it arouses itself, eats, and is merry. The family are present at all its meals; are enchanted to see it extend its little beak for more, and to flap its half-clothed wings.

In two or three days the thatch is repaired, the garden is cleared of the rubbish, and the flowers resown; the potatoes begin to revive; the rose and the woodbine are once more nailed to the wall, and once more begin to smile as they were wont to smile. All the damage is repaired, and the storm is forgotten, but the fisherman has not forgotten to point out to his children the moral of it all—to remind them each time they rejoice over their pet that it was the storm which brought it them, with all the pleasure it gives; and that God never fails to infuse some leaven of happiness into the worst calamities he sees fit to inflict upon his creatures.

Art has its early victims, as well as poetry. Chatterton and Kirke White gave no greater promise of excellence in verse, than did Bonington and Liversege in painting. To these names we may add that of James Burnet, a young landscape painter of no common powers. He was born at Mus-

selburgh in the year 1788, and was the fourth son of George Burnet, general surveyor of excise in Scotland, a man of probity and talent, and Anne Cruikshank his wife, sister to the eminent anatomist, the friend and associate of John Hunter. Others of his house have attained distinction: his brother John Burnet is as widely known for his talents in original composition with the pencil as for his almost matchless skill with the graver. The family came originally from Aberdeen.

The instruction which Burnet received at school during the day was excellently followed up in the evening by that of his mother, a devout and prudent woman. There are few of his countrymen who derive not as much of their knowledge from their father's fireside as from the public schools. His mind took an early turn towards art; during his leisure hours he loved to walk into the studio of Scott, the landscape engraver, with whom his brother John was a pupil; nor was he long in lifting the pencil; the result of his attempts was, that he was put under the care of Liddel to learn wood carving, at that time a profession both lucrative and popular. This branch of art, indeed, is now nearly extinct; a love of what is plain has come upon the country, and carved chairs, couches, and cabinets, are expelled from parlour and drawing-room; our cornices and architraves are no longer ornamented, and festoons and flowers flourish no more on our walls.

During his apprenticeship, Burnet studied at the Trustees' Academy, under Graham, where he was noticed for the natural truth of his delineations. As his skill of hand increased, he began to perceive the limited nature of the art of carving in wood. He sent some of his compositions to his brother John, who had removed to London; expressed a wish to follow and devote his time to painting; and without waiting for a letter of encouragement, which was on the way, he left Edinburgh, and arrived in London in the year 1810, in the twenty-second year of his age. He found his brother busied on his fine engraving of Wilkie's inimitable 'Blind Fiddler.' He stood and looked earnestly and long on the picture; he had seen nothing so full of character, or so finished in all its details, during his studies in the North. A new light, he said, broke upon him, and from that moment he resolved to alter his style of drawing. In this resolution he was confirmed by examining the works of the best Dutch masters in the British Gallery. In them he perceived much of what he admired in Wilkie: he lost no time in making attempts in what ought to be called the natural, rather than the Dutch style. 'So convinced was he,' said one who knew him intimately, 'of the little progress he had made in colouring, and the other essentials which are everything in the department of the art he had chosen, that he may be said to have only then commenced his studies; so little applicable is an academical education to the humbler and picturesque walks of art.'

In Wilkie and the Dutch masters he perceived something entirely after his own heart: he loved the vivid human character in the former; and of the latter, Potter and Cnyp became his favourites. He desired to unite their qualities; and while he studied their mode of handling their subjects, and endeavoured to look on nature with their eyes, he was perfectly aware that nothing short of originality of conception would lead him to distinction. He had sought what he wanted in the Academy, but found it not; he therefore determined, like Gainsborough, to make nature his academy; and with a sketch-book and pencil he might be seen wandering about the fields around London, noting down scenes which caught his fancy, and peopling them with men pursuing their avocations, and with cattle of all colours, and in all positions. Of these sketches I have seen a vast number; some are rude and ill arranged; others display bits of great beauty and character; the greater number are such as he probably intended to paint pictures from; for the scenes are generally well depicted, and the sentiment plainly expressed. Of cattle he seems to have been particularly fond, and has represented them in all possible postures, and of all hues—'The ring-straked, the speckled, and the spotted.' He also seems to have been a judge. Some of our cattle painters, imagining that the more flesh cows have the

more milk they will give, have plumped them up into a condition for the butcher, but not for the milk-pail. Burnet knew that a moderately lean cow produced most milk, and in this way he drew them. But in all that he did he desired to tell a story. This he knew would give interest to his works, and produce at the same time action, expression, and variety. Nor did he confine his studies to the fields alone; he made himself familiar with the indoor as well as outdoor economy of a farmer's household during seed-time, summer, harvest, and winter; he left no implement of husbandry unsketched, and scarcely any employment of the husbandman without delineation.

The first fruit of all this preparation was his picture of 'Cattle going out in the Morning.' There is a dewy freshness in the air; and the cattle, released from their stalls, seemed to snuff the richness of the distant pastures, and acknowledge the loveliness of the day. His next picture was superior even to this: in his 'Cattle returning Home in a Shower,' purchased by Sir Thomas Baring, 'he has introduced,' says an excellent judge, 'everything that could in any way characterise the scene. The rainbow in the sky, the glittering of the rain upon the leaves; the dripping poultry under the hedge, the reflections of the cattle on the road, and the girl with her gown over her shoulders, all tend with equal force to illustrate his subject.' This picture placed him in the first rank as a pastoral painter. Others followed of equal or superior truth and beauty: such as his—1. 'Key of the Byre;' 2. 'Crossing the Brook;' 3. 'Cowsboys and Cattle;' 4. 'Breaking the Ice;' 5. 'Milking;' 6. 'Crossing the Bridge;' 7. 'Inside of a Cow-house;' 8. 'Going to Market;' 9. 'Cattle by a Pool in Summer;' 10. 'Boy with Cows.' Some of these are in the collections of the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Egremont, and the Marquis Camden; others are in the possession of the painter's relatives. A very fine one, 'The Boy with the Cows,' belongs to James Wadmore, Esq., and hangs worthily with the Wilkies and the Turners, and other masters of the calling.

I have said that he sketched and studied much in the fields. He felt that the excellence which he coveted could not be obtained on more moderate conditions. It was also his practice to write down on the spot his own observations regarding the future handling of the picture in oil; these are both curious and numerous, but their scope and aim are so interwoven with the landscape to which they relate, that few of them will be understood separate. I find the following memoranda regarding distances—'Extreme distance ought generally to be of the same tint as the sky with which it unites; and as it approaches the middle ground, the strata appear interspersed with touches of light and dark, such as the lights upon the tops of houses with their shadows. Be particular in marking the buildings with a firmer line than the trees; never admit colour into your distance when in the direction of the light; scumble a little with purple and grey at the bottom of your objects, losing their forms at the base. In a side light, the objects are coloured where the light shines upon them, while the shadows are all of one tint: even red is grey in the shadow; but when the light is behind you, every object is made out with its proper colour.' The same clear, simple mode of instruction distinguishes all he says regarding the treatment of that unstable element, water. 'To paint water well, it ought, if possible, to be painted at once with a full pencil and a quantity of vehicle: the colour reflected in water appear more pleasing from their possessing a rich pulpy substance, and also from their sweetly melting into each other. In painting water, particular attention should be paid to the place and distance, as it alters much according to the situation. Objects near the fore ground raise their reflections strong when they touch aught, but are often lost when they come to the bottom of the picture; while, on the contrary, objects in the distance show their reflections stronger as they approach towards you. This arises from the waves conveying the reflection being larger and less under the influence of perspective than when they touch the distant object.'

Burnet is equally plain and explicit on the subject of 'sky'; as his remarks are the off-spring of his own observa-

tions, I shall give the student all the advantage which can be derived from them. 'The sky being of a receding character, all those points which contribute to give it such character should be the study of the painter. More white, for example, will seldom keep its place in a sky, but it ought to be used in foreground objects for the purpose of giving a retiring quality to the whites in the sky and distance. Softness of form also aids in giving the sky a retiring character, although it is necessary to give a little sharpness to prevent the sky appearing what is termed woolly; yet very little is sufficient to give firmness to the whole. Clouds are much more opaque in the north than in the south, as the light shines upon them in the one situation and through them in the other. Their form alters much, too, according to the time of day; at noon they are round, and more like those of Wouvermans; in the evening they are more like those of Cuypp or Bath, especially about an hour before the sun goes down.' Besides remarks originating in the contemplation of nature, there are, in his school-books, observations on some of the landscapes of our greatest masters. Under the date of May, 1814, I find the following memorandum concerning the pictures of Richard Wilson in the British Institution:—'I observed some pictures more pleasing than others; those which seemed most so were light pictures with warm foregrounds falling into a cool sky and a distance, the middle ground mostly in shadow of a purple grey, with yellow and green touches through it; a piece of blue drapery in the foreground gives great value. Of all things, Wilson seems careful to keep a proper balance of hot and cold colour, and of light and shade, with very little positive colour, and little of black or white, but always some of each.'

But whilst this young painter was noting the excellence of Wilson, or watching the shifting colours of the sky and the changing hues of nature, he was sensible that a disease which flatters while it destroys was gradually gaining upon him as ice upon the stream, and robbing him of his vigour, bodily and mental. He still continued his excursions among the fields; the consumption from which he was a sufferer made him feel the beauty more deeply of solitary places; he was to be found often in secluded nooks; and the beautiful churchyard of Lee, in Kent, near which he, in his latter days, resided, was a place where he frequently wandered. But change of air and scene brought no improvement to his health; his looks began to fade; he could scarcely take his customary walk in the fields, or use his note-book and pencil. He is still remembered about Lewisham and Lee as one who was to be found in lonely walks making sketches. His cheerfulness never forsook him; he loved to talk with his friends concerning art; and at times, when he forgot that his days could be but few, he spoke of landscapes which he had planned and resolved to execute. On finding that death was near, he desired his brother John to bury him in the village church of Lee, which forms the background of several of his studies, and resigned himself calmly to his fate. He died on the 27th of July, 1816, aged 28 years. His dying request could not, it seems, be complied with; parochial etiquette forbade the burial of a stranger, even of genius, in the church of Lee, and he was interred in the churchyard of Lewisham.

James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape; his knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoings and incomings of shepherds and husbandmen, had studied flocks and herds, and, as the memoranda which we have quoted show, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look to the manners and practices of the cowherds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to lift rammeret the cottages, and observe through the lighted up windows the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will either the bold deep tones of Rembrandt, or the silvery and luminous tones of Cuypp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be

deemed great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling; there is nothing coarse or common in his scenes; his trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids

who are acquainted with country scenes, and with flocks and herds, may smile at some of these remarks. Under a fat cow a milkmaid will think it nearly labour lost to place her pail; and a sheep which grazes among briars and thorns cannot fail



THE ORPHAN BIRD — FROM A PAINTING BY FURNET.

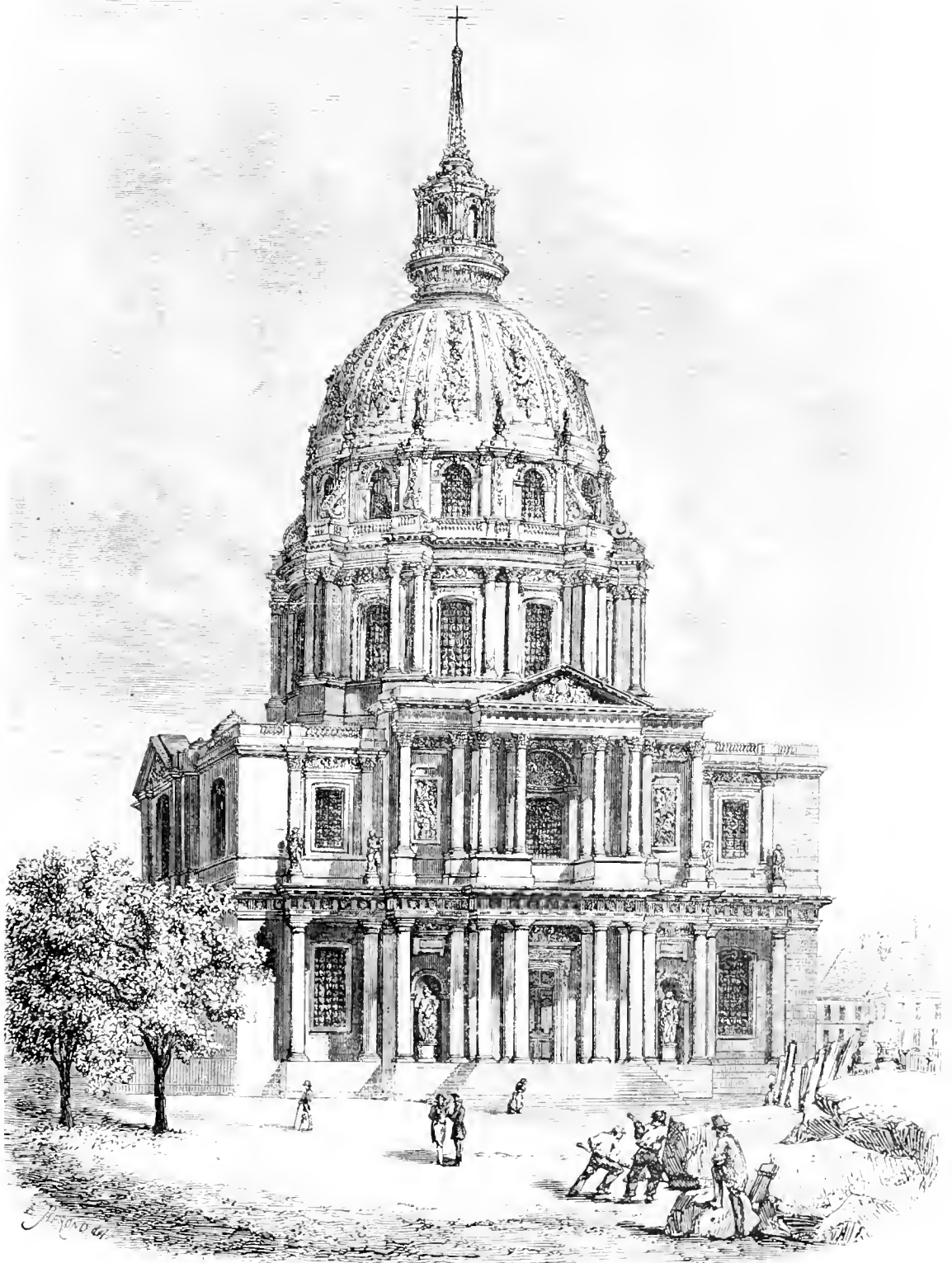
have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace.

Of his defects the critics of his day spoke; they called his cows lean, his shadows too dark, and said his sheep with their torn fleeces seemed creatures dying of the rot. Those

to show dishevelled fleeces. No doubt he had defects; but what were they compared to the great natural truth and beauty of his delineations? *

* Cunningham's Lives of British Artists.

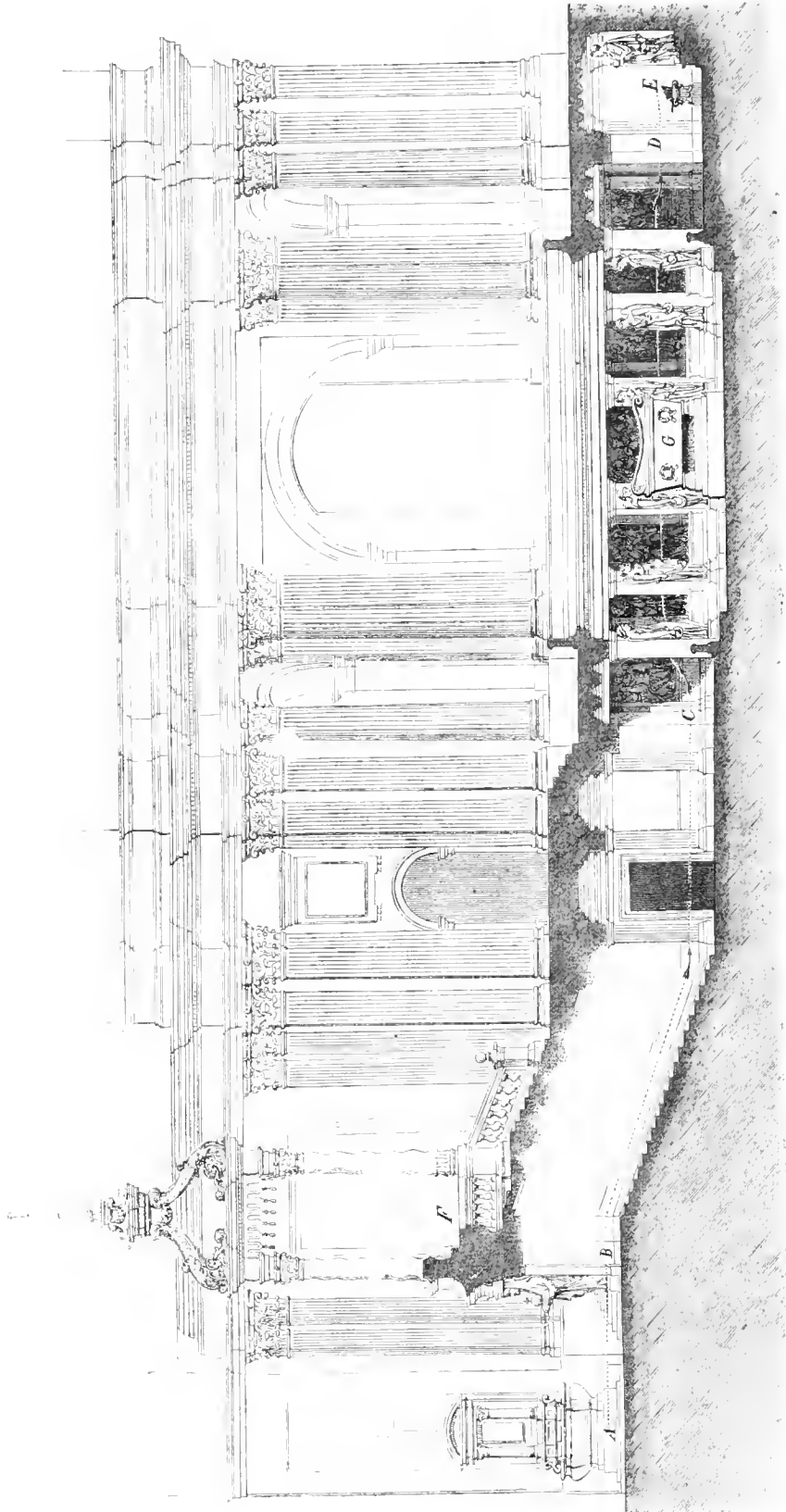
NAPOLEON'S TOMB.



EXTERNAL VIEW OF THE DOME-CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

In our prospectus to the present publication we said: "The Works of Eminent Masters will include specimens of the

in painting, sculpture, architecture, or decorative art.' Hitherto, however, we have confined ourselves mostly to



SECTION OF THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES, THE DOME, THE CRYPT, AND THE TOMB.

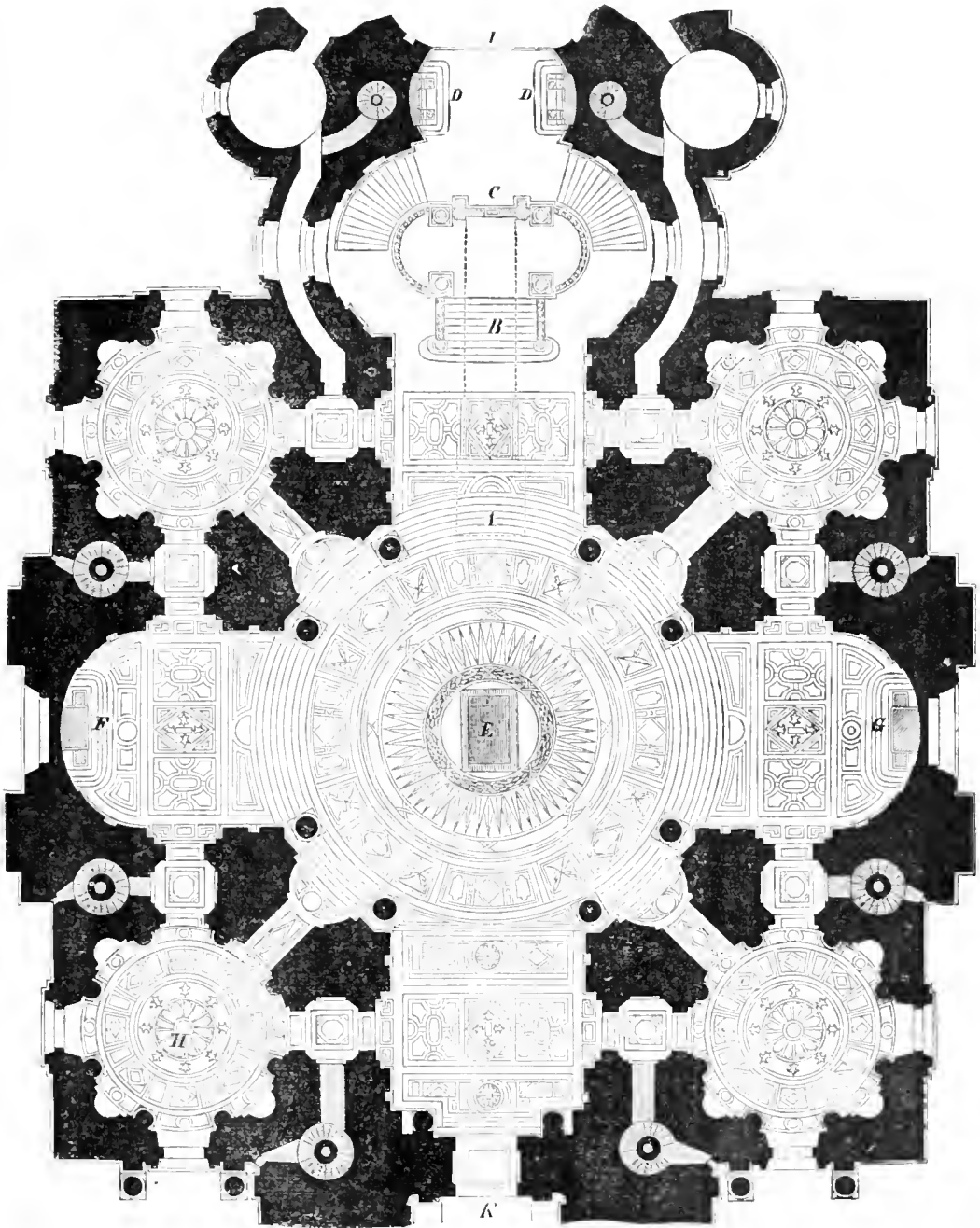
performances of those who, at different periods, and in various countries, have distinguished themselves as masters, whether

the productions of those who followed the same glorious vocation as Raphael and Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, and

Velasquez; but in the present instance we shall have occasion to extend our plan, and treat of the representatives of every art mentioned in the above lines quoted from our prospectus. Not only shall we speak of painters, but also, and more particularly, of those who wield the chisel and not the pencil, and whose skill endows the cold, hard marble with the glowing semblance of life, compelling it to assume some of the loveliest forms that ever mortal eye beheld or enraptured poet's

obliged to depart somewhat from our rule, and, in describing a single work, to bring together a considerable number of the greatest artists which France ever produced; but then the work in question is no ordinary painting, no every-day piece of sculpture: it is a national monument, it is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We shall, also, in another particular, allow ourselves greater latitude than usual. We shall introduce many facts



GROUND PLAN OF THE DOME.

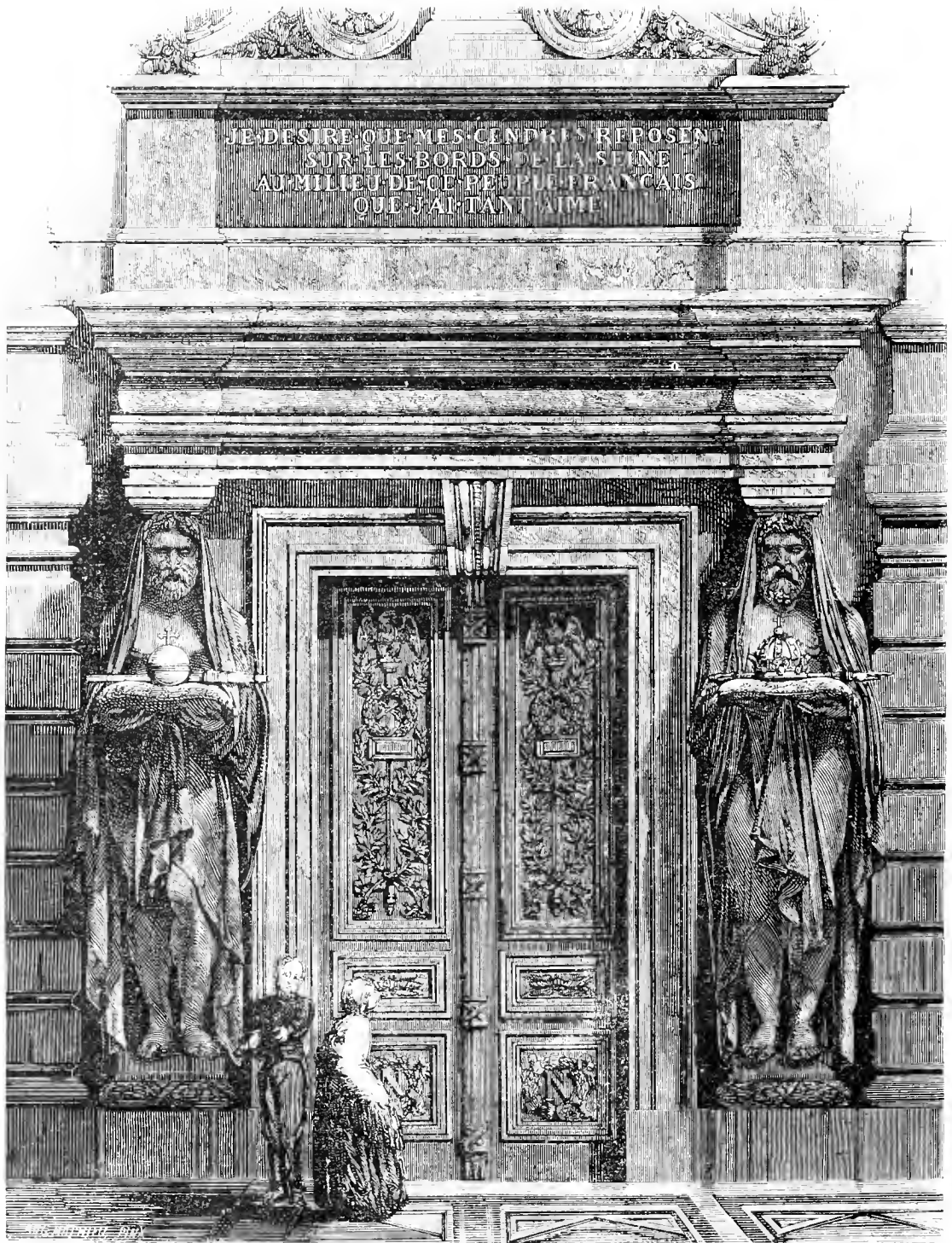
mind imagined. At the same time, too, we shall have an opportunity of introducing to our readers the sister art—Architecture, grave, solemn, and awful, standing in all the dread magnificence of woe upon a mighty pedestal erected for her by the gratitude of a great nation bewailing the loss of one of her mightiest sons. Each of our former notices was confined to the works of one man; in the present account we are

which certainly do not belong to the arts abstractedly, but which not only belong to them in the present instance, but lend them much of their value, in so far as they are connected with Napoleon's tomb. The design of the tomb is, undoubtedly, magnificent, and the execution something which strikes the spectator with the deepest admiration and respect, but does not the whole pile gain in interest from the fact that it is

raised to the memory of one whose name will live as an object of blind admiration, or as equally blind hate, in the hearts of most men, as long as the pages of History shall not be sealed to human inquiry; and will not each detail, will not each bas-

kingly diadem, simply from its bringing to mind the memory of things long since past, of vows, perhaps, long since broken, of hopes long since dead.

In order not to interrupt the continuity of the account of



ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB, WITH THE TWO FUNERAL GENII.

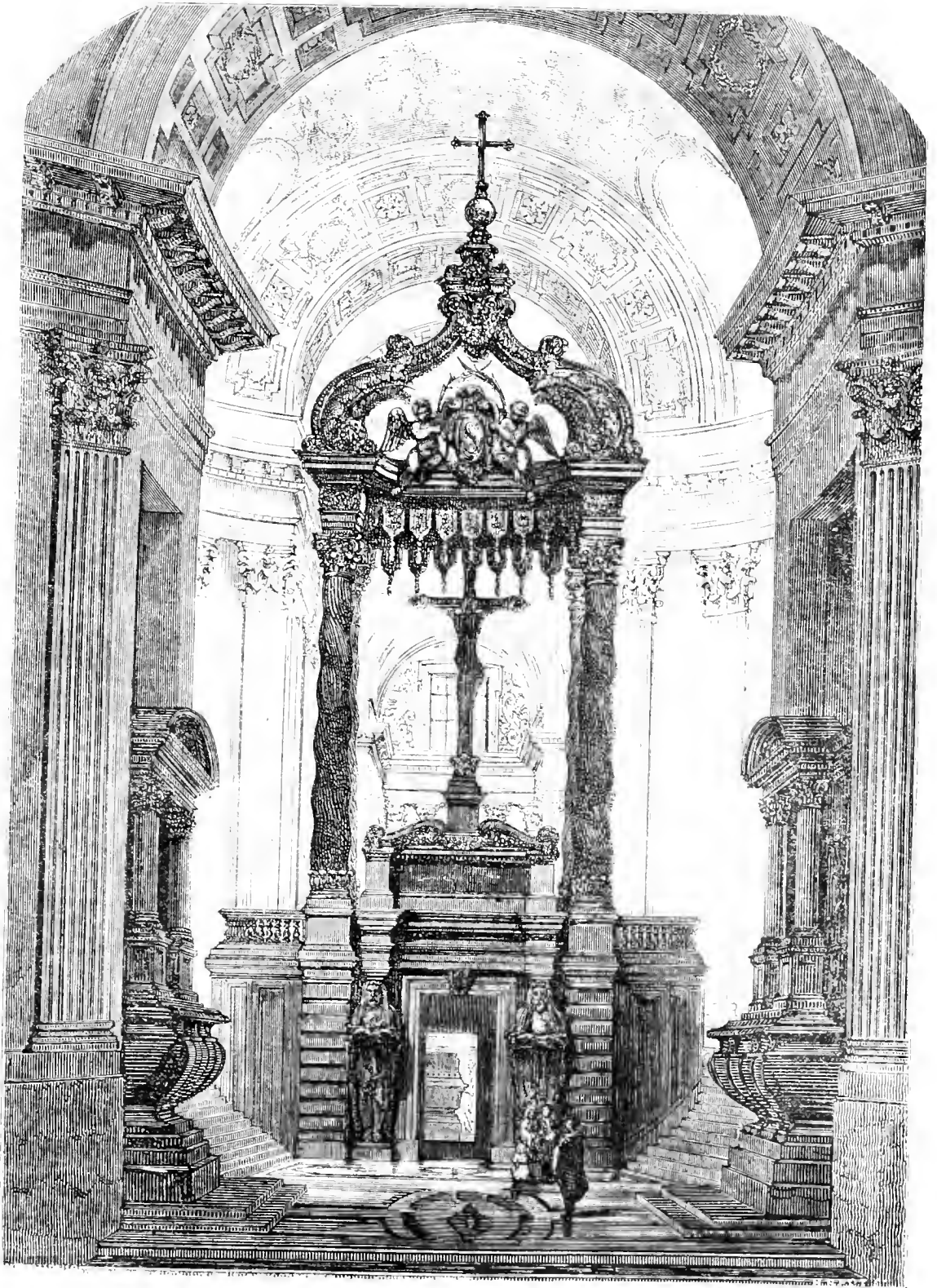
relief, each mosaic, each ornament, also gain from a comprehensive account of the facts it is meant to represent, of the deeds it is intended to typify? Most certainly it will, as surely as a withered flower or a faded ribbon sometimes becomes worth more than the most brilliant jewel that ever sparkled in a

the tomb, we shall place at the conclusion of our narrative the biographical notices of the various artists, whether painters, architects, or sculptors, whose works we mention.

After the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon had been transported from St. Helena to Paris, in the year 1840, they

were provisionally placed in a chapel of the dome-church of St. Louis des Invalides. At present, they repose in the monumental crypt which has been constructed and decorated

to receive them at an immense expense, and which is situated under the centre of the celebrated gilt cupola, that, for the future, borrowing fresh importance from their grand object to



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE OF THE CRYPT, AND OF THE TOMB, WITH THE TOMBS OF D'ARNO AND BERTRAND ON EITHER SIDE.

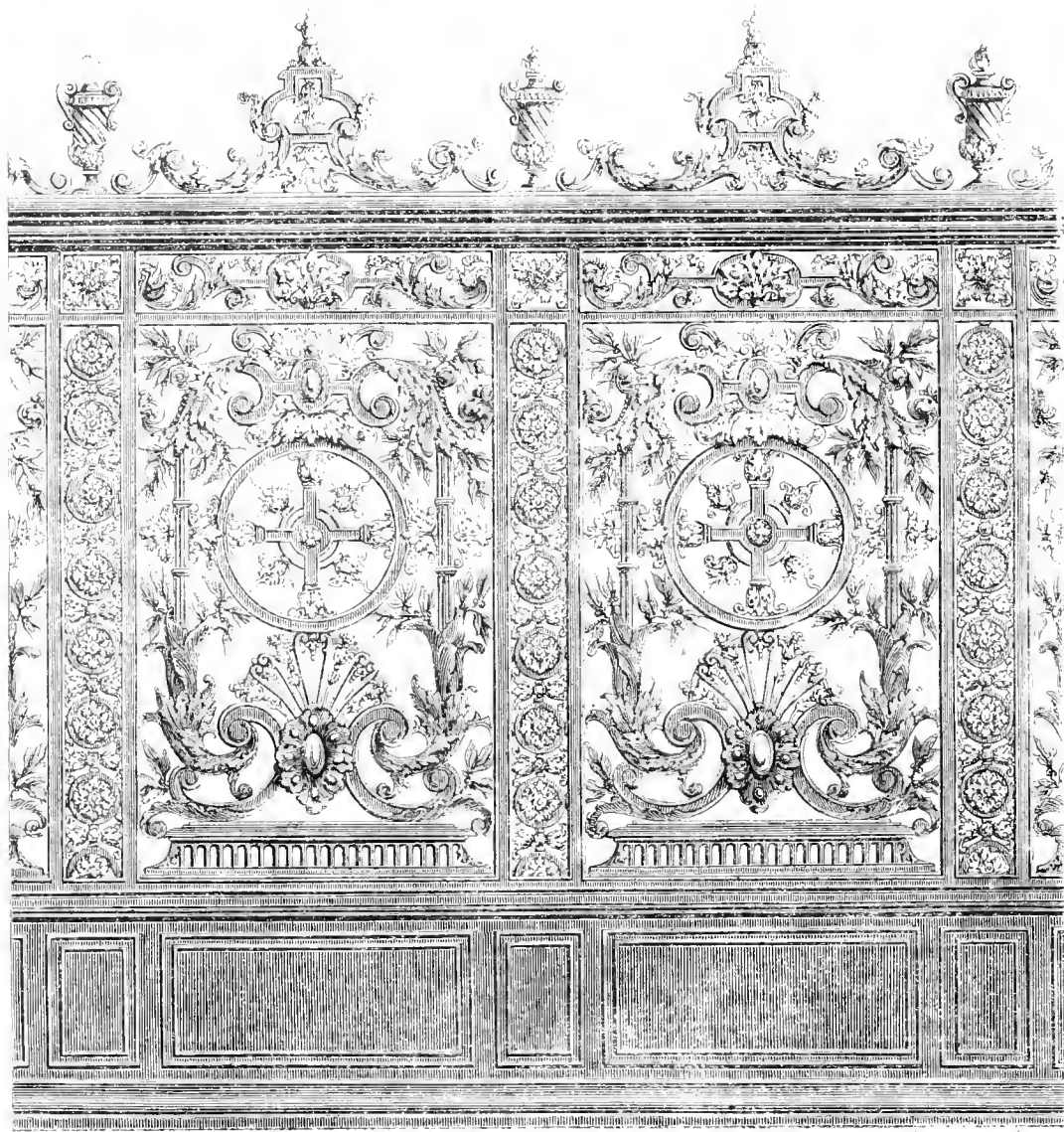
which it is now devoted, will be remembered and renowned chiefly in conjunction with the fact of its being the vault that stretches over the imperial mausoleum.

All communication between the space beneath the dome and the other parts of the church, as well as the Hôtel des Invalides itself, has been cut off, and, at present, it is not possible to enter the funereal sanctuary by any other way than the grand southern portico, which looks upon the Place Vauban. Access is gained to this portico by traversing a large open space in front of the dome, enclosed by a ditch

colonnade of St. Peter's, at Rome. It is easy to imagine the magnificence that the execution of this project would have imparted to an architectural composition, whose various details are already so admirably calculated to produce a striking effect.

A number of fine statues tend to increase still more the richness of this fine specimen of architectural skill; some of them are not at all out of keeping with the new destination of the dome.

The façade of the dome is composed of two orders of



WALLING SEPARATING THE DOME OF THE INVALIDES FROM THE CHURCH.

and iron gate. On each side of the latter is a pavilion, serving the purpose of a guardhouse.

Immediately the visitor reaches the Place Vauban, he obtains a full view of the church of the dome, constructed according to the plans of Jules Hardouin Mansart, superintendent of royal buildings, and nephew of François Mansart, architect of the Val-de-Grâce, and inventor of the windows which are still called after him. The Hôtel des Invalides, properly so called, was constructed by Libéral Bruant.

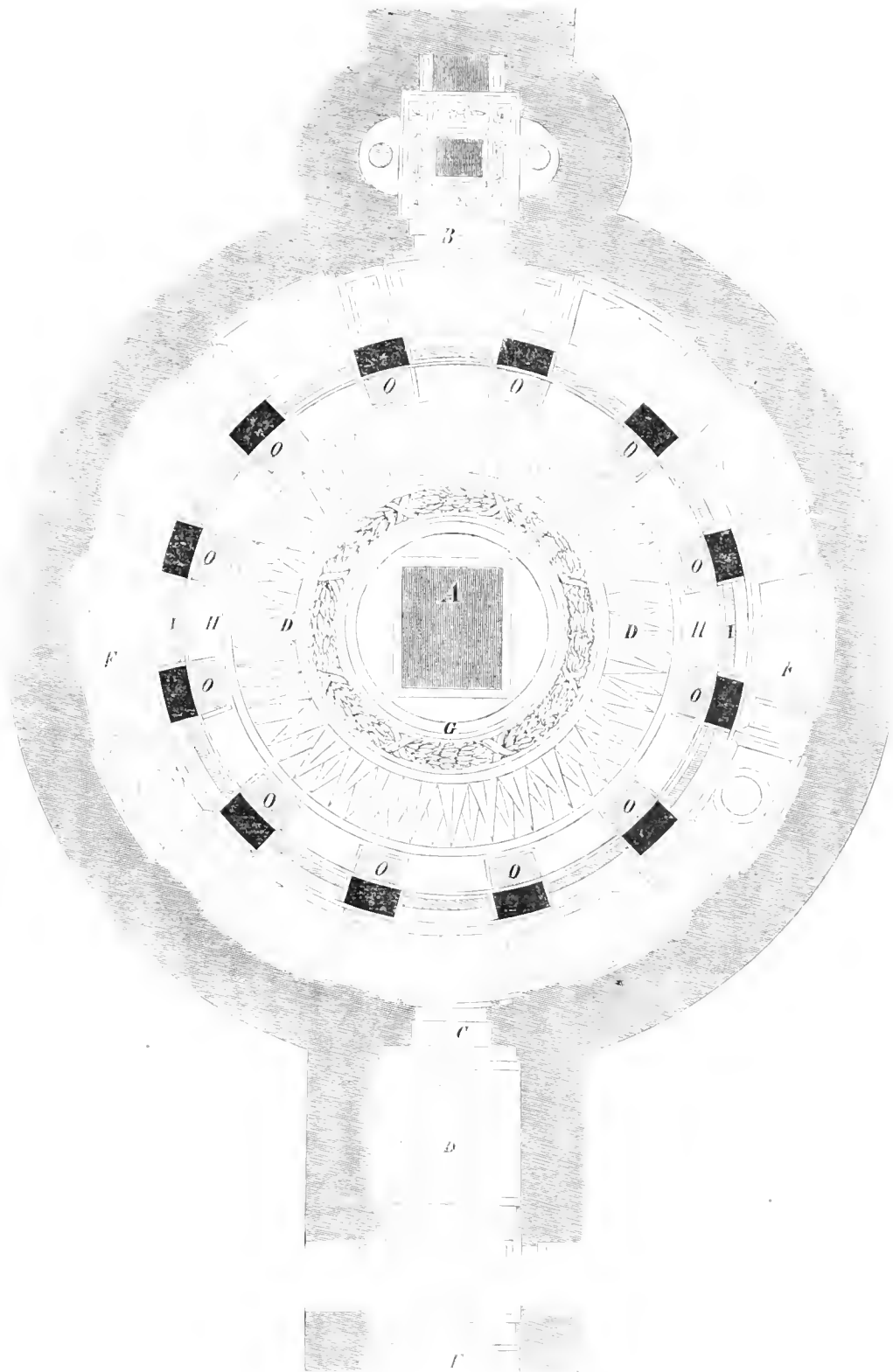
At the time of his death, in 1708, Mansart entertained the idea of adding to the beautiful façade a grand colonnade, with four pavilions rising above it, in the style of the admirable

architecture, superposed and ornamented with columns and pilasters, the Doric being below and the Corinthian above. The two sides of the first story are formed of a simple attic, ornamented with pilasters, and surmounted by stone groups, placed two and two, representing eight of the fathers of the Greek and Latin churches.

Access to the portico, which juts out from the body of the church, is gained by a grand flight of fifteen steps, ornamented by six fine Doric columns, behind which are an equal number of pilasters. Four of these columns are placed on the top of the steps, while the two others are situated near the door. There are also four more pillars, which are less

advanced than those we have just mentioned, and are placed on each side of two niches, more than thirteen feet high, containing marble statues, representing St. Louis and the

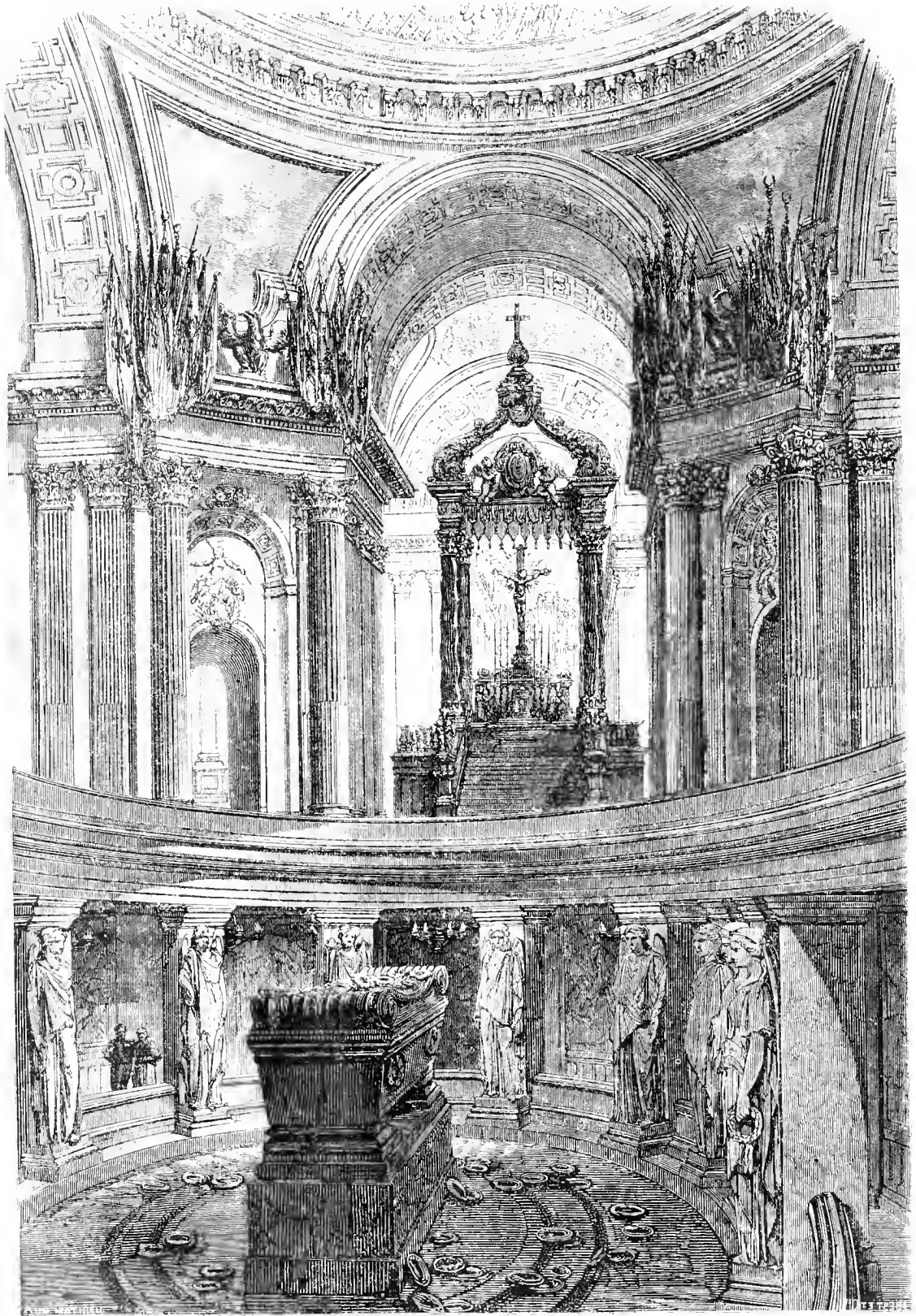
These two figures, as well as those of which we have still to speak, and which complete the sculptural decoration of the dome, in accordance with the religious signification which



GENERAL GROUND PLAN OF THE CRYPT AND RELIQUARY.

Emperor Charlemagne, sculptured by two celebrated masters, Coustou, senr. and Coysevox.

Hardouin Mansart desired to impart to his work, do not at all clash with the present destination of the edifice.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CRYPT AND OF THE TOMB.

Above the Doric entablature, is, as we have before said, a number of columns and pilasters of the Corinthian order, corresponding with those of the order beneath. Before the pilasters of the attic, which terminate on each side this

portion of the facade, are four sculptured figures, representing respectively, and counting from left to right: Force, Temperance, Justice, and Prudence.

This projecting portion of the building is surmounted by a

pediment, terminated by a cross, and bearing the arms of France. On each side of the cross is a seated statue: one is Faith and the other Charity. These statues are each attended respectively by two of four others, in a standing posture, and

Above the two orders which we have now described, rises the dome properly so called. It is decorated with a system of forty columns of composite order, artistically combined so as to strengthen the construction, and at the same time to



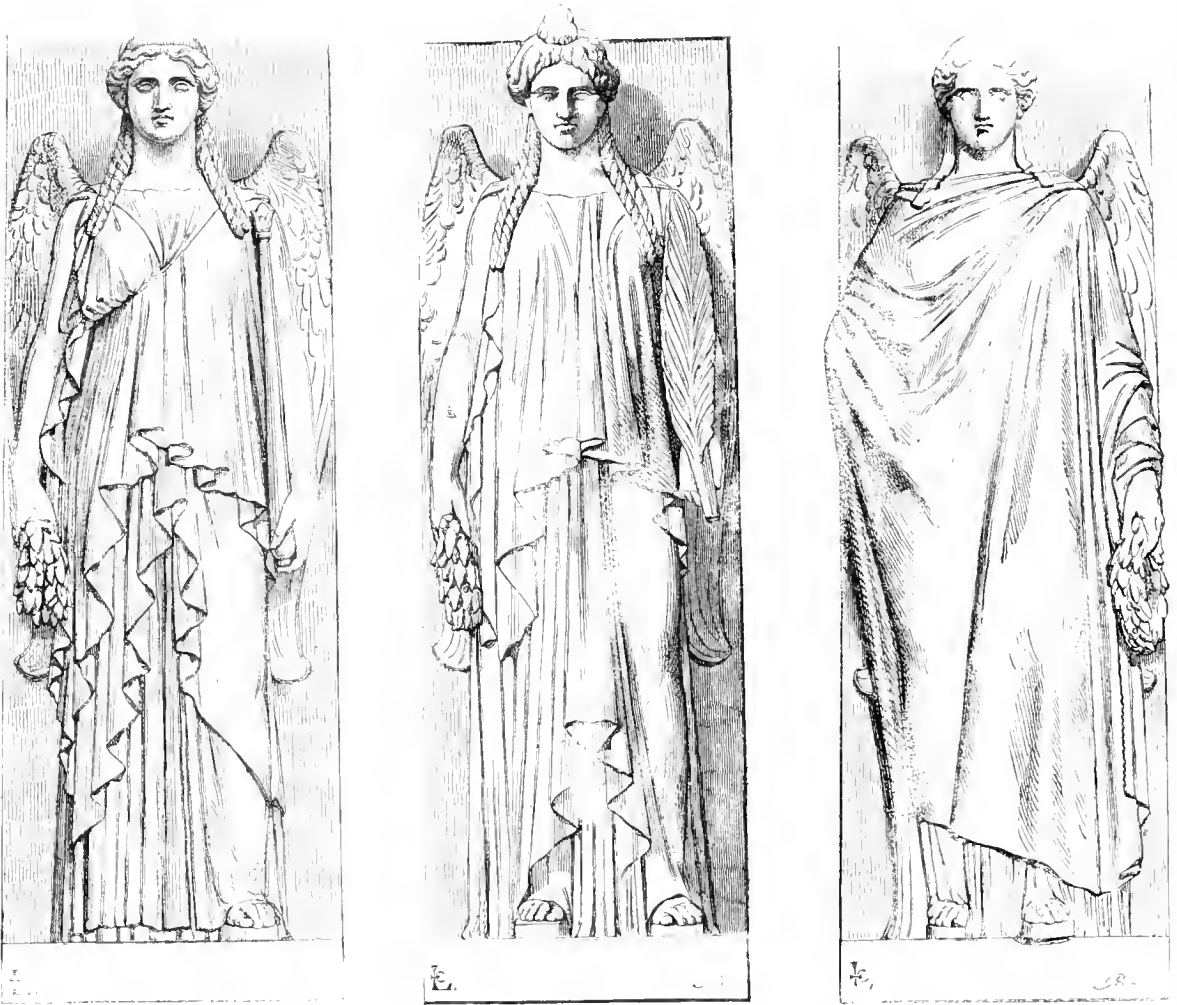
MOSAIC IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.



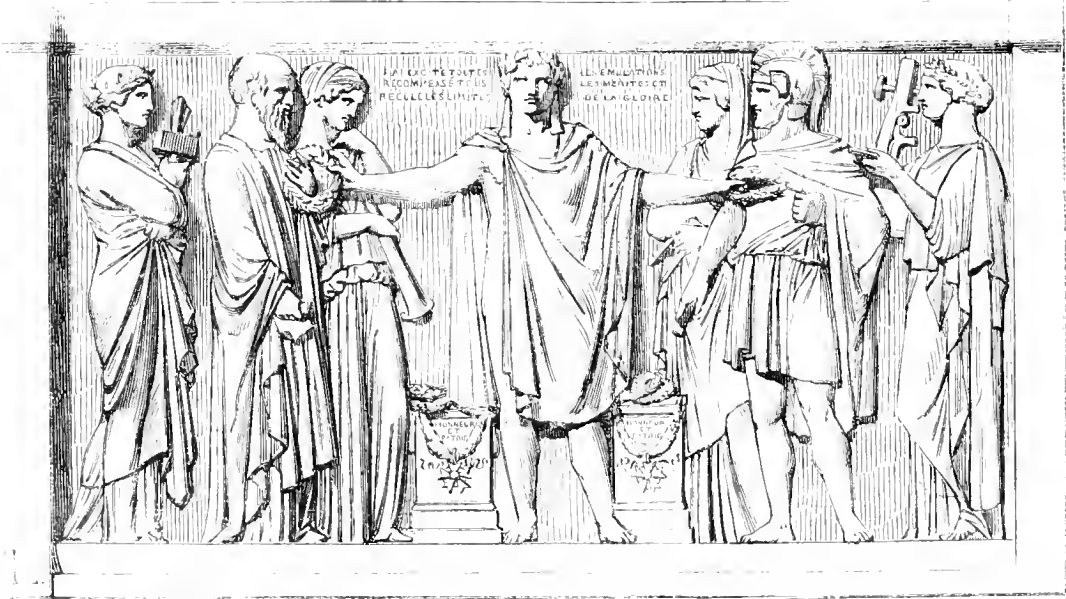
MOSAICS IN THE PASSAGE LEADING TO THE TOMB.

representing, in the following order, Constancy, Humility, Confidence, and Magnanimity.

conceal all the means employed for the solidity of the building.



CARYATIDES.

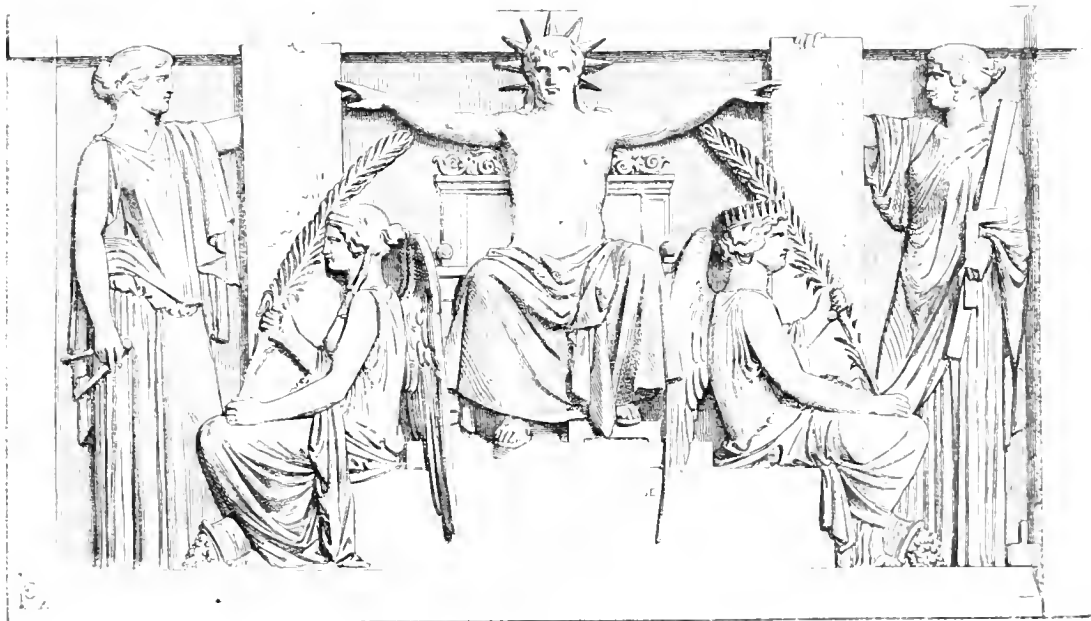


BAS-RELIEF—CREATION OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

This arrangement is a grave fault against the rules of architecture, which require the principal axes to present voids, and not the contrary. It has been often criticised, and the learned Blondel has pointed out



CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—GREAT PUBLIC WORKS.

ts defects, observing, however, at the same time, that there are certain deviations from the established rule, whose bad

effect is lost in the harmony of the mass. He adds the following important critical maxim, of which we shall have

to avail ourselves in the course of the present article:—"We ought never to judge of an architectural work, without having first penetrated the reasons which induced the architect to select one particular plan of operation in preference to every other."

Thirty-two of these columns are employed in cantoning eight masses of masonry, which serve as so many buttresses, while the eight others are placed two by two in front of the piers at the extremities of the four axes of the building.

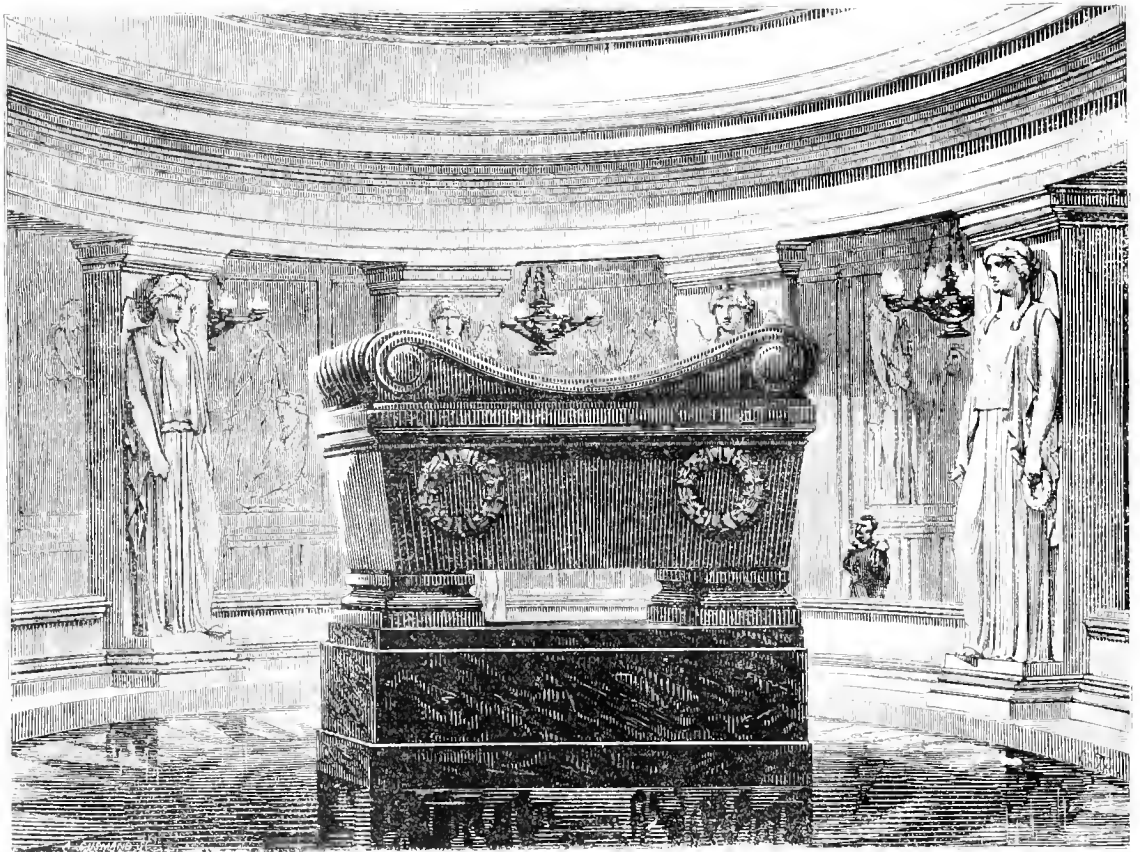
Above the Composite order is an attie with twelve semi-circular windows and eight large consoles, each of which is ornamented at the base with two figures of saints or apostles.

Above the Attie commences the arch of the dome, terminated by a circular platform with four arches and twelve columns,

These chapels are about sixty-five feet in height and forty-two in depth, and contain the mausoleum of Turenne, sculptured by Girardon, and that of Vauban only lately finished by Mons. Antoine Etex.

The four circular chapels are consecrated respectively to St. Jérôme, St. Grégoire, St. Ambroise, and St. Augustin. They are about eighty-two feet in height and fifteen in diameter. They are perfectly symmetrical, and all four decorated in precisely the same manner. In the intervals between eight engaged Corinthian columns raised upon pedestals at equal distances, are three arches, three niches, and two windows; the columns support an entablature, below which is a kind of pedestal or attie from which rises the springer of the vault.

Some fine statues as well as some bas-reliefs, due to the



THE SARCOPHAGUS.

the four more prominent columns supporting four Virtues. The whole is crowned with an obelisk surmounted by a cross.

The height of the building is something more than three hundred and thirty feet.

INTERIOR OF THE DOME.

The visitor enters the dome by a richly sculptured and gilt door, the work of Bondi and Louis Arnaud, surmounted by two angels, serving as supports to the escutcheon of France.

The church of the dome is shaped like a Greek cross, in the centre of which is the dome itself, supported by four systems of pillars with openings leading to four circular chapels, constructed in the four corners. The pilasters and columns of these supports are of the Corinthian order, fluted and carved with a degree of perfection not to be surpassed by any other edifice of the same period.

On entering the space beneath the dome, the visitor immediately perceives in face of him the baldachin, which we shall describe further on, while to his left and right, respectively, are the chapels of the Holy Virgin and of Sainte Thérèse.

chisels of some of the great masters of the reign of Louis XIV., such as Coysevox, Pigal, William and Nicolas Coustou, Sigisbert Adam, Espingola, and others, ornament the chapels and command our admiration in every portion of the edifice, where sculpture can advantageously be employed in assisting her sister, architecture. The original plans, from which all these various details were executed, are due to Girardon.

The cupola of each of the chapels, as well as that of the dome, is covered with paintings relating to various traits in the lives of the four fathers of the church, under whose patronage the chapels were raised, and are reckoned among the finest productions of Michel Cornille, Bon Boullongne, and Louis Boullongne.

If we now return to the space beneath the dome, we shall be struck with admiration at the splendid sight presented by the general view of the edifice.

The whole vault of the sanctuary is either painted or gilt; Noël Coypel has represented on it the Trinity and the Assumption.

The roof of the four different portions of the nave is painted by Charles de la Fosse, and represents the Evangelists.

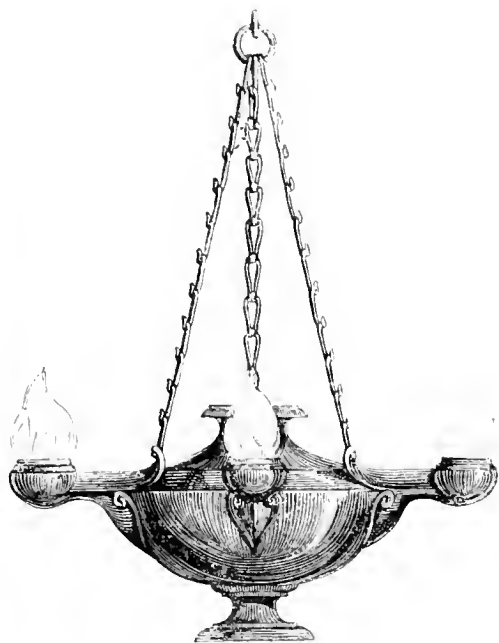
Jouvenet has painted twelve pictures of the twelve Apostles, placed between the principal arches, above the windows of the cupola.

But it is the ceiling of the upper dome which offers to our view the finest portion of this splendid specimen of the painter's skill: it represents Saint Louis received into Heaven, and is the greatest work of Charles de la Fosse.

In the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. divine service used to be solemnly celebrated here, in presence of the king, at certain fixed periods of the year.

On the pavement beneath the dome is yet to be seen the rich marble mosaic laid down in the time of Louis XIV., and in the ornaments of which are still to be traced, at each division of the design, the intertwined L's with the royal crown and the fleur-de-lys.

The dominant idea which presided over the conception of the plans for the emperor's tomb completely interdicted, as we have before said, every modification of a nature to change the primitive and historical character of the dome.



THE SEPULCHRAL LAMP.

It was in obedience to this idea, formally expressed in a programme from which the architect could not depart under any pretext whatever, that Mons. Visconti excavated the crypt, the opening to which, under the very centre of the dome, attracts the attention of the spectator immediately he enters the temple. It is surrounded by a balustrade of white marble breast-high, over which the spectator can look down into the interior of the crypt, and perceive all its various details at one glance.

We must not omit this opportunity of mentioning the beautiful finish of the sculptures ornamenting the balustrade. They consist of a system of coffers alternately filled up with laurel branches and separated by roses in the same style as the masks of the dome.

The windows of the eupola as well as those of the chapels are at present filled with violet-coloured glass, and allow only a dim mild light to penetrate into the interior of the dome. The appearance of mystery in which this envelops the edifice, and the aspect of solemn grandeur that seems to be a natural consequence of it, add another and deeper tinge of poetry to the impression which the visitor involuntarily feels in this last resting-place of a man who once filled the whole world

with his power and his glory, as he now serves to show by his tomb the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things.

From the opening of the crypt, which is so situated that the cupola of the church itself serves as the roof of the tomb, the spectator's glance falls on the altar before which the clergy will officiate at all the religious ceremonies that may be insti-



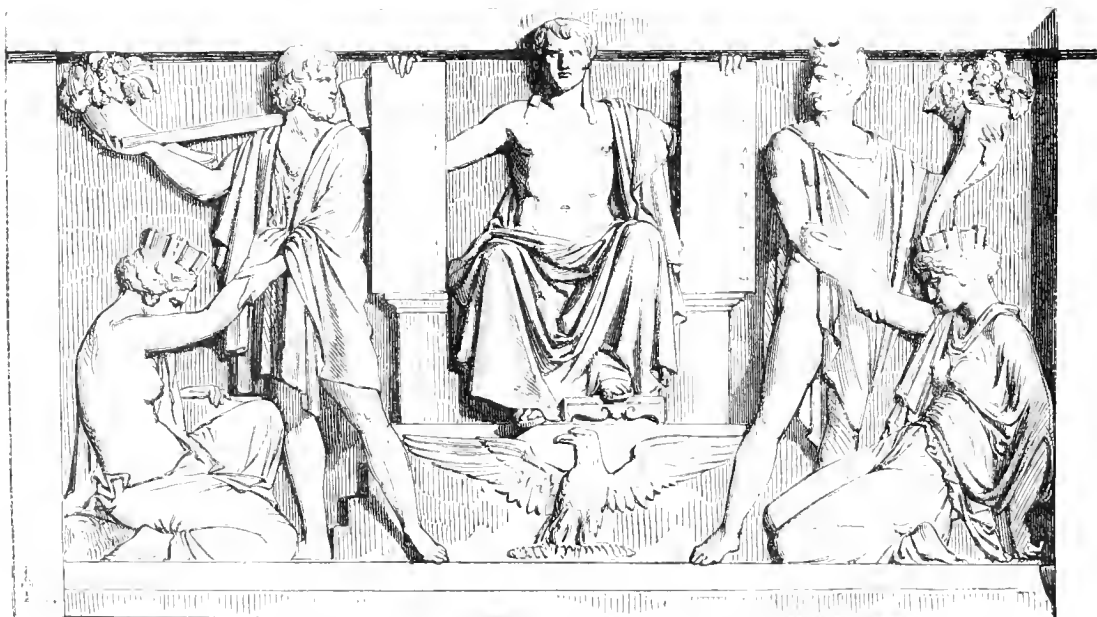
TORCH OF THE BALDAQUIN.

tuted in memory of the emperor. It is reached by seven steps twenty-three feet broad, hewn out of three blocks of Carrara marble, and is surmounted by a rich baldaquin of gilt wood, sculptured in the general style of the edifice, and supported by four beautiful spiral columns, twenty-three feet high, formed of black marble from the Pyrenees.

The baldaquin, which is in very pure taste and of a very



CARYATIDES.



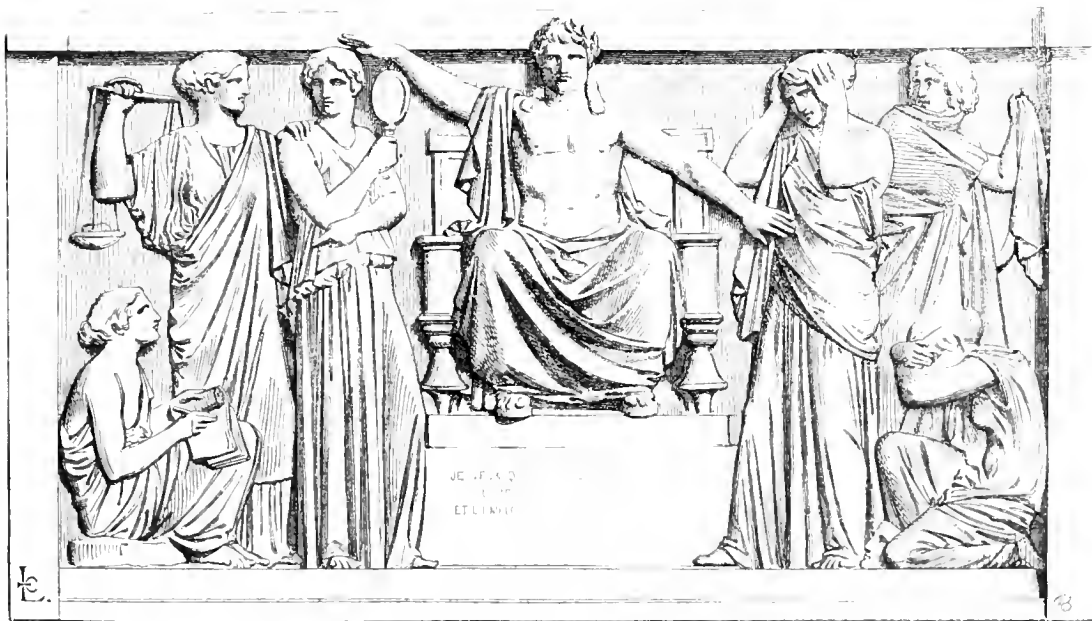
BAS-RELIEF—PROTECTION OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

elegant design, was planned by Mons. Visconti to replace that which formerly covered the altar, and which was considered

too poor both in its material and style of ornament to harmonize with the magnificence of the tomb.



CARYATIDES.



BAS-RELIEF—THE COUR DES COMPTES.

A bronze figure of Christ, cast after a model executed by Mons. Triquetti, is placed over the tabernacle, the richness

and delicate workmanship of which are also worthy of remark. The altar, the balustrade surrounding it, the hand-rail, and

the pedestals which support the torches, are formed of black marble from the Pyrenees and green marble from the Alps.

The torches, placed on each side the altar-steps on the pillars that sustain the hand-rail, are supported by groups of angels in gilt-bronze, very well executed and most elegantly designed.

A grand flight of seventeen marble steps sweeps down from

large sum, Mons. Calla, an ironfounder, undertook to execute it so carefully by a process peculiar to himself, as to give it the same look, and, so to speak, the same value as if it had been wrought. The skilful artist did not fail to fulfil his engagement or realize his expectations; the most finished chasing could hardly produce a more delicate specimen of workmanship. It is a masterpiece which seems destined to open a new path to the founder's skill, and to promise, if



CARYATIDES WITH THEIR ENTABLATURES.

each side of the baldaquin to the lower pavement of the nave, which is arranged in such a manner as to serve as a vestibule to the tomb. It was formerly the sanctuary of the Chapelle des Invalides, at the time when the altar with the double table was common to the two churches. It is separated from the present church by a magnificent cast iron railing.

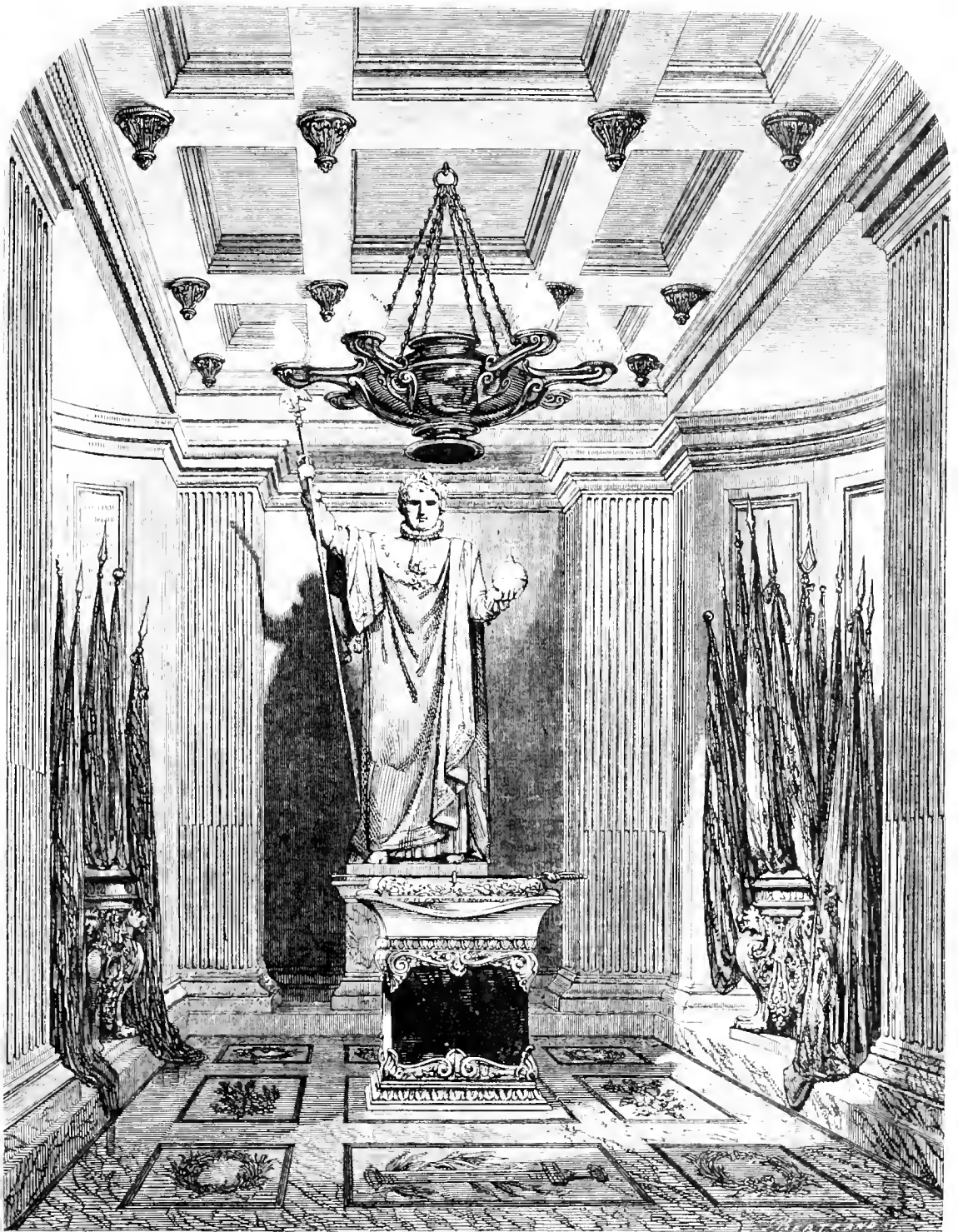
At first there was some idea of forging this railing in steel, but independently of the fact that this would have cost a very

we compare the price of a piece of sculpture thus cast and that of an ornament executed by the hammer, productions worthy of the most flourishing periods of art. The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.

Both professional men and connoisseurs admire the precision with which all the delicate details of the model and the

truly antique rigidity of the lines have been preserved in the casting. We must observe, too, that the chaser's chisel has added nothing to the purity of the design; the iron is pre-

railing consists of an ingenious combination of interlacings of the Corinthian order, and branches of laurels, the emblems of military glory.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE RELIQUARY.

sent to us exactly as it left the moulds, having merely been scraped in order to get rid of the seams caused by the joins.

The elegant and airy style of ornament adopted in this
VOL. I.

TOMBS OF DUBOIS AND BERTRAND.

The vestibule of the crypt, between the railing of separation and the gates of the tomb, has been selected as the

resting-place of Marshal Duroc, Duc de Frioul, and General Bertrand, who were, in turn, the emperor's dearest and most intimate friends.

Duroc was born in 1772, at Pont-à-Mousson, and killed by a stray ball at the combat of Warschen, the 22nd May, 1813. From the 18th Brumaire until his death he was constantly attached to the person of Napoleon. He was named Grand Marshal of the Palace in 1804. He lingered twelve hours after having received his death-wound, and during this long agony received a visit from the emperor. "My whole life has been devoted to you," said the dying man; "and I only regret that I am about to lose it, because it might still be of service to you." "Duroc," replied Napoleon, "there is another world after this, and there it is that we shall one day meet again." A striking proof of the profound feeling of friendship which united these two men, in spite of the distance which a throne placed between them, is to be found in the fact of the idea entertained by Napoleon, in 1815, of asking permission to reside in England under the name of Colonel Duroc.

General Foy has characterised in the following manner the relations which existed between the Emperor and his Grand Marshal of the palace: "No other person was ever the depository of so many and such important political secrets. The peculiar turn of his mind, remarkable rather for the justice of its views than for their comprehensiveness, his irreproachable demeanour, and, more than all, the force of habit, had placed him on a footing of confidential intimacy. Had a prince of Napoleon's character been capable of having a favourite, the relations subsisting between him and Duroc would have been looked upon in a very different light."

Bertrand was born at Châteauroux, and first served in the engineers, in which corps he obtained all his grades up to that of general of brigade. In 1805, he was named aide-de-camp to the emperor, and became Grand Marshal of the palace after Duroc's death. He followed Napoleon to the island of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena, where he performed the sad duties of closing his eyes for ever.

These reasons are most decidedly sufficient to justify the honour which France has shown these two faithful servants by laying their ashes near those of the great man whom they loved so well. Thus do the two Grand Marshals of the palace, who, during their lifetime, watched over the safety of the emperor's person, appear even after their death to be entrusted with the care of guarding his tomb.

It is in the masonry supporting the altar and the baldachin, already described, and at the foot of the two flights of stairs leading from the dome to the vestibule, that the doorway opens into the crypt. It is closed by bronze gates, as simple in their style as they are severe. The ornaments consist of three superposed coffers of unequal size. The one nearest the bottom contains the imperial N. The smallest, in the middle, displays the thunderbolt, while the largest, occupying the upper portion of the gate, represents the victorious standard, twined with laurels, and surmounted by the eagle and the crown.

Two funeral genii of damaskeened bronze, the one bearing the globe, and the other the imperial crown, support the architrave of the door, on the pediment of which are sculptured the following words, contained in Napoleon's will:—

JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT
SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE
AU MILIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS QUE J'AI TANT AIME.*

The two genii, modelled by Mons. Duret, are not deficient in style, but the gilding with which they are covered detracts greatly from their characteristic appearance.

THE CRYPT.

After passing the doorway, guarded by the two genii enveloped in their funeral crape, we arrive at a large flight of twenty-six granite steps. Before the first step, in the pave-

* I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I loved so well.

ment, is a mosaic rosette, whose centre is occupied by the imperial N. Two other mosaics, representing the eagle and the star of the legion of honour, are let into the flag-stones of the passage which extends from the last step to the opening of the crypt.

The obscurity which reigns in this vast corridor, the sepulchral silence, and even the feeling of cold which seizes on every one beneath these massive vaults, announce most plainly to the visitor, already greatly moved, that an imposing sight awaits him beyond the last doorway.

A dim, uncertain light, admirably adapted for pious reflection, envelops the sarcophagus in a veil of faint violet colour, the rays of which being caught in their passage by the slightest projection in the sculptures, tinge the marble of the caryatides with warm and mellow tints. This artificial light is obtained by means of the violet muslin curtains worked with silver, with which the windows of the cupola have been hung until such time as coloured glass can be substituted for that at present in use.

The crypt consists of a circular gallery, about six or seven feet broad, and of a round central space formed by twelve arches with a marble balustrade, breast-high, connecting them with each other, and separated by twelve caryatides about fifteen feet high. Lastly, there is a small funeral apartment intended for a reliquary, and opening into the gallery by a bronze door. The sarcophagus occupies the middle of the crypt, its extremities being turned towards the two doors.

THE GALLERY.

The gallery is paved with marble mosaics of various colours.

The outer wall is divided into twelve compartments, each of which corresponds to one of the arches. The door of the crypt and that of the reliquary occupy two of these compartments; the ten others contain ten marble bas-reliefs. Twelve bronze lamps, suspended from the ceiling of the gallery in such a manner, that a straight line drawn through the centre of one of the arches would likewise traverse the centre of the lamp hung opposite to it, are intended for the illumination of the tomb during the celebration of all religious ceremonies.

THE BAS-RELIEFS.

The ten bas-reliefs, due to the chisel of Mons. Simard, are destined to perpetuate, under the form of allegories, the remembrance of the grand institutions and of the most important acts of the Emperor Napoleon's reign. Counting them from the entrance, and commencing at the right hand, they represent, in the following order: The Institution of the Legion of Honour, Public Works, Encouragement of Commerce and Industry; Establishment of the Cour des Comptes;* Foundation of the University; the Concordat; Promulgation of the Civil Code; Foundation of the Council of State; Organisation of Public Administration; and Pacification of Civil Troubles.

THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

The general arrangement and dignity of composition displayed in this bas-relief, are in perfect keeping with the character of the subject. According to the idea which presided at its establishment, the Legion of Honour was an essentially democratic institution, although it seemed to confer a kind of aristocratic privilege, and form, as it were, the base of a new order of nobility. It consecrated the principle of the equality of all in the eyes of national gratitude, and the fitness of every citizen to earn for himself a splendid reputation by the brilliancy of his merit and the services he might have rendered his country.

It is this idea which the artist has endeavoured to embody. Napoleon, standing up, crowned with laurels, and having merely an antique pepulum thrown over his shoulders, is distributing recompences to the magistrates, scholars, artists, and warriors, who are crowding round him in attitudes at once noble and modest. A legend let into the stone at the bottom of the bas-relief has these words, taken from the *Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène*:

* Audit Office.

"J'ai excité toutes les émulations, récompensé tous les mérites et reculé les limites de la gloire." *

PUBLIC WORKS.

"Partout où mon règne a passé, il a laissé des traces durables de son bienfait." †

Such are the words which serve as an inscription, and which have furnished the subject for this bas-relief.

Napoleon, who is seated, and whose head is surrounded by a crown of rays, is stretching forth his two arms towards tablets bearing the names and purposes of the various monuments and works of public utility executed during his reign and by his order. Architecture and Civil Engineering, with their attributes, the compass and square, are holding the tablets. Two Glories are seated on the steps of the throne to the right and to the left.

In endeavouring to give his composition a monumental character in accordance with the idea suggested by the subject, the artist may, perhaps, with some justice, be accused of being rather heavy and obscure.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Napoleon, seated upon a throne in an attitude full of calm majesty, is resting his hands upon two tablets, which bear the names of two grand institutions—the Code of Commerce, and the Quinquennial Exposition of the Products of French Industry—founded expressly to protect commercial transactions, and give a greater impetus to industry.

Vulcan personifying Industry, and Mercury as the god of Commerce, each bearing his respective attribute, the hammer and the caduceus, are raising up and supporting two towns, Paris and Lyons, kneeling at the foot of the throne.

There is a great deal of grandeur about this composition, which is, at the same time, both simple and elegant.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COUR DES COMPTES.

Napoleon is seated on his throne, his body is naked, his legs only being covered with long drapery. His physiognomy is severe and his look implacable. He is stretching a protecting hand over Truth, Justice, and Order, who are placed on his right. The figure of Truth is simple, and the expression of her features one of candour; she is presenting her mirror with mild assurance. Justice is impassible, whilst Order, represented as a beautiful young female, at the foot of the throne, is inscribing in a book, with arithmetical impartiality, the sum of the expenses and of the receipts. The emperor is repelling with his left hand, and with a gesture of indignation, the affrighted figures of Illegality and Peculation, while Falsehood, whose mask has fallen off, is kneeling down terror-stricken, with her head bent and her face concealed by her two hands.

This bas-relief is the best conceived and the finest of all the ten. The dramatic movement of the composition and the happy opposition of the two groups impart to it a character of grandeur which is not met with to so great an extent in the other subjects, although several of them are very remarkable, and display the most extraordinary talent. At the bottom of the bas-relief are the following words, which sum up, in a clear and concise manner, the end and the utility of the institution it commemorates: "Cour des Comptes, décret du 16 Septembre, 1807.—Je veux que par une surveillance active, l'infidélité soit réprimée et l'emploi légal des fonds publics garanti." ‡

The Cour des Comptes was founded in virtue of the law of the 16th September, 1807.

The first article of this law runs thus: "The national accounts are kept by a Cour des Comptes."

In 1780, there were in France ten provincial audit offices (chambres des comptes) in various parts of the kingdom,

* I have excited every kind of emulation, recompensed every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory.

† Wherever my reign has passed, it has left permanent marks of its beneficial influence.

‡ Audit Office, decree of the 16th September, 1807.—It is my will that unfaithfulness shall be suppressed and the legal employment of the public moneys guaranteed by a system of active supervision.

namely, at Dijon, Grenoble, Nantes, Montpellier, Rouen, Pau, Metz, in the sovereignty of Lorraine, and that of Bar.

The unity introduced into the administration of government by the National Assembly was naturally followed by the foundation of a single audit office. However great a nation is, its affairs ought to be, and may be, administered with as much simplicity and regularity as those of an ordinary mercantile firm.

The first thing done was to create an account office (Bureau de Comptabilité), the National Assembly, however, reserving the right of scrutinising the accounts, which could only pass after they had been sanctioned by that body.

Under the Constitution of the Year Eight of the Republic, a decree of the consuls enlarged the field of action of this institution, which was definitively simplified and organised by the law of the 16th September, 1807. Subsequently, fresh laws and decrees introduced other changes, which are all summed up in the ordinance of the 31st May, 1838, headed, "General regulations concerning the public accounts."

It is the duty of the Cours des Comptes to verify the statements of the public expenditure and receipts presented to it by the receivers-general of finance, the paymasters of the public treasury, the registers of stamps and public domains, the receivers of the excise, the accountant-directors of the post-office, the directors of the mint, the central cashier of the public treasury, and the responsible agent of the *Virements des Comptes*. It likewise audits the annual accounts of the colonial treasurers, of the general treasurer of the naval pensioners, of the bursars of the public colleges, of the commissioners of powder and saltpetre, of the accountant charged with the transfer of the *Bontes* inscribed in the ledger of the public debt, of the accountant of the funds and pensions, of the cashier of the sinking fund and also of the suitors' fund, of the royal printing-office, of the administration of the salt works of the East, and of the receivers of the poor-houses, hospitals, and other charitable institutions, whose incomes attain the sum fixed by the laws and regulations on the subject.

The Cour des Comptes ranks immediately after the Cour de Cassation.

FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY.

The following words are inscribed upon the legend of this bas-relief:—

"Décret du 10 Mai, 1806.—Il sera formé, sous le nom d'Université Impériale, un corps chargé exclusivement de l'enseignement et de l'éducation publiques dans tout l'empire." *

The artist has treated this subject in the following manner: he has represented Napoleon seated in an attitude expressing the natural solicitude of the father of a family as well as the wise forethought of the sovereign. In his right hand he holds the sceptre, while with his left he is drawing towards him a youth who is nestling against his body as if to seek a refuge there. The five Faculties, each bearing the attributes peculiar to her, surround the throne, over which tower the busts of Aristotle and Plutarch.

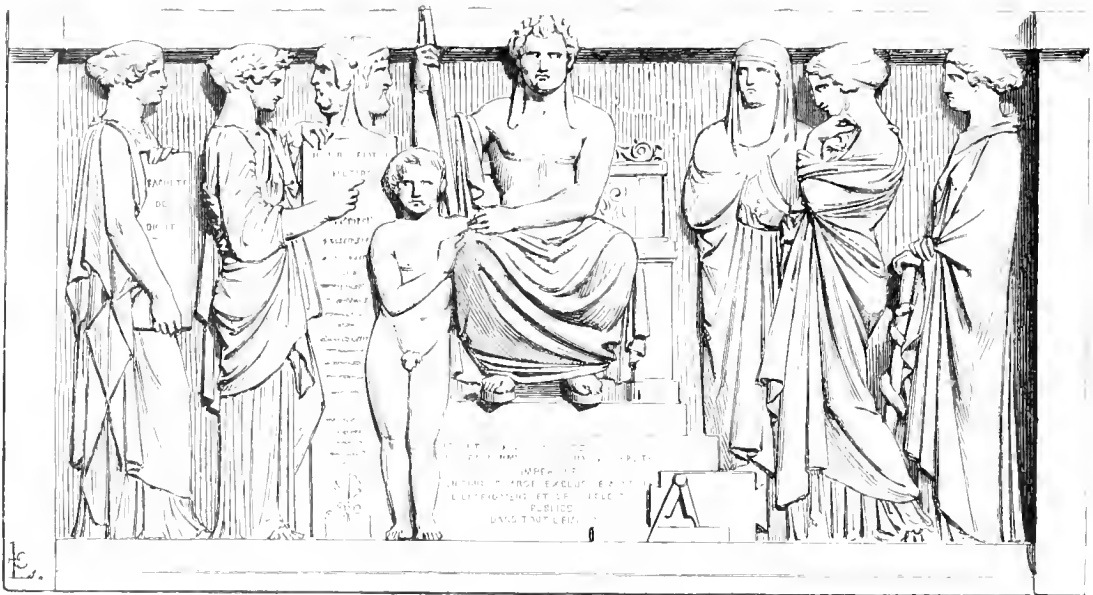
This bas-relief is one of the most mediocre, both as regards its ordonnance and execution. The figure of Science, however, is very fine, and of truly antique elegance.

The law of the 10th May, 1806, first decreed the formation, under the name of University, of a body exclusively charged with the education and instruction of all classes throughout the kingdom.

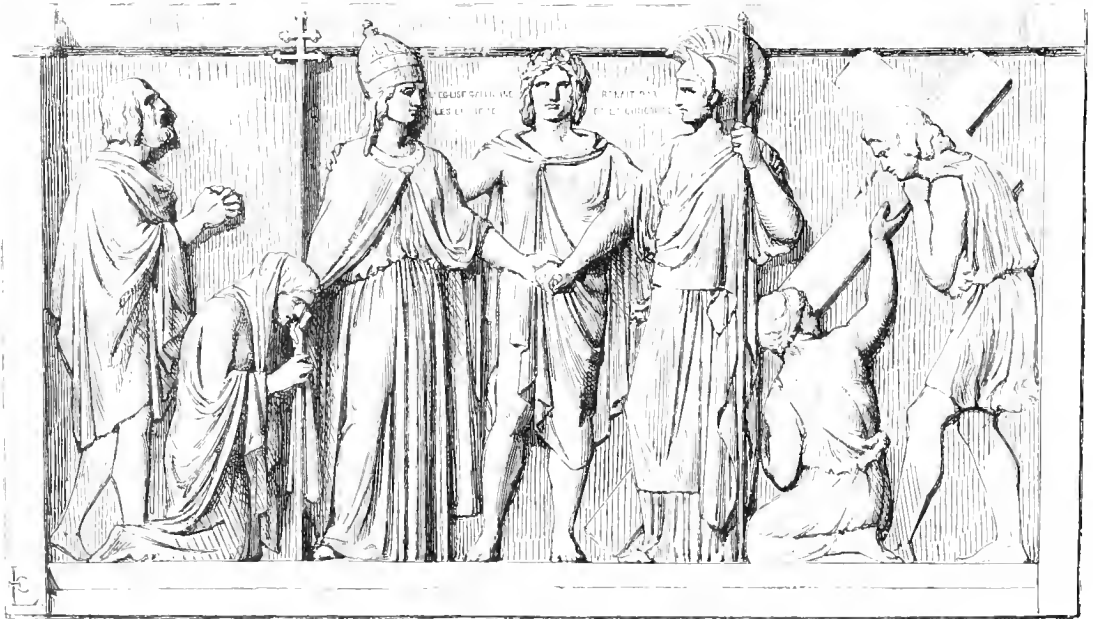
This law was further developed in the decree of the 17th March, 1808, of which the following are the first provisions:

"Public instruction, throughout the whole kingdom, is confided to the University. No school or any kind of establishment whatever for imparting instruction can be formed independent of the University, and without the authorisation of its head. No one can open a school or teach publicly, without being a member of the University, and having graduated in one of its faculties. The course of instruction in

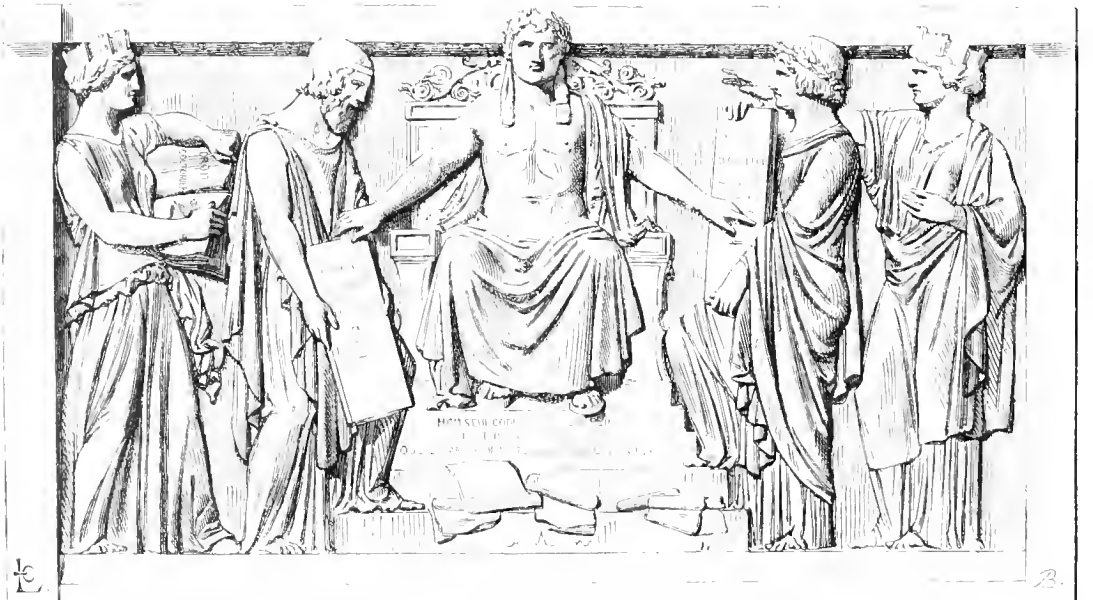
Decree of the 10th May, 1806.—A body will be formed, under the name of the Imperial University, charged exclusively with public education and instruction throughout the empire.



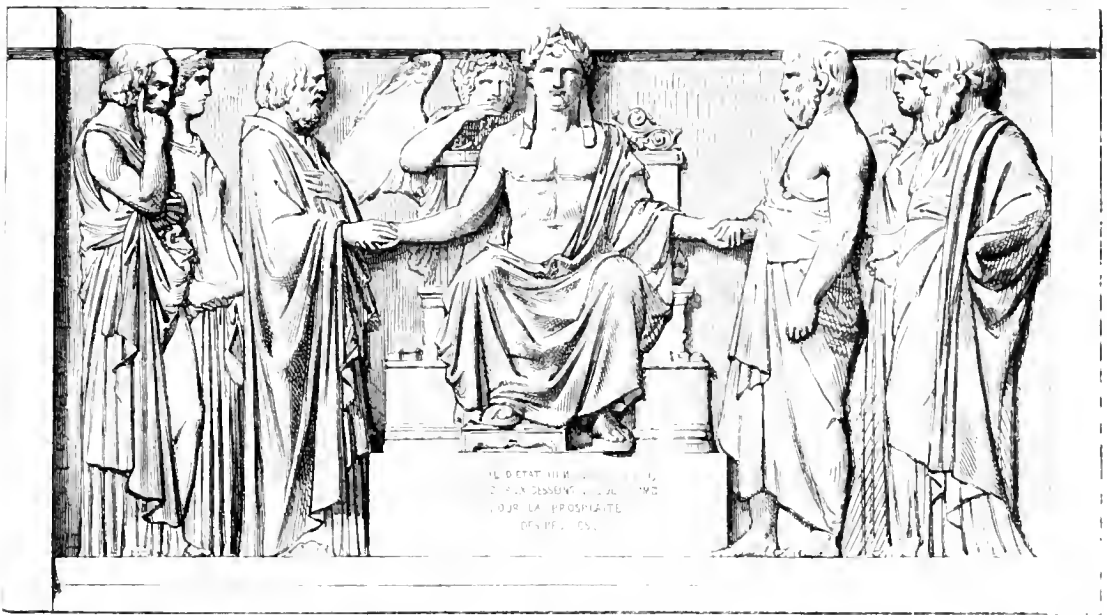
BAS-RELIEF—THE UNIVERSITY.



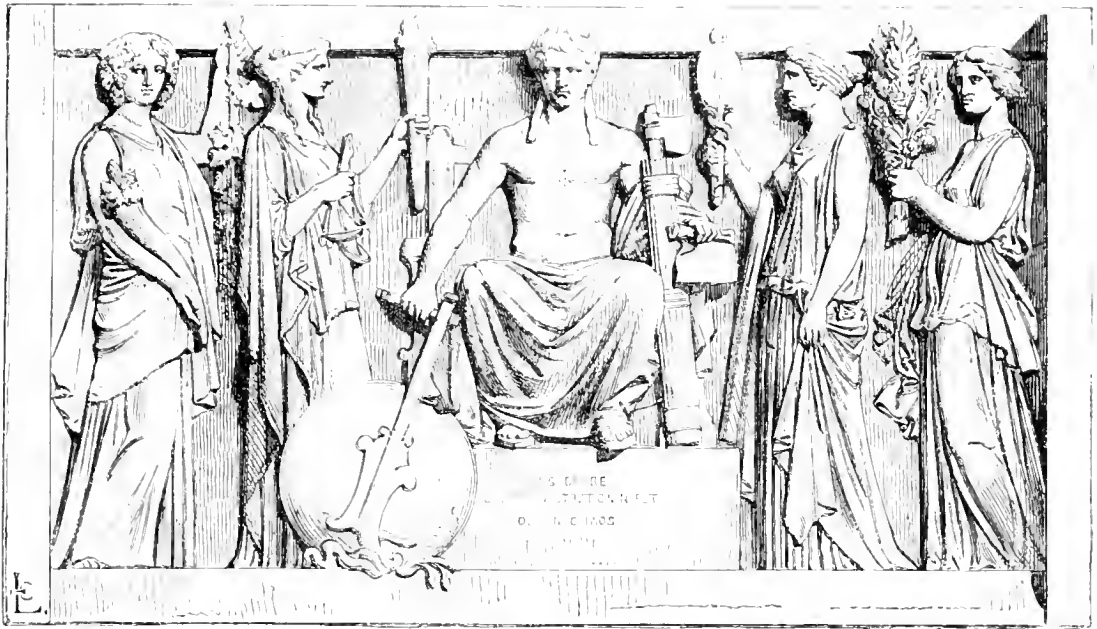
BAS-RELIEF—THE CONCORDAT.



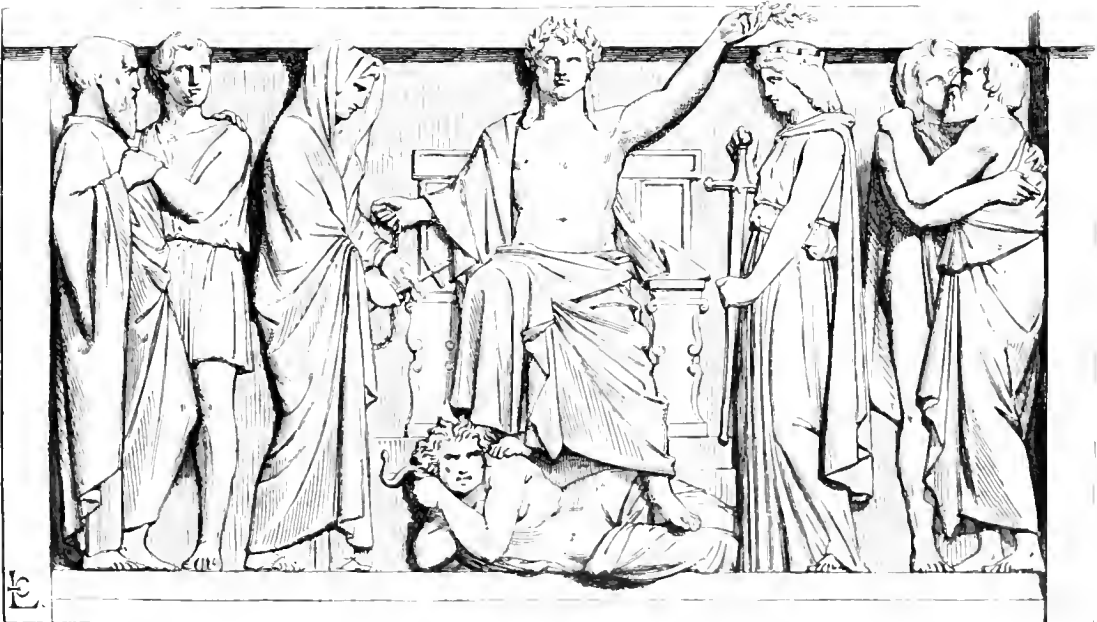
BAS-RELIEF—THE CODE NAPOLEON.



BAS-RELIEF—INSTITUTION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.



BAS-RELIEF—ORGANISATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.



BAS-RELIEF—PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

the clerical seminaries, however, is under the direction of the archbishops and bishops, each in his diocese, who have the power of naming and dismissing the professors. The University will be composed of as many academies as there are Cours d'Appel. The schools belonging to each academy will be placed in the following order:—1st, the faculties for the abstruse sciences and the conferring of degrees; 2ndly, the lycæums for ancient languages, history, rhetoric, logic, and the elements of mathematics and physics; 3rdly, the colleges and parish schools of the second class, for the elements of ancient languages and the first principles of history and of the sciences; 4thly, the larger schools kept by private individuals, but in which the course of instruction is very similar to that pursued in the colleges; 5thly, the boarding-schools belonging to private masters, and devoted to a less solid course of study than that of the large schools; and 6thly, the small primary schools where the pupils are simply taught reading and writing, with the first notions of arithmetic."

These provisions have continued, up to the present day, to be the basis of the course of public instruction in France; although it is true that several very important modifications have since been introduced into the constitution of the University by the laws of 1850 and 1852. The circumscriptions are now modified, there being a rector to each department.

The difference of principle which separates the imperial law from that of the 15th March, 1850, is, however, very great. The first is based upon the idea that the state possesses in a greater degree than any private individual, or any collection of individuals, the tradition of the general spirit of the country, and is more deeply interested than any one else in directing each successive generation to the goal assigned by Providence to the nation. The second is founded on the directly opposite opinion, that, allowing the impulsion and direction of everything relating to the material interests of the country ought to flow from government, such should not be the case in what relates to its moral interests (Report of the Committee, 6th October, 1850). In 1817, M. Royer-Collard said:—"The University enjoys the monopoly of instruction in nearly the same manner that the courts of law enjoy that of justice, and the army that of the public defence. The University is nothing more or less than government applied to the universal direction of public instruction, to the municipal colleges as well as to those of the state, to private schools as well as to the colleges, and to country schools in the same manner as to the Faculties themselves." In 1850, M. Beugnot, the reporter of the new law, expressed himself in these terms:—"Whenever liberty shall be triumphant, and competition with the government schools allowed and encouraged, the state, as guardian of the rights and interests of the community at large, will no longer be able to identify itself with these schools. If it continues to support public educational establishments, it will do so for the sake of assisting and not crushing competition, and in order to contribute, according to its own notions, to the general improvement of education; but it will not defend the rights of its own particular establishments more warmly than those of establishments founded by private enterprise, for it is bound to show an equal interest in both, since it has exchanged its office of sole educator of the nation for that of overseer and protector of any person undertaking, in the name of the law, to bestow on youth the boon of education. If the external facts happen to remain the same, the right is changed."

THE CONCORDAT.

"L'Église gallicane renaît par les humilières et la concorde."* Such is the motto of this bas-relief, in which the artist has been tolerably felicitous. Napoleon, standing up, dressed like a Roman emperor, is drawing Catholicism and France towards each another, and obliging them to grasp each other's hand. Around the principal group the people are represented as praying and raising the cross from the ground where it has been suffered to lie.

* The Church of France springs into life again by intelligence and concord.

The name "Concordat" was given to a convention concluded the 15th July, 1801, between the pope, Pius VII., and the French government. By this convention the First Consul restored to the Roman Catholic church a portion of the authority which it had lost in France since the year 1789.

The Constituent Assembly had adopted as a principle that the administration of the church ought to be assimilated to that of the state. It had, in consequence, established ecclesiastical districts on the same plan as the administrative districts, and created each department into a diocese. It caused the bishops to be elected by the Faithful in the same way as the civil and judicial magistrates were named by their fellow-citizens. Lastly, it had suppressed the canonical institution, that is to say, the confirmation of the bishops by the pope.

In abolishing this system of the Constituent Assembly, the First Consul had to overcome numerous obstacles both at Paris and Rome. Most of the men by whom he was surrounded, whether ministers, generals, legislators, or councillors of state, manifested a spirit of opposition towards his endeavours to bring about what he called the reconciliation of the church of Rome with the Republic. Some entreated him not to mix himself up in matters of religion; others wished him to found a French church independent of Rome, and of which he, as first magistrate, would have been the head; while others strongly advised him to draw France over to Protestantism by himself abjuring the Roman Catholic faith. He rejected the advice of all these persons, braved the disapprobation of his companions in arms, and likewise resisted the efforts made by those at Rome to obtain more concessions from him than he had resolved to accord.

It was only after a series of long and difficult negotiations that both parties were enabled to come to an agreement. The following is the entire text of the Concordat, which people so often cite without ever having had the opportunity of reading, and which is still, with the exception of a few unimportant modifications, the basis of the legislation of France in matters concerning the Roman Catholic religion.

Convention between the French Government and His Holiness Pius VII.

"The government of the French Republic acknowledges the Apostolic Roman Catholic religion to be that of the great majority of the French people.

"His Holiness, on his part, acknowledges that this religion has already derived, and still expects, the greatest advantages and most brilliant results from the establishment of the Roman Catholic ritual in France, and from the especial fact of the consuls of the Republic professing it.

"Therefore, as a consequence of this mutual acknowledgment, both for the good of religion and the maintenance of the internal tranquillity of the Republic, they have agreed to the following Articles:—

"1. The Apostolic Roman Catholic religion will be freely followed in France; its rites will be publicly celebrated in conformity with the police regulations which the government may judge necessary for the public tranquillity.

"2. The Holy See, in conjunction with the government, will proceed to a new circumscription of the French dioceses.

"3. His Holiness will declare to the titularies of the French bishoprics that he expects from them, with the most entire confidence, for the sake of peace and unity, every kind of sacrifice, including even the resignation of their sees.

"After this exhortation, if they should refuse to make the sacrifice enjoined for the good of the Church (a refusal, however, which his Holiness does not expect), the government of the circumscription will be confided to other titularies in the following manner:—

"1. The first consul of the Republic will, in the course of the three months following the publication of his Holiness's bull, appoint persons to the archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new circumscription. His Holiness, in conformity with the forms established for France previous to the change of government, will institute canonically the persons thus appointed.

"5. The nominations to the bishoprics which may subsequently fall vacant, will also be made by the first consul, and the persons appointed will be canonically instituted by the Holy See in conformity with the preceding article.

"6. Before entering on their office, the bishops will, in the presence of the first consul himself, take the oaths of fidelity in use before the change of government and expressed in the following terms: 'I swear and promise to God, upon the Holy Evangelists, obedience and fidelity to the government established by the constitution of the French Republic. I likewise promise to have no communications, to take part in no council, and to enter into no league, either at home or abroad, inimical to the public tranquillity; and if I learn that, either in my diocese or elsewhere, there is any plot prejudicial to the state, I will make the government acquainted with the fact.'

"7. The ecclesiastics of the second class will take the same oaths in the presence of the civil authorities named for that purpose by the government.

"8. The following form of prayer will be recited at the conclusion of Divine worship in all the Roman Catholic churches of France (here follows the form of prayer).

"9. The bishops will make a new circumscription of the parishes of their dioceses, but this new circumscription will only be put into effect after having received the consent of government.

"10. The bishops will nominate persons to the various livings. They will only be allowed to choose persons approved of by the government.

"11. The bishops may have a chapter in their cathedral and a seminary in their diocese, but the government does not engage to endow them.

"12. All metropolitan, cathedral, parish, and other churches, not already alienated, and necessary for the celebration of public worship, will be placed at the disposal of the bishops.

"13. For the sake of tranquillity and the happy re-establishment of religion, his Holiness declares that neither he nor his successors will in any way disturb the persons who have acquired alienated ecclesiastical estates, and that consequently the right to the said estates, together with the privileges and revenues attached to them, shall remain incommutable in their possession or that of their assigns.

"14. The government engages to make a suitable provision for the bishops and curés whose dioceses and parishes shall be contained within the limits of the new circumscription.

"15. The government will also take measures to enable French Roman Catholics, if they choose, to make endowments in favour of the Church.

"16. His Holiness recognises in the first consul of the French Republic the same rights and prerogatives enjoyed at the Papal Court by the former government.

"17. It is agreed by the contracting parties that in the case of any one of the successors of the first consul not being a Roman Catholic, the rights and prerogatives mentioned in the preceding article, as well as the power of nominating the bishops, will, as far as such success or is concerned, be regulated by a new convention.

"This convention will be ratified at Paris, by the two contracting parties, within the space of forty days.

"Done at Paris, the 26th Messidor, year 11."

Some years afterwards, on the occasion of his coronation, Napoleon addressed the following words to a Protestant deputation, which had been admitted to an interview:—

"I wish it to be distinctly understood, that it is my intention and fixed resolution to maintain full liberty of religion. The empire of the law finishes where the empire of the conscience begins; neither the law nor the reigning sovereign can effect anything against this kind of liberty; such are my principles and those of the nation."

THE CODE NAPOLEON.

In none of his bas-reliefs has Mons. Sarrasol depicted an investing figure of the Emperor with a nobler and better conceived air of grandeur than in this one. The figure is indeed that of a legislator, animated solely by the sentiment

of right and justice. Napoleon is stretching his hands over tablets borne by figures personifying the common law and the Roman law, as if he would seize, and then unite in one vast whole, the laws destined to form the code which bears his name, and which a nobly imagined figure is bearing proudly beside him. Underneath his feet is the following inscription:—"Mon seul code, par sa simplicité, a fait plus de bien en France que la masse de toutes les lois qui l'ont précédé."

It is well known in what a state of confusion French legislation was previous to 1789. In spite of the innumerable labours of several of the first lawyers of the time, the multiplicity of ordinances, regulations, precedents, and jurisdictions, presented to the mind a very labyrinth of confusion.

The Constitution of 1791 had announced that a civil code, destined to be employed in all parts of the French territory, was in course of compilation.

On the 30th of April, 1791, Cambacérès presented to the assembly a project of codification, which the assembly threw out. This did not discourage Cambacérès, who returned to the charge, and presented his colleagues with two other codes, that of the 23rd Frimaire of the year 2, and that of the 21th Prairial of the year 4; but he was not more fortunate in these last two instances than he had been in the first.

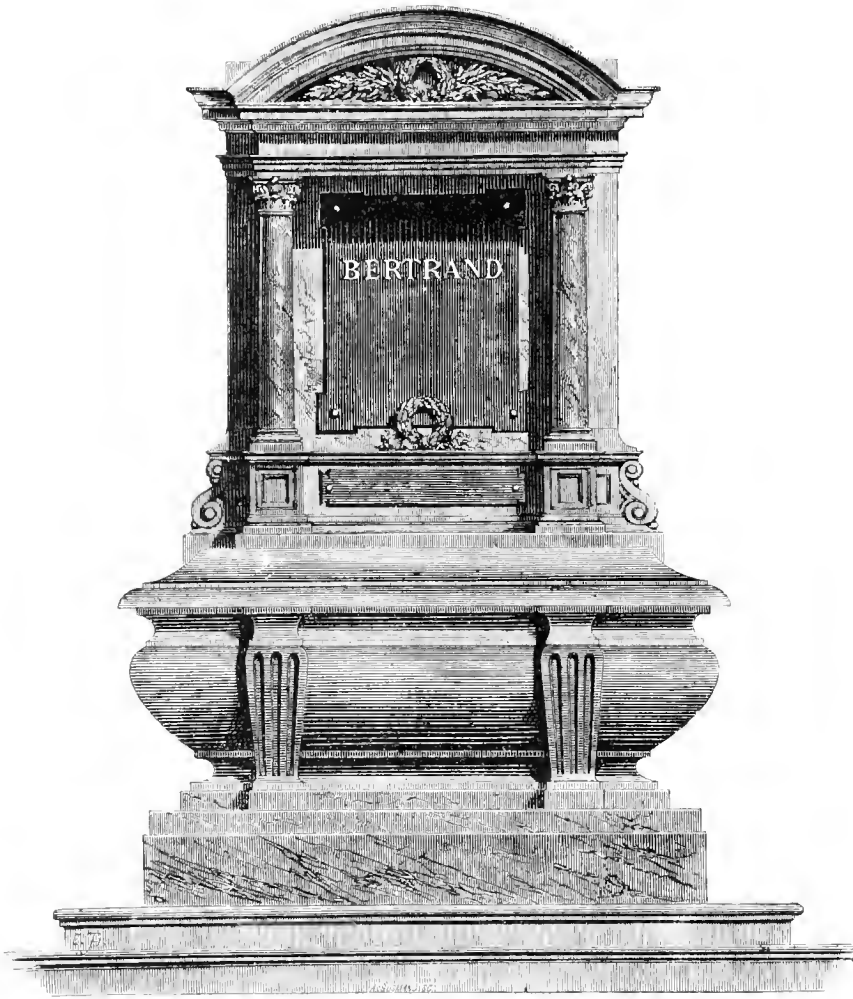
On the 12th of August, 1800 (24 Thermidor, year 8), the consuls named a commission, charged with examining the measures taken, up to that time, for realising the wish of the Constitution of 1791, as well as with drawing up a plan and with discussing and preparing the various elements of a new code. This commission was composed of Messrs. Bigot-Préaumeu, Tronchet, Portalis, and Malleville.

In four months their plan was drawn up, and submitted to the *Tribunal de Cassation* and to the *Tribunaux d'Appel*. It was then discussed in the legislative section of the Council of State, and also in the general assembly of the same body. Lastly, in conformity with the prescriptions of the Constitution of the year 8, it was taken to the Legislative Body and the Tribunalate.

The various laws composing the code civil, to the number of fifty-six, after having been first decreed one by one, and separately rendered executory, were collected into one whole, under the title of *Code Civil des Français*, by the law of the 30th Ventôse, year 12.

At the present day, the Code Civil is considered, and with justice, as one of the greatest things ever accomplished by the French Revolution and the consulate; but this important work was, at first, far from being received with enthusiasm or even approbation. For instance, the plan of the Code Civil was sharply criticised in the Tribunalate. Among the members who opposed its adoption with the greatest warmth were Messrs. Andrieux, Benjamin Constant, Chénier, Ginguiné, Thiessé, Fyvaud, and Siméon. It was reproachfully stigmatised as being a mere hurried compilation of the Roman or common law, of the institutes of Justinian, of Donat, of Potbier, and others. Persons obstinately refused to see in it a great and new creation, peculiar to French society. Mons. Portalis and his colleagues, in the work replied, according to Mons. Thiessé:—"That, in the matter of legislation, originality was not so important as clearness, justice, and wisdom; that they had not to create a new system of society, like Moses or Lycurgus, but to reform an old one, in a few points, and restore it in many others; that French law had been in operation for ten centuries; that it was the result of Roman learning, of the feudal system, of monarchy, and of the spirit of modern times, all combined and acting in concert during a long series of years upon French manners; that the civil law of France, a sublime monument of human reason, ought to be rendered suitable to a new society which had been called to be organised, and because it was necessary, for instance, to modify the old laws in marriage, on paternal authority, and on the rights of inheritance, to free them from all that was opposed to the present state, that it was necessary to purify the law, to bring to property of everything, and to

* My code had, in reality, the simplicity of the laws of the Israelites, from which the whole mass of laws were prescribed.

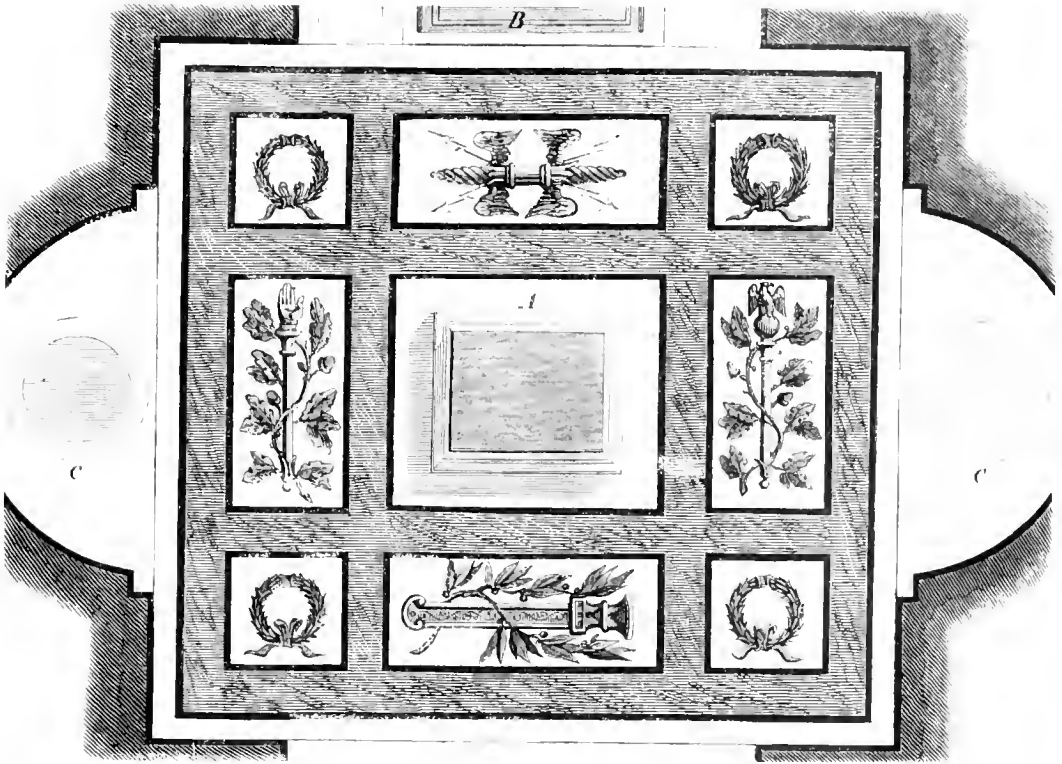


TOMB OF BERTRAND.



TRIPOD SUPPORTING THE FLAGS.

feudal servitude ; to draw up the whole body of prescriptions in clear and precise words, that would no longer afford scope for ambiguity and interminable disputes, and to arrange them in a convenient order ; this," they said, "was the only monument they had to raise." In spite of these remarks, the first portions of the code were rejected by the Tribunate, and the



MOSAIC OF THE RELIQUARY.



THE SWORD OF NAPOLÉON.

government withdrew the bill. But in June, 1802, Napoleon, who was then first consul, caused the drawing up of the Code

Civil to be resumed. A section of the Council of State and a section of the Tribunal used to meet daily for the purpose of carrying out the work, at the house of the Consul Cambacères. Opposition was now out of the question, and the will of the first consul no longer met with any obstacle to thwart it.

It is well known that Napoleon himself assisted at the discussion of the code in the Council of State (towards the end of 1801). "Present at each of the sittings," says his historian, "he displayed, as president, an amount of methodical arrangement and clearness, and oftentimes views so profound, as to prove matter of astonishment to every one. Having been accustomed to direct armies and govern conquered provinces, no one had been surprised at finding him to be a good administrator, for every good general must necessarily be so; but it certainly was allowable to wonder that he was a good legislator. His education, in this branch of knowledge, had been quickly completed. Taking an interest in everything because he understood everything, he had asked the Consul Cambacères for some books on law, and particularly for the materials prepared in the time of the Convention for the purpose of drawing up the Code Civil. He actually devoured them. Shortly afterwards, classifying in his head the general principles of the civil law, and adding to these few notions rapidly picked up his profound knowledge of mankind, and his extraordinary clearness of perception, he was enabled to direct in person a work of such importance, and to enrich the discussion with a large number of just, new, and profound ideas. Sometimes a superficial knowledge of the matter rendered him liable to defend strange notions, but he readily allowed himself to be led back to the right path by the learned professional men around him, and invariably proved himself superior to them all whenever it was necessary to draw from the conflict of contrary opinions the most natural and most reasonable conclusion. The principal service rendered by the first consul was his contributing to the completion of this grand monument a strong will, and the most determined resolution to work, by which he was enabled to overcome the two difficulties under which all previous efforts had succumbed, namely, the infinite diversity of opinions and the impossibility of working with anything like a continuance, in the midst of the agitated state of matters at that time. Whenever the discussion, as was often the case, had been long, diffuse, and obstinate, the first consul knew how to sum it up and decide it by a single word; and, besides this, he obliged every one to work, by working himself for days together. The reports of these remarkable sittings were published, but before sending them to the *Moniteur* the Consul Cambacères always carefully revised them and suppressed what he deemed inexpedient to publish, either because the first consul sometimes gave utterance to singular opinions, or treated questions of morality with a familiarity of language which was not intended to go beyond the limits of a confidential sitting. All, therefore, that remained in the reports were the ideas, sometimes rectified, often discoloured, but always striking, of the first consul."

As we already know, the collection of laws adopted in these sittings was promulgated in the year 12 of the Republic, under the title of the *Code Civil des Français*. On the 3rd September, 1807, there was a decree commanding a new edition of them to be drawn up under the name of the *Code Napoléon*.

"Our Code Civil," said Mons. de Goltzky, in 1843, "still governs Belgium, a large portion of Germany, and several of the Italian states; it is once more being revived in Sardinia, where it had been abolished, and is on the point of becoming, in conjunction with the Roman law, the basis of a new system of legislation in that country. Our commercial code is imitated and perfected in Spain and Portugal. Our penal code became the model of that of Sicily in 1819, of that of Parma in 1820, and of that of Rome in 1832, and this great work, the subject of such frequent accusations, throws its rays as far as over the code of the Brazils. Bavaria is establishing in regenerated Greece our judicial organisation and our criminal law. England herself is abandoning the uncertainties of her common and statute law, and banishing from her system the cruel but inefficacious disregard of human life. We are

enabled to applaud the reform, undertaken in 1825, thanks to the efforts of Peel and Landsdowne, and ardently carried out by the recent acts of parliament. We shall observe the same movement in the States of the American Union. Holland and Denmark are enriching themselves with new laws, and Russia itself, not being able to codify its ancient ukases, turns them into pandectes."

THE FOUNDATION OF THE COUNCIL OF STATE.

Napoleon, seated in all the calm and serenity of his immense power, is drawing towards him scholars, philosophers, and magistrates, to whom he says:—"Coopérez aux desseins que je forme pour la prospérité des peuples." *

Behind the throne, a winged figure, his familiar genius doubtless, is whispering something into his ear and appears to be advising him. This personage, that has no equivalent in the symmetry of the composition, produces a strange effect, and injures the equilibrium of the general outline, which is in other respects remarkable for its character of grandeur and elevated style.

"Previous to 1789," says a well-known writer, "the Council of State reflected, as in a mirror, the confusion that reigned in the various branches of the administration of public affairs. It took part in government and politics by its intervention in foreign affairs, financial questions, and commerce; in the execution of the law, by its regulations concerning the judges, its evocations and its annulment of judgments; and in the public administration, by the jurisdiction it exercised over the ordinances of the Intendants, and the decisions of the *Cour des Aides*, and the *Cour des Comptes*. But if it encroached upon the dominion of Justice, Justice, in her turn, disputed with it the possession of its own powers, and while she deprived it of any share in contentions purely judicial, obtained for herself, by means of the decrees of the parliaments, a share in matters of administration. What, at that period, composed the Council of State, was nothing but the union of five separate councils, forming as many distinct bodies. The law, the church, the army, and finance were all collected there.

During the French revolution, various laws weakened or changed the Council of State.

A consular decree of the 6th Nivôse, in the year 8, regulated the organisation of the Council of State, and confided to it the task: 1stly, of developing the signification of the laws on their being submitted to its judgment by the consuls; and 2ndly, of deciding in all disputes which might arise between the administrative and judicial authorities, and on all subjects of contention which had previously been sent to the ministers for decision.

These functions were successively extended by various decrees and *senatus-consulta*.

Under the consulate and the empire, the Council of State became a constitutional power. It drew up the laws, discussed them when brought before the Legislative Body, and interpreted them when passed. Functionaries of the highest rank, summoned before the committees chosen from among its members, were called upon to render an account of their conduct; the various persons connected with it, from the councillors of state themselves down to the simple auditors, were charged with the most important missions, administering the affairs of conquered countries, organising their finances and drawing up their codes. Men of the greatest consideration were summoned to take part in its deliberations, and esteemed themselves honoured by belonging to it. Subjected to the superior authority of this powerful body, exposed to its censure and almost entirely under its control, the ministers occupied only the second rank in the administrative hierarchy.

The Council of State ranked after the Senate and before the Legislative Body. It held its sittings in the palace of the Tuileries, near the Emperor's own cabinet. "There," says the author of "*Questions Administratives*," "appeared, in all their splendour, Cambacères, the most didactic of legislators

* Lead me your co-operation to carry out the designs I form for the prosperity of nations.

and the most able of presidents; Tronchet, the most learned of European jurists; Treillard, the most nervous dialectician of the council; Portalis, celebrated for his eloquence; Ségur, for his graceful turn of thought; Zangiacomi, for the sharp conciseness of his words; Allent, for the depth of his attainments; Dandon, for his erudition in all the matters of administration; Chauvelin, sparkling with unexpected sallies; Cuvier, famous for his strong reason and universal knowledge; Pasquier, who was so mild; Boulay, so judicious; Béranger, so cutting, so close in his reasoning, and so witty; Berlier, so profound and so copious; De Gérando, so skilled in the science of administrative law; and Andréossi, in engineering; Saint-Cyr, in military strategy; Regnault de Saint-d'Angely, that brilliant orator, consummate publicist, and indefatigable worker; Bernadotte, at present King of Sweden; and Jourdan, the conqueror of Fleurus."

ORGANIZATION OF THE PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION.

On this bas-relief is the following inscription: "Sans l'ordre l'administration n'est qu'un chaos."*

It is a difficult task to explain the manner in which the artist has endeavoured to express this idea. If his other compositions speak plainly to the eyes, this one appears lost in an allegory as incomplete in its execution as it is obscure in its conception.

Napoleon, seated in his unvarying and rather monotonous attitude, holds in one hand the helm of state, and in the other the fasces of empire. He is summoning to him Justice, armed with a torch and a pair of scales, Truth bearing her mirror, and Plenty, her distinctive attribute. But these figures, grouped somewhat at hazard, do not strike us in any way connected with the subject intended to be represented.

Before 1789 the administration of affairs in France was one of the most complicated description. Through the immense multitude of functionaries, or agents, and the great variety of administrative divisions into which the country was parcelled out, it was almost impossible to discern any kind of unity either in the plan or actions of the government; France was divided, in what regarded its ecclesiastical constitution, into eighteen archbishoprics; financially, into thirty-two intendancies and generalities; politically, into sixteen parliamentary districts and other sovereign courts; and militarily, into forty general provincial governments.

The councils, in which the great affairs of state were discussed, were: the King's Council, the Council of the Despatches, the Royal Council of Finance, the Royal Council of Commerce, the Private Council of State, or *des Partis*, and the Grand Chancellery of France.

In ordinary matters, justice was administered in the castellanies, provostships, viguierhips, and other royal and seigniorial courts, forming the inferior class; and in the bailiwicks, seneschals' courts, and presidials, which were the middling or intermediate courts. Lastly, important matters were carried before the parliaments, or royal councils, and other superior tribunals. In 1789, there were in the kingdom thirteen parliaments holding their sittings in Paris, Toulouse, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Dijon, Rouen, Aix, Rennes, Pau, Metz, Douay, Besançon, and Nancy. To these we must add other institutions possessing the same authority as the parliaments, such as the Provincial Council of Artois, and the Sovereign Councils of Alsace, at Colmar, and of Roussillon, at Perpignan. The Parliament of Paris was composed of six chambers. Lastly, above all these magistracies, there were still two other tribunals; the Grand Council, and the Provostship of the King's Household. Several branches of the administration had separate tribunals; for instance, in the matter of taxes, there were the tribunals of the Treasurers of France, the *Cour des Aides* for the aids, tallies, and gabelles, besides many others.

The administrative and judicial organisation adopted by the French Revolution is as simple as that which it succeeded was complex and diffuse. France, divided into departments and arrondissements, is administered according to the same

system by a number of agents, all corresponding, through their various ranks, with one another, and with the centre, where a few ministers, at the head of the administration, are grouped in council around the head of the state, who, at every instant, is immediately informed of everything which takes place through the whole length and breadth of the country, and who, so to speak, from the cabinet in which he works, sees all the superior and subordinate administrative authorities, from the capital to the frontiers, performing their various tasks with almost mathematical regularity. Such is the plan traced out and perfected by the republican assemblies, and more especially brought into practice by the first consul. This plan has been compared to that of the spider's web, where the slightest shock given to one of the threads, even the most remote, is communicated to the centre with electric rapidity. There is no doubt that so beautiful and harmonious a system is open to abuses; but such perfect regularity does not necessarily exclude the possibility of real independence in each separate part of this kind of network, and on no hypothesis can a state of confusion and disorder, where it is lawful for the subordinate agents of the administration to turn to the profit of their own passions and interests the kind of veil which conceals them from the eye of the superior authorities, be considered as tending less to favour abuses.

PACIFICATION OF CIVIL TROUBLES.

This subject terminates the series, and closes the train of ideas by which art has undertaken the mission of expressing the dominant characteristics of the emperor's reign. Napoleon is crushing with his foot a man on the ground, who probably is intended to personify Anarchy; while, in obedience to the emperor's voice, France returns her sword to its scabbard, Religion resumes her rights, and Youth returns to the arms of Wisdom. The execution of this composition is heavy, and the figures are altogether deficient in character and grandeur.

THE CARYATIDES.

Twelve marble pillars, enormous blocks of stone, brought at a great expense from Carrara, support the crypt. Out of these blocks twelve caryatides, each about sixteen feet high, were sculptured by Mons. Pradier.

Caryatides are generally draped female statues, placed as supports or ornaments beneath the architraves of buildings. The following is their origin, according to Vitruvius: Caria, in the Peloponnesus, having been taken and ruined by the other Greeks, conquerors of the Persians, with whom the Carians had formed a league, the men were put to the edge of the sword, and the women carried away into slavery, in which state the most noble among them were compelled still to wear their long robes and ornaments. At a later period, in order to perpetuate the recollection of their treason and their punishment, the Grecian architects substituted, in several public edifices, figures of Carian women for the usual pilasters and columns.

In our modern architecture, caryatides do not always represent slaves; they are often, like those now before us, statues symbolical of the several sciences and arts, or of some divinity or other taken from the domain of Fable, but they have invariably preserved their original destination.

The caryatides of the Emperor's tomb represent figures of Victory bearing palm branches and wreaths. Two only, one on each side of the opening of the door, hold in their hands a bunch of keys; they are there as the guardians of the tomb, and their proud attitude forms a striking contrast with the calm and devotional repose of the ten others.

These caryatides are not all equally impressed with the marks of a large and grandiose style of execution. Two or three are very fine, and correspond with the grandeur of the subject and the majesty of the place, but some, on the other hand, are unworthy of their object and the name of the artist who furnished the models. We must here mention that each caryatis, together with the pillar against which it is placed, consists of a single block. This circumstance, which cannot escape the observation of connoisseurs,

* Without order every system of administration is but a chaos.

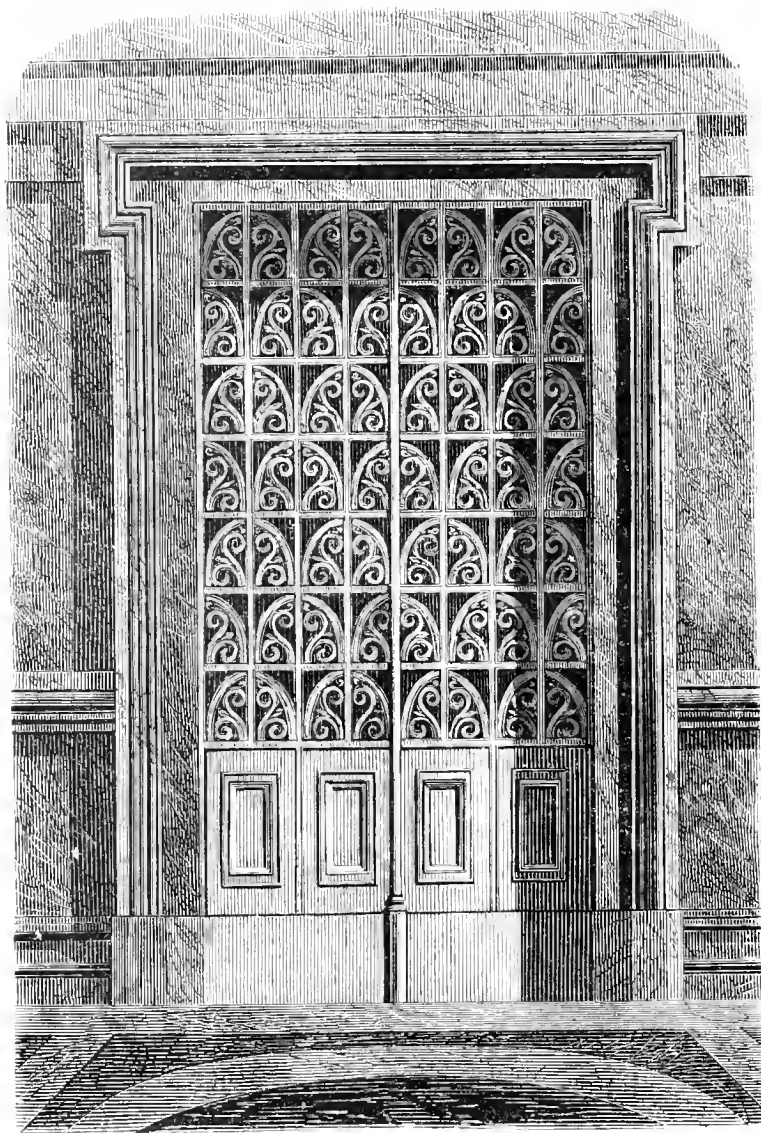
imparts an air of great magnificence to the mausoleum, and gives it that peculiar character of grandeur which is found in the gigantic constructions of Egypt and ancient Nineveh.

THE MOSAICS.

The whole space between the base of the caryatides and the foot of the sarcophagus is occupied by an admirable piece of mosaic, representing a system of rays of the colour of bright gold, which seem to spring from a colossal wreath of laurels. The inner circle of this mosaic forms a band, on which are incrustated the immortal names of Marengo, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Jena, Austerlitz, Friedland, and several other places.

tion, comes from the workshops of Messrs. Ciuli and Scagnoli.

We know that the origin of mosaics is very ancient; their great merit consists in their uniting brilliancy to solidity. The architects of Greece were constantly in the habit of employing them. Thanks to a marvellous kind of glaze called pouzzolane, made partly of lime and partly of a reddish volcanic earth found principally at Pouzzoles, the Italian artists have succeeded in imparting to their mosaics a degree of solidity which bids fair to defy the destructive effects of time.



ENTRANCE TO THE RELIQUARY.

In order to give the mosaic a brilliancy corresponding with the extraordinary splendour of the materials employed in the construction of the mausoleum, the richest enamels have been employed in its formation, so that we may justly affirm that it would be impossible to find, even among the precious relics of antiquity, anything displaying more brilliant and more intense colours. The wreath of laurels possesses all the vigour of a fine painting.

This beautiful specimen of an art which produced such marvels in the ingenious and able hands of the old Roman artists, and which offers such resources to modern decora-

THE SARCOPHAGUS.

Exactly in the centre of the mosaic stands the sarcophagus, composed of so-called Finland porphyry, placed upon a pedestal of Corsican granite. It is of the most imposing simplicity, and consists of the receptacle for the body and the cover, without any ornaments save rounded arrises and scrollwork of severe regularity. By the effect of contrast, the red tone of the porphyry stands out with majestic vigour on the bright green of the wreath of laurels.

The coffin containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon does not repose immediately within the sarcophagus



STATUE OF NAPOLEON.

used in the same way as it is employed in a mahogany coffin, which is supported by two or three pieces of hard lead; these in their turn are placed within the cavity of the sarcophagus in the form of a shell the 17th December 1841.

The sarcophagus is formed with gray Brecon granite. Moved by a feeling of national superiority, the architect adopted this means to prevent the body of the French sovereign from being already exposed on marble.

The stone of which the sarcophagus is formed is not a homogeneous material termed porphyry, it is composed of quartz crystals which are lighter than real porphyry, will prove less durable. This stone which was brought by the greatest caravans from the Sahak has its quarries in the neighbourhood of St. Flourburgh, all not less than 2000 miles before it reached Paris. Its grain is so hard that a workman employed in sawing it had not been enabled, at the end of ten months, to make an incision as deep as the blade of his saw. It was necessary to have recourse to a greater power than that of the hammer and Mens. Simon, a skilful marble-worker, being on the idea of employing a steam-engine for sawing and polishing the surface of it.

The top of the sarcophagus formed a plane slab of this rich stone weighing 10000 lbs.

All beneath this is the large opening in the pavement of the church, the side which the sarcophagus appears with its admirable paintings and its dimly penetrating light which only reaches the sarcophagus, the opening stands through the floor and under the steps and their funeral crepes.

THE SARCOPHAGUS OF NAPOLEON.

On reascending the gallery we have yet to visit the sword tomb which is a monument of the same moment, collected there has also been termed the red quarry.

It is a small chamber lined with white marble. At the farther end is raised a marble statue of Napoleon in his imperial costume, grasping his sceptre in one hand and the globe in the other; these two distinctive signs of sovereignty were, as likewise the emblem of his mantle, are gilt. Behind the statue, a small porphyry pedestal has been raised, upon it is a small bronze vase made in the shape of a caudon. This contains a few drops which belong to the emperor, namely his little token hat of Austerlitz, his epaulettes, and his orders. The sword of Austerlitz and the crown of gold brought by the town of Brest are also placed upon the pedestal.

To the right and left is a table to receive the obsequies by an inscription of the year. These were originally supported the obsequies saved at the Luxembourg by the patriotism of Mens. de Simonville.

In the wall are inscribed the names of the bodies which Napoleon commanded in person.

The pavement which is lined with marble contains four niches for preventing the four principal attributes of imperial power, namely, the sceptre, the hand of justice, the sword, and the diadem itself.

All round, lamp flames night and day in the gallery, but the light is not allowed to enter and which is gradually brought down through the ornaments of the gilt bronze grates.

Every year, on the 6th of May, the anniversary of the Emperor Napoleon's death, a funeral mass will be celebrated at the altar of the dome church. On this occasion, all the lamps, of the stars as well as in the crypt, will send forth a soft flame.

The monument raised to the memory of the Emperor Napoleon reaches the spectator by the prodigious magnitude of the materials employed in its construction. We have seen people who described it as having successfully that the height of the building are 100 feet high, and made of a solid block of the black marble of the Pyrenees; that the steps of the altar were numbered and laid out in a way which would make more than three blocks of white Carrara marble that could be taken to the quarry, together that with the pillar against which it is placed, the complete of a single block of Carrara marble, 100 feet high, 10 feet broad, and

more than 100 feet thick. This great splendour imparts a most imposing appearance to the general aspect of the tomb, and prevents the eye from straying, without an attentive examination, the details of details and composition which we have pointed out in the bas-reliefs and the Caryatides.

No less than twelve years have been required for this great work.

In 1841 the Chamber of Deputies voted a grant of 2400000 for the purpose of transferring the mortal remains of the emperor to France. This sum having proved insufficient, a supplementary grant was voted by the law of the 10th June 1841. In reply to the following words pronounced from the tribune, on the 10th of May, 1841, by Mens. Roussin, minister of the interior—"Any monument France may raise in memory of the emperor should be simple in its beauty, grand in its form, and, in its appearance, of a solidity that nothing could ever disturb. Napoleon should have a monument as durable as the form of his deeds"—the Chambers, by the same law of the 10th June, granted 2000000 for the construction of the tomb.

Artists were publicly solicited to send in plans; eighty-two did so. Mens. Visconti's idea of placing the sarcophagus below the level of the ground, in a crypt lighted from the dome, was the only one not conceived an objection to the decided resolution of the government to reject every kind of external mausoleum which would have the effect of destroying the monumental character of the Dome-Church.

The plan was adopted; it became the greatest difficulty of the government programme, which imperiously insisted that the tomb should be placed beneath the dome; for we must not forget that this position had been irrevocably decided on by the Chambers, and M. Visconti's plan, while averring all the exigencies of the case, allowed the greatest scope to the architect, without in any way interfering with the aspect of the interior of the edifice such as it was conceived by Louis XIV.

CHARLES-BOURBONNAIN'S SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTISTS MENTIONED IN THIS NOTICE.

CHARLES-BOURBONNAIN MANSART was born at Paris, in the year 1740. His father, also, was named Jules-Harism, and had married a sister of the Francois-Mansart whom we have had occasion to mention in the first portion of this notice, and who was next painter to his Majesty. The young Charles was placed under his uncle's care to learn his profession. He profited so well by the instruction he received, and was endued with so delicate and agreeable a turn of mind, that he was fortunate enough to please the king, Louis XIV., who confided to him the most important architectural works undertaken during his reign. Pleased of the favour of his sovereign, and naturally desirous of progressing, Mansart succeeded in inspiring the king with that taste for building with which posterity has so often reproached him, and which was the cause of such vast sums of the public money being expended. Among Mansart's works may be mentioned the chateau of Marly, the Grand Trianon, and the chapel of the Maison de Saint-Cyr, the Place Vendôme, and the Place des Victoires, the church of Notre-Dame at Versailles, and the chateau of Vaux, of Dampierre, and of Longjumeau. But what most certainly set the seal upon his reputation was his erection of the Château de Versailles and the dome church of the Hotel de Invalides. It is very rarely that any architect has so many buildings of such immense magnitude confided to him. Mansart did not, however, always satisfy the expectations entertained of him. With regard to the chateau de Versailles, however, for which he has been severely criticised, we must not reproach him with the design of the situation, nor the aridity of the soil on which the palace stands; and if the various buildings which form the exterior of the chateau on the same side as the Cour de Marie represent a mean and disagreeable contrast with the mass of the chateau, then, the necessity the architect was under of preserving that portion of the palace erected in the time of Louis XIII. may in some degree excuse him. On the garden side, however, he had nothing to shake his ideas, and

* See also M. de la Harpe's account of the engraving in France.

therefore has no excuse. When viewed at a short distance only, the edifice produces an imposing effect by the immense extent of its lines; but when viewed from a long distance, its uniformity becomes fatiguing. It is a square building, flanked by two long wings, in a cramped style of architecture, full of projections, but without any contrast or opposition in its different parts, so that, at a certain distance, it resembles nothing more nor less than a long uniform wall. It is in the interior, however, that its defects are peculiarly apparent. The staircase is placed very far from the entrance, and in such an out-of-the-way corner that the visitor is obliged to employ a guide to point it out. At the top of the staircase there is no vestibule nor reception room; there are merely two or three small chambers conducting, at an angle, to an ante-room that is but half-lighted. There is no regular communication between the apartments, and in order to pass from one to the other, it is necessary to go first up and then down several small flights of stairs. Many of the details, however, are very beautiful, and among the buildings belonging to, although not actually forming part of, the palace itself, we may mention the orangery, an edifice ornamented with columns of the Tuscan order, grand and noble, yet, at the same time, extremely simple. If historians are to be believed, however, the plan is not due to Mansart. It is said that Louis XIV., being far from pleased with the plans which Mansart had submitted to him, asked Lenôtre for one. Lenôtre at first excused himself, on the plea that he was not at all familiar with this department of architecture; but his majesty having again pressed him, Lenôtre made a sketch which pleased the king extremely, and which Mansart was ordered to carry into execution, after having modified it in certain particulars. The chapel of Versailles, ornamented with isolated Corinthian columns, is very elegant and admirably planned, but the architect appears to have been cramped for space. It was his last work; in fact he did not live to complete it.

For constructing the dome-church of the Hôtel des Invalides, Mansart received the order of Saint Michael from Louis XIV., he and Lenôtre being the first artists thus honoured. The great works with which he was continually being entrusted, and the constant favour of Louis XIV., enabled him to amass a considerable fortune. It has been said that, in order to please the king, Mansart was in the habit of employing means that would have done honour to the most subtle courtier; for instance, in his plans he would leave such absurd mistakes that the king discovered them at the first glance, whereupon Mansart would go into ecstasies about the profundity of the king's knowledge of the subject, and with such an appearance of simple and innocent candour, that the king was completely his dupe.

Mansart had many enemies, who did all in their power to ruin him in the estimation of the king. At last, they thought that they had hit upon a plan which could not possibly fail. Mansart was acquainted with a female, who robbed him of an order for 50,000 francs which the king had given him for some of the royal works on which he was then employed. The order was taken to Louis XIV., with the remark that it was thus that his Superintendent of Buildings used the funds confided to him for very different purposes. Unable to believe Mansart guilty, Louis XIV. summoned him to his presence. The architect had already discovered his loss; he confessed the whole truth, and had not much difficulty in proving his innocence to the king, who, to show his confidence in him, gave him back the order that had been stolen, and caused another of the same value to be sent to him, so certain was he that the money would not be badly employed.

Mansart was endowed with a very prolific genius. His conceptions are generally full of nobleness and grandeur; but his style is not chaste: he very often allows himself a license which has not always the advantage of producing a beautiful result. He died rather suddenly at Marly, the 11th May, 1708. His body was transported to Paris, and buried in the church of St. Paul, which was also that of his parish. His tomb, sculptured by Coysevox, was, during the first French revolution, removed to one of the rooms of the Musée des

Monuments Français. In 1818, however, it was transferred to one of the churches of Paris.

ANTOINE COYSEVOX was born of Spanish parents, at Lyons, in the year 1649. Before he was seventeen, he had established his reputation in his native town by a statue of the Virgin which he executed. He then went to Paris, and worked under Lerambert and other masters, with whom he made the most rapid progress. He was scarcely twenty-seven when he was selected by the Cardinal de Fürstenberg to go to Alsatia, and decorate his palace at Saverne. This work occupied him four years, at the expiration of which period he returned to Paris. He first executed a pedestrian statue of Louis XIV., with the two bas-reliefs of the pedestal, for the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville, but they were all destroyed in the first Revolution. He then received an order from the States of Brittany for an equestrian bronze statue of the same king, fifteen feet high. In order to carry out this work with the same amount of perfection with which he had conceived it, he sent for sixteen or seventeen of the finest horses out of the royal stables, selected the best portions of each horse, and, after long studying their movements, imitated them. It is to this spirit of persevering industry that we owe most of Coysevox's finest productions. Our limits prevent our mentioning all his works; we will content ourselves with naming the tombs of Mazarin, Colbert, and Charles Lebrun. Most of his works fell a sacrifice to the vandalism of the first revolution, but those we still possess are quite sufficient to ensure his fame. He died at Paris, the 10th October, 1720.

NOËL COYPEL was born at Paris, the 25th December, 1628. He learned the elements of his art from an obscure master of the name of Guillerie, under whom he made such rapid progress, that, at the early age of eighteen, he was selected to work on the scenes of "Orpheus," a piece brought out at the Grand Opera. From this time forward he was almost always employed in the royal palaces. In 1655, he executed several works for the Oratory and the king's chamber, and also ornamented with the productions of his pencil the apartment of Cardinal Mazarin. It was he, too, who, on the occasion of Louis XIV.'s marriage, painted the ceilings of the queen's apartment in the Louvre, several rooms in the Tuileries, and several in the palace of Fontainebleau. In 1663, he was received a member of the *Académie Royale de Peinture*, the picture he painted on that occasion being "The Death of Abel," which was greatly admired. After several years of untiring artistic activity, Coypel was named by the king Director of the Academy of Rome. During his directorship he painted four pictures, which for a long time formed the principal attraction of the guardroom of the queen's guards at Versailles. These pictures represent "Solon," "Trajan," "Alexander," "Severus," and "Ptolemy Philadelphos." The first was engraved by Duchange, and the three others by Charles Dupuis. Having been compelled by the disastrous wars of the latter part of his reign to limit the expenses of the crown, Louis XIV. abolished the office of First Painter to the King at Mignard's death, but to make some amends to Coypel for not bestowing the place on him, created him Perpetual Director of the Academy, with an annual pension of a thousand crowns. Coypel was seventy-seven years old when he painted his two grand pictures of the "Assumption," which are so greatly admired, over the altar of the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. He died two years afterwards, at Paris, on the 24th December, 1707. He was twice married, and had four children by his second wife.

Coypel was not always correct in the drawing of his figures, which he sometimes endowed with a somewhat too theatrical air, besides often being far from exact in matters of costume; but these faults are generally redeemed by his magnificent colouring and the vastness and grandeur of his composition, the style of which bears some similarity to that of Lebrun. He was equally at home in sacred and profane history, and had made an especial study of perspective and anatomy. To distinguish him from his sons, who were also painters, Coypel was commonly called by amateurs, Coypel le Poussin. We possess some excellent works by him on the principles of

painting and colouring, and also his portrait, painted by himself, and engraved by J. Audran.

JEAN JOUVENET was born at Rouen, on the 21st August, 1617. He received the first lessons in his art from his father; but the latter, soon perceiving that he could teach him nothing more, sent him to Paris, where, alone and without a master, but with nature as his guide, he prosecuted his studies with the greatest ardour. His first efforts were successful; and this so mortified a jealous rival, that he wrote to Jouvenet's parents to say that their son, instead of applying himself to his art, was losing his time, and ruining his health, in debauchery and vice. On this, Jouvenet received a letter, ordering him instantly to return home. The young man was justly indignant; but, conscious of his innocence, sent, as answer, the last picture he had painted: this opened his father's eyes, and Jouvenet was allowed to remain in Paris. Not long afterwards, he achieved a brilliant triumph by his picture of the "Curing of the Paralytic." He was hardly twenty-nine years old when he executed it; but the boldness of design, the vigour of touch, and the grandeur of composition displayed in it, revealed the finished artist. By the kindness and protection of Lebrun, Jouvenet was received a member of the *Académie de Peinture*, in 1655; and from this moment his reputation was firmly established; indeed, he could scarcely find time to execute the different pictures required of him. Jouvenet became a special favourite with Louis XIV., who granted him an annual pension, and loaded him with many other marks of his protection. In 1713, he became paralyzed, in consequence of a severe attack of apoplexy. Every remedy was tried in vain, and Jouvenet was obliged to renounce his pencil. But his love for the art was as strong as ever; and, not being able to work himself, he took a pleasure in directing the efforts of his nephew and pupil, Restout. One day, the young painter could not clearly seize his uncle's idea, who wished him to correct the expression of a face he was painting. Jouvenet takes the pencil, but in endeavouring, with his lame hand, to correct the head, spoils it. In a fit of despair, he endeavours to repair the accident with his left hand; and, to his great astonishment and unspeakable delight, perceives that it obeys, without the slightest effort, the dictates of his will. From this moment his illness is forgotten, and he sets to work again with increased ardour. There is no doubt that the pictures painted in this manner are not so fine as his former ones, but they still possess extraordinary merit. His last work was a "Visitation," known under the name of the "Magnicat," and executed for the choir of the cathedral of Notre Dame. Jouvenet died on the 5th of April, 1717.

That which particularly distinguishes Jouvenet from the other painters of his time, is the vast extent and grand effect of his compositions, the happy arrangements of his groups, and the boldness of his outlines. Although his colouring is wanting in truth, and has a yellowish tint, the knowledge he possessed of chiaro-oscuro imparts peculiar harmony and force to his pictures. His drawing is generally correct, but without revealing any knowledge of the antique; he is heavy, angular, and too often wanting in nobleness; his drapery is free and well-disposed, but it never allows the outline of the naked figure to be perceptible through its folds, and seems rather intended to hide than to cover the personage who wears it. His expression, too, is sometimes weak. In a word, as a general rule, his compositions have something theatrical and symmetrical about them, as if, while producing his effects, he was desirous to conceal from the observation of the spectator his defective knowledge of drawing and his ignorance of beauty of form. We have the more reason to be astonished at this, as it seems in direct contradiction to the principles which he himself professed, and regarding which he thus expressed himself: "Painting should resemble music, and, in order to be without fault, a picture should, by its arrangement and colouring, produce as perfect an accord on the eyes as a well-executed concert does on the ear." Perhaps the defects of this artist are not to be entirely attributed to his character and individual disposition, but to the fact of his never having quitted France.

CHARLES DE LAFOSSE was born in Paris, in the year 1640. His father was a jeweller, who placed him at an early age under Lebrun. His progress was so rapid that in a short time he obtained a pension from the king and the privilege of being sent to Italy. After studying correctness of drawing and grandeur of composition in the Roman school, he proceeded to Venice, where he perfected himself in colouring by meditating carefully and assiduously on the master-pieces of Paul Veronese and Titian. It was in Italy, too, that he learned the art of fresco-painting. On his return to France, whither his reputation had already preceded him, he received orders for various pictures from several persons of note, and among others from Louis XIV. himself, for whom he painted several pictures intended for the palaces of Trianon and Marli. In 1683, he was received into the *Académie de Peinture*, and, his reputation having extended to England, was invited over, some time afterwards, by Lord Montague, for whom he painted two ceilings in Montague House, which was subsequently known as the British Museum, but has since been pulled down to make room for the present building. These two ceilings represented the "Apotheosis of Isis," and the "Meeting of the Gods." The artist lavished on them all the riches of his genius, and particularly distinguished himself by the poetry of the composition, the magic of the colouring, and the beauty of the arrangement. King Charles II. was so struck with them that he endeavoured to persuade Lafosse to settle permanently in England, promising him considerable advantages and constant occupation in case he did so. But Lafosse refused every inducement held out to him, and hastened back to France, in the hopes of succeeding Lebrun, who was just dead, as First Painter to the King. Lafosse was a great friend of Mansart, in whose house he lived, and for whom he executed sketches of all the pictures for the church of the Hôtel des Invalides. Mansart, through whom he hoped to obtain the office in question and the task of executing all the pictures, happening to die before the matter was decided, Lafosse was not appointed, and was charged with the execution of a part only of the paintings. After Mansart's death, Lafosse took up his abode in the house of an intimate friend of his, Mons. Crezat, for whom he painted, on the ceiling of his gallery, the "Birth of Minerva." He painted, also, a great number of other pieces, and died at Paris, in 1716, without issue.

NICOLAS COUSTOU was born at Lyons, the 9th January, 1658, and came to Paris, at the age of eighteen, to study the art of sculpture under Coysevox, his uncle. He was highly successful, and, after a sojourn in Italy of some time, returned to his native country, where he produced many most beautiful works, remarkable for their purity of form and happiness of conception. His principal defect was a certain want of grandeur. This artist worked at his profession until the age of seventy-six years, and the last of his works, which death did not allow him to finish, is esteemed one of his very best. It is a medallion bearing a bas-relief of the "Passage of the Rhine." Coustou terminated his laborious career on the 1st May, 1733.

WILLIAM COUSTOU, who was even more celebrated than his brother Nicolas, was born at Lyons, in 1678. Like his brother, he studied under Coysevox, and, also, for some time in Italy, and, on his return, was received a member of the *Académie Royale*. Among his works may be mentioned "Hercules on the Funeral Pile," the figures of the Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Rhone, and also the pediment of the Chateau d'Eau opposite the Palais Royal. The last, and, perhaps, the finest of his productions, are the two groups now at the entrance to the Champs Elysées. Each group represents a horse rearing up with a man holding it. William Coustou died at Paris, the 22nd February, 1746.

Monsieur VISCONTI, who is one of the first French architects of the present day, has been charged with the completion of the palace of the Louvre. He has also been appointed imperial architect.

For a notice of Mons. PRADIER, we refer the reader to THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i., p. 280.

NICHOLAS LANCRET.



THERE came a time in France, when Madame Tallicn took the place of Madame de Pompadour, when the *petits maîtres* and



jolly abbés of the court, who had been swept away by the revolutionary storm, reappeared in the shape of gay fops; and the gentlemen, instead of close coats and red heelpieces,

walked about in Paris with box coats, cravats, and whiskers trimmed *à la Borras*. Thenceforward Lancret was no longer talked of. Alas! to fling this amiable painter into oblivion, there was no need of the three *Horaces*, and of *Brutus*, and some of Carle Vernet's *Invoyables*. Watteau might bid defiance to death, when it came, for Watteau was the creator of a branch of painting, the founder of a school. Watteau, in the time of Louis XIV., was a phenomenon; but Lancret, his pupil, who had not altogether the same claims to immortality, was shipwrecked with the old society, whose manners, whose attitudes, and whose graces—sometimes insipid to the verge of the ridiculous—he had faithfully sketched. It would require the advent of an era of eclecticism, like our own, to enable Lancret to shake off the dust of garrets, and to take possession of the drawing-rooms once more. At the present day, there would be no objection made to what we see figuring in a boudoir of the time of Louis XV., over chairs with rounded arms and bedecked with roses—the swing in which Madame la Presidente de B— perches herself in Lancret's gardens.

It would be hard to find a painter who has more faithfully portrayed the features of his own time than Lancret. He entered more fully into its conventionalities, manners, and customs than Watteau, and more fully too than Pater, between which two we shall place him. A clever prose writer, speaking of Watteau, has told us in bad verse, that Dame Nature brought forth the painter of fashionable gaieties for the express purpose of admiring her own portrait in French dress; but he has overlooked the fact, that Watteau had a positive horror of

French costume—a horror which it was quite pardonable to entertain, even with regard to the fashions which prevailed in the first half of the seventeenth century—and that this able master always borrows from the wardrobe of the Italian comedy, the garments with which he fits out *Mezzino* and *Pantolon*, and adorns the inscrutable folly of Gille. Lancret stands on the boundary between real life and the stage; he verges close upon the vaudeville. Watteau, with his immortal types, and his gay landscapes, paints eclogues, travestied certainly, but still eclogues; he keeps sufficiently within the region of fiction to reach poetry. Lancret, without removing too far from reality, manages to throw a theatrical air around his works.

Certainly Lancret is not a poet, but he is an elegant prose writer. His ideal, for he was not altogether without one, is a drawing-room ideal; his fancy never rises above the conventional distinctions and the refinements of the fashionable world. His characters are all "persons of quality"—their figures graceful, their eyebrows arched haughtily, their mien defiant. We need not expect to see them rambling along wild fields: the painter introduces them into a conventional landscape, in the midst of masses of trees and shrubs, clipped into the form of arcades or gothic arches, in those artificial retreats which were then called *cabinets de verdure*. There he makes them keep time to the music of the *monaco*, or the slow cadence of the minuet. The cavaliers screw up their mouths, and wear beauty spots on their faces; the ladies appear in lackadaisical attitudes—one arm hangs gracefully over the skirt, the other holds a fan in such a position as to conceal only one half of the face, and leave full scope for the manoeuvres of their killing eyes. The little marquis, he is all grace; he smiles with an assuming air, and executes triumphant pirouettes. In truth, the Saxon porcelain makers, who executed for the furniture of the great those enamelled gentlemen, most unpolitely called "maggots," never invented anything so splendidly droll, so delightfully affected.

And yet such was the world at that time; such were the postures, and such was the turn of mind; it might be said even—if the human race is modified by the times and the manners—such were the men also. They carried their eyes on a level with the head; they assumed distorted attitudes and sly airs, and consulted "The Laws of Good Breeding." As to the women, their beauty was delicate, no doubt, but it was "got up." We must not forget that it was in Lancret's time that Froissac becomes Richelieu, and the regent exhausts the very springs of his life. We find ourselves in the interval between the regency and Louis XV., and in this point of view Lancret's works are an admirable study, not merely for the connoisseur, but for the historian, who believes it to be his duty to make himself acquainted with the outside of things, the fashions, the cut of the coats, and even the make of the furniture.

Nicholas Lancret was at first intended for a mould engraver, but as he showed an inclination for painting, he was put to study under Peter d'Ulin, a professor of the Academy. Having acquired the rudiments from him, he chose, as the department to which he intended to devote himself, the *fêtes galantes*, picnics, gipsy parties, &c., which Watteau had at that time made very fashionable. He made such progress under this new master, that Watteau, it is said, became jealous of him. Some of young Lancret's paintings having been exhibited in public, were taken for Watteau's by some amateurs who piqued themselves upon their powers of discernment. Watteau, who was excessively sensitive, became more jealous than ever when he heard this, and all intercourse between the two painters was completely broken off. Lancret's reputation, however, became greater every day. People began to run after his works, which now found a place in the choicest collections. An amateur having ordered four at a certain fixed price, was so pleased with the first two, that he offered to pay a larger sum for the remainder. Lancret displayed great talent in those storied ornaments which were then employed so freely in the decoration of apartments. M. de Boulogne, Intendant des Ordres du Roi, instructed him to paint an entire hall in this style, and he executed the task to

perfection. The king hearing of it sent for the painter to Versailles, and commissioned him to paint for the dining-room of the small apartments, "a Collation served up in a Garden," some rural subjects above the gate of the Apollo Gallery, and a "Leopard Hunt," in which the painter represents the animal attacked by naked men.

D'Argenville, who was the contemporary of Lancret, and who was certainly acquainted with him, furnishes us with several interesting details regarding him. He declares him to have been a man of upright character and affable disposition. He gained the good-will of all honourable men by his gentleness, and won their esteem by his integrity. A broker, perceiving that Lancret's pencil could render him good service, by giving a delicate retouching to valuable pictures, proposed to him to undertake this sort of work, at the same time offering him a large salary. "I prefer running the risk of executing bad paintings," was the reply, "to spoiling good ones." The soundness of his judgment kept him on his guard against prejudices and hasty decision, and he often said—in reference to old paintings, which were praised and admired beyond measure simply for their antiquity—"You offer incense to idols." He often visited the great collections of the princes with the celebrated Lemoine, the only one of his brother artists with whom he kept up close intercourse. There everything was discussed, examined, criticised, and rated at its just value. It was in this way that Lancret acquired his great familiarity with the works of the ancient masters. Regarding these his glance even was infallible. An amateur, one day, wishing to test his skill, substituted a copy of a Virgin of Rembrandt in the place of the original, and in the same frame. As soon as Lancret had examined it, he exclaimed to a friend who was with him, "They are deceiving us. This is not the original that I have seen here so often." His friend inquired how he was able to tell, and the painter in reply pointed out some false touches in the arms of the child and of the Virgin. The original was then brought in, and proved the correctness of his statement.*

With this rare accuracy Lancret united an inexhaustible imagination, and a fertility bordering on enthusiasm, to use the words of his biographer. What variety he has introduced into subjects so trite and hackneyed as "The Elements," "The Seasons," "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Hours of the Day," "The Twelve Months of the Year," "The Five Senses!" Some of them he has treated two or three times, and always in different ways. He was one of the most industrious of artists; underwent an enormous amount of labour, and yet never repeated himself. He passes for a painter who has wholly practised from a conventional type, created by Gillot and Watteau; and yet he never drew one line with his pencil without consulting nature. In the salons, in the streets, in the promenade, everywhere, he was constantly studying, watching the attitudes, the dress, and the gestures with the eye of a painter. The ladies whom he met with at the Tuileries were his models; the alley along which he had seen them trailing the skirts of their silk dresses with huge flounces, was, in his eyes, only the background of the painting in which he should introduce them. Sometimes the rustle of one of these robes, the passing vision of a fair marchioness, accompanied, as if for a pretext, by two pretty little children, would make such an impression upon him that he would leave his friends, on the moment, and go aside to sketch what had pleased him so much. Some time before his death he conceived the idea of painting a Savoyard in the act of exhibiting some little curiosity which he hawked about the streets. So he brought all the boys and girls whom he met with in the squares exhibiting live marmots, and arranged them in picturesque groups, or rather suffered them to arrange themselves, in his studio, so that he might observe at his ease their countenances and the varied expressions of their physiognomy. Just as he was preparing to sketch them thus, one

* D'Argenville, "Abregé de la Vie des plus Fameux Peintres," tome iv., p. 439. Paris 1762.

of his friends entered suddenly, and surprised him in the act of putting into practice his own constant advice to others, to paint from nature. This, in fact, in relation to his art, was his habitual thought. "Men," he said, "were not angels, and could not guess what was not always before their eyes. If you abandon nature too soon you will become false and affected; so that, when you wish to consult her again, you will look upon her with prejudiced eyes, and will render her in your usual style." Who would believe that it was Lancret who spoke thus—he who was himself so affected, the pupil and imitator of Antoine Watteau? How shall we reconcile these classical precepts with painting which borders closely on decline? The explanation of this apparent inconsistency lies in the fact that for seeing nature aright eyes alone are not sufficient; there must be also principles and a tradition—a key to translate her, to interpret her language; for she does not make herself intelligible to everybody. In the eighteenth century there existed a strong perception of reality, but the real sentiment of nature had disappeared. It was wanting in the poets, as well as in the literary men and the painters. With the exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and more recently of Bernardin St. Pierre, no writer possessed it—at least not in the degree in which a man must have it before he can be called an artist. French painters laid it down as a rule that nature should be studied, and yet never were they so far from her as when they were studying her. Boucher never painted the nude female figure without having a model before him; and yet his flesh was like wadding, his bones were broken, the sinews were softened down, and nature placed in subjection to the orthodoxy of art; and this was because he saw with the eyes of his age. Lancret, also, faithful to his professions, never took up a brush without having nature before him; but still, in spite of himself, he remained an imitator. Educated in the imaginary parks of Watteau, in the midst of his nymphs, bedecked with ribands, and his shepherds clothed in satin, the little tinge of reality that he mixed up with his remembrances of his master, only weakens his work; for, when one imitates Watteau, it is not worth while going to the trouble of improving him, and it is as well, we think, to remain in the regions of fancy. Lancret wished to systematise Watteau, but he deceived himself. One does not reason upon fancy. Consequently, beside the poetry of this charming artist, the prose of the pupil, elegant though it be, is, after all, nothing but prose.

Lancret's painting appeared excellent to his contemporaries. In his twenty-ninth year he was elected a member of the Academy, under the title of *Peintre des Fêtes Galantes*, which had already been given to his master; and in 1735 he was raised to the rank of councillor. The two pictures which he presented at his admission, and which adorned the halls of the building, were amongst those which were most highly thought of, and most readily pointed out to visitors. One of these represented "Country Pleasures," or "The Agreeable Conversation," of which Jacques Philippe Lebas executed so brilliant and so delicate an engraving. With regard to this, an occurrence took place which is worthy of record, as showing the high esteem in which Lancret was held by his *confères*. It was the custom, whenever an engraver was received into the Academy, for him to engrave the portrait of one or two of the members as his reception piece. When Lebas was elected, the Academy thought proper slightly to depart from the established usage; and as Lebas had already engraved the portrait of one of the academicians named Caze, he was now requested to engrave Lancret's picture, "The Agreeable Conversation." The fame of the picture was by this greatly increased, for, as Lancret was inferior to Watteau in delicacy, the softness of Lebas' inimitable style supplied the defect, and placed him on a level with his master.

Like a true Parisian, Lancret always possessed in a high degree that sentiment of propriety, and that worldly tact, by which he introduced himself into notice at a very early period of his career. He had that sort of education which is known as "good breeding" in a far greater degree than his Flemish rivals, Watteau and Pater. Watteau was brusque, irritable,

stiff, and caustic; while Lancret was polite, affable, and pliable. The one was but too familiar with the road to the public-house; the only resorts frequented by the other were the great houses in the fashionable quarters of the city. He presents himself before Madame la Marquise de B—— when she is receiving none but her intimate friends; he is present at breakfast, at luncheon, he reads with her; and even when M. le Due is "not at home" to most callers, he is admitted at his levee. He owed to this sort of life the privilege which he enjoyed of composing upon canvas those familiar memoirs from which materials for a history of his age might readily be drawn.

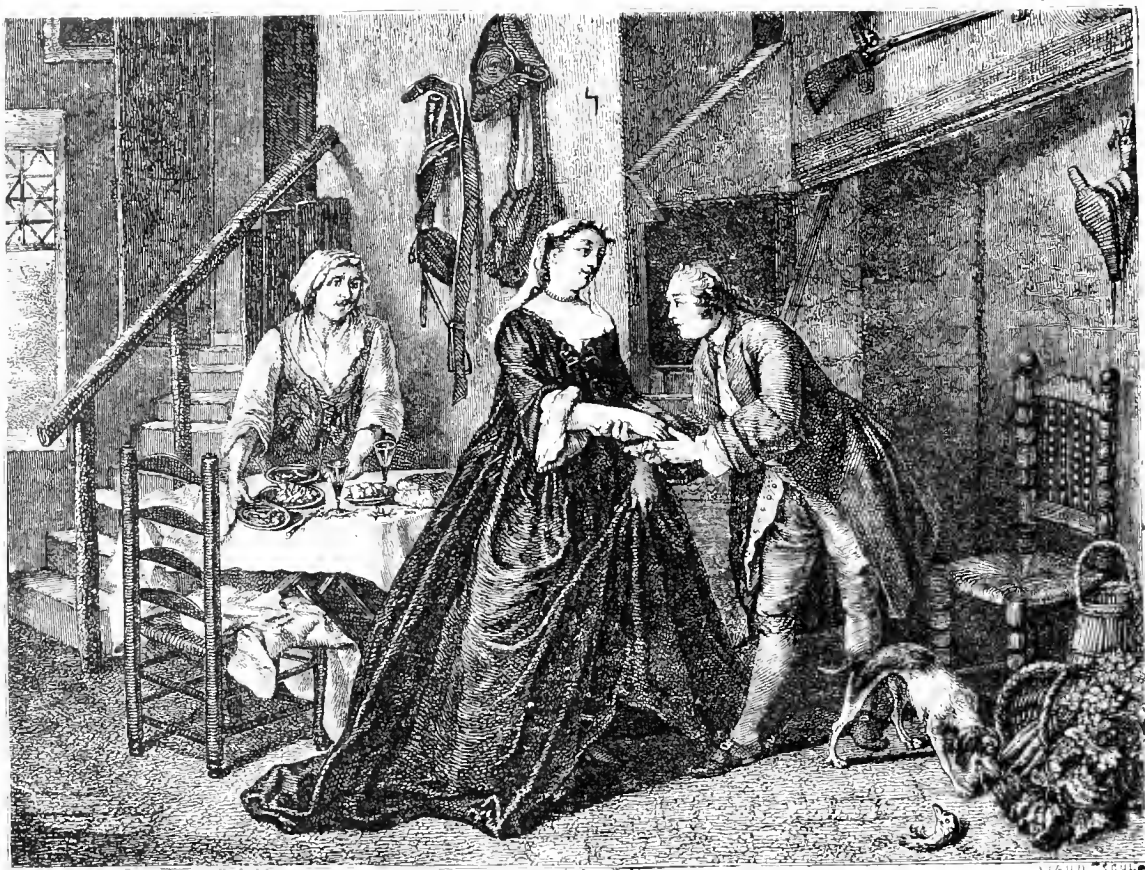
Certainly Lancret is a little cold, but he is amiable; he has not the luxuriant palette of his master; he has not his lively expressions, which Watteau found more readily in his imagination than in reminiscences of the Italian comedy; he has not that brilliant and masterly pencil which makes painters beyond comparison, but he atones for these defects by agreeable accuracy. If he is wanting in fire, he at least sees correctly; and his observation, full of keenness, has this singular merit, that he reproduces most truthfully whatever is artificial in life. His people of quality, for example, have their armorial bearings and ensigns perfectly regular; they are not strolling mountebanks, accustomed to make grimaces before crowds at a fair for bad pay. Lancret neither liked nor was acquainted with any theatricals, except those of French comedy, of which he never missed a single play. There everything was conducted with decency and order; the daughters of high families did not suffer those little head-dresses then in fashion, and so like nightcaps, to be crumpled or ruffled by any one but their *femmes de chambre*. Lancret's assiduity in attending the theatre was the means of producing one of his best works—the closing scene in the "Glorieux" of Destouches. The painting is indeed a masterpiece.

It is easy to mark out the sphere in which each of the three French painters of fêtes moved. To Watteau belonged the poetry, the idealty, the heroism of *gare*; to Pater, the people, or the reality of scenes in low life; to Lancret, the elegant manners, the conventionalities of fashion, of society, and of the world. A distinguished German connoisseur, Hagedorn, has classed Lancret amongst painters of conversational pieces; and, in reality, this is his real distinction. And who will deny the importance of these charming artists? Is there anything, after all, more useful than the agreeable? We can understand why the paintings of the old great masters are placed beside ancestral portraits in the impressive gloom of a gallery in which the thoughtful seek to meditate solemnly, or the poet seeks inspiration and ecstasy. We can understand also why a dining-room should be decorated by Oudry or Landseer when Sneyders is no longer in existence. But how would you decorate a drawing-room, the scene of so much frivolous chit-chat, of so much caressing, trifling, and flirtation? What would you hang over a sofa, occupied all day long by readers of the last new novel? Would you place "The Death of Patroclus," "The Adventures of Ulysses," "The Greek Agora with Agamemnon presiding," in the midst of this scene of interminable gossip and babble? Conversational pieces are the only ones which will not clash with the overwrought refinement and delicacy of the place. The generation to which Necker and Rochambeau belonged, although already a little quakerish, nevertheless made use of the cameos of Boucher and his imitators; that of Richelieu hung Lancret's works above their doors.

The Marquis de Beringhen, wishing to decorate his splendid chateau at Jouy, commissioned Lancret to paint the Four Elements in the salon. Like a man of genius, Lancret eschewed dull allegory, and commonplace attributes. The age of Louis XIV. did not lose itself in symbols. "Water" was represented by a bath scene; "Fire" by a flirtation under the wide mantelpiece; but what, think you, did he paint in the panel set apart for the "Air?" Why, a marchioness in a swing abandoning her satin skirt to the indiscreet caprices of the element! Despite the want of mechanical facility displayed in Lancret's paintings, he must have been a laborious

man, and not less assiduous at his easel than in his attendance at the theatre. The works that are known to be his are very

the regency, his models the rivals of Madame de Prie, his ideal good breeding?



THE TALCON (STORY BY LA FONTAINE). FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

numerous, and none can tell how many of those piers and door pieces are his which are discovered in Paris every day at the demolition of old houses. Although in painting he was Watteau's son, he was, nevertheless, his contemporary. Like the painter of Valenciennes, he had studied in the studio of Gillot. He left it to rejoin Watteau, just as the latter had obtained the brevet rank of *Peintres des Fêtes Galantes*. Without following in the track of this great artist, Lancret followed him in a more modest side-path, which led equally to the Academy. He was received there, as we have already said, under the same title as the founder of his school. He did not marry till he was fifty-two years of age. The object of his choice was the daughter of the poet Boursault, the author of "Esop at Court;" but he died two years after the union, on the 14th of September, 1743. In spite of the tortures which he inflicted upon the straight line, Lancret will live even for his defects. He was another Watteau, colder and more diminutive perhaps than the original; but agreeable, civilised, and historical. How can he perish when his theme was gallantry, his contemporaries the madcaps of

With Lancret the French school of painters, whose pencils were dedicated to love and gallantry, may be said to have expired. Those who came after him were too gross to entitle them to a place in the same category with him and Watteau. When he died, the sentiment of old France died with him, and the debauchery, unrelieved by one ray of taste or elegance, which ended in the revolution, except we allow it to have received a temporary blow from the amiable and unfortunate Louis XV., began to have free course. The painter of this latter period was Boucher; but how great the contrast between his creations and those of the amiable painter of the *fêtes galantes*. He admired him, studied him, copied and engraved him, it is true, and perhaps displayed no less talent; but he had fallen on a more evil time. The one belonged to an age in which vice was compelled at least to veil itself, and be pastoral and Arcadian; but the other, to an age in which decency was outraged to the last degree. In the works of Watteau, Lancret, and Boucher, we have a full history of the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. We see in them follies,

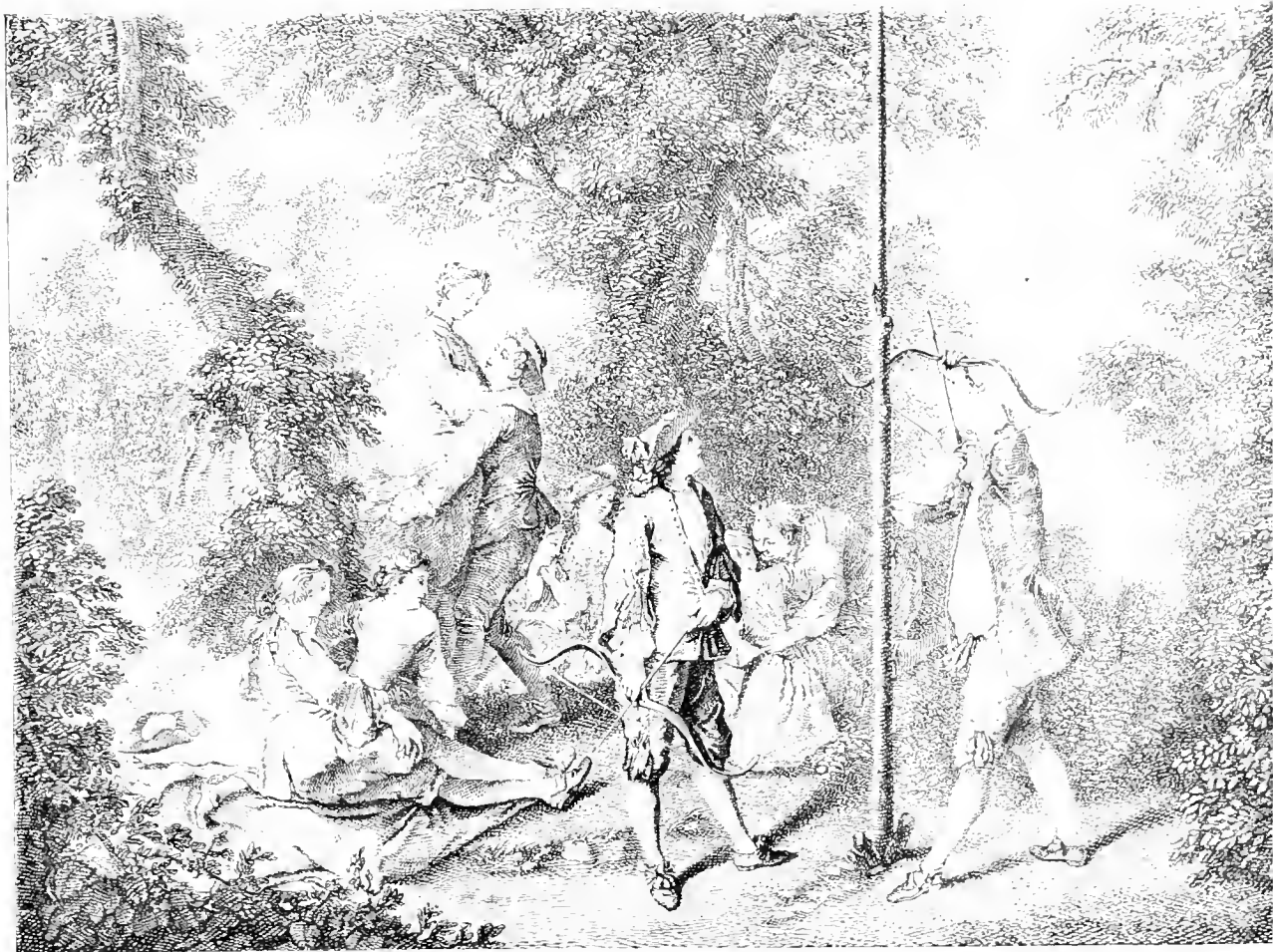


gaieties, weaknesses, and virtues of the old regime. The picture is a sad one, no doubt; but there is a vast difference between the frailty of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and the licentiousness of Pompadour and Dubarry. No one can ever read the story of the first without some touch of admiration and regret; but no one ever mentions the two last without regret. The simplicity, constancy, and truthfulness of La Vallière, her sorrowful and repentant end, are all full of an interest which the *blase* weariness of Pompadour, or the horrible death of Dubarry, can never afford. The two last were the goddesses of Boucher, while Lancret was inspired by the elegance of De Prie, and the beauty and grace, rather than the license, of the court of the Grand Monarque. Lan-

cret, we know, was an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, and could, when he pleased, infuse into his conventional formalism some portion of admiration for stirring reminiscences, great names, or ennobling memories. But it was not so with Boucher. When he went to Rome, he found nothing to interest him there. For him the ruins of the imperial city—for him the streets through which the mighty Caesar once swept along, in all the pride and pomp of a Roman triumph, to the capitol—for him the Forum, in which Cicero once held his hearers fascinated as by an irresistible spell—for him the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and all the other monuments of a sovereign race now passed away for ever, possessed no charms, nor caused any other sensation in his breast than what would be produced by mere heaps of moss-

grown stones, picturesquely disposed, perhaps, but nothing more: he saw the moss which time had planted on them, but was blind to the halo with which history had enveloped them; and gladly did he take leave of the former abodes of the illustrious dead, in order once more to indulge in the light, frivolous, and profligate amusements of a generation of powdered trilliers, who knew not the real value of life till they heard it from the lips of death itself, at the outbreak of that terrible revolution which their vices had had so great a share in bringing about.

But supposing what we say as to the picture of the old regime presented by these three painters being a true and faithful one being correct, what a horrible picture it is, relief



THE ARCHERS FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

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or gloss over it as we may! What astonishment should we not feel at the blind stupidity which deplors the revolution as a calamity for the human race—at the shortsightedness of the great orator who saw in it the destruction of chivalry and of manly sentiment. Even if all we hear and know of the miseries of the people, of the reckless waste of the public money, of the corruption which reigned in every department of the administration, were totally untrue, the downfall of a society in which such manners prevailed in private was a blessing and a cause for rejoicing.

"Lancret, Boucher, and Carle Vanloo," says Gault de St. Germain, "were the three artists who furnished most abundant materials to the Tremblins and the Bécots—picture-dealers, who lived in the houses formerly covering the Pont

Nôtre Dame. These dealers were famous for the quantity of rubbish which they got manufactured after the designs of Lancret and Boucher to go over doors, or over mirrors, and after those of Carle Vanloo for country churches. The traced outline adopted in these establishments, and which the unhappy artists, who got their bread by working there, were obliged to follow, was filled up in a colouring raw and bright, laid on smoothly and without any sign of touch or execution. The word daub (*crôte*) was supplanted by that of '*Pout Nôtre Dame*,' more expressive at that time, since it recalled the bad taste which prevailed there, and which some artists, who commenced in these shops, afterwards carried into the Academy."

In the first volume of the "Archives of French Art," published at Paris in 1852, there is a curious fragment, which we extract, relative to this painter. The precise period to which it refers has been ascertained by M. Mantz.

"During the queen's journey, a great many accidents took place, particularly between Provins and Montereau, where the second of the ladies' carriages stuck fast in the mud to such a degree that it could not be extricated.

"Six of the court ladies were therefore obliged to get into a cart filled with straw, though they were in full costume, and had their hair dressed; the six ladies must be represented as grotesquely as possible, in the style in which calves are carried to market, and the attendants must be made as ragged as possible.

"There must be another lady upon a cart-horse, harnessed in the usual way, but very lean and tired; and another across another cart-horse, like a sack, her hoop raised so high above the panniers that you may see her garters; all accompanied by some cavaliers who have been upset in the mud, and tater-damillions holding lighted wisps of straw as torches.

"The carriage must be seen in the distance, stuck in the mud; and the whole scene must have as much grotesqueness and absurdity as the painter can put into it."

In the margin the following appears, in the handwriting of the eighteenth century:—"Copied from the original sent by the Duke d'Antin to the Sieur Lancret, who has executed the drawing." From this, however, M. Mantz has managed to extract conclusions, of the accuracy of which there can hardly be any doubt. The fragment relates to the journey made by Maria Leczinska, in 1725, for the purpose of joining her future husband, Louis XV., at the Tuileries. The Duke d'Antin was then Superintendent of Buildings, and it would have fallen within the sphere of his duty to order Lancret to execute a painting for the amusement of the young king and the court ladies. The heroines of the episode were the *élite* of the nobility—Tallard, Bethune, D'Épernon, De Prie, De Matignon, De Nesle—and to have seen them all in this plight, marchionesses, duchesses, and all, stuck in the mud, their hair dishevelled, their hoops raised, and their legs displayed, assisted by boors and lighted with straw, must have given a very lively turn to the wedding gossip, and furnished subject matter for merriment even to the ladies themselves, who, having started from Chantilly in the royal carriages, little expected to come back in carts, "in the way in which calves are carried to market."

It is Lancret's good fortune to have been reproduced by engravers as able as himself, and who, moreover, rendered immortal the splendid works of his master. Jacques Philippe Lebas, Cochin, De Larmessin, Cousinet, George F. Schmidt, of Berlin, have engraved Lancret's finest works, and we might almost say that he loses nothing by the transition. The principal engravings after him are:—

"The Agreeable Conversation," by Jacques Philippe Lebas. This was the name given to Lancret's reception piece at the Academy. It was previously known as "Country Amusements."

"The Italian Repast," by the same.

"The Game at Blind Man's Buff," by C. N. Cochin.

"Mesdemoiselles Sallé and Camargo, executing *pas* in a

Garden, surrounded by Musicians," by De Larmessin. This is one of the painter's best works, and is a real picture, though he only intended to make a portrait of it.

"One should never consider," by the same engraver. "The Gascon Punished," "The Maidservant Justified," "The Five Senses," by the same.

"The Amorous Turk," by G. F. Schmidt, of Berlin.

"The Beautiful Greek," by the same.

"The Mill of Quinquengrogne," by Elizabeth Crasinet.

"The Ages and the Elements," by Desplaces, Tardieu senior, Benoit Audran, jun.

Lancret's drawings are very like those of Watteau, but they display greater finish; and for that very reason, perhaps, have less freedom and warmth. "His figures," says Argenville, "are not wanting in length; and in this he has surpassed Watteau." He shows, however, correctness, lightness of touch, and gracefulness. His love for his art caused him to enter into the minutest details. The style of his paintings may serve to indicate that of his drawings.

The works of Lancret, in forty-six pieces—a far greater number is counted at the present day—were sold for only about £2 10s. at the Lorangère sale, under the direction of Gersaint, in 1744, a year after the painter's death. At the present day, these same engravings would bring four or five times that sum.

At that same sale, two of Lancret's paintings, one representing thieves plundering a traveller, only reached about £3 5s.; but it is right to add, that "The Chateau of Teniers," one of Teniers' works, sold, on the same occasion, for only about £8 16s.

At the Lalive de July sale, in 1770, a "A Pic-nic," engraved by Moitte, reached little more than £8.

Like those of Watteau, which at the same time were hardly any dearer, Lancret's paintings were for a long time sold as screens for fire-places.

In 1845, at the Vasserot sale, "The Pleasures of Angling" sold for £52, and "The Archers" for £16.

In the same year, at the Cypierre sale, three of Lancret's paintings were sold:—1. "A Fancy Ball in the Rotunda at Trianon," £129; 2. "A Ball in the Garden at Trianon," £146; 3. "A Young Shepherdess," life size, in a landscape, £20.

PRACTICAL AND ORNAMENTAL ART.

ONE prominent effect of the Great Exhibition was that of showing more clearly than before, that in the arts of ornamentation and design England was far behind her continental neighbours, and that she might learn much even from the study of ornamental works produced by the rice-fed and half-naked Indian artisan. Englishmen saw—not without regret—that though pre-eminent as manufacturers, and famous all over the world for cheapness and good workmanship, they were no match for other countries in point of elegance and taste; and that unless some great effort was made with a view to improvement in these respects, they would, at no distant period, be in danger of losing their proud position as manufacturers for the rest of mankind. Thinking men perceived this, journalists were not slow to make the fact patent in print, capitalists and employers of labour saw it, government also observed it, and took the only course left open to them, which was to raise up and educate, in the true principles of decorative art, an army of young men and women, so that, in a few years, England might regain the ground it had lost, and once more go into the markets of the world with not only the *cheapest* but the *best* of goods.

It was thus that the Museum of Practical and Ornamental Art came to be formed. A parliamentary grant of £5,000 was placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade for the purchase of articles from the Great Exhibition; a committee of taste, consisting of Mr. Pugin, the architect (since deceased), Mr. Owen Jones, Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Cole, C.B., was formed, with power to select and purchase from the Exhibition

such articles as they considered necessary to form the nucleus of an Art Museum; and Marlborough House, which had been vacant since the death of the Queen Dowager, was appropriated to the reception of the objects purchased. On Monday, the 6th day of September, 1852, the museum, rendered as perfect as possible by the gift or loan of many valuable articles illustrative of the decorative arts, in addition to the £5,000 worth of purchases, was opened to the public. On Mondays and Tuesdays, and during Easter and Christmas weeks, the public are admitted *free*; on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, persons not students are admitted on payment of sixpence each, with liberty to copy any article on payment of an additional sixpence; and manufacturers may, by payment of a guinea annually, obtain a transferable ticket for any of their several firms or any person employed by them. Besides all this, classes for art education were speedily brought into active operation, and schools of design were formed all over the kingdom.

The objects which the promoters of this department of art have in view are threefold:—First, to bring together such specimens as will best serve to illustrate the history of various manufactures; secondly, to show, by examples selected from numerous sources and belonging to separate periods and countries, an approximation to the true principles of art in decoration, form, and colour; and thirdly, to teach in classes, by means of lectures and the employment of efficient masters, the following arts:—1, woven fabrics of all kinds, including embroidery, lace, and paper-staining; 2, the principles and practice of ornamental art applied to furniture, metals, jewellery, and enamels; 3, pottery and its kindred manufactures; 4, painting on porcelain; 5, instruction in the art of engraving on wood; 6, chromo-lithography; 7, the study of artistic anatomy, including drawing, painting, and modelling the human figure, with practical demonstrations; 8, architectural details and practical construction; and 9, practice in the various processes of casting and moulding. All these classes are open to both male and female students, except those for teaching wood engraving and chromo-lithography, which are at present confined to females. In a word, the instruction afforded at Marlborough House consists, briefly, of—the study and examination of the finest specimens of ornamental art; attendance at lectures, &c., on the principles and practice of art; and the study and practice of those special processes of manufacture which govern the character of design and lead to its production. This very comprehensive course is conducted by the most efficient teachers, assisted by a museum and library expressly formed for such students, who are permitted to study any one or more of the arts on payment of a very moderate scale of fees. In each of the classes, it is the aim of the teacher to render the most efficient service to the pupil, so as to fit him to go at once into the world, properly qualified for whatever branch of manufacture or art he may select.

To show, for instance, the methods pursued in these classes, we may extract so much of the prospectus issued by the council as relates to pictorial anatomy (No. 7), which is under the superintendence of J. Walsh, Esq.:—"The study of artistic anatomy, with practical demonstrations in drawing, painting, and modelling, are conducted in the following groups:—

"1. Drawing in *chalk* or *charcoal*, with a view to the correct study of structure through light and shadow. The study of the antique and of nature will, therefore, be prosecuted step by step, in careful comparison with the bony and muscular frame-work, from casts, prints, &c.

"2. *Modelling* in clay and in wax. In this class the principles of relief are taught, and the study from the round, whether of original figures, or from fine examples, is carried on with constant reference to the test of anatomy. In both the above classes, the method of *analysis* is adopted, so that, according to the occasion, the drawing or model, or selected portions of it, are *anatomically rendered*.

"3. The *Painting* class comprehends the various methods of painting in water colour, tempera, oil, or *fresco*; commencing with

monochrome painting from plaster casts, and advancing to the study of coloured examples, with occasional reference to the living model."

The Art Museum at Marlborough House, which is thus thrown open for the instruction of the studios of both sexes and the public, is considered as yet far from perfect; but even now it contains a larger number of objects having a directly educational tendency than any collection hitherto brought together.

"The great sources of error," says Mr. Redgrave, in his essay on design, alluded to the Reports of the Jurors of the Exhibition of 1851, "in designing for garment fabrics are over ornamentation. The designs are too large for the fabric, or the colours are too violent, or the taste in the choice of both is questionable. . . . The 'up-and-down' patterns best suit the motion of the wearers, while the horizontal direction of pronounced forms quarrels with all the motions of the human figure, as well as with the long folds in the skirts of the garment. For this reason, large and pronounced checks, however fashionable, are often in very bad taste, and interfere with the graceful arrangement of any material as drapery." So, likewise, those cross-banded cloths so much worn by gentlemen are ungraceful and outré, because their horizontal lines interfere with the motions and form of the wearer. "If we look at the details of Indian patterns we shall be surprised at their extreme simplicity, and be led to wonder at their rich and satisfactory effect. It will soon be evident, however, that their beauty results from adherence to the true principles of decoration. The parts themselves are often poor, ill-drawn, and common-place; yet, from the knowledge of the design, due attention to the just ornamentation of the fabric, and the refined delicacy evident in the selection of the quantity and the choice of tints, both for the ground and the ornamental forms, the fabrics, individually and as a whole, are lessons to our designers and manufacturers, given by those from whom we least expected it."

Of the £5,000 placed at the disposal of the Board of Trade, £2,075 was expended on articles exhibited on the foreign side of the building; £893 on articles from the British side; and £1,501 on objects from the Indian collection. The apportionment of the sum may be thus epitomised:—Mixed fabrics, £1,080; metal works, £1,126; enamels, £844; porcelain, £348; and wood carvings, furniture, &c., £771; leaving a small portion of the parliamentary grant in hand for expenses. In the museum all these articles are catalogued and arranged for exhibition and study. Here are works in the precious and other metals—in pottery, glass, wood, and woven fabrics—chosen for qualities which illustrate true principles of design or display high excellence in workmanship." These are arranged in the several rooms and passages in such a manner as to best display their several excellences. Thus, on the staircase are carpets from India, tapestry from Hampton Court (lent by her Majesty), copies of Raphael's arabesques from the Vatican, and wall tiles from the manufactory of Messrs. Minton, of Stoke-upon-Trent; and in the gallery are casts of celebrated antique sculpture and ancient ornament, together (in the hall) with a collection of examples illustrating the stages of studies pursued in the schools of design in London and the provinces.

In addition to the statues, statuettes, friezes, basso-relievos, busts, &c., &c., in various parts of the building, there are arranged in the council room, for the use of the students, a large and valuable collection of prints and drawings, illustrative of the styles of the old and modern masters, the architecture of the most famous buildings of ancient times, and illustrations of the various uses of colours in decoration. A library of works on art is also rapidly approaching a degree of excellence worthy the institution; and in specimens of lace-work, embroidery, patterns for garments, and kindred articles of manufacture, the collection may already be said to be unrivalled.

In our small space, it is impossible to do more than indicate the principal sources of attraction in this noble museum, and our hope is, that it may become the first school of ornamental

art in the world. Suffice it to say, that both the materials collected, and the manner in which they are arranged, are

institution. Every enlightened lover of his country must feel an interest in whatever tends to the advancement of its manu-



"LA CONVERSATION GALANTE." FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

admirably adapted to promote the excellent objects contemplated in the formation and support of this valuable

factures, which are the chief sources of its prosperity in the present day.

JEAN BAPTISTE MONNOYER.

There are two kinds of flower-painters. Some paint them for the love of the flowers themselves, others for love of the painting. The former see nothing in a bouquet, except a happy mixture of striking hues, which surprise and delight the eye. If the rose sheds its sweet colours on their canvas, if the carnation opens out its dazzling mosaic, if the drooping peony displays its large carmine petals, or the tulip exhibits its

whiteness of porcelain, and descending in the scabious to dark violet. Each flower is thus a sharp note, soft or deep, in this music of hues, and if the painter succeeds in pleasing the spectator he is content.

In the latter, on the other hand, the artist is lost sight of in the botanist. The individuality of each species strikes them and absorbs their attention. They must learn to smooth



HYACINTH, NARCISSUS, CLEMATIS, ANEMONE, TUBEROSE, PRIMROSE, TULIP, AND HONEYSUCKLE. FROM A PAINTING BY MONNOYER.

golden rays, it is not so much for the purpose of delighting the botanist, or calling to his recollection all the beauties that crowd the genus or species to which they belong, but to give the artist an opportunity of entering into competition with nature for the production of striking effects. The flowers serve as a sort of excuse or pretext for the execution of a painting containing a glittering gamut of chosen colours rising in the hyacinth to the hue of ivory, or in the lily to the

the rose-leaves, to draw the flower delicately, to touch the stamens lightly. They want to reproduce accurately the beautiful hair that hangs round the corolla of the anemone, or the down that softens the vermilion of the peach; they wish to trace with the pencil the anatomy of their graceful moulds, to sketch the minutest petal that droops or falls, to take away none of the elegance of the attitude, to mark upon each the exact locality of the tone; and thus, being so

intent upon the parts, they lose sight of the whole. In their passionate worship of each flower, they can sacrifice nothing, or at least nothing save what the modesty of some flowers renders necessary.

Monnoyer may be classed among the first of these. He belonged to the age of Louis XIV., and possessed rather the instinct of decoration than the sentiment of nature. The French school of painting was at that time a good deal under the influence of the new school of philosophy. It wanted love for reality. With it a landscape was but a garden for heroes to amuse themselves in; all nature wore the hue of history; flowers were not looked upon as a branch of art in themselves, and were never seen except in books, and such beautiful collections of plants as those painted on vellum by order of Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. Those quaint and painstaking artists, who embellished the manuscripts of the middle ages with their brilliant illuminations, had entirely disappeared. It was the last of them who, at the commencement of the revival, so beautifully illustrated the primer of Anne of Bretagne. It was reserved for the eighteenth century, led back to nature by Jean Jacques Rousseau, to restore the painting of realities, to do for flowers what Chardin was doing for the spinning-wheel—that is, to load them with as much poetry as he had thrown around the household utensils of a decent and well-ordered dwelling. In the reign of Louis XIV. flowers were painted in France as part of a system of decoration, as ornaments for the sake of their rich colouring; but not as objects worthy of an artist's love and admiration. No one ever thought of prizing them as the Dutch protestants prized tulips. It is in protestant countries, above all, where the love of the people for quiet pleasures is developed by a calm, contemplative, and serious life, that the passion for flowers is found in its full vigour—in Holland, in parts of Germany, and in England. In these countries every villa, every cottage even, is surrounded with them as far as the owners' means will permit. Antiquity is dead beyond restoration. The swans have abandoned the Eurotas, and now build their nests on the banks of the Thames; Arcadia is no longer in the Peloponnesus, but in Holland and Germany.

Monnoyer was born at Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and studied in Paris. Who his master was is not known, and in fact but very little information of any kind has come down to us regarding his early life. At the age of thirty, in 1665, he presented himself for admission to the Academy and was elected. He painted, for his reception, a flower and fruit-piece, which met with immense praise. The branch he followed, however, was not recognised by the Academy, and he, consequently, did not obtain a professorship, but he was elevated to the council in 1679. He obtained a high reputation very rapidly, all the more so because he was at that time the only flower painter in France. His free manner recommended him to the designers of the decorations of the royal palaces which Louis XIV. had ordered, and his bouquets were consequently soon seen upon the panels of Trianon and Marly. He seized upon everything with delight that could extend his sphere, and serve as an accompaniment to his bunches of carnation and jasmine, his orris branches, and the stems of his poppies, or roses, or campanulas. The richness and pomp which Lebrun put in his historical paintings, and Rigaud in his portraits, he put into his flowers. Splendid carpets, thick and fringed with gold, were introduced to set off the main subject of the piece, which stood majestically upon tables of porphyry or marble. Large and beautiful vases, embossed with masks of silver and small figures, rested on rugs, lest they should, even to the eye, grate upon the polished surface of the stone. Stems of all shapes and sizes hung over in apparent confusion, but were mingled with such art, that instead of bewildering the sight, they delighted it. Sometimes japan porcelain was placed upon a *pedouche* of copper inlaid with gold: and then the delicacy and splendour of the colouring rivalled that of the flowers themselves, which appeared to be repeated on the enamel of the vase. At others the painter introduced an embossed cuirass, or helmet, to

counterbalance by its brightness the principal lights of the picture; but these rude images, though they contribute something towards the optical effect, break in upon the harmony of the impression. The eye cannot habituate itself to these combinations; on the contrary they offend it. The softness of a jonquil, or the austere melancholy of the tuberose, cannot consort with the iron of armour.

Monnoyer's reputation spread daily. The admiration of him begetting familiarity, the connoisseurs began to call him Baptiste simply; and under this appellation his fame passed the sea, and reached the ears of the Duke of Montagu, a passionate lover of art, who, in his pursuit of it, entirely overlooked national distinction. English, French, or Dutch mattered not; if a man could paint well, he found in him a magnificent patron and a firm friend. Nor did he confine his attention to one branch of art. He was equally fond of the historical, the marine, landscape, dead nature, animals, and flowers. At this time, he was engaged in the construction of a magnificent mansion in London, which he intended to decorate with paintings, and for this purpose invited a great number of artists from all parts of Europe, but particularly from France, in which country he had resided for a length of time. The painters he chose in it were all academicians, or men of the highest standing in their respective departments—La Fosse, famous for his historical compositions; Rousseau, for his perspective; and Monnoyer, for flowers and decoration generally. The three arrived in London in 1690, and each of them executed the part assigned to him with admirable skill. Rousseau opened up imposing perspectives upon the walls, repeated the balustrades of the staircase, or continued the rows of pillars, thus creating an illusive grandeur and extent. La Fosse painted on the ceiling the Apotheosis of Isis, and the Assembly of the Gods; and Monnoyer scattered here and there his flowers, his gorgeous draperies, his vases of silver, or japan porcelain, full of orris, or poppies, or gillflowers. Sometimes he introduced amongst these inanimate objects a bird of some southern clime, with luxuriant plumage; but it only appeared for the purpose of lending to the composition the glowing hues which flashed from its feathers—the bright scarlet, the lively emerald, or the deep azure. These colours are employed now to lend warmth to the painting, when the tints of the other objects have thrown an air of coldness round it; such as those of the lilae, or the white daisy; and again, to subdue the brilliancy of the peony.

When D'Argenville states, however, in speaking of Baptiste's flowers, that "these beautiful flowers wanted nothing except the odour which they seemed to exhale;" he gives the reins wholly to his fancy, and disregards facts. And Levesque, in his notices in the "Encyclopedia," grossly exaggerates when he says, speaking also of Baptiste, "He gave flowers the charm and freshness, and beautiful tints of nature; his pencil moistened them with morning dew." The fact is, that if Baptiste be compared to his rivals, he will be found on these points by no means their superior, but the reverse. He is full of truth, without doubt, but it is a bare, naked truth, which wants a veil to make it agreeable. Paradoxical as it may seem, a large amount of falsehood is necessary to reach that truth which captivates us, to call up that appearance of reality, the charm which is given to flowers by the surrounding atmosphere, by the caresses of the dew, and the kisses of the sun. We speak here not only of the large flowers painted upon the panels of apartments in the decorative style, such as we see at the Louvre and at Trianon, but those splendid bouquets in which he strove to give the roses all their honour, and the anemones all their glory, which he executed only at rare intervals, when he wished to captivate the gaze of some captious botanist. One of these, which is in his happiest style, may be seen in the collection of Messrs. Claude of Paris. It is not merely to the effect of the picture that the artist has looked; we might almost say, without being guilty of a pun, that each of these bouquets is the flower of the painting. The touch is skilful and varied, and it contributes, as well as the management of the *chiaro-scuro*, to the general truthfulness of the whole. We do not speak of that truth which shows

itself in minor details, and is the result of minute observation of nature, but of that which appears in the general harmony and beauty of tone, as much as in the manner in which the pencil shows by its handling the character of the flower. The glossy surface of the lily is rendered by an oily impasting apparently without thickness, and skillfully laid on. The delicate stems are treated with charming lightness, as the myosotis of the marsh, and the full-blown periwinkle. The double anemone, as also the live petals of the white hyacinth, are emphasised with a firm touch, thick and amplified. The brush, on the contrary, becomes softer in the light tints of the blue hyacinths, which serve as a transition to a united background of a neutral tint. The practice here is excellent, and may be cited as a model. His colours are laid on at the first effort, and with so much confidence, that the painter must have known by heart the form and outline of his copy.

Monnoyer has made one singular mistake, and one which has since been extensively copied—the mingling of spring flowers with autumn fruits. No better proof than this can be afforded of the assertion we made at the commencement of this article, that flower painting with him was simply a means of decoration. The eye is offended by seeing snowdrops, which appear in April, side by side with bunches of grapes, nuts, and apples. But it must be confessed that the fruit is treated with a master hand—not certainly with the delicate taste and with the light glazing of the Dutch, but with full paste, like the Italians, who knew no other way of painting fruits than in the style of Michael Angelo's battles.

Baptiste was so well treated by Lord Montagu, that he took up his abode in London for the remainder of his life. Kneller was then in his glory, and it was his custom to paint only the head himself, and leave the figure and drapery to inferior artists, so that he might accomplish a greater amount of work. The same motive induced him to seek the aid of Monnoyer, so that the portraits of persons of quality now began to appear with bouquets in their hands, or wandering in a garden, plucking roses or watering geraniums, &c.; and it is needless to add that these graceful adjuncts doubled the price of the picture.

Monnoyer was a clever and dexterous engraver, and his works in this department will probably live fully as long as his paintings, which, as we have said, have now lost much of the brilliancy and finish that were at first their greatest charm. In some of the chronicles of French art, we find descriptions of thirty-four of his etchings, divided into several series of small and large baskets of flowers, crowns, garlands, and opaque and transparent vases. It is from these that the designers of commerce, the artists who scatter flowers upon stuffs that veil the figures of the fair sex, the damask coverings of their furniture, the silk of their dresses, and the chintz of their curtains, derive their inspiration. It is at Lyons, above all, the great seat of the silk manufacture, that Baptiste is most worshipped. There he is *the master par excellence*. The thousand combinations of colour and form that may be created in a single bouquet, are a rich mine for the designers of the manufacturers. As to the painter himself, his works are easily recognised, with some few exceptions, by the splendour of effect and bold manner of their treatment. When you take a run over to Paris—and who now-a-days does not?—and are devoting your mornings to the study of the fine arts, if you enter any of those good old hotels of the departed nobility, built in the Mansard style, and belonging to the age of Louis XIV., which crowd the Faubourg St. Germain, but are abundant above all at Versailles,—if you see a large bouquet fitted in the wainscoting, relieved with gold; and if it stands in a vase adorned with lions, with satyrs, loves, bacchantes, and is composed of the largest and most gorgeous flowers, poppies, peonies and tursons, and is set off by splendid carpets, silken tassels; and if peacocks and golden pheasants perch upon the edge, so that the whole is brilliant, striking, and luxuriant in the highest degree; you must not say, "that is by Van Huysum, or Mignon, or Daniel Seghere;" but "that is by Monnoyer."

Monnoyer has left behind him a great number of pictures, and they are to be met with everywhere—among the dealers and amateurs, in the public galleries, and many in private collections in England, where he lived so long and so happily. He executed sixty for the chateaux of Trianon, Marly, and Meudon. As they were mostly intended to decorate the upper part of doors, or fill very large spaces, they are usually rough sketches; but the execution is broad, the arrangement good, and the touch skilful and masculine. Some of them are, however, so delicate and finely drawn, that they equal any of the works of the Dutch painters in this department.

The Louvre is very rich in Monnoyer's works. It is to be regretted, however, that their restoration was not confided to abler hands; the back-grounds, which have been almost entirely re-executed, are heavy, black, and without transparency, and the flowers, however beautiful they may be, exhibit the effects of this ugly bordering. We have already alluded to his engravings. Under the name "Little Bouquets," he has engraved a series of four pieces; under that of "Transparent Vases," nine; under that of "Middle-sized Baskets," four; "Large Baskets" in height, three; "Large Baskets" in breadth, four. Lastly, under the name of "The Coronets," two. To none of these engravings is there either cipher or monogram. Underneath is written, *J. Baptiste, sculpt. et sc. cum privileg. regis*. Some amateurs also attribute to him a book of every sort of flowers from nature, composed of twelve sketches, folio size in length, and bearing a cipher at the left hand side at the bottom. But this series was engraved by Vanquer, his pupil.

In the engravings of this painter may be found the following flowers:—Roses, stems of the tuberosa, poppies, anemones, lilies, carnations, periwinkles, orris, orange blossoms, hyacinths, tulips, auriculas, jasmines, columbines, *pol. egr. mates*, snowdrops, ranunculi, peonies, and campanulas.

At the *Salve de July* sale, in 1770, two were sold for £10; at the Prince of County's sale, in 1777, two pendants, representing very beautiful flowers in vases, brought by auction £11; two others only reached £5; two others, representing peaches and grapes, £1 15s.; and, lastly, a splendid garland of flowers, in the midst of which Stella had painted the Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, reached £18 10s.

These particulars, in the absence of a detailed description of the paintings—no very easy matter when flowers are the subject—may serve to show, if not demonstrably prove, that the works of Monnoyer, though good enough to be found in the best collections, yet have never risen to an exorbitant price;—£6, £8, or £12 will purchase one of his paintings, of greater or less dimensions and greater or less finish. If we compare the splendid paintings of Baptiste with those of Mignon, of Rachel Ruysch, of Sighers, of Van Huysum, we are surprised to find so great a difference in the price, considering there is so little between the talents of the artists. The real explanation lies in the low estimate formed by the French of the capabilities of their own artists—an absurdity common to all European nations except, we believe, the Italians. Baptiste never affixed any signature to his paintings. His etchings only bear his Christian name, *J. Baptiste*.

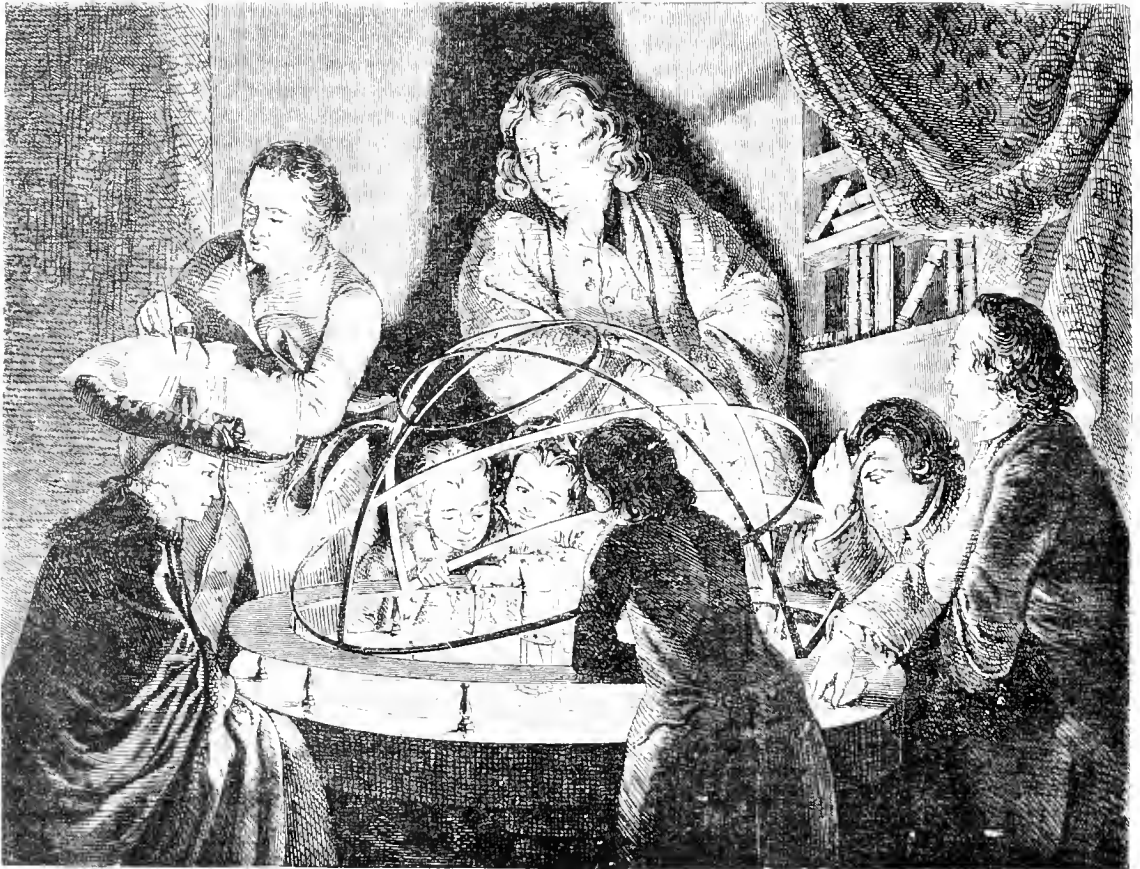
One of this artist's celebrated works is a looking-glass in Kensington Palace, decorated by him with a garland of flowers for Queen Mary II., who sat by him, it is said, the whole time he was doing it. He also painted six pictures of East Indian birds from nature, in water colours, on vellum, for the Duke of Ormond. They are elaborate productions, displaying exquisite skill and delicacy of touch.

Baptiste had two sons and one daughter. The latter was married to Blain de Fontenoy, the disciple and imitator of his father-in-law. Of the sons, one, Antoine, inherited his father's talent, and was elected a member of the Academy in 1704. The other travelled in Italy, where he became a Dominican monk, and adorned the walls of his monastery with tolerably good pictures, representing scenes in the life of St. Dominic. This is all we know of Baptiste or his family. He died in London in 1699.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

JOSEPH WRIGHT was called "Wright of Derby," to distinguish him from Richard Wright, of Liverpool, another artist, who acquired some celebrity in his day. He was the son of an attorney, and was born in September, 1734. He was sent to London, at the age of seventeen, to study under a painter named Hudson, as his father was led to believe, from his great love of mechanics and great power of observation, that he would eventually succeed as an artist. Hudson was at that time the chief portrait painter of the metropolis. He had formidable competitors in Vanloo and Liotard; but his thoroughly English style, and the air of bluff *bonhomme* that he was able to throw into his faces, made him a great favourite with the country gentlemen of the old school. He flourished

made the best possible use of his time, and became an enthusiastic admirer of the old masters, particularly of Michael Angelo, on whom he always lavished the highest expressions of admiration. His modesty, on his return to England, made him retire to Bath and Derby, his native town, instead of seeking the wider field for his talents which would have been afforded by residence in the metropolis; for such was his skill in portrait painting, that there can be no doubt he would have soon stood at the top of the ladder had he pursued it as his vocation. Rome had given him a higher idea of the artist's vocation, and he speedily abandoned portraits for history and landscape. He had the good fortune, during his stay in Italy, to witness an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and the curious



LESSON IN ASTRONOMY. FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH WRIGHT.

in great splendour till Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of his own pupils, made his appearance on the scene; and then he had the good sense to perceive that his occupation was gone; so he retired to his villa at Twickenham, and died rich and happy.

He would, in all probability, be never heard of now, if it were not that it was his good fortune to turn out a greater number of pupils who afterwards rose to distinction than any other man whose own abilities were so poor. One of those was Wright, whose custom it was to bemoan his misfortune in having so stupid a master; but it would seem without just cause; for some of his earliest pieces bear evidence of careful instruction. He paid a visit to Rome in 1773, and during his stay of two years journeyed over most parts of Italy. He

phenomena of light and shade caused by the conflagration inspired him with an extraordinary desire to paint subjects in which these could be displayed to the greatest advantage. In firelight scenes, therefore, he was extraordinarily successful. Nor did he display less ability in historical subjects. "The Dead Soldier," "The Destruction of the Floating Batteries at Gibraltar," "Edwin at the Tomb of his Ancestor," "Belshazzar's Feast," "Hero and Leander," "The Lady in Comus," and "The Storm Scene in Milton's Comus," all display the highest ability.

Wright was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, but was so disgusted by Garvey's reception as a member before him that he resigned. He continued, however, to send pictures to the exhibition, occasionally afterwards.

THE CRETAN BULL.

ANCIENT mythology has furnished a rich store of materials to our artists. It would be hard to find a fable or adventure recorded in the Greek or Roman classics which has not been illustrated or adorned by painter or poet. It was, in fact, only at a very late period that modern fiction or history was thought worthy of an artist's notice. They have recently, however, received a due share of attention from painters, but it is rarely that sculptors think anything belonging to their own time a proper subject for their genius to exercise itself upon, unless when they receive an order from an enthusiastic corporation, or a knot of "admirers" for the statue of some lamented great man, or it may be a very little man indeed. There have of course been some exceptions to this rule, as for instance, the "Oliver Twist," which was exhibited at the Great Exhibition in 1851; but they are few in number. Many that seem exceptions are not so in reality. The "Greek Slave" has nothing peculiarly modern about it.

One of the most remarkable of the personages who figure in the legends of Grecian mythology is Hercules, the personification of irresistible strength. According to one of these legends, Hercules was the son of Jupiter; and when the day of his birth arrived, Jupiter imprudently boasted, in the hearing of his jealous wife Juno, that on that day a son of his was about to be born to whom all others should be subject. Juno at once called upon him to confirm this declaration with an oath; and as soon as he had done so, she prematurely hastened the birth of Eurystheus, another of Jupiter's offspring. The consequence was, that Eurystheus was invested with dominion over Hercules, which he exercised in a very tyrannical way, by imposing upon him a series of most difficult and dangerous tasks, usually styled the twelve labours of Hercules. It is one of these labours—the capture of the Cretan bull—that is represented in our engraving, which is taken from a zinc cast from Berlin, now in the Dublin



THE CRETAN BULL. FROM A ZINC CAST AT BERLIN.

But for the chain it might be a Venus or Diana, or any one of a thousand nymphs. The same may be said of most others.

This is not a thing to be wondered at; nor should sculptors on this account come in for any share of patriotic indignation. The fact is, up to the present time modern civilisation has progressed in a great measure independently of the beautiful. It has been intensely rude in regard to externals, intensely fond of the practical and useful. That of ancient Greece was precisely the reverse. The prime and chief element in it was the beautiful. The keen perception of it was the leading characteristic of the Greek mind. It, therefore, showed itself at the very earliest periods in their poetry and mythology. They had hardly a single superstition which was not artistic; hardly one which was not graceful in whatever way expressed, on canvas, in stone, or in poetry. That modern art should look back to it as the Golden Age, and even seek a return to it, need, therefore, cause us no surprise.

Exhibition. This bull was said by some to have been that which carried Europa across the sea; but according to others, it was sent out of the sea by Poseidon, that Mino, the king of Crete, might sacrifice it to him. The monarch, however, was so charmed with its beauty, that he kept it, and sacrificed another in its stead. This so enraged the god, that he made it mad; and it committed terrible havoc in the island, till Hercules was sent by Eurystheus to capture it. This he did—took it by the horns, and carried it home on his shoulders; but then set it free again. We afterwards meet with the animal in the stories of the exploits of Theseus.

The work is at present attracting great attention in the Exhibition. The idea of "irresistible might," of which Hercules was the personification in ancient legend, is admirably displayed in the muscular development of the hero; but it seems to us, that the bull scarcely throws as much force and energy into his struggles for escape, as an animal of his size ought, in such a predicament, to display.

BRIDGEWATER GALLERY.

LONDON is not so destitute in point of art-exhibitions as might at first sight appear. For, to say nothing of the National Gallery, and the fine Dutch and Flemish pictures at Dulwich, open to all comers, there are plenty of art-treasures to be seen in London. In fact, the very best pictures in England—the most genuine and undoubted "old masters," and the most famous specimens of the modern English and French schools—are in the galleries and houses of private collectors and purchasers. Just to mention a few of these:—there is first, her Majesty's private gallery at Buckingham-palace—a noble collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, formed at a great expense by George IV., with some good portraits of Sir Peter Lely and Reynolds, Wilkie's celebrated "Penny Wedding" and "Blind Man's Buff," and Sir William Allan's "Orphan," representing Annie Scott standing near the vacant chair of her father, Sir Walter. Admission to view these may be obtained from the Lord Chamberlain, during the absence of the court, by written application, enclosing a stamped envelope for an answer. Then there is the Grosvenor collection, at Grosvenor-house, formed by Richard, first earl of Grosvenor; the Vandyckes at the Earl de Grey's in St. James's-square; the collection of the poet Rogers, at 22, St. James's-place; the Hogarths and the Canaletti at the Soane Museum, in Lincoln's-inn-fields; the three fine Reynolds' at the Thatched-house Tavern, St. James's-street; the Duke of Sutherland's Murillos; the Holbein at Barber-Surgeons'-hall; Mr. Neeld's collection, at 6, Grosvenor-square; Sir Robert Peel's Dutch pictures, at Whitehall; the fine collections at Northumberland-house and Apsley-house; Lady Garvagh's Raphael, at 26, Portman-square; Lord Ward's collection; the portraits, &c., at the Herald's-college, Doctor's-commons; the splendid gallery of pictures collected by Henry Hope, Esq., at the corner of Dover-street, Piccadilly; Baron Rothschild's collection; Mr. Holford's gallery; Lord Ward's pictures; the English collection of Mr. Sheepshanks; and Lord Normanton's private gallery; to say nothing of the Vandycke pictures at Windsor, and the Raphael "Cartoons" at Hampton-court. All these, with the exception of the two last, which are open to the public, may be seen by written application to their several owners.

But what we wish now to bring before our readers is—the superb collection of pictures, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere, known as the Bridgewater Gallery. There is no difficulty in obtaining admission to the gallery—every Wednesday during the earl's stay in town, which may generally be considered to last through the London season, or the session of parliament rather, being set apart for the reception of visitors. The house, which stands in Cleveland-square, with a front towards St. James's-park, was built by Francis, the present earl of Ellesmere, from the designs of Sir Charles Barry, R.A., the architect of the new palace at Westminster. Though commenced in 1847, it is even now unfinished, as far as the interior is concerned. It stands on the site of what was formerly called Berkshire-house, the town-house of the Howards, earls of Berkshire. It was purchased by Charles II., and presented by him to the beautiful Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Cleveland, whose portrait by Sir Peter Lely is in Hampton-court Palace, with the rest of the court beauties. It then changed its name to Cleveland-house; the Earl of Castlemaine lived here in 1668, and the countess, alone, in 1669. Lord Clarendon was a resident in it for a short time after the Great Fire, after which it had several tenants. In 1691 it belonged to the Earl of Nottingham. The house was eventually bought by the great Duke of Bridgewater, the collector of the picture-gallery which bears his name, who altered and re-faced the front, and called it Bridgewater-house. The earl dying in 1803, left his pictures, then valued at £150,000, to his nephew, the first Duke of Sutherland (then Marquess of Stafford), with remainder to the marquess' second son, Francis, the present Earl of Ellesmere. The last noble possessor pulled down the old house, and erected the present structure in its place.

The Earl of Ellesmere, who appears to have inherited all his ancestor's love of art, has added numerous fine paintings to the original collection, which now consists of about 320 pictures, besides 150 original drawings by the celebrated Italian painters Lubovic, Agostino, and Annibale Caracci, who flourished in the sixteenth century; and eighty large paper drawings by Guilo Romano, which he purchased at the sale of the Lawrence collection, in 1836. Forty-seven of the finest of the pictures originally belonged to the celebrated Orleans collection. The contents of the present gallery may be thus epitomised:—Italian, Spanish, and French pictures, 127; Flemish, Dutch, and German pictures, 158; English and doubtful pictures, 35.

Mrs. Jameson, in her "Handbook to the Picture-Galleries," remarks, that the Bridgewater Gallery is deficient in examples of early Italian pictures; but that the series, since Raffaele, is the most complete of any existing as a private collection, not even excepting the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna. Since that remark was made, however, the earl has purchased a "Tantalus" illustrative of the school of Bologna; a "Holy Family," by Andrew Del Sarto, who was contemporary with the great Italian, and one or two others. There is also a fine "Head of a Girl," by Leonardo da Vinci, who was born about the year 1450, more than thirty years before Raffaele, and died in 1519, only one year before his great contemporary.

The first object in the great Hall, on entering from the door in Cleveland-square, is, the beautiful marble group of "Ivo Nursing the Infant Bacchus," by Foley; a subject which has been extremely popular in engravings, and has been successfully reduced in Parian by John Bell. This may be really considered the most poetical, if not the finest, marble produced in the British school of sculpture. See how delicately round, and yet how full and soft, the flesh of the child is, and how the mother's fingers press into its little sides. It is really an exquisite piece of work. The marble is unpolished, and the prism-cut glass in the roof throws down a kind of glory upon the group.

The Picture-gallery is a noble apartment, lighted from the roof as a matter of course. The pictures are ranged in something like chronological order; the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish pictures in the places of honour. There are four Raffaelles. They are all of one character—"Holy Families," the Virgin and Child, with infant St. Johns and adoring St. Josephs in all but one, in which the Virgin, a pure Italian maiden with a sunny face, is holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Then there is that celebrated picture which once belonged to the Marquis d'Aumont, and is known as "La Sainte Famille au palmier." It is in a circle about four feet high; and the head of Joseph, which is that of a fine old man, with a good, reverent expression, is said to be a portrait of Bramante, the architect. The marquis sold it to M. Delanoul, whence it found its way into the Orleans gallery, and thence into the possession of the Duke of Bridgewater. It has been well transferred from panel to canvas, and is by many considered the gem of the collection. In another "Holy Family," the Virgin is lifting the drapery from the sleeping figure of the infant Jesus with all a mother's care; and in another, St. John is paying him homage. In all of them there is the same exquisite expression of love and reverence. These Raffaelles are engraved in the well-known "Crozat-gallery."

We pass on to the Claudes. Claude Lorraine was born in the year 1600, and died full of years in 1682. Another kind of enthralment comes over the gazer's mind. Deep shadowy landscape scenery, with here and there a figure; in the foreground a noble pile of buildings, with Corinthian pillars and porticoes, and, in the distance, great blue mountains, or dark, thought-provoking, deeply-flowing waters, which stretch into dim mist, and seem miles and miles away! Look at that "Demosthenes on the Sea-shore." The orator is pacing the sand-bank near the ruins of a beautiful Grecian portico, studying, perhaps, some thrilling Philippic to hurl at the head of the arch-enemy of his country. A couple of ships lie at anchor in the still waters, and a wide expanse of blue stretches itself away and mingles in the distance with the sky. This

picture belonged, during the life of the painter, to M. de Bourlemont, and afterwards to Mr. Clarke and the Hon. Edward Bouverie; for the latter of whom it was purchased by the duke. It is engraved in the *Liber Veritatis*, No. 171, and also in the Stafford Gallery. Many engraved copies have been made of this true picture, which is fully described in Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné."

There are in this collection five specimens of Rembrandt's skill,—a group representing Samuel and Eli, and four portrait studies. One, the head of a burgo-master, an old white-bearded man, seated in an arm-chair, attracts us very much. It is painted in exactly the manner which we have been taught to consider the Dutchman's best style—full of colour, deep, grave, harmonious, and without those ugly misshapen outlines so frequently seen in the pictures of this master. Rembrandt (born 1606, died 1674) appears to have paid greater attention to colour than to form; but as a portrait painter he was unrivalled in his day.

Then, these four Titians, all good, but dimmed and yellowed here and there with age, especially in the flesh-tints of his nude figures. The "Diana and her Nymphs interrupted at the Bath by the Hunter Acteon," a picture nearly eight feet square, with six female figures in various attitudes of surprise and shame, is a gem. It was formerly in the Orleans collection, and has been engraved in the works known as the *Galerie du Palais Royale* and the Stafford Gallery; as are also the "Venus rising from the Sea," a single half-length naked figure, and the "Diana and Calisto," a companion to the "Diana and Acteon," painted on a canvas of the same size. These two pictures were painted, Varsuri informs us in his "Historia Pittorica," for Philip the Second of Spain. They afterwards came into the possession of our first Charles, whence they found their way into the Orleans Gallery, and from it to their place upon these walls. They are distinguished by all the peculiarities of this great master (born 1477, died 1576), who may be said to have been the founder of the Venetian School, the painters in which usually drew their figures direct from the living model, without first preparing a cartoon, or paper drawing. Thus we find, as in the Venus, both the beauties and the blemishes of the actual figures transferred to the canvas. "An Allegory of the Three Ages of Life," an undoubted original by the same master, is not so successful as those we have mentioned, three children gathered together in a group in one corner, being mere bags of flesh colour. The same subject has been several times chosen by Titian, one treatment of it being in the Borghese Palace at Rome, and another in the Manfrini Gallery at Venice. The one before us was painted for Giovanni de Castelli; and subsequently passed through the collections of the Cardinal of Augsburg, the Queen of Sweden, and the Duke of Orleans.

One picture, "The Entombment," by Sebastian del Piombo (born 1485, died 1537), is supposed to have been designed by the celebrated painter, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, from whose pencil no example is to be found in the Bridgewater Gallery. "A Female Head," by Luini, also in the style of Michael Angelo, is very fine.

There are here four specimens of Tintoretto (born 1512, died 1594), one a portrait of a Venetian councillor, "The Presentation in the Temple," a small sketch from the Orleans Gallery, and two Portraits of Gentlemen. Velasquez (born 1594, died 1660) is also represented in this gallery by three portraits; but to judge of what this noble Spaniard is really capable, the connoisseur should see his "Boar Hunt in the Prado," in the National Gallery, a work which, though injured by time and bad cleaning, has been pronounced by no less an authority than Sir Edwin Landseer, as one of the best in the collection.

Salvator Rosa (born 1615, died 1673), Guido Reni (born 1575, died 1642), and Murillo (born 1618, died 1685), are each well represented in the Bridgewater Gallery. The first by two fine landscapes, one of which, from the collection of the Duc de Praslin, was known as "Les Augures," or "The Soothsayers." It is a very fine picture of bold mountainous

scenery, the principal feature of which is a large overhanging rock at the mouth of the Tagus, and known by the sailors as the rock of Lisbon. Guido is here seen to perfection in an "Assumption," after the manner of, and almost as fine as, that famous picture of Murillo's which was purchased by Louis Napoleon, at the sale of Marshal Soult's pictures, for £22,000. This beautiful picture was purchased by the Earl of Ellesmere from Messrs. Smith of Bond-street, into whose possession it came at the dispersion of Mr. Watson Taylor's collection at Eulstoke in 1832. By the latter gentleman it was bought of M. de la Haute, who purchased it in Paris of General Sebastiani, and he obtained it from the Cathedral at Seville. Its pedigree, therefore, is perfect. The pure, beautiful, star-crowned virgin, surrounded by angels, who bear her up into heaven, was never more simply or enchantingly rendered. This picture is a perfect gem, and, in point of colour and preservation, is far before the "Venus Attired by the Graces," by the same master, in the National Gallery. It has lately been well engraved by Mr. H. Watt. The Murillo is a recent acquisition by the Earl. The subject is the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. It is a fine, spirited painting.

Domenichino, of whom there are five examples here, and Guido, were the most celebrated pupils and followers of the Carracci school of paintings. Nowhere, says Mrs. Jameson, can the Carracci style be so well studied as in the Bridgewater Gallery. And, in truth, the thirteen specimens of Ludovico and Annibale may be said to be unapproachable for beauty and perfect preservation. They are all religious subjects, altar-pieces, except the Danae of the latter painter—a fine painting, eight feet by five, from the Orleans collection.

Seven pictures called "The Sacraments," painted at Rome by Nicolo Poussin (born 1613, died 1673) for M. Chantelou, occupy the centre of the right wall of the gallery. They are fine specimens of the Frenchman's manner, but the colours appear to have "gone in," probably from some peculiarity in their composition, so that the outlines of some of the figures can scarcely be seen through the darkness. The picture, called "Penance," represents Mary washing the feet of Jesus, and is extremely full of figures; and that, called "Ordination," shows Our Saviour giving the keys to Peter. They are very fine compositions.

Other pictures—by Correggio, Paul Veronese, Emanuel De Witt, F. Millé, Palma Vecchio, Parmigiano, Carlo Cigniano, Valentin, Schiavone;—two, full of figures, representing a procession in front of St. Peter's, and the interior of a picture gallery, by Giovanni Panini (born 1691, died 1758), and a fine copy of Murillo, by Grimoux, representing the Youthful Saviour as a shepherd, with his hand on the head of a lamb—the original of which is in the National Gallery—will attract the visitors' attention.

But we must hasten into the inner rooms, which are devoted to the Flemish, Dutch, French, and English schools. Here are so many fine pictures that to notice a title of them would swell our sketch to too great a length.

There is, in the front gallery, a Vandervelde, which is considered by many the most famous specimen of the master. It is a grand sea view, with stormy weather, and a rolling sea. In the front is a Dutch packet with the sea breaking over her bows, and stretching back is a long perspective of water, painted with great truth and force. In the Dutch room, in so bad a light as only to be seen, and that imperfectly, from one point of view, is a companion to this Vandervelde, by our countryman Turner. They are nearly the same size, and the Englishman's picture is painted in the same style as the Dutchman's, and represents squally weather, rolling sea, grand distance, fishing boats in front. Comparing one with the other, it is difficult to say which is the finest picture. They are both excellent.

We must not conclude without a brief mention of Paul de la Roche's celebrated picture of Charles I. in the guard-house, which represents the soldiers insulting the unhappy king with their coarse jibes, and drinking and smoking. It is unquestionably one of the finest specimens in the gallery.

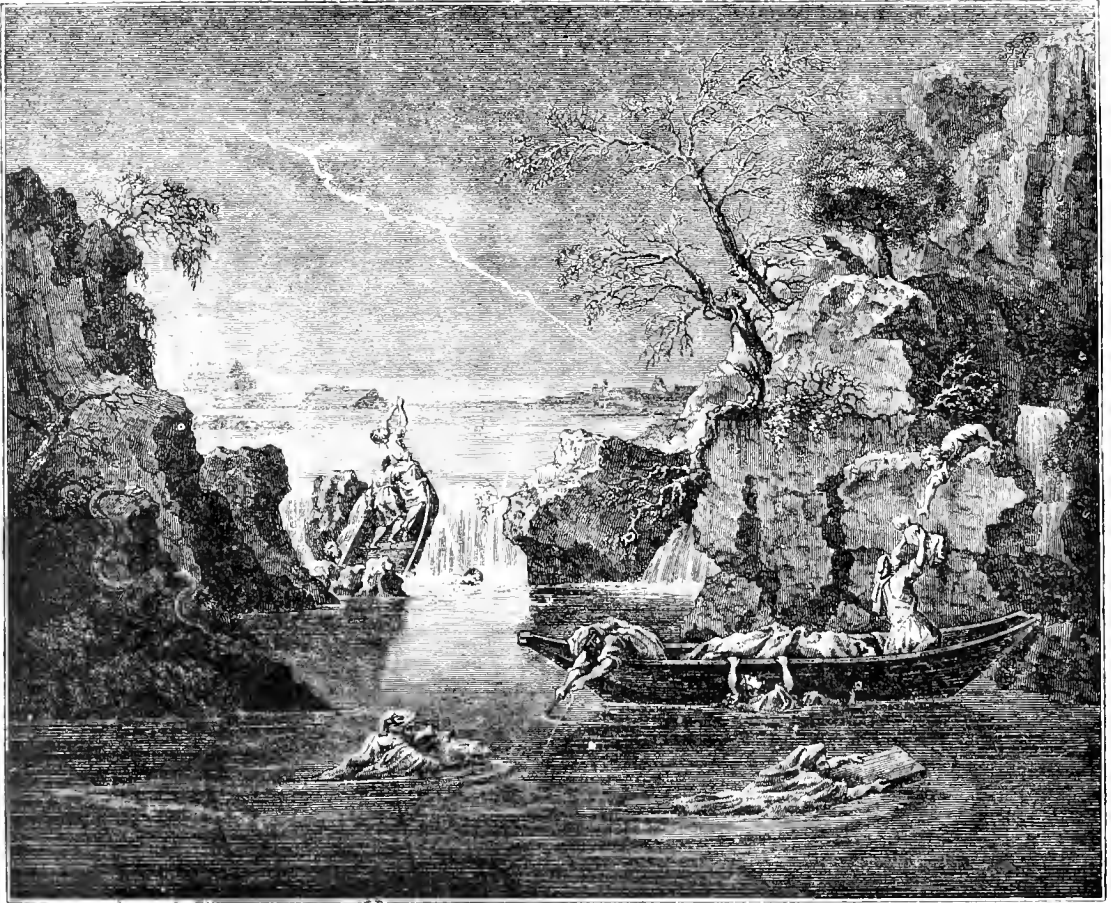
"THE DELUGE," BY POUSSIN.

POUSSIN has, in this celebrated picture, rendered the threat of the Almighty, in the sixth chapter of Genesis, in the most striking form of which it is capable. The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The waters have rushed forth, have covered the plains, and are rising towards the mountain tops. The scene is half hidden by a hazy damp atmosphere, a great waste of waters has blotted out green fields and pleasant valleys, towns and cities, and all that made earth beautiful; and have surprised men eating and drinking and making merry. All that is yet living is to be found on the summits of the hills, but the mist and opaqueness of the clouds tell but too clearly that this last refuge will also soon be destroyed.

the waters are at the very moment crumbling them away beneath his feet. Death stares them in the face whichever way they look.

Poussin knows how both to sympathise and furnish food for thought. In reproducing these terrible scenes, he at once recalls their origin and surrounds them with an air of religious grandeur. In the foreground of the picture upon a bare rock, he shows us the serpent crawling from the rising waters, and thus connects the memory of Adam's fall with the calamity which is engulfing the world. He seems to struggle against impending death, and to be resolved to perish only with the last of the race which he has ruined and betrayed.

In reference to this, St. Pierre tells an interesting anecdote



THE DELUOE. FROM A PAINTING BY POUSSIN.

In the midst of this wide-spread desolation man appears standing at bay with death. The painter has, with admirable skill, detailed the universal disaster which has befallen the species, and, still more, has represented the different stages of it without doing any violence to the general unity and harmony of the whole composition. In the prow of the boat which has been upset, an old man, standing up and in view of impending death, makes a last appeal to heaven, while his younger and more vigorous companion seems still disposed to struggle against fate. Another boat is just touching the land, impelled by a pole which a man pushes in the stern. Another on the bank is leaning over to lay hold of his child, which his wife hands up to him, in the hope that they may all find shelter from the torrents upon the rocks behind him, though

of Jean Jacques Rousseau. "One day," says he, "when we were speaking of Poussin's 'Deluge,' Rousseau sought to fix my attention upon the serpent creeping up the rock for the purpose of avoiding the water, with which the earth was everywhere covered. After having heard what he had to say, I replied, 'It seems to me that in this sublime painting there is a still more striking feature—the infant which the mother is handing to its father upon the rock; the child aids their efforts with its little legs. The spirit is struck in the midst of all the crimes and follies of earth, by the spectacle of innocence, subjected to the same law as crime, and of maternal love more powerful than the love of life.' He then said to me, 'Oh, yes—it's the child, there can be no doubt that it's the child which forms the principal object.'"

DON DIEGO VELASQUEZ.



ONE day, as Velasquez had just finished the portrait of the Grand Admiral of Castile, Don Adrian Pulido Parcja, Philip IV. entered the studio of his principal painter, and, perceiving the admiral's portrait, addressed it in the following terms: "What are you doing there? Is it thus that you execute my orders? Is it not to you that I have confided the honour of

most flattering tribute which could be paid to the genius of Velasquez, a genius of a high and haughty order, which looked upon painting only as a means of recommencing the task of creation.

Don Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez was, according to the testimony of the Spanish writers, born at Seville in 1599, and not in 1594, as so many of his biographers have stated. His family, which was noble, and, indeed, claimed to be descended from the ancient kings of Alba Longa, was originally Portuguese, but, being reduced by adverse circumstances, left Portugal and established itself in Spain. His father and mother were far from being rich; they were not able to give their son wealth, but they resolved that he should, at least, enjoy the advantage of a liberal education, and they accordingly placed him under the care of the most learned preceptors. During his literary studies, Velasquez evinced great talent for drawing, and his parents determined that he should follow the bent of his inclination. His first master was Francesco Herrera, commonly surnamed *The Old*, a man of horrible temper and indomitable roughness of behaviour, who had formed for himself a style of painting in harmony with his natural character. He was a contemporary of Caravaggio, and possessed that artist's sombre humour, as well as his savage boldness and spirited touch. But he treated his pupils and his family in the same fashion that he painted his pictures,—that is to say, with a sort of savage fury. The consequence was that he estranged every one from him; and Velasquez was soon obliged to quit the school of a master who was abandoned by even his own children. Velasquez's stay with Herrera the Old was, however, of use to him. He contracted a taste for a free, energetic, and spirited style of execution, which formed a favourable contrast with the timid manner of the former painters of Andalusia! and, by dint of seeing his master succeed through his audacity, he accustomed himself to a mode of painting that was full of freedom and vigour.

At this period there lived at Seville a fellow-disciple of Herrera the Old, namely, Francesco Pacheco, who was as quiet



my flag?" The fact is, that on entering the dimly-lighted room, the monarch at first supposed the portrait to be the admiral himself; perceiving his mistake, however, he turned towards Velasquez and said: "My son, you completely deceived me." * This was, without the slightest doubt, the

* "Os aseguro que me engañe." Palomino Velasco, "Las Vidas de los Pintores Espanoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo pictorico y Escala optica." Madrid, 1724.

and moderate as Herrera was impetuous. On quitting the studio of Herrera for that of Pacheco, Velasquez found in his second master not only a good painter, especially in fresco, but also a clever author and a poet, whose house, says Palomino, was the golden prison of painting,—*el carcel dorado del Arte*. Around him used to be collected all the literary celebrities that inhabited Seville, or merely passed through it, and, among others, Herrera, *The Divine*, author of a treatise on painting; Francesco Quevedo de Villegas, an ingenious poet; and the immortal author of "Don Quixote de la Mancha," Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. How charming is the history of art! It is she who raises certain portions of the hangings which the political historian has never touched; it is she who introduces us unexpectedly through a secret door into the abodes of painters, showing us personages whom we never expected to meet, and who have come there to spend the pleasantest hours of life, namely, those that are passed among philosophers, artists, and dreamers. What a piece of good fortune for a young painter to grow up in the company of such men, and to benefit his mind with the rich treasures of their conversation! We can easily imagine that in this studio, where two ardent young students, Alonzo Cano and Velasquez, might be seen at work, the days must have glided very quickly by, and that every moment must have been well filled up, either while Pacheco was drawing the portrait of Cervantes in red and black chalks,* or the portrait was inspiring Quevedo with a number of pleasing verses, or lastly, while, the illustrious novelist was recounting the prowess of the last of the knights-errant, or opening a door to the imagination of his auditors through which they might look out upon that rugged landscape of the Sierra-Morena, which resembles no other in the world.†

Although, from the portrait, painted by himself, it might be supposed that Velasquez was a man of violent temper, he was, on the contrary, sociable and mild. Pacheco, seeing him already so skilful, and so attentive to the noble conversation of his visitors, took a particular liking to him. He showed him all the pictures which at that period were sent to Seville from Rome, Naples, Venice, and even the Low Countries, and procured for him permission to study and copy them. But none of these numerous works possessed the same charm for Velasquez as the pictures of his compatriot Luis Tristan de Toledo, whom he admired for his fine colouring and vivid conception. This was, without a doubt, because these qualities agreed best with his own peculiar ideas; for, as a general rule, what artists admire in others is a portion of themselves. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that Velasquez, thereby proving that he was a painter born, had succeeded in appreciating his two masters at their proper value, and appropriating what struck him as the best points in each of them. He detested the natural savageness of Herrera the Old, but he borrowed his vigorous and bold style; he admired Pacheco's cultivated taste, but he could not adopt that learned professor's chastened and quiet manner; so that he formed his palette from the one and his mind from the other. It was at the conclusion of this double course of education, when he was about twenty years of age, that Velasquez married his master's daughter, Dona Juana, as Pacheco has told us in his "Treatise on Painting."‡

As we all know, the *ideal* was never the domain of the Spanish painters. By *ideal* we mean the grand style. The lot of this vigorous school was to express passion, to seize on reality, and represent subjects palpitating with life. In this sense Don Diego Velasquez was the most Spanish painter of all the painters of Spain. He must be followed and observed step by step, in the path conducting to that kind of perfection which he was destined to attain. His favourite master, that

master whom he placed above Pacheco and Herrera the Old, was nature. He consulted nature every moment of the day. His first sketches were taken from everyday life, and represented the personages he met in the streets and *pasadas* of his native city. They are peculiarly valuable for the true picture they afford us of the manners and characteristics of the lower classes in Spain at the period in which he lived. They also exhibit a great luxuriance of still life. When his friends reproached him with not selecting higher subjects, Velasquez was accustomed to reply, that the foundation of his art must be strength; delicacy might follow afterwards as the superstructure. In these first productions of his pencil he coloured in the style of Caravaggio, but he altered his style after having seen some pictures by Lanfranc, Guido, and Pomerancio. His model for heads was Domenico, surnamed *el Garco*, a most strange and extravagant artist, who would have been much greater than he was, but from an absurd apprehension of being taken for a copyist of Titian, under whom he is said to have studied. But Velasquez never copied Domenico servilely, observing, that "what this master did well was the best of all things, and that what he did ill was bad in the extreme." He had taken into his service a young peasant, who never left him.* He used to study his slightest gestures, and place his body in a thousand different positions, carefully noting in his physiognomy the expressions of gaiety or sadness, of attention or indifference, of pleasure or fear, produced by the events of everyday life. There was, in a word, no nice delicacy, no difficulty of drawing, no case of foreshortening that he avoided. In this manner did he study humanity in one man, and endeavour to seize in this model, always the same and yet always changing, not only the trace of the ordinary emotions of the soul, but every advantage which painting can derive from the different attitudes of the human body. He studied upon this peasant's face the furrows caused by smiles as well as those produced by tears—furrows which, according to the remark of a certain philosopher, serve to express joy as well as grief. Nor, while Velasquez was thus indefatigable in the actual use of his pencil, did he neglect the theoretical part of his art, but read every author of credit who could form his judgment or expand his mind.

So great was the confidence of Velasquez in the rich variety of nature, that whenever he drew upon her inexhaustible treasury, he almost invariably did so at hazard, being very certain that he should everywhere meet with beauty, and that he should be able to represent it to others. Setting out from this principle, he, at first, had no other end in view than a scrupulous imitation of the form and tone of every object, finishing each portion of it with the same care, and imparting to it all the vigour which he thought he saw in it. Is it not to this that naturalism must inevitably lead its votaries, at least at the commencement? If we consider art as a mere counter-impres of nature, everything in the latter immediately enchants us. Exclusively absorbed by the wish to render our copy a faithful one, we attach the same importance to the accessories as to the principal parts; taking each detail separately, we begin by working on it with passion and energy, without consenting to sacrifice a single one. The consequence of this is, that the various plans, which we should have distinguished from each other, are all confounded together, the relative value of the tones escapes us, and, from our very desire to obtain accent and relief everywhere, we inevitably become harsh. This is exactly what happened to Velasquez in the first trial of strength that he made with nature. His celebrated picture of "The Water Carrier of Seville" (p. 116) belongs to this style. The truthfulness of this picture is, however, so striking that it actually causes the spectator's throat to feel parched, for he beholds a man of the lower classes drinking so eagerly and with such evident enjoyment out of the water-carrier's jug, that he himself would willingly suffer thirst for a long time in order to revel in the pleasure of

* Quillier, "Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols," 1816.

† See the life of Francesco Pacheco, in Quillier's "Dictionnaire." This work is a useful compilation from Palomino, Cano Berruetez, and the best Spanish books on painting.

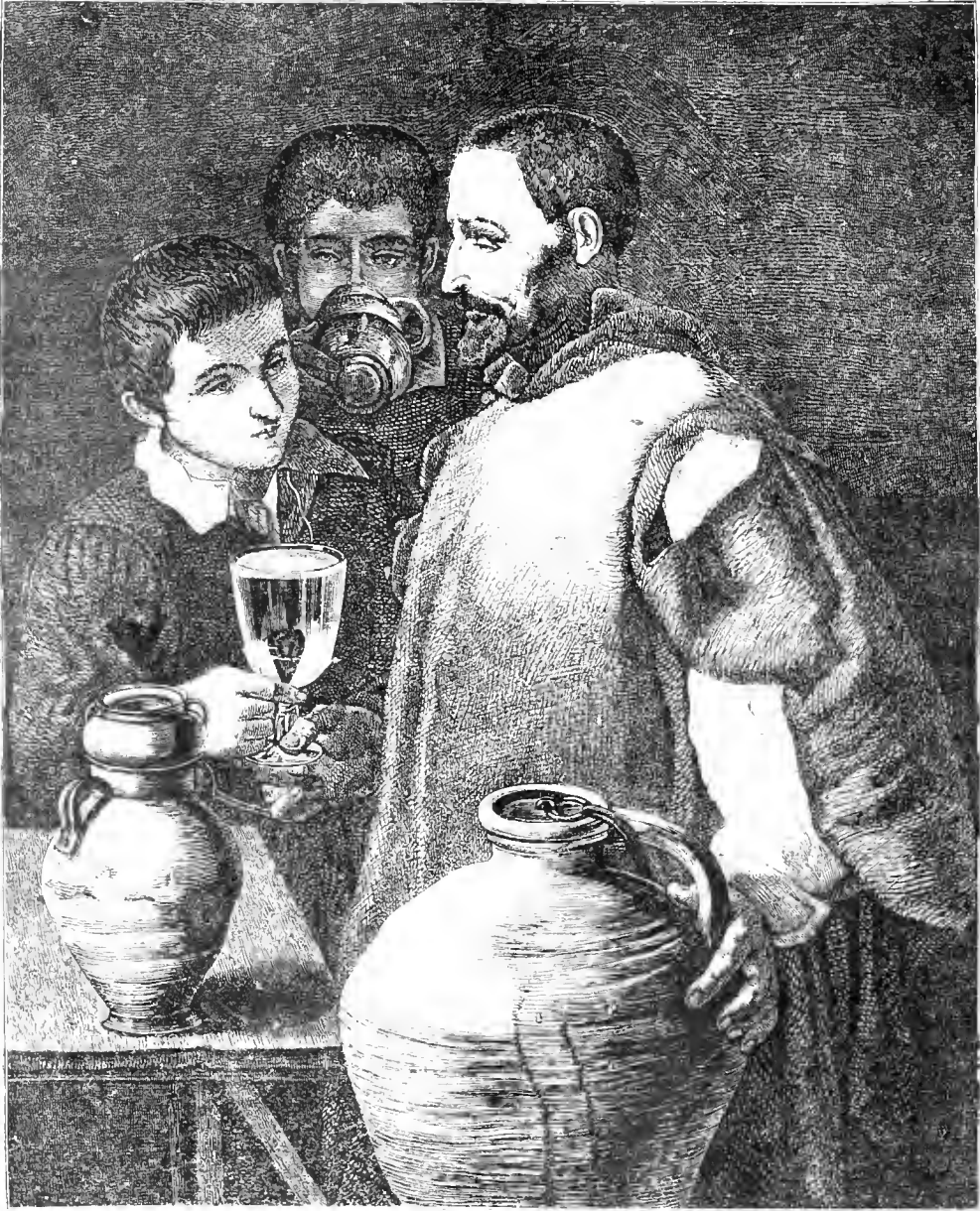
‡ "El Arte de la Pintura, su Antiquidad y Grandezas." En Sevilla, 1649.

* . . . Le servia de modelo en diversas acciones y posturas, ya llorando, ya riendo . . . &c." Pacheco, "El Arte de la Pintura." En Sevilla, 1649.

combined with such artistic skill, and obtained with such certainty.

We think we have discovered the secret of treating painting in this cavalier fashion, and why Velasquez succeeded so marvellously in it. He had commenced by painting objects in the order they presented themselves to his view: birds, fish, fruit, *frutas, aves, peces, y cosas inanimadas por el natural*, says Cean Bermudez,* and nothing is more capable of forming or perfecting a colourist than the severe study of what is called still

fascinate it. The eye of a painter making the round of a calville, for instance, would find pleasure in remarking the fine gradations which would lead him from a pale-yellow to a carnation. The goldfinch, again, with its red head and gold-tipped wings, presents the artist with a whole system of colouring. By imitating nature, and bringing together those colours alone which he felt were related to each other, Velasquez avoided the necessity of blending them. He was thus enabled to preserve their solidity and freshness, because,



THE WATER-CARRIER OF SEVILLE. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

life. By a course of study of this description we may penetrate some of the mysteries of creation, and learn some of the rules which govern its harmonious natural arrangements. The first objects taken at hazard, the stone on the high road or the wild flower of the fields, contain in themselves the principle of the alliance and the opposition of tones. Their contrast serves to excite our attention, and their harmony to

knowing that he could not possibly offend the eye by the juxtaposition of such colours as harmonised naturally with each other, he applied them boldly and surely, exactly where they were wanted, and thus was not under the necessity of working them up.

Meanwhile the news was spread about the Spanish court, that a celebrated painter, Peter Paul Rubens by name, had just arrived in Madrid. Rubens was the bearer of certain official presents from the Duke of Mantua. An hour was appointed for his introduction to Philip IV., and what hap-

* Diccionario de los más ilustres Profesores. &c. vol. vi. Madrid, 1800.

pened? The officer whom he meets at the door of the king's apartment, the king's intimate friend who is charged with the duty of introducing him, is no other than Velasquez! * The day that these two great painters beheld each other, for the first time, must indeed have been a happy one for them! How comes it that historians have mentioned nothing of this interview? Is it less interesting than that between Philip IV. and Louis XIV. in the Isle of the Conference? Were not these two illustrious princes, we mean Velasquez and Rubens, the most brilliant impersonifications of Spanish and

native originality, or of a spirit of nationality more easily recognised, than Velasquez and Rubens.

However this may be, Velasquez, with the permission of the king, who with difficulty parted from him, embarked at Barcelona the 10th August, 1629, on board the vessel of the Marquis de Spinola †. Touching at Venice, he immediately hastened to visit the pictures there. Titian appeared to him as grand as Rubens predicted he would. Veronese enchanted, and Tintoretto captivated him. He copied the "Calvary" and the "Communion of the Apostles" of the latter spirited



THE INFANT. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

lemish art, respectively? Who would ever have believed it? It was Rubens who inspired the painter of the Spanish monarch with the desire to see Italy; Rubens, whom neither the ideal school of Florence nor the Sixtine Chapel had been able to change; Rubens, who had beheld and copied the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci with the eyes and the pencil of a master of the Flemish school? Never, perhaps, did nature create two men endowed with a greater degree of

master, with the intention of offering the two paintings to his friend Philip IV. At Ferrara, at Bologna, at Rome, Velasquez everywhere met with an honourable reception—thanks to the orders sent by the Duke of Olivares to all the representatives of Spain in Italy. The pope, Urban VIII., lodged the artist in the Vatican, and ordered the keys of those apartments which contained paintings to be given to him. †

* Velasquez then held the post of gentleman-usher, *Ufice de Camara*. At a later period he was elevated chamberlain, *Ufice Mayor*.

† Pache, *Œuvres de l'Art de la Peinture, ses Antiquités et Grandesses*, Bibliothèque de l'École des Beaux-Arts, p. 104.

quez made chalk drawings of the "Last Judgment," the "Prophets and Sybils of the Sixtine Chapel," the "School of Athens," "Parnassus," and the "Incendio del Borgo." So intense, indeed, was his application to study, so incessant were his endeavours to improve himself in his deeply-cherished art, that his physical powers gave way, and he became so ill that he was obliged to move to a more airy and salubrious spot. No sooner had he recovered, however, than he resumed his former course of life, and devoted himself to the study of the antique, every moment of his time being so taken up, that he had scarcely any leisure left to execute two original compositions, "Joseph's Garment," one of his most famous pictures, and "Vulcan's Forge." Both these paintings are *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way.

We say "in their way," because there are certain qualities which we must not look for in Velasquez; these are, elevated style, traditional convention, as it was understood by Nicolas Poussin, and that nobleness in the choice of the contour, which, surpassing mere correctness, actually goes so far as to substitute for the forms presented by nature the refinements invented by genius or by taste. Velasquez never pays, save in the coin of Spain; that is to say, he reduces the heroes and the scenes of the most elevated description to types of a kind of trivial haughtiness. In his eyes, the gods of Olympus are merely men, and, for him, a man is the first comer, whether he be the muleteer who passes along whistling as he goes, or yonder beggar majestically draped in his tattered cloak. We must not, therefore, expect to find in "Vulcan's Forge" that slim and elegant Apollo whom the ancient sculptor produced from the marble, radiant with grace, beauty, and youth, and gliding lightly over the ground with the step of a god. No—in the picture painted by Velasquez, Latona's son, when he comes to inform Vulcan of the infidelity of Venus, is merely a young blacksmith's apprentice, who would be very much surprised could he see the aureola of splendour with which his head is encircled. In spite of the laurel branch which crowns this apprentice, disguised as the God of Art, the scene is one of the most common description, and takes place in some village inn, or, we may say, blacksmith's shed, where Velasquez once, perhaps, saw the mules of the Spanish king being shod, for, most assuredly, neither the shield of Achilles nor the armour of Æneas was ever forged in such a place. But, on the other hand, if we once accept the vulgar treatment of the subject, what an assemblage of brilliant qualities must we not acknowledge! How simple, how forcible is the expression, both in the pantomime of Vulcan, more astonished than he should be at the infidelity of Venus, as well as in the naive looks of the three assistant smiths, who have temporarily interrupted the measured blows of their hammers, and left the anvil to repose! All that a French painter would have sought in poetic inspiration, Velasquez seeks in simple reality. In place of the contrast of the two natures, the divine and the human, it is the contrast of the two lights, the fire of the brazier and the light of heaven. How correct is the anatomy of those superb bodies illuminated by the sun, of those supple and nervous arms, so well set and so admirably foreshortened! Why should the artist divorce himself from nature, when he can espouse her with so much passion and when she is so fruitful?

Velasquez returned from Italy as much a Spaniard, as much Velasquez as ever. The study of the antique had not elevated his style to the height of the ideal. His destiny was to reign exclusively in the domain of reality. If he did not possess wings to soar into the clouds and seize there the expression of superhuman nature, he was, perhaps, the greatest of all those whose feet touch the earth. From its strongly-marked character, his painting became sublime, and frequently, when seeking merely truth, he found poetry. He would imbue a simple portrait with more poetry than others would throw into a sacred or historical composition. But then what painter ever had more splendid models from which his genius might draw inspiration? The models copied by Velasquez were not of that heavy, thick, and fleshy nature that were to be found in the painting-rooms of the Flemish and Dutch

painters, but specimens of Spanish individuality, exuberant with life and passion, and full of courage, devotion, and pride. When he was placed before one of these chivalrous beings, whose countenance was as haughty as his own, his model increased in importance as he worked, till the moment arrived when the portrait became transformed into a historical picture!

The portrait of the Count-Duke of Olivares, his patron, is an example of this. Velasquez represented him encased in a suit of armour inlaid with gold, with a hat surmounted by a flowing plume, and with the staff of a commander in his hand. He is mounted on an Andalusian charger of the finest breed, flying to the fight, while his face appears bathed in perspiration from fatigue and the weight of his arms. In the background we perceive the shock of two bodies of cavalry meeting. Never was any one more successful in rendering the movement and beauty of the horses as well as the ardour and truthfulness of action. Palomino Velasco,* who has written with such care the lives of the Spanish painters, is unable to repress his emotion when speaking of this picture. "We see," he says, "the thick clouds of dust and smoke rolling before our eyes; we hear the clash of weapons; we are present at the carnage."†

In instances like this, Velasquez becomes the equal of Titian and Vandyck. No one is better acquainted than he is with the build, the motions, the skeleton, and the appearance of the horse. Vandyck has, perhaps, made his horses more elegant, but Velasquez has succeeded in bringing out their various muscles more prominently, and imbuing them with more fire, especially their heads, which possess a rare amount of nobleness and beauty. Nothing can be more dignified and more manly than that cavalier, with his mustachios twisted up, who, with his face turned towards the spectator, while his horse is carrying him off into the midst of the action, is ordering the charge, and appears to command not only in virtue of his rank, but in virtue of his courage as well. Was it not this picture which inspired the French painter with the idea of his "Capitaine des Guides?" Was it not the recollection of the heroic picture painted by Velasquez which caused Géricault to hit upon another manner of becoming sublime?

We recollect visiting, in 1836, the gallery of the Prince of Orange, since King of Holland, at Brussels. After admiring a great number of *chefs-d'œuvre*, and among others an astonishing landscape by Rubens, in which the barking of the dogs in a boar-hunt was, so to speak, audible, some figures by Perugino, and some admirable heads by Francesco Penni, unnamed *Il Fattore*, we were introduced into an empty room, no one side of which was hung the "Belle Anversoise," by Vandyck, and the portrait of a Burgomaster clad in black, and wearing a fine collar with small plaits, while, on the other side, were suspended the portraits of the Count-Duke d'Olivares and of Philip IV. by Velasquez. Never did any pictures produce a more profound sensation on any young and ardent admirer of art. Those who were visiting the gallery with us having gone on, we remained alone for some moments in presence of these four full-length figures that stood drawn up before us. The gravity of their fixed expressions inspired us with respect, and involuntarily we assumed their noble attitude. Wavering, however, between these two grand painters, and dazzled by both, we felt our enthusiasm pass from Vandyck to Velasquez, and from Velasquez to Vandyck, while each, in turn, obtained the preference. The skilful and rich pencil of the pupil of Rubens had not more fascination for us than the frank, vigorous, and sober style of the Spanish painter. The one caused us to admire Art, while the other concealed it, and showed us merely Nature.

Philip IV. had awaited the return of Velasquez with impatience. The painter's society was a necessity for him, for

* Museo Pictórico y Escala Óptica." Madrid, 1724.

† "Pare que se vi el polvo, se mira el humo, se oye el estruendo, y se teme el estrago." "Las Vidas de los Pintores Españoles," vol. iii. p. 322, of the "Musée Pictórico."

Velasquez was one of those intimate friends who were styled, in the language of the court, *parientes del Rey*. During his absence, Philip IV. would not sit to any other painter, although he had in his service such men as Caxes, Carducho, and Nardi. Being a passionate admirer of art, and delighted that it lay in his power to discover, at all hours, its naive manifestations, its various stages, and its different secrets, the king caused a painting-room to be constructed for his favourite in the gallery del Cierzo, keeping for himself a second key, with the right of entering whenever he chose, of surprising the artist's ideas in all their crudity, and of amusing himself by following the development of each thought, and the progress of each picture, from the moment that it appeared only as a confused and shapeless sketch, until it had received the highest finish of execution. It was to the family of Philip IV. that Velasquez first devoted himself on his return. He painted, in succession, the Infants and Infantas. In the museum of the Louvre, at Paris, before the heirs of the ex-king, Louis Philippe, had them removed, there might be seen some specimens of this series of paintings, too sincere and free to be the work of a courtier. Mounted upon their high heels, or tied to long rapiers, these little princely personages, no higher than their spaniel, presented us with a picture of quasi-royal solemnity, which was not without its charm, namely, that of historical truth.

In the museum at Madrid are preserved the large equestrian and the full-length portraits of the Infant Don Balhazar Carlos. In the latter (p. 129), Velasquez has represented him holding his carbine in his hand with a bold dashing air, surrounded by his dogs, with his small hat placed knowingly on his head, and standing in the midst of one of those undulating landscapes which, we believe, are to be found nowhere else but in the works of Collantes; in the former, he has depicted him on an Andalusian horse, which seems as if it were about to spring out from the canvas at full gallop. Nothing can be more interesting than this embryo cavalier, with his large black eyes, who is seated so calmly, so naively, and so much at his ease, on his fiery steed, with his legs encased in large leather boots as becomes a hunter already a first-rate adept in equestrian.*

Velasquez attacks without the slightest hesitation, and reproduces without the least difficulty, all the varied effects of nature observed at hazard, and all the phenomena of light, from the intensity of a mid-day sun to the most transient and doubtful gleam. Nothing embarrasses, nothing astonishes this great master, as long as there is no question of idealising his model. It is as easy for him to group a number of persons in the perumbra, as to dash off a single individual in the midst of an open country. If he happens to visit a manufactory of tapestry, where he sees a number of women working half-naked, on account of the excessive heat, in a light decolorized by the external hangings, he will be struck by the charm of this chiaro-oscuro, and represent the spinners, "Las Hilanderas," carelessly exposing their naked forms to the half-light, while ladies more completely dressed, and bargaining for tapestry that is ready for sale, are merely placed there as objects which the painter makes use of to exhibit the miracles which his incomparable pencil is capable of producing, to augment the illusion of the perspective, and to afford scope for the effects of a subdued and carefully-managed light. Were we actually to go, and, through some secret opening, look into the interior of a manufactory of this description—were we to surprise a number of half-dressed workmen, listlessly engaged at their work, while the mild daylight is caressing their shoulders, which appear bathed in the warm air of the south—we should behold nothing more nor less than the very fac-simile of the Spanish painter's picture. This was felt by Raphael Mengs, who, when speaking of this particular work, and of the portraits painted by Velasquez, exclaims, "It seems as if his hand had had no share in the

execution of his paintings, but that everything about them was created by a simple act of volition."

For some time Philip IV. had entertained the project of establishing a public academy of fine arts at Madrid; but to do this it was necessary to possess some models. The king commissioned Velasquez to travel through Italy, and to select, at the cost of the Spanish Government, whatever might strike him as worth being purchased. In obedience to the royal command, the painter left Madrid in the month of November, 1648, and embarked at Malaga, in company with the Duke de Naxera, who was charged to proceed to Trent and receive the Queen Maria-Anne of Austria. But Velasquez was so impatient to revisit Venice, whither he was attracted by his old recollections and by so many marvellous colourists, that he would not await the arrival of the queen. This second voyage of Velasquez was one which proved highly beneficial to his native land. Whenever he heard of any fine pictures to be sold, he bought them for the king; whenever he met with any celebrated fresco-painters, such, for instance, as Colonna, or the Metelli, of Bologna, he represented to them that Spain was a country where they would find a glorious and profitable field for the exercise of their talent. At Florence, Velasquez feasted his eyes on the masterpieces of Andreas del Sarto, and at Parma on those of Correggio. At Modena he was received with great distinction by the duke, who remembered that when he was at Madrid he had once sat to our painter. Fatigued, however, with the honours that were everywhere paid to the agent of Philip IV., he proceeded incognito to Rome, and thence to Naples, where he was to concert measures with the Viceroy, who had orders to supply the *palazzo reale* with all he required. At this period, Ribera was a person of great importance at Naples. Velasquez was naturally desirous of meeting his illustrious countryman. He was able really and truly to admire the works of this great master, being made to inspire jealousy in others, but never giving way to it himself.

Velasquez was compelled, however, to return to Rome, where the Pope Innocent X. received him in a most magnificent manner, which was immediately imitated by the Cardinal, his nephew, and the rest of the Sacred College. The Cavalier Bernini, l'Algarde, and Pietro de Cortona, paid the Spanish artist every possible mark of respect, which was changed into enthusiasm as soon as he had painted the pope's portrait. It was one of the prodigies of art, and its success was most triumphant. It was carried with great pomp in procession, and had the honour of being crowned. It renewed the illusion formerly produced by the famous portraits painted by Raphael and Titian, those of Leon X. and Paul III. respectively. That priest with the ruddy forehead in a red enamel, seated in a red arm-chair, and stretching out from the red hangings, was in reality the sovereign pontiff himself. A halo of ermine round the purple cap, and a few feathers boldly dashed in on the luminous points of the vest, the check-bow, and the forehead, had been sufficient to give this surprising feat of artistic strength, and imbue the picture with relief, roundness, accent, and life. The Pope presented him with a medal, and the academicians of Saint Luke elected him a member of their body, and forwarded his diploma after him to Spain.

During this time, Philip IV. was suffering impatiently the absence of Velasquez. He ruled the daily presence and conversation of the artist, for, as we have said, he liked to see him at work in the silence of his studio of the Cierzo, and which he, Philip, could alone enter at all hours, as Charles V. used to do into that of Titian. The monarch's admiration was remarked by a courtier, Don Fernand Ruiz de Contreras, who wrote to Velasquez on the subject. But resorting court to return to Madrid, however, the intended emissary of art remembered that, on the occasion of his first journey, he had ordered a picture of a herd of the twelve best painters of Italy, and that he had to carry back with him to Madrid those

* The amateur may obtain an idea of this contrast by consulting the "Collection litographique de Cuadros del Rey de España," Madrid, 1826, vol. i. This work is incomplete in the print-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris.

See Raphael Mengs, "Observaciones pinturas de Velasquez, pintadas en el Real Palacio de Madrid," Vol. II. of his works.

See Guzman, "Descripcion de los Reales Espanoles," p. 70.

twelve rival productions. Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, Joachim Sandrart, were the twelve painters to whom fame then assigned the first rank. Is it not a curious fact, that at



THE INFANT DON BALTHAZAR CARLOS, FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

Guercino, Valentin Colombo, Andreas Sacchi, Poussin, the Chevalier Massimo (Stanzioni), Horace Gentileschi, and

• There is no doubt that this artist, who is mentioned in the works of Bermudez and Palomino, is none other than Valentin de Coulommiers, who, as we know, was still living in 1630, at the period when Velasquez first visited Italy. He enjoyed a great

the present day we acknowledge the justice of the judgment pronounced on these masters by the Italians of their own reputation at Rome. Besides this, one of his best productions, "The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," which must have been one of the twelve pictures brought back by Velasquez, is in the Museum at Madrid.

time, and that we find them occupying very nearly the same position in public opinion which they did two centuries ago?

The war which Mazarin was then waging against Spain prevented Velasquez from traversing France and visiting Paris. He re-crossed the sea with his rich store of statues,

and art, and with the king of Spain at his side, seventeen years of his life had glided so quickly by. Possessing a straightforward character and an honest open heart, the Andalusian painter was not one of those courtiers who await the signal of their master before they dare entertain a single



THE INFANT DON CARLOS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

busts, and pictures, and was accompanied by Jerome Ferrer, easter in bronze, as well as by the sculptor, Dominic de Rioja. Philip rewarded Velasquez by conferring on him the title of Grand Chamberlain of the Palace, *Aposentador Mayor*; his salary was increased to a thousand ducats a year, and he once more returned to that studio where, in company with nature

thought. The Duke d'Olivares having fallen into disgrace, Velasquez hastened to give his old protector fresh proofs of his gratitude, a feeling which others would have reckoned it dangerous to manifest. Velasquez had known the Marquis de Spinola, who had taken him on board his vessel when he embarked at Barcelona. Our artist consecrated one of his

greatest pictures, a masterpiece, to the glory of the illustrious commander. "The Surrender of Breda," called in Spain the "Picture of the Lances," represents the Marquis landing in front of his troops to receive, with all the grace and dignity of a generous conqueror, the keys of the fortress from the hands of the vanquished general. On one side are drawn up the light-haired, well-fed Flemings, with their open, ruddy countenances; on the other stand the grave, pale, bilious-looking Spaniards, slight in form, but with a natural haughtiness peering through their attitude. Among them, under a large slouched hat, in one corner of the picture, may be seen a noble and manly face, which is that of Velasquez himself. Between the two armies lies an apparently boundless landscape. We appear to feel the very breeze that fans it; we seem as if we could step in it, walk in it, breathe in it!

The only poetry, the sole Muse acknowledged by Velasquez, was Truth! He never troubles himself with embellishing Nature, he lets her do that herself. Whatever crosses his imagination is but a part of his recollections; he only invents what he has seen. But then, what an eye is his! How it embraces every object both in its fullest extent and in its minutest details! How he penetrates to the very core of all things—how he touches them! How he seizes the positive, the exact, or rather the apparent tone of everything, for that is the only correct one! Nothing escapes his piercing reason and his unfailing certainty of execution! He measures the distance of the various bodies by the degree of intensity alone which is given to the colours by the interposition of the radiant air! Nothing can deceive the eye of Velasquez; but, on the contrary, it is he who deceives that of everyone else!

On traversing the Palace of Madrid, the visitor will meet Velasquez, and go up and speak to him, for he is there in person standing at his easel painting the Infanta Marie-Marguerite of Austria. Decked out in black lace, and lost in a gown of light silk, which bulges out at the bottom like a bell, the blonde Infanta, with her chubby cheeks and round eyes, is in the act of taking in her little hand a little cup of Japan china, that is, doubtless to amuse her, offered by a maid of honour. At the side of the future empress are two dwarfs, very celebrated in the annals of the ante-chamber, Marie Babel and Nicolas Pertusano. The latter, who is dressed exactly like a Knave of Spades, is worrying a large dog that is lying down motionless in the foreground. Before the spectator extends a long gallery, and, at its extreme end, there is a door which opens on the gardens, letting in the rays of the sun, and showing, on a flight of steps beyond, the gentleman who has just opened it. Near this door, through which the sun penetrates with dazzling splendour, there is a glass in which the reflection of the figures of Philip IV. and his wife occupies the neighbourhood of those royal personages. Never has a human pencil, either before or afterwards, obtained such a degree of magical illusion. As far as simple imitation is concerned, this picture is the *op plus ultra* of art, and, if it were not for the frame which surrounds it, we should with difficulty believe it to be a painting. "It seems," says Francesco Prezioso, director of the Spanish Academy at Rome, "that we are in the same room with this group of children and dwarfs, and that they are all alive." We know that when Charles II. showed this family picture to Luca Giordano, who had recently come to Spain, the Italian painter exclaimed enthusiastically: "*It is the Theology of Painting!*" thus placing the work of Velasquez in the same rank that theology holds amongst the sciences.

The picture still preserves the name bestowed on it by Luca Giordano. After Velasquez had finished it, he presented it to his friend the king, and asked him whether there was anything wanting. "Yes, one thing," said Philip IV., taking the palette from the painter's hands, and drawing upon the

breast of the artist, who is represented in the picture, the cross of the order of Santiago. The cross has remained up to the present day exactly as it was painted by the royal hand. This is a charming trait on the part of the Spanish king, and proves that he possessed the delicacy and good taste of a true gentleman. Velasquez was not regularly invested with the order until some time afterwards. When the president, according to the usual custom observed on the reception of a new knight, was about to investigate our artist's family pretensions, and asked for his genealogical papers, Philip IV., who was present, said with a smile: "Give him the order, for I know his noble birth and the right he has to it." In order to afford a still more convincing proof how high Velasquez stood in the estimation of his royal patron, the investiture took place in full court, on the festival of San Prospero, amidst general rejoicing, festivity, and magnificence.

A great and important ceremony now brought the Grand Chamberlain, *Aposentador* Mayor of Philip IV., conspicuously into public notice. The Treaty of the Pyrenees, signed the 7th of November, 1659, put an end to the war between France and Spain. Louis XIV. was to marry the Infanta, Maria Theresa, and it was agreed that the princess should be delivered, at Irun by Philip IV., into the hands of the young king's representatives. Velasquez, in virtue of his office, set out in the month of March, 1660, to prepare lodgings for the Court, and it was he who arranged the tent in which the two monarchs met, in the Isle of Pheasants, since called the Isle of the Conference. Charles Lebrun has chosen this ceremony as the subject of a grand picture in the Museum of Versailles. Velasquez figures in it among the other personages, for the French artist has taken care not to omit him. The Spanish painter is represented as old and harassed, for he was no longer what he once was when he painted the admirable portrait of himself, which Monsieur Taylor succeeded in obtaining for the Spanish gallery of the Louvre at Paris. How often have we stood wrapped in contemplation before this head, which is one of the marvels of the painter's art! The glance is so searching that it penetrates into our very souls! It is altogether a priceless work, in which, by a rare combination, firmness of touch is united to the most beautiful softness. The form is distinct, and yet it is impossible to distinguish the outline. The model is most perfectly exact, and stands out in astonishing relief, and yet we are totally unable to say where the light finishes, and where the shade begins. It contains a whole theory of painting.

It is but too true that, in 1660, Velasquez had aged quite as much as he is represented to have done in Lebrun's picture. The fatigue incidental to his office and travels had weakened a constitution that, in spite of the energy of his face, was naturally delicate, as we may see by the peculiar fineness of the skin. On his return to Madrid, his family were afflicted by the alteration visible in his features. Philip IV., on hearing of the state of his friend's health, lost no time in sending the royal physicians to attend upon him, but Velasquez survived a few days only; he breathed his last on the 7th August, 1660. The grandees of Spain, the court, and the knights of all the different orders, took part in his funeral. His widow died of grief at the expiration of a week, and was buried by his side in the Church of San Juan.

If painting were merely a second process of creation, Velasquez, without doubt, would be the greatest painter that ever lived. As portrait painters, Vandyck, Rubens, and Titian equalled, but did not excel him. His design was correct, his colouring true, even to sublimity; there was not a single illusion of physical nature which could escape his power of imitation. He began by merely reproducing his model upon the canvas dryly and crudely; he then took into account the phenomena of the visible world; he perceived that form is not abstract, but that it is modified by the presence of the atmosphere, and that the colour of all objects depends upon their distance, and the greater or less degree of light in which they are placed. He now painted nature as she appears to us, so as not to wound but please the view. At last, when he had reached the utmost limits of perfection, he suppressed all signs

"... Che pure, a chi lo vede, di trovarsi in quella camera, e che tutto sia animato." "Raccolta di Lettere su la Pittura, Scultura, et Architectura," tomo sesto, p. 320. In Roma, 1763. Compare what is said by M. Vardot in his "Notices on the Aguado Gallery," folio edition.

of art, so that nature alone was all that remained upon the canvases. In the works of Velasquez, we must neither look for the profound thought of Poussin, the exquisite feeling of Le Sueur, the fine style of the antique, nor the idealism of the Florentine school of the fifteenth century. Velasquez saw in heaven only men, and in men he beheld merely Spaniards,—that is to say, so many beings moved by the empire of the passions, and existing around him. His works, consequently, are deficient in style; but, to make up for this, they are invariably remarkable for one great characteristic quality, and that is, Truth.

In order to form an exact idea of the genius of Velasquez, we must study it in the *Museo del Rey*, in presence of his sixty-four pictures there, for we may safely say that, with the exception of a few rare specimens which are to be found out of Spain—either from having been given away by the magnificence of different kings, or from having been the spoil of victorious armies—all the works of this eminent artist are in the Museum at Madrid.

Velasquez attempted, and succeeded in, every branch of his art. He has painted sacred and profane history, historical and other landscapes, full-lengths as well as equestrian portraits of men and women, of extreme youth and of old age; hunting-scenes, battles, animals, interiors, flowers, and fruit.

Among his picturesque landscapes, the most celebrated are, "A View of the Prado," and "A View of Aranjuez." In the first of these two compositions he has represented a boar-hunt, with all its tumultuous and confused crowd of men, dogs, and horses; in the second, he has depicted "The Queen's Walk" (*la Calle de la Reina*), which is still so celebrated. Among his historical landscapes, we must mention "The Visit of Saint Anthony to Saint Paul, the Hermit." The canvas in this picture is scarcely covered. The ground, trees, and sky, when looked at nearly, are all massed together without any apparent attention to the separate objects, but if we retire four steps, everything becomes clear and full of animation.

It is at Madrid that we find the portrait of Philip IV. on horseback, in the midst of a naked country. Its effect is perfectly bewildering; it is impossible for illusion to be carried further. The portraits of the queens, Elizabeth of France and Marianne of Austria, as well as of the Infanta, Margaret, and of the Infant, Balthazar, who at one time is represented galloping on an Andalusian charger, and at another, in the *pose* of a young king, excite our admiration in an equal degree. We must likewise mention the portrait of the Count-Duke d'Olivares, on horseback and armed for a campaign; the Marquis de Pesquiere, the Alcade Ronquillo, the Corsair, Barberossa, and, lastly, a little male dwarf and a monstrous female dwarf.

Among the sacred paintings, there are at Madrid only two painted by Velasquez: "The Martyrdom of Saint Stephen," and "A Christ upon the Cross."

His profane subjects are tolerably numerous. The Museum possesses five of the best; the one called "The Spinners" (*las Hilanderas*), representing the interior of a tapestry manufactory, is a most remarkable work on account of its perspective and the management of the light. Next comes "Vulcan's Forge" (*la Fragua de Vulcano*), a composition full of air and depth. We must also mention "The Surrender of Breda," commonly called "The picture of the Lances" (*el Cuadro de las Lanças*), and "The Drinkers" (*los Bebedores or Borrachos*), two very remarkable works, despite the different styles to which they belong. The one charms us by the grandeur and magnificence of its general arrangement, and the other by the astonishing truthfulness of the different personages and the disposition of the groups. The French Government, on the proposal made by M. Charles Blanc, who was then Director of Fine Arts, charged an artist of merit, M. Portier, with the task of copying these two pictures. The copies are at present exposed to view in the Palais des Beaux Arts.

As a mere imitation of nature, there is another picture still more remarkable, perhaps, than "The Drinkers;" this is the one which represents "The Family of Philip IV.," and in

which the artist has painted his own portrait. It is perhaps the most important work ever produced by Velasquez.

The old Spanish gallery in the Louvre at Paris, contains, as we all know, two pictures by Velasquez: "Don Juan of Austria," and the "Palace of the Escurial."

The Museum of the Louvre possesses three pictures by Velasquez; a three-quarter portrait of the "Infanta Marguerite-Theresa," presumed to be the study for the picture representing the Family of Philip IV.; and the last one mentioned as forming part of the collection of the Museum of Madrid: "The Portrait of a Monk," a well-painted picture, but one which the administration of the Museum need not have given themselves any trouble to acquire; and, lastly, a "Re-union of Artists" (p. 124), a well-grouped composition, full of atmospheric effect, but restored, and badly restored. The first is said to have cost £160, and the second, £90.

The Gallery of the Belvedere, at Vienna, prides itself on possessing six pictures by Velasquez: "A Countryman laughing, and holding a flower in his right hand," a half-length; "The Painter's Family," a composition of twelve figures, size of life, three-quarter length; "The Portrait of Philip IV.," three-quarter length; "The Portrait of the Infanta, Marguerite-Theresa," that of her sister, "Marie-Theresa," and that of "Don Balthazar Carlos."

The Pinakothek at Munich is said to contain an equal number: "The Portrait of the Artist," "A Beggar," "The Portrait of Cardinal Rastigliosi," and three other portraits.

In the Gallery at Dresden is preserved a "Portrait of the Duke d'Olivares," holding a paper in his hand.

At the Hermitage of St. Petersburg there are thirteen pictures which have the great name of Velasquez attached to them. We think, however, that the majority of them might be looked upon as apocryphal. The exceptions are the two famous portraits purchased by the emperor, in 1859, at the sale of the late William the Second, King of Holland; one of them is a full-length "Portrait of Philip IV.," and the other that of the "Count-Duke d'Olivares." The cost of the two, including the expense of the sale, was £3,542. We may also account as genuine three studies: "A Young Peasant laughing;" the first "Sketch for the Portrait of Innocent X.;" the "Bust of the Count-Duke d'Olivares;" and, perhaps, the two views, one of "Saragossa," and one of "La Caraca."

The following are some of the works of Velasquez in England, as given by Bryan:—

"Lot and his Daughters;" formerly in the Old man's Collection, now at Cheltenham. Lord Northwick.

"The Finding of Moses;" at Castle Howard. Earl of Carlisle.

"The Virgin kneeling, with outstretched arms, supposed receiving the Annunciation;" at Leigh Court, Somersetshire. W. Miles, Esq.

"Head of John the Baptist in a charger." Lord Northwick.

"St. Francis Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College," a composition of eight figures, Bessington, Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Los Borrachos," composition of six figures; the first study for the celebrated picture; at Hexton House, Wiltshire. Lord Hextonbury.

"Las Meninas, or the Maids of Honour," a finished sketch for the celebrated picture, by some considered to be a small repetition; at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire. G. Beales, Esq.

"The Alcade Ronquillo," called the Fighting Jailer, who was sent to reduce Seville in the year of the Conquest, in 1520. He is standing, in a dark one, on a floor paved with brown and white marble, with his hand resting on a walking-stick. London. James Hall, Esq.

"El Aguador de Sevilla, the Water-carrier of Seville," engraved by B. Ametler; at Aspley House. Duke of Wellington.

"The Signing of the Marriage-Contract between the Infanta Margherita Maria, daughter of Philip IV., and the Emperor Leopold;" an unfinished picture, and probably the last, in the hand of Velasquez. In the hands of a dealer.

Three small studies; "a Repast," "a Man with Dogs," and "an Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV." London. Lord Cowley.

"An incident in the life of St. Charles Borromeo;" a sketch. Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"A rocky Landscape, with figures on horseback asking their way of two beggars." Stafford House. Duke of Sutherland.

"Two Landscapes, with equestrians and other figures." Bowood, Wiltshire. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"A Hunting Scene," probably at the Pardo. London, Piccadilly. Lord Ashburton.

"Two Landscapes with figures." "The Grange." Ditto.

"A Woodland Prospect," probably in the Chace at the Parlo. London. Earl of Clarendon.

"The old Almedor of Seville." London. Ditto.

"Philip IV.," an equestrian sketch. Leigh Court. W. Miles, Esq.

Ditto, in shooting dress, with dog and gun; full-length, life-size, unfinished. London. Col. H. Baillie.

Ditto, standing in a black dress, and holding a paper; sold in the Altamira collection by the editor in 1827. G. Bankes, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a black dress trimmed with silver, holding in his hand a paper with the name of Velasquez. Hamilton Palace. Duke of Hamilton.

Ditto, small full-length figure. Earl of Ellesmere.

Ditto. Lord Northwick.

Ditto, bust, in crimson and ermine. Dulwich.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress. Lord Ashburton.

"The Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand in shooting costume," unfinished, life-size. Col. H. Baillie.



REUNION OF ARTISTS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

"The Infant Don Balthazar Carlos on a pony;" a study. Dulwich.

Ditto, on a piebald pony, in the court of the manège, with attendants. Marquis of Westminster.

Ditto, on a black pony, a repetition of the foregoing, with variations. S. Rogers, Esq.

Ditto, standing, in a rich black dress ornamented with silver, his right hand resting on the back of a chair, his left on the hilt of his sword; full-length, life-size. Sold in the collection of W. Wells, Esq., of Redleaf, in May, 1848, for £682 10s.

Ditto, bust, life-size, in a black dress trimmed with silver. Col. H. Baillie.

"An Infant of Spain, supposed to be Don Prospero, son of Queen Mariana, who died in his fourth year," lying in a rich bed, the face only seen. Marquis of Lansdowne.

"Don Juan of Austria, natural son of Philip IV.," in a rich military dress. Lord Northwick.

"Boar-hunt at the Pardo;" formerly in the royal palace at Madrid; presented by Ferdinand VII. to Sir H. Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley, and sold by him to the trustees of the National Gallery for £2,200. London. National Gallery.

A study of part of the preceding. Lord Northwick.

"Landscape, with a fortified place, and figures dancing." Apsley House. Duke of Wellington.

"A white Poodle smelling at a Bone." Earl of Elgin.

"Fish hanging by a string; Grapes and Citrons on branches; and a basket of Apples." Keir in Perthshire. W. Stirling, Esq.

"Chalices and other vessels, and Fruit;" doubtful. Ditto.

"A Boy standing with a plumed Cap in his hand;" a sketch in black crayons. Ditto.

"The Count-Duke of Olivares on a White Horse." Earl of Elgin.

We have now to mention the prices fetched by the pictures

of Velasquez at public sales. As the reader may easily suppose, their number is extremely limited.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, two pictures by Velasquez were put up to public competition; a Danae, which was knocked down for £24, and "Mars and Venus," which fetched £14 12s. 6d. They were again brought to the hammer, at the sale of the Prince de Conty, when the former only fetched £18 8s. 4d., and the latter £24.

After this period, in order to obtain any trace of the pictures of Velasquez at public sales, we must go as far back as 1817. At M. Laperrière's sale, a head of Philip IV. fetched £98, while that of a Cardinal was knocked down for only £18. In 1823, at a second sale of the same connoisseur, "A full-length Portrait of Philip IV. in a hunting dress" fetched £300; "another Portrait of the same Monarch, in a satin suit," £311; the "Portrait of the Duke d'Olivares," £161, "a Hunter," £10; and the "Portrait of a Young Princess," £5.

At M. Erard's sale, in 1832, a "Portrait of Don Diego Rodriguez de Citray" fetched £72.

At M. Dubois' sale, in 1840, "The Portrait of Philip IV." was knocked down for £94 8s. 4d.; that of the Queen, his Wife, for £114; and that of his Brother, for £206.

M. Aguado possessed seventeen pictures by Velasquez in his gallery. At the sale of his collection, in 1843, the following is a list of the prices obtained for the best ones: "The Young Girl and the Negro," £18; "The Lady with the Fan," which was engraved by Leroux, £582; the full-length "Portrait of a Corregidor," £64; and a "Scene of Beggars," £48 8s. 4d.

The only other pictures that we have to mention, are those possessed by the late King of Holland, William II., which were sold in 1850. We have already said that the portraits of Philip IV. and of the Duke d'Olivares were knocked down to the Emperor of Russia for the sum of £5,512. The Portrait of a Woman fetched only £53, and that of a Young Girl, £71.



THE DRINKERS. FROM A PAINTING BY VELASQUEZ.

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

On January 25th, 1786, the father of the ill-fated artist, whose biography we propose briefly to sketch, enters in his diary which he seems to have kept as religiously as his more celebrated son, that "Sally was taken in labour, and at nine at night was delivered of a fine boy." This is the first entry we find concerning our hero, and the little circumstance here narrated appears to have taken place in Plymouth. Haydon's ancestors were loyal, public-spirited men. His father loved his church and king, believed England to be the only great country in the world, swore Napoleon won all his battles by bribery, did not believe there was poet, painter, musician, soldier, sailor, general, or statesman out of England, and at any time would have knocked down any man who dared to disbelieve him, or have been burnt in Smithfield for the glory of his principles. In time, these principles, with some very slight modifications, became the hereditary property of his son.

In common with most artists, young Haydon early displayed an overpowering love of art. Self-willed, passionate, in the moment of his wildest fury he was always pacified when his mother entered the room with a book of engravings in her hand. Soon he began to draw himself. One of his favourite studies was drawing the guillotine, with Louis taking leave of the people. His schoolmaster, Dr. Billake, encouraged his talent in this way. At thirteen Haydon was removed to Plympton grammar school, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was brought up. Here drawing was still pursued as usual, and here his classical schooling, which does not appear to have been very extensive, was completed. He was then sent to Exeter to study book-keeping, and at the end of six months was bound to his father for seven years. Young Haydon, of course, made a wretched tradesman. He insulted the customers: he hated the town and the people in it. He was determined to be an artist or nothing. His father remonstrated, his friends reasoned, his

mother wept—all was in vain; as usual, self-will won the day. Haydon collected his books and colours, packed up his things, and took his place in the mail for London, 13th May, 1804. He took lodgings at 312, Strand, and the next day was hard at work drawing from the round, studying Albinus, and breathing aspirations for high art. For nine months he saw nothing but his books, his casts, and his drawings. His enthusiasm was immense; his devotion to study that of a martyr. He rose when he woke at three, four, or five; drew at anatomy until eight, in chalk from nine till one, and from half-past one till five; then walked, dined, and to anatomy again from seven to ten and eleven. Haydon had come up from Devonshire armed with an introduction to Prince Hoare, who introduced him to Northcote, Opie, and Fuseli; and the latter got him into the Academy of which he was keeper. Here he associated with Sachom and Wilkie, and by means of his intimacy with the former, got a commission from Lord Mulgrave for "Dentatus." By means of Wilkie, he became intimate with Sir G. Beaumont, who appears, according to Haydon's version, to have taken a pleasure in bringing geniuses out and leaving them to sink or swim. In reality, he seems to have acted the part of a kind and consistent friend. In 1807, Haydon's first picture of "Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt," appeared; and when the season opened the artist started as a fashionable man, lived at the Admiralty, attended routs, mingled in a circle of ministers and ladies, generals and lord chamberlains, men with genius and without. In 1808, he ventured upon taking a first floor at 11, Great Marlborough Street, and commenced his "Dentatus" in earnest. At this time also he first saw the Elgin marbles; the effect they produced on him was overpowering. "I felt the future," he writes in his memoirs, "I foretold that they would prove themselves the finest things on earth—that they would overturn the false beau ideal where nature was nothing, and would establish the true beau ideal of which nature alone is the basis. I felt as if a divine truth had blazed inwardly upon my mind, and I knew they would at last rouse the art of Europe from its slumber in the darkness." The "Dentatus" finished, notwithstanding it was badly hung, Haydon's vanity grew greater than ever. "I walked about my room," he writes, "looked into the glass, anticipated what the foreign ambassadors would say, studied my French for a good accent, believed that all the sovereigns of Europe would hail an English youth with delight who could paint a heroic picture." His next work was a "Macbeth," for Sir G. Beaumont. His "Dentatus" had brought him a prize of one hundred guineas from the British Institution, and the "Macbeth" he was determined should win the three hundred guinea prize offered by the directors of the same institution; and truly he needed the money. His father had done all he could for him. He then commenced that system of getting into debt and borrowing which was the curse of his whole after-life. "Macbeth" did not get the prize, and Haydon relieved himself by quarrelling with the Academy, and painting "Solomon." His difficulties at this time were great—he traded, lived, and clothed himself on trust; yet he had friends, some of them equally talented and more fortunate than himself. His usual companions were Hazlitt, the Hunts, Barnes (of the *Times*), Wilkie, Jackson, C. Lamb, and John Scott (of the *Champion*). His "Solomon" achieved a temporary success. It was sold for six hundred guineas. It was praised by the nobility. The British Institution voted one hundred guineas to him as a mark of their admiration of it, and he was also presented with the freedom of his native town. Canova paid him a visit, and Wordsworth wrote sonnets in his praise. Haydon's painting room was attended by the beauty and fashion of the metropolis, and the academicians, whom he had beaten by his defence of the Elgin marbles, when he met them at a conversation or a rout, stood by pale and contemptible, holding out a finger as they passed." In 1810 the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" was completed and exhibited. While the enthusiasm was at its height, a gentleman asked if a thousand pounds would buy it. "No," was the reply. Lord Ashburnham gave Haydon one

hundred pounds as an expression of his high esteem of so beautiful a picture. By exhibiting it in town he made a clear profit of £1,298. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, also, nearly another thousand pounds was raised. Haydon then returned to town to finish "Christ in the Garden," for which Sir G. Phillips had generously advanced the sum of five hundred guineas, and to sketch his "Lazarus," which he determined should be his grandest and largest work. But before the picture was completed he had much to go through. He was in love and unsettled, he was in debt and arrested. He managed to get free and get married. For a short time we find him happy—leading a more peaceful life, breathing a purer air. On the last day of 1821 he thus wrote: "I don't know how it is, but I get less reflective as I get older. I seem to take things as they come, without much care. In early life everything being new excites thought. As nothing is new when a man is thirty-five, one thinks less. Or, perhaps, being married to my dearest Mary, and having no longer anything to hope in love, I get more contented with my lot, which God knows is rapturous beyond imagination. Here I sit sketching, with the loveliest face before me smiling and laughing, and solitude is not. Marriage has increased my happiness beyond expression. In the intervals of study, a few minutes' conversation with a creature one loves is the greatest of all reliefs. God bless us both. My pecuniary difficulties are still great; but my love is intense, my ambition intense, and my hope in God's protection cheering." Unhappily this sunshine lasted not long. Happy in his wife—in his aim—burning with noble aspirations for English art—thus twelve months passed away, and then Haydon's career again became stormy—antagonistic—darker and darker every year. No wonder that Haydon revelled in such philosophic formulae as these:—"Art long, time swift, life short, and law despotic."

In 1823, "Lazarus" was finished, and the proceeds of the exhibition did not this time keep the wolf from the door. In April we find him dating from the King's Bench. His friends rallied round him; Brougham presented his petition to the House of Commons. In July, he passed through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and got free to commence dunning ministerial ears with plans in favour of public employment for artists. In vain were ministerial replies, curt, cold, unsatisfactory—from the letters of Sir C. Long to Sir Robert Peel. Haydon persisted, and the result was the statues and frescoes and oil pictures in the new Houses of Parliament. Haydon now took to portrait-painting: had he taken to it more kindly he would have been a happier man. How much of degradation and dependence would he have missed. A Mr. Kearsey for a little time engages to allow Haydon £300, on condition that he sticks to that lucrative branch of art. But the agreement over, again Haydon plunged into difficulty and debt. In 1826, "Pharaoh" was finished, and "Venus appearing to Anchises" begun and finished; and "the finest subject on earth," "Alexander taming Bucephalus," begun. Lord Egremont gave him a commission for the work. In 1827, "Euclid" was painted, and, for a wonder, in cabinet size—"the darling size of England"—for which Lord Egremont again generously gave him a commission. Another arrest for debt also took place this year; and, at the suggestion of Mr. Lockhart, a public meeting was held at the "Crown and Anchor," Lord Francis Leveson Gower in the chair, "for the purpose of raising a subscription to restore Mr. Haydon to his family and pursuits, he having been imprisoned one month in consequence of embarrassments arising from an over-eagerness to pay off old debts, from which he was exonerated, and the want of employment for eight months." The result was Haydon's release. Also the "March Election," which was sold to George IV. next year, and the "March Chaining," the net receipts from which two pictures, including the produce of the exhibition and the sale of drawings, amounted to £1,596—"a sum," observes Haydon, "which, in better circumstances, and less expense, would have been a comfortable independence for the year." Truly many a better man than he has been compelled to manage to live with less. "Punch"

was painted in 1820. In 1830, another arrest takes place. Haydon begs and borrows, as usual; and gets an order from Sir R. Peel for a picture of Napoleon at St. Helena. He seems to have considered it unpardonable that the Minister of England should have mistaken a fragment of the Elgin Marbles for the Torso of Apollonius. In 1831, Haydon was absorbed in politics, yet he painted "Walters" for the *Times*, and again had recourse to the pen. This paved the way for his picture of "The Reform Banquet" in Guildhall, for which he received a commission from Earl Grey. The occupation suited his taste, because he had access to the leaders of the reform movement, and felt himself one of them.

The destruction of the Houses of Parliament by fire of course led to fresh activity on Haydon's part in pressing upon the ministry the propriety of some arrangement for art decoration in the new building; but to Haydon himself nothing seems to have brought pecuniary ease. He painted the Duke, Achilles, Cassandra; and began lecturing in 1835 at the Mechanics' Institution, in Southampton-buildings. The Lecture was a success, and was speedily repeated at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and elsewhere. Dr. Birkbeck said, as they went out, "You have succeeded; it is a hit." Haydon was delighted. At length an English community would do him justice, and English art would be reformed. But his hopes now were greater than his powers. He had become worn and wary. He had been wasted in the battle of life. Time was lost in hunting up money—in putting off creditors—in the fashions and gambles of May Fair. His next ten years of life were a fearful struggle. In spite of his aspirations, his paintings were careless, unworthy of his fame—mere potboilers, to use a technical term, with which men of Haydon's class are but too familiar. Yet all was vain; for again we find him in the King's Bench. The year 1843 brought still heavier sorrow. It brought the consummation of what Haydon had so long wished for—a competition of native artists to prove their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works; but with this came his own bitter disappointment at not being among the competitors. His cartoons were not among those selected for reward. He professed to have been prepared for the disappointment; but it was great and terrible, nevertheless. It revived all the old horrors of arrest, execution, and debt. His beloved and loving wife felt the misery of the blow. When Haydon told her he was not included, her expression was a study, as she mournfully exclaimed, "We shall all be ruined!" In 1846 the curse came; the cloud grew darker—the anguish more intense. On Monday morning, the 22nd of June, Haydon wrote in his diary:—

"God forgive me! Amen.

Finis

of

B. R. Haydon.

"Stretch me no longer on the rough world."—*Levee*.

End of twenty-sixth volume."

"Before eleven," says Mr. Taylor, "the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death." On the morning of that Monday Haydon rose early and went out, returning apparently fatigued at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton by her husband's especial desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms, but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops then exercising in the park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead before the easel, on which stood his unfinished picture of "Alfred and the first British Jury;" his white hairs dabbled in blood, a half-open razor smeared with blood at his side, near it a small pistol recently discharged, in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a small easel facing his large picture. On a table near were his diary, open at the

page of that last entry, his watch, a prayer-book open to the gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed, "Last Thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten."

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity. I create good. I create evil. The Lord do these things. Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged, I paid everybody. 'God forgive the evil for the sake of the good.' Amen." Besides this paper was a will, which began as follows: "In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will this day, June 22, 1846, being clear in my intellect, and decided in my resolution of purpose." The coroner's jury found that the self-destroyer was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act. The debts at death amounted to about £2,000, the assets were inconsiderable. The bereaved family and widow received the sympathy and help of friends, and especially of one whose private career seems to have been as much marked by generosity as his public was by patriotism. The reader will at once guess the honoured name of Peel. Many an unhappy child of genius has shared a similar bounty from the same liberal hand. Yet the world gave him little credit for it. Sir Robert did not his alms before men; his right hand knew not what his left hand did.

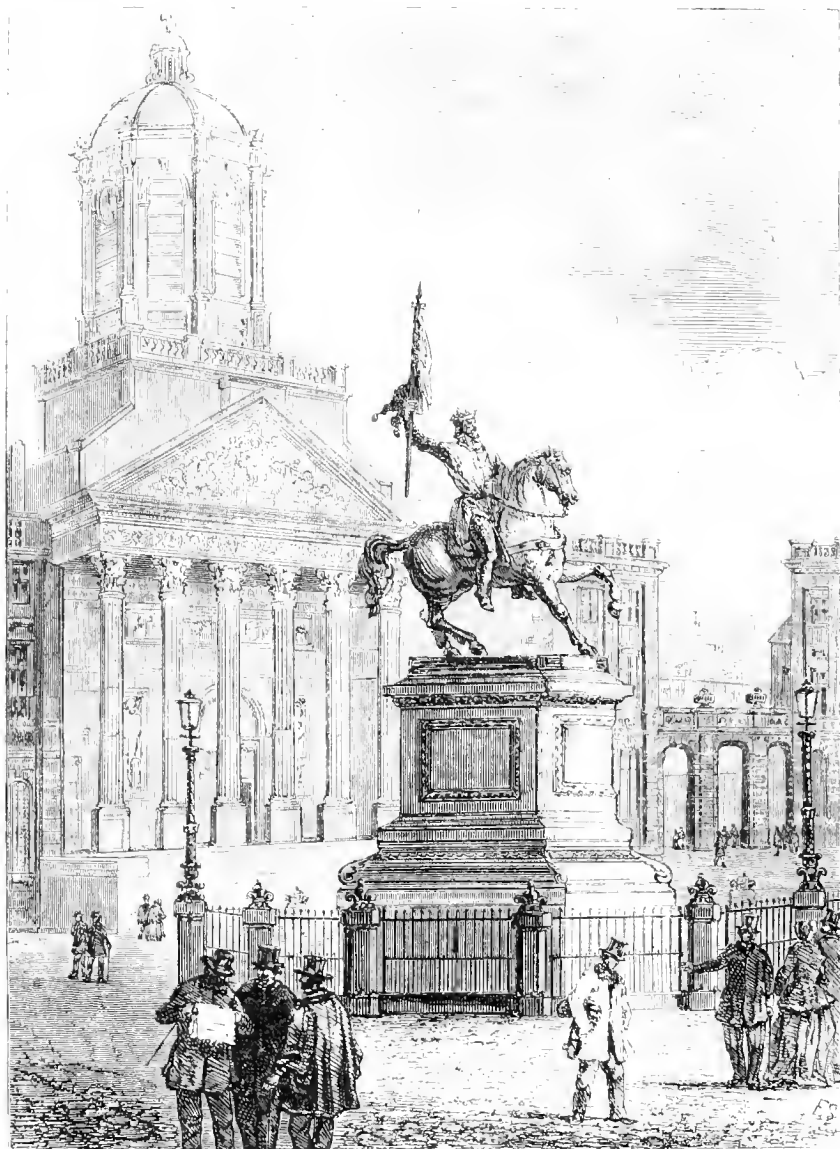
We have thus watched Haydon's career from his cradle to his grave. The great secret of Haydon's failure was pecuniary embarrassment. He was always in danger, always pestered by lawyers and arrests. He had a high notion of art; but it was not the highest—his idea was, that the nation should keep him, Robert Haydon; that if the nation would not keep him the nobility should; and that if neither the nobility nor the nation did their duty, he was to beg and borrow of whom he could. On half Haydon's income many a better man than he has lived. Barry lived on infinitely less; but Haydon must mix in high life. Hence he was always poor, and always in trouble.

As a man Haydon was self-willed, inordinately vain, unscrupulous in conduct, yet sometimes religious in feeling; that he did good none can deny. He lived to see his teaching sanctioned by the Academy and parliament, and his pupils—such as Eastlake and Landseer—rising up to honour and wealth. The "Judgment of Solomon" is his finest work as an artist. "His art," says Mr. G. F. Watts, "is defective in principle and wanting in attractiveness; not possessing those qualities of exact imitation which attract, amuse, give confidence, and even flatter, because they take the spectator into partnership and make him feel as if they were almost suggestions of his own. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. To particularise I should say that his touch is generally woolly and his surface disagreeable; that the dabs of white on the lights, and the dabs of red in the shadows are untrue and displeasing; that his draperies are deficient in richness and dignity, and his general effect much less good than one would expect from the goodness of parts, which, I think, arises principally from the coarseness of the handling; that his expressions of anxiety and general perception of form are the best by far that I have seen in the English school, and I feel even a desire to study his modelling that is only to be found in Phidias. But this is not true invariably; his proportion is very often faulty, especially in the arms of his figures; and his details and feet, though well understood, are often dulleth and uninteresting." Haydon's fame as a theorist and lecturer will last longer than as a painter. His great historical works are chiefly nearly forgotten by the public; but if the public and the government could only see what they never did but rarely do, national emendation, and if art and its professors be benefited in consequence, the consummation is one almost attributable to Haydon alone.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

THE present King of Belgium is making praiseworthy efforts to foster the spirit of nationality in his prosperous kingdom, by reviving, in every way in his power, reminiscences of the past glories of old Flanders, and of the distinguished part it played in ancient times in all the great movements of the continent under the Dukes of Burgundy, so famous in war, and love, and romance. No one amongst them all was better worthy of a place in the midst of the capital than that grand old Fleming, Godfrey de Bouillon, so brave, so modest, so

mighty arm; how wisely he ruled over Jerusalem; what sagacity he displayed in the famous *Assizes*, which he caused to be enacted for the government of his new kingdom; how piously he died, and how he was buried on Mount Calvary close to the tomb of Christ; and how the Christians all wept for him as a father, and friend, and strong deliverer, and the Mussulmans as a beneficent and just ruler? His very name recalls all the virtues and all the beauties of the heroic age in which he lived.



STATUE OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON AT BRUSSELS.

devout, the very type of chivalry, the model and predecessor of Bayard and Gaston de Foix: Who has not heard how, when sick unto death, he made a vow to deliver the Holy Sepulchre from the infidels, and when he recovered how he sold a large part of his dominions and his seigniorial rights to defray the expenses of the expedition; what discipline and order he preserved amongst his forces on the march; how he starved himself that the starving women of the camp might have food; what an enormous number of Saracen giants he slew; what visions from heaven appeared to him and encouraged him; what a commanding countenance he had, what a

The equestrian statue, represented in our engraving, was inaugurated in August, 1848. It stands in the Place Royale of Brussels, on the spot formerly occupied by that of Charles of Lorraine, which was erected by the States of Brabant, but which was destroyed by the French in 1794. It was cast in bronze by M. Soyer, of Paris, after a model by Eugene Simonis, which was one of the most striking objects in the Great Exhibition of 1851. The great crusader is represented holding the banner of the cross in his right hand, his left curbs his impatient charger, and his eyes are raised to heaven as if invoking the Divine benediction on his army.



GABRIEL METZU gives us glimpses into the interior of the houses of the wealthy middle classes of Holland. From him we learn the precise appearance of the morning *negligé* of the
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ladies, what dress they wore at noon, when about to take their lessons on the harpsichord, or receive the visits of the gallant officers or gay cavaliers who at that hour called upon them clothed in black from head to foot. Francis Mieris also shows us, as in a mirror, this same elegance, these same domestic comforts, the same carved furniture, the same polished lustres, the same splendid glasses glittering with golden liqueurs. He paints for us, in his own way, and with certain peculiarities of his own, manners in which he certainly did not partake. There was this singularity in Mieris, that while his pictures bore the expression of refined thoughts, his habits did not. His works, instead of revealing his life, concealed it.

This celebrated painter was the son of a lapidary. He was born at Leyden, on the 11th of April, 1635. "Perceiving his taste for painting," said Houbraken, "his father placed him under the tuition of Abraham Torenvliet, a famous painter on glass and a good designer. Thence he entered the school of Gerard Douw, where in a very short time he surpassed all his companions, and thus gained the affection of his master, who called him the prince of his scholars. After the lapse of some years, his father removed him to study under Abraham Van Tempel, an historical painter; but he did not remain long with him, as his natural inclination led him to adopt Gerard Douw's manner, which was extremely delicate, and required extraordinary care."

This Abraham Van Tempel was a man of large and powerful intellect, if we may judge from those of his paintings which we have seen at the Hague. His full-length portraits have a bold outline, and he was admirably calculated to inspire Mieris with a taste for historical painting; but the fact that the latter let

slip this opportunity of enlarging his style—and we were going to say his thoughts—proves beyond doubt that he perceived from the first that his true road to success lay in the track of his old master, Gerard Douw. He, therefore, returned to the studio of the latter, and continued to labour under his eye with all a pupil's modesty, often taking his advice when he was himself far more competent to judge. However, there were at Leyden several amateurs, who admired him greatly, and frequently expressed to him their surprise that he did not begin to work upon his own account and shake off the dust of the school, since he had already surpassed his master. As they were warm friends who held this language to him, he would probably have put it down to pardonable partiality, and have continued his old course, if one of them, Professor Silvius, had not volunteered, in proof of his sincerity, to purchase every painting that came from his pencil.

So flattering a proposal had the desired effect. Miéris left Gerard Douw, and began to work for himself, and, thanks to the friendship of Silvius, he was soon enabled to make a striking display of his talents. The archduke Leopold William was passionately fond of painting; Silvius persuaded him, without difficulty, to give Miéris an order, assuring him that he would receive a *chef-d'œuvre*. The artist did honour to his friend's recommendation. It was, in fact, upon this occasion that he executed the famous work so well known in Germany as "Die Seidenhändlerinn," *The Silk-mercer*. It is, in truth, a gem of art. In it Miéris put into practice everything that Gerard Douw had taught him; he was perfectly competent to render the rich fabrics in all their varieties of shade and hue, lustring, satin, and velvet; he knew how to arrange the light so as to throw out the figures and the most remarkable objects into strong relief, leaving all else buried in deep but transparent shade. By tricks of the brush he was able to render the nature of each substance evident at a glance—the down upon feathers, the polish of steel; it seems as if we could touch with our finger the silky hair of a spaniel, as well as the rich woof of a Turkey carpet. Miéris knew how, in short, to lend to the actors in a scene borrowed from ordinary life all the *finesse* of expression necessary to relieve the simplicity of such a subject, and give piquancy to a matter of such slender interest.

The painting executed for the archduke represented a silk-mercer's shop, attended by a young woman of passing beauty. A nobleman, elegantly dressed, with feathers in his hat and a sword at his side, has entered, and, struck by the charms of the fair owner of the shop, cannot resist the temptation of touching her lightly under the chin with his fingers, with all the polite impertinence of a gay man of the world. The lady blushes, smiles, and continues to turn over the pieces of silk; but the gentleman is far less occupied with the richness of the articles he has come to purchase than the charms of her who shows them. At the further end of the shop, before a large fireplace, sits a man, most likely the jealous husband of the fair mercer. He has caught the stranger's movement with the corner of his eye, but not daring to give vent to his feelings before so dashing a customer, contents himself with shaking his finger ominously at his wife, as if threatening a curtain lecture of no ordinary severity. The archduke was delighted. He paid Miéris a thousand florins, and offered him a pension of a thousand six-dollars if he would consent to go to Vienna, and work there for the court, in which case his labours would be liberally recompensed. But the artist politely declined, alleging as an excuse the disinclination of his wife to leave her native country.

Henceforward the painter of Leyden found himself eagerly sought after by the amateurs. All strove which should have his works at any price. Cornelius Praats, whose son was alderman of the town of Leyden, and who had himself taken some lessons from Francis Miéris, entered into an agreement to pay him a ducat of gold for every hour it might take him to execute a painting representing the "Swooning of a Young Girl." Miéris discharged his task in Praat's house, and received not less than fifteen hundred florins. The grand duke of Tuscany having come to Leyden, on seeing this painting

was so charmed with it, that he offered Praats three thousand florins for it, but the latter would not part with it upon any terms, nor with a portrait of Madame Praats, painted also by Miéris. The same thing has probably never occurred with regard to any family portrait as with regard to this. Attempts were made to purchase it while the original was still living, as if the excellence of the work itself was sufficient to supply the want of any interest in the subject.

Not being able to meet with any amateur who would sell him a Miéris, the grand duke paid a visit to the painter himself, and amongst the works which he found in his studio in an unfinished state, was a very fine sketch, which he begged of him to complete—"An Assemblage of Ladies." Houbraken somewhere calls Metzua a painter of fashions. This singular appellation might, in this instance at least, be applied to Francis Miéris, but not in a bad sense; though there is no doubt that here the dress, or the materials of which it is composed, has an undue importance given it. If his figures were not so handsome, we might imagine that they were but a pretext for making a gorgeous display of velvet jackets, of satin petticoats, and furs. In fact, every conceivable device of luxury, every grace and elegance of fashion, appear in this work. In the background, in a sort of gallery, magnificently decorated, appear a lady and cavalier promenading up and down, and evidently engaged in agreeable *chit-chat*. Here a young girl, in a rich mantle of purple velvet trimmed with fur, is raising to her head a glass of some delicate wine, while a page stands before her with a silver salver; there a lady in white satin stands up with a lute in her hand, as if about to play. Opposite these splendidly attired ladies, Miéris painted a young man, wearing a short cloak of black velvet. Splendid carpets, glittering plate, a dish of bonbons, which a mischievous little monkey is eating by stealth, half-hidden under the folds of a curtain of lustring, complete the composition, which certainly displays no great depth of imagination; but the rendering of each object is marvellous, and if the hands had not been drawn in the style of Metzua and Vandyke, and had there been less distinction in the choice of the heads, one might have thought that Francis Miéris himself kept a silk-shop, like the pretty woman of his first painting, and that, unlike the gentleman in the same composition, he was more occupied with the beauties of dress than beauty of face or figure.

The search after the beautiful is one of the points in which Miéris distinguished himself, and it is upon this that his renown rests. Certainly the art of imitating dress, of polishing it by the aid of the pencil, is not sufficient to lend lustre to a painter's name, unless, indeed, he were to reach such a pitch of perfection in it as has never yet been witnessed. Paintings live only upon condition of being well executed and well touched, just as books live only on condition of being well written. But this mere excellence in form or outline is not sufficient; there must be food for the mind, and something to excite some emotion in the heart. Sometimes, we admit, when the form is exquisite, and the style of the book is piquant, though it treats of nothing—when the painter's touch is charming, and, if we may use the expression, intelligent, as in the case of a basket of strawberries, or a simple glass of water glittering with purity and freshness—it may happen that mere form will supply the want of other qualities. Thus Chardin and Metzua knew how to lend interest to the simplest scenes and incidents; but we must confess that their style is so charming, that the subtlest portion of their ability, the very essence of their character, seems to have passed into their painting; and it is in this sense that we may attribute to them great talent in execution. But if the artist has not reached this stage in his art, at which the most refined feelings of his heart drop from the point of his pencil, it is difficult for his works to survive him in the absence of some happy, animating thought. Why, then, are the works of Miéris valued as much and more at the present day than they were two hundred years ago? Because of that endeavour after the beautiful of which we just now spoke. Amongst so many Dutch painters who have chosen to copy nature at random, it is pleasant to find one who thought it not beneath him to

select models, and who, preferring grace to ugliness, has preferred painting handsome women, elegantly dressed, to sketching grotesque country wenches. This is the great secret of Miéris' success, as of that of Gaspar Netscher, of Schalcken, and some others.

The grand duke of Tuscany gave a thousand rixdollars for "The Assembly of Ladies," but was not content with this alone. He wanted also, not his own portrait by Miéris, but that of Miéris by himself. The artist executed it with a good will. He painted himself showing one of his works, representing one of those subjects with which he was most familiar, "A young Girl taking her Lesson at the Harpsichord." This portrait of Miéris, which was in reality the mirror of his person and the coloured definition of his talent, was looked upon as an able work; but, according to Houbraken, the price was not this time proportioned to the value. The grand duke, at the instigation of some of his courtiers whom Miéris had offended, sent so small a sum, that the artist took umbrage at it, and refused to execute any works ever after for the Tuscan court.

Campo Weyermann relates, in the same way as Arnold Houbraken, the story of Miéris' rupture with the grand duke; but Gerard de Laïresse, in his "Great Book of the Painters," explains it differently. He says, "He who has executed works on a large scale, may afterwards execute them on a small scale if he wish; whilst those who are always occupied with little things, cannot pass to great ones but with difficulty. Miéris, who was so justly celebrated for works on a small scale, has lost all the esteem in which the grand duke of Tuscany, his Mediceas, held him, through attempting to paint portraits in life-size; and it is the same with many others." It is not difficult to believe Gerard de Laïresse in this matter, not only because he was a man of distinguished abilities, who made no assertion lightly, but because he was on terms of intimacy with Miéris. He had, in fact, undertaken the education of one of the artist's sons, John Miéris, who went to practise painting in Italy, where he died. By a fortunate, but curious coincidence in his character, Francis, whom the example of Jan Steen had led into habits of tippling, detested the vice in others. So Gerard de Laïresse, grave and solemn in his looks, was a bit of a libertine in his manners, and for this reason Miéris removed his son from his care, lest his example should corrupt the youth's morals.

This contrast between their lives and their works is a comparatively rare feature in the history of painters. Miéris, who devoted his whole talents to search after beauty, or to the delineation of the interior of the luxurious abodes of the middle classes of Holland, than the richest and yet most austere in the world, was,—we are sorry to say it—a drunkard. He was on terms of close intimacy with a painter of Leyden, the famous Jan Steen, an amusing philosopher and a professed tippler. Steen's lively conversation, his jovial disposition, his witty sallies, his careless, joyous way of living without a thought of the morrow, had a seductive influence upon Miéris, who, at last, was so fascinated that he could never tear himself away from his company. Steen having become a tavern-keeper, Miéris became one of his best customers, and the two often passed the night drinking and carousing with John Lievens, Ary de Voys, and some others. Steen was soon ruined and obliged to take down his sign, and then Miéris accompanied him to other taverns, and the two artists and their old companions often protracted their revels far on in the night.

Houbraken tells a curious anecdote regarding one of these merry-makings. One night, after a very joyous meeting, Miéris set out to come home alone, and in crossing a narrow bridge fell off it into a deep stream. He was quite tumbled, and as it was not likely that there was any one near at such a late hour, there was every prospect of his career coming to an inglorious end. However, he roared lustily, and as good luck would have it, there was a cobbler living close at hand, and was still at work, singing and hammering away. His wife heard Miéris' cries, and having called her husband's attention to them, they both took a light and ran in the direction from which the sound came. There they found our painter, gor-

geously dressed, with gold buttons on his coat, stuck fast in the mud. They dragged him out, took him to their house, and, having dried his garments, sent him home. Miéris was thoroughly sobered by the time of his release, but was so much ashamed of the adventure that he concealed his name.

Being, however, very kind-hearted, the painter determined to reward the poor people for the kindness they had shown him, and what better token of gratitude could an artist bestow than one of his paintings. He, accordingly, set to work upon one, the subject of which has not reached us, but as he could only labour at it at intervals, it was not finished for two years. As soon as he had given it the last touch, he went one evening to the cobbler's, with his canvas concealed under his cloak. He found nobody there but the wife, and having entered into conversation with her, found that she really did not know the name of the man whom they had rescued. He then produced the picture and presented it to her, telling her to keep it as an acknowledgment of the service which rendered him in getting him out of the drain. "But if," he added, "you would prefer money, take it to M. Praats." He then disappeared abruptly, without saying who he was. The woman showed the present to several of her neighbours, all of whom assured her it was very valuable. Her curiosity was at last thoroughly roused, and she took the picture to Jacob Vandermaas, burgo-master, residing in the Hooygraft, in whose house she had lived as a servant, who was surprised to see an article of such value in her possession, and at once recognised it as the work of Miéris, and valued it at one hundred ducatoons. "I would give that sum myself, but first go to so and so," said he, mentioning the names of some of the amateurs, "and ask eight hundred florins, and you will be sure to get them." She did as he directed, and was successful.

We have many times heard connoisseurs, in talking of painting, place Gabriel Metzua above Miéris. It seems to us that Miéris' touch is sometimes painful, and even scraped and dragged, when compared with the light and intellectual touch of Metzua. There is a picture of the former in the Dresden Gallery, which well illustrates the excellences of Miéris' style, and proves beyond doubt that the works of every artist, however great his genius, vary vastly in quality. In this, of which we present our readers with an engraving, (p. 136) a young girl, of light character, is listening to the proposals of an old matron. The subject is in itself rather gross, but the painter has treated it with great delicacy. The thought is clearly indicated, and yet there is nothing to shock us in the expression of it. The careless attitude of the young woman is so *distingue*, if we may be allowed the word, that it atones for the plainness of the meaning, and there is an indescribable air of voluptuous modesty about it, which interests us in the highest degree. Without showing her handsome face, except in profile, to save her the embarrassment which a little stretch of fancy will induce us to believe the full view of the spectator at such a moment would cause her, she leaves her beauty to our imagination, but lets us see her grace. The light falls upon her ear, and extends slightly upon her cheek, leaving the greater part of it in transparent shadow. Nothing can be more charming than the turn of her neck, and the knot in which her auburn hair is fastened, with pearls intermingled with the tresses. She wears a satin robe, and a sort of jacket, embroidered with gold. Her fine head leans languidly upon her left hand, which is set of beauteous and done, the other falls gracefully over the back of the chair, and between her fingers she crumples a letter, which she has just been reading. Upon the table, on which her elbow is resting, we see a book and a manubria. In the background appears the exterior of a palace, but within the apartment, a little to the left, may be seen a piece of furniture in the shape of an altar, on which is written the word *Amour*. The whole is finished with such exquisite delicacy, that one might fancy it was executed upon ivory. As it is considered very valuable, it is placed under glass, which gives it the appearance of a large miniature. No other painting could give on this picture without losing the fascinating influence of female charms stealing over him.

Gerard de Lairesse, in the chapter in which he speaks of painters on a small scale, and mainly of Miéris, has put several opinions upon record, which we feel it to be our duty to combat here, notwithstanding the weight they must have in coming from such a quarter. "We must remember," says he, "that objects painted on a small scale cannot be truth, nor even the appearance of truth; for there can be no doubt that paintings which represent objects thus should only be considered as nature seen from a distance, through a door or window, whether within or without a building, so that they ought to be painted in such wise that on being hung against a

artist who paints diminutive pieces, as Miéris, intends not to exhibit distant objects, but, on the contrary, to bring them nearer that they may be better seen; and if he diminishes their real size, it is in order that the spectator by approaching as closely to the picture as he pleases may be enabled to seize upon the minutest details. In the distance we see nothing but large masses; the various parts appear confused and undecided, the *contour* is lost; the angles are softened down, the precise shape of an object, and *a fortiori*, the small points in its physiognomy escape the eye completely. If, then, the painter executes his work under these conditions — that



MIERIS AND HIS WIFE. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

wall, they may not appear to be a panel or painted canvas, but that they should truly resemble a window, through which one really sees nature; a result which cannot be obtained by warm shadows or brilliant colouring, but by soft and feeble colouring, broken by the interposition of the surrounding air, according as it is serene or loaded with vapour."

To this "laying down of the law" we take exception, and, in our humble opinion, a painter, who acted upon such principles, would be sure to go astray. If it were admitted that a small painting should represent nature as she appears in the distance, the painter would plainly defeat his object. An

is, with that weakening of the tone which aerial perspective demands—what follows? Why, the spectator, by an inexplicable delusion, will see things close at hand which ought to be lost in the indistinctness of distance, and touch with his finger objects which, nevertheless, should escape him, being two hundred yards off. Is not this, then, a monstrous contradiction between the actual effect of a picture and its intention? Why does the amateur delight in the works of Gerard Douw, of Slengelandt, and Miéris? Because he wants to have in the narrow limits of his own abode an epitome of all the wonders of the pencil, an

entire gallery in a space twelve feet square. To satisfy him you must give him the incidents and characters of the outer world, condensed, as it were, into the smallest possible dimensions, the heroes of everyday life (some of them might readily be comprised within a frame of twelve inches square); and, if this be true, what becomes of Laïresse's theory? Would the fortunate owner of these masterpieces in miniature be content to see these figures, which he wished to have within easy eye-reach, fading dimly in the shifting hues of the atmosphere, and flying altogether from the tranquil but confined abode in which he wished to retain them, that he might feed his eyes

Molière, Richelieu, Louis XIII., and other "glasses of fashion" at that period. He has painted himself under various aspects—sometimes as a soldier, at others as a simple citizen. The Museum at the Hague exhibits him in the interior of his own house, in his everyday dress, leaning over his wife, and amusing himself by pulling the ears of a little spaniel that his wife holds upon her knees. (See our engraving, p. 132.) The Dresden Gallery contains not less than three pictures, in which Miéris has given his own portrait with great complaisance. In one we find him in his studio conversing with a handsome girl, of whom we, however, see



THE PHILOSOPHER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

upon them? These observations of Gerard de Laïresse are all the more surprising as coming from the pen of a painter, for it would be impossible to execute a picture in accordance with them, since it would have no foreground except the frame. Think of a picture without a foreground! It must be confessed that if Miéris did not know how to execute works upon a large scale, Laïresse did not know how to talk of pictures on a small one.

If we may judge by the portraits which Miéris has left us of himself, he had a handsome face, gay-looking, but the expression slightly sensual, a brilliant eye, a prominent mouth, overhung by a soft moustache worn in the style adopted by

nothing but her back, who has come to sit for her portrait, but her face appears on the canvas as in a mirror. Both the painter and the model are dressed with a richness and coquettishness which happily the graver is able to render almost with as much accuracy as the colours of the master himself, as may be seen by the example which we furnish (p. 144). Miéris is dressed in black velvet, with tight silk breeches of bright blue, fastened below the knees with garters ornamented by rosettes, and ribbon shoe-ties. Nothing can be more elegant or *recherché* than his appearance. Stultz could not surpass it. While the model is resting, a servant is bringing in refreshments. In another Miéris has evidently made him-

self rather the subject for a painting than the original of a portrait. It is evidently himself whom we see dressed as a trumpeter in the picture bearing that name. (See our engraving, p. 110.) This was, no doubt, executed to have the pleasure of painting himself in the magnificent uniform worn by the Spanish soldiers who were sent into the Low Countries to suppress the insurrection. The costume certainly is very picturesque. If the head were not in this instance full of life and vigour and intelligence, one would think that "The Trumpeter" was chosen merely for the display of a dashing uniform. A tight blue jacket, covered with trappings, and furnished with yellow sleeves, a mezzotine cap of the same colour as the jacket, green gaiters with golden fringes, and a sword with glittering hilt—such is the uniform. And whether Miéris exhibit himself in warlike panoply or by the side of his easel, he is still ever in the midst of luxury. All the objects which make up the learned confusion of a studio contend, we will not say for the spectator's attention, but for whatever of it he has to spare after having bestowed sufficient upon the principal figure. A violoncello resting against a piece of furniture, covered with a curtain, announces the fact, that the painter solaces his labours by occasional performances upon it.

One would imagine that if Miéris displayed in his house as much luxury and magnificence as he affects in his paintings, he would soon have been ruined, in spite of the high price which he put upon his works. Add to this, that owing to the extraordinary delicacy of finish which he bestowed upon all his pictures, he could execute comparatively a small number only, not to speak of the indolent habits which he acquired from his friend Steen. Accordingly we find in many works in which he is mentioned, and notably in the "Catalogue de Lorangère," by Gersaint, his conduct was anything but orderly. His habits were expensive, and involved him in a number of debts, for which he was several times put in prison. One of his creditors kept him there a long time, and when his friends urged him to paint something that would procure his release, he replied, "that the sight of the bar and the sound of the bolts rendered the imagination sterile." Gersaint travelled a good deal in Holland, and while there picked up much information regarding the painters; and it is, therefore, not unlikely that he learnt some of these details from Miéris' own friends. Certainly neither Houbraken nor Campo Weyermann make mention of this circumstance.

Francis Miéris died in 1681, at the age of forty-six, leaving two sons, John and William; the last of whom imitated his manner with considerable ability, and maintained the celebrity of the name. Francis exhausted life rapidly. As a painter his sentiment of the beautiful was lively; as a man he was ever tending towards the bad and degrading. He loved what was tasteful and distinguished, but lived in a public-house; he loved luxury and ruined himself by it. By dint of admiring Steen's wit, he came to imitate his joyous indolence, and his wicked and dishonest carelessness; laughing, glass in hand, at the amount of his debts. But in spite of this gross existence, Miéris always preserved enough love of the beautiful and elegant to impel him to the choice of fine features, delicate complexions, handsome heads, graceful attitudes, and tasteful dress, and those splendid fabrics which were indispensable in his painting, since he never dared to paint the naked figure.

It is not difficult to decide what rank Miéris should assume among painters of familiar scenes. The distinction between the various masters, Terburg, Metz, Gerard Douw, and Miéris, consists rather in shades of talent than degrees of merit. If we examine them closely, we shall find that Miéris is rather below his three rivals. As compared to his master, Gerard Douw, he has, without doubt, a more brilliant colouring, and is more delicate than he in the common features. His celebrated picture, "The Strolling Tinker" in the Dresden Gallery, proves, beyond doubt, that he was able to give great delicacy to the most vulgar physiognomies. It is not easy to forget, when once seen, the expression on the face of this tinker, as he raises a riddle between him and the light, to enable him to see the cracks, with an air worthy of a

learned antiquary who is trying to decipher a precious manuscript, or to verify the enamelling of a piece of old armour, while the woman who owns the article stands at the door of her tavern, shaded by a vine-branch, and awaits the result of the investigation with anxious impatience. But though delicate as Douw, Miéris has not the same nobility and elevation of mind. He could never have painted pictures so full of pathos and simple dignity as "The Dropsical Woman," and "The Reading of the Bible." His works, in short, always make us desire more sentiment and less satire.

Miéris always ably availed himself of the resources of chiaro-scuro to subordinate the accessories, and give full prominence to the principal objects. He could soften down unpleasant details by great masses of shadow. He was skilled also in the properties of chiaro-scuro, if we may be allowed the expression: as, for example, when he painted a faulx nymph buried in sleep, her head resting on cushions, and disclosing through her open corset a bosom of snowy whiteness, at the further end of the room an old dwarf, who is receiving money from a cavalier, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; he reserves all the light for the sleeping beauty, and casts the act of the old woman into the shade, as if he saw some connexion between the chiaro-scuro of morality and of art. But as regards touch, Terburg and Metz seem to us superior to Miéris. Without doubt, the execution of the latter painter is valuable. He impresses his character on each object; he renders the flesh, the silk, the ermine, the velvet, the marble, the ebony, all the drapery, the substances, and it seems at first as if it was perfection itself. At the same time, if we compare Miéris with Terburg, and, above all, with Metz, we perceive all at once that there is still a degree above merit of this sort.

We have stated that Miéris was, *par excellence*, the painter of the Dutch middle classes. Accordingly, many of his subjects are drawn from scenes in their life, and illustrate their costume and manners. "The Lady with the Parrot" (p. 111), now in the collection of Sir Robert Peel, is one of the best, and decidedly the most celebrated of this class. There is an air of pleasant and abstracted reverie about her face as she feeds her favourite. In the dress Miéris displays all his great powers of imitation. The painting first became celebrated as the "Red Corset."

In "The Philosopher," which we have engraved, Miéris gives evidence of a much higher kind of talent than he has displayed in his other works. In this the elaboration of details, though still carefully attended to, occupies only a secondary position. The main interest of the piece is centred in the principal figure. The old man's head is a fine expression of the idea of calm clear-headedness, of deep thought, and of a life far removed from the petty passions, tumults, and turmoil of the world without.

Finishing is not the great difficulty in painting, if we understand by this the mixing of colours, and the polish obtained by patience and a scraped, the extreme care bestowed upon all the details, and a certain propriety of pencil which never errs through negligence or oversight. Many Dutch masters have given what was then called the *fine finish*: but the real finish is that which is not perceptible, giving the work the final touches without suffering the trouble bestowed on it to be visible—those expressive touches, we mean, which lend it an air of freedom and boldness. Finishing, in the right acceptance of the word, is rubbing out by a light, graceful, and eloquent touch that wearisome propriety, that solemn uniformity, as fatiguing for the spectator to see as for the painter to create. To finish is to give character to a plan, shading to an outline, and to the essentials of a painting—to the flat parts of the face, for example, or the rendering of a hand—that last emphasis which is life.

Considering that he lived only forty-six years, and finished all his works with extraordinary care, it was impossible that Miéris could have produced a great number. Smith, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French painters, enumerates one hundred and fifty-six works known to be Miéris'. We shall proceed to mention the

principal galleries and collections in Europe in which they are to be found.

In the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna.—“A Sick Girl,” a doctor feeling her pulse. Small figures as far as the knees, signed Fransz Miéris, f. 1656.

“The Silkmereer” of which we have previously spoken at length—a young woman exhibiting her wares, and a cavalier with his hand on her chin, signed F. Van Miéris, 1660. The Pinacotheca of Munich contains sixteen of Miéris’ works, amongst which may be seen his portrait, in which he represents himself wearing a red cap with ostrich feathers; “A Lady playing with her Parrot, and another Lady with her Dog;” “A Breakfast of Oysters;” and, last of all, the celebrated painting known as “The Sick Woman,” one of his masterpieces. It represents a lady fainting away in the presence of her physician. This was a favourite subject with Miéris, as well as that of the woman with the parrot and dog.

In the Dresden Gallery we find twelve of this master’s works. Of these we shall mention “Tempting Proposals,” a splendid work, to which we have already alluded at some length. This is sometimes called “The Teller of Good Fortune,” but from what we have said above it will be seen that this title is hardly appropriate. “The Tinker,” a composition containing several figures. “A Young Soldier smoking his Pipe;” “The Painter’s Studio,” p. 141: in this Miéris is represented with a young lady, whose portrait appears on the canvas. Another “Painter’s Studio;” in this the artist, with his palette in his hand, is standing beside a visitor showing him a picture which he has just commenced.

The Museum of Amsterdam.—“A Lady seated before a table writing, and a Servant awaiting her orders.” “A Lady playing the Guitar by lamplight.”

Royal Gallery at the Hague.—“The Painter and his Wife,” p. 132. “Portrait of Horace Schuil,” Professor of Botany at Leyden. “A Child blowing soap bubbles.”

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg.—“The Dutch Rising,” a lady rising and playing with her little dog.

The Leuchtenburg Gallery.—“A Woman holding a cage open upon the table, and giving liberty to a bird.” “A Lady walking on a garden terrace,” accompanied by a cavalier, who holds his hat in his hand, and followed by a little dog; painted on wood, and signed F. Van Miéris, 1675; these two paintings have been etched by Muxel.

The Florence Gallery.—“The Shopper,” “A Young Man with a Bird,” “An Old Man offering Money to a Young Woman,” and a “Portrait of the Painter.”

The Mauritien Gallery.—“The Pearl Stringer,” a young girl seated before a table covered with a rich cloth; to the left, in a *cozzinto*, a young waiting woman.

In the Louvre there are four of Miéris’ works.

“A Lady at a Table writing, supported by a Negress.” Under the Empire this was valued at 1,000 francs, under the Restoration at 1,500 fr.

“Two Ladies, dressed in silk, taking tea in an apartment ornamented with statues.” This is a painting of exquisite finish.

“The Interior of a Household.”

“Portrait of a Man,” signed Fransz Miéris.

In Sir Robert Peel’s collection, a young woman feeding her parrot (p. 141), a work of great beauty, of which we gave an engraving. It was purchased by Sir Robert for the sum of 500 guineas.

The Leicestershire Gallery.—“A Young Woman at her toilet, dressed in a blue satin habit, and having her cap tied under her chin.”

“An Italian Girl laughing, and an Infant at her side.”

“Portrait of the Painter.” This is taken from the St. Viktor and P. Ludov. collections. It is a little doubtful, however, inasmuch as the same painter appears at Munich, and Wenzel makes no mention of it.

In the possession of Queen Victoria, in Buckingham Palace, there are four of Miéris’ works.

“A Child playing Frolics,” dated 1655; a repetition of the painting which may be seen at the Hague.

“A Woman with a Parrot;” in this the same red corsage appears which we see at Munich and in Sir Robert Peel’s collection.

“A Smoker, and a Young Girl presenting him with a glass of water.” Figures half length.

“Miéris and his Wife.” The painter is pulling the ears of a little dog which his wife is holding on her knees; in the foreground is the mother of the animal. W. Day engraved this picture (p. 132).

Mr. T. Hope’s collection.—“A Gentleman wearing a brown cap with blue feathers, in a coat of olive green; before him is a bottle of wine, and a viola resting against the window. A young woman with her back to the spectator writes down the bill. The painting is dated 1660. This is one of the *chef-d’œuvre* of the master.

Gallery of the Marquis of Bute at Sutton House.—“The Discovered Letter.” A mother reproaching her daughter, who stands in tears with a letter in her hand.

Miéris’ drawings are very scarce. They are extremely delicate. There are some studies of heads, sketched with black lead, known to be his, executed with the utmost care. They are often washed in Indian ink; the truth of the flesh and the excellent rendering of the draperies are as remarkable in the drawings as in the paintings.

Miéris had under his tuition Peter Lermans, Karlede Moor, and his two sons, John and William Miéris; the last was known as the younger Miéris. In the last century, a grandson of Francis was still living, who had been the pupil of his father William, and who was the author of many works, a list of which he himself gave to Argenville, from whom we borrow it:—“A Description of the Episcopal Seals and Coins of the Bishops of Utrecht.”

“History of the Princes of the Houses of Bavaria, of Burgundy, and of Austria, who have reigned over the Low Countries,” 3 vols. folio; with more than a thousand medals drawn by the author from the originals.

“Chronicle of Holland,” Leyden, 1749—1744.

“Chronicle of Antwerp,” Leyden, 1743, 1744.

“Dissertations upon Feudal Law in Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charters of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1748. 8vo.

“The Great Book of the Charter of the Counts of Holland,” Leyden, 1753. 4 vols. folio.

“The Privileges and Customs of the Country of Deventer.”

Great numbers of engravers have reproduced Miéris’ works. Amongst those best known are

Bary—“The Drunken Woman Asleep.”

Basan—“The Dutch Rising,” “The Dutch Breakfast.”

“The Lace-worker” of the old gallery of Brühl. “The Fair Gardener,” “The Dutch Nap.”

Blotting—“The Portrait of Miéris.”

Greenwood has engraved “The Portraits of Miéris at His Wife, and the Little Dog,” in the same style.

Ignonet—“The Flemish Market-woman.”

Migneret—“A young Girl giving milk.”

Haid—“The Trumpeter awaiting orders,” a painting in the Burghaus collection. “The Surgeon,” in the Knoke collection at Angsburg.

Villain—“The young Man with Birds,” in the Hermitage Gallery.

Wille has engraved six copies of Miéris’ “The Dutch Knitter,” which, however, has been purchased by Basan. “The Alison O’Leary,” in the Hermitage collection, which we have engraved, a boy looking at a young woman who is passing outside, with an English translation of “The Dutch Cook.”

In England, as we have seen, there are remarkably few engravings of Miéris’ pictures, and indeed, of the same artist, with the exception of the “Dutch Knitter,” which we have engraved, a boy looking at a young woman who is passing outside, with an English translation of “The Dutch Cook.”

has brought the heirlooms of many generations to the hammer.

The Gaignat sale, 1768. Three pictures of Miéris:—"A Young Girl," "An Invalid and her Physician," painted on wood; price £238. "A Lady in a scarlet dressing-gown," trimmed with white ermine, and a straw-coloured petticoat. She is giving some cake to her parrot. This is the famous "Red Corset," of which we have already spoken, and of which we give an engraving p. 141, now in the collection of Sir

the door of a porch. A painting on wood, originally from the collection of the Duke de Choiseul; price £20. "A Woman feeding a Bird," with another painting of G. Schulcken; together, £92.

The Argenville sale, 1778. A drawing of F. Miéris, representing a Female bust; price £6 10s. A Man's bust with a hat on his head, drawn on vellum like the preceding.

Calonne sale, 1778. "A Lady and her Dog." She wears a straw bonnet trimmed with satin and white feathers, and on



TEMPTING PROPOSALS. FROM A PAINTING BY MIÉRIS.

Robert Peel. It was sold for £124. It is painted upon copper. "A Smoker," half-length, leaning his elbow on the table, and wearing a hat ornamented with feathers. Price £7.

The Randon de Boisset sale, 1777. "A Young Lady writing," upon a table-cloth of red velvet; a young man awaiting her orders, and a dog sleeping upon a pillow. Price £324.

The Prince de Conti's sale, 1777. "A Blind Man led by his Dog," and accompanied by a little boy, asking charity at

her bosom a gossamer handkerchief. This came from the Lublin collection at Amsterdam; price £58.

Choiseul Praslin sale, 1793. "A Young Woman feeding her Parrot"—the "Red Corset" of which we have already spoken. This time it was sold for £338. "An Artist examining an antique Statue by candlelight." Another figure stands close beside him, and farther off two students, one of whom bears a light also. This is a splendid display of skill in chiaro-scuro.

Solirene sale, 1812. "Sarah and Abraham," £32. "The

Song Interrupted;" a lady in a morning dress of red velvet, holding a music-book upon her knees, another figure offering her a glass of wine. Price £112.

Clos sale, 1812. "A Young Girl brought back by a Gipsy Woman." She is on her knees asking pardon of her mother; her father is in the background. Price £88.

Laperrière sale, 1817. "The Registrar Engel," a painting mentioned by Descamps. Price 261.

Erard sale, 1822. "A Young Lady studying a Piece of

of pearls in her hair. From the famous Braunkamp collection at Amsterdam; also purchased by M. Demidoff for £200.

Porregaux sale, 1811. "The Song Interrupted." This painting, which we have just seen figuring in the Solirene sale, where it brought only £112, in 1811 rose to £880.

Giroux sale, 1851. "A Young Lady," elegantly dressed, and holding a mandolin in her hand, offering bread to a spaniel; beside her a youth reclining on a table covered with a rich cloth. Price 317.



VERTED ATTENTION. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

Music." A mandolin lies before her on a table decorated with sculpture. She wears a satin robe, but without neckerchief or head-dress. Price 169.

The Duchess de Berri's sale, 1807. "Portrait of a Magistrate," half-length, beneath a peristyle, through which appears the entrance to a park. This was purchased by M. Demidoff for £210. "The Lady of Quality." She is descending a staircase, which leads to the avenue of a park. She is dressed in white satin, with red ribbons and loose trimmings; a cluster

The following are the initials of Mieris' monograms and signatures:—

FR

MR

F. van Mieris

Fran Mieris

1675

COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVING.

ENGRAVING is an art essentially popular. It diffuses the beauties of painting without lessening them. It prevents their remaining exclusively in the possession of the wealthy and the fortunate, and places them within the reach of the poorest. It elevates the masses by making them participate in the ennobling thoughts which arise out of the contemplation of the masterpieces of great minds. What printing has done for science, engraving has done for art. These two splendid discoveries, which have shed abroad beauty and enlightenment, ideas and forms, have this peculiarity—that we cannot conceive them separate, and that they seem to be born, if we may use the expression, of one another. Thus printing, which seems to owe its origin to wood engraving, in its turn produced engraving on metals, by the facilities which it exhibited for the production of prints.

There are several kinds of engraving: copper-plate, etching, aqua-tinta, dotted, stippling, outline; but it is copper-plate engraving alone which may be called classical; and with it we shall occupy ourselves here.

Most people know that copper-plate engraving consists in cutting the copper with a sharp instrument called the *graver*, or *burin*, and thus tracing upon it clean, regular, and divided lines, which, on being impressed on paper, after receiving a coating of ink, not only produce the sum of black and white sketched in the drawing, but, by their direction, their turn, their form, their thickness or attenuation, indicate the character of the objects they represent—the shading and morbidezza of the flesh, the polish of metal, the softness of drapery, the airy lightness of feathers, the weight and hardness of marble. Stroke engraving, or rather the art of taking proof impressions from engraved steel or copper-plates, only dates from about the middle of the fifteenth century; and it is somewhat surprising that the ancients, who understood dis-sinking and cutting-reliefs both on stone and metal so well, should never have thought of taking impressions of their works upon paper, or parchment, or papyrus. What treasures would have come down to us if the art of engraving had been known in the time of Pericles! Although its origin is rather obscure, it appears to be tolerably well ascertained that engraving, or rather the idea of printing engravings, first saw the light in the workshop of a Florentine goldsmith, Maso Finiguerra, who first learned to take impressions from *niello*—that is, of the little ornaments placed on gold and silver plates by stamping; but the word *niello* properly signifies *black enamel* (*nigellum*), which was melted and poured into the hollows of the engraving, to make them stand in higher relief.

There are many curious stories told of the origin of the invention. According to one, a laundress, having by chance placed some wet linen upon a vessel which Finiguerra had just engraved, was surprised to find on removing it that it bore a distinct impression of the ornaments upon which it had been resting, and upon her master's hearing of it, it furnished him with the key to the new branch of art, that of taking impressions of engravings. We say of taking impressions, because there is no doubt that the art of engraving, of damaskeening, of inlaying, was known to the ancients; and previously to his discovery, Finiguerra himself, according to Vasari, had engraved for the church of St. John the Baptiste, at Florence, little figures of the Passion upon those silver patens, then called *peaces*, because upon them the faithful bestowed the kiss of peace at religious festivals. In the year 1452, also, the same year in which Guttenberg and Faust printed their first Latin Bible at Mayence, Finiguerra having engraved the *peaces* of which we have just spoken, and wishing to ascertain the state of his plate, having poured the *niello* upon it, took an impression of it with plaster, in accordance with the usual custom of goldsmiths. Upon this plaster, the lines of which were in relief, he poured sulphur, and in the hollows of the sulphur he passed smoke black, which produced the same outward appearance as *niello*.*

But in order that he might see the effect upon a clearer ground, and thus judge of it better, he bethought him of taking proofs upon moist paper, as was the custom with engravers on wood. This experiment was repeated with more durable ink upon the silver paten as the work advanced, and the impressions thus obtained were the first engravings. One of these proofs, a relic of inestimable value, is preserved in the Cabinet des Estampes in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, where it was discovered about half a century ago, by the Abbé Zani, who, after diligent research and careful comparison, at last put his hand upon the earliest productions of the art.

He also found by a happy accident that the *peaces* engraved and enamelled by Finiguerra for St. John's Church at Florence were still there, as also the register in which the sum paid to the artist is recorded, and which enabled him to fix the date of the work with accuracy—1452. There are extant, also, besides this proof on paper in the Cabinet des Estampes, two proofs in sulphur, which belonged to the famous amateurs, Serrati and Durazzo, so that there is no gap in our knowledge regarding this curious process.

The invention had hardly issued from the laboratory of its author, when it began to spread abroad; but still its progress was not rapid. The *peaces* of Finiguerra were remarkable for beauty of execution, delicacy of outline, and the expression of the figures, to the number of forty-two, symmetrically grouped according to the usage of the time, and representing the "Assumption of the Virgin." But Baldini and Sandro Boticello, to whom Finiguerra first confided the results of his discovery, were slow in following it up. The plates which the two artists produced, and which were drawn by Boticello and engraved by Baldini, representing principally scenes in Dante's "Divina Comedia," bear all the marks of inexperience and simplicity. Nevertheless, at the same time that Italy produced engraving, Martin Schongauer, a painter and goldsmith, and a native of Culmbach, in Germany, about the year 1460, produced some pieces displaying the utmost finish and delicacy, and great firmness and clearness in the lines,—and altogether so admirable, that it was almost certain that these were not the first results of the kind obtained in Germany; and their beauty has been adduced as a proof that Germany, and not Italy, was entitled to the honour of having first produced the new art.

The second half of the fifteenth century saw a number of engravers appear, who, with better materials and greater experience, would have risen to sublimity. We do not here speak of Pollajuolo only, who foreshadowed historical engraving in those large plates in which he imitated the easy play of the brush; but, above all, of Andrew Montegna, who, with a process which was still but rudimentary, revived the Greek style in those gems of his which breathe all the fragrant odour of antiquity. The truth is, however, that the glories of engraving did not begin until the sixteenth century, the age in which Albert Durer, Lucas de Leyden, and Mark Antony flourished. If we take, for example, the engraving of "St. Jerome," we must acknowledge that in it Albert Durer has pushed both variety and precision to their limits. What originality, what harmony, what delicacy there is in every line of this work, though traced more than three centuries ago! A bright light enters by two glass windows into the anchorite's chamber, and throws the trembling shadow of the frame upon the embrasures. The saint, whose head displays great character, is seated before his pulpit, and appears buried in the study of the Scriptures. A multitude of objects enter into the composition, and yet, for the first time perhaps, each of them preserves its own physiognomy. A fir plank is rendered with marvellous truth. A lion and a fox crouching in the foreground are treated in such a manner as to express well the fine hair of the one, and the coarse and shaggy covering of the other. The lines are throughout delicate and close without meagreness, and so drawn as to mark the perspective, the form, and the nature of the thing delineated; and the copper is cut with a

* Of *niello* we have spoken in the ILLUSTRATED EXHIBITOR AND MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. I. p. 200, when describing a vase of that style now in the British Museum.

The history of this discovery of Zani may be found in a work which he published at Parma, in 1802, entitled, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' Incisione in rame e in legno."

clearness and propriety which charm the eye. We might mention a great many other works of the same master, in which we know not which to admire most—the gloomy and fantastic genius which has suggested them, or the exquisite feeling which presided at their execution:—"The Armoury with the Death's Head," "The Cavalier and the Lady," and "Melancholy," in which, without mentioning the sublimity of the thought, he has so happily rendered substances so different—the polish of metals, the lightness of feathers, the hair of a sleeping dog; "The Prodigal Son," so remarkable by the exquisite rendering of the swine eating from the trough; "The Arms with Cock's Head," which in execution are perhaps amongst the highest efforts of art; "The Satyr," in which he has displayed so much talent in landscape; "St. Hubert," and lastly, the "Death's Horse," all unite numberless beautiful beauties, and the proofs of them, already so scarce, will soon be priceless.

As an engraver, Dürer fulfilled in aerial perspective. Lucas de Leyden, his contemporary, was the first who rightly applied its principles to the practice of the new art. From the age of fifty he engraved with facility etchings on copper-plate—compositions admirable not only for richness of arrangement and the expression of the figures, but also for the distribution of the light; and he first discovered the method of indicating the respective distance of objects by greater lightness or heaviness of touch. In valuable engravings, such as "The Fall of Haman," "Jesus on the Cross," "The Prodigal Son," in which great delicacy of execution is combined with the rare and simplicity of the gothic style, Lucas gives some lessons that painters themselves might learn with profit. "The varied colours of painting," says Vasari, "could hardly display in the different stages of a picture so much harmony and truth." During this time Mark Antony, although so distinguished by Dürer's engravings as to be tempted to imitate them, attacked the designs which he purposeful reproducing, whether his own or those of Raphael, with a ruder and more robust hand. Far from seeking to render, by nice or curious labour, the character of each object, the lightness of the hair for instance, the variety of dress and drapery, the softness of crinins, the brilliancy of steel, he contented himself with carrying the shade in great thick masses to the edge of the light, suppressing all minor tints, and scattering over the plate large patches of pure white, which gave the work an appearance of bold and energetic relief, and produced a very powerful effect. When applied to admirable designs, which could easily dispense with the niceties which Lucas de Leyden and Albert Dürer introduced into the accessories, this decided manner of Mark Antony dealing with a few forms of almost godlike beauty, was the means of introducing into the history of art one of its most brilliant phases, and at the same time first showed the capital importance of good drawing to the engraver.

Before passing to the most flourishing periods in the history of the art, we must not forget to name here those wonderful artists known as *the masters*. Albert Altdorfer, so clever in wood-engraving, Jacob Binck, Sebald Beham, George Pens, and Theodor de Bry, who put so much character, so much grandeur, and so much pure and masculine drawing into their diminutive works. Side by side with Lucas de Leyden, Dürer, and Mark Antony, or rather under their influence, there grew up a school of engraving in the Low Countries, the principal members of which were Dietrich von Starck, the Bronghels, Jerome Cock, in Italy, Mark or Rovenna, the favourite pupil of Marcus Antonius, Augustino Venturano, Lucas Nicols, Martin, who attempted to engrave in a small scale the last judgment of Michael Angelo, &c.

The second half of the sixteenth century witnessed several important revolutions in the art of engraving. A Dutchman who went to Venice to study painting was fortunate enough to labour under the eyes of Titian himself in reproducing the works of that great master. Colour was born of itself under his graver by the breadth, the freedom, the swelling or attenuation of the lines, or some strongly marked touch, or by able distribution of the light. Then came Augustino

Carrichi, who, surpassing Cornelius Cort, whose pupil he was, executed real pictures with the graver, principally the "Virgin appearing to St. Jerome," after Titian's, an admirable work, the proofs of which are now very scarce, and which would almost lead us to believe that engraving had even then reached its limits. Augustino was, however, an exception. If painting could ever inspire engravers with a taste for richness of tone and finish, it would be the painting of the Venetian colourists, Giorgione, the Padani, Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese; and it must nevertheless be acknowledged that in the engravings which were made of them, the predominant characteristics of these great masters were not preserved. The air and expression of the head were no doubt naturally rendered, but the general effect of the picture was lost; that is to say, the effect produced by the relation of tones, and the distribution of light and dark colours. The time was not yet come in which the Westermans and the Bolswerts, inspired by the genius of Rubens, introduced a complete gradation of tints between pure white and extreme black.

It was reserved for Rubens to give engraving its last and greatest impulse. This extraordinary man, of whom it might so truly be said that *inhibere seipsum non potuit*, and who seemed to display equal ability in all branches of art, personally directed the labour of Pontius Westermann, the two Bolswerts, Witduck, Peter de Joly, and taught them the proper colour contributions to the general effect of the chalcographie, because a light colour arms with it a mass of light, a dark colour a mass of shade. He taught them that they should not neglect local tone, which in his own paintings always played so prominent a part. He showed them, for instance, that Naples yellow, being a lighter colour than cinnabar, should be rendered in the engraving by a high stage of white. From this arose the colourist engravers, and a complete revolution in the art. Pontius and Westermann became warmer and more brilliant, and instead of showing outlines by a stroke merely, they merged them in the surrounding objects. Sometimes they revealed the colour by scattering here and there large lights, and at others by vigorous and bold lines. Sometimes, even, when the graver wrought in obedience to strong feeling, it imitated the pictorialness of etching. Bolswert was passionately fond of painting, and followed all the movements of the muscles, the form of the bones, and varied folds of drapery. As soon as the unbroken line became unsuitable, he substituted rough fragments of lines, and rows of dots and points; and by degrees, as he became more and more inspired by the fire of his model, he tarnished his work without hesitation, confused it, and made it contradictory by bold, firm touches, always intent not upon the graces of the burin, but the beauties of the plate.

The art had not yet reached its perfection, when, and in Germany above all, it began to manifest symptoms of decline. Henry Goltzius, an engraver of great talent, would have carried it to perfection, if perfection had consisted in the dexterous management of the burin. What boldness, what lightness, and yet what energy there was in his style! Unfortunately, however, his exploits in the use of the graver led him to neglect more important matters. He was a mannered imitator of Michael Angelo, sufficiently skilled in anatomy, but too fond of showing it, and being devoid of taste he gives to all the painters whom he copies his own stiff and barbarous style. He could never bring himself to represent the drawing, style, and expression of the painting he was reproducing. He forgot the character of the original, and became intent only upon showing his own dexterity. This great master, or great imitator, undoubtedly he was, but he set a very bad example—had taken the mechanism of art for art itself. John Muller, his pupil, carried the audacity of engraving to the highest degree, and at the same time the grandeur of feeling and finish of Lucas de Leyden, agreeably in his little works, exhibits the same vanity and the same defects in his larger ones. These two artists, following the example of their master, often employ but a single outline, and this gives their works an agreeable transparency; but as soon as

they cross their lines, their manner becomes intolerable; their squares and lozenges, in place of indicating the flatness of flesh, resemble a piece of network thrown carelessly upon the plate, and each figure enveloped in it.

The example of Goltzius, Muller, Kilian, and Mathan was not without influence, and gave force to the tendency towards exaggeration which began to prevail in all the arts. In the seventeenth century the process acquired an extraordinary and excessive importance. Engraving became a separate and

several excellent compositions. The "Holy Face," which he produced by means of a single line commencing at the end of the nose, is a unique specimen of his style, upon which some have bestowed too great a degree of admiration, and others too great a degree of depreciation; but which, in any case, fatigues the sight and leads the way to faults for which others could not make amends, as Mellan did, by excellent drawing and deep feeling. Schools of engraving began about this time to be opened, which rapidly degenerated into mere mechanical



THE TRUMPETER. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS.

independent branch of art, with its own beauties, its own resources, its admirers, independently of the works which it reproduced, and the character of the masters with which it occupied itself. It now seemed as if the engravers were tired of spreading others' fame, and now aspired to acquire some for themselves. The singularities, the oddities, the tricks of hand, became a fashion. Then appeared Claude Mellan, who affected to engrave by means of single lines of greater or less depth; but who, nevertheless, was able by this to produce

workshops, in which all the precepts taught and the rules laid down were arbitrary and often ridiculous. Our space will not permit us to enter into them.

All the artists did not, however, fall into this dry routine system. John Morin, the pupil of Philip de Champagne, reproduced all those austere, bold, and energetic portraits of the Jansenists, which his master had painted with a fine, bold, and irregular point, but, nevertheless, singularly expressive. Flesh, above all, he rendered with a liveliness,

relief, and force, not to be found anywhere except perhaps in Vandyke's etchings. Jonas Suyderhoef, also, neglecting the cold regularity of lines, and occupied solely with painting his engravings, if we may use the expression, scratched and nibbled his plates, and reproduced the impastments and proud retouched lights of Rembrandt, the free manner of Huls, the touch of Ostade; whilst another artist, also superior to acquired rules, Wenceslaus Hollar, imitated with the fire point of the burin and with etching, splendid plates much sought after by amateurs, and the finest of which represent churches,

skilful and bold style which has since made his works classical. He was a man of genius, possessing in the highest degree both ability in drawing and skill in cutting, the art and the dexterity of hand; he expresses in different ways the various beauties of Raphael, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Correggio, of Philip de Champagne, of Guido, of Lebrun, and of Jouvenet, and from the manner in which he translates the qualities of these great masters, one would imagine that he possessed them himself. What a fine time for engravers! While Rembrandt shut himself up in his studio, there to



A YOUNG WOMAN FEEDING HER PARROT. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS

landscapes, animals, furs, insects—for instance, "Antwerp Cathedral," "Westminster Abbey," "Hunting," "Fishing," after Barlowe, "The Dead Mole," "The Hare," "The Muffs."

The seventeenth century was a brilliant era in the history of engraving. In it Cornelius Bloemart displayed talent previously unknown in managing the insensible transition from strong light to deep shade, and varying the tones according to the distance of the plans. In it Gerard Edelinck, invited to France by the great Colbert, taught there that

dream over his mysterious and fantastic etchings, and while Prince Rupert, the nephew of Charles I., made his debut in the manipulation of the mezzotinto, of which it might be said he was the second inventor, copper-plate engraving pursued its slow and solemn march. Nanteuil, with a correct, ingenious, and delicate hand, gave a second life to the portraits of all the great men of that great age—made intellect, benevolence, and dignity shine out through their eyes—made their mouths breathe and smile, folded their collars neatly, and curled their flowing hair. Masson renewing, and even going

beyond the fancies of Goltzius, gave his burin capricious and singular but expressive movements. Cornelius Wischer, though differing so widely from Edelinek, disputes the first rank with him; the Andrans produced masterpieces of art. One of them, Gerard, copied both on copper-plate with the burin and in etching, the splendid "Battles of Alexander" by Lebrun, and with so much skill as to make us sometimes doubt whether the painter's or the engraver's art was the greater.

It was not until a comparatively late period that the art began to flourish in England. The first engravings worthy of note which appeared in this country were those which accompanied an edition of "Vesaluri's Anatomy," about the year 1545, which were engraved by Thomas Geminius. They were, as might be expected, full of defects, but we can readily overlook these in consideration of its being a first attempt. The art was greatly patronised by Archbishop Parker, in the reign of Elizabeth, who constantly employed a painter and two engravers in his palace at Lambeth. One of the latter, Remigius Hogenbergh, engraved his head twice, and this is said to have been the first attempt at copper-plate engraving ever made in England. He was followed by Christopher Caxton, who undertook to make a complete set of maps of the counties of England and Wales; he engraved many of the plates himself, and they were the first set of county maps ever seen in England. But for nearly a hundred years after this, copper-plate engraving made no advance, but retained all its original coarseness and simplicity. Reginald Elstrich, who lived at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, seems to have introduced a little more neatness of finish into his works than his predecessors, but none of them ever displayed a particle of taste. The art received another impulse in advance from foreigners—the family of the Passes, from Utrecht, who settled in England early in the seventeenth century. Simon de Passe was a man of literary tastes, and displayed indomitable industry. His labours formed the commencement of a new era. They displayed great neatness, clearness, and judgment, and were ably followed up by his sons, Crispin, William, and Simon, as well as by his daughter Magdalen. The native artists of his day were all below mediocrity, and limited themselves to maps, cuts, and small portraits for books.

The first English engraver of note was John Payne, a pupil of Simon de Passe. He possessed great talents, as his works testify; but they are not numerous, as he led an irregular life and died early. The principal are frontispieces and other book-cuts and portraits; he also executed a variety of other objects,—landscapes, animals, flowers, fruits, birds; but several of his portraits are very fine, and by far the best of his works; these he executed entirely with the graver, and in a fine open style, and they have a very pleasing effect. He also engraved a large print of a ship, called the "Royal Sovereign," on two plates, which, when joined, were three feet long by two feet two inches high. He died about the year 1648.

Charles I. was the first English monarch who was sufficiently alive to the beauty of engraving to appoint an engraver royal, and Robert Vander Voerst was the man on whom the honour was conferred. He engraved a portrait of the king's sister, and a plate from a picture painted by Vandyke, to supply the place of one of Titian's "Caesars," which by some accident had been lost or destroyed. He handled his graver in a bold, fine, and commanding style. The style of Vestermaun, a rival and contemporary of Voest, exhibits, however, more careful finishing and painter-like feeling, and must on the whole be allowed to be superior to that of his rival. He not only translated, but may be said to have stereotyped the great works of Rubens and Vandyke. His etchings, in particular, were excellent.

Paithorne is the next English engraver who merits our attention. He was a man of great genius, and being obliged to leave England during the civil war, he went to Paris, where he derived great advantage from the instructions of Nanteuil; and on his return to his native country, he executed a great number of portraits, and several historical

subjects, in an excellent manner. He worked almost entirely with the graver. In the early part of his life he imitated the Dutch and Flemish manner; but on his return from France he greatly improved it. His best portraits are admirable, and are finished in a fine but delicate style, with much force of colour. His drawing of the human figure is by no means correct, nor in good taste; but as he dedicated so much of his time to portraits, the few historical works he has left are not fair specimens of his talents. His portraits are numerous, but not of equal merit; his best ones are very valuable.

He was followed by Robert White, who was born in London in 1645. Besides many portraits on vellum in black-lead, in which he was very successful, he has left many engravings of portraits, frontispieces, and book-decorations. His portraits are excellent, as they are all strong likenesses; but his engraving was far inferior. He had a son also an engraver, whose works display a good deal of merit, but nothing very striking. The palm was again destined to be carried off by a foreigner, Sir Nicholas Dorigny, a native of France, but educated in art at Rome. He there became known to several English noblemen and gentlemen, who persuaded him to come to England. On his arrival, he undertook to engrave the Cartoons, and presented two splendid sets of prints to George I. After having completed this great work, his sight began to grow dim, and he returned to France, where he was elected a member of the Academy, and died at the advanced age of eighty-nine. In copying Raphael's forms he has often lost much of their exquisite grace and chasteness, and has rendered the expression of the heads coarsely; yet there is a manly energy and freedom in his style bridled by simplicity: his shadows are full-toned, clear, and rich; the lines are often conducted over his draperies with great freedom and elegance, of which the figure of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens" is a good example; as also the same apostle in the cartoon of "Elymas, the Sorcerer, struck blind."

Vivares must be considered the founder of the English school of landscape engraving. He was a native of France, and learned the principles of his art from Chatelain, in London; but, being a man of great genius, he improved on the style of his master. He was followed by Woollett in the same department, whose works were models in beauty of execution and of style for landscape. Like Vivares, he carried his plates a considerable way with the point, and gave them the necessary depth with the graver, touching them up in the more delicate parts with the dry point. His works have all the delicacy and clearness of the French masters, with all the spirit and taste of Vivares. He likewise executed several historical plates and portraits with great success. His chief works are the large landscapes which he has engraved from R. Wilson and others; the death of General Wolfe, after West.

The next remarkable engraver we have to mention is Sir Robert Strange. He is greatly admired for the breadth of his effect, and the beauty of his execution; but his great excellency is the delicacy and softness of his female flesh. In this last he has seldom been equalled, and never surpassed, by any other master, as his engravings from the works of Titian, Guido, Corregio, and other painters of the Italian school, sufficiently show; but his drawing is extremely incorrect.

We shall pass over many junior celebrities and hurry on to Hogarth, whose works exhibit a walk of art untrodden before him by any. He made engraving an instrument of high moral teaching, and a vehicle for the keenest satire and the most brilliant humour. His execution was unrivalled for what it professed to be. Having on a former occasion spoken of him at considerable length, we shall not now dwell upon him any further. Since his time innumerable artists of the highest talents have appeared in every branch of engraving.

Some years ago a machine was invented by Mr. Lowry, of London, to facilitate the engraving of parallel lines. It has since undergone considerable improvement, and is now employed in most engravings, particularly in the sky, water, and the architectural parts. Wherever parallel lines are required, whether straight or circular, it executes them with elegance,

accuracy, and facility. The efforts of copper-plate engravers, in more recent times, have chiefly been directed to the illustrations for books; steel having generally taken its place for all larger and more important works, owing to its greater durability.

In the year 1785, Alderman Boydell conceived the idea of establishing a Shakspeare Gallery, in London, for the exhibition of works of art, upon a grand scale. Designs were opened up to competition, a prize of one hundred guineas being offered for all accepted by the committee. They were painted by some of the most eminent artists of the day. The first engravers in England were employed to transfer them to copper; amongst others, Sharpe, Bartolozzi, Earlom, Shaw, Simon, Middmann, Watson, Tyttler, Wilson, and many others. Probably no plates ever had the same pains bestowed upon them. As much as five years was expended upon a single plate, and proof impressions were taken at every stage of the work for the subscribers. It was not completed till 1803, a period of twenty years from its commencement.

France has always been celebrated for her triumphs in this branch of engraving. The precision of copper-plate has always suited the character of French art better than the vagueness of dot engraving. During the eighteenth century the burin bore the sway, but there was always much to be desired in the drawing. The influence of David and Regnault, however, caused greater attention to be bestowed upon it, and its effects were soon perceived in engraving. The imperial epoch was remarkable for the extreme purity of style. It was at this period that Bervic executed those celebrated engravings known as the "Education of Achilles" and "Dejanira," and classical engraving was restored to the post of honour. To all the processes of the revolutionary period, to the fine point of Duplessis-Bertaux, to the stippling of Cossa, and the aqua-tinta which popularised the fine caricatures of Karl Vernet, succeeded the perfection of the academic lines, renewed from Edelinck, and Drenet, and Pelly. The breast of the Centaur, by Nessey, was copied by Bervic, the author of the "Laocoon," by means of very curious and delicate labours, which please the eye by their elegance and their symmetry, as well as by the skill which displays throughout the firmness of the flesh and the presence of the bones and sinews. Such excellence in the mechanical portion of the process was never before exhibited in combination with so much refined feeling.

The triumphs of the graver continued under the Restoration; at one time they were slightly interrupted by the movement known as *Romanticism*. The "Shipwreck of the Medusa" was engraved in the dotted style by Reynolds, and soon after the "Patrol of Smyrna" revived the recollection of Rembrandt; but the methods of this great master were far sooner learnt and understood than his genius. Innovations, variations, expeditious modes and plans became all the rage, but, nevertheless, the tradition of the old masters was upheld by Desnyer, Tardieu, and Richomme. The first applying himself to Raphael, translated him with great feeling in the "Belle Jardinière;" the second raised himself to the rank of master by his fine portrait of the Earl of Arundel, after Vandyke, and by the "Communion of St. Jerome," in which he preserved all the power and expression of Domenichino; and the third had courage to measure himself against Edelinck in his rendering of one of Raphael's *Chiefs-d'œuvre*.

After this rapid historical sketch, it may not be amiss to give a short outline of the observations which professors, books, and academics have made the code of engravers.

Generally the burin should follow in its course the hollows and the cavities of muscles and folds, and when the cutting as it approaches the light, and narrow them as it enters the shade, and finish the outlines without hardness. The various series of lines should be in union, although each object should be treated in its own style. It often happens, for example, that the line which is first in an open space may serve in returning to form the second, when in place of developing the muscle or fold, the engraver has only to strengthen the tone. He must neither indulge in odd and

capricious turnings, nor adhere too closely to straightness of line, which though doubtless easier to make, has always a stiff and monotonous aspect.

With regard to draperies, care must be taken to distinguish them by the nature of the manipulation; in engraving linen, for example, it should be closer and more delicate than in the case of other cloths, and in most cases should be made by a single line; white cloth by two lines only, and with a breadth proportioned to the texture of the material; in shining substances, such as silk, the work should be straight, and the folds should be imitated by abrupt breaks, and also by an interline, slipped into the intervals of the main lines; woollen and silk velvet with an interline also, but with the principal lines strongly marked, and the second lighter, but still well sustained. The interline, which answers the purpose of producing a shining appearance, so well, may also be employed with success in rendering metals, gold and silver vases, and armour and weapons of polished steel.

In architecture the lines must obey the laws of perspective, and help to create the necessary optical illusion; that is, the lines which cover receding or diminishing objects must concentrate in the point of view; they must conform also to the direction in which the objects present the greatest dimensions. Entire columns, for example, are engraved by perpendicular lines, to avoid the disorder which would arise between the lines of the capital and those of the base. In sculpture care must be taken not to do too much. The work should be light, and appear reflected, as white marble and stone always does. There should be no point of light placed in the pupil of the eye; and the hair should not be represented, as in nature, in detached fibres, but in a mass. Landscape should be commenced by careful and discreet etching, so that, when giving it the finishing touches, the coarseness may be removed without totally destroying, in every place, the picturesque roughness. In earth, walls, trunks of trees, mountains, and rocks, the lines should be broken, interrupted abruptly, trembling, and should cross almost at right angles, to imitate the cold smoothness of the rocks; and should have a nibbled appearance, to imitate the rugosity of bark, and the inequalities of the ground or walls. The intervening air must also be taken into consideration, and allowance made for its influence by making objects close to the horizon very soft and delicate; and the aerial perspective found in the painting or drawing should be reproduced.

Water, if calm, should be represented by right lines parallel with the horizon, and with light interlines, and some breaks, which express very well the glitter and polish of the surface. By perpendicular seconds, the form of objects reflected in the water, and overhanging its banks, may be rendered, taking care to make their shape apparent, and to mark their relative distance from the spectator. If they are trees, their form can be best produced by a light outline, particularly if the water is quite clear. When the waters are agitated like the waves of the sea, the principal lines should be like the movement of the wave, and the interlines should be lozenge-shaped, as they best express the transparency of fluids. In cascades or waterfalls, the lines should follow the course of the fall, with interlines, and a good deal of abruptness in the lights. Clouds are rendered by horizontal lines; if they are those light, hanging vapours that lose themselves insensibly in the blue of the sky, care must be taken that the line, instead of forming a distinct edge all round the cloud, should verge towards the extremity, and disappear there gradually. If the clouds are tempestuous, murky, and agitated, the graver should give itself up to their forms without reserve. The crossings of the lines should be made lozenge-shaped, because this gives transparency and an appearance of motion; but the first should in every case be more prominent than the second. The lines must not be too wavy, because they give the cloud the appearance of a fleece of wool or a bundle of tow. The blue of the sky is rendered by straight, horizontal lines.

Care must be taken to engrave the flesh of women and children different from that of men, and to make the first part of the work close and thick, so as to represent the softness and

delicacy of their skin. The square which expresses hardness must be avoided, as also the lozenge. In general, flesh should be produced by dots; that of men by long dots, such as are put at the end of lines or lozenges, intermingled with round

that the thickness of the coating of wax deceives, from some cause or other, it sometimes happens that when the plate is duly bitten, in spite of all the regularity observed, they come out badly arranged, and if any attempt be made to set them



MIERIS IN HIS STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY MIERIS

dots, and that of women with round dots, prepared by etching, in order to avoid that rough labour produced by elongated dots. "The dots," says Abraham Bosse, "should be arranged like bricks in a wall; above all, great order and regularity should be observed in disposing them, for whether it is

right with the graver, the flesh will appear as it covered with some cutaneous eruption." When the aquafortis produces them in the right place, however, and they are afterwards mingled with the long dots produced by the burin, the effect is excellent.

ADRIAN BRAUWER.



We do not know whether Vandyck lent his personages any of that dignity which he possessed in so large a degree him-



self; but on seeing the portrait of Adrian Brauwer, which he has left us, we can hardly fancy that a man with such a lordly air, who could twirl his moustache so haughtily, and fold his

cloak so gracefully, could have been the painter of sottish peasants, debauchees, and low players. It must be confessed, that if the portrait be not flattering, the painter has not given us any means of forming an idea of his personal appearance from the figures he drew. But, unfortunately, it is only too true that his own habits were exactly those which he was fond of depicting, that he lived a drunkard, and died in an hospital, and that he was one of those prodigals who never think of returning, but to whom pardon is granted because they have loved painting not wisely but well.

Houbraken has recounted Brauwer's life in such a way as to surround him with interest, and make a full display of the accuracy and depth of his own information. A letter of Nicholas Lix, burgomaster, quoted by Houbraken, proves that Brauwer was born at Haarlem, and not at Oudenaarde as stated by Cornelius de Bie, the Flemish writer, and also by M. de Piles. He belonged to a poor family, and was possessed of a natural genius which his parents were unable to develop by education. Chance, however, brought it to light. His mother was milliner and dressmaker for the peasant women of the neighbourhood. Her son sketched for her with a pen the flowers, fruit, birds, and other little ornaments that she embroidered on the collars, caps, &c. A painter of considerable reputation, Francis Hals, was one day passing by their little shop, and saw little Brauwer designing, and struck by the ease and taste which his sketches exhibited, stepped in and asked him whether he would like to be a painter. The boy said he should, if his mother would allow him. The latter consented, but only on condition that his master should support him until he was able to support himself.

Hals agreed, took the boy home with him, and installed him in his studio, but kept his promises very badly. Perceiving very soon the advantage he might derive from talent displaying so much freedom and originality as that of Brauwer, he separated him from his other pupils, and shut him up in a

little garret, where he made him work from morning till night without rest or relaxation, and gave him barely food enough to keep him alive. Adrian's disappearance, however, awakened the curiosity of his fellow-students, who seized an opportunity afforded them by their master's absence to pay a visit to the prisoner. They ascended to the garret in terror, and, by peeping in through a little window, were able to discover that he was executing very good pictures. One of them proposed to him to paint "The Five Senses," at two-pence each. Brauer accordingly completed a sketch, in which the subject, trite as it was, was treated in a manner entirely new, for he had never seen it from any other hand, and yet with great simplicity. Another ordered "The Twelve Months of the Year," also for two-pence each, but promising at the same time to increase the sum if he would work out his sketches.

It was a piece of rare good fortune for the poor recluse thus to find employment for such leisure moments as he was able to snatch without awakening the suspicions of his master. But Hals and his worthy spouse, who was, if possible, still more niggardly and hard-hearted than himself, soon began to perceive a falling off in the amount of Brauer's labours, and set a watch on him: so that he was compelled to fag away without ceasing, and, by way of punishment for past remissness, they diminished his rations. Happily it is with boys as with young ladies in love: if you want to give cunning and address to the simplest or most stolid, you have only to shut them up. So Brauer began to plan an escape. But here we shall let his biographer Descamps tell the tale:—

"He escaped, and ran through the whole town, without knowing where he should go, or what he should do. He at last went into a baker's shop, and laid in a store of ginger-bread, sufficient to last him the whole day, and ensconced himself under the organ-case of the Great Church. Whilst he was ruminating on his position and prospects, he was recognised by a passer-by, who frequented his master's house, and who readily guessed how matters stood from Brauer's forlorn aspect. He inquired what ailed him; Brauer, with his usual frankness, recounted everything that had happened, dwelling at length upon the covetousness of Hals and his wife, who, not content with the profit they drew from his labour, were letting him die of hunger and nakedness. The pallid looks and the rags of the narrator corroborated his statements, and interested his hearer to such a degree, that he took him back to his master, and promised him that he should receive better treatment in future."

The remonstrances of his new friend were not without their effect. He experienced more kindness, and was rigged out in a new suit of second-hand clothes. He now set to work with renewed vigour, but still for his master's benefit, who sold his little paintings at a high price, pretending they were the productions of a foreign but unknown painter, and thus stimulating the curiosity of the amateurs. Brauer, inspired with new vigour by his good clothes and good food, gave full vent to the inspirations of a talent of which he alone was ignorant, but which was already making a good deal of noise out of doors. Amongst his fellow-students was one destined afterwards to be a great painter, Adrian Van Ostade, who was better able than the others to appreciate Brauer's genius, and the delicacy, warmth and harmony displayed in his works. Ostade was indignant at the Hals' conduct, and told Brauer that he was a fool not to break loose from his servitude; that he was talented enough to live by his art, and draw from it, not profit only, but honour; that with a very little energy he might regain his liberty and make a name for himself; and advised him to go to Amsterdam and seek his fortune, where, as he was credibly informed, his paintings already sold at a high price. Brauer was easily persuaded, escaped a second time, and made his way to Amsterdam, where he had no friends, relatives, or any recommendation whatsoever. On his arrival, his good genius led him to the French Crown Inn, kept by a certain Van Sommeren, who had practised painting in his youth, and whose son, Henry Sommeren, executed very good landscapes and flower-pieces. He could not have fallen into better hands.

Our young vagabond, finding the cookery of the French Crown better than that of Madame Hals, took heart, and opening his haversack, took out his colours, and sketched some pieces which astonished his hosts, and induced them to make him a present of a fine copper-plate, upon which he was to display all the talent of which he was capable. He accordingly painted a gambling quarrel between some peasants and soldiers—representing the tables overturned, the cards scattered on the ground, the players throwing pots of beer at one another's heads; one of whom, badly wounded, lies foaming with rage upon the floor, half-dead, half-drunk. The picture was full of nerve, and executed in a warm tone, with great vivacity in the figures and truth of expression. He was at once recognised as the "foreign artist" of whom Hals had boasted so much. M. du Vermandois, a distinguished amateur, gave him no less than ten pounds for this work as soon as he saw it. Brauer could hardly believe his eyes—he who had begun by two-pence each picture! He took the money, lay down on his bed, and kicked and rolled for joy. After a little, he jumped up and ran out without saying a word. It was evident that so much wealth was burdensome to him, and that he was already longing to see the end of it. At the end of nine days he re-appeared, singing and laughing, and when asked what he had done with his money, exclaimed, "God be praised, I have got rid of it!"

This anecdote alone portrays Brauer's character to the life. His rude apprenticeship in Hals' garret, as well as the ardour of his own temperament, made him prone to the free enjoyment of life. Painting was in reality but a secondary passion with him. His chief aim was, to eat, drink, and be merry—we were going to say, his chief talent, for it was from this sort of life that he drew his inspirations, being able to paint drunkards all the better from being constantly in their society. His studio was the workshop which he made the scene of "The Gamblers' Quarrels," and the furniture of which consisted of a cask on which the clowns have just thrown down the four aces, a broom, a kettle, which the light fills with golden hues, and a bucket turned upside down, and upon it the smokers' chafing-dish, without reckoning the burden leaning against the wall, as we always see it in Teniers' pictures. It was from this locality, when harassed by his landlady for payment of her bill, that he sent his paintings for sale to the amateurs. If they did not bring the price he expected for them, he burnt them, and set to work anew upon others, upon which he bestowed more care, till at last he got what he wanted.

There is no species of pleasantry or facetiousness that the Flemish or Dutch biographers have not attributed to Brauer. C. melius de Bie states, that having been plundered by pirates on the coast of Holland, he bethought himself of getting a coat made of coarse brown holland, and on it painted flowers and foliage in imitation of Indian shawls. Having then given it a shining appearance with gum or varnish, he walked about the streets, attracting great attention from the ladies, who were in raptures with his costume, and were inquiring on all sides where they could procure this new stuff. He then went in the evening to the theatre, and at the close of the piece managed to mount upon the stage, where he walked up and down with a wet sponge in his hand, calling upon the audience to examine the material of his coat, of which he said, he was the sole maker, and carried the only piece in the world upon his back. Then, to the great astonishment of the pit, he rubbed off the painting with his sponge, and revealed the calico in its native coarseness, declaring it to be an emblem of human life, upon which one should place as little value as upon the wretched garment which a moment before had appeared so costly and beautiful. This "pointing of the moral," otherwise commonplace enough, was performed by him with a better grace upon another occasion. Some of his relatives invited him to a wedding, evidently, as he believed, because he had just got a new and very showy velvet coat. At dinner he took some of the greasiest and thickest sauce on the table, and smeared the coat with it, saying that the velvet had a right to the good cheer, inasmuch as it was the velvet

which was invited. He then threw it into the fire, and went back to the tavern for his old rags.

James Houbraken, who ably engraved the portraits which illustrate his father's "Lives of the Painters," conceived the idea of placing a monkey beside Brauwer's portrait, to express that buffoon humour which, far from diminishing as age advanced, in Brauwer's case only increased and became more repulsive. In fact, what in the child might be called droleries, in the man were nothing but gross tawfooleries, which smelt of the places frequented by their author. Happily, Brauwer, during his lifetime, achieved better things than pasquinades and farces, and has rendered his name immortal by some masterpieces of expression, touch, and colouring, to which the graver of Visscher has lent new life. Their scarcity, too, has enhanced their value. What nerve, what life, and what a energy of observation do they not display! Nowhere else, save in the reality, do we find those grimaces, those red and bloated faces, that coarse merriment of tatterdemalions, and those indescribable attitudes and postures of beastly drunkenness. What imagination could conjure merely up by guess those physiognomies of the gamblers—the winner singing with all his might, the crest-fallen visage of his antagonist, and the bumpers which the spectators are engulfing in their huge throats in honour of the occasion? No one but an *habitué* of taverns could have risen to the height, or rather descended to the lowness, of scenes like these. In wine Brauwer found the truth of his sketches.—*In vino veritas*.

It would, doubtless, have been far better for such a painter if his life were wholly unknown to us, and nothing remained of him except these admirable little works, which might lead us only to suspect his taste for carousal. But it would seem as if history had a predilection for scandal, if we may judge from the complacency with which she records all the follies and weaknesses of her heroes, while she is silent regarding so many charming artists who needed nothing but the *debit* of a great vice to make them famous, and hand down their names to posterity. Brauwer lived at Amsterdam until, having earned a great deal, but spent more, he had to fly from his creditors. He took the road to Antwerp; but as he was not so well versed in the current politics of the day as in the gossip of the tap-room, he was imprudent enough to present himself at the gates of the town without a pass-port from the States General, which were then at war with Spain. He was arrested as a spy, and imprisoned in the citadel. He there met with the Duke of Aremberg, also a prisoner by order of the King of Spain. Taking him for the governor of the place, he recounted to him, with tears in his eyes, all the misfortunes which had befallen him, and assured him most solemnly that he was merely a painter, who had come to Antwerp to make use of his talents, and offered to prove his statements if he were furnished with a palette and brushes. The duke immediately sent a message to Rubens, asking him to forward the articles; and the latter forthwith sent back canvas, colours, and everything that was necessary. In the meantime, some Spanish soldiers had set themselves down to play at cards in the courtyard in front of the painter's window. Brauwer took them for the subject of his picture, and painted the group with extraordinary truth, exhibiting the minutest traits of character, attitude, and physiognomy in each. Behind them appeared an old soldier seated on his haunches, and watching the game. His face was striking and original, and between his half-open lips appeared the only two teeth that were left him. The artist had never succeeded so well—had never displayed so much fire and vigour. As soon as the duke saw the picture, he burst out laughing, and sent for Rubens to come and see if the work of his dauber was worth preserving. Rubens came, and had no sooner cast his eye upon it, than he exclaimed, "It's by Brauwer; no one else could paint subjects of this kind with such power and beauty." When pressed to value it, he named seventy pounds. "You are right in thinking it is not for sale," said the duke; "I intend it for my own collection, as much because of the singularity of the incident, as for its intrinsic excellence."

Rubens used all his influence to get Brauwer out of prison.

He went to the governor and succeeded in convincing him that the supposed spy was a painter of genius, and obtained his liberation, upon his becoming security that his *probité* was in reality what he said he was. He then took him home to his house, assigned him a chamber, a place at his table, and procured him suitable dress. But Brauwer, instead of being grateful for these acts of kindness, was only embarrassed by them. The libertine and riotous hero of tavern brawls and merriment felt but ill at ease in the well-ordered, sober, but elegant mansion of Rubens. In a few days our hero was heartily sick of it, and took to his heels, sold his clothes, and returned to his old haunts and associates, declaring that life under Rubens' roof was to him as insupportable as imprisonment in the citadel.

There was then at Antwerp a baker, named Joseph Van Craesbeck, a native of Brussels, who professed to be very fond of painting, and sometimes acted as a broker. Brauwer made his acquaintance, and seeing he had a handsome wife, conceived it to be incumbent upon him to fall in love with her. But, in accordance with the old saying that husbands generally pave the way for their own misfortunes, it so happened that Craesbeck offered Brauwer board and lodging, in case he taught him painting. This was exactly what the artist wanted, and he accordingly snatched at the proposal with the utmost eagerness. No two men were ever better matched. They had the same tastes, the same characteristics, and they soon had the same style. By dint of admiring and imitating Brauwer, Craesbeck began to display some talent, but he made no better use of it than his master, for he employed himself mostly in painting drunkenness, debauchery, and pots of beer. It appears that the two painters had, doubtless at the close of some carousal, some difference with the police, which obliged them to quit Belgium and take refuge in Paris. Brauwer did but little work there, and soon returned to Antwerp, carrying disease with him, and died miserably in the public hospital in that town, in 1690. He was buried in the cemetery of the plague-stricken, that is, on a straw bed, at the bottom of a well. On hearing of this sad end of a life of so much glory and shame, Rubens, it is said, was moved to tears. He was unwilling, however, that due respect should not be paid to art in the person of one of its great professors. Accordingly he caused the body of Brauwer to be exhumed, and paid the expense of the funeral rites, which he caused to be celebrated with great pomp. Roger de Piles has made the assertion that Rubens caused a magnificent tomb to be erected to Brauwer in the church in which he was buried. The truth is, that Rubens did entertain the idea of erecting such a monument, and sketched a design for it, but his own death prevented his carrying his intention into execution, and consequently the epitaph given by Cornelius de Bie, in Flemish verse, had no existence save in his own imagination.

The best proof of Brauwer's power and imagination lies in the fact, that, though Hals' pupil, his style differed completely from that of his master. Hals' is impetuous, and consists mainly in bold touch—so plain as to conceal the precision, often painful, of the sketch, and to produce an effect at a distance—and at a distance only. On the contrary, Brauwer's pencil is free and easy; he expresses so fully his objects without minuteness and without coldness. His pictures are only finished sketches—the immaterial is so thin that the painting of the canvas appears unperceivable. Besides this, Brauwer had another style, in which his figures are compressed and visible to the eye; in which his expressions are so arranged to firmness, and delicacy to finish. For instance, in the "Las Teniers, Brauwer is warm and bold, and shows more of reddish brown, and in this appearance Oribon and Rombaut. In a word, Brauwer is a more finished and more exact, and as his example is followed by his school, and by Ostade and Rembrandt, and by the latter, because they never seek to be so; while Brauwer, young, bold, and originally original, never seeks to be so, and is content to be what he is. He is a man, a workman, a painter, and a man, and the sight of a vagabond or ruffian engaged in his occupation. And, nevertheless, Brauwer, despite the coarseness of his model,

the vulgarity of their acts, and the ugliness and repulsiveness of their visages, has succeeded, during two centuries, in delighting all lovers of art by the delicacy, the warmth, and the harmony of his works.

Brauer executed, with a good deal of skill, some etchings, of which M. Heinecke has furnished a list: they are nineteen in number:—

8, 9, 10.—“Two Peasants,” a piece marked, *Abraham Brauer, fecit.*

11.—“A Tall Man and a Little Woman with an Ape smoking,” with the inscription, *Wat's dit roon en gedsicht.*

12.—“A Peasant Girl making Cakes.”

13.—“A Peasant lighting his Pipe at a Chafing-dish held by a Woman.”



THE FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUER.

1.—“Four Peasants,” underneath, *T'so vrienden.*

2.—“A Peasant Girl playing a Flageolet, and two Peasants dancing”—*Lustig spel.*

3, 4, 5, 6.—“Three Peasants smoking”—*W'er aent smoken.*

7.—“A Peasant sleeping in the foreground, and in the background three Peasants drunk”—*Brauer.*

14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.—“A series of Peasants and Peasant Girls;” six pieces without any mark: the first represents a “Woman asking Alms.”

The portrait of Brauer, painted by Vandyck (p. 115), has been engraved by Schelte; John Gole has also engraved it, and Boulonnais has copied it. Adrian Brauer is one of the

Dutch painters who has been most engraved. The names of the principal engravers are Meyssens, Blooteling, MacArdell, Lebas, Basan, Bary, Brenden, Delfos, Demouchy, Wenceslas Hollar, John Gole, T. Major, Malceuvre, Mathan, Marinus, Nicholds, Ploos Van Amstel in his "Imitations of Drawings after the principal Flemish and Dutch Painters;" Riedel, father and son; Van Schagen, Seiler, Schenck, Van Sommer, Spilsburg, Spooner, Jonas Suyderhoef, Wallerant Vaillant, Le Vasseur, Verkoljje.

drinking. This painting, which we have reproduced (p. 148), is called in Holland "The Fiddler."

John de Visseher has also engraved, after Brauwer, a series of four tap-rooms, all of which are excellent, particularly in point of colouring.

This is not all; the famous Lucas Wostermann has engraved, after this master, "The Seven Mortal Sins," represented by half-length figures. Voluptuousness is there sketched in two ways, so that the seven sins form eight pieces. They bear



THE DRINKERS. FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

Amongst these we must distinguish, as beyond comparison, Blooteling, Lebas, Hollar, John Gole, and Suyderhoef, and we must add to the list the great name of Visseher. He has executed, after Brauwer, two pieces of the greatest beauty, and greatly sought after by amateurs. "A Surgeon dressing a Man's Foot," the first proofs of which bear the inscription, *Vre, seca, purga*, and a tap-room, in which one man is playing a fiddle and winking his eye, three others singing, and one

the cipher V.; and the "Five Senses" — five pieces. We see in Brauwer's drawings a pen outline, aided by a little wash of Indian, and a few bold touches and hatchings of the pen, which produce all the effect that could be expected from them. The short, thick-set figures, their grimaces, and the appearance of their heads, covered with straight, stiff hair, in locate their author at a glance.

Lebrun informs us that David Teniers painted in his earlier

style (not the fine silvery gray) some paintings which have been often attributed to Brauwer, in order to enhance their price, and because they did not seem handsome enough for Teniers himself.

The following are some of the prices which Brauwer's works have fetched:—

The Laroque Sale—Gersaint, 1745: A small landscape, in a gilt frame, 16s. 8d.; a small beginning certainly.

The Caulet d'Hauteville Sale, 1774: "A Dispute at Play, containing six figures, and forming a pendant to one of Cornelius Dusart's, was sold for £2 only. It is true that at the same sale a fine Rembrandt, engraved by MacArdell in the dotted manner, brought only £24.

Randon de Boisset Sale, 1777: "A Tap-room," representing a man sitting down and lighting his pipe by a live coal; another, leaning on the back of his chair, is puffing out smoke; a woman holds a pot—a fine painting, 498.

Burgraaf Sale, 1811: A little painting containing two peasants smoking beside an upturned cask, and a third in the background, £2 10s.

Erard Sale, 1832: "The interior of a Public House," on wood, from the Wille Cabinet; ten figures, 438.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1845: "The Card Players;" four peasants seated upon upturned tubs; the game appears to be decided. A wooden partition divides the group from three other figures warming themselves at a large fire-place. £31.

There is but one of Adrian Brauwer's paintings in the Louvre, the "Interior of a Tap-room." A man seen from behind is asleep upon a table; a smoker is lighting his pipe, and another is kissing the maid. In the background two men are chatting with a little girl.

Amongst Brauwer's pupils were Gonzales, Craesbeck, Tilborg, Bernard Fouchers, and Jan Steen, who was also the pupil of Van Goyen. The following is his monogram:—

A B A

VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses, and may-flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colours, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labour, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half-closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin. "And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there is no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flit-

ting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs; no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colours with testy haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are too costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum. "I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my colouring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed—

"But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it! Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has

forsaken me. I'm ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavoured to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it clink, "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely—"That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"Faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlour."

"Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter rose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You!" said Van Huysum; "this painting by you! How did you find out my method?"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, "since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profited by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you

careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but a restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts, whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum; henceforth, I am willing there should be two."

MR. BANVARD, THE AMERICAN PANORAMA PAINTER.

We are all by this time tolerably familiar with panoramas; but probably not many of our readers have seen one of the same dimensions as that which Mr. Banvard, an American artist, is said to have executed. It represents the mighty Mississippi, with the varied scenery through which it flows; and certainly, so far as mere size is concerned, must be no unworthy representation of that majestic river; for we are told it measures no less than *three miles* in length. The idea of travelling such a distance with the eye to get from the beginning to the end of a pictorial view, is quite a novelty to the steady-going inhabitants of the Old World. We are indebted to an American authority for the following account of the artist and his work, which we think will be read with interest, both as showing what ingenuity and perseverance can accomplish, and as a fresh chapter in the history of art.

There was a young lad of fifteen, a fatherless youth, to whom a very extraordinary idea occurred, as he was doating for the first time down the Mississippi. He had read in some foreign journal, that America could boast the most picturesque and magnificent scenery in the world, but that she had not yet produced an artist capable of delineating it.

On this thought he pondered and pondered, till his brain began to whirl; and as he glided along the shores of the stupendous river, gazing around him with wonder and delight, the boy resolved within himself that he would take away the reproach from his country—that he would paint the beauties and sublimities of his native land.

Some years passed away, and still John Banvard, for that was his name, dreamed of being a painter. What he was in his waking, working moments, we do not know—probably a mechanic. But at all events, he found time to turn over and over again the great thought that haunted him; till of length, before he had yet attained his twenty-first year, it assumed a distinct and tangible shape in his mind, and he devoted himself to its realisation.

No idea of profit was mingled with his ambition; and, indeed, strange to say, we can learn nothing of any aspirations he may have felt after artistic excellence. His grand object, as he himself informs us, was to satisfy the curiosity that America had no artists commensurate with the grandeur and extent of her scenery; and to accomplish this by producing the largest painting in the world.

John Banvard was born in New York, and "raised in Kentucky;" but he led a roving life, following the rich merchants of the one, or the wild enthusiasts of the other, who so soon has become a synonyme for all that is good, bold, and righteous in the American character. He was self-taught and self-employed; and when he determined to paint a picture of the shores of the Mississippi, which should be as superior to all others in point of size as that prodigious river is superior to the streams of Europe, he was obliged to take a long sail for some time, to trolling and boating upon the mighty stream,

in order to raise funds for the purchase of materials. But this was at length accomplished, and the work begun. His first task was to make the necessary drawing, and in executing this he spent four hundred days in the manner thus described by himself:—

For this purpose he had to travel thousands of miles alone in an open skiff, crossing the rapid streams, in many places more than two miles in width, to select proper points of sight from which to take this sketch. His hands became hardened with constantly plying the oar, and his skin as tawny as an Indian's, from exposure to the rays of the sun and the vicissitudes of the weather.

He would be weeks together without speaking to a human being, having no other company than his rifle, which furnished him with his meat from the game of the woods or the fowls of the river.

When the preparatory drawings were completed, he erected a building at Louisville, in Kentucky, where he at length commenced his picture, which was to be a panorama of the Mississippi, painted on canvas *three miles long*; and it is noted, with a justifiable pride, that this proved to be a home production throughout, the cotton being grown in one of the southern states, and the fabric spun and woven by the factory girls of Lowell.

What the picture is, as a work of art, many thousands have had an opportunity of ascertaining personally; and we know that it received the warmest eulogiums from the most distinguished of his countrymen, and a testimony in favour of its correctness from the principal captains and pilots of the Mississippi.

At the meeting in Boston, his Excellency Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, who was in the chair, talked of it with



TAVERN BRAWL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BRAUWER.

When the sun began to sink behind the lofty bluffs, and evening to approach, he would select some secluded sandy cove, overshadowed by the lofty cottonwood, draw out his skiff from the water, and repair to the woods to hunt his supper. After killing his game, he would return, dress, cook, and, seated on some fallen log, would eat it with his biscuit, with no other beverage than the wholesome water of the noble river that glided by him.

Having finished his lonely meal, he would roll himself in his blanket, creep under his frail skiff, which he turned over to shield him from the night dews, and with his portfolio of drawings for his pillow, and the sand of the brink for his bed, would sleep soundly till the morning, when he would arise from his lowly couch, eat his breakfast before the rays of the rising sun had dispersed the humal mist from the surface of the river, and then start afresh to his task again.

enthusiasm, as a "wonderful and extraordinary production;" and Mr. Calhoun, president of the Senate, moved a series of resolutions expressive of "their high admiration of the boldness and originality of the conception, and the indefatigable perseverance of the young and talented artist in the execution of his herculean work;" and these being warmly seconded by Mr. Bradbury, speaker of the House of Representatives, were carried unanimously.

Soon after Banvard's panorama appeared, its popularity brought scores of rival panoramas before the public—Panorama of the Hudson, Panorama of a Voyage round the World, Panorama of the Rhine, and others without end. We should suppose at the present moment, that many artists thus employed, who might otherwise have languished in poverty, find panorama painting a great source of pecuniary profit.

RICHARD WESTALL.

RICHARD WESTALL, one of whose works we have reproduced, is best known to the public as an illustrator of British poetry

Cheapside. He was allowed to devote his evenings to attendance on the lectures at the Royal Academy, and here he



A PEASANT BOY. FROM A PAINTING BY WESTALL.

certainly as delightful, if not as useful, a task as an artist can undertake. He was born in 1765, and was bound apprentice to an engraver of heraldry on silver, &c., in Gutter-lane,

formed an acquaintance with Mr., afterwards Sir Thomas, Lawrence. This became so intimate, that as soon as Westall was out of his apprenticeship the two friends took a house

together in Greek-street, Soho, dividing the doors between them—that opening out in Greek-street being Westall's, and the one in the square, Lawrence's.

The course upon which Westall entered in the practice of his art, was one well calculated to insure his popularity with the public, in the then state of taste and feeling, whatever we may think of its real excellence. The spirit of elegant sentiment, which afterwards gave birth to the "annuals" and "keepsakes," and made a great deal of poetry that is denominated "namby pamby" in the highest degree acceptable, was then abroad, and Westall was just the man to minister at its altar. His pencil, as well as his nature, was prone to elegance, grace, and refinement, though with a large amount of affectation. He sketched love and love scenes under every possible type and symbol; and a great many of the best or most artistic—if we may be allowed the expression—incidents in ancient mythology; Sappho in the Lesbian shades, the boar that killed Adonis brought before Venus, Calypso entertaining Telemachus in her grotto, the marriage procession on the shield of Achilles, and an immense number of Venuses in every variety of attitude, and attended by a large number of Cupids. The first production, however, which called public attention to him, was a picture exhibited in 1785, representing a scene from Chaucer's "January and May." Two years afterwards he again made his appearance with "Mary, Queen of Scots, taking leave of Andrew Marvel," "Esau asking for his Father's Blessing," and a "Scene from the Wife of Bath's Tale." His first great work, however, was illustrations of Milton and Shakspeare, which he was employed to execute by Alderman Boydell, the founder of the Shakspearian Gallery. In those of Milton he seems to have caught some measure of the poet's spirit, and in some instances he makes an approach to the poet's sublimity and grandeur; but in those of Shakspeare it can only be said that he is invariably correct, and that there is nothing to offend. For Bowyer he painted subjects from the history of England, and met with the same success.

He now came before the world as the painter of the *proprieties* of genteel and fashionable life *par excellence*. He was in art pretty much what Thomas Haynes Bayley was in poetry. He afterwards illustrated the various ceremonies of the church of England with a decorum, an accuracy, and solemnity that delighted the hearts of the large body of worshippers in that communion. He soon became one of the

most popular book illustrators, and was greatly run after by the publishers; but all his drawings were wanting in vigour. He, however, ministered successfully to the public taste, and for any faults in his style he was not himself entirely to blame.

He was elected a member of the Academy in 1794, the year in which Lawrence and Stothard were also elected. In 1808 he published a volume of poems, entitled "A Day in Spring," which was illustrated with engravings by S. O. C. Heath from his own designs. He taught Queen Victoria drawing; and certainly, whatever were the merits of his works, his pupil does honour to his powers as an instructor.

Probably no man who was so conversant, as an artist must be, with works of art, could have been so miserably deceived in his speculations as Mr. Westall was in his picture dealing. The fact that he was ruined at it, is the most convincing proof that was ever afforded of the folly of connoisseurship. The art of imitating pictures—of giving them the tone of age, and the traces of certain masters' manner—has of late years been brought to the highest pitch of perfection; and to detect a fraud is a much more difficult matter than to discover excellence. The mistake of the connoisseurs is in laying claim to the greatest skill in both, and, in fact, proclaiming that the one is inseparable from the other. The great anxiety on the part of the public, of late years, to become possessed of the works of great masters, has created a corresponding anxiety on the part of the dealers to supply them. In the ease of cotton or calico this would not be a difficult matter; but the pictures of Titian or Giorgione do not admit of unlimited multiplication. When Westall entered the lists against dishonest imitators, he found himself completely outwitted. *Chefs-d'œuvre*, for which he thought himself only too happy to pay large prices, turned out to be clever copies. Before he had discovered the cheat he often spent large sums in restoring the colouring, in framing or regilding them. His handsome fortune was soon dissipated in this way, and the unfortunate man ended his days a pensioner on the fund set apart by the Royal Academy for the relief of any of their members who are reduced to destitution. His death took place on the 4th of December, 1836.

His "Peasant Boy," which we have engraved (p. 153), was one of the best of his works. The drawing is excellent, and there is an air of unaffected simplicity and contentment in the expression of the face, and the accessories are all in excellent keeping.

DR. FAUSTUS, AFTER REMBRANDT.

THE story of Dr. John Faustus, as it was popularly believed by our grandfathers, and upon which so much wit and ingenuity and research have been expended, ran pretty much as follows:—

He was born in Germany of poor parents. His father was unable to bring him up, but he had a brother living near him, who took a great fancy to his nephew, and resolved to make a scholar of him. So he put him to school, and afterwards entered him at the university to study divinity; but this was by no means to the youth's taste, and though he applied himself to it with tolerable diligence, he applied far more diligently to necromancy and magic, charms and sooth-saying, witchcraft, and the like. At last, he reached such a pitch of perfection in the black art, that he attained to the power of commanding the devil to appear whenever he pleased. One day he was walking in a wood near Wirtemberg with a friend, who expressed a desire to see some evidence of the doctor's art, and asked him, could he then and there bring the demon Mephistopheles before them. Upon the first call given by Faustus, the devil made a noise as if heaven and earth were coming together, and then made a roaring as if the wood had been full of wild beasts. The doctor then made a circle for him, and round it he ran with a noise like that of ten thousand waggons going at full speed over rough pavement.

After this, it thundered and lightened as if the whole world had been on fire. Faustus and his friend were amazed at this noise, and, tired with the devil's long tarrying, thought to leave the circle, whereupon the latter personage uttered such ravishing music as was never heard in this world.

After many other wonderful prodigies, the worthy doctor succeeded in so mastering the refractory spirit, that he bound him over to appear to him at his house by ten o'clock next day. Mephistopheles accordingly appeared, and Faustus informed him that he wished him henceforward to serve him with whatever he wanted. This was declined unless he signed an agreement with his own blood to deliver himself up to Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness, at the expiration of a certain date. After much bargaining and chaffering, the lust of power and enjoyment so overcame Faustus that he consented and signed the fatal bond.

When he had done so, he called Mephistopheles and delivered it to him, whereupon the spirit told him that if he did not repent of what had happened, he should enjoy all the pleasures his thoughts could conceive, and that he would immediately divert him. He caused a kennel of hounds to run down a hart in the hall, and immediately vanished; then a bull danced before Faustus; then appeared a fight between a lion and a bear; and then followed some most exquisite

music, to the sound of which some hundreds of spirits danced. When these had disappeared, ten sacks of silver appeared on the floor, but it was so hot that no one but himself could handle it.

The report of what Dr. Faustus had done soon got abroad, and none of his neighbours would keep his company; but his attendant spirit was constantly with him, and executed his bidding in all things. Not far from his house lived the Duke of Bavaria, the Duke of Saxony, and the Bishop of Salisburg, whose houses and cellars Mephistopheles used to visit, and carry away the best of everything they contained. One day the Duke of Bavaria had invited most of the gentry of the country to dinner, for whose entertainment an abundance of provisions was got ready. The gentry being come, and all ready to sit down to dinner, in an instant of time Mephistopheles came and took all away with him, to their great terror and astonishment. If at any time Faustus had a longing for wild fowl, the spirit would call whole flocks in at the window, so that no lock or key could keep them out. He also taught Faustus to fly in the air, and perform a variety of other extraordinary tricks.

The worthy doctor was ere long favoured with a glimpse into the lower regions, and saw and heard all the unfortunates who suffered torments there. He found that the whole region was divided into a number of cells, or deep holes, and in every one of these there was a devil, whose duty it was to punish the inmates. He was much struck by the sight, and inquired of Mephistopheles what sort of people they were that lay in the first dark pit. He was told they were physicians, who had poisoned many thousands in trying experiments upon them, and were now treated in the same manner as they had treated their patients, though not with the same effect, for death never came to release them from their misery. Over their heads was a shelf laden with gallipots, full of poison. Having passed them, he came to a long entry, in which there was a great crowd, and he asked him what they were in the other world, and was told they were pickpockets, who loved to be in a crowd, and so, to content them, they were put in a crowd here. He saw many other varieties of evil-doers, in various stages of torment, which space will not permit us to enumerate.

The fame of Dr. Faustus having reached the emperor's ears, he expressed a desire to see him and some of his tricks and exploits. So the doctor paid a visit to court, and while conversing with the emperor, saw a nobleman looking out of a window. He instantly fastened a pair of horns on his head, so that he could not get his head in till Dr. Faustus took them off for him. But he was greatly enraged at being thus made the laughing-stock of the court, and resolved upon being revenged upon Faustus. He therefore lay in wait for him outside of the town, intending to stop him and chastise him on his return from the court. Faustus, coming by a wood-side, beheld the lord mounted on a prancing war-horse, and immediately ordered the spirit to whirl him aloft, and set him down in the emperor's palace with a pair of horns on his head, which he could never get off till his dying day.

On another occasion, the doctor was rambling through a field, and out of frolic devoured a load of hay in the presence of the farmer who owned it, and then placed it again on his cart in the twinkling of an eye. Looking out of a window, he saw some students fighting, thirteen against seven, and struck them all blind, so that they fought at random, and hit their friends, to the great amusement of the bystanders. As soon as they had separated, he restored them their eyesight. Another time he was disturbed by the shouting and bawling of some drunken clowns in an inn, so he made them all dumb. He found a young gentleman pining for love of a young lady, who stedfastly refused to receive his addresses, and gave him an enchanted ring, with instructions to slip it suddenly on the cruel fair one's finger. The moment it touched her, she began to burn with love for him whom before she had hated, and sought his company unceasingly, and when he again proposed to her, she accepted him joyfully. He also made a herd of unruly swine, whom their owner could not drive to market,

go the whole way dancing and fiddling into the town; and performed a thousand other tricks, which are recorded by his chroniclers.

At last the inevitable hour drew near. The twenty-four years for which he had agreed to sell himself drew to an end, and the spirit served him with a solemn warning that he must prepare to fulfil his part of the compact. On the day following the receipt of this, in order to drive away dull care, he sent for the doctors and bachelors of art, and the other students, to dine with him, and provided fine music and entertainment for them. But all could not keep up his spirits, for the time was at hand. Whereupon his countenance changing, his guests inquired the cause of his uneasiness, and in reply he confessed all his transactions with the devil. He had no sooner finished his narration, than there came on a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Faustus then went into the great hall, the doctors and masters staying in the next room, intending to hear his end. About twelve o'clock the house shook terribly, as though it would have tumbled down about their ears; and suddenly all the windows were shaken violently and broken to pieces. Then came another great clap of thunder, and the door flew open, and a mighty rushing wind entered, with the hissing of serpents, and the most hideous and dreadful screams and cries, upon which they heard Faustus shrieking piteously, as if in the greatest agony, followed by dreadful roaring and blaspheming, and then all was silent. When daylight came, they mustered up courage to enter the hall, and found his brains beaten out against the wall, the floor sprinkled with blood, and his two eyeballs lying in it. They searched in vain for his body, but at last found it lying on a dunghill outside, smashed and torn to pieces. Out of respect to his learning and other qualifications, it received a decent burial.

Such was the story which one citizen whispered to another with white lips a century and a half ago. In a ballad, supposed to have appeared in 1670, and entitled "The Just Judgment of God upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity," which was once popular in London in no small degree, the doctor is thus made to describe his fate, though how he came to publish his recollections in bad doggerel after his death, is more than we can well understand.

"Woe to the day of my nativity,
Woe to the time that once did foster me,
Woe to the hand that sealed the will,
And woe to myself, the cause of all my ill.

* * * * *

At last when I had but one hour to come,
I turned my glass for my last hour to run,
And called in learned men to comfort me,
But faith was gone, and none could comfort me.

By twelve o'clock my glass was almost out,
My grived conscience then began to doubt;
I wish the students stay in chamber by,
But while they staid they heard a doleful cry.

Then presently they came into the hall,
Whereas my brains was cast against the wall,
Both arms and legs in pieces torn they see,
My bowels gone, and this was the end of me."

Now for the moral—

"You computers and dreamers withes all,
Example take by my unhapp' fall;
Give not your souls and bodies into his hand,
See that the smallest hair you loose not fall."

The story of Faustus has furnished materials for the ingenuity and industry of numerous German writers, both in the last century and in this. And it has, as we all know, derived new and unlyring interest in having been the subject of Goethe's great drama. It has also been ably illustrated by Rembrandt, in an etching which we reproduce (p. 156). It is thus described in the Chevalier Claussin's Catalogue Raisonné of Rembrandt's works: "Faustus is standing up, his profile towards the spectator, dressed in a long robe and a

white cap. His two hands are resting, the right upon a table, and the left behind the arm of a chair. He is in an attitude of reflection, and appears to be examining with attention several magic characters, which show him in a mirror, the hand only of which is visible to us. Lower down to the right appears the half of a globe." This is, however, simply a description for the use of amateurs; but our imagination can

the powers of the universe to strife, and drags some soft, gentle, yielding nature down with him in his fall. Such has Goethe pictured him; but from the hands of Rembrandt he comes simply an old magician in his laboratory. We need hardly say that it is extremely doubtful if such a personage as Faustus ever existed. Some author has supposed that the legend had its origin in the invention of printing, the honour



DR. FAUSTUS.—AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY REMBRANDT.

readily supply what it wants. At first sight, we can hardly imagine that this old man, with his dressing-gown and night-cap, is the famous Doctor Faustus, the bold pioneer of philosophy, the modern Prometheus, the rash and ambitious genius who roused the fire of Marlowe, whom Goethe has immortalised, and who filled Byron's sleep with dreams. We figure him to ourselves as young, proud, energetic, sombre, and secluded—with flashing fiery eyes, and with a defiant spirit, which dares

of which belongs in part, as we all know, to John Fast, or Faust. It appears, nevertheless, more probable that the hero of all these tales was a student in the dogy, born at Weimar, or at Kundlig, in the fifteenth or the beginning of the sixteenth century. The first written work on the subject of which we have any knowledge, is the "History of Faust and of Christopher Wagner, his valet, by George Rodolph Widman: Frankfurt, 1587."

INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE, BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

Our engraving is an excellent illustration of the best points and greatest beauties of Adrian Van Ostade's style as a delineator of the home-life of the Flemish peasantry. An old woman tending a nursling; two children, one of them drinking eagerly from a cup, whilst the other shares its breakfast with a dog; the cradle neglected in a corner; the pot overturned, and the whole household in disorder—this is the

in the background, and the thousand streaks and sparkles on the linen, the basket, or basin. The painter of Lubeck found here a whole course of art. Attracted by the variety of lines and the melody of colour, if he found these he needed nothing else. His pencil reproduced what had charmed his eye, and not what had found favour with his thoughts. Hence the tendency amongst painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.—BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE

whole scene, and simple as it is, few but Adrian Van Ostade could depict it so well, because he was the patient and simple painter of reality. One might ask, however, what could induce an artist to select a scene so vulgar, types which boasted no beauty, and accessories which have nothing to recommend them but their rudeness and rusticity? To this Van Ostade would reply by showing you the jet of light which plays across the figures, the harmonious shading which reigns

to scenes of what we call "low life." They are the painters of material life, but hardly ever attain to the poetic sublimity of the Italians. Their inspiration is short-winged, and scrapes the ground. It is a domestic bird, with splendid plumage, but of vulgar appearance, which never goes far from the house; while Italian art is one of those stately but graceful swans which float calmly and majestically on limpid lakes, or soar through blackening clouds.

MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

VASARI tells us, with charming quaintness, that the Deity looking down upon the earth, and perceiving the fruitlessness of so many labours, the ardent studies pursued without any result, and the presumptuous self-sufficiency of men, which is further from truth than darkness is from light, resolved, by way of delivering us from such great errors, to send to the world a spirit endowed with universality of power in each art and in every profession.

He was born of a most noble and most ancient family, and at a most propitious moment, Mercury and Venus exhibiting a friendly aspect, and being in the second house of Jupiter. His father had a farm about three miles from Florence, which contained some valuable quarries, in which stonemasons and sculptors were constantly at work; and to the wife of one of the former the nursing of the future genius was confided. "Giorgio," said Michael Angelo to Vasari, in after life, when honours were thick upon him, "if I have anything good in me, it comes from my birth in the pure air of your country of Arezzo, and perhaps, also, from the fact that with the milk of my nurse I sucked in the chisels and hammers wherewith I make my figures." His other brothers were placed, as they grew up, with wool and silk-weavers, his father being of a commercial turn of mind; but Michael exhibited an unconquerable inclination for drawing, and he was set apart for an artist. So he was placed in the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo, who did for him all that a good and kind master could do with a pupil who in a few months knew more than himself. Very soon after his entrance into Ghirlandajo's studio, he corrected some female figures drawn by his master, exhibiting the perfection of form, with a few strokes of his pen. Some sketches, also, which he made of scaffolding and the workmen engaged upon it in repairing a building, caused Domenico to exclaim, "This boy knows more than I do." He did many marvellous things of the same kind, till at last an accident brought him before the world with the happiest prospects. Lorenzo di Medici, the magnificent Lorenzo, the glory of Florence, the *dux datus et propositus* of Italian literature and art, chanced to be greatly desirous of forming a good school of painting and sculpture under the superintendance of the aged Bertoldo, the disciple of Donato. So he desired Domenico to send him any youths from amongst his pupils who evinced a marked taste for sculpture. Michael Angelo and Francesco Gronacci were the two selected, and on repairing to the Medici garden, on the piazza, in which Lorenzo had collected a great number of gems of ancient art, they found a youth of the Torrigiano family modelling in clay certain figures given him by Bertoldi. Michael immediately entered into competition with him, and with such success, that Lorenzo was convinced he was in truth a youth whom he was bound to assist and put forward in every way in his power. This favourable impression was increased by the sight of a marble copy from the antique of the head of a faun, made by Michael about the same time, with marvellous accuracy and ability, though he had never handled a chisel before.

A room in Lorenzo's own palace was accordingly set apart for him, and the great merchant prince signified to Ghirlandajo that it was his intention henceforth to provide for his maintenance and education.

Buonarotti was now sixteen years old, and he lived in Lorenzo's palace during the next four years, namely, till 1492, when death deprived him of his patron. During this period of his career he executed in marble "A Battle of Hercules with the Centaurs," which looked more like the work of a master than that of a youth in his teens. It is still preserved in the house of the Buonarotti family at Rome, and remains in possession of the artist's descendants. Lorenzo entrusted him with the keys of his famous garden, and gave him a general superintendance of it. These honours excited the jealousy of his fellow-pupil, Torrigiano, to such a pitch, that he began to jeer him one day, and struck him so violent a

blow in the face that he broke his nose in such a manner that he bore the marks of the injury for life.

Michael Angelo returned to his father's house in great sorrow upon the death of Lorenzo. He had, in truth, good reason for his grief. We can fancy what delightful, happy hours he must have spent in that delicious abode, steadily pursuing the arts he loved, and surrounded by the finest productions of antiquity, and smiled upon by him whose smiles made happy the wisest, wittiest, and bravest men of the day. After this he wandered through various parts of Italy, visiting, amongst other places, Bologna and Venice, and leaving in each some of his masterpieces. His first visit to Rome was owing to a curious circumstance. He executed at Florence a sleeping Cupid, life size, which was pronounced by all who saw it a work of rare excellence, particularly by Baldassare del Milanese, who strongly advised him to bury it for a time and then send it to Rome, where he would then obtain a high price for it as an antique. It is said that Michael Angelo allowed him to do so for him, and he accordingly sold it to Cardinal San Giorgio for 200 crowns. The cardinal, however, soon heard that the statue had been at Florence, and was greatly enraged by the banter and ridicule he had to undergo in consequence of the deception. He sent it back to Milanese, who had sold it to him, and compelled him to return him the money. But the affair made such a noise that it raised Michael Angelo's credit greatly. He was consequently soon after invited by Cardinal San Giorgio himself to go to Rome and reside at his house; but the cardinal, knowing little of art, never set a proper value on him, and they soon parted. Jacopo Galli, a Roman gentleman, perceived his talent early, and commissioned him to make a Cupid the size of life, and with a Bacchus ten palms high. The union in outline and expression of masculine energy and passion with female softness and roundness of form, was so admirably rendered in this work, that it was now acknowledged upon all hands that Michael Angelo far surpassed all modern sculptors. Amongst his greatest achievements of this period was his "Dead Christ"—a work not for any one age or generation, but for all time. Every muscle, nerve, and vein is rendered with an accuracy which displays consummate knowledge of anatomy; an attainment the more wonderful from the fact, that at that time the structure of the human body was but very imperfectly understood. "There is," says Vasari, in his simple but expressive language, "a most exquisite expression in the countenance, and the limbs are affixed to the trunk in a manner that is truly perfect; the veins and pulses, moreover, are indicated with such exactitude, that one cannot but marvel how the hand of an artist should in such a short time have produced such a work, or how a stone, which just before was without form or shape, should all at once display such perfection as nature can but rarely produce in the flesh."

Michael Angelo appears to have placed a high value upon the work himself, as he engraved his name on the Virgin's girdle, a thing which he never did on any other occasion. It says little for the value of fame, however, that one day when he entered the place where it was erected, he found a large crowd admiring it, and on inquiry being made who had executed it, some one said, "Our Hunchback of Milan," without any one's offering to correct him or set him right.

There was a huge block of marble at Florence at this time, out of which a certain Simone de Fiesole had commenced to make a colossal figure, but had so botched it, that the authorities shut up the marble, and did not suffer him to proceed. Michael Angelo's friends now advised him to try and obtain it, and he succeeded in doing so. He measured the mass, with the view of accommodating his figure to the shape of it, and finally executed a young David holding a sling in his hand. It was erected in front of the Piazza del Signori, and was the admiration of everybody; but the Soderini, a muni-

cial officer of Florence, in all the flush of aldermanic dignity, must needs say something depreciatory, to show his judgment in matters of art. Michael Angelo perceived at once that he was standing in such a position that he could not see it properly, but, in order to satisfy him, slyly gathered up a little dust in his hand, and going up to the nose, tapped it with the chisel, but without taking any off, and at the same time let fall a little dust. "Look at it now," said he to the Soderini. "Ah!" replied the good man, "I like it better now." By all competent judges, however, the work was looked upon as almost faultless, and the Soderini paid him four hundred crowns for it. A bronze cast of it was made and sent to France.

His next great work was a design for the façade which he constructed for the Great Hall of Council, in competition with Leonardo da Vinci. It was entitled "The War of Pisa," and represented soldiers surprised.

His fame was now so great that he was invited to Rome by Pope Julius II., and charged with the construction of his sepulchral monument, upon which he intended to display extraordinary magnificence. Upon his arrival he went to the quarries of Carrara, and excavated a prodigious quantity of marble, and having collected it at Rome, sketched a design and began the works. The tomb was to stand within the church of St. Peter, which was to be rebuilt for that purpose. It was to stand apart, and around the whole was to run a range of niches, interchanged by terminal figures, clothed from the middle upwards, and bearing the first cornice on their heads, while to every one was bound a captive, in a strange and abased attitude, the feet of each resting on the projection of a scroll or basement. These captives symbolised the provinces, or *part's impérial*, which Pope Julius had subdued and brought within the jurisdiction of the mother church. Other statues there were also, representing the Arts and Sciences captive, and in mourning attitudes, emblematic at once of their subjection to Religion, and their sorrow at being deprived by death of their patron and promoter. Above the cornice appeared friezes in bronze, with figures of cherubim, and over all two figures—one, Heaven, carrying a bier upon her shoulder, and smiling with joy that so great and good a man was entering her portals; the other, Cybele, or Earth, bewailing her misfortune in losing him.

It is sad, after having called up before our minds the image of so noble a work, to learn that it was never completed. Many of the statues were executed, but as the building was not forthcoming, they were scattered far and wide. Two of those representing the captives were given to Roberto Strozzi, a gentleman at whose house the sculptor had lain during his illness, and by him they were presented to Francis I. of France. They remained for a while at St. Eeonen, but are now in the Louvre.

The works of the tomb were, however, still proceeding, when an unexpected and rather curious incident brought them to an abrupt termination. Some marble arrived one day from the quarries, and as the carriers had to be paid, Michael Angelo went to the Pope for the money. On his arrival at the palace, he found that he was engaged in transacting some very important business. He accordingly returned, and paid the men himself, believing he would be reimbursed next day. But on repairing to the Vatican for that purpose, the servants refused him admittance. He was astonished—declared there should be some mistake;—but not the orders regarding him were express and positive. He instantly left the city, and returned, post-haste, to Florence, where he formed the intention of going to Constantinople, and entering the service of the Sultan, who had invited him to his court for the purpose of constructing a bridge to connect the capital with Pera on the other side of the strait. The Pope in the meantime was writing furious letters to the Florentine authorities, demanding his return; but Michael Angelo, who resented affronts keenly, positively refused to do so. At last, so imperious did the language of the pontiff become, that he forced to return, even if he had felt desirous of doing so; and it was not till the Soderini offered to secure him against all harm by invest-

ing him with the sacred character of a Florentine ambassador, that he at last consented.

When he reached the Pope at Bologna, he found that the idea of completing the tomb was abandoned, and he received a commission for a statue in bronze of his Holiness. The clay model was completed before the pontiff left Bologna for Rome, and he came to see it. The right hand was elevated with an air of great dignity. The Pope, not knowing what was to be in the left, inquired whether he was supposed to be blessing the people or anathematising them. The sculptor replied that he was "admonishing the Bolognese to behave discreetly," and suggested that a book should be placed in the left hand. "Put a sword into it," said the visible head of the church; "of letters I know but little." This statue was placed over the gate of St. Petronio at Bologna, but was afterwards destroyed by the Bentivogli, and the bronze was sold to the Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, who made a piece of cannon of it which he called Julia. Of the fragments, the head only was preserved, which remained for some time in the duke's wardrobe; but what afterwards became of it is not known.

On Michael Angelo's return to Rome he was commissioned to paint the ceiling of the chapel in the Vatican, which Julius had constructed in memory of his uncle, Pope Sixtus, known as the Sistine Chapel. His disappointment at not having the execution of the tomb was amply compensated for by the triumph which he now achieved in this splendid work. It was completed in less than two years, and still continues to excite the astonishment and admiration of every spectator.

After the death of Julius, though his successor Leo X. was one of the greatest and most magnificent patrons of art the world has ever seen, Michael scarcely comes before us at all during his pontificate. He appears to have been mostly employed as an engineer, in which his talents were as great as in art, working quarries, making roads, bridges, aqueducts, &c. During the reign of Adrian VI., Leo's successor, he resumed the construction of the monument of Julius; but civil war and political troubles interrupted it, and drove him back to his native city, which his talents in engineering proved successful in defending against a large besieging force, so that it could not have been taken had not treachery rendered the great man's labours fruitless. When peace was restored, he returned to Rome, and employed himself for some time on the monument of Julius. His next, and in many respects his greatest, work was his painting of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. It was finished in 1541, and is perhaps the most sublime and even awful work which has ever issued from human hand. Thousands of persons came from all parts of Italy to see it. He afterwards painted the "Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul;" but being old at the time, it cost him great effort and fatigue. Monuments of his genius as painter and sculptor there are, plenty and glorious; but perhaps none of them are so striking and famous as that which testifies to his architectural skill—the Church of St. Peter's at Rome. It was begun by Julius II., in 1506, and was by him committed to the hands of various architects, each of whom added on a different plan from his predecessor. In 1546 it came under Michael Angelo, and he speedily infused harmony and unity into those parts which had been already completed, and made designs for the remainder, which, though he did not live to witness the completion of the edifice, were admirably acted upon, and resulted in producing the noble structure ever devoted to Christian worship.

Michael Angelo died in 1564, and his funeral rites were celebrated with a splendour and solemnity worthy of his great life and great deeds. Sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet; there was hardly anything he did not touch, and he touched nothing that did not bloom.

We have been enabled to discover whether Michael Angelo's drawing, "The Dream of Human Life," which we reproduce (p. 100), is still in existence; and it is impossible even to learn anything of its history. It has been preserved and handed down to us by successive engravers, with slight differences of one kind or another. One only of these versions, however, is recognised by Landon in his works of Michael Angelo.

ALBERT DURER.



ALBERT DURER was born at Nuremberg, on the 20th of May, in the year 1471. His father a native of Pannonia,* was



* "Albertum Durerum à Pannoniâ oriundum accepimus," says Camerarius, in the Preface to his translation of Albert Durer's Vol. I.

a celebrated goldsmith. In his youth he had studied in the Netherlands, under the famous masters of the school of Bruges, who had imparted to him their style, so full of delicacy and truth. But in the year 1455 he relinquished the fertile meadows of Flanders for the fresh valleys of Germany. At the age of twenty-eight he settled at Nuremberg, and there married a young girl, named Barbara Hellerin, who became the mother of the famous artist. It is probable that Albert Durer began to assist his father in his trade at a very early age, but he always manifested a preference for engraving. Some authors, among others Kaael van Mander, maintain that he received lessons from Martin Schongauer, a celebrated engraver, surnamed "Le beau Martin," and known by the name of Martin Schön. But this vague tradition is without foundation, and in the account which Albert Durer has himself written, and which Sandrat has preserved to us, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that his father had any intention of placing him under the tuition of Martin Schongauer, who resided at Colmar. Durer only says, "Having already acquired the art of working in gold, I felt a greater inclination to turn my attention to painting than to pursue the trade of a goldsmith. When I communicated my wishes to my father he was much displeas'd, for he regretted that I had wasted so much time in learning my trade. Nevertheless, he acceded to my desire, and on St. Andrew's Day, in the year 1486, plac'd me for a term of three years with Michael Wohlgemuth." Unaffected and pious, living without ostentation in the bosom of a quiet family, it was long before he became aware of the extent of his powers. The first plate executed by him bears

German work: "Alberti Dureri clarissimi pictoris et geometræ de symetriâ partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum libri in Latinum conversi," Nuremberg, 1534

the date of 1497; it represents four naked female figures, and far from having been copied, as is asserted by the historian Baldinucci,* from a copperplate of Israël van Meckenen, was an original work, which Israël van Meckenen copied. His first picture, a portrait of himself, was executed in the year 1498; it is now to be seen at Florence, in the gallery set apart for the reception of autograph portraits. The artist has drawn himself in half length, seated before a window, his hands resting on a maul-stick; he is dressed in festive attire, a white tunic striped with black, and a mantle thrown gracefully over one shoulder. His beautiful hair is arranged in long rich curls. Although the lines are very decided, and the drawing hard, there is a boldness in the execution, and a softness in the touch, which is not to be met with in his later efforts. The noble expression which the master has given to his countenance was no flattery, but with this air of dignity he has blended an ingenuous satisfaction with his personal appearance.

Albert Durer was not only handsome, he was also very proud of his beauty, as we learn from his letters to his intimate friend Willibald Pirckheimer. An innocent pride in the painter, which was only one form of his admiration for all the works of God. It seems, indeed, as if nature had been as bounteous with her outward gifts as she had been prodigal of her intellectual endowments. "She had given him," says Camerarius, "a commanding figure, and a body worthy of being the temple of so exquisite a mind."† His features were remarkably regular, his eye bright, his hair abundant and glossy, and his nose aquiline, while the slender elegance of his neck, his expansive chest, sinewy limbs, and hands of exquisite delicacy, completed his personal attractions.

Albert Durer was fifteen when he commenced studying under Michael Wohlgemuth, one of the old masters, who, full of modesty and honour, practised his art in an obscure studio, caring little for glory, diligently reading his Bible, studying nature, and labouring as if to fulfil a moral obligation.

Having completed the term of his apprenticeship, the young artist left Wohlgemuth, in order that he might see something of the world. He travelled through Germany, and also visited the Netherlands and Italy; but we glean little of this first tour, which, made at the early age of nineteen, must have had a decided influence on his character. "I set out," says Durer, "just after Easter, in the year 1490, and returned in 1494, after Whitsuntide, when Hans Frey negotiated with my father to give me his daughter in marriage, and with her a dowry of 200 flains. Our nuptials were celebrated on the Monday before St. Margaret's Day, 1494." If we are to judge by the portrait of Agnes, painted by her husband, she must have been possessed of extraordinary beauty; but with this beauty was mingled an expression of irritability, more especially when anything unusual happened to annoy her. Albert Durer, warned of this failing by the delicacy of his

perception, could not help entertaining gloomy forebodings. He thought of the young girl promised him in marriage, as one of those sinister prophecies which the Pythoness of old was wont to clothe in brilliant language. But he submitted to what he considered his destiny.

The newly-married couple lived happily together for a short period. Soon, however, clouds began to gather. Durer, whose character was mild and gentle, had not the determination to commence a strife with the charming, though formidable, Agnes Frey. The disconsolate artist sought comfort and advice from a near friend, in whom he ever found a ready sympathiser in his sorrows. Being married himself, Willibald Pirckheimer was the better fitted to be his counsellor, though his domestic life formed a strange contrast to that of Albert Durer. His partner was a model of grace and gentleness; no discord had ever disturbed their harmony. But he was destined to have his share of the troubles of this world; his wife died, and her loss was a mutual grief to the two friends. The artist, deeply impressed with the memory of Crescentia, painted her stretched on her death-bed, holding in her failing hand a lighted taper and a crucifix, and receiving extreme unction from a priest seated at the bed-side, while a kneeling Augustine friar reads the prayers for the dying. This painting was executed with pious care. At the side of the weeping Willibald are seen the nuns of St. Clair, who are come to soothe the last hours of his wife. At the top of the canvas Durer wrote, in letters of gold, words dictated to him by his friend.

In the meantime Agnes Frey, tormented by avarice, restless, haughty, and violent, allowed no repose to the husband she had tamed, to the melancholy painter of "Melancholy." She urged him to work, even threatened him, and at last locked him in his studio. He wrote sorrowfully to his faithful friend, Willibald Pirckheimer: "I hear that you have taken to yourself a wife; take care that she prove not also a master." Once he managed to get beyond the reach of this Xanthippe, by making a second visit to the city of lagoons, the home of Italian art, beautiful Venice. He was induced to make this journey, by the pleasant reminiscences of his former sojourn there. This was in the year 1506. The wonderful engravings of Albert Durer were already beginning to astonish the lovers of the fine arts in Italy; his renown had crossed the Alps and reached the ears of Raffaele. These two great masters having discovered that their admiration was reciprocal, exchanged portraits, Durer sending with his some of his fine engravings. The famous engraver, Marc Antonio, of Bologna, was at that time in Venice. He observed in these engravings what was wanting in his own. He remarked the admirable guidance of the graver, the exactitude and delicacy of the figures, and the great precision with which the copper was cut. Admiring also the free and bold style of Durer's wood-engravings, he attempted to imitate it. By degrees he was led on by his success to counterfeit thirty-seven pieces of "The Passion," and to make them complete, placed upon them, instead of his own mark, the monogram of Albert Durer. Vasari relates, that Durer, warned of this fraud by the receipt of some of the proofs, hastened to Venice, brought an action against Marc Antonio, and obtained an order from the magistrates forbidding the Bolognese engraver to use, for the future, the cypher of Albert Durer. This anecdote has been contradicted, and has been pronounced by Bartsch to be one of those fictions so frequently met with in the books of art of the period. The reason he gives for his opinion is, that the pieces of "The Passion" are dated 1509 and 1512, and that, consequently, they could not have appeared for several years after Durer's visit to Venice in 1506. It would be necessary, he justly observes, to prove that Albert Durer made another journey to Venice; but of this we have no account. This argument is forcible, and, we may say, conclusive, when we remember the numerous inaccuracies of which Vasari has been found guilty. From the confidential letters which Albert Durer wrote to his friend Willibald Pirckheimer from Venice, we may gather, that the sojourn of the Nuremberg artist caused quite a sensation among the *Walsche* (it was thus that

* We read in Baldinucci (Vita di Alberto Durer): "Altro non si vede di quel tempo fatto da lui, che una stampa colla data del 1497, anno venzellesimo dell' eta sua, e quella anche aveva copiata da una simile intagliata da Israël de Menz. . . ." There is certainly a mistake here, arising from the fact of the engravings signed Israël van Meckenen having been attributed to Israël the elder instead of to his son, Israël the younger, who has been proved, both by the Abbé Zani and Adam Bartsch, to have been the real author. The learned iconograplist enumerates several other copies by Israël van Meckenen after Durer, which are very inferior to the originals. Bartsch, vol. 6 of the "Peintre Graveur;" and the Abbé Zani, "Materiali per servire alla storia dell' incisione." Parma, 1802.

† Dederat huic natura corpus compositione et statura conspicuum, aptumque animo specioso quem contineret. . . . Erat caput argenteum, oculi micantes, nasus honestus, et quem Græci περιστεριον vocant Proceriusculum collum, pectus amplam, castigatus venter, femora nervosa, crura stabilia. Sed digitis nihil dixisses vidisse elegantius." Camerarius *ubi supra*. In the preface to the Latin translation of Albert Durer's German work, are to be found some most valuable details of the life, character, and habits, of this great artist.

Albert Durer named all those who were not Germans¹. His house was continually besieged by visitors. Nobles, musicians, and learned men sought him, and so disturbed his German tranquillity, that he was sometimes obliged to conceal himself, in order to gain a few hours' quiet. With the characteristic penetration of a German, Albert Durer made his observations on the good people by whom he was surrounded, among whom he detected many of those witty amiable loungers, of whom such numbers still exist in Italy: "One would take them," says he, "for the most charming men. They are well aware that one is not ignorant of their numerous follies, but they only laugh at it." With the solitary exception of Giovanni Bellini, with whom he formed a close friendship, and who overwhelmed him with praises, Durer had ever cause to complain of the painters. Thrice they had him dragged before the magistrate, to compel him to pay the dues of their companies.

"I have many friends among the *Uccelle*," he writes, "who have warned me neither to eat nor drink with their painters, among whom I have many enemies. They place copies of my works in the churches, and in every building where they can possibly have them; afterwards they speak disparagingly of them, say that they are not antique, and are worth nothing. But Giacomo Bellini praised me in the presence of many gentlemen. He himself paid me a visit for the purpose of asking me to paint him something; he promised to pay me well. Everybody tells me that he is a good and pious man, inasmuch that I have conceived a great affection for him. He is very old, but is yet the first painter. The thing which pleased me so much eleven years ago, does not please me at all now.* I only began to-day to sketch my picture, for I have had so great an irritation in my hands, that I have not been able to work, but it is now better. Be, then, as I am—patient. Dear friend, I am anxious to know if any of your pets are dead, either that

which is near the water, that which resembles this



or



or the daughter of



"Dated at Venice, at nine o'clock, on the night of the Saturday after Candlemas, in the year 1506.

"ALBRECHT DURER."

The painting to which Albert Durer refers in this letter was executed by order of the German community established at Venice, under the name of "The Fondaco dei Tedeschi." The price agreed upon was eighty-five ducats. As soon as it was placed upon the altar of the church for which it was destined, the dog and the patriarch went to see it. Every one praised it, except such as were painters of only moderate fame; for the great artists, on the contrary, acknowledged the splendour of this foreign genius. Giovanni Bellini extolled him. Andrea Mantegna, a native of Mantua, wished to become acquainted with him, and Durer set out to visit him, but before arriving at Mantua he heard of the death of this painter.† Jacopo da Pontormo, having engaged to paint "The Passion of Jesus Christ," attempted, without disguise, to imitate the Gothic style of Durer, and Vasari himself admits, that the inventions and beautiful conceptions of the German painter were of great assistance to the Italian masters.‡ But this sway, exercised in the very heart of Italy, by a German—that is to say, a barbarian, could not fail to

* Should not the *thing* alluded to, be a *person*?

† Camerarius, in the preface to his translation of Albert Durer's work on the "Proportions of the Human Body."

‡ *Figura tutte quante cose così create, e non create, tanto bene che fu una miravaglia, e con tanta varietà di fare quelli animali, e mostri, che fu un gran lume a molte de' nostri artefici che si sono serviti poi dell'abundanza e copia delle belle fantasie e invenzioni di costui.* "Vita di Marc-Antonio, ed altri." Parte quarta.

excite the jealousy of the Venetians. Perhaps there never lived a man more happily constituted, and gifted in a higher degree with qualities calculated to gain the affections and dissipate all ill-feeling. Durer was kind and generous to all, and always mild and gentle in his bearing. His conversation, which displayed at once his high appreciation of art, and his profound knowledge of the mathematical and positive sciences, particularly geometry and architecture, was so agreeable and interesting, that his hearers decided the moment when he should cease to speak. He was never at a loss for words, in which to express himself, and his manner was so noble and dignified, that the highest potentates, Ferdinand, King of Bohemia, and Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, took pleasure in conversing familiarly with him. The latter, having formed the highest opinion of his talents, retained him at his court, where he employed his graver and his brush alternately. It is related, that one day, when engaged in painting some large object, his ladder proving too short, Maximilian requested one of the nobles who surrounded him to hold the ladder, that the artist might mount with safety to the top. But the noble lord considered it beneath his dignity, and refused to obey. "You are noble by birth," exclaimed the irritated Emperor, "my painter is crowned by genius;" and to show how much easier it was to make a noble than a great painter, Maximilian forthwith commanded that a patent of nobility should be made out for Durer, giving him for armorial bearings—three shields on a field of azure, two on the chief, and one on the base. These arms became subsequently those of all the societies of painters.

At the age of forty-nine, Albert Durer again visited the Netherlands. Unfortunately, Agnès Frey, his terrible spouse, followed him there. Antwerp being at that time the most important town in the Low Countries, and the centre of commerce, was the first place they visited. The evening of their arrival, the agent of a rich banking-house—that of the Fuggers—gave them a splendid supper. The following days Durer was escorted through the city, and the painters invited him to a dinner which was given at their hall, of which the illustrious guest gives the following account:—"No expense was spared; the banquet was served on silver, and all the painters, with their wives, were present. When I entered with mine, they separated on either side, as if I had been one of the nobles of the land. There were present many persons of high station, who greeted me respectfully, manifesting every desire to be agreeable and obliging in all things. When we were seated, Master Rathporth offered me, in the name of the corporation, four measures of wine, in token of their good will and esteem. I thanked them, expressing my gratitude. . . . The entertainment was continued until a late hour of the night, when we were conducted home by torchlight, amid overwhelming protestations of friendship."

At Ghent and at Bruges Durer received a similar welcome. Proofs of esteem were lavished upon him, in the shape of invitations; delicacies abounded, the wine flowed plentifully, and every evening he was conducted to his abode by torchlight. Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands for Charles V., hearing that Durer was at Brussels, despatched an officer of the court to assure him of the favour of herself and the emperor. In gratitude for this politeness, the Nuremberg engraver presented to Margaret some of his finest plates, "St. Jerome in the Room," engraved on copper with wonderful delicacy, a copy of "The Passion," and afterwards he gave her a pair of his entire collection of engravings, with the addition of two subjects drawn on parchment with great labour and care, which he

. . . . *Sermonis autem tunc civitas utque is legere, ut nihil esset audientibus magis autumantur pronus.* Camer. *ubi supra.*

The Fuggers were the Rothschilds of those days.

* See Albert Durer's account of his stay in the Netherlands, in the years 1520 and 1521. This Journal has been published by M. de la Vallée, vol. X. of his "Art-Journal." It is translated into French, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur," et de l'Anti-paître," Vol. I., 1842.

valued at thirty florins. But he soon began to feel the effects of intrigue: the envious prepared snares for him so artfully, that after the favourable reception which Margaret had given him, her manner suddenly changed towards him. Durer showed her a portrait which he had painted of the Emperor Charles V., when she assumed so disdainful an air, that the artist was compelled to remove his canvas in silence. On another occasion, in order to ascertain whether this contempt were felt for his talents or his person, he begged for the little book of Master Jacob (Jacob Cornelisz), which was embellished with choice miniatures; but the lady replied sharply that it was promised to her painter, Bernard Van

spicuously in his memorandum-book these vengeful words: "In all my transactions, whether in selling or in buying during my sojourn in the Netherlands, in all my intercourse with the high or low classes, I have been wronged, more particularly by the Lady Margaret (of Austria), who has given me nothing in return for all my presents and labours." Regarding the portrait of the Emperor Charles V., which the regent had appeared to despise, Albert Durer was obliged to part with it for a pocket-handkerchief of English manufacture. Happily a citizen of Antwerp, Alexander Imhoff, accommodated him with a loan of one hundred golden florins, for which he put his hand to a bill stamped with his seal, and



CHRIST TAKING LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Orley. Then and there ended their connexion, much to the gratification of the crafty and the envious. This celebrated engraver was not worse treated by the Austrian princess than by private individuals, for in Brussels he painted six portraits, for none of which the remuneration was forthcoming. His abode at Antwerp provoked the following remark:—"I have made here many drawings and portraits, the majority of which have brought me nothing." In consequence of this, although he worked hard and practised the strictest economy, he became involved in pecuniary difficulties. Hurt by the contrast which he remarked between his splendid reception and the strange proceedings which followed it, he wrote con-

payable at Nuremberg. Just as he was meditating his departure, Christian II., king of Denmark, made his appearance in the city, and, hearing that Durer was still there, sent for him, loaded him with favours, and desired to have his portrait taken by so great an artist, for which he paid him liberally. Gratiated by the splendid engravings presented to him by Albert Durer, Christian invited him to a banquet, at which the Emperor, the Princess Margaret, and the Queen of Spain were present; but none of these august personages deigned to address a word to the noble and handsome guest, whose genius did honour to a royal entertainment. Soon after this, our artist left Belgium, carrying with him bitter

reminiscences, which made his native Germany appear more charming than ever. There, at least, he had only to bear his customary grief, conjugal strife, a grief which was unvarying and inconsolable, and which was revived, from time to time, by the passions of Agnes.

The study of the Flemish paintings, and his own acute observation, had by degrees worked a considerable modification in Albert Durer's view with regard to the nature and aim of art. The correspondence of his friend Melancthon, as well as the later works of the painter, proves to us that, towards the close of his career, his mind underwent a vast change.

unable to support the double burden of labour and taxation, inasmuch as Agnes Frey became every day more peevish and ill-tempered. In the abode in which the unhappy couple passed their stormy existence, where should have reigned that peace and quiet so dear to artists, and the poetic and softening influences of memory, ill-humour, defiance, anger, all the irritated and irritating passions were let loose. Tortured by the foolish fear of poverty, the avaricious and beautiful Agnes harassed the patient engraver with her lamentations. She watched him with a commanding look, and held his genius captive to her sordid spirit, demanding what was to



SAMSON SLAYING THE LION.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

Instead of the profusion of detail which characterised his more youthful productions, he now sought to throw into his pictures a simplicity and harmony of conception, which he found made a much nearer approach to nature, than the laborious variety which he crowded into his former pictures. He regretted that he had not discovered this earlier in life, for, at his age, it was difficult to alter his style of painting; but with these noble regrets was mingled the still more noble desire to improve the style and general character of his works. Such is the energy of the true artist! Then it was that he painted the sublime figures of the *Apostles*, which are to be seen at Munich.

A fatal hour was approaching for Albert Durer. He was

become of her should she be left a widow.* Those friends who would have solaced and entertained him were driven away,

* *Nemini mortem imputare queat, quam uxori ejus que cor ipsa usque adeo eroserit, tantoque cruciatus eundem afflixerit, . . . ut nullam a labore remissionem querere, vel societati quorundam interesse potuerit, ob continuas querelas, quibus ad laborandum noctu atque interdum rigore cum compulerit, ut pecuniam saltem quam moriens ipse relinqueret, lucraretur . . . etc.*—“*Letters of George Hartman*,” a friend of Durer. Bayle, in his “*Dictionary*,” quotes a letter from Prince Anthony Ulrich, of Brunswick, which proves that Durer suffered all the misfortunes, with all the patience of Socrates. “*Ipsum domi Xanthippen habuisse perniciam et divina sue mentis flagellatricem accerrimam.*”

and the poor old painter, tired of life, and worn out with struggling, lost his energy, and gave himself up to despair. An eyewitness relates, that his reason sometimes seemed to wander. Albert Durer died on the 6th of April, 1528.

At the cemetery of St. John, at Nuremberg, is shown the spot where this great master, after a life full of troubles and anxieties, found a haven of rest. "It is impossible to imagine a more gloomy place," says one of our contemporaries.* Not one of those country graveyards, so full of nature's poetry; no weeping willows drooping their melancholy branches; no dark towering cypress mounting towards the skies; no flowers, green turf, or garlands, pious offerings from the living to the memory of the dead. The tombs, ranged in long rows, like the beds of the patients in a hospital, are merely flat stones laid over the graves. No railing encloses them, no cross surmounts them; their burying-place might be compared to a camp-bed set up for a night. Meanwhile, the lichen spreads its dusky stains, and the mass of rank verdure announces that oblivion is already beginning to swallow up the memory of those beloved beings to whom the epitaph promises eternal tears.

On Albert Durer's tomb-stone is the following simple inscription:—

ME. AL. DU

QUIBQUID ALBERTI DURERI MORTALE TUIT

SUB HOC CONDITUR TUMULO

EMIGRAVIT VIII IDUS APRILIS MDXXVIII.

Willibald Pirckheimer, the faithful friend of the great painter, added, after this short epitaph, a brief catalogue of his virtues, and mentioned the universal grief which was felt for his loss. It well became him to engrave this last farewell on Albert Durer's tomb-stone, for he had strengthened and consoled him all his life. Even fate seemed to respect their old attachment, for they are laid side by side in the same graveyard.

So much for the man: let us now briefly examine the works by which he is known. Having already (*ante* p. 37), on presenting our readers with the beautiful allegorical design called "Melancholy," by Albert Durer, spoken at some length of the peculiarities of his style, it will be unnecessary to go over the ground again. On the contrary, we believe it will be more profitable if we consider with attention the subjects we are enabled to introduce into these pages as illustrations of the genius of the great German artist.

Albert Durer lived in troublous and stirring times—times favourable for the development of genius wherever it was possessed; for, while he sat in his study and imagined moralities and satires upon mankind, while he indulged in those fantastic dreams which he has revealed to us in so many shap's, while he travelled to Venice, to study the arts—and to escape the tongue of Agnes Frey,—Columbus, and Americus Vesputius, and Sebastian Cabot, were opening up fresh fields for the enterprise and commerce of mankind. While he was busy over those wonderful sketches of the great Passion of our Lord, Luther and Melancthon were fiercely battling with old Rome, and the dawn of the Reformation broke upon the world. While he was painting that grand picture of St. Mark and St. Paul and St. John and St. Peter, as a parting gift to the people of Nuremberg—that famous picture, removed a hundred years afterwards to a more princely resting-place, the Protestant inscriptions on which, written by his own hand, were rudely cut away, lest they should offend the courtly eyes of the elector of Bavaria—during that time, Laurentius in Haerlem, and William Caxton in Westminster, were perfecting that "divine art" which has done so much to advance the liberties and increase the comforts of mankind; the people of western Europe were just beginning to appreciate and understand the sciences which the Moors, now driven ignominiously out of Europe, were wont to cultivate in the fair city of Granada; Sir Thomas More was improving the literary taste, of which

* M. Alfred Michéls, author of "Études sur l'Allemagne," where it is to be found a summary of the history of German Painting.

Geoffrey Chaucer and old John Gower had laid the foundations in England a century before; the great Raffaele was adorning the Vatican with those beautiful frescoes, which have been the wonder and study of artists ever since; and men were just beginning to wake up out of their long sleep of apathy and ignorance, never, it is to be hoped, to doze again.

The art of engraving and etching upon copper had not long been invented when Albert Durer was born: before he was twenty, however, he had made such progress in its practice as to be looked upon as Michael Wohlgenuth's most promising pupil; and by the time he was twenty-three, he had established himself as a "painter, engraver, architect, and sculptor," in his native place, that

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song."

Henceforth he was destined to be the principal painter and engraver of Germany, and to leave on the works of all future German artists the impress of his own peculiar treatment. He found in the works of his predecessors a dreamy, wild, fantastic energy; and he followed in their path with such success as, in his earlier works, to surpass anything that had gone before, in eccentric spirit and vague mysticism.

Of this peculiar manner, this singular treatment, this fantastic, thought-provoking style of drawing, which

"While it charms repels, and while it horrifies enchants,"

we have numerous examples in the works of Albert Durer. Thus, besides the allegory of "Melancholy," already given in these pages, we are enabled to present our readers with two other specimens of what may be called Albert Durer's first manner. In "The Lord and the Lady" (p. 173), we recognise one of those strange German moralities of which the painters of that day were so extremely fond. Here is an allegory of human life, not difficult to translate. The lord is whispering "soft nothings" in the lady's ear, while, in the shadow of the bare and leafless tree, the conqueror Death stands waiting by. Hour-glass in hand, he watches their every motion, as if, at no distant time, he meant to claim his own. Honour and wealth, and pride and station, possess no spells to charm the destroyer; youth and age, ruddy health and tottering disease, beauty and deformity, bravery and cowardice, strength and weakness, genius and stolid ignorance, all fall beneath his resistless dart—all succumb, as it were, to an irrevocable Nemesis from which there is no escaping.

Of a like character, both as respects the high degree of careful finish given to the work, and the mysterious darkness of the theme, is the "Death's Head Coat of Arms." Who can fail to read and understand the dread lesson it essays to teach? The most subtle and learned king-at-arms never emblazoned heraldic picture such as this. Here, upon honour's shield, is painted the escutcheon which every man must hang above his door at last—grim, grinning Death! Oh, the painter is a moralist indeed! A bare, eyeless skull, supported by civilisation and barbarism—the crowned lady and the naked savage—is the picture which our mortality holds up before the eyes of our pride. It is a lesson we may every one of us take to heart. And the crest to this dread coat of arms is an empty helmet, fantastically crowned with eagles' wings and leaves, emblematic of the emptiness of worldly honours and the worthlessness of pride! Well may the satyr leer into the lady's eyes; for the jewel-crowned head, no less than the beggar's, must come, one day, to be a thing like that depicted on the shield.

Albert Durer's mature manner shows itself in more plainly understood, but not less powerful, imaginings. In such designs as "The Passion of Christ," "The Apocalypse of St. John," "The Martyrdom of the Ten Thousand Saints," "The Knight, Death, and the Devil"—a sort of condensed expression of the spirit of the "Pilgrim's Progress," says Sir Edmund Head; in Madonnas and Apostles; in "The Triumphal Arch and Car of Maximilian;" in "The Life of the Virgin;" and lastly, in portraits of friends and homelike

pictures, such as are used to hang over the fire-places in good citizens' houses.

The first-named work consists of two great series of woodcuts, afterwards rendered in more enduring copper. "The Great Passion" comprises representations of the main incidents in the eventful life of our Saviour—his birth in the manger, his dispute with the doctors, his way to Calvary with the cross upon his shoulders, the taking down of his body from the fatal tree, his burial and resurrection.

In all these subjects, says Kugler, the most perfect grouping is made consistent with the greatest simplicity of design; and however indifferently the engraver has executed his part, the very varied expression of the single figures, and the peculiar grace of the lines and movements, cannot be concealed. When we look at such fine works, we easily comprehend why the wily Italians valued Durer's compositions so highly, and how it was that a translation of them into Italian was so much desired.

"The Lesser Passion" consists, as the name implies, of a series of the more domestic incidents in the life of Christ—pictures in which the mysterious events related are all brought before the spectator, as in a moment of time, with truth, power, and the liveliest feeling of the beautiful. Of these, the most celebrated are—"Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," in which a great number of figures are artistically grouped in a small space, which, nevertheless, is not crowded or confused, but leaves the principal group, in which the Saviour is of course the prominent figure, clear and distinct from all the rest; "Christ praying on the Mount of Olives," one of those simply beautiful compositions in which dignity and feeling are blended with the greatest tenderness and the most profound repose; "Christ taking leave of his Mother," previous to the accomplishment of his great mission (p. 161), another of those touching incidents which Durer, in his best period, knew so well how to depict; "Christ appearing, after his Resurrection, to Mary in the Garden, and to his Mother in the Chamber," both compositions of great beauty and simplicity of arrangement—of one of these, "Christ taking leave of his Mother," our readers will be able to form their own judgment. The noble tenderness of the son, the anguish of the mother, and the sympathy of the attendants, all evince the hand of a master in their development. In this series the utmost carefulness in the arrangement of his groups has been observed, and in the disposition of the drapery there is a nobleness and simplicity which displays the figures to the utmost advantage. It has been noticed, in Albert Durer's oil paintings, that the draperies are generally too much cut up into strange shapes, a plan by no means calculated to improve the forms of their wearers. But in all his ideal subjects, his fancy being allowed full play and his pencil being freed from the fashions of his own country, he has made the folds of his draperies fall in those large imposing masses, so much admired in the works of the great Italian master, Raffaele. A great anachronism, however, occurs in this series of pictures—namely, the frequent introduction of German styles of architecture and costume, and a consequent destruction of that unity of design so highly desirable in works of historical value. This kind of oversight is frequently observable in the productions of the German and Dutch schools of painting; and we need only refer, in illustration of our remarks, to "The Rape of the Sabinæ," in the National Gallery, in which Rubens dresses his Sabine women in garments of Venetian silk. The two works known as "The Greater and Lesser Passion," have been engraved twice on copper and once on wood.

From "The Life of the Virgin," a series of twenty woodcuts, we have selected the most important, viz., "The Marriage of Mary and Joseph" (p. 169). Instead of the severely classical style observed in "The Passion," we have in this series a representation of those tender relations of domestic life which Albert Durer knew so well how to depict. The series embraces the history, as far as it is described in the New Testament, of the mother of Jesus. The scenes most interesting, after that shown in our engraving, are "The Birth of the Virgin," which event Albert Durer, true to his national predilections and

quite oblivious of facts, has made to take place in a German house in the midst of a numerous company of women and maidens; "The Flight into Egypt," a composition of a few figures simply disposed in a thickly growing wood; "The Repose in Egypt," in which the Virgin sits spinning beside the cradle of her little one, while Joseph is employed at a carpenter's bench, unseen by either father or mother, angels worship beside the lowly resting place of the child Jesus; and "The Death of the Virgin." This last subject has been frequently copied by the pupils of Albert Durer, and many pictures after it exist in the continental galleries, some of them even bearing the monogram of the original artist. It is stated by Dr Kugler to be "a perfect coup d'oeil, with a simple division of the principal groups; fine forms, and indications of the deepest feeling in the solemn exercise of holy rites."

The "Marriage of Mary and Joseph" is a work which may be advantageously studied. It is at once delicate and powerful in the manner of its treatment; and, considering the comparative infancy of the art at the period at which it was drawn, may be looked upon as a great triumph of skill. The arrangement of the lights and shadows in this picture was pronounced by a recent writer on art to be worthy the pencil of that great master of *chiaroscuro*, Rembrandt. St. Joseph is properly represented as much older than his bride, the expression of whose face is tender and submissive, though she is not beautiful. The female figure to the right of Mary is strangely attired in an enormous head-dress and loose gown; but the drapery on the other figures is gracefully and artistically disposed. The architectural arrangements of the building are extremely well managed, and in the bas-reliefs on the arch there is shown great fertility of invention and play of fancy. As a specimen of wood engraving, however, this is scarcely equal to the "Death's Head Coat of Arms," already noticed, or the "Melancholy."

The Dutch and German painters appear to have possessed but little idea of female beauty, or but small power of expressing it. But, in truth, their models were not chargeable with the sin of too much loveliness, a fact which may in part account for the extremely plain, not to say ugly, women whom Durer and his compeers have christened by the name of Mary. A modern writer says that the women of Germany do not belong to the *tender sex*, at least in appearance. Thus, can anything be more unlovely than the female figure with the child upon her lap, which is known by the name of "The Virgin with the Monkey?" (p. 172. What was the design of the painter in introducing so ugly an animal into his picture, it is impossible to guess; for there is nothing in tradition or history, that we are acquainted with, which would account for such an eccentric combination. The face of the monkey, indeed, is so prominently intruded as quite to call off the attention from the infant Jesus playing with the bird, which should, according to all precedent, be the leading object in the picture. But in the details and accessories this picture is really fine. To be sure, there is in the background a Nuremberg house and a German landscape, but then the lover of old Flemish and Italian pictures has long ago learnt to look indulgently on such little inconsistencies as these.

"The War Horse" (p. 176) belongs to altogether another class of subjects. It bears the date 1505, and the monogram of the painter. Like the rest of Durer's performances, it is characterised by extreme care and laborious finish. Indeed, when we come to examine this design, and mark the evidences of labour bestowed upon its execution—every line completed, every separate hair and muscle of the animal elaborated with the greatest nicety, every part of the design worked up with the extremest pains, every part of the copper-plate covered in with "cross-hatchings" and "dry point" work—we are inclined to ask ourselves, was all this patient labour expended for no other purpose than to show us an unwieldy-looking horse and its soldier-rider, standing quietly in the grass-grown court-yard of an old castle? There must, we think, have been some motive for all this real hard work which, at this

distance of time, is hidden from us. Perhaps both horse and rider were portraits.

attributed to Albert Durer; but whether he really engraved them or not, it is pretty certain that the drawings on the wood



THE DEATH'S HEAD COAT OF ARMS.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

One other subject concludes our list of illustrations. "Samson Slaying the Lion" is one of the many wood engravings

were from his hand. It is a masterly production, and shows, more than any other design we have introduced, how entirely

he could overcome that vague mysticism and eccentricity so common to the school of which he was the head and founder. The amazing strength of the man, as, with his legs bestriding the infuriated animal, he is supposed to be tearing its jaws

moment in a little minute criticism - we cannot but think that the hinder limbs of the latter appear too much at rest for the writhing pain exhibited in its head and fore claws. In this, as in other subjects, the background is Germany of the six-



THE MARRIAGE OF MARY AND JOSEPH. — AFTER ALBERT DURER.

asunder, is seen in every muscle of his huge body. The perfect mastery he has obtained over the lion is shown in its crouching attitude and utter prostration. Both man and animal are exceedingly well drawn, though—to indulge for a

teenth century—a rather strange country into which to introduce the enemy of the Philistines and an Arabian lion! A similar inconsistency is observable in Rubens' treatment of the same subject, which is engraved by the Fleming artist,

Wyngaerde, who resided in Antwerp about the year 1640.

Enough has been said of the philosophy and tendency of Albert Durer's works; it will be our task now, therefore, to tell the reader where the originals of his most famous compositions are to be found. As we have already said, no specimens of Durer's oil paintings are to be seen in either the National Gallery, the Louvre, or the Belgian Museum; though the British Museum and the Louvre each of them possess impressions from his copper-plates and wood engravings. In the library of the Louvre are fifteen original drawings by Albert Durer, executed with a pen and shaded on white tinted paper, illustrative of the "Passion and Resurrection of Jesus Christ." In the National Library of Paris there are also five of our artist's beautifully-executed water-colour drawings; and in the Royal Library at Munich, there is preserved the celebrated missal of Maximilian I., during whose reign the Reformation, under Luther, first began. This missal is adorned with numerous arabesques by Albert Durer, drawn about the year 1515. The King of Bavaria also possesses eight drawings by this great master. In the collection of prints at Berlin, there are upwards of two hundred drawings by Durer; and the archduke Charles of Austria likewise possesses five specimens at his palace at Vienna. But the most complete and valuable collection of Durer's unpublished drawings is in the possession of the family of Joseph Heller, the artist, better known as the author of the "Life and Works of Albert Durer." This famous collection contains, besides various drawings, upwards of seventy portraits of persons with whom the painter was acquainted. Several of these drawings are rendered still more valuable by notes and descriptions from the hand of the artist.

Of the ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD attributed to Albert Durer, we have given several specimens. Many impressions exist in the British Museum, the Louvre at Paris, the Museum at Berlin, and elsewhere. Whether Durer actually engraved upon the wood, or contented himself with making the drawings merely, is a disputed question among artists and connoisseurs. Adam Bartsch, the celebrated German engraver, and keeper of the Imperial collection of Prints at Vienna from about 1790 to 1820, is of opinion that, from the multitudinous occupations of Albert Durer, he could not possibly have engraved the wood-cuts attributed to him; and he is further strengthened in this opinion by the inscriptions on the titles of the various productions in which those wood-cuts appeared. The German engravers, Hans Schauflein, Hans Burgmaier, Albert Altdorfer, and Lucas Cranach, most of whom were contemporaries of Durer, agree with Bartsch, who is still further confirmed in his conclusion by Charles Blanc, the editor of the "Histoire des Peintres," and George Stanley, the latest editor of Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters." On the other hand, John Young, formerly keeper of the British Institution in Pall Mall, Joseph Heller, Rumohr, Otley, and Heinecke, affirm the probability of Durer's having both drawn and engraved the blocks. For ourselves, we offer no opinion on the subject; content with the knowledge, that if an artist-mind guides the pencil, no indifferent engraving can altogether mar the effect of the drawing; and that, on the other hand, if the original drawing be bad, no amount of mechanical skill in the use of the graver is sufficient to completely hide its artistic defects.

There are no fewer than a hundred and seventy known wood engravings after Albert Durer's drawings, besides some sixty or more attributed to him. These last, though extremely well executed, do not bear internal evidence of Durer's handiwork. Most of the wood engravings—such as the "Greater and Lesser Passion," the "Life of the Virgin," "Samson slaying the Lion," &c., are from Scripture history.

Of the ENGRAVINGS ON COPPER, STEEL, AND TIN, executed by Albert Durer, Bartsch enumerates no fewer than a hundred and eight, about one-fourth of which are devoted to sacred subjects. It would not be consistent with our space or design to give a list of these, but we may briefly indicate the most noticeable among them. The series of sixteen plates, called

the "Passion of Christ," has been three times engraved, and the coppers bear various dates, from 1507 to 1512. "Adam and Eve," and the "Nativity," impressions of both of which, from plates, may be seen in the print room of the British Museum, bear the date of 1501. Two proofs of the first-named subject sold at Durand's sale for £60. Several "Holy Families," on copper, are much esteemed by collectors, especially that known as the "Virgin with the Monkey," and another known as the "Virgin with the Apple," which represents Mary seated on a stone, in a landscape with buildings, and the infant holding in his hand an apple—a mode of representation very common in Nuremberg, where there exist some dozens of sculptured Virgins, executed by unknown artists, of greater or less pretensions as works of art.

The fine allegorical subject, called "Melancholy," a copy of which was sold at the Debois' sale for £5; "Death's Horse," which at the same sale brought £10; a woman with wings standing on a globe, holding in her hand a cup, "improperly called," says Stanley, "Pandora's Box," but otherwise known as the "Great Fortune," a proof of which was sold for £15; a naked woman on a globe, holding a stick with a thistle at the end of it, which is known as the "Little Fortune," and a proof of which sold for £5; "St. Hubert kneeling before a Stag, with a Cross on its forehead," one of Durer's best works, proofs of which sold for £20 to £30, according to their merit; "Death's Horse," which fetched £10; "The War Horse," also engraved on wood; the "Lord and Lady;" the "Conversion of St. Eustace," a perfect work; "St. Jerome meditating on the Holy Scriptures," the "Twelve Apostles," the "Prodigal Son," "Death's Head Coat of Arms" (also on wood), the "Crucifixion," with the holy women and St. John at the foot of the cross, "Christ praying in the Garden," and the great "Ecce Homo," are all well-known subjects. Besides these, there are numerous engraved portraits, among which are—Albert Mayence, Frederick, Elector of Saxony, Willibald Pirckheimer, Philip Melancthon, the Reformer, Erasmus of Rotterdam, and Joachim Patenier, the landscape-painter of Leige and bosom-friend of Albert Durer.

Various scholars and followers of Durer's style have copied his engravings with more or less success. Among them may be mentioned Hans Wagner, Hans Schauflein, Bartholomew Beham, Albert Altdorfer, Jacques Binck, the first scholar of Albert Durer, Wenceslaus of Olmutz (1481), Wemig (1509), and Marc Antonio Ramondi (1787—1530). The last-mentioned artist has been pronounced one of the most extraordinary engravers of his time. The purity of his outlines, the beautiful character and expression of his heads, and the correct drawing of the extremities, establish his merit as a perfect master of design. But he was at the same time a great forger; for, according to Vasari, he saw at Venice the set of thirty-six wood-cuts by Durer representing the "Life and Passion of Jesus Christ," and was so much pleased with them, that he copied them with great precision on copper; and, having affixed Albert's cipher to them, the prints were taken to Italy and sold as originals. Durer at length, discovering the deception, complained to the senate of Nuremberg of the plagiarism, when the only redress that he obtained was, an order that for the future, when Antonio chose to copy Durer's, or any other painter's works, he should affix his own, and not the original artist's name to the plates!

Albert Durer, architect, sculptor, painter, engraver, geometer, and author, has left numerous evidences of his skill behind him. In SCULPTURE his most important work is an alto-relievo in stone, representing the "Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now in the royal cabinet in Brunswick. The "Adam and Eve," carved in wood, in the cabinet of Gotha; "Jesus Christ on the Cross," a carving on ivory, in the royal collection at Munich; the "Thirty Thousand Virgins," sculptured in agate upon an altar, in the royal collection at Vienna,—are all fine works, and display, more fully perhaps than any other of his performances, the peculiar tendency of the artist's mind. Durer's carvings on stone, wood, ivory, and agate, are preserved with jealous care in the palaces of the

nobility of Germany, which fact will account for so few of them being known in the present day. He is also said to have engraved several subjects on gems for seals, &c.

As an author, Albert Durer's fame rests upon several books of a technical character, very little known or read now-a-days. Among these are: "Instructions for Measuring with the Rule and Compasses," published in 1525, and enriched with sixty-three copperplate engravings; "Instructions for Building Fortifications," with nineteen engravings, published in 1547, and translated from the German into Latin in 1531; "Four Books on the Proportions of the Human Body," with plates, published in 1528, and afterwards translated into Latin in 1592, and French in 1597; and, certainly the most amusing work for the general reader, a volume of his letters, political essays, and journals of travels, published in French by Campe, under the title of "Relics of Albert Durer." This last work will be found in the library of the British Museum.

His most celebrated literary production is the Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body. It must be confessed, however, that his German character, with all its obscurity and want of method, is observable in this treatise, in which there is also a great deficiency of comprehensive ideas, no general principle, and no synthesis. The reader can see clearly enough that Albert Durer was a man of imagination, but not a philosopher, and that he was deficient in that clearness of deduction for which French writers are so remarkable. When we find such a master as Durer taking in hand so fine a subject as that masterpiece of creation, the human body; we naturally expect the writer will rise to some elevation of thought, and show some sympathy with the lofty considerations suggested by the contemplation of nature's noblest production. On the contrary, Durer gives utterance to none of those great ideas which might well have served as the foundation for his work; he lays down no general principle, but abruptly commences by entering upon the consideration of a human body, which is seven times the size of the head, remarking at the same time that this proportion belongs only to rustic figures. In the second chapter he discusses one that is eight times as large as the head, upon which he gives no express indication of his opinion, though from other parts of his work it would appear he considered this proportion preferable. He then proceeds to the figure of a man whose height is equal to nine heads. Here the author, foreseeing a large and higher head may be desired, proposes the geometrical mean. Next comes the proportion of ten times the head, which Albert Durer evidently regards as exceeding the true proportion of beauty; for he pronounces the figure to be slender. Hence he allows the reader to increase the size of the head, and make it nearly a ninth part of the body. From a comparison of these various proportions, and Albert Durer's remarks upon them, we gather that, according to his notions, the proportion of beauty lies between the height of eight, and that of nine heads, since this is neither rustic, like that of seven heads, nor slender, like that of ten. But this view is nowhere distinctly expressed. The author avoids declaring his opinion in plain terms, leaving the reader to form his own judgment. He even goes so far, in the third book of his treatise, when touching upon the variety of human figures, as to invent a sort of instrument for lengthening or shortening figures, making them larger above, or smaller below, thicker or thinner, by placing them upright or inclined in a triangle, in which they diminish as they approach the vertex or uppermost point, and increase as they recede from it. If, however, he carries this alteration of figures to excess—that is to say, if he shortens or lengthens the representation of it so as to make it unnaturally thick or thin—no doubt he does this in order to warn the student and preserve him from the faults to which he is liable, and to teach him elegance by showing him deformity. But where is Albert Durer's idea of beauty? Will it suffice for the student to avoid every species of deformity in order to succeed in attaining to beauty? Albert Durer does not tell us this. He hopes the skilful artist will discover the laws of proportion by studying a great

multitude of men, no particular man being perfect. "The beauty," he says, "concealed in nature almost confuses one. We may meet with two handsome and well formed men, who nevertheless have nothing in common, and of whom it is impossible to say which is the handsomer. Such is the imperfection of our knowledge. Who, then, can say with confidence and precision what is true excellence of form?" And not only does he confess himself unable to determine what constitutes true beauty, but he does not think the artist can worthily express the little he knows of it. And he exclaims, "Art can hardly express the beauty of nature. I speak not of a perfect beauty, but of one known to us and yet surpassing the power of our understanding, and escaping the skilful touch of our hand."

The Italians have been less severe than we in their judgment of this treatise, and Jean Paul Lomazzo, among others, professes so great an esteem for the German writer and his work, that he considers the proportion which Durer gives of a body, viz. ten times the size of the head, to be beautiful; but at the same time admits that competent judges think such a figure too slender, yet says it will not do to deviate from the judgment of so great a man as Albert Durer. He is, however, quite mistaken in attributing to Durer a preference for this proportion. M. Paillot de Montabert thinks he has discovered a sort of treasure to use his own words in Durer's work, and imagines the author must have obtained access to some ancient manuscript which has escaped the destruction of barbarous times; but this learned connoisseur does not explain himself with regard to the treasures which he declares he has discovered, and it appears to us that in guarding against one prejudice he has fallen into another. If Durer had possessed the manuscript of a Polykletus, a Euphranor, or only some pupil of these great masters, we should have found clearer traces of it in his pages. We should have met with the immortal rudiments of that beauty, the rule of which had been discovered and the form imaged by the Greeks.

The constant occupation of our artist on the more repulsive employment of the graver, allowed him but few opportunities of exercising his talents as a painter. Consequently, not many pictures in oil are to be seen out of the galleries of the German sovereigns. The following are the principal works of this character of which the pedigree is perfectly known:

In the Belvedere Palace at Vienna the portrait of Maximilian I., dated 1519.

"The Martyrdom of the 10,000 Christians, who were put to a Cruel Death by the command of Sapor II., King of Persia." Albert Durer is represented in this picture with his friend, Willibald Pirckheimer. He is holding a stick with a paper attached to it, with the inscription, "Iste factus anno Domini, 1508, Albertus Durer ab manus," with his monogram. This picture was painted for Frederick, Duke of Saxony; it afterwards adorned the Rodolph Gallery at Prague. Karel Van Mander, in his "Book on the Painters," speaks very highly of it.

"The Trinity." God the Father, seated on a rainbow, is represented holding the dying Son on the cross; the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovers above. It is surrounded by a glorious company of angels, saints, and patriarchs. Beneath is seen Albert Durer himself, holding a tablet with his monogram, and this inscription, "Albertus Durer heriens, factus anno Virginis partu, 1511."

"The Virgin and the Child," signed with his monogram, and dated 1512.

"Portrait of a Fair-haired Youth," dated 1517.

"Portrait of Johannes Kleberger, Merchant of Nuremberg," dated 1526.

"The Holy Virgin Smocking the Infant Jesus," painted in 1503.

In the Pinakothek of Munich, some of Albert Durer's finest paintings are to be seen. This valuable collection, partly formed from those of Dusseldorf, Mannheim, and Strasbourg, contains seventeen works of this great master, many of them

portraits, among others that of Durer's father, with this inscription in German, "I painted this likeness of my father when he was sixty—Albert Durer, senior." Dated 1497.

"The Portrait of Michael Wohlgemuth," Albert Durer's master, dated 1506. Michael was then eighty-two years of age.

"The Portrait of Albert Durer," dressed in fur, his right

By the desire of Maximilian I. they were conveyed to Munich, and replaced by copies by Wisscher. These four figures, the size of life, painted in 1526, are known by the name of "The Four Temperaments." These two works are exquisite, and mark the highest degree of perfection to which their author has attained.



THE VIRGIN WITH THE MONKEY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

hand placed on his breast, with the inscription, "Albertus Durerus noricus ipsum me propriis sic cingebam coloribus ætatis XXVIII." Dated 1500.

"The Apostles St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Mark." Durer presented these two pictures to the Council of Nuremberg, where they were preserved until the year 1627.

"Christ on the Cross," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Weeping Virgin," "St. Mary Dying," besides "Lucretia in the Act of Stabbing herself," and two small pictures representing "St. Joachim" and "St. Joseph," painted in 1523, upon a ground of gold, after the style of the school of the Lower Rhine.

The Public Collection at Nuremberg, established in the Mansion of the Brotherhood of Landaner, contains only three of Albert Durer's pictures, viz., "Hercules fighting with the Harpies," painted in water-colours in the year 1500, and two

At Prague may be seen, in the Strahlhauer Convent, the painting which represents "The Virgin Crowned by two Angels;" she is surrounded by persons in an attitude of worship, among whom may be recognised the artist, his friend



THE LORD AND THE LADY.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

corresponding panels, the one representing Charlemagne, the other the Emperor Sigismund, both figures larger than life.

The Chapel of St. Maurice contains a painting of "The Dead Body of Christ supported by St. John, and wept over by the Virgin Mary."

Willibald Pirckheimer, the Emperor Maximilian I., and Blanche Marie, second wife of that monarch. This picture, dated 1506, was begun and finished, according to the inscription upon it, in five months, and is known by the name of "The Painting of the Crown of Roses."

In the Dresden Gallery there are two pictures by Albert Durer, one of "The Bearing of the Cross," in black and white, and a small portrait, dated 1521.

The Gallery of Cassel contains four portraits by this master.

There are several of his secondary productions in the Museums of Frankfort, of Cologne, of Carlsruhe, of Gotha, and of Darmstadt.

The northern capitals of Europe boast the possession of several paintings by Albert Durer. The catalogue of the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg mentions five; that of the Stockholm Gallery, three; and that of Copenhagen, four; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of their pretensions.

There are enumerated in the official catalogue of the Museum at Madrid, eight productions of Albert Durer, but they are either of little importance or doubtful authenticity.

In the museum at Havre we lately saw a fine "Holy Family," attributed to Albert Durer. Its pedigree, however, was not authenticated.

In the Gallery at Florence may be seen, among other works of this master, "The Adoration of the Magi"—very remarkable; the busts of "The Apostles St. Philip and St. James," painted, in water-colours, in 1516; also the portrait of the artist's father, dated 1490, and that of Albert Durer himself, painted in 1498. These two portraits came from the gallery of Charles I., King of England, upon the dispersion of that monarch's effects by the parliament of the Commonwealth in 1659.

Albert Durer is always seen to disadvantage in the galleries of amateurs; for the compositions they contain are unimportant, and generally limited to portraits and studies of heads, the greater part in black and white.

It appears that very few of Albert Durer's works have found their way to public auction.

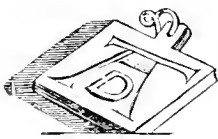
We have alluded above to the two portraits, now in the Florence Gallery, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I. They produced together only £100.

In later years (August, 1850), at the sale of the collection of William II., King of the Netherlands, we have seen that a picture by Albert Durer, representing "St. Hubert," realised, including the expense of the sale, about £350 sterling.

A few words will suffice, in this place, to mark the appreciation in which Albert Durer is held, both as a painter and an engraver. "If," says Vasari, "this diligent, industrious, and *universal* man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied, as we have done, in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever possessed." Hear, too, what Dr. Franz Kugler, one of the most accomplished art-critics of modern times, says of this German contemporary of Raffaele:—"In Durer the style of art existing in his day attained its most peculiar and its highest perfection. Rich and inexhaustible, he became the representative of German art at this period. He was gifted with a power of conception which traces nature through all her finest shades; and, above all, he had an earnest and truthful feeling for his art, united to a capacity for the severest study. His drawing is full of life and character, his colouring has a peculiar brilliancy and beauty; and if, in spite of the shortcomings inevitable to the state of education and public taste in his days, the greater number of his works make a deep impression on the mind and feelings of the spectators, it is a strong proof of the peculiar greatness of his abilities as an artist." Again, in reference to Durer's skill as an engraver—"If we do not discover," says Bryan, "in his works the boldness and freedom so desirable in historical designs, we find in them everything that can be wished for in subjects more minute and more finished. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which, even in this day, is seldom surpassed."

Beneath is a specimen of the hand-writing of this celebrated artist, his signature and seal, together with several of the more common of the monograms which he affixed to his works.

gebun d'gno d'comed'uf' n'ron' oz' In'g' moest' any
Sonntag zwif' h'f'nd' Jun 15 06 100
Albert Durer



ART IN GREECE.—THE CONVENTS OF MOUNT ATHOS.

MOUNT ATHOS lies to the south of Macedonia, between the gulfs of Contessa and Monte Santo, at the extremity of a peninsula connected with the continent by an isthmus about a mile and a half long. It is a round and almost conical mass, rising to a height of about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and casting an immense shadow in the setting sun almost across the Archipelago. Little mention is made of it in the works of Grecian historians beyond the record of two facts—the one, that Xerxes caused a canal to be cut across the isthmus to give a passage to his fleet; and the other, that a Greek sculptor, Dinocrates, proposed to Alexander the Great to cut the mountain into the form of a statue with outstretched arm, and holding in its hand a town containing ten thousand inhabitants.

The hill is called at the present day by many of the Greeks Hagion Oros, or the Holy Mountain, and it is rendered remark-

able by the fact, that its population now consists of about six thousand monks, forming a separate and almost independent community, and inhabiting several convents built along the slopes. These convents were the cradle of Byzantine art fourteen hundred years ago, and now, after a thousand storms of war, and change, and revolution have rolled over Greece, they form its last refuge.

Concerning the origin of this religious community, we have no certain information. In the persecutions with which the Christians were pursued in the first centuries of the Christian era, many faced martyrdom without hesitation, and even with joy; others, less confident in their own strength of nerve, sought security in desert fastnesses, and adopted the life of anchorites. It was thus that the seeds of Christianity were scattered over the solitudes of Nubia and Syria. Many more fled to Mount Athos, and took up their abode along its sides, hoping that the seclusion of the place, and the difficulty of access, would afford them safety, however precarious, from the rage of their enemies. When Constantine removed the seat of

the empire to Constantinople, and avowed his adherence to the new faith, the population of Mount Athos rapidly increased, and convents were built, such, in all probability, as we now see them. It is right to mention, however, that this is mainly conjecture; history is entirely silent regarding this retired but interesting corner of the Byzantine empire. We have said that these convents are the last refuge of Greek art; we may add, that they contain some interesting relics of old Byzantine civilisation, and manners, and forms of faith, and are by no means an uninteresting subject of study for those who seek to lift up the pall which for four centuries has shrouded the remains of Greek greatness. They number in all twenty-three, lying around the mountain, none of them at any great distance from the sea. The most ancient to which our attention will principally be directed, are the *Iohann Labra*, or holy monastery, Vatopedi, Ivirón, and Xilandari. The first, which at present contains about four hundred monks, was founded by St. Athanasius about the beginning of the fourth century, and to this circumstance owes its pre-eminence over all the others. While they are simply dedicated to some saint, it is entitled the holy monastery *par excellence*. Vatopedi was the one to which John Contocuzine, whose romantic story has been so well told by Gibbon, retired to spend the remaining years of his life, when, disgusted with power, he abdicated the imperial throne.

On the highest point of the mountain rises the little Church of the Transfiguration, and scattered around are a town and some little villages; and in the centre of the peninsula lies the *metropolis* or metropolis of Mount Athos, Karies, all inhabited by a shifting population of monks, whose sole occupation is the importation of provisions and other necessaries from Salomon for their brethren in the convent. The monks are divided into two classes, brothers and fathers, or *pyres*, and are made up of an indiscriminate mixture of Slavacs, Greeks, Wallachians, and Armenians, all reduced to the same state of torpor, both physical and mental, under the rigidity of the monastic rule. The convent buildings present for the most part great uniformity of appearance, generally an irregular and confused mass, with no evidence of unity of design in the arrangement of the different parts. A single door, which is always fastened at twilight, gives entrance to a square court-yard, around which the cells of the inmates are ranged in one or more stories; additions being made, upon a plan apparently dictated solely by caprice, when any increase took place in their number. In the centre stands the church, surrounded by a crowd of small chapels, but all built of brick, and so imperfectly, that frequent repairs have effaced all traces of the primitive style. On all the walls appear stiff, sad-looking, and austere pictures, which form a singular contrast to the easy, indolent, and *insouciant* appearance of the monks.

Mount Athos was in the earlier days of Christianity the great seat of intellectual activity—the hot-bed of theological and metaphysical discussion; but the state of listless indolence in which its inhabitants are now plunged is a strange satire upon its former glory. All the convents contain libraries of greater or less extent, filled with manuscripts and rare and valuable relics of the literature of antiquity; but the monks, far from studying them, suffer them to be lost or injured through carelessness, in utter and complete ignorance of the treasures of which they are the guardians. They read nothing but their offices, write but rarely, and are for the most part plunged in complete ignorance, not only of everything that is passing in the outer world—but of the very rudiments of literature and science. There is hardly a doubt that a diligent search by competent persons would bring to light many valuable works of classical authors hitherto supposed to be lost, or known to the western world only in a mutilated state. Some of the monks who visit Salomon to transact business for the convents, take advantage of their stay, to pick up a smattering knowledge of medicine and the Turkish language, but this is the only effort towards self-improvement that is ever made. The rude drubs by which Byzantine art is now represented amongst them, furnish additional proof of their

mental degradation, when we remember that, during the first two centuries after the establishment of the convents on Mount Athos, they were the chief seats of religious art in the world, and students resorted thither from all parts of Europe to receive instruction from the inmates.

In these times such names as those of St. Athanasius and Peter the Athosite figured in their annals, in no very striking contrast with many others of sense inferior zeal and learning. The church of Aghia Labra, founded by Athanasius in the early part of the fourth century, was endowed richly A.D. 965 by the emperor Nicephorus. The gates, which probably belong to that period, are composed of wrought copper, and display great beauty of execution. They remind one of those of the church of Ravello near Amalfi, as well as of many other religious monuments of Apulia. The portico is covered with Turkish ornaments. The general arrangement is that of the church of St. Mark at Venice. The altar is covered with a great deal of rich gilding, as also most parts of the ceiling, which is covered with carved and fretted work, and encaustic paintings in great abundance; and the body of the church contains desks, pulpits, and other articles of a similar nature of great richness. The monks have substituted these for the massive pulpits of the ancient Latin church. Nearly all are the gifts of the Russian government.

The Byzantine school, which was a school of transition from ancient art, that sought the beautiful merely for the form itself, to Christian art, which uses the form only to veil an idea, devoted itself from the very first to preparing for the transformation which inevitably followed the adoption of this new aim by the cultivators of art. In this point of view the Byzantine artists were successful in arriving at a unity such as has never been attained by those of the Renaissance, and from which they are still very far indeed. The Italian mosaics, executed by Italian artists, can alone give us a right idea of the laborious changes which Byzantine art underwent before it assumed its definitive form from the teachings of the great masters of the school. At a later period, to preserve the established forms from the influence of time or caprice or fashion, a monk named Denys collected the acknowledged and established principles of the school, and compiled them in a code. His manuscript was distributed through the various convents and carefully copied, and thenceforward became the text-book of the painters; and so powerful has been its influence, that it is impossible to fix the date of a Byzantine painting by its style. So closely have its rules been attended to, through a long lapse of time, so intimate, too, has been the connexion between Greek painting and the Greek worship, that the former has everywhere followed in the march of the priests, and we find it prevailing almost to the exclusion of every other in Russia, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in the regions bordering on Mount Sinai, where Greek convents are numerous. The church, Aghia Labra, contains the best specimens of it extant. The cupola is entirely occupied by a colossal figure of Christ, with that air of purity and dignity which the painters of the Renaissance have adopted. The complexion is *straw-coloured*, as the monks there express; one hand is extended towards St. John, as if in the act of instructing, and the other is laid on his heart. The hair is fair, but the beard is black, as also the eyebrows, which give the half-closed eyes an air of mingled simplicity, sweetness, and firmness. The Byzantine artists indicated the importance of the personage they painted by the size of the figure. The saints in raiment height as they increase in holiness, while Christ is taller than them all by the head and shoulders.

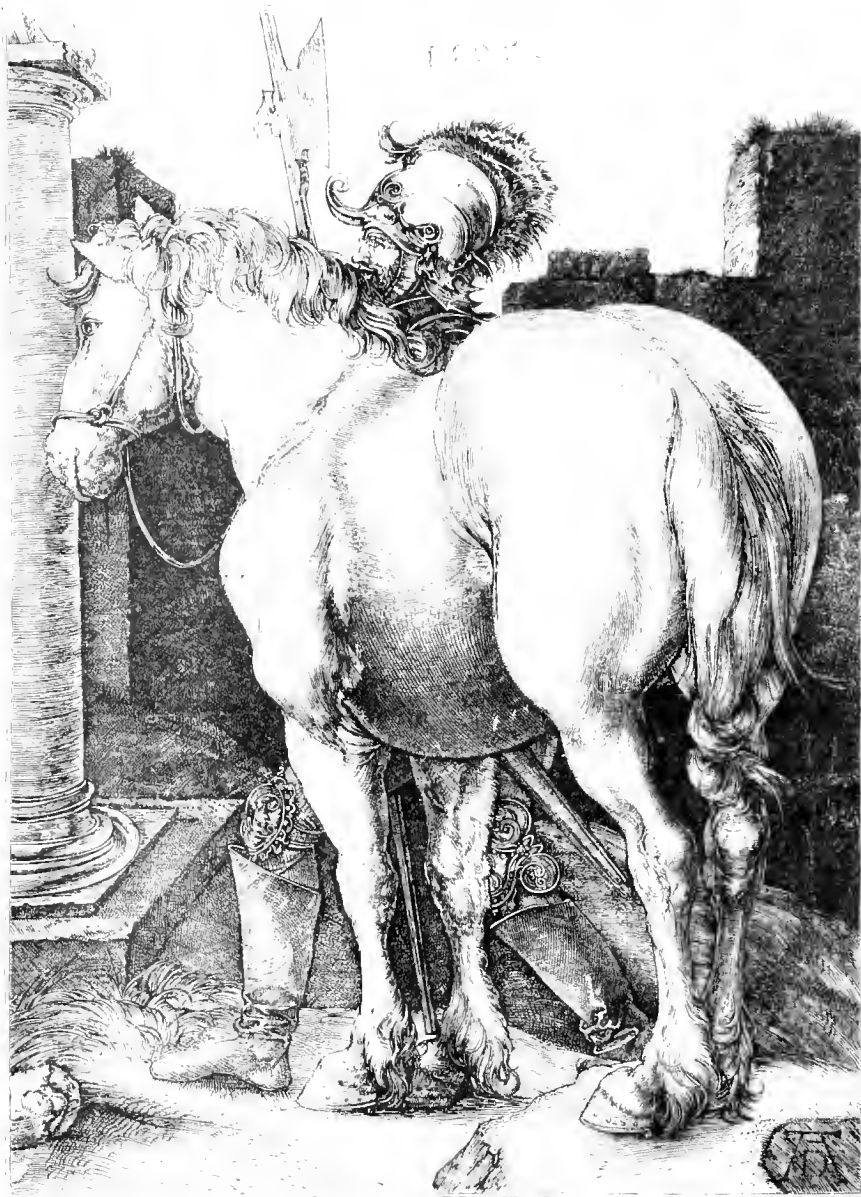
At the base of the cupola stand a row of archangels in shining robes, holding rings of keys in their hands, surmounted by images of the Redeemer. The brilliant colours of their garments stand in dazzling contrast to the sombre black of the ground, and in their faces and attitudes there is an air of lofty, calm majesty. Over their heads an amiable but menacing old cherub flutters round Christ as a cherub, and as if typifying the spirits of the blest, they seem to grow more and more ethereal the nearer they approach him. There is nothing human in their figures except the head. The rest is consi-

posed of a great number of wings, pointing in every direction, and looking like stars in the deep blue firmament of the vault above; while on a golden ground, and on a grand scale, the image of Christ looks down from the midst of them all, so that in whatever part of the building the worshipper kneels, he seems to have his eye upon him.

The pendentives represent the four evangelists writing at the dictation of an apostle, and the walls of the rest of the church are covered with subjects drawn from the Old or New Testament. On the two arms of the cross we see the

of the Latin chieftains of the Crusades, who fixed their abode in Greece on their return from the Holy Land. His head-dress is that of the Merovingian kings, and his robe, as well as his crown, is sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis*, and in his hands he holds a model representation of the façade of a church, probably of one which owed its existence to his pious munificence; in front of him appears his son, wearing the same costume.

Under the external portico we find figures of the ancient *asceti*, or anchorites, in an attitude of prayer, who, in imitation



THE WAR HORSE.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

saints of the church militant, who shook off the dust of the schools, and defended their faith on the fields of force, standing upright upon a black ground, in an attitude of vigilant repose. The churches of the other convents present precisely the same aspect, though on a more diminutive and less perfect scale, in accordance with the Medo-Persian laws of the Byzantine school, which treated all subjects in the same manner, with the same figures, in the same attitudes. Towards the end of the principal nave, to the left, appears a painting with an inscription, now illegible, evidently representing one

of the fathers of the desert, lived in grottoes and caverns in the mountain side. They appear to have been reduced to the last extremity of hunger, and are clothed in a simple and primitive garment of leaves, while their beard descends almost to their knees. Beside them an inscription informs us, "Such was the life of these anchorites." These ascetics themselves travelled from convent to convent, painting those vivid representations of their own unhappy lives, and also sculptures, numerous little crucifixes in wood, many of which are still preserved.

ALBERT CUYP.



The painters of the school to which Albert Cuyp belongs were not always fully appreciated in their day. They were earnest and laborious men, with the true inspiration of genius, at a time when artistic talent was less rare than at the present hour. This prevented their being as highly regarded as they otherwise would have been, and it thence followed that many paintings which now are highly valued, and which fetch good prices, were during the lifetime of the artist almost unsaleable. It has been truly said, that no man is a prophet in his

own country, and we have often found this perfectly true with regard to artists of the first eminence. Albert Cuyp, one of the best of the Flemish school, one of the most picturesque and effective who took up the example of Van der Velde, though son of a great artist, was not in any way as warmly considered as he should have been by his contemporaries. This may perhaps be more fully understood when we examine into his character and life.

Albert Cuyp was born in the year 1606, the same year that gave birth to the great Rembrandt. The first saw the light at Dordrecht, the second at Leyden. These two painters were men of different character and various style, though one would have expected that they would be necessarily strongly influenced in their genius and tone of mind by the times in which they lived. It was an era of stern warfare and desolation, of blood and rapine, and yet scarcely a trace of this fatal tendency of the hour is to be found in their productions. They were, as many students of art have been, always in a world apart, which separated them from many of the impulses of the age to which they belonged, and it is pleasing and refreshing to turn from the sanguinary drama of civil and religious wars to their admirable productions. It is the quiet contrast offered to the view of him who, escaping from the battle-field, wounded and almost dying, finds himself suddenly in some sequestered woody nook, where man and horse find welcome and cheering repose. Rembrandt sketches with his masterly pencil the varied phases of human life, and still avoids all that has reference to the party quarrels of the day. Cuyp stands before us quiet, calm, unobtrusive—a thoughtful, pleasing man, who appears to know nothing of the war which is raging around him—who is scarcely aware that Holland is ravaged by fire and sword, and who allows his every sense to be captivated by the gentler muse. Neither the noisy forum nor the sectarian struggle has any charm for him. He lives in a world of his own, and that world is nature in its most picturesque forms. He is varied in his loves. Now he admires the sea, now the land. The ordinary landscape and the perilous ocean have almost equal charms in his eyes; for his pencil sketches now a quiet pasture scene, with tame oxen and sheep, now a dashing marine piece, where some tall ship is bending 'neath the breeze; or launching away again, brings before us a picture in some native district, where the sun is warming an otherwise cheerless prospect, where shepherds wander with their flocks, where the huntsman rides merrily, where boatmen pull cherrily, or where fishermen pursue their peaceful calling with true Dutch phlegm.



This philosophic calm, experienced by certain artists during troublous times, has often been remarked upon. It has called forth many a recondite observation, and though a feeling not easy to be understood by the more active mover in stirring

hours, is yet a circumstance to be much valued. And these were no common struggles. Holland was convulsed by the disputes of its religious sects, who soon turned from arguments to weapons—from theology to warfare. Much blood was shed, and all civilisation, art, science, seemed threatened with utter annihilation. City armed against city, and the inhabitants of the same town killed one another in the streets which gave both birth. It was in the days when Barnaveldt perished with his brother on the scaffold. Young Albert Cuyp was born during these tragical hours. But as he grew up, even more terrible disasters tormented his youth. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.—the terrible scenes amid which perished John and Cornelius de Witt, his countrymen, his fellow-townsmen—were events of his youthful hours. But so elastic were the spirits, so singular was the character of Albert, that no evils, however great, no trials, however painful, were able to influence his mind. He seemed incapable of feeling sadness. He could not join in the sanguinary struggles of his time, and appears, while others were slaying and being slain, to have spent his time in admiring nature, in sitting beneath the greenwood tree, listening to the murmur of water, or seeking to entice the cunning trout from his crystal retreat. No matter what opinion may be generally entertained as to this seeming insensibility on the part of the artist who could isolate his mind from civil brawls and bloody wars, we owe to this very peculiarity of character many admirable paintings, full of grandeur, many delicious, calm, warm and sunny masterpieces—scenes which everywhere reconcile us to the charms of existence, because they make us love and admire nature in her purest works; and yet, those who would ask everything of the same man, complain that he did not allow his soul to be fired by deeds of heroism and valour, his mind to be developed by dark passions, in which case he might have given us some of those sombre and living pictures of the hour, which have immortalised Ruysdael and the great Rembrandt.

We have said that Albert Cuyp was born in 1606. Some say in 1605; but this is of little consequence. His death, too, is involved in obscurity. But he was living in 1672, for we have his name in a list of burghers. His father, and his master in his noble art, was Jacob Gerritsoon Cuyp, a man much esteemed, and looked upon as the leader of the school in which his son so much excelled. Jacob Gerritsoon shared the fate of David Teniers. He was surpassed and eclipsed by his son. Many masters of first-rate ability have thus been concealed from posterity. David Teniers exists not for the general student of art, because of his great descendant. The same occurred to Paul Bril, the historical landscape painter—to Simon der Vlieger, cast into the shade by William Van der Velde—to Nicolas Moyart, surpassed by Berghem. Arnold Houbraken, in his important work on painting, quietly remarks, that Albert Cuyp painted better than his father. The fact is, that though remaining attached to a particular line of subjects, and these subjects in which he coped with Paul Potter, Wouwermans, Du Jardin, and Ruysdael, and so many other chosen spirits, he was always so distinct, so native in his genius, as to be ever distinguished from all his rivals. A Cuyp will rarely be mistaken by the most ordinary connoisseur for a Coxis, or a Van der Neer.

Nature was his field, the inexhaustible fount whence he drew the warm impulse which influenced and guided his genius—nature in its grandest, in its humblest phases. He never found anything too great, anything too small for his keen observation. He combined the varied characteristics of most of his contemporaries. He equals all of them, and is sometimes their superior. He revels in the human form, in animals, in still nature, landscapes, sea-views, interiors of churches, winter scenes, moonlights, kitchens, fish, cocks and hens, and all the appliances of humble agricultural existence. All these subjects, and many more, have been vivified by his fertile pencil. His great power consisted in his capability of producing the same thing a hundred times over without plagiarising himself. And yet he does not search for effect; he does not find the picturesque in strange contrasts and rough scenes, in the rags of the poor, in the tatters and hideous

misery of the beggar, in the angular projections of starved cattle, in the manifestation of their bones in quaint style, nor even in rare, though real, effects of light and shadow at morning and eventide. Berghem, Tivoli, Weenix, and many others, had given to the picturesque a novel and ingenious touch of life, by seeking the irregular, the wild, the unexpected, in all things—a style which had necessarily many charms and many admirers. Lizards running over an old wall, with here a lichen and there an ivy-leaf; a rustic hut beside a time-honoured ruin, which gave the humble cot a dangerous shelter; some half-starved beast, a wounded horse, hopping lazily along with bandaged leg; a poor suffering ass, eating timidly by the wayside, were subjects freely chosen by Flemish painters, and subjects which they rendered with rare truthfulness and vigour. They possessed the power of making attractive, by means of their magic pencils, most repulsive subjects—even those subjects men most anxiously avoid in life—the sickly animal, the beggar in rags, the wild desert, or a road overgrown with thorns and briars. They created treasures out of rags. Albert Cuyp, on the other hand, drew his inspiration from a more elevated and elevating source, and, seeking his ideas of the picturesque in objects opposed to general theories, succeeded in a most marvellous way. We wish not to elevate Cuyp at the expense of any of the many singular geniuses of the hour; but no one can study the peculiar features of the painter of Dordrecht without being pleased. Abandoning the ready resource of rustic misery, the easy and catching attraction of rags and destitution, of wretched nooks and unknown and unexplored corners, he paints animals in full health, and the sun at noon-day.

A writer on the genius of this painter quotes complacently a certain William Gilpin, canon of Salisbury, who wrote a book on the picturesque and beautiful. He supports the view practically illustrated by Berghem, Du Jardin, Ostade, and others. "We admire in the horse," he exclaims, "considered as a reality, elegance of form, a fiery mien, lightness, and a soft skin; we admire this animal also in the same way in a painting: but as a picturesque subject, we prefer an old cart-horse, a cow, a goat, a donkey. The coarse appearance and rough skin are better adapted to demonstrate and elucidate the genius of the pencil. Richness of light depends much on contrasts." It was not in the study of Cuyp that William Gilpin sought his inspirations. His genius lies another way. He has much of the feeling of the rich and well-to-do farmer in him, for he loves well-fed cattle, clean and well-combed horses, and broad daylight casting its golden lustre over the plain. This is, in fine, his peculiarity, and the distinguishing mark which separates him from all his rivals, and from every member of his school. Gerard de Lairese put forth, a century later, ideas on landscape quite opposed to those of the worthy canon of Salisbury, and these ideas Cuyp was one of the first to forestall. He revels in the view of nature in her loftiest moods, and paints a meadow and a hill, a horse or boat, as Claude Lorraine did the ruins of Rome, the waterfalls of Tivoli, the Bay of Naples,—embellishing, as it were, the very nature he sought to render faithfully and truly.

The rich variety, and the fecundity of Cuyp lead us to compare him often to other masters whose style was similar. Like Wouwermans, he was fond of a halt of hunters, a quiet bit of woodland sport, but he treated the subject differently. His horses have a marked difference from any others, his nobles have a manner of their own. Few who have visited the Gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, have failed to note the two Cuyps known as "The Going out for a Ride" and "The Return," the former of which is engraved in the present number.

We have often gazed with pleasure, during our once daily walks in that magnificent gallery, at both. The "Going out" well exemplifies the genius of Cuyp. A richly-dressed lord, clothed in scarlet, has just vaulted on a mottled grey horse, while his squire in green tunic stoops to hold the stirrup. The leading group, lit up by a bright sun, is relieved against a house in deep shadow, whence are issuing the lord and one of his suite. To the right, the shadow of the edifice, falling on the earth, brings out in warm colours the brilliant light which

fills the back of the picture; two shepherds and a flock of sheep are brought within the rays of the sun, and form a light demi-tint, a transition admirably contrived as a contrast both to the dark shadows of the foreground and the clearness of the distant background. It is an exquisite portraiture of a living breathing scene of life in its strongest sense, of the tranquillity and ease of the fortunate, of the heat and splendour of day.

The other, which forms with it a pair, represents three horsemen, among whom you recognise the lord by the magnificence of his costume, the beauty of his horse, and the haughty frankness of his mien. A hunter in livery holding two dogs in leash, presents a partridge to one of the squires, and this little event draws the attention of the three personages. On one side a tuft of trees, mingled with brushwood, brings forward the cavaliers; while on the other we behold a vast landscape inundated by light, where you see cattle, houses at the foot of a hill, and antique towers, doubtless the manor towards which the seigneur and his suite are wending their way. The mind is inspired with calm delight as it gazes on that luminous scene, and then comes to rest on the gallant mien of that gentleman in blue velvet garnished with gold, his hair floating on his shoulders, and his head covered by a kind of turban made of some white drapery. The play of *chiaro-oscuro* is here principally caused by the diversity of local colours. The marked tints of the two horses, one chestnut, the other black, are in contrast to the master's steed, whose white and spotted skin is so admirably rendered as to deceive the eye. The painter has rendered and constructed the habiliments of the cavaliers as ably as the tones of the horses' hair, opposing the dun velvet of the squires to the dazzling velvet of their noble master. These pictures should never be passed over on a visit to the Louvre.

We must not be led to believe that Albert Cuyp is a painter without faults. In some of his best pictures we shall find errors to note, bits heavily rendered. Some have criticised rather slightly two dogs in "The Going out." They are not faultless, but they are very little inferior to the rest of the picture. Many of the admirers of Cuyp carry their high sense of his genius so far as to ascribe his little errors of omission to accident, and some attribute even these two beautiful masterpieces to Jacques Gerard Cuyp, rather than own the slight faults of an artist of such power and skill as Albert. But whatever the energy of the execution and the excellence of his touch, often thick and irregular, sometimes sharp and firm—whatever the beauty of his colouring, warm, rich, and harmonious—he is perhaps more remarkable in the expression of sentiment than even in the execution of his works. The modes and fashions he pictures are stamped by his individuality, while strictly in accordance with historic truth; the ideas which he calls up wear the impress of his personal temperament. The same gallant cavaliers who appear in the hunting subjects of Wouvermans, elegant, rude, and proud, mounted on prancing steeds, ready at every moment to rear and leap, are viewed by Cuyp in quite a different light. They too bear the stamp of his peculiar characteristics. His models remind us of those opulent burghers of the seventeenth century who led the life of noble lords without their easy and lively manners, their haughty air, and what can only be explained as wide-awake character. The cavaliers of Wouvermans have a firm air, and one fancies one hears their coarse words; armed for love and war, they carry gorgeous plumes stuck in their broad-brimmed felt hats; they have golden spurs, loose boots, and pistols in their holsters. The heroes of grave and thoughtful Albert Cuyp are not so petulant; their physiognomy is calm and grave, their dress is rich, of dazzling stuff, but without coquetry; their horses are thorough-bred, solid, strong, docile, and ready for gallop or trot, but they know nothing of rearing and kicking—of taking a bit in their mouths—of starting off at a hand-gallop—and other tricks known to chivalric horses. Those who ride upon them are peaceful men—steady and solemn Protestants, who ride side by side, in solemn discourse on the affairs of the state. The father of a family, whom Terburg, Nelsehe, or Metzger would show us in the interior of their houses, gently

laying down the law to a beloved child, being present at a daughter's music lesson, or presiding at a meal, we find Albert Cuyp delineating at the hour when he passes along on horseback, with his servants, followed by his dogs, and looking on his ride as a question of health, an amusement at a fixed hour. Albert Cuyp is truly the Flemish citizen painter—the fortunate and well-to-do citizen, he is remembered.

It is much to be regretted that the annalists and biographers of the seventeenth century have been so indifferent as not to transmit to posterity something of the life and habits of the great artists of Holland. There is no biography of Albert Cuyp. The life of an artist is always replete with matter worthy of remembrance. We need only refer to the sketches of those whose friends have recorded their sayings and doings. Was Cuyp brought up in luxury and ease, or was his youth passed in struggling, as so many others have done, against misery and care? Was he rich or poor? Did he ever take wife or have children? Who were his friends and protectors? We know not. To not one of these questions can we find an answer. And yet, were but a few of these details known, how much might we not draw thence to explain and understand his particular genius. His life must have been quiet, regular, happy, of that kind of happiness which gives a long series of years, and an indulgent and vigorous old age. We are, however, ignorant of the precise date of his death. It appears, however, according to Immerzeel of Amsterdam, that he was living in 1680, though the general inquiry of most writers has only carried the evidence up to 1672. We are able to asseverate from one of his pictures, where he paints a salmon fishery, a picture to be found in the Museum of the Hague, that he had for patron a farmer of the fishery of Dordrecht—a vague and dreamy kind of fact, which tells us nothing of either the protector or the protected. The general opinion of historians suggests, and general rumours appear here to be pretty correct, that the life of Albert Cuyp was calm, honest, laborious, and without passion. He must have found, at an early age, ample resources from his mere talent, and could have never known the bitter luxury of want. Of a calm temperament, of a gentle, quiet, and firm character, he doubtless lived in friendly intercourse with the best men of his time. It appears even that he was much connected with Maurice of Nassau, whom he often painted and copied in his hunting subjects, which would lead us to believe him a pure Calvinist. An elder of the reformed church, he no doubt practised with regularity, and without ostentation, his religious duties, as they were then understood. To judge him, in a word, from those histories of themselves which painters sometimes trace as clearly in their pictures as writers do in their books, Cuyp was a simple man, regular in his habits, and respected and loved by all who knew him. It has been truly said, that the tranquillity of his landscapes, plunged in indescribable ether, proves the serenity of his mind, and that the choice of his subjects demonstrates the simplicity of his tastes.

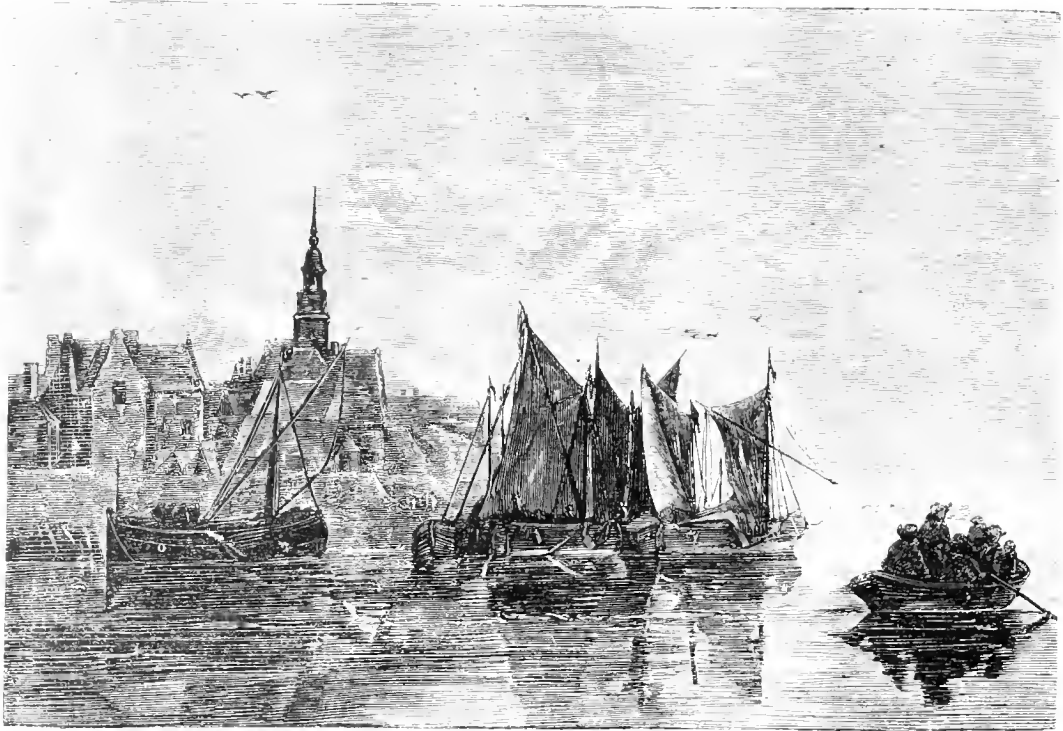
We are informed by Lebrun, that the English were the first who appreciated at their true value the pictures of Cuyp. We are told by Sir Edmund Head, that Cuyp's works were not valued highly until after his death. We are assured by another authority (Smith), that at the principal picture sales in Holland to the year 1750, there is no instance of any of Cuyp's works being sold for so much as 48 sterling (thirty florins). This statement is not corroborated by the *Kunstler Lexicon* of Naylor. According to Smith, a gradual advance in the value of Cuyp's pictures took place soon after the period just named, owing to the high reputation they had obtained among English and French dealers. In 1785, at the sale of the collection of M. Von der Linden von Shingelardt, Cuyp's pictures obtained prices, in some cases, commensurate with their merits, but which subsequently have been merited fourfold. In 1774, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, and states, that at a sale of Sir George Colbrooke's pictures, one by Cuyp (a view of Nimeguen), which had cost its possessor only seventy guineas, was readily disposed of for £200. Lebrun says, "The French were a long time before they appreciated

the works of Cuypp, and yet I have been present at sales in England when they have fetched three and four hundred louis. This great painter has treated every style with equal success, and has indeed been so perfect in all, that we know not which to select as his best. Portraits, animals, fruits—nothing was foreign to his genius. . . . The sun warms his productions."

One of these facetious French critics, who follows in the beaten track of prejudice, and who is possessed by a belief that the unfortunate people of these isles never see the sun, that we live in the midst of a fog, which everlastingly conceals from us the real character of that luminary—who believes, with most Frenchmen, that sales of wares in market-places are legal transfers in England, that we have no real green fields, and are, in fine, a nation of purblind shopkeepers, of course thoroughly comprehends our love of Cuypp, and why we should have been the first people to acknowledge his merits. Albert Cuypp did indeed introduce the sun and all its glowing images and radiance with singular power in his pictures. But many artists have done the same, and this by no means explains our

him ensue from a kind of rabid fire-worship on the part of unfortunate islanders, who can never see the sun save in pictures.

The "View of the Maes" (p. 188) is the subject which excites the admiration of the English critic above alluded to. It is truly a lovely scene, happily arranged with a transparent background and a vast perspective. The trees which overhang the borders of the river are not gnarled and strange; on the contrary, they rise majestically and wave beneath the breeze as if saluting in chivalrous manner the river that bathes their stems. The sky is delicate, brilliant, warm; water refreshes the eye, and distant hills make up a pleasing and effective background. Cuypp has placed in this picture everything which we love to find in a landscape. There is a martial cavalier, a rustic and simple herdsman without coarseness, watching cows of dun and spotted colour, a superb bull, and some sheep; and then some splendid oaks of a grandeur suited to heroic landscapes, and a fine river where float a cloud of ducks, upon which a hunter is about to fire. The whole is coloured by a rich sun,



VIEW OF DORDRUGHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

calling him the Claude Lorraine of Holland. This name was given him in Boydell's Collection, and the writer of the sketch in that work rates him quite as high as Claude for his colouring—a merit the greater that the Dutch painter never left his native land, and could never, therefore, have seen any of the warm landscapes of the sunny south. But the admiration of English *connoisseurs* has not been excited in favour of Cuypp because he brings us in communication with the sun, which is to be gazed on here about as often as in most parts of France. What has taken the fancy of our fellow-countrymen has been his admirable representations of cattle, his water-pieces, and, above all, his study to paint well-fed animals, fat oxen, clean-limbed horses, and many other things which are in accordance with our tastes as a highly agricultural people. Such criticism as that we allude to is puerile; and there is no subject which should be more cosmopolitan, and less affected by national prejudice, than art-criticism. When the reasons for our admiration of Albert Cuypp are so obvious, it is childish to seek, for the sake of smartness, to make an appreciation of

at an hour when the day is about to give way to night—a magnificent, imposing, and calm effect, full of rich poetry. There is a minute description by the English critic in Boydell, who has examined most carefully every tint, as if he hoped to leave such a description that by the aid of it and the engraving the painting might be recreated if lost. "The principal figure," he says, "is on horseback in a jacket of golden yellow, the sleeve of which is white; his cloak is of pale purple with a blue tinge; the man near him is dressed in black. When painting the human figure, Cuypp conceives very inelegant and short proportions. The one further off, and who carries a stick on his shoulder, is dressed in ruddy violet drapery. The reclining bull is black, and the cow behind is white. The other cows are variously marked with fawn and cream spots. Amid the distant group there is a woman wearing a sky-blue drapery, with white sleeves, and the boy is dressed in brown suit inclined to red. The hunter aiming at the ducks has a yellow doublet with red sleeves, which the neighbourhood of the trees tints with a green reflection."

When one has examined the oxen and cows of Potter, Berghem, Van der Velde, Kenel, Du Jardin, and the sheep of Van der Does, it is difficult to believe in any other mode of comprehending pasturage and cattle. We wonder almost how they can be delineated otherwise. And yet Albert Cuyp, who was the first master in this style, discovered a simple and new mode of viewing animal creation, a manner which is peculiar to no one else, Rembrandt excepted. Power, majesty, calm force, were characteristics discovered by Albert Cuyp in the brutes of the field, because he enveloped them with the mantle of his genius. He takes care always to present them in a way which shows off their best features, their most fully developed and rounded forms. There is something in his animals of the terrible genius which Poussin gives to his heroes. Their aspect is frowning and grand. The horses are lofty and proudly erect. Their thick and bushy tails sweep round their hind legs. They seem to be full of life, energy, and health.

As usual, the warm glow of sunshine adorns the landscape in a peculiar way.

It is somewhat singular that the French *amateurs* and *connoisseurs*, who profess to be very quick in finding out the merits of genius, should have remained so long blind to his talents, when men so very inferior to Albert Cuyp have acquired such rapid renown. The English nation showed better taste, and, indeed, it is our belief that nowhere has art ever been appreciated so highly as in this country. Our private galleries alone are miracles of richness and beauty. But in France sixty years ago Cuyp was unknown. His name is found in no catalogue. Those of the sales of Gersaint and Pierre Remy are silent with regard to his existence. The gallery of the Duke de Choiseul, and the cabinet Poullain possessed one or two of this master; but, despite the renown Cuyp had acquired on our side of the channel, they were unnoticed by amateurs. The nineteenth century came ere



THE CAMP. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

His herds and flocks are ever floating in a misty and warm light, which harmonises with the general details of the painting, and which conceals every angularity, leaving the eye only the power to examine the general outline. "His reclining bulls," says Thoré, "are magnificent brutes, with their marked spines, and their long noses, and their expansive nostrils."

His painting of "Cattle drinking at a River side" fully illustrates this. In this picture, of which the engraving is given (p. 189), the sturdy, fat, and large-sized cows, the picturesque shepherd, the quiet sage-looking dog, with the distant effect of a small vessel, of other cattle, a village spire, scattered houses, hills, and a rich, warm sky, make up in the painting one of Cuyp's most effective productions. The cows are admirably grouped. Every one is in the very position in which you would fancy it would stand. It is an interesting engraving, as fully exemplifying the style of Albert Cuyp.

the painter of Dordrecht acquired due celebrity in France after his pictures had been turned about from one indifferent purchaser to another. We fully understand, however, why Cuyp came to be more readily appreciated by the Dutch and English, without accepting the salve which French art-critics find for themselves - our anxious desire to see the sea, even on canvas. His water-pieces, boats, rivers, canals, were more readily understood by naval nations than by a purely military nation, like the French. Both we and the Hollanders have always admired everything of mark connected with our favourite element. The same reason accounts for the popularity of Bachuysen and William Van der Velde.

A painter who could introduce so much air, light, and depth into his pictures, could not but excel in marine pieces. Those of Cuyp are like his landscapes - they are vivid, powerful, and true. They transport you bodily to the ports and

seas of Holland, while the execution is majestic, positive, exact. One of his most justly celebrated works in this style, is that which represents the "Canal of Dort," full of vessels. They are arranged in line, their prows towards the centre of the picture. They have something of the aspect of a regiment in battle array. In fact, we notice a boat with three trumpeters, the Prince of Orange and his suite, who are about to pass the fleet in review. The effect is admirable. We look across them, one after another, until the last is lost in the mist which the sun has not as yet dissipated. It would be but repetition to speak of the fresh morning light falling on the scene, of the transparent air, of the extraordinary perspective. Gazing at the picture from a distance, we are struck by the effect produced by the shadows of the vessels in the limpid water. Looking nearer, we are still more surprised at the dashing and masterly style in which the whole is executed. The boldness and decision of his pencil strikes us here, as well as everywhere else. No painter, Van der Velde excepted, ever has been able to give an equally just and life-like representation of Dutch naval characteristics. Mr. Edward Solly refused £3,000 for this picture.

There is a good marine view in the Louvre by Cuyp. The pacific Dutchman has here departed from his usual calm character, and given us a tempest. The sky is overloaded with clouds; a thunder-bolt has just fallen; and across the whole canvas the lurid glare of the lightning is cast, while the dark form of a small boat stands out in strong relief struggling with the fury of the waves. Some critics have thought this production too poetical and too weak to be the work of Cuyp. It is, however, generally believed to be his; while, being a departure from his usual quiet illustrations of nature, it is certainly somewhat distinct in character.

Painters are like lovers: the lover always believes the beloved one beautiful. True painters see beauty in every phase of nature. Albert Cuyp found loveliness everywhere. Wandering on the banks of his favourite Maes, he found admirable landscapes where hundreds of others would have seen nothing worth painting. He has reproduced this subject under every variety of aspect. Fishermen's barks, ships of various size—some at anchor, some under sail—became, beneath the power of his pencil, delicious pictures. He adds but a ray of the sun, showing the fleet of boats, perhaps, in bold relief, playing amid the ropes, and pulleys, and masts, refracted from the deep waters of the river, giving marked outline to the faces of some of the crew, and shining on the oars of the boatmen and the pearly drops of water that fall therefrom. Such pictures started complete from his mind. We must not, however, forget the Steeple of Dort, of which the painter contrives to make a kind of pivot for all his little water-pieces. One of the best of these is in the possession of Mr. Holford, of London. Albert Cuyp is almost unique amongst the Flemish school in this style. His popular rival, Van Goyen, is too monotonous and superficial. It required the varied genius of Cuyp to produce such pictures, as he generally introduces a little of everything in which he excelled. Horses crossing a river in a ferry-boat; picturesque cottages surrounded by foliage, situated on the borders of a canal, and inhabited by Dutchmen with painted hats; figures of sailors descending the Maes; boatmen hauling along timber-rafts to Flossinguen; or a barge full of travellers, and drawn by a horse. This barge is what is called in Holland *Trechtschuyt*, a light boat with one mast, and in which travellers are conveyed for one halfpenny a mile. Those who love quiet can hire for a trifle, in addition, a little separate room, called the "Roof;" it is at the stern of the boat, and has two windows on each side. The hiring of this room affords a lively illustration of the extreme formality of Dutchmen even in their most trivial transactions. For the few halfpence that this luxury costs, the traveller has to give a printed receipt to an agent, whose duty it is to attend at the entrance of each town for the purpose of regulating the accounts of the *Trechtschuyt*.

This silent mode of travelling by water, which is the characteristic of these northern Venices, could not escape the keen

eye of Albert Cuyp, who observed everything, and who loved Holland with all the enthusiastic love of a painter. The same man who so successfully treated midday scenes, when the sun shed its beams on fields and meadows, on water and on trees, was equally successful when he undertook to paint the interiors of churches in the style of Emanuel de Witte or of Nikkelen, or moonlight scenes in the style of Artus van der Neer. He was, indeed, their master, having indicated to them their peculiar styles. He was one of the first who succeeded in rendering on canvas that solemnity which we feel in the interior of a cathedral, when from some gloomy chapel we behold the light fall from the lofty windows of the nave, gilding the rich and elaborate carving, and playing fitfully upon the tessellated pavement. Even in historical subjects—such as the "Baptism of the Eunuch"—Albert Cuyp displayed equal ability. It is difficult, in fact, to mention any style in which he did not excel. Our readers are aware that many Flemish painters obtained celebrity by devoting their talents to illustrating the poultry-yard. Here, too, Albert Cuyp preceded Melchior Hondecooter, in depicting the heroic combats of the cockpit. In the collection of Dr. Leroy d'Etioilles, there is a cock-fight by Cuyp, which is admirably rendered. The action is animated and energetic. One of the combatants has thrown his adversary, his outspread wings supporting him; he digs his talons into the breast of the vanquished, and tears with his beak his bleeding crest. The defeated bird has thrown his wings back, and is thus trying to raise himself. His desperate struggles are expressed with painful truth. In the background, to the left, is a fowl looking on, half in terror, half in admiration, at the combat of which she has been the innocent cause. Many French critics have compared this picture to a fable of La Fontaine, and several modern French painters have imitated his style. This is perhaps the least meritorious of all Cuyp's pictures, and was produced probably at an early period of his career. He has left, however, many admirable paintings of the poultry-yard. A hen-house, which was sold amongst the other pictures of the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, is said to be worthy of his best days. M. George speaks of it as combining keen observation with the highest powers of genius. If Cuyp's works were placed in chronological order, we should find, we believe, that those great landscapes in which animals appear only as the accessories, belong to that period of his life when he had nothing to learn—when his genius had become fully developed. In those pictures which bear the stamp of early years, we find animals occupying a prominent position, and the details of scenery and human figures are subordinately treated. This will be found to be the case in that strange production somewhat resembling the "Paradise" of John Breughel, where we behold Orpheus seated under a tree, and taming the animal creation by the music of his violin. As Cuyp had to represent tigers, elephants, and leopards—creatures with which he was less acquainted than with domestic animals—the worthy Bavian has exhibited considerable ingenuity in getting over the difficulty. Near the divine musician is represented a cow, a horse, a dog, a cat, and some hares, and in the distant background are placed those ferocious beasts with whose forms he was less familiar. It has been remarked that Albert Cuyp rather destroys the effect of the marvellous music of Orpheus by this arrangement, there being no great merit in taming the tranquil animals which inhabit our stables and our farm-yards. It is difficult, however, even for genius to think of everything. This picture is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute. The "Pasturage on the Banks of the Maes," an engraving of which we present (p. 184), affords a remarkable contrast to this mythological creation. Here the genius of Cuyp had a congenial field in which to exercise its powers. He drew his inspiration from a home source. The principal group is composed of cattle—as in so many of his other works—some reclining lazily upon the ground, others clustering round a tree, as if for shelter from the sun. They are larger than Cuyp usually paints them, and are drawn with a care, a precision, and a power which is increased by the marvellous beauty of the tone. In the foreground are plants, grass, and shrubs, rendered with

that fidelity to nature which is one of the principal characteristics of this artist. The grass is thick, silky, fresh and inviting—such a grass as that which poets have sang so much of. The whole scene is flooded with light. A saffron-coloured vapour tints, towards the horizon, the water, the trees, the plants, and the distant houses that cluster round the church. The clearness of the air surpasses belief. The background is filled up by an eminence, on which are shepherds and their flocks, while across the river are houses, windmills, and steeples. One of the most pleasing features of this picture is that which fills the right corner. A shepherd, his faithful dog by his side, is playing upon a pipe, and two children are listening to him with intense earnestness. The whole picture is redolent of the richly fertile land watered by the Maes—all is abundance, wealth, happiness. The sun is warm and bright; the well-fed cattle scarcely touch the rich pasture at their feet; the water is cool and pleasant to gaze on; while the shepherd—confident, happy, sure of to-morrow—amuses himself in a quiet and rustic way. One cannot but feel that the painter who conceived and executed this work of art must have been a happy man. The calm serenity of his mind is reflected everywhere. Cuyp would have been no hero for the "Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters." The quiet, calm, un-mysterious man who painted this picture could scarcely have experienced the fierce torments of Ruysdael—torments which speak in many of his paintings—nor the fantastic visions of Rembrandt, nor the wild eccentricities of Everdingen.

There are two other pictures, of which we give engravings, that are worthy of the genius of any master of the Flemish school. "The View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), contains some effects of light and shade truly remarkable. The boats at their moorings, the water, the quaint houses, and the old church, have about them that peculiar picturesqueness which belongs to Holland. The horse and horseman delineated in the scene called "The Camp" (p. 181), which is generally called "The Trooper," exhibits the genius of Cuyp in its best light. The horse is admirably rendered. It is a dapple-gray charger; his master, a citizen soldier, is just arranging the harness about his head, and adding a blue ribbon. The dress of the soldier—his bold manly bearing—the minutiae of the accoutrements—all are portrayed with the customary fidelity. The buff jerkin, cuirass, and large hat, are exceedingly characteristic, while the scene itself is rendered eminently picturesque by the introduction in the background of an eminence, at the foot of which are tents, and soldiers mounted and on foot. Cuyp's usual love of the animal creation is exhibited by the introduction, in a prominent position, of an excellently-painted dog. A horseman coming across the hill, is a picturesque accessory. This picture, which is 3 feet 10 by 1 foot 10½, is in the possession of Her Majesty.

"When Albert Cuyp died"—and the exact year of his death is not known—"there was found," says Arnold Houbraken, "not one model, not one painting of any master in his house." He never studied but from nature herself. It has been suggested that this arose from his disinclination to spend money in purchasing the masterpieces of others. Nothing can be more puerile than to attribute the voluntary ignorance of Cuyp to avarice. If he did not study the works of his predecessors or contemporaries, it was because he needed not to do so. Nature spoke to him in more eloquent language than anything he could find depicted upon canvas. The man of genius concentrates all his faculties on the one great object of his life. Everything that interferes with the accomplishment of his views must inevitably be cast aside. We often find that even those passions and eccentricities which would appear to militate most powerfully against success, which appear even calculated to degrade the artist, and to remove him from his high pedestal, frequently become the means which fatally impel him onwards. If Cuyp was possessed by the good old gentlemanly vice of avarice, and thus was led to be indifferent with regard to the productions of his rivals; if he thus escaped from the current infatuation relative to engravings of the old masters, we may predicate, that to this cause do we owe his originality. Happy Cuyp! guilty of this one weakness, it

kept him from being a mere imitator; it compelled him to drink at the true source of inspiration; and it gave him that characteristic physiognomy which distinguishes him from all the Flemish school, which he surpasses both in simplicity and grandeur; while the ease, the boldness, and the finish of his execution, defies all imitation.

The lovely plains and hills of Italy, where the outline of all objects is cast in bold relief against a pure sky, bordered by a cloudless horizon, have inspired the genius of the Italian, French, and even English schools. The French have carried this to excess, and given us little else than historical landscape, the scene laid in Italy. French landscape painting, like French tragedy, is stilted and overdone. Painters, like the rhymers of modern French tragic drama, "arranged nature," to use one of their own phrases. They painted so as to elevate that which God had not made sufficiently divine for them. They turned hills into mountains, and mountains into hills; they altered trees, and gave them picturesqueness, and thrust in, on all occasions, Roman ruins and broken Greek columns. Poussin conquered the difficulties of this fictitious style; even when the scene was artificial, his genius mastered the incongruous elements he had to deal with. He struck his contemporaries dumb with astonishment; but his imitators and disciples—Guaspre, Francisque Millet, Leatelli, Orizonti, Van Huysum—could not succeed in disguising the defects of their style, as adorned by the genius of such a man as Poussin. In these imitators, the faults and errors outweighed whatever little talent they possessed. Their pictures, in as far as they were imitations of Poussin, are something like those stolid definitions of virtue which elevate man to something like the character of a demi-god. Their pictures are so replete with conventional majesty, and solid nobility of style, that we search in vain for nature and its pure and sweet emotions. This was not the case with old Albert Cuyp. He loved, it is true, tall trees rising majestically towards the sky, the rippling waves of rivers; but he was too much of a real student not to be aware that all this needed no imagining, also, that nature had no need of being corrected and improved in the closet. He knew that the difficulty was to come up to nature. All those beauties which certain painters aimed at inventing, he knew to exist already in creation, needing but eyes to see them, and a heart to feel them. He bore within himself the sentiment of grandeur, and everywhere he naturally invested what he saw with elevated ideality.

Albert had so strong a dislike to deep shadows, to cloudy skies, to the aspect of a country veiled by melancholy and gloom, that even when depicting his favourite winter scenes—rivers clothed in ice, effects of snow whitening the roof of huts, and hanging heavily on the boughs of the naked trees—he must chase away the fog, scatter the clouds, and show the cold but pleasing rays of a winter's sun upon the landscape. There is one beautiful piece of this kind engraved by Fittler, representing "Fishing beneath the Ice." This picture is in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, and cost originally 1,200 guineas.

It is a view on the river Maes during a severe frost. On the foreground and left are sixteen fishermen, the greater part of whom are busy with nets and long poles, fishing under the ice, while others are putting the fish into tubs. On the opposite side is a market woman seated in a sledge, drawn by two horses. Several persons skating and otherwise engaged, are distributed over the river. A tent and the tower of a church are seen in the distance, and a few leafless trees and a windmill give interest to the banks of the river. The consummate skill of the painter has given to this bold and dreary scene an aspect the most agreeable and inviting, by the cheering presence of the sun, whose warmth appears to soften the sharp fridity of the atmosphere, and to diffuse a sparkling brilliancy upon every present object, lighting up the whole scene to dazzling brightness. Groups of fishermen, whose countenances and gestures indicate health and vigour, add materially the magical effect, which is perfected to illusion by the delightful truth of the gradations and purity of colour. But Cuyp never tried to represent that heavy and gray sky

which hangs upon the earth like the marble covering of a tomb. It is really remarkable to notice how this painter has succeeded in painting winters without coldness, and moon-lights without sadness.

There are to be found in old print-shops eight engravings by Albert Cuyp. It has been objected that as Adam Bartsch, Huber, and Rost, the catalogue of Brandes, that of Winkeler,

with a bold and firm hand. A writer on the subject, who takes his facts from Smith's catalogue, says of his drawings:—

“They were generally executed with black chalk or India ink, without the charms of colouring, and not displaying accuracy or great talent. They are not held in high esteem, although but few of them are in existence. Some few etchings of Cuyp, evincing careful study of nature and bold-



PASTURAGE ON THE BANKS OF THE MAAS, FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

make no mention of any of them, while even the catalogue of the Rigal sale is equally silent, therefore they are not genuine. It is, however, sufficient to examine them to be assured whence they come. They have the marked character, the accent of his pictures, and it is impossible for one learned in the history of Flemish art to ascribe them to any one else. They are, as may naturally be expected, studies of oxen and cows, engraved

ness of execution, are much valued. They, however, are exceedingly rare, a very few specimens only being known to exist in the galleries of amateurs.”

We have already spoken of the mixture of elevation and ingenuity which is the true characteristic of the genius of Cuyp. This is the first impression which strikes us when we examine his landscapes. But it is necessary to add, that no

Dutch landscape painter has carried further the knowledge of aerial perspective. No one has carried further the power of representing air, transparence, depth, and purity of atmospheric effect in his pictures. It seems strange; but it must have been that this Dutchman, born amid the fogs of his country—a country he never left—must have had in the depths of his tranquil mind something like an interior and serene

Italian palaces, we should do so forgetting that the two painters were born at far distant extremities of Europe. Claude passed his life at Rome or at Naples, Cuyyp seldom left the city of Dort, and never saw any sky save that of the Low Countries. We must not then expect him to paint the cerulean blue ether of Italian skies. His sun is more pale, of a clearer and softer hue, but the spectator feels around him a freshness which



GOING OUT FOR A RIDE. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYP.

light, which made him see everything in creation through an impalpable and imponderable ether, which bathes his radiant pictures in lucidity. He has been called the Claude Lorraine of Holland, and this warm praise is only exaggerated in appearance. If one expected to find in Cuyyp the golden specks playing in the sunbeams, the orange tints of the skies of Lorraine, her green and silvery waves, and the warm vapoury clouds that play round the columns of the

penetrates to the heart, calming and consoling the mind. The atmosphere of Claude is burning, it scorches the lungs; loaded with the perfumes of poetry, it draws the soul on to indolence and love; that of Cuyyp impels to freshness, excites a desire to travel, gives strength, and rouses activity and life. These two different masters, so different in character, are yet both true. The few degrees of latitude between their two lands made the difference of their genius. But we cannot but

allow that the inspired painter Jorraïne had much more before him to rouse his pencil and brush, to create rich nature, than any northern painter could find, however much he might be a worshipper of light. Claude had but to wander on the shores of the Bay of Naples to find radiant and dazzling subjects every day. In Holland, on the contrary, the sky has splendid pictures for the eye only at rare intervals. Like Ormuz, the sun struggles during a great part of the year against darkness. And yet it is strange that we find in Cuyp none of those struggles between light and darkness, between day and night, which so moved the soul of Rembrandt. The artist and painter of the cold north always loved the light, the day, the sun. In fine, the great, the crying, the wonderful characteristic of Cuyp is, that in Holland, in the seventeenth century, that is to say, before the second invasion of a foreign style, he sought the picturesque elsewhere than in rude disorder, effect rather than in contrast, and found grandeur in simplicity, as he found happiness in a peaceful life.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, of France possesses several engravings all of cows.

In Smith's catalogue there are 335 pictures of Albert Cuyp mentioned; but some of them are the same, described, however, under different names.

The Museum of the Louvre contains six—a "Pasturage on the borders of a river" (p. 184), valued at £2,000. "The Return" and "The Departure for a Ride;" the pair are valued at the same sum. The Departure, of which we give the engraving (p. 185), is the best. The others are in the same style.

Vienna has one picture of "Five Cows," four of which are lying down.

At Munich there are two, one of "A Horseman," the other a "Cock and Hen on a dunghill."

At Dresden there is one, "A Woman spinning and a Man sleeping."

Amsterdam has two, "A mountainous Landscape," and "A fierce Charge of Cavalry."

At the Hague is a very clever "View of the Environs of Dordrecht."

The Hermitage of St. Petersburg contains several small specimens.

It is in England, however, that we find a great abundance of Cuyps, because here this great painter has always been appreciated and understood. The reader may therefore enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of fully examining into the merits of this painter himself.

The National Gallery contains a picture which has been engraved by Bentley and by Goodall. It is a "Hilly Landscape," intersected by a winding river. On the right and front is a gentleman on a dappled-gray horse, represented with his back to the spectator; he appears to be in conversation with a woman who stands by his side, and at the same time is pointing with his whip towards three sportsmen, who are seen in the second distance watering their steeds at a river. Two cows lying down, a flock of sheep, and three dogs, are distributed over the foreground, which is diversified with docks and other wild plants. The aspect of a fine summer's morning is diffused throughout the scene. It originally belonged to Laurence Dundas. It then passed to Mr. Angerstein, and in 1824 was bought by Parliament for the National Gallery at a cost of 195 guineas.

Dulwich contains eighteen, and there are the pictures which are best known in this country. They are of a very varied character, though all rustic landscapes, interiors of houses, and water-pieces, enriched by barks and fishermen. Smith has given a lengthened catalogue of them, but one or two will suffice for those readers who are not disposed to examine for themselves. It is one part of the progressive education of this country that picture-galleries are now beginning to be fully appreciated by the millions; and it is the pleasant province of a work like that we are publishing, to assist the great mass of the community in forming correct ideas in relation to the great masters, who otherwise would be confounded. Everybody can admire a striking and effective picture, but it is only after some study that its beauties can be fully appreciated.

The first worthy of note is a landscape with a broad road on the right, and two lofty trees at its side, which stand near the middle of the picture. At the foot of these are seated two shepherds guarding a flock of thirteen sheep, which are browsing around them; further on the road is a woman in blue, wearing a straw hat, in conversation with a man who is mounted on a mule loaded with panniers. The left of the picture is adorned with shrubs and bushes, growing luxuriantly on the banks of a river. It originally cost 180 guineas.

We have then a landscape composed of a hilly foreground, and a canal flowing in the middle distance on which are vessels under sail. A group of eight cows occupies the front, the whole of which, except one, are lying down; they are guarded by a peasant in a red jacket with a knapsack at his back, who is leaning on a stick apparently in conversation with a woman seated, with a little girl standing by her. This is a pretty and pleasing production, quite *à la Cuyp*.

Another is still of his favourite land. It is a landscape representing a "View in Holland." In the foreground are two shepherds, one of whom stands with his back to the spectator, the other is lying down; at a little distance from them are a black and white cow standing, and a red one lying down, and under a lofty hill on the left, is seen a herd of cattle. This cost the nation 130 guineas. "A Woman keeping Cows" is a pleasing landscape of a mountainous country, with a river on the right, extending into the extreme distance. In a meadow, composing the left foreground, are seven cows, four sheep, a horse, and a woman with a stick in her hand. This picture was in the possession of Sir Francis Bourgeois, and cost £225. "A Gentleman on Horseback," which cost 950 guineas; now in the collection of Edmund Higginson, Esq., of Saltmarsh Castle, is a beautiful picture—the glowing warmth of a summer sun gilds the scene. "A Herd of Cows Reposing," is a picture such as none but a great artist could have painted. It cost £800, but it was lately in the possession of Baron Delessert, Paris.

"An ancient Castle with Towers, encompassed by a moat and surrounded by lofty hills." A man on a black horse, and a herdsman with five sheep, give interest to the foreground. This picture is a perfect gem. It is 1 foot by 1 foot 8 inches.

This painting was originally bought of an old-clothes man, at Hoorn, in Holland, for about fifteen pence. It passed through many hands, increasing in value whenever re-sold, and was at length brought to England by Mr. La Fontain, who sold it for three hundred and fifty guineas. It is a delightful composition, with charming effects introduced.

The Earl of Ashburnham has a "View of the Castle of Ne-miguen on the confluence of the Rhine," which cost eight hundred guineas—an admirable work, brilliant in tone and admirable in the execution.

The Marquis of Bute possesses a Landscape with a large river on the right, on the further side of which is a small town, and beyond it a lofty hill. The brilliant effect of the morning sun pervades this lovely scene. This beautiful picture merits the highest commendations for the various qualities which give interest and value to this work of Cuyp, which is valued at 1,800 guineas.

The late Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., possessed many which have passed into the gallery of Lord Alford.—"A View on the River Maes," with the town of Dort on the spectator's left, and numerous vessels lying in long perspective by the side of the quay. Among them may be chiefly noticed a large Dutch passage-boat filled with persons, alongside of which lies a small boat, having on board an officer in a scarlet dress seated, and another wearing a dark dress standing near him; a yacht and several other boats are distributed over the river. The effect of a fine summer's evening pervades the scene and gives to the rippling wave a thousand varied hues. A few light summer clouds float over the azure sky, and contribute greatly to the charm of this superb production.

Of the very few pictures which Cuyp painted of this size (it is 3 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 6½ inches) and subject, the one just described is perhaps the one most agreeable to the eye

and feelings; as it possesses an agreeable warmth of tone, combined with the appearance of a genial atmosphere, free from that sultry and oppressive heat which sometimes predominates in his pictures; it is worth £2,000.

Another is a number of "Horsemen watering their Steeds in a river." It is impossible to commend too highly this beautiful work of art; the masterly execution displayed in every part, the science evinced in the arrangement of objects and forms, and the wonderful and lovely gradations of tints and atmospheric truth, justly entitle it to the first rank among his last productions. It is worth from £1,500 to £2,000, and is in the collection of J. Martin, Esq.

"The Thirsty Herd-man." A hilly country, beautifully diversified by clusters of trees and an extensive river, represented under the aspect of a brilliant sunset. An example of superlative excellence. It is in the possession of Mr. J. Norton, and cost 380 guineas.

In the collection of Mr. J. H. Hope, is a very beautiful "Cattle Piece."

In the private collection of the Queen, besides that already described, may be seen, a negro holding two horses, a cavalier conversing in the middle of a crowd, a group of three cows, with a shepherd and his wife.

Lord Varborough has a very effective "Winter Scene," a frozen river, which is not to be confounded with that in the possession of the Duke of Bedford.

The late Sir Robert Peel had three pictures of Cuyp, which we believe are still in the possession of his son; a "Group of Cows near a River," which was purchased at an expense of £400; "Cavaliers and Cattle," £200. The third is an "Old Castle surrounded by Towers," the deep shadows of which are reflected on the surrounding water. A horseman, a shepherd and some lambs fill the foreground. The light and shade of this picture is exquisite in finish.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains the remarkable "Naval Piece," described above.

Lord Lansdowne has two Cuyp's; one, a scene on the everlasting Maes, the other "A Woman Milking."

The Grosvenor Gallery has four—"A Landscape," "A Moonlight," "A Stream," and another "Landscape."

A well-known Parisian connoisseur possesses an important and superb picture by Cuyp. It is a large and splendid "View of Dordrecht" (p. 180), taken on the side of the jetty. The scene is animated by barks and vessels, of which some carry the Dutch flag. A bale of merchandise is being unloaded from a schooner into a boat, and addressed to A. Cuyp. A vast multitude of vessels are seen on the horizon; others enter the roads, and are firing the saluting cannon. On the first foreground to the left is a group of three barks, loaded with merchandise and men. On the side of the vessel towards us, we read, "A. Cuyp f. 1640." This was the epoch when the artist was in the full force of his genius. To the right is the town of Dort, with its crowded jetty. In the canal are two other boats, on board of one of which are two, and on board the other, four persons. There are fifty figures in this painting. It is one of his richest productions; every detail is rendered with the perfection of genius.

Baron James Rothschild possesses two very good Cuyp's. The subjects are, "A View on the Water" and "A Paysage on the Borders of the Maes." There is a town sleeping in a luminous fog, on a motionless canal, where a great trading-ship is at anchor. Here we see two elegant cavaliers, one of whom with a red cloak, mounted on a black horse; the other has dismounted to arrange the bridle of his white horse, seen *en groupe*. A shepherd, sitting on the ground, is speaking to them. To the right, in the foreground, are three cows and two figures. In the distance, in golden vapour, is a church with ruined towers.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a group of seven persons, of whom six are gambling, was sold for £108s.; while another, "A View of the Maes," loaded with sailing vessels and sloops, fetched £80. "Two Cows," in the side of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, fetched £70. At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "A View of the Maes" fetched £94.

Towards the middle of the picture are six cows, while the right is occupied by a boat manned by two sailors. At the Robit side, 1801, was sold "A View of the Banks of the Maes." To the left is a rich hill-side with several cows; one stands up, and a woman is milking it. It sold for £100. Also another "View of the Maes by Moonlight," which fetched £112 16s. At the sale of Leyden, in 1804, there was sold a "View of Flossingen," which realised £100. At the Lebrun sale, in 1811, a beautiful "Interior of a Village" was sold for £104. It is a sweet and pretty scene. At the Laperrière sale, in 1823, "A Hunting Party" was sold for £916. It represents a young Prince of Orange, mounted on a brown horse of small stature, stopping to give orders to his hunters. He is accompanied by two squires, mounted on a black and a gray horse. Towards the second foreground is a hare, dogs, a piqueur on horseback, and a valet running on foot.

As we have before stated, the works of Albert Cuyp were not held in high estimation during the lifetime of the artist. It was the English who first showed a proper appreciation of their merit. After the sale of the Van Slingelandt collection, which took place in 1785, the prices of his pictures increased so much that imitators of his style speedily arose. The most noticeable of those imitators was Jacob Van Stry, born at Dort in 1756. Van Stry took Cuyp for his model, and ultimately acquired the art of copying and imitating him with wonderful success; so that many of his pictures, after being artfully disguised by dirt and varnish, were sold as original works of Albert Cuyp. But, in addition to this, he was frequently employed to introduce figures and cattle into the genuine pictures of that master, either for the purpose of improving their composition or to please the fancy of the purchaser. Notwithstanding the assiduity with which he studied the works of Cuyp, and the success which has attended many interested persons in imposing his productions on the inexperienced as genuine pictures by that master, he has in every instance fallen far short of those peculiar beauties which constitute the great charm of his teacher. In addition to a prevailing mannerism and hardness of outline which runs through all his pictures, there is an evident deficiency of that mingling of the warm and cool tints so essential in painting. There is, also, a want of truth in his gradations, and an absence of atmospheric effect. He died on the 4th of February, 1815, aged 58, at Dort. His pictures fetched from three hundred to six hundred florins, after his death.

Another imitator was Dionysius Van Dongen, born at Dort in 1748. His attempts at copying were so successful that he found a readier sale for them than for his own pictures. Cuyp, Paul Potter, and Wynants, were his principal models. False Cuyp's he excelled in. He died, in 1819, at Dort.

Another was Abraham Van Bossum. He was less servile in his imitation than the others. Some of his works are highly prized by the Dutch collectors. His style closely resembles Cuyp's. He flourished about the end of the seventeenth century, and was most successful in landscapes, cattle, views of towns, cottages, and poultry. His pictures have fetched very high prices.

The last imitator was one by name Bernard Van Kulaat, born at Dort in 1650; the date of his death is not known. His style does not much resemble Cuyp's; he, however, began as an imitator of that master, but ultimately abandoned his imitations for a style more easy and more native to him.

The numerous artists who endeavoured to build a reputation and a fortune on the mere imitation of Cuyp, is of itself evidence of that painter's genius. Mediocrity has no ready followers. Mediocrity is common enough. It is the privilege of genius to be pillaged. Poets, authors, artists, have all had their plagiarists; and there is scarcely a painter of any real value, of whom false copies may not be found in the market.

Severe and careful critics will not, however, be imposed upon, and the sham Cuyp's are now cast back to merited obscurity. There is some difference between copying a master as a study, and copying him to palm the imitations on the

public. Careless and ignorant purchasers may not know the difference, and a false Cuypp may be as interesting and valuable to them as a real one. We know ourselves a man of rank and fortune who glories in a Greuze and a Watteau—both barefaced shams, sold to him by a speculative Jew dealer. As the worthy squire is happy in his ignorance, we have not sought to undeceive him.

A critic feels a natural tendency to elevate the subject he is treating. It is impossible to treat of such a painter as Albert Cuypp without rating him very high. One is roused to warm enthusiasm by the study of his pictures. But we think that we have not fallen into exaggeration as far as the great master we have been treating is concerned. It is to be regretted that we have not richer materials about him. We should have been glad to know what kind of a wife he chose unto himself, if he had stalwart sons and fair daughters. But he has no history save his works, which, though so little appreciated in his day, are now immortal. Proud, indeed, may the man be who owns a genuine Cuypp.

Flemish art holds a very high position in the history of the

art of Europe. The men of the Netherlands, who revived painting, did so in a most attractive form. They did not seek the beauty of the ideal, of the very highest order of art, but their characteristic was breadth, freedom, and originality. They combined with this great attention to individual objects. They painted the life they knew: its different phases, its petty and larger peculiarities; the daily existence of the town and village; nature in her works; in-door and domestic. Consequently there was a particular delicacy of touch about them. They do not hold the first place in art, but they tend very much towards it.

Historical painting was a very large department of the Flemish school. It had two branches: one influenced by the catholic clergy in Brabant, the other guided by protestant Holland, and very different in character and attributes. The founder of the Brabant school was Peter Paul Rubens—a painter who had little influence on Cuypp. Cuypp, in the little he did study, studied the Dutch school. But as we have said before, it was by throwing off the trammels of all schools that our artist of Dart became truly great.



VIEW OF THE MAES, NEAR MAESTRECHT. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYPP.

PIETRO DE CORTONA.

SOME two centuries ago, in the sunny land of Italy, beneath the warm sky of Tuscany, there was a little shepherd-boy, of twelve years old, feeding his flock by the wayside. He was a simple herdsman; and there he sat on the warm bank, beneath the shade of a tree, thinking, when suddenly he started up, cast down his crook, and walked away towards Florence. What he did this for, and under what impulse he acted, it is difficult to imagine. But to Florence he did go.

Now in Florence there dwelt another boy, of not more than eight years old, nearly as poor as himself, who had left his native village of Cortona to become turnspit in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti.

Now Pietro did not come to Florence to enter upon the lucrative duties of the scullion of a prince. He was fired by

a noble ardour. In Florence there was a school of painting, and Pietro had determined to become a painter. How, it was difficult to imagine; but he determined to try.

And Pietro stopped before the palace of Cardinal Sachetti, and waited patiently until monsignori had dined, to get an opportunity of speaking to his comrade and friend Tommaso. He waited a long time, but at last Tommaso appeared.

"How do you do, Tommaso?" said Pietro, looking at the well-fed young official with great respect.

"How do you do, Pietro? And what have you come to Florence for?" said the scullion.

"I have come to learn painting," said Pietro of Cortona, quietly.

"Nonsense, you had better learn cooking," replied Tommaso. "It's a good trade; one never can die of hunger in that profession."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here."

"I should think so. I could give myself an indigestion every day if I liked."

"Well," said Pietro merrily, "we can come to an understanding. You have too much, and I have not enough. I'll bring you my appetite, and you'll give me your kitchen."

"Done—settled," said Tommaso.

"Then let us begin from this very moment," cried Pietro, heartily, "for as I have not dined, I feel anxious to begin our partnership at once."

Tommaso took Pietro up secretly to a garret where he himself slept, offered him half of his bed, and told him to wait, for he would soon come up with some leavings from his lordship's table.

"Very good," said Pietro; "but don't be long. My long walk has given me an appetite."

Tommaso soon returned, and the two sat down to supper. It was a gay repast indeed. Tommaso was full of spirits, and laughed heartily at the voracious appetite of Pietro.

whole house with his architect, and visited rooms he had never entered before. The garret of the scullion did not escape the joint investigation of his highness and the artist. Pietro was out; but his numerous sketches on the walls and on paper testified to the patience and talent of the child who dwelt in that garret. The cardinal and the architect were struck by the merit of these works.

"Who lives in this room?" said the prelate.

"Tommaso, a scullion, my lord," replied one of the servants who stood behind.

The cardinal sent for the boy, in order to pay him some highly-merited compliments upon his great ability, and to confer with him as to his future prospects. When, however, poor Tommaso learned that his highness had entered the garret, and had seen what he called the daubs of his friend Pietro, he gave himself up for lost.

"You are no longer to remain among my scullions," said the cardinal, who little thought the boy had a lodger.



CATTLE DRI KING. FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT CUYT.

Pietro had not the means of buying paper and pencil, and Tommaso had as yet no wages. But the walls of the garret were white, and Tommaso brought up some charcoal, with which Pietro began boldly to make sketches. In this way time passed, until Tommaso by chance received a small coin. Great joy in the garret. The young artist procured paper and pencils. He now went out at daybreak, and entering the churches, studied the pictures, the monuments, and wandering about to the out-skirts, studied nature again in those fields which had fired his infant genius, and which by some strange and irresistible impulse had driven him to the study of painting.

By degrees the first crude sketches in charcoal on the walls disappeared, and Pietro of Cortona covered the narrow cell with more perfect pictures. The garret of the young scullion became a little temple of art and friendship.

But even the best kept mysteries are one day explained. Cardinal Sachetti determined one year to have his palace undergo thorough repair. For this purpose he went over the

Tommaso, deceived as to the true meaning of the cardinal's words, thought merely that he was driven from his kitchen, and was without a home. The poor scullion saw ruin for himself, and exile and starvation for his friend. He accordingly, while weeping bitterly, threw himself at his master's feet.

"Oh!" cried he, "do not send me away. What will become of Pietro?"

The cardinal, considerably puzzled, asked for an explanation of these words; and after some little hesitation, he learned that Tommaso had for two years kept in his garret, in secret, a young shepherd-boy.

"When he comes home this evening," said the cardinal, "bring him to me."

And the cardinal dismissed the scullion, after telling him to keep his place, laughing heartily all the while at his mistake.

In the evening the artist did not come back. Two days passed, then eight, and even a fortnight elapsed before anything was again heard of Pietro de Cortona.

At length the cardinal, a great patron of the arts, began to be exceedingly anxious relative to the lad. He caused inquiries to be made, and found that the monks of an isolated convent had sheltered the young artist of fourteen, who had humbly asked permission of them to copy a picture by Raphael which was in the chapel of the cloister. He had been freely allowed to carry out his wish. He was then brought back to the cardinal, who received him with kindness, and placed him at school with one of the best painters of Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men who lived like brethren in one of the most beautiful villas of Florence. People said of the one, "He is one of the greatest painters of the day," and of the other, "He is a model of friendship." It was Pietro de Cortona and his friend, the scullion—the one a great painter, the other a rich and honoured citizen.

THE UNKNOWN MASTERPIECE.

THERE is a tradition current in Spain, which is not one of the least singular of the tales which float about in connexion with painters. One day Rubens was in the neighbourhood of Madrid, and went into a convent of very severe rules, and remarked, not without some surprise, in an humble and poor choir of the monastery, a picture of the most sublime and admirable talent. This picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens summoned his scholars, showed them the picture, and asked their opinion. All replied, that it was of exceeding genius.

"Who can be the author of this work?" asked Vandyk, the cherished pupil of Rubens.

"There is a name at the bottom of the picture, but it has been carefully rubbed out," replied Van Thulden.

Rubens begged the favour of an interview with the prior, and asked of the old monk the name of the artist, whose production he admired so much.

"The painter is no longer of this world," replied the abbot.

"Dead!" cried Rubens, "dead! And no one knows his name, no one ever hinted to me, no one told me, of his name, which should be immortal,—a name before which my own would have faded. And yet, my father," said the artist with a flush of pride, "I am Paul Rubens."

At the sound of this name, the pale face of the prior was animated by singular warmth. His eyes flashed and he looked at Rubens with a strange and wild look—a faint glimmer of pride flashed across his face—but it lasted only a moment. The monk then looked down, crossed his arms, which for a moment he had raised to the heavens in an instant of enthusiasm.

"The artist is not of this world," he repeated.

"His name, my father—his name, that I may let the whole world know it, that I may render unto him the glory which is due unto him."

The monk shook in every limb; a cold sweat burst out upon his body and tinged his wan cheeks; his lips were compressed convulsively, like priests ready to reveal a mystery of which you know the secret.

"His name, his name," cried Rubens.

The monk shook his head.

"Listen to me, my brother; you have not understood my meaning. I said to you that the artist was not of this world—I did not say he was dead."

"You say he lives," cried the artists in chorus. "Give forth his name."

"He has renounced the world—he is in a cloister, he is a monk."

"A monk, my father, a monk? Oh, tell me in what convent. He must come out of it. When God stamps a man with the seal of genius, this man should not be buried in obscurity. God gives such a man a sublime mission, and he must accomplish his destiny. Tell me in what cloister he is concealed, and I will tear him from it, telling him of the glory that awaits him. If he refuses, I will have him commanded

by the Pope to return to the world and resume his brushes. The Pope loves me, my father, and the Pope will hearken to my words."

"I will give up neither his name nor the cloister which has opened its shelter to him," replied the monk in a firm tone.

"The Pope will command you," said Rubens, exasperated.

"Listen to me," replied the monk, "listen to me, in the name of God. Do you think that this man, before leaving the world, before renouncing fortune and glory, did not first struggle firmly against such a resolution? Think you, brother, that he must not have felt bitter deceptions, bitter sorrow, before he became convinced that all was deception and vanity? Let him then die in peace in that shelter he has found against the world and its sorrow. Your efforts, moreover, will be in vain he will triumphantly reject your advances," he added, making the sign of the cross, "for God will continue to be his friend, God, who in his mercy has deigned to appear to him, and will not drive him from his presence."

"But, father, he renounces immortality."

"Immortality is nothing in presence of eternity."

And the monk refused to carry on the conversation.

Rubens went away with his pupils, silent and sad, and returned to Madrid.

The prior went back to his cell, and kneeling down on the straw mat which served him as a bed, prayed fervently to God.

Then he collected together his pencils, his colours, and his easel, which were scattered about his cell, and cast them through the window into the river which flowed beneath. He gazed then a little while sadly at these objects as they floated away.

When they had entirely disappeared, he kneeled down again, and prayed with excessive fervour.

The author of the masterpiece was never known.

GERARD DOUW.

GERARD DOUW, the most feeling and expressive of Dutch *genre* painters, Durer excepted, was born at Leyden on the 7th of April, 1613. His father, Janszoon Douw, was a glazier. Gerard, however, showed no inclination to follow that trade, but early manifested a taste for the fine arts. The father did not oppose his son's inclinations, but, on the contrary, did all in his power to encourage and strengthen them. When a mere child, Gerard Douw was placed with Bartholomew Dolendo, an engraver, with whom he remained for some few months, acquiring considerable skill in the art. He was then placed with Peter Rouwhorn, painter on glass, with whom he remained about two years more. At the expiration of that period, such was the progress the young artist had made, that his master had little else to teach him, and accordingly, at fifteen years of age, Gerard Douw became the pupil of the celebrated Rembrandt. After three years of unremitting study under that master, Douw felt that he might release himself from the trammels of an instructor, and dispense with all lessons, except those taught by nature herself. Accordingly, he left the studio of Rembrandt, and prepared to take his own independent position in the world of art.

Portrait painting was the first style which engaged his attention; but of this he soon tired. He found that it exacted too much of his versatile powers. Not only did it necessitate the trouble of taking accurate likenesses, but also of painting good pictures. He required more time, too, to perfect his works than many people who wished to engage his talents were disposed to give. Their patience was fairly exhausted before he had completed more than a mere sketch of their features. Such was the elaborate patience which he bestowed upon the effort to render every detail of his picture in the most perfect manner, that Descamps assures us, on one occasion, when Douw was engaged in painting the por-

trait of a lady, he spent five days upon the hand. Another authority says, that to a broomstick, in one of his pictures, he devoted three, some say five, days of incessant application. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have abandoned a department of his art which demanded such a vast outlay of time, and which, moreover, did not allow his imagination sufficient scope to develop itself. He obeyed the instincts of his genius, therefore, in surrendering himself to the spirit of his fancy, whether that led him amid the beauties of nature, or among the homely scenes of domestic life. Whatever picture he undertook received the utmost attention, even in its minutest particulars, at his hands. The care he bestowed merely upon his colours almost exceeds belief. He always ground them himself. He kept them shut up in air-tight boxes, and closed every aperture of the room in which they were placed, so that the apartment itself was almost air-tight; he also entered the room on tip-toe, with the scrupulous caution with which a sick chamber is visited; sat himself down softly, to prevent his clothes from sweeping against the floor or the furniture, and thus causing dust to arise in the room. He also kept his brushes, palettes, and pencils, in positions where they were secure from atmospheric variation and influence. This care was not bestowed in vain. His colouring presents a richness and purity which has rarely been equalled, and probably never surpassed. The neglect of these minutiae affects much the slow progress of modern art. When studying the style of Rembrandt, he appears to have viewed the works of that master through a convex lens; for when Rembrandt's pictures are seen through that medium, they bear a marked resemblance to those of Douw.

Gerard Douw had a most intimate knowledge of the mechanical details of his art; an artistic capacity to group those details in a spirit of harmony; and unflagging manual and mental industry. His industry was indeed marvellous. He would bestow hours in studying new effects, in viewing the contrasts and combinations of light and shade, and in perfecting the most trivial accessories of his subject. He cared not how he laboured or how protracted his labour was, so that he was enabled to attain to that degree of excellence to which he felt his genius was capable of leading him. He was guided, as is every truly great mind, solely by the light of his own opinions. If he pleased himself, he had achieved the highest possible amount of success. He was his own critic; all other critics might be listened to, but it was himself alone who was to be obeyed. It was no easy task he set himself, but it was one that at any expenditure of time and patience he determined to execute. How he succeeded is well known. Other painters may have been as painstaking, but in no works of art are the evidences of industry more unobtrusively apparent than in the works of Gerard Douw.

An eminent critic thus sums up the character of Douw: "Formed in the school of Rembrandt, Douw appears to have received from him a thorough knowledge of light and shade and the power of treating it, so as to produce complete harmony; but he abandoned the fantastic tendency and the striking effects of his master, and formed for himself a peculiar style. Gerard Douw delights most in subjects within the narrow circle of kindly family feeling; we meet with no action, as in *Terburg*, in which an interest is excited by the traces of some passion hidden beneath the surface, but merely the affectionate relations of simple domestic life, and the peaceful intercourse of a quiet home. The execution, as is necessary in such subjects, is extremely neat and highly finished, without degenerating into pettiness or constraint; the various accessories are handled with the same care as the figures, for they perform a necessary part in domestic life; and the daily intercourse with them seems, as it were, to lend them an independent existence and a peculiar interest. The arrangement is, therefore, such, that these accessories not only combine agreeably with the whole, but in general occupy a considerable portion of the picture. We often look through a window, on the sill of which lie all kinds of household utensils, into the busy scene within. Frequently the comfort

of domestic privacy is made more striking by the twilight of evening or by candlelight; for in the treatment also of the effects of light of this kind Gerard Douw has shown himself a great master. Although the life of the lower classes, such as housemaids and retailers of articles in daily use, frequently forms the subject of his pictures, yet they are painted without any leaning to the burlesque and vulgar feeling of such masters as Brauwer; indeed, whenever Gerard Douw approaches to coarseness of this kind, we can observe that it is done with design and with an effort. On the contrary, neither the drawing-room of the great, nor subjects supplied by poetry, are suited to his natural taste; and though he has frequently tried them, the result is not happy."

Gerard Douw lived in honour and prosperity, and died at the age of sixty-one, in the year 1674. He had several imitators, the most successful of whom was Francis Miéris, born 1635, died 1681. His imitations frequently deceived experienced judges. Peter Van Slingelands was another imitator of Douw, and many of his pictures bear a marked resemblance to those of that master, and are frequently sold as such. But there is a certain weakness and irresolution in Van Slingelands' pictures, which the practised eye is enabled to detect at once. John Van Staveran was another imitator and pupil of Douw. His subjects were, however, limited, and his style far from effective. The principal works of Gerard Douw are "*La Femme Hydropique*," in the Louvre; "*A Schoolroom, by Candlelight*," in the Musée at Amsterdam, and valued at £1,600; the "*Interior of a Room, with groined ceiling and arched windows*," in a private collection in Paris, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "*A Grocer's Shop*," in the possession of the Queen, and valued at 1,200 guineas; "*The Poulterer's Shop*," worth 1,270 guineas, formerly in the possession of Sir Robert Peel; "*La Marchande Epicière du Village*," in the Louvre, value £2,200; "*A Schoolroom by Candlelight*," now in the Musée at Amsterdam; "*The Interior of a Dentist's Shop*." Many valuable portraits of himself, in various collections. "*La Lecture de la Sainte Bible*," in the Louvre, valued at £1,000; "*A Hermit at his Devotions*," in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and valued at £1,500; "*The Water Doctor*," now in the palace of the Hermitage, St. Petersburg; "*The Surprise*," in the Gallery at Dresden, and valued at 500 guineas, &c. &c. Some of his pictures, of great value, were sold to the Empress of Russia, and were lost at sea in 1771. Of the pictures to which we have alluded, we select a few for description.

The first is "*La Femme Hydropique*." The picture represents the interior of a large and lofty room, with an arched window on the right, and a circular one above it; in the opposite side of the apartment is suspended a rich piece of tapestry, which is drawn up, and forms a pleasing object, both from the tasteful cast of the folds, and the angle which it makes in the picture. The composition exhibits a group of four figures, disposed near the window. The centre one is a lady of middle age, evidently suffering under a severe malady; her affliction is affectionately deplored by her daughter, a beautiful girl, who is kneeling by the side of her parent, holding one of her hands. A doctor, in a purple silk robe, and a scarf round his waist, stands on the left of the lady, attentively examining the symptoms of the disease; while a female attendant, who is behind her chair, is offering her some refreshment in a spoon. The elegance of the dresses, and the taste displayed in the furniture, denote the rank and opulence of the family. This surprising production is no less excellent for its finish in all the details than for the strong natural expression of each figure: the patient resignation of the lady, the filial affection of the daughter, the anxious attention of the nurse, and the ominous gesture of the doctor, are portrayed with a refinement of feeling that would do honour to the best Italian masters. This picture is in the Louvre, and is valued at £1,800. It is his masterpiece. It was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and, after his death, remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. They gave 100,000 francs instead of restoring it.

The next is "The Interior of a Dentist's Shop," of which we present an engraving. An old man is being submitted to the operations of the dentist. At the back, an old woman, resting upon a basket, is waiting to see the tooth extracted. On the window-sill in front are a shell, a bottle, a basin, and a pot of flowers. A skull on a shelf at the back of the room, several medicine jars, and a stuffed lizard suspended from the

and the general air of life and reality which invests it, speaking in no small voice of the genius of the creator.

In the collection at Hampton Court there is a small Gerard Dowd of "An Old Woman asleep with a Book on her knees." The Dulwich Gallery also contains two small pictures, and in the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel was a picture which formerly belonged to Mr. Beckford, and was sold at the Fent-



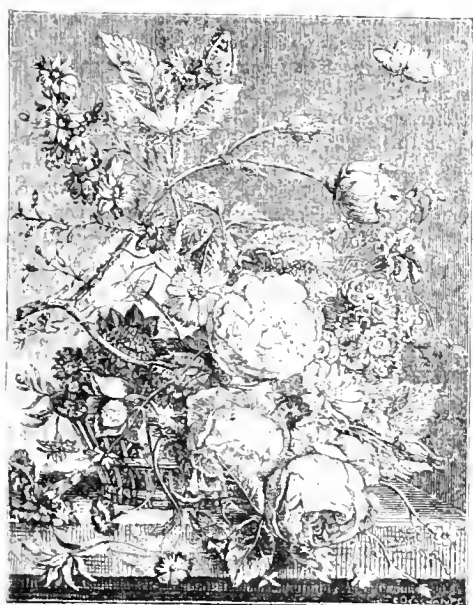
THE TOOTH-DRAWER. FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOWD.

roof gave completeness to the scene. The scrutinising look of the operator contrasts well with the resigned appearance of the patient; and the steady reflective gaze of the old woman is shown to great advantage in the light of the window. This picture, one of several illustrations of dentistry, a subject Dowd often treated, is remarkable for the richness of the colouring, the truthfulness of detail, the admirable grouping,

hill Abbey sale for 1,270 guineas. It represents "A Hare bargained for between an old woman and young girl."

In the Berlin Museum there is a picture representing "A Store-room with vast quantities of Provisions." The cook has just opened the door and has a candle in her hand. She steps lightly to avoid disturbing a mouse about to enter a trap. The light on her face produces a pleasing effect.

JOHN VAN HUYSUM.



THERE is an essential difference between the genius of a Huysum and that of a Cuyp or a Douw; the latter reach to
 Vol. I.

the verge of the very highest branch of art, but our present artist is of another school, though sufficiently great in his way. Some have instituted a comparison between Baptiste, Huot, and Huysum. But these two artists are separated by the wide difference that exists between the French and the Flemish schools. It is from the similitude and yet the contrast between them that we can appreciate the distinction between the two schools, and can seize and judge of the difference between the style in which they have severally treated flowers. The French school is generally considered to regard nature as something purely secondary, much inferior to man, and bowing wholly subservient to his greatness. For a long time that school used landscape but as the framework of an historic scene, or as a garden, where wandered poets, and heroes, and philosophers. They rarely took for subjects the lovely creations of the earth. Flowers, above all, were disregarded by them. Even those who did make them their special study and their choice workmanship, used them only as light decorations fit to adorn the panels of the palace and boudoir of the lady of fashion. The artists of the French school used flowers simply to show off their delicacy of touch, their richness of colouring, and the keenness of their eye. The painters of the Flemish and Dutch schools always placed nature in the first rank both in their admiration and in their pictures. As long as they confined themselves to natural sources, to inspiration, arising from their own characters and climate, everything was a subject for a masterpiece. They were quite satisfied when

they could paint the banks of a river, when they could make a picturesque scene out of an old moss-grown wall, or render the grace and elegance of a flower, its peculiar and gentle charms, its every tint, characteristic, and hue. The same country which produced so many amateurs of flowers, so many enthusiastic worshippers of the tulip, gave to the world also the best artists in this peculiar line. The son of Gaul devoted a leisure hour to a bouquet, to show his power of rendering contrasts, and to bring together all the bright colours which are found in this sun-born department of creation. The Dutchman seeks to rouse sympathy and admiration in the heart of the amateur of gardens, to awaken in his soul the emotions naturally suggested and kindled in the mind of one who loves flowers, who knows their history, their family, their varieties, and their perfume. He seeks to make the rose of an hour live a hundred years. Huet paints a bunch of flowers merely for effect and contrast. John Van Huysum painted flowers from love, and under the influence of a kind of inspiration.

The place where he was born was peculiarly the locality where flowers were always highly appreciated. No other nation at that time could enter into the floricultural enthusiasm of the Dutchmen. Huysum was born at Amsterdam, in 1682. He was the pupil and the eldest son of Justus Van Huysum, a flower-painter, who had transformed his house into a kind of manufactory of everything which could contribute to the decoration of apartments and gardens. At the head of this peculiar establishment Justus Van Huysum placed his son John, while all his other sons, whom he had also initiated into the mysteries of the art of painting, worked under him. The coarse work of this trade soon disgusted John, who felt within himself higher and nobler aspirations towards true art. He accordingly entered deeply into the study of Abraham Mignon, an able painter, of Verelst, and David de Heem, who was a kind of master in this school. His flowers and fruit were executed with the utmost neatness and finish, while his colours were brilliant, and harmonised in the purest manner. From the study of these masters, John Van Huysum turned to the ever-open page of nature, where, despite the clear and transparent light shed on all creation's works, so few learn to read. This imitation of their line of conduct was most fortunate for our artist, as it enabled him to see all that was good in his predecessors, who were considered inimitable, and to correct, by reference to reality, any errors into which they fell. He found errors in their copies of nature, slight and trifling faults, indeed, but such as he endeavoured to avoid. It was, then, by active and industrious search after the real and the beautiful, that the genius of Huysum was cultivated to the highest pitch. Beginning only with flowers, he saw open before him a whole world—fresh, new, delightful. He investigated every branch of his subject; he visited every corner of his new domains. Birds, butterflies, wasps, bees, all came in for their share. He made them all, as it were, the satellites of floricultural creation. At an early period, he studied diligently to imitate the marble slabs which were to support his baskets of flowers, the pots which were to contain his bouquets, the bas-reliefs which were to adorn his vases, and all the delicate minutie of ornaments for handles, etc. He armed himself from head to foot to conquer the domain of roses. He was a regular Don Quixote of horticulture.

This taste for flowers seems to have been innate. Even when an infant, it was remarked that his eye was constantly attracted by the bright colours of nature's most beautiful and most short-lived children; and, during his boyhood, his great delight was the cultivation of a little plot of garden-ground, where he would pass hours sitting upon a bench, watching, in spring and summer time, the result of his labours and his care. This taste of his was so well known that his father's friends never thought of giving him any other presents than a packet of seeds or a bunch of roots, and it was the general opinion that he would ultimately become a great botanist—perhaps a great physician. Those who thought so, however, did not know that the young Van Huysum cared little to study the secret processes of nature, and was captivated only by the

graceful forms, the exquisite colours, and the beautiful grouping of his flowers. Vanderkamp relates, in his collection of anecdotes of the notabilities of Amsterdam, that when our painter was a mere youth, a curious adventure happened to him from this excessive fondness for the floral productions of nature. He was one day wandering in the neighbourhood of the city, when he came to a garden separated from the road by one of those neat hedges which form the admiration of all travellers in Holland. According to his usual custom, he looked over to see if there was anything in his way worth admiring, and having discovered that all the flowers in the beds were already well known to him, was about to go away, when his eye was attracted by a magnificent tulip that stood in a pot upon one of the lower balconies of the house. Its size, its form, its lustre, at once threw him into ecstasies of delight, and he would have given anything to have been allowed to approach it, to hang over it, to contemplate it from various points of view.

Timidity, natural to his age, prevented him, however, from entering the garden and asking permission to gratify his desire; and so, after having lingered near the hedge for more than an hour, he tore himself away with a sigh and returned homewards.

But the tulip still occupied his thoughts. He neither supped nor slept that night, and next morning early went forth and returned to the garden, in hopes of again seeing his beautiful flower. The windows of the house, however, were still closed, and the tulip had not yet been put out into the air. Van Huysum was patient. He walked up and down meditating, until at length he saw a young girl come out with the tulip pot in her hand and place it carefully where it could catch the first rays of the sun. Anybody else would have observed that the young girl was beautiful exceedingly; but the young painter only looked upon her as a thing that carried a flower, or rather he did not look upon her at all, but gazed with his great eyes at the real object of his admiration.

It happened that Agatha Kostar—such was the young girl's name—was betrothed to the son of one of the richest burgo-masters of Amsterdam, who came out that morning on a visit to his intended father-in-law, partly to discuss the preliminaries of his marriage, and partly to settle the price of two hundred and fifty hogsheads of suzar, which Van Kostar had for sale. As he walked deliberately by, examining as he went the nice little garden and the neat house which were to form part of Agatha's dowry, he could not help being struck at seeing rather a wild-looking youth staring like a tiger over the hedge full upon the balcony; while his betrothed still stood, after having set down the flower, admiring it, and now and then brushing off a few grains of dust that had fallen upon its petals.

Dutchmen are slow in most things. The son of the burgo-master took this fact into his mind, without making any comment, and walked into the house. But when he came to the window, and perceived that Agatha still lingered there, under the raking fire of as eager a pair of eyes as he had ever seen, he could not help feeling a small, a very small pang of jealousy; and touching the young lady on the shoulder, said to her,

"Who is that young man?"

The young girl looked very innocently first at him, and then at the stranger, and replied:

"I had not seen him; he is some beggar probably. I will send him out something."

"Some broken victuals," economically observed the burgo-master's son, in whom the feeling of jealousy began slowly to die away.

Next morning, however, again perceiving Van Huysum at his post, he took note of his costume, and convinced himself that he was no beggar. Now, as he perfectly well knew that a plate of broken victuals had been sent out, and did not know that Van Huysum had gone away in the meantime, all this business appeared very strange to him, and he determined, as he stepped slowly towards the house, to come to an explanation.

He found Van Kostar sitting enjoying his pipe at one of the back windows, in a state of contemplative beatitude, with a large ledger open before him; for the good old gentleman had long been confined to his house by obesity and the gout, and was compelled to transact all his business there.

"Good morning, my son," said he, stretching out his fat hand. The young man took it, gave it a solemn shake, sat down, and came at once to the point.

"I am not satisfied with Agatha," said he. Then, leaving this observation to sink into the old gentleman's mind, he took up a pipe, filled it, and began to smoke in a very jealous and melancholy way.

Van Kostar looked at him, and took more time in trying to get at the meaning of his phrase than he did generally in deciding on the merits of a commercial operation. At length he said what he might have said before, "I don't understand what you say."

The burgomaster's son then stated that he had seen a young man making love to Agatha over the hedge, which, for a Dutchman, was rather a stretch of imagination. Van Kostar opened his eyes, laid down his pipe, and struck a blow with his fat hand upon the table.

"Son-in-law," said he, "what you say is not true. I know Agatha, and shall call her at once to have an explanation."

Now it happened that Agatha, as even the discreetest young ladies will sometimes do, had been listening at the door, and heard the charge which had been made against her. Instead of coming in at once, and exculpating herself, she instantly ran back to the balcony, moved by a natural female curiosity to have a look at this young stranger, of whom she had hitherto taken no notice.

Van Huysum was still there, and was employed in trying to sketch on a piece of card the object of his fond admiration. "It is true," thought Agatha, blushing, "and he is writing a letter to me. Upon my faith, he is a very handsome young man; and Gerard never looked at me in that way."

Whilst she was indulging in this dangerous speculation, Gerard, the burgomaster's son, made his appearance, and conveyed to her her father's message, that he desired to see her, but without alluding to the suspicions which he had himself entertained.

On seeing his kind grave face, Agatha repeated a little of having allowed her thoughts to wander, but still could not help carrying on the mortification a little further. She was quite convinced that Gerard was right, so far as Van Huysum was concerned, and equally convinced of her own innocence.

There is nothing that makes women so revengeful as being wrongfully suspected; and Agatha is therefore deserving of credit that she did not determine to flirt with the stranger as soon as she found out who he was. "I am afraid," she said, "that I know what my father wants."

Gerard started, for as yet there had been no fact to confirm or justify his uneasiness. He looked sorrowfully at the young girl, and taking her hand, led her to the chamber where her father was waiting rather impatiently for her presence. The old man exclaimed at once, "Well, daughter, has Gerard told you what is the matter?"

"No, father," she replied; "but I think he is jealous."

"That's it," exclaimed the old man, laughing; "but you must tell him at once that he is mistaken, and that the young fellow with the eyes thinks no more of you than he does of my tulips."

"I am not quite sure of that, father," replied Agatha.

Van Kostar gave a long whistle, and then meditated for a few moments. At length he said, "Would it not be well, Gerard, instead of talking to this foolish girl, to learn who this stranger may be? Go out, like a man, and tell him to come in. I have always found, that to be straightforward is the best way to do business."

Gerard immediately walked out and went to Van Huysum, who had just finished his sketch, and said to him, "Young man, will you come with me? I know not who you are, but I am afraid that you are nearer to obtaining what you desire than I am."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Van Huysum with the accent of a passionate lover.

Gerard felt his heart sink within him, and said, "Have you loved long?"

"Three days," exclaimed Van Huysum.

"And I have loved her for three years," said Gerard, with a sigh.

"Three years!" cried the young painter. "Has that flower been in bloom so long?"

Gerard thought to himself, this is the fine talk with which these young popinjays win the hearts of maidens. If she be inclined to him after having only seen his head over a hedge, what will it be when he makes fine speeches to her? Then he said aloud, "She is eighteen years old."

"Eighteen years!" again exclaimed Van Huysum, in a dreamily poetical manner. And so he followed his rival into the house, and was soon in presence of the old man and his daughter.

Gerard by this time had made up his mind that the young stranger loved Agatha, and that Agatha loved the young stranger; and being both a prudent and a good man, said to his intended father-in-law, "It is useless to struggle against fate. I know that they are destined for one another; and if this young man makes his demand, and it be accepted, I shall withdraw my claims, and the relations of our houses shall not be disturbed."

Agatha looked rather surprised at being so easily abandoned, and having compared the appearance of Van Huysum with that of Gerard, saw that, after all, the latter was much the most eligible individual. Besides, she had not really thought of breaking off a good match in this romantic way, and now exclaimed, "I suppose my consent will be asked?"

Van Huysum approached her, and taking her hand said, "I beseech you not to disappoint me."

By this time Van Kostar had a little recovered from the surprise which their strange doings had excited, and roared out:—"Is everybody mad? What is the meaning of all this nonsense? Do you think I will give Agatha to the first stranger that is picked up by the way-side?"

Van Huysum thought that the tulip had received a name. And looking very respectfully at the irate old gentleman, said, "If you will not part with Agatha herself, as you have been so kind as to call me in, will you give me one of her bulbs?"

At this extraordinary speech it seemed evident that the young painter was insane, and Gerard began to think whether it would be most proper to knock him down or coax him away. Our painter, however, not understanding the odd looks that were cast at him, went in to say: "I saw your tulip the day before yesterday, and so admired its perfection, that I wished to possess a similar one, or at any rate to be allowed to make a sketch of it. I have tried to do so over the hedge, but am afraid that I have not succeeded." He then drew forth his card, and exhibited his performance. Agatha bit her lips, for she began to feel rather ridiculous; but her father and her lover laughed heartily, and the former exclaimed, "Young man, you may have my tulip, pot and all, and if you will paint it for me, I will buy the picture, and make a present of it to my daughter at the christening of her first child."

Agatha, says the worthy Vanderkampe, who seems to have hung over this story with tenderness, ran away blushing, and Van Huysum afterwards found in Van Kostar one of his most liberal patrons.

The Dutch are very extreme in their love of collections. They describe this peculiar taste by the word *âep-lu-bbery*, which may be translated, curiosity-love. Some collect shells, some indulge in the luxury of medals; and in many a grocer's and cheese-monger's house will you find a library of strange and rare books of Fliziv; and primitive editions; or you will find the same man making unheard-of sacrifices for antique Chinese and Japanese ware. But the greatest instance of the *âep-lu-bbery* known, is this devotion of the Dutch to the art of flower-painting. They worship this branch of art; it is a subject of adoration. It will then be readily understood to what a degree John Van Huysum received encouragement,

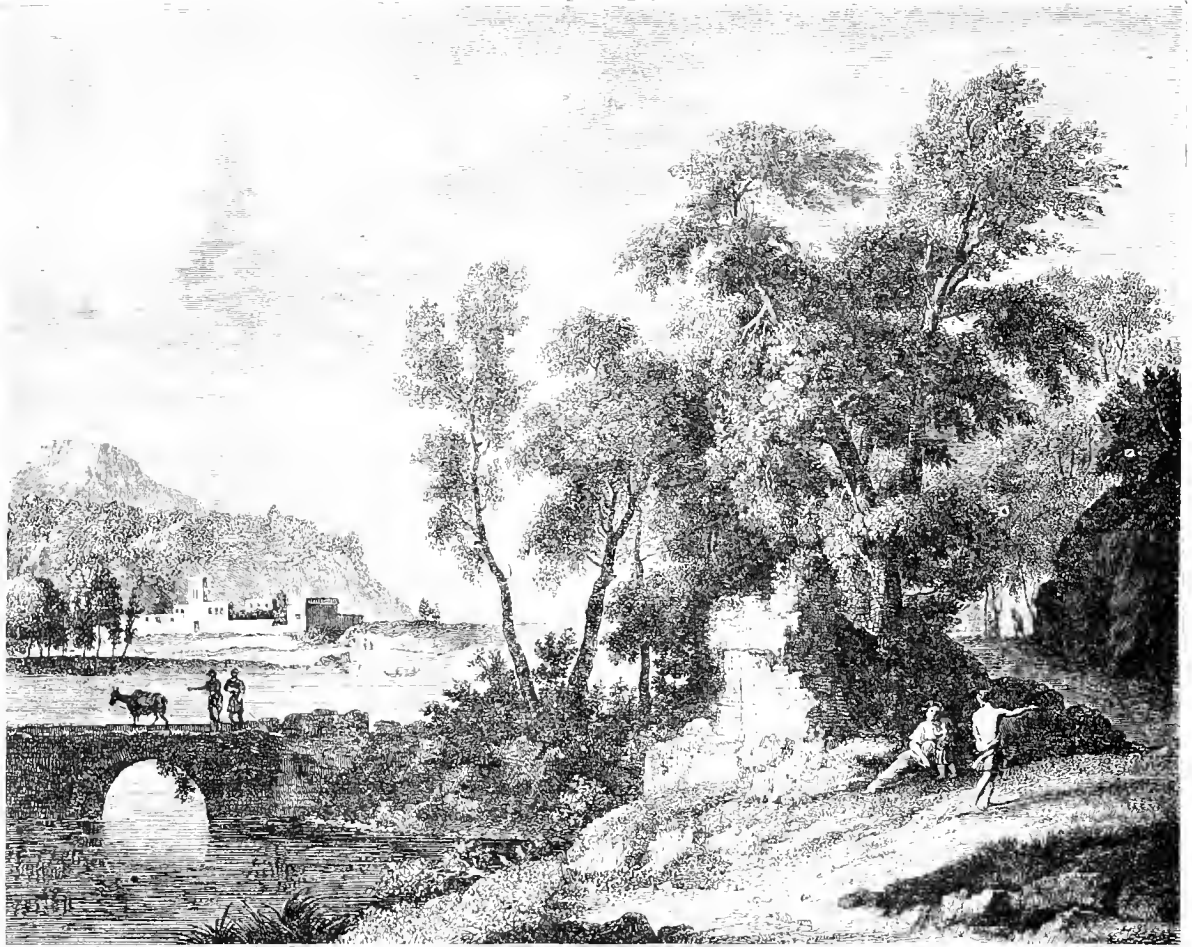
when we mention that he succeeded in eclipsing Abraham Mignon. In the same picture he flattered both their love for painting and for flowers. It may, however, be remarked, that one of the first persons, after Van Kostar, to purchase his works and to cry up his talents was the envoy of France, the Count of Morville, who ordered four pictures, two for the Duke of Orleans, and two for himself.

The generous protection of this friend soon made Van Huysum fashionable. It drew attention to him, particularly from foreigners of rank and wealth; and from that moment, we are informed by Deschamps, his pictures fetched as much as 1,200 Dutch florins (about £120). His reputation having spread far and near, several German princes and all the sovereigns in Europe were eager to possess flowers from the hand of

bouquets of Van Huysum, and informs us that the brother of the painter, James Van Huysum, "lived with Lord Orford, and painted most of the pictures in the attic story."

Though fashion does sometimes decide the temporary fate of an artist, yet when that reputation continues to hold its own, it can scarcely be deceptive. The unanimous suffrages of artistic Europe were never yet given to mediocrity. At all events, they were not in the case of John Van Huysum. He really did reach, in flower-painting, almost to perfection, and we may almost say of him what d'Argenville says of Baptiste, "his flowers only want perfume to make them real."

The arrangement, the drawing, the perspective, the *chiaroscuro*, the touch, were all studied by Van Huysum with ardour. He seemed to catch by intuition at the varied



THE LITTLE BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

a painter, whose workshop was the gardens of the richest floriculturists of Amsterdam and Haarlem; the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse, ordered pictures of him, for which they paid him very large sums; and one, who, to use a French hyperbolic phrase, "was almost a sovereign," Sir Robert Walpole, obtained from him four pictures to adorn his mansion at Houghton hall, in Norfolk. Huysum from that hour was a favourite in England. His charming productions were appreciated at once, at a time when it was fashionable to follow the example of a noble lord, and when the good opinion of such a man as Walpole did more for an artist than even his genius. The pictures purchased by Sir Robert Walpole, says Horace Walpole, in the account he gives of his father's pictures in 1752, were most highly finished. In this work, he only mentions two

elements of his glory. He may have been less skilful, he may have been less of a painter than Huet in the more artistic co-ordination of a bouquet. The French academician looked principally to the effect of the whole, and regarding flowers only as ornaments, made all the little sacrifices necessary to give relief, unity, and animation to his picture. Van Huysum often mars by certain little details the general whole. To render it more light, he cuts his picture up by small, fine, and capricious branches. The elegant lightness of all this ravishes the heart of the botanist, who recognises and names with joy the myosotis, the fuselia, and the blue campanula; but these delicate accessories sometimes injure the frankness of the general effect. There was a want of completeness which drew down the blame of other artists, and laid him open to criticism; men, who see in a sprig of lily of the valley nothing

but a bunch of little bright points, and for whom an anemony is rather a tone than a flower, objected to the artistic carefulness of some of his productions.

Without falling into the insipidity which is the necessary result of an attempt to attain visible symmetry, the painter must give to his basket of flowers an order which, however, he must take care to hide. The young girl who has returned from the garden with her great straw hat full of flowers, has made haste to immerse their stalks into a vessel full of water

other hand, be symmetrically divided and present to the eye a too methodical arrangement. A tuft of anemones may counter-balance a hyacinth; the rose of Provins may be the companion of a double full-grown poppy; because the brilliancy of a tone increases the size of a flower, and exalts its importance; a daisy is larger in appearance than a violet of the same size. These ideas are suggested by the painting we have engraved (p. 200); for it is Van Huysum who speaks, and we are only translating, in an imperfect manner, what the admirable picture



GROUP OF FLOWERS FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

and with her simple hand, without thought and without design, she has given to her bouquet a charming aspect, an inexpressible and unexpected beauty. So must the artist do. What an ingenuous child, in whom grace is natural, discovers by instinct, the painter must attain by a sonic combination. In what that combination consists, it were difficult to say. We may affirm, nevertheless, that the corresponding parts must be unequal, and that if the bouquet does not look well when leaning entirely to one side of the vase, it must not, on the

elegantly touches. It is the master himself who tells us to what degree perspective and design are necessary to the flower-painter, and that there is nothing so difficult to draw, for example, as a leaf fore-shortened, or a flower with the petals curled inwards. It is he who shows us what art, what care, is necessary for setting these pretty models, so that, whether seen in full or in profile, bending forwards or backwards, they may always preserve the character and the form which we know to be peculiar to them. Inartistically repre-

sented, a round flower may appear square or triangular; and seen from a particular point of view, a chesnut-flower, which takes a pyramidal form in nature, may seem to be round.

One of the ablest writers upon painting, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has said, speaking of Rubens, that his paintings were *nosegays of colours*. This phrase darts like a ray of light through this difficult subject of flower-painting. It is evident that nature supplies those who follow this art with the proper tone of every one of the elements—we were going to say, of the personages—of their picture. The painter, therefore, has only to compose his *chiara-oscuro*, with the local colours, and without having to invent the harmony of his work, he finds it ready made. As Philip Wouvermans makes use of the variegated coats of his horses—the bay, the chesnut, the dappled gray, the black, and the white—to develop the gamut of his *chiara-oscuro*, so Van Huysum, taking his flowers, in one sense, as so many tones and demi-tones already formed on the palette of nature, has only to dispose them to produce the nosegay of which Reynolds speaks; and may thus, by softening away towards his background, by means of flowers in demitint and of deep coloured models, like the iris, the bluebell, and the pansy (grouping his light flowers towards the centre), discover, we will not say only optical perspective, but even a poetical aspect, from the fidelity of the imitation.

“The artist who wishes to attain a certain amount of talent in this department of art,” says Millin, “should pass the greater part of his life in studying his models. He ought to possess a garden in which to cultivate them himself, in order that he may be able to procure the most beautiful of each season of the year, to make a choice of them, and to have nature under his eyes as he works. To be successful in painting flowers, certain natural dispositions are necessary, which every artist does not possess. There are, indeed, certain moral qualities, which seem to favour the artist in this department who has possessed them. To the exact *coup d’œil* which makes them correct draughtsmen and good colourists—to the indefatigable patience in matters of detail—to the cleanliness of handiwork which leads to perfection—these artists commonly unite a gentleness of character, a serenity of soul, and an evenness of temper, which tend to make them at all times equally correct, equally pure in colour, equally certain and like in their ‘handling.’”

Who would not believe that this portrait of the flower-painter is precisely that of Van Huysum? Who would suppose that the author of these sweet masterpieces—the assiduous companion of hyacinths, of tulips, and of roses—had lived an agitated and sombre life? It is, nevertheless, true, that in the midst of his triumphs Van Huysum suffered the pangs of jealousy. He had married a woman who, according to some biographers, was neither young, nor pretty, nor desirable; but it happened one day that the raileries of one of those men who feel a stupid pleasure in disturbing the happiness of others introduced grief into his soul. From time to time indeed his mind wandered. Once, in a moment of irritation, he insulted the master of the house in which he lived, and was turned into the streets. To these excesses succeeded a long fit of melancholy. As an increase of misfortune, the son of this suspected wife fell into evil ways, so that Van Huysum, seeing him to be incorrigible, was obliged to ship him off to India. It happened, however, as a rare exception, that his painting was by no means influenced by these miseries of his domestic life. His temper was sad and sombre. His paintings were always smiling and transparent. When he was at work no one was admitted into his studio, not even his brothers; as if he had desired, says his biographer, Deschamps, following Van Gool, to hide from all his method of prifying his colours, and making use of them. But, perhaps, we should believe that solitude was necessary to his disturbed spirit,—that Van Huysum, to paint his flowers, required tranquillity and silence, as Gerard Douw to paint his quiet interiors, did his readings of the Bible. His exquisite finish supposes, in fact, an attention which nothing had disturbed, an enthusiasm which no external accident had cooled. We must, therefore, attribute

to something else besides vulgar quackery, or the littleness of egotism, the habit which the painter had of hiding himself from everybody when he was in presence of his flowers.

Vanderkamp, in the collection above quoted, has preserved some particulars of the domestic life of Van Huysum, which are worth recording. He differs, however, from other writers in stating that, although Catherine, the painter’s wife, was ten years older than himself when he married her, he was led to the match rather by affection than by interest. He became acquainted with her one morning at the market, when he was purchasing some rare and curious flower-roots, while she had come out to get provisions for her father’s family, which was by no means well off. He liked her appearance so much that he broke off a bargain, which he had nearly concluded, to follow her home. They talked together, and he almost immediately expressed a wish to marry her. She told him that she was free, but that for the present neither her father nor her mother could do without her assistance. “The matter may be arranged, however,” said Van Huysum, who calculated very sagaciously that a housewife would be rather a decrease than an increase to the expense of his establishment.

“Catherine,” says Vanderkamp, who was a contemporary and had, probably, often seen the lady herself, “though not remarkably beautiful, was an agreeable-looking, neat-handed person, and it was easy to understand the affection which a quiet man like Van Huysum experienced for her.”

They were married in due time, and during the early part of their union lived happily together. Catherine seems really to have been a virtuous person, though somewhat light-minded, and given to other society than that of her family. Having been somewhat neglected in her youth, she listened with pleasure to the compliments paid her by the fine people who came to look at her husband’s pictures, and as he often left her for days and even weeks, to shut himself up in his room, or wander through the country to study the beauties of nature, her ardent affection for him somewhat diminished. The very fact that many young men paid court to her proves that the common opinion of her want of fascinating qualities is erroneous. Among her admirers was a Frenchman of the name of Gervais, who used to express his passion by sending every day a large bouquet of flowers.

Catherine perfectly understood what was meant by this attention, and yet rewarded the sender by nothing more than a few gracious smiles, when he paraded up and down in the street before the house, smiling with that self-satisfied air which is peculiar to French *roués*. She was so far, indeed, from understanding the danger of what was going on, that instead of throwing away the flowers, she made a practice of giving them to her husband, saying, or leaving him to understand, that they were sent to him by his friends.

Generally speaking, he observed, simply, that the arrangement of the flowers was too formal. At other times he pulled the bouquet to pieces, and tried, by casting it loose into a vase, to give it a natural arrangement. This went on for some time, and at length M. Gervais, finding that his presents were always received, began to think himself entitled to an interview. He accordingly wrote to the painter’s wife and told her to meet him by the canal about sunset. To his first letter Catherine paid no attention; but as she had contracted habits of illiness, and often sat for many hours musing on the pleasures which the wives of less intellectual persons than her husband could freely indulge in, ill-luck would have it that the idea came to her, that if M. Gervais wrote again she ought to comply with his invitation, in order to tell him how very improper it was for him to pursue her in this way, and that she was determined to remain faithful to her excellent husband. The second letter came, of course full of protestations and entreaties; and Catherine, whose prudence seems to have been quite asleep, took the opportunity, whilst her husband was still shut up in his studio, to dress herself out in her best, in order to go and reprove the enterprising Monsieur Gervais.

Had the man been less certain of his powers of fascination,

he might probably have succeeded in leading her astray; but the boldness of his manners frightened her at the outset, and she understood of what an unpardonable imprudence she had been guilty. Gervais ever proposed that she should run away with him, but instead of that she ran away from him, and returning to her house shed bitter tears of repentance. Her husband, seeing her in this melancholy mood, sought to comfort her, and asked the reason of her grief; but she would not explain further than to say that she was a very bad woman, undeserving of his love. He laughed at this, and thought she had probably upset one of the valuable pots of varnish which had recently been sent to him as a present from Paris, and like a prudent man thought it best to say no more of the matter. His gentleness only made his wife more sorrowful, and indeed there was reason for her sorrow, though she did not know it, for from that time forth unhappiness and discord were introduced into the house.

Monsieur Gervais, furious at having been made a fool of, as he thought, determined to revenge himself, and meditated for some time how to carry his project into effect. He began by writing a third letter to poor Catherine, expressing his sorrow for his previous conduct, calling himself all the villains in the world, and begging her to grant him that forgiveness without which he said his life would be miserable. The good woman was delighted on receiving this communication, and consented easily to a request which it contained—that Gervais should be allowed to continue his presents of flowers as if nothing had happened. Every morning, accordingly, a magnificent bouquet was brought to the door, and Van Huysum used to say, smiling, "I see that our friends, whom I had thought had forgotten us, begin to remember us again." Whereupon Catherine, in her innocent joy, would take the flowers and place them in various lights, that he might admire them. Some time afterwards, Gervais met Van Huysum out in the fields, and coming to him said, in a very mysterious manner, "I hope you are happy."

"I hope so, too," replied Van Huysum, smiling, and stooping down to gather a remarkably fine blue-bell that grew at his feet. The French Iago laughed in a curious way, until he succeeded in attracting the painter's attention.

"What do you mean?" said the latter, rising up and looking inquisitively at him.

"I mean," replied Gervais, "that if that be the case, all the foolish stories that the people tell about your wife Catherine must be mere malicious inventions."

"And what do people say about my wife Catherine?" cried Van Huysum, beginning now to feel uneasy, and remembering the unexplained tears of his wife some short time before.

"Nothing particular," said Gervais.

"Nothing! People don't allude to 'nothing' in that extraordinary tone," exclaimed the painter.

"Why," said Gervais, "if I thought that the reports abroad were true, I would not repeat them to you; but as they are evidently mere calumnies, you ought to know them. They say that your wife is in correspondence with one of the Spaniards recently arrived in the suite of the Duke of Alva; and the most amusing part of the matter is, that he pretends to be a Frenchman, and has even assumed my name. I know that every morning he sends a nosegay of flowers to your house; but perhaps this may be by your permission; although some add that letters are concealed among the flowers."

On hearing these words, Van Huysum turned very pale, for he remembered that he had never thought of asking who it was that sent the presents of flowers, which he had received as intended for himself. He broke away from Gervais, and hastening home, shut himself up in his studio, and began to paint that celebrated picture of the deadly nightshade, which is the only one remaining of his that possesses a sombre character. We say remaining, because it was last heard of in the Louvre gallery in 1815, when it was claimed as stolen property by one of the petty princes of Germany. It is not mentioned, however, in any of the catalogues we have seen, and may have been destroyed, or, which is more probable, forms the ornament of some private cabinet. This, at least, is the

account which is current in Paris. Probably M. Jeanron, the late able director of the Louvre gallery, and one of the most learned men in the history of painting in the present age, might be able to furnish some further particulars. He has paid great attention to the annals of Dutch painting; and no man would be more capable, if he felt disposed, of giving us an account of all that vast number of little-known painters who illustrated the period in which Van Huysum lived.

To return, however, to Vanderkamp's narrative of the domestic tribulations of our flower-painter. On the morning that succeeded his interview with Gervais, he watched carefully the arrival of the accustomed nosegay, and instead of allowing his wife to take it in her hands, seized it himself, and hurriedly saying that it contained a flower which he wished to copy, ran to his studio, and shutting himself in, tore it to pieces. Sure enough, there was a small piece of folded paper concealed amongst the stalks, containing these words, "Thank you, dearest, thank you; you shall hear again to-morrow."

This missive, signed "G.," naturally confirmed the dreadful suspicion which had agitated Van Huysum's mind. Instead, however, of going to his wife, and asking for an explanation, the unfortunate man determined to indulge his grief in silence; to create no scandal, and simply to watch the proceedings of Catherine with greater care.

This incident was the beginning of a long series of domestic unhappiness. Van Huysum was not able sometimes to restrain himself from making bitter allusions to Catherine's misconduct, and she, feeling that his accusations were in the main unjust, and forgetting what cause she had given to his upbraidings by a moment of imprudence, often answered with asperity, and terrible quarrels were the result. Van Huysum, by degrees, seemed to lose all self-guidance, except when his art was concerned. Among other things, he imagined that the son who bore his name, was not really his, and the rough treatment which this suspicion naturally caused may have partly contributed to drive the youth into bad company. At any rate, the whole town began soon to talk of his excesses, and it became necessary, in fact, to send him away. Gerard, the husband of Agatha, of whom we have already spoken, put him under the care of the supercargo of one of his ships. He went to India, as above stated, and seems, as he grew older, to have seen the error of his ways. At any rate, we find him about fifteen years afterwards established as a merchant at Batavia, where the name is still preserved in that of the firm of Dewink, Van Huysum, and Co. We do not know whether Van Huysum ever came to a proper explanation with his wife. The story of his quarrel with the master of the house in which he lived, according to Vanderkamp, was connected with a much more unfounded fit of jealousy than that suggested by the malice of Gervais. It appears that the landlord used sometimes to remonstrate with the painter on the violence of his language and conduct, and to praise the general good behaviour, and the decent demeanour of Catherine, who, at that time, might almost be called an elderly woman. Van Huysum imagined that there must be some improper reason for this interference, and once forgot himself so far as to strike the landlord in answer to some more than usually vehement remonstrance. This led to a terrible quarrel, at the end of which Van Huysum was driven from the house. It would seem, however, that he was not ultimately compelled to change his abode. Probably an explanation ensued; and there seems some slight reason to believe that in this explanation Catherine's conduct was in some measure cleared up, for the painter still continued to live with her, which it is not likely he would have done, if she had been anything more than the innocent cause of the sufferings he temporarily underwent.

However, his melancholy mood of mind still clung to him, and in the advanced years of his life he became more and more fond of retirement, more and more exclusively attached to his beloved flowers. Even when not occupied in painting them, he would sit for hours contemplating their beauties, and communing with them as if they were beings endowed with life. In the mad fits which occasionally came upon him,

he would talk to his tulips and his anemones as if he believed that they were capable of understanding him and appreciating his feelings. Some pretended that this strange behaviour

been a simple-minded man, rendered unhappy both by temperament and circumstances.

It has been asserted that Van Huysum was accessible to



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM

was affected merely in order to attract attention; but Vanderkamp, who knew him at this period of life, denies that affectation was any part of his character, and represents him to have

envy, a much more cruel and less easily avowed sentiment than jealousy; for envy is but a variety of hate, while jealousy is another form of love. The only pupil who was

ever brought up by Van Huysum—we speak on the authority of Van Gool—was a lady of the name of Havermann, who almost rivalled her master. The Dutch historian informs

received. He adds, that Van Huysum rejoiced at a circumstance that deprived him of a dangerous competitor. We may, however, very readily be led to infer, to the honour of



ROSES, AURICULAS, ANEMONES, Poppies, AND AFRICAN MARIGOLD. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

us, that the young lady, dishonoured in the eyes of the world by impropriety of conduct, fled from her country and sought refuge in Paris, where she and her works were equally well

our artist, that Van Gool speaks here only from supposition, when we find him in error as to the career of Mademoiselle Havermann. He informs us, that on her arrival in France

she was received by the Academy of Painting, which is not correct. It is scarcely likely that Van Gool should be more correct on one point than another. However this may be, Van Huysum allowed no trace of this bitterness of character to appear in his pictures. It may have been that he allowed something to peep out, but he expressed it symbolically and mysteriously in a language understood only by himself. He may have allowed the complaints of his wounded spirit to find vent sometimes in the bitter perfume of some wild flower, which he mingles with his garden favourites. Antiquity had set an example of these delicate allusions, and the celebrated flower-girl of Athens gave a meaning, and that a clear one, to every garland she wore. But whether Van Huysum sought or not to emulate Glycera must for ever remain a mystery. All we know is, that he threw his whole soul into his works.

We regret that Vanderkamp, usually so copious in his details, has not given us some distinct account of Van Huysum's female pupil. He does not mention the name of Mdlle. Havermann at all, but alludes, with considerable vagueness, to reports of some symptoms of envy exhibited by his favourite artist. He declares them to have been totally unfounded, and a little afterwards tells the story of a Miss Petermann for whom Van Huysum appears to have entertained a great affection. If, indeed, we did not know his character too well, we should imagine that he sought a refuge from the unhappiness produced by his jealousy in the society of this young lady, who was an artist like himself, though not his pupil.

Her favourite subjects, indeed, were the bright-coloured birds brought home by the Indian traders; but as she introduced frequently a few flowers as accessories, it is probable that her friend gave her some advice as to their composition and colouring. From the similarity of the names we should be disposed to think that the whole story of the envy of Van Huysum for Mdlle. Havermann was an invention of his enemies. Miss Petermann, according to Vanderkamp, some years after her intimacy with our painter had diminished, married without the consent of her parents, and left the country in order to avoid their displeasure. She settled in Paris and was no more heard of.

Haarlem was, in the seventeenth century, the city of flowers *par excellence*. It boasted of some of the finest gardens in the world. George Foster, one of the comrades of Captain Cook, thus speaks of the famous flower-garden of Haarlem:—"I can no longer deny that the winds scatter perfumes from Araby the Blest to the very ocean; for through the balmy atmosphere we could distinguish the balsamic odour of the hyacinth and other flowers." We all know the fabulous prices paid by certain Dutch amateurs for flowers, and particularly for certain varieties of the tulip. At the time when Van Huysum lived, certain squares of tulips were priced at six and eight hundred pounds. A passionate admirer of this plant, one day, in default of money, gave cattle and goods to the value of 2,500 florins (about £250). The proud owners of these rarities were the men who delighted to open to Van Huysum their marvellous conservatories, their incomparable gardens. Woerhelm is quoted as owing a portion of his great celebrity as a gardener to his extreme hospitality, and the friendship which existed between him and the painter. Our artist, then, had only to select the most lovely amid all that was lovely; and every one will at once appreciate the immense advantage he enjoyed in having before his eyes on all occasions the most perfect and choice examples.

By dint of constant contemplation, Van Huysum appears to have discovered in flowers every aspect of insect life; but as he has taken care to make details always subordinate to the triumph of his bouquet, it is only by careful examination that we discover those little insects which surround the rose with a shining, singing, buzzing escort. The queen of flowers, however, is not the only one that rejoices in a court; the narcissus, the forget-me-not, the honeysuckle, receive within their calix the honey-bee; the Spanish jacinth has its parasites, and the more insignificant bell-flower has its winged ants and other satellites. The insects of our friend Van Huysum are almost as numerous as the flies which visit the strawberry-bed of

Bernadin de St. Pierre. "They were," says the latter, "distinguished one from the other by their colour, their shape, and their movements. There were some of golden, some of silver, some of bronze tint, some were spotted, some streaked, some blue, some green, some dark, some clear. Some had heads round like a turban, others long like the point of a nail; to some they looked like a point of black velvet, others they dazzled, as if they had been rubies." Such is this little world, and Van Huysum has given it life with as delicate a pencil as the pen of the poet. But he is not satisfied to raise a fly with its gauze wings on the clear ground of an apricot or other fruit; he further observes and studies, to enrich his work, the snail which crawls under the leaf of a raspberry-bush, the butterfly which flies around his vase, and the bright beetles, with their gold and copper hues. If we examine these beautiful bouquets, engraved by Eardom in mezzotint, we see admirably represented an insect which crawls timidly on a gooseberry branch, which serves as a junction between two peaches, like a bridge between two mountains upon a precipice. We often see the bullfinch making its nest at the feet of the bouquets of Van Huysum, and beside his little gray-spotted eggs are to be seen numerous rose-buds. Birds and flowers are about to burst forth together. Even to the very dew-drop is the painter accurate and admirable. He paints this little accessory with life in all its fresh transparency, and there stand trembling on a bunch of grapes, fresh, cool, and humid, in the pictures of Van Huysum, those liquid pearls which live but a fitful hour.

This may be a proper place to say a few words of mezzotint, alluded to above. Some writers have indicated, as the inventor of mezzotint engraving, the Prince Palatine Robert Rupert of Bavaria, nephew of Charles I. Others say that this prince was let into the secret by Louis de Siegen, an officer in the service of Hesse-Cassel, whose first work, published in 1643, was a bust of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth. The prince communicated the secret of De Siegen to Walleran Vaillant, a Flemish painter, and it was divulged by the indiscretion of some workmen. We shall return to this point.

It is generally known in what mezzotint differs from line engraving and aquatint. Instead of the engraver in aquatint and line using his point to form the dashes and the shades upon a polished plate which represents the lights, the engraver in mezzotint uses a particular instrument to produce the lights upon a granulated plate which represents the shadow. In other words, he spreads black on a white surface; the other distributes white on a black surface. The graining of the plate on which the engraver operates in mezzotint is obtained by means of a tool called a cradle. This tool, of a circular form, is armed with little, all-but-imperceptible teeth; it is moved over the surface of the plate in every way, so that the copper is covered with little, asperities, which form the grains of which we speak. If the copper-plate thus prepared is placed in the press, there results a proof of a velvety black and of a perfectly even tint. This uniform black, obtained by a merely mechanical process, is the basis of the artist's work. After having traced his drawing, the engraver makes his lights and half-lights, wearing away the grain more or less with the scraper. These lights, the half-tints and the black furnished by the upper grain, compose the effect of *chiaro-oscuro*, which is necessary to produce the desired effect. The labour of the engraver in mezzotint consists not exactly in engraving the copper, but in destroying artistically what the workman has engraved with the cradle.

Mezzotint is more fit than any other style to represent phantoms, enchantments, artificial lights, like that of a lamp, a torch, fire—in a word, all kinds of night effects. Laresse also declares that this process is the best by which to render the effect of plants, fruits, flowers, vases of gold, silver, and crystal, armour, etc. But this is somewhat of an erroneous opinion, and is surprising in one who was himself so able in mezzotint. Fruits, flowers, precious vases, and armour—all objects distinguished by the rich variety of their substances, and which present such divers aspects—are much better ex-

pressed in line engraving than in mezzotint. This is so true, that classical science has found a thousand ingenious ways of cutting copper to characterise each of those objects, and to have them recognised at the first glance—metallic and reflective bodies, as well as the satin surface of a flower, or its thorny stalk; the skin of an apricot, as well as the rough coat of a melon, or the tough skin of a pomegranate. While the one can easily represent the soft petals of the tulip, or the ruddy peach, mezzotint has not a grain to render all the other varied tints with energy and native softness.

The fact is, mezzotint, with its deep shades, its union of masses, and its bold demi-tints, suits fantastic subjects, subjects of sombre poetry, so familiar to the genius of Rembrandt; it is suited to moonlights by the melancholy Elzheimer, or night-scenes as understood by Schalhalm and Gerard Douw. Certainly, if this style of engraving does not imitate solid bodies effectually, and render the apparent character of their substances, it is admirably adapted to the representation of rich hangings, of satins and velvets, and even of flesh; for the mezzotint engraver has not to fear that shiny effect which often renders the naked form unnatural in other engravings. In the reproduction of colours, this process easily gives almost inexpressible demi-tints, which made the Italians call the style *mezzo-tinto*, a name we have adopted instead of the *maniere miroir* of the French. But still it must be confessed, that if mezzotint colours a scene more broadly and more naturally, it is not so easy to render in it the finer elements of the art. It offers less scope to the genius and power of the artist.

Another defect of this style is, that it does not last, that the plate soon wears out when in the press. William Gilpin says himself that you cannot obtain more than one hundred good proofs in mezzotint, the rubbing of the hand, and the press, having soon worn out work that has scarcely penetrated beyond the surface of the copper. "Nevertheless," says this writer, "if you constantly repair the plate, it may give four or five hundred proofs of a very tolerable character. The best impressions are not always the first; these are too black and too crude; the good ones begin from the fortieth to the sixtieth."

By a singular contradiction in the usual order of things, it happens that mezzotint produced its best results in the early days of the discovery, so that the first engraver in mezzotint was the ablest and the most justly celebrated. On this point many writers have disagreed with the canon of Salisbury, who asserts that this art has gone on progressing with the age, and who says that the masters of the eighteenth century are very far superior to the contemporaries of Prince Rupert. Even the very existence of pictures executed by Rupert is denied by Gilpin, who says distinctly, "As for the works of Prince Rupert, I know those that are positively proved to be by him; and those which are given out as his are executed in a hard, black, coarse, disagreeable style, which the masters who succeeded him imitated." This is an error to be regretted in a man of such eminence as Gilpin. A very eminent and graceful critic says, "In the first place, it is certain that the prince did engrave; and what more convincing proof can I give of this fact, than that his arms are attached, by way of signature, to the works he has executed, especially to that admirable picture of the Executioner who holds up the head of St. John, an engraving after Rebeira." These arms are found on the plate when it has been reduced, and nothing but the bust of the executioner remains. To such a decisive proof need we add the testimony of Bason?

But without entering into a long analytical inquiry into the questions raised by Gilpin, we can by no means agree that the engravings are executed in the harsh, black, and disagreeable style which is ascribed to them by Gilpin. On the contrary, the full length piece representing the "Executioner" appears to us to be a masterpiece in mezzotint; especially, if we examine it in fine proofs, such as are sometimes found in England, generally very superior to those found in the National Library of Paris, in the valuable and inexhaustible print department. In fact, it is from this very production that we can judge what the full force of mezzotint is, when in the

hand of a master who knows how to remove its crudity, and to correct its natural difficulties by the boldness of his lights and shades, the suddenness of his transitions, and the proper use of his scraper. Thus treated, the engraving in mezzotint is a true picture, because to the tranquillity produced by broad and well-defined shadows it unites free and lively touches, masculine relief, and dashing touches which belong only to painters. These admirable attempts are difficult to reach in ordinary engraving, because the hand only touches the black, and is compelled to be chary of lights, instead of applying them with resolution and vigour, as you can in mezzotint, by energetic strokes and the careful use of the scraper. In other words, in ordinary engraving the whites are negative, and all the energy is in the shadows. In mezzotint, energy can as well be found in the touch of the deeper scratched lights as in the shadows, where softness is increased by aquatint.

"The character of Prince Rupert," says a somewhat partial historian, "is pictured fully in this fine engraving of the 'Executioner holding the head of St. John,' as boldly dashed off, as proud as the picture of the Espagnolet." In the midst of a refined court, as Horace Walpole says, Rupert looked like a rude artisan; but let us rather copy the portrait traced by the Tory Hamilton, and which Walpole himself cannot help quoting. "He was brave and valiant to a fault. His mind was subject to certain errors he would have been sorry to correct. His mind had been fertilised by experiments in mathematics, and by some study in chemistry. He was polite to excess when it was not required, while he was proud and even insolent when he should have been civil. He was tall and had a truculent look. His face was dry and hard when even he tried to soften its expression; when he was ill-humoured he looked like a demon."

Such was the man who rested from the fatigues of Naseby and Marston Moor, and from acts more than questionable; who fled from the fatigue of courts by giving himself up to an art of which he only knew the rudiments, and yet which he carried to perfection. If he really was the inventor of the mezzotint, as Horace Walpole affirms, it is curious to know how, according to this author, Rupert was brought to this discovery.

"Let us take the prince in his workshop," says Walpole, "covered with dirt, ill combed, and perhaps with a dirty shirt. On the day of which I speak, he certainly was not shaved and powdered to pay his court to Miss Hughes; for I speak of the time when he was living in retirement at Brussels, after his uncle's final catastrophe. Going out that day early in the morning, he remarked a sentry, who, at a certain distance from his post, was doing something to his gun.

"What are you doing?" said the prince.

"The soldier replied, that the dew which had fallen during the night had rusted his gun, and that he was scraping and cleaning it.

"The prince approached, and, examining it nearer, thought he saw something like a figure on the barrel, with innumerable little holes close to each other, like a damask work in silver or gold, and of which the soldier had engraven a part. Every one knows what an ordinary officer would have done in a similar case. If he had been a simple sprig of fashion, he would have scolded the young fellow and given him a shilling; but the 'genius fertile in experience,' drew from this simple accident the idea of mezzotint. From what he had seen, the prince concluded that the means were to be found of covering a plate of copper with a grain composed of fine asperities which would give, on being printed, a black proof; and that on scratching different parts, more or less, demi-tints and lights would be produced. He communicated this idea immediately to the painter Walleran Vaillant, and they set to work together. After numerous experiments, they invented a steel roller with teeth like a rasp, which produced a grain on the copper, that is to say, the black background they were in search of; and on this background, scratched or rubbed at will, they easily found every gradation of light."

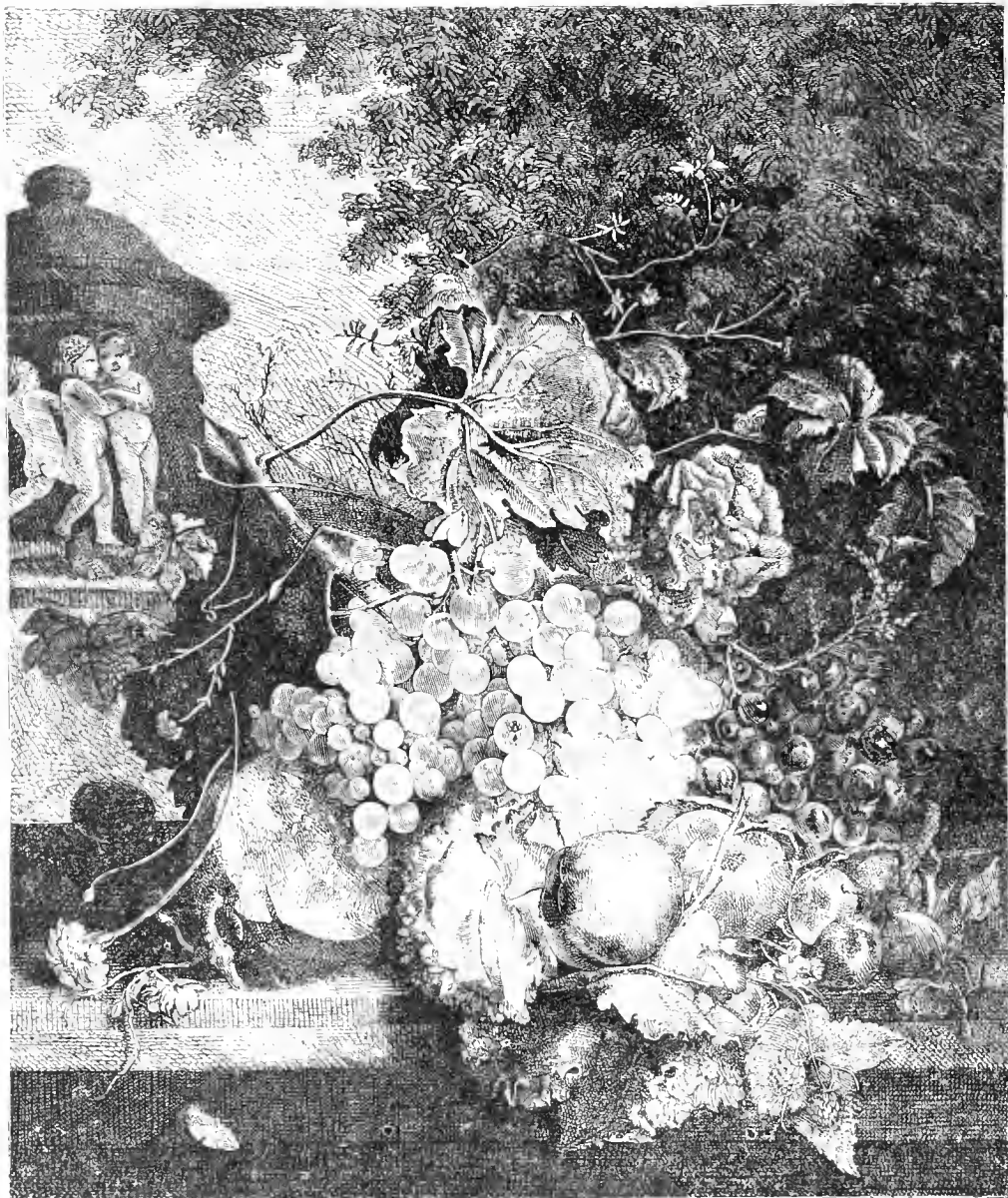
Such is Walpole's version. According to this it appears that Rupert invented mezzotint at the time he was living in

retirement at Brussels: that is to say, after the death of Charles I., and consequently after the year 1649. But we have seen before, that already an officer in the service of Hesse-Cassel had published a mezzotint representing the portrait of the Landgravine Amelia Elizabeth, which picture bears the date of 1643. It is impossible, then, to admit that Rupert was the inventor of a process which a Bavarian officer found before him, unless we suppose, which is unlikely, that the prince knew nothing of the discovery of Louis of Siegen.

a small mezzotint engraving, representing a satyr, and then after taking a proof he finished it in another hour.

In France, mezzotint has never been a favourite style, either with painters or with the public. In England, however, it has been very popular, and many could be named who have given lustre and vogue to the style.

Van Huysum painted many flowers in water-colours, and they are his best, and those which at the present day fetch the largest sums, not only because of their rarity,



FLOWERS AND FRUIT, FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM

Horace Walpole, who in this instance simply put in order the manuscript of Virtue, assures us that he had the story from Killigrew, who had it from the painter Evelyn. It is, however, well known that other writers have attributed the discovery to Sir Christopher Wren, who communicated it to Prince Rupert. However this may be, this style of engraving has many advantages. Independently of the poetry which it lends to many subjects, mezzotint offers a more expeditious method, and on this point the painter Gerard de Laïresse tells us that he prepared in an hour, while walking in his garden,

but also because they so admirably represent the freshness and beauty of nature. As to his paintings in oil, they have all the qualities of a solid water-colour, and the faults of a painting on porcelain, fine and tempered, but slightly defective. They seem as if they were painted with water-colours on panels prepared with glue, and finished up in oil. The colours, still brilliant and unchangeable, show the extreme care he took to purify and to select them.

The landscapes of Van Huysum are highly esteemed by the Dutch, and they have been known to pay as dear for them as

even for his flowers. And yet these landscapes, to speak frankly, are but copies of Guaspere, imitations of Glauber, reminiscences of Poussin and Claude. Van Huysum lived at a time when the Dutch school was reverting to the foreign style. The *naïve* lovers of nature, the Karel, the Van der Velde, the Paul Potters, even Ruysdael—those great painters to whom the sight of a shady hut, the humblest rill, and a few houses, sufficed to inspire a masterpiece—gave way to landscape-painters influenced by historical pre-occupations. The great Gerard de Lairesse, a learned master, "too literary to be a painter of the first order," had introduced into the

had to be rendered, produced, in these instances, insipid and cold pictures, which, despite all his talent, had neither the picturesque style of Berghem, nor the sylvan charm of Ruysdael, nor the grandeur of Guaspere and Gonsels. The only reason why the Dutch are so proud of a landscape of Van Huysum is, that their very rarity makes them precious and rarity is often more coveted than genius.

We must then, after all, come back to the bouquets of Van Huysum; and it really should suffice for an artist to be the greatest of flower-painters in his school, as great, indeed, as any. Even in fruits we must not wholly absolve him from



THE FISHERMAN. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN HUYSUM.

simple pasturages of Holland the nymphs and demigods of Poussin. Ancient dryads came to visit the groves where before had only wandered the buxom and short-petticoated farmers' wives of Berghem. But this bastard classicity could never inspire the same enthusiasm, and win the same success, as the productions which emanated from the simple impressions of the masters. The natural consequence of his composing his landscapes merely from the study of old engravings (and he certainly knew nothing of the countries he attempted to paint) became evident. Van Huysum, who was so admirable, so warm, so exquisite, when a leaf or a flower

having been unsuccessful. Some of them resemble wax, and assume the polish of ivory. We must confess, in fact, that in this department of his art, Van Huysum is below David de Heem. His peaches are too firm, his pines have "not a thirsty look," and his grapes are wanting in maturity, in golden hue, and in sunny warmth. He succeeds better in bunches of red currants, and the inside of pomegranates, divided by membranous skins into little red lodges full of pips; sparkling rubies, which rejoice the sight, and seem as it were to slake the thirst.

Whether his subject was fruits or flowers, and he was

very fond of mixing them up), Van Huysum liked to paint his pictures on light grounds; and these are the favourites with amateurs. "There is no colour," says Lairese, "which does not look well upon white, though really the most sombre then look best." By keeping his background slightly gray, Van Huysum could easily display clear flowers there with vigorous tone; and he had, moreover, this advantage, that this neutral ground, being less luminous, gave a reflection to the dark models which were projected upon it.

Van Huysum had three brothers, who were distinguished in painting: Justus, who died at twenty-two, and who painted large and small battle-pieces with astonishing facility, and without models, with great genius and taste. Jacob, who died in London, used to copy the works of his brother so as to deceive even a practised eye. He also designed pictures himself, after nature, which are much esteemed. The third, named John, lived still in 1773, in the year that Deschamps published the fourth volume of the "Lives of Painters." Van Huysum died on the 8th of February, 1749, leaving three children; and though he received, during his lifetime, considerable sums of money for his pictures, he died poor.

"The high price of Van Huysum's pictures," says a French critic, "is accounted for in several ways. In the first place, their finish is exquisite, and it is a circumstance worth remarking, that amateurs pay according to the labour which a picture seems to have cost; then to their beauty, for it is certain that, in the special instance of flowers, Van Huysum never had a rival; in fine, to their rarity, for in all Europe we can scarcely find a hundred pictures altogether." The painter himself sold them at a high rate, and his principal purchasers, therefore, were such men as the Count de Merville, the Duke of Orleans, the Elector of Saxony, the Prince of Hesse Cassel, the King of Poland, the King of Prussia, the Elector Palatine, and the Stadtholder.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses some of the finest of Van Huysums known to the world. They consist of landscapes, flowers, fruits, &c.; some rated as high as £480. Smith says:—"He attained to as high a degree of perfection in painting fruit and flowers as is likely that science will attain. His best works defy imitation; but there are skilful copies in existence, which closely resemble his works. His imitators were his brother Jacob Van Huysum, who devoted his time to study and copying his brother's pictures, in which he became very skilful. He died in London, 1746. He lived for some time with Lord Orford, and painted a number of pictures for him. Another was Herman Van der Myn, born at Amsterdam, 1684. He studied under Ernest Steven, and being attracted by the beauty of Van Huysum, began to copy him, succeeded well, and none have arrived at considerable eminence in this branch of art, but became anxious to distinguish himself in others—painted distance and portrait subjects; but was not prudent, and died in London, in poverty, 1741."

John Van Os, father and son, studied Van Huysum; the younger produced some brilliant pictures; two of them are in

the Royal Museum at the Hague. His other imitators were Wybrand Hendricks, Herman Van Brussel, and John Linthorst.

The Marquis of Westminster has a fine picture, worth £260. It is a rich assemblage of fruit, consisting of purple and white grapes, a cut melon, peaches, plums, apricots, an open pomegranate, a bunch of filberts, a cracked walnut, currants, and raspberries, some of which are disposed in a basket, and the whole skilfully grouped on a marble table, mingled with a few flowers, consisting of the cock's-comb, the hollyhock, and the convolvulus. This picture gives evidence of a master hand in every detail; the effect of the whole is most exquisite.

In the Amsterdam Museum is a picture representing an elegant group of flowers, composed of roses, hyacinths, auriculas, anemones, disposed in a vase adorned with boys playing with a goat, placed on a marble slab, on which are a bird's nest with four eggs, and a peony, some blue-bells, and a rose. Dated 1726, painted on a light ground.

There is another representing a fine collection of fruit, consisting of grapes, peaches, plums, apples, &c., and a vine branch and a sprig with raspberries on it, interspersed with a few flowers and insects.

In the Louvre is a very fine work—"A quantity of Fruit," piled indiscriminately on a marble table, consisting of grapes, peaches, and plums, amongst which are mingled an African marigold, hyacinths, and a cock's-comb. A basket of apricots is also on the table. It is on a light ground.

Another represents "A quantity of fine Fruit," consisting of melons, peaches, grapes, and plums, interspersed with flowers—white poppies, cock's-combs, and convolvuluses, grouped on a marble slab. In the background is a terra-cotta vase, adorned with Cupids.

In the Royal Gallery of Dresden is "A group of Flowers," consisting of red and white roses, irises, tulips, &c., tastefully arranged in a vase, standing on a marble slab, on which lies a chaffinch's nest with three eggs.

In the Royal Hermitage of St. Petersburg is the representation of "A beautiful Vase, embossed with Cupids," standing on a marble table, containing a rich assemblage of flowers, consisting of white, red, and yellow roses, auriculas, anemones, poppies, African marigolds, &c., upon the table. At the foot of the vase are a chaffinch's nest containing four eggs, a sprig of nasturtiums, and a full-blown rose. The background represents a park scene. Signed and dated 1722.

The companion to this is "A choice selection of Fruit," disposed in the most skilful manner on a marble table, amongst which may be enumerated clusters of grapes of different kinds, peaches, pomegranates, apricots, and plums; with these are tastefully mingled the white poppy, the scarlet lychnis, and the marigold. A bunch of red currants, a cracked walnut, and another in its shell, lie on the front of the table; and at the extremity of the group stands a handsome vase, adorned with nymphs, in which are a hollyhock, a rose, and other flowers.

"LA RENAISSANCE" (REVIVAL OF ART).

"LA RENAISSANCE" is a term which is now exclusively applied to the revival of art, the return to Greek and Roman ideas of beauty as displayed in the ancient statues, and the general diffusion of better taste in matters of art, which took place in the fifteenth century. It was in Italy, that mother and nurse of modern art, that this movement took its rise. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no painters there during the dark ages; not only history, but pictures still extant, testify to the contrary; but they were hardly worthy of the name of artists. None of them were scholars, and they followed their calling rather as a trade than as a profession. Their art was a sort of stupid mechanism stupidly followed, in which nature was not even imitated, but distorted. This

state of things continued till the middle of the thirteenth century; and the first symptoms of a change appeared in the marked improvement of sculpture amongst the Tuscans. Byzantine rules had hitherto completely enchained the Italian artists, but they now turned from the works of the modern Greeks to those of their ancestors. There was in Italy a very good collection of ancient statuary, but it was not until now that they began to be studied. Niccola Pisano took the lead in this great work, and in various works, particularly bas-reliefs on the outsides of vessels and ornaments, showed the Italian artist how much still remained to be achieved. His associate, Andrea Pisano, was the founder of that great school which produced Oragna, Donatello, and the celebrated

Ghiberti, the maker of the Florentine gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy of forming the entrance to Paradise. The improvement of sculpture was followed by that in mosaic, the school of which has existed in Rome so early as the eleventh and twelfth centuries; but for want of specimens for study, painting long remained in a more incomplete state than either of the foregoing branches of art. The revival in painting is due to Florence, and the genius which presided over it was Cimabue. He appears to have learnt the art from some Greeks who had been invited to Florence, and painted in the chapel S. Maria Novella. The essential and fundamental principle of the Greek art, however, was a fixed and unalterable adherence to established rules, so that, every artist copying his master, no change, and consequently no improvement, could ever be effected. Cimabue, however, like most other Italian artists, got the better of his Greek education, threw off the yoke, and went straight to nature for instruction. "But his talent," says Lanzi, "did not consist in the graceful. His Madonnas have no beauty; his angels in the same piece have all the same form. Wild as the age in which he lived, he succeeded admirably in heads full of character, especially in those of old men, impressing an indescribable degree of bold sublimity, which the moderns have not been able greatly to surpass. Vast and inventive in conception, he executed large compositions, and expressed them in grand proportions."

Giotto made another step in advance, by giving greater chasteness to symmetry, more pleasing effect to design, and greater softness to colouring. The meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, and staring eyes of the Greek style all disappeared under him. This gradual transition was due wholly to the study of the antique. It was to this that many of the greatest geniuses of Italy owed their development. In 1349 we find the Florentine painters, who had now become a numerous body, forming themselves into a fraternity, which they styled the Society of St. Luke. Many similar ones were formed in other parts of Italy, particularly at Venice and Bologna. These associations, however, did not include painters alone, but were open to all who worked at the various trades requiring most skill and dexterity. Painting was not yet looked upon in the light of a liberal profession, but still the *esprit de corps* was growing up amongst those who practised it. Giotto's discovery of oil-painting, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, was the crowning step in advance. The rest was left to genius; and how nobly genius did its part, it is not necessary here to relate. The beginning of the sixteenth century was styled the Golden Age of Art, though much remained to be achieved.

It was not, however, until the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo that the Renaissance made its way beyond the Alps, and spread its blessings over France and the north of Europe generally. These great men belonged to what is called the Florentine school—a school which, though wanting in power of relief in drapery, in beauty, in grouping, as well as in many other points, yet always excelled in design. Da Vinci and Michael Angelo were its two great masters, and when they appeared they inaugurated a new era by pointing out the immutable characteristics and established laws of nature, thence deducing rules which their successors have since followed with great effect both at home and abroad. The history of the former of "these grand old masters" is a series of triumphs of the highest order, in which art seemed almost to have attained to perfection. We all remember the pleasing story which illustrates so strikingly the splendour of the ideal to which he strove to attain, and the indomitable patience with which he laboured in pursuit of the great object of his ambition. He laboured for four years at a portrait of a Florentine lady named Mona Lisa, but was never able to complete it to his own satisfaction, and at last relinquished the attempt in despair. Francis I. of France saw at Milan one of the finest of his works, "The Last Supper," and endeavoured in vain to saw it from the wall. Failing in this, he invited the artist, now in his sixty-third year, to accompany him to Paris. Da Vinci complied, and although he no longer continued to follow his calling, his presence in the

French capital gave an impulse to French art, to which it is indebted for all its subsequent successes.

It is owing to this circumstance that a French artist, M. Landelle, in a painting, representing the Renaissance under a symbolical form, which he has this year exhibited at the Louvre, and an engraving of which we here supply, places him in so prominent a position amongst the authors and promoters of the Renaissance. This picture, which is to form part of the new decorations of the Louvre, contains several exaggerations and peculiarities of a former age. The artist has introduced into it all the characteristics of the sculpture, as well as of many of the paintings of the sixteenth century; the slender eyebrows, removed far from the pupils; the high forehead, the elegant, but almost disdainful features, all remind us of the proud beauties of the French court at that period. The length of the arms, legs, and fingers, and various other details, belong to a type well known to those who are familiar with the different schools and different epochs in the history of French and Italian art. These proportions, no doubt, give a certain air of nobility to the figure, but many of the artists of the Renaissance have exaggerated them, and M. Landelle has intentionally copied this exaggeration, in order to indicate the taste of the period, and give an appearance of chronological accuracy to his work. If we suppose the woman in this painting to stand up, it will be found that the different parts of her body are not in the proportion laid down by rule; for instance, her length will be greater than ten heads. But we must not characterise this as a fault, because it is in reality an historical trait. It was thus the artists of the time drew their women, as may be seen by an examination of any of their works in the palace at Fontainebleau. The huge mass of drapery is another characteristic also, which shows that the artist has been careful to avoid all appearance of anachronism, and the figure generally is distinguished by the dignity of the attitude, the elegance of the features, and the fineness of the outline.

At her feet are two little cherubs; one, resting on a medalion of Francis I., the great patron of the arts in France, raises his head, and contemplates the Renaissance apparently with unmixed satisfaction. This is the genius of the approaching good time, full of faith and hope, and gladly hailing the transformation then taking place in the arts. The child's head displays great feeling and power of thought and observation. Infantine simplicity and artlessness together with the intellect and forethought of a more advanced age breathe from every feature. The other cherub reclines in a sorrowing attitude, and with a very sad expression of countenance, against a beautiful enamelled vase. Though the character is not here so well marked as in the other figure, it is not difficult to perceive that this symbolises middle-age art,—Christian inspiration mourning over the triumph of pagan art and Graeco-Roman traditions.

There is one man in England, however, whose dicta in matters of art are yearly acquiring additional force and authority, because he supports them by eloquence of passing brilliancy, by all the weight of personal conviction of no ordinary depth and fervour, and by a passionate devotion to the subject on which he writes—we need hardly say we mean Mr. Ruskin—who looks upon the Renaissance as an unmitigated calamity. Short as is the space in which we are compelled to notice the subject, in connexion with a work of art which has attracted considerable attention in the French capital, it would be unpardonable to pass from it without alluding to the views propounded regarding it by one whose study of it has been so profound. In his recently published work, "The Stones of Venice," treating of the various kinds of architecture which adorn the "City of the Sea," he bestows almost unmixed praise upon those of the two first periods, the Byzantine and the Gothic, and almost unmixed censure upon that of the latest—or, in other words, upon the architecture of the Renaissance; and to it, also, he assigns all the unsightliness and deformity which meet our view in modern houses and public edifices. He draws glowing pictures of the contrast between the rich quaint picturesqueness of the streets

in Nuremberg and other old mediæval towns of the Continent, and the bald flimsiness of our present streets and squares. The fact is by everybody admitted, though there is a wide difference of opinion as to the cause; but on this we cannot dwell. As to the difference in the spirit which animated

morality, began to lose sight of Christ, and fix their thoughts more on themselves, and consequently to analyse instead of believing. It is a return to that early subservience of art to simple and undivided faith and undoubting hope—to make it a veritable form of worship, and not merely a source of amuse-



"LA RENAISSANCE"—SYMBOLICAL FIGURE BY M. CHARLES LANDAUER.

early Christian art, and that of the Renaissance, his statements, though not so lengthy, are certainly clearer; and according to him, the Renaissance owed its origin to the revived study of the ancient classics, of the works of the heathen philosophers. The Christians, by imbibing pagan

ment for *dilettanti* and connoisseurs—that Mr. Ruskin professes to aim at. Judging from the wide difference in the *morale* of France and England, we suspect his views will make little way in the former country. The spirit of pure devotion is not there racy of the soil.

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.



PAINTING is a sort of freemasonry, which has its mysteries and its gradations. Certain men of the world, from the mere influence of their love of art, have acquired a vague and rudimentary notion of it; have learnt a few proper names, and some historical facts, without connexion and without continuation. They know just enough of it to make many

throw a great light upon the æsthetic or historical parts which they have preferred to explore: this is the second degree of initiation. Some, finally, have resolved to unite the pleasure of the love of painting with the pleasure of making it a study. They have dug deeply into the matter. By dint of seeing and comparing, by dint of sagacity, attention, and love, they have found the cause of their emotions; and in ascertaining this by an analytic process, they have discovered the great principles which compose all the poetry of the art: these are of the highest grade. These alone can appreciate Adrian Van Ostade, one of the most profound masters, the most learned and the most original who has existed since Rembrandt.

Adrian Van Ostade belongs to that generation of painters who, in the seventeenth century, left Germany, their country, in order to settle in the Low Countries. Holland, peopled with amateurs, and filled with picture-galleries, was at this epoch a sort of Italy of the north, which attracted by turns Adrian and Isaae Ostade, Backhuysen, Lingelback, Gaspar Netscher, all originally from Germany. Adrian was born at Lubeck,* in 1610. We are ignorant of his family; and



mistakes; but they are already in the first stage, for it is no small thing to speak of art, even with some blundering. Others have multiplied and generalised their knowledge; they have attempted to form arbitrary inductions; they have created for themselves a mode of seeing founded upon first impressions; they have taken their temperament for a judge. These rank among amateurs: their province is to

* Born at Lubeck, Adrian Van Ostade would be classed, legally and geographically speaking, among the painters of the German school, as well as the other artists whose names we have cited. It is well here, for the pretensions of some writers, such as Huber and Brulliot, that their nationality renders them little suspected. Deschamps eludes the question by comprising, without saying a word on the subject, Adrian Van Ostade in the generic title of his work—"The Lives of the Flemish, German, and Dutch Painters." Dargenville himself is not undecided; he classes the two Ostades with Albert Durer, and Holbein among the German painters; as he also ranks Petilot, the famous miniature-painter on enamel, well known by his portraits of the women of the court of Louis XIV., among the Swiss artists. Bartsch, on the contrary, preserving a prudent silence upon the question, as became a wise German, describes the works of Ostade in his first volume of the *Pinco graveur*, consecrated to the Dutch school. Amateurs have

scarcely anything is known of this skilful master, as of so many others. Who, then, was occupied at this time in collecting the materials for a history of painting? Strange, truly, that an art so charming has not found among so many admirers one serious, interesting historian, worthy of some attention. The life of Adrian Van Ostade only commences for us at the moment when we meet him at Haarlem, in the studio of François Hals, called Franck Hals. This was a bold, vigorous painter, of free manner, and strong colouring. He represented the Flemish traditions; he even went beyond them, to such an extreme, that Vandyck advised more wisdom and moderation. Adrian, on the contrary, was by his nature, and in spite of his origin, a true Hollander. He was so as much in his exterior physiognomy as in his genius. His grave appearance, the benevolence and simplicity of his countenance, declared the purity of his soul and the regularity of his life; the precise arrangement of his pictures, and the precious finish of their execution, speak of the conscience of the artist, his scrupulous care, his patience.

But why attempt a portrait of Van Ostade, after that which he has so marvellously painted of himself in the celebrated picture which is in the Louvre, where he is represented with his numerous children? The genius of Holland is wholly here, —family feeling, tranquillity of mind, interior life, rigid, and simple. And here the method of the painter exactly corresponds to the thought of the picture. Ostade, his wife, and eight children, are here disposed in a large space softly lighted, the furniture of which consists solely of an avenue of columns; the tone of the walls is of a fine gray, mingling a little with the green, which serves as a basis to the harmony of the picture. Upon this agreeable tint stand out the white necks and black vestments of all the members of the family. The girls and the boys, the youngest about eight years of age, have the flat features, the rounded nose, the projecting chin, and the sharp eye. They resemble their parents, as becomes well-born children, and are equally remarkable for the uniformity of their ugliness and of their costume. All the heads are uncovered, with the exception of that of Van Ostade, the father, who wears his hat as the king of this race, upon whom he looks with paternal regard. The house is neat and simple, nothing is seen upon the waxed inlaid floor but two or three flowers, fallen perhaps from the bouquet which the children have come to offer to their father; for by the expressions of the faces, the Sunday dresses and correct deportment, it may be imagined that it is, a fête day with the family, a domestic and friendly fête. The drawing is sober, the light softened. There is no coquetry in the choice of the tones; scarcely is the monotony of the black drapery interrupted here and there by tobacco-coloured petticoats, or by trowsers of a hazel tone; the contrast of the black and white at first appears abrupt, but it is conceived on a scale so skilfully tempered, that it enlivens the picture without being glaring, and arrests the attention without offending the eye. It is a charming composition, which breathes tranquil emotion, the peaceful felicity of a united family, from the father who holds in his hand that of his wife, to the youngest child, who offers cherries to its little sister!

As soon as the very name of Van Ostade is mentioned, it brings some masterpiece to memory. Before he had arrived at this degree of perfection, the young Adrian had long worked with his master Hals. Wise and industrious, he was not seduced, as many others have been, by the love of travel. Italy, whose name alone then excited the artists of all nations, as formerly the name of Jerusalem had fascinated whole nations, Italy had seen only Rembrandt. In the studio of Franck Hals, Ostade formed a friendship with Brauwer, who was also called Adrian, and who had already, without being aware of it, sufficient talent to be made by his master the gut short all these uncertainties, and, without regard to questions which concern the art less than the custom-house, they have declared the two Ostades, Backhuysen, Lingelbach, Gaspard Netscher, and some others, to be Dutch in style and talent; and in the fulness of their assumed authority have classed these eminent artists among the painters of that school.

subject of what is now called an *exploitation*—a new word to express a very old thing.

Franck Hals was avaricious, and his wife so well seconded his views, that the unhappy Brauwer, who was retained in prison, worked on his master's account, painted charming pictures, and received scarcely sufficient food. Ostade, who witnessed this shameful treatment, showed Brauwer that he was sufficiently skilful as a painter, and advised him to take flight. Brauwer followed this advice and fled—by the door of celebrity. Leaving, in his turn, the studio of Hals, Adrian Van Ostade devoted some time to discover his own style. First he attempted to imitate Rembrandt, to whom François Hals occasionally bore some resemblance,* but in the triviality of this great master—we speak of Rembrandt—there was a sublimity, an incomparable poetry, far beyond the humble genius of Van Ostade. He then turned to Teniers, whose nature and talents he better comprehended, and who, besides, although of the same age as Ostade, had preceded him in painting village scenery. Brauwer, who had become a master, found his old comrade in the midst of these perplexities; and quickly proved to him that Rembrandt was imitable, and that, after all, the name of Ostade was worth as much as Teniers'. The friend of Brauwer then resolutely took his own stand, although he still retained something of his first tendencies. In abandoning Teniers and Rembrandt he preserved the impression he had received from the genius of the two masters, and became what Adrian Van Ostade is to us, a familiar Rembrandt and a serious Teniers.

The large and fine city of Haarlem, which holds the second place among the cities of Holland, offered to Van Ostade all that could please his taste for comfort, regularity, and employment. At some distance he could find in the large villages of Hemstedt, Sparenwou, or Tetrode, studies of the rustic manners of which he so often reproduced the picture. The beer of Haarlem was in great repute throughout all Friesland and the country of Drente; the drinkers and the smokers, the other models so familiar to the pencil of Ostade, would not, therefore, be wanting. Besides, he had early married a daughter of the great marine painter Van Goyen, and we have already seen that his family increased rapidly enough to oblige him to lead a laborious and sedentary life. Ostade was one of those philosophers who care to hold but little place in the world, and to change it rarely. Nothing less than the rumour of neighbouring wars could have decided our peaceful artist to leave his residence and his habits, and return to Lubeck, his native city. "He passed through Amsterdam," says the historian Houbraken, "intending to go to Lubeck; but an amateur named Constantine Sennepart induced him, by his fair words, to remain with him. He pointed out to him the advantages of residing in so considerable a city, where his works were esteemed, and where he would find numerous purchasers who could afford to pay him well. It was about the year 1662 that he arrived at Amsterdam. He commenced a great number of designs, which were purchased by M. Jonas Witzer, with some by Battern, for 1,300 florins.†

At the period when Van Ostade settled in Amsterdam, this rich and fine city was filled with amateurs, and the most celebrated painters flourished there. There was not a class of Dutch society, not a variety of the Batavian race, not a single condition, which had not in Amsterdam its chosen painter. Lingelbach there displayed his lively fairs, his hunting-pieces in the style of Wouvermans, and his charming sea-ports. The

* There is in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch a superb portrait of François Hals, which was long attributed to Rembrandt, as we learn from the learned author of the catalogue of this famous gallery, M. George.

† Arnold Houbraken, *La Vie des Peintres des Pays-Bas. Die Grootte Schouburgh der nederlandsche kunstschilders en schilderssinnen, Amsterdam*, 1718. The invasion of Holland by Louis XIV. having taken place in 1672, it is possible there may be a mistake in the figures 1662, given by Houbraken, and repeated by Deschamps. In this case, it would have been the rumour of the invasion which decided Van Ostade to return to Lubeck.

citizens went to Gerard Douw for small and delicately finished portraits, and to Abraham Van Tenpel for those noble full-length portraits worthy of Vandyck, brilliant with flesh colouring and satin. Gabriel Metz represented the wealthy interiors of Holland, ladies at the toilet or the harpsichord, young gallants writing love-letters or practising the graces in the drawing-room, or, better still, pretty waiting-maids pouring water for their mistresses from a silver ewer. Adrian Brauwer was the painter of alehouse brawls, of libertines, of gamblers, and of drunkards. Paul Potter was privileged to wander with his shepherds and their flocks. Finally, the old Rembrandt, in the depths of his mysterious studio, reigned over the crowd of amateurs, impressing his genius upon them, and exciting their admiration. In the midst of all these great artists, Adrian Van Ostade came to seek his place, and found it. He did in protestant Holland what Teniers had done in catholic Flanders. And, without carrying this idea too far, it appears certain that the diversity of the two nations, so apparent to him who had come from Antwerp to Amsterdam, is very evident in the difference between the two masters. It is only necessary to have seen the Low Countries, to be struck with the sudden change as we pass from Belgium to Holland. The farmer of the neighbourhood of Mechlin does not in the least resemble the Dutch peasant. The fair of Flanders is full of joy and clatter; the rural fêtes, in the neighbouring countries of Haarlem and Amsterdam, are less noisy and more dignified. There the rustic smokes and laughs, gets drunk and sings, and gives expression to his joy in vulgar sallies; here he remains serious, meditative, at least in appearance, and even taciturn; he drinks conscientiously and in silence. But who knows what he absorbs, what liquor he swallows? In this respect Van Ostade, in painting reality, expresses the grotesque ideal of Rabelais, and the debouches of his fancy. In the inn, as well as in the interior of their cottages, the peasants of Ostade display the pleasures of drinking in frightful proportions. Men and women hold enormous fantastic glasses; the servants ascending and descending the cellar stairs can hardly supply these imitators of Gargantua. "A butler should have a hundred hands, as Briareus had," said the curate of Mendon, "for this incessant pouring." And truly we see it on looking at these red faces, these eager eyes, these enormous mouths, which, finding the glasses too small, though broad and deep as wells, seize the pot itself, and drain it to the bottom. A century before, Rabelais, in his artistically coloured style, had painted the models of Van Ostade—those drinkers with diapered nose spangled with purple blotches, enamelled, embroidered with gules, "of which race few loved *ptisan*,"* but all were lovers of strong September." Ah! these lovers of "strong September," Van Ostade has made portraits of them, and so true to life, that his compositions would well adorn a Dutch edition of Rabelais, in that part of the book where Gargantua feasts brother Jean des Entommeures, and cries, "How good is God, who has given us this good wine!"

It is not known whether Van Ostade took lessons of Rembrandt; but it is certain that he yielded to the influence of this great master, and that he adopted his *chiaro-oscuro*, especially when he painted interiors. With Rembrandt, light has a dramatic effect, his shadows are imposing and awful, as if inhabited by phantoms. If he throws a fantastic ray in the obscure abode of a recluse, it speaks to our imagination, and we perceive unknown poetry hidden in this mysterious marriage of the day and the night. The simple Ostade did not rise to the conception of these poems of light; but he borrowed of Rembrandt his gradually receding lights, those marvellous gradations which give transparency to shadow, interesting the eye and even delighting the thought. This single ray of light introduced into the cottages of the poor, through the lozenge casement, frequently falls only upon subjects and objects most strikingly trivial. The heroic gleam of Rembrandt falls with Van Ostade only upon prose, misery, and ugliness;

it, nevertheless, adds a serious interest to the humble personages whom he represents. Observe "The Rustic Household" † (p. 216). While the children are playing with the house dog, their little sister, holding by the knee of her mother, stretches her hands towards a toy which she wishes to have. The father and elder son look with delight upon this simple action: this is all the plot of "The Rustic Household." But even this simplicity is charming. We would not wish to leave this cottage without going over its numerous details, without counting the utensils scattered about in the most picturesque disorder. We look with interest upon the wicker cradle from which the child has just been taken; the half-cleared table with the old-fashioned pitcher chequered with blue stripes; here the grandmother's wheel, there, in the embrasure of the window, the cage with canaries; against the wall some glasses and plates stand upon a wretched plank in form of a dresser; higher up, hanging from the beams of the ruined ceiling, the basket full of straw in which the fowls are carried to market; here and there some clothes drying upon the line or upon the wooden balustrade which leads to the loft; not forgetting the barrel of beer which completes the provisions of the family, nor the engraving fixed upon the wall, showing that the idea of art is not absent even from this miserable cottage. Well, it is the *chiaro-oscuro* especially, which gives to this humble scene its principal value. The light enters freely through the large casement, but it is soft, warm, and caressing; it leaves a great part of the picture in the repose of shadow, and falls only on the principal objects. From the window to the cradle the ray meets all the figures, including the dog, who is also of the family; each of them stands out with vigour and clearness. Then follow the details of the furniture, which the light distinguishes according to their degree of importance in the mind of the painter; that is, as they may serve for effect by throwing back the light, or contribute to the general harmony of colour, by the happy distribution of their tone.

In contemplating these interiors, where we breathe domestic peace and simple happiness, we may judge of the character of Van Ostade and his private life. He has painted himself here, rather than in smoky alehouses, where neither his tastes nor his genius could penetrate. The history of art offers more than one example of the contradiction between the style and tastes of a painter. We have seen that Teniers lived as a gentleman in the castle of Trois-tours, and had nothing in common with the habits and feelings of the subjects of his pictures. Adrian Van Ostade was neither a drunkard nor a gambler. While his friend Brauwer, living in the midst of his vulgar models, spoke their language, drank their wine, and shared their drunkenness, Van Ostade himself preserved the dignity and gravity of his manners. If he occasionally painted the same subjects as Brauwer, it was doubtless to satisfy the demand of purchasers, or from caprice and as an exception. We easily recognise, on looking closely at the picture painted by Ostade, called "Pleasure interrupted," (which was engraved in the last century by F. David, and the print dedicated to Voltaire!) that the angry players in vain draw their knife and frown their passion; we feel that the peaceful talent of Van Ostade, has not sufficient violence of gesture or ferocious expression in the drunken figures, and that he must leave to Brauwer the representation of these brutal struggles, where the drinkers slay each other amid the cries of the servant, and mingle their blood with their wine.

A simple and profound observer, a perfect painter, an harmonious colourist in the originality of his tints, Adrian Van Ostade was never more admirable than in his rural pictures. There he combines his charms and places them in a true light. Under the arbour of hops, before the village inn behold the strolling singer, who scrapes upon his shrill violin

† This piece was exhibited at the *salon* of 1849, and the jury decreed a gold medal to its author, M. Adrian Lorrveille.

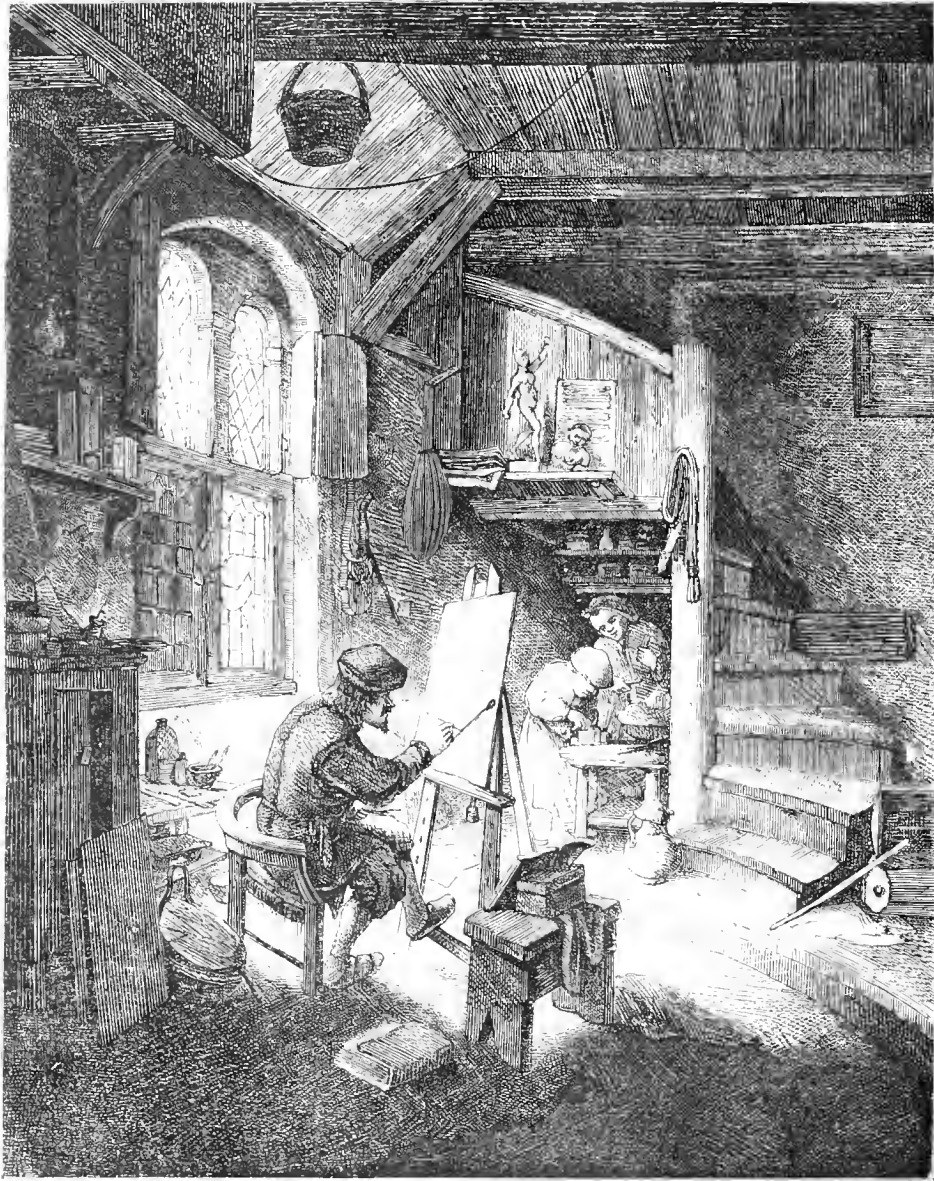
‡ This exquisitely-finished picture is now in London, in the valuable collection of Mr. Holferd, Russell-square, where we recently saw it.

* *Ptisan* is a medical drink made of barley, boiled down with raisins and liquorice.

a gay strain from his collection. To cover his lank and withered body he has borrowed the tinsel of a comedy lord; a cock's feather in his nether button-hole waves in the wind. Near him a little boy, seen from behind, standing as proudly as a *primo uomo* upon the boards of a great theatre, seems to accompany him upon an instrument, though we cannot see it. The countenance of the singer—sharp, mocking, merry, and almost impudent—leaves no doubt as to the nature of the words which he utters: he carries to the village the ways of the town; he has just uttered a vulgar jest, and lends to the

picture, playing with a dog. Within stands the hostess, grave and modest; her serious countenance forbids a laugh, and behind her two men are listening, partly concealed in the half-tint—one would smile, but disdainfully; the other, without standing on ceremony, enjoys it heartily and freely, and freely yields himself to a half-stupid admiration.

Is not this truly a little scene of rustic comedy, of comedy of manners, full of free gaiety? Has not the most learned analysis of human sentiments dictated the details of a composition where unity of effect rules variety of expression?



A PAINTER IN HIS STUDIO. FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

originality of his features the mimicry of his profession. The varied expression of the personages is rendered with rare truth and skill. First, there is the jolly fellow in a fit of laughter sliding from the stone bench on which he sits. Two children are seated by his side; one appears scarcely to comprehend what he sees, while the other, about the age of the boy who accompanies the singer, with open eyes profoundly admires the precocious talents of the young artist. Further off a little girl holds by the hand a young frightened infant, while the last of the family sits on the ground in front of the

And what idea may we not form of this masterpiece, if we remember what the pencil of the colourist has added to charm the eye by the harmony of his tints and the disposition of the light! "The place of the scene," says a clever critic, "is shaded by a tree, and by the bushy stalks of the hops climbing over the poles. The light introduced through the

* Musée Robillard. This picture, painted on wood, was in the Musée Français in the time of the empire; it was taken back in 1815.

branches strikes vividly upon the wall in the centre of the picture, and spreads over it in delightful gradation. The general tone is clear; the transparent foliage throws upon all the objects a greenish reflection which mingles softly with the strong colours. This greenish tint, which was familiar to Van Ostade, has become here, as in many of his works, a great beauty, on account of the foliage over which it is spread, and the strong light which animates the picture. The wall, the door, and the ground, offer a true colour, lively tones, fine half-tints, and careful details. We see here the perfection of art, so far as this kind of painting is concerned.*

pressed by exterior objects, should be able to draw upon copper the passing scenes which strike them. For example, a ray of sun-light, passing between two clouds, falls by chance upon the hump-backed violin player, who stops at the door of the inn; or upon a baker who cries his hot bread; or rather upon a group of grotesque beggars in great hats—here is a picture complete, but without the delay of painting, the artist vividly traces his impressions upon the varnish, he takes notes with his graver as the poet takes his with the pencil, and it afterwards happens, that this rapid sketch interests us so much the more, inasmuch as he has here expressed



THE HUMP-BACKED FIDDLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

How many things could we not add here respecting the effect of the picture, the idea, the original order of the design,—in a word, the sentiment of the whole. What proves that transparency of colouring, is not with Van Ostade the only merit of his works, and that this time the colourist is, so to speak, above the market, is the inestimable value of the prints engraved from his pictures, especially those which he etched himself, and in which, notwithstanding, we find his peculiar defects—careless handling, and occasionally a feeble design. Like almost all Dutch painters, Ostade was an engraver. It is necessary that artists, who are easily im-

with more freedom and vigour the impression received. The etching of Van Ostade is distinguished by great sobriety of

* This print, which we have engraved above, is numbered 14 in the catalogue of Bartsch.

+ Gersaint, in one of his precious catalogues, explains the local custom represented in the picture of Ostade which bears this title: "The Baker who trumpets his hot Bread." "It is a custom in the Low Countries," says this amateur, "often to eat hot bread, in which they put some butter; but almost always on Saturday evening among the citizens. This day is generally devoted to

workmanship. The white of the paper here performs an important part. Not a line is without purpose, not a hatching which is not there to give expression to the features, to arrange a fold of the drapery, or to indicate a movement. The parts of light and shade are neatly cut, and when the half-tints are multiplied it is entirely exceptional. The print called "A Painter in his Studio" is an example of this. For the rest, Van Ostade is, in his own style, what Berghem is in his: he understands picturesque forms best, he gives character to the slightest details; in truth, he lends unknown grace to the falling boards of a damp, green, rotten pent-house. An old roof where grass is growing, an ancient casement window, the remains of an old basket, and even the lizard on the wall—all with Ostade are invested with charms, attract notice, and, as amateurs say, are full of *rayoit*.

Adam Bartsch reckons fifty etchings of Adrian Van Ostade, not including a doubtful piece.* If we now reckon the precious, highly-finished pictures which we see from his hand in the galleries of Europe—so many interiors, alchouses, fêtes under the vine arbour, as well as the portraits by this master, for he executed some superior ones—we shall see that the life of Ostade was that of an artist of great industry and extent. It is even curious to notice the kind of moral seclusion in which nearly all the great painters of Holland lived. It is said that they carried with them a sort of atmosphere, impervious to rumours and events from without. In their pictures we seek in vain for any trace of the great facts of contemporaneous history. The youth of Rembrandt and that of Van Ostade was spent in the midst of the disasters of the Thirty Years' War; and the former remained all his life wrapped up in an exalted dignity, most foreign to the outer world; from the depths of his cavern where he painted his philosophers in meditation, he heard not Count Mansfeld's cavalry passing. The other, more troubled by the war since he fled from it, did not once regard the soldiers who defiled under his windows, did not go out of his rustic inns, or his silent smoking-houses.

If by history we understand a picture of the movements of nations, the recital of their quarrels with foreigners, of their negotiations, and of their battles the works of Dutch masters, and particularly those of Van, Ostade, have nothing historical. But on the other hand, how they show us the interior of things, how clearly these little canvases, these vivid etchings tell us—the other history, that of the feelings, the habits and the manners of the nation! How they assist us to penetrate into the inner life and thoughts! No part of the Dutch character has been more clearly expressed. Let us, for example, turn our attention to the celebrated picture by Adrian Van Ostade, which they call the "Inconveniences of Play;†

cleaning the house; and as it is supposed that the servant is occupied all day in this work, and that she has not time to prepare the evening meal, they are content with hot bread and butter, which is quickly prepared; therefore, at a certain hour, the bakers of each quarter announce by a trumpet that their batch is ready for distribution, and each then hastens to make provision."—"Catalogue raisonné des différents effets curieux et rares contenus dans le cabinet de feu M. de la Roque, par E. F. Gersaint. Paris, 1745."

* The catalogue of Rigal (pp. 277, 278), speaks also of two other prints attributed to Ostade, one of which is marked with the letters "A. O. S." The safest course is to refer it to Bartsch. The work of Adrian Van Ostade is usually accompanied by a portrait of the painter, engraved by J. Golt, after Coneville Dusart, and a copper plate, upon which is engraved this title—*l'Œuvre complett van den ceemaards schilder Adrian Van Ostade, alles door hemzelf gelyventent en gest.*† the complete works of Adrian Van Ostade, the celebrated painter, designed and engraved by himself. This work thus complete, in proofs, from worn-out plates, would scarcely be worth £6; but a work composed of first proofs, which they call *proofs de remteques*, would not be worth less than £600 or £800.

† This picture was in the Musée Napoléon in the time of the empire. It was taken in 1815.

a board serves for a table, two men are playing at cards. One of them, a bad player no doubt, and, alas! always having the contrary chance, is out of humour, and throws the cards upon the ground. The other rises indignantly, and with his hand resting upon the edge of the board, leans towards his companion, and sharply reproaches him for his bad faith. Evidently a violent quarrel is about to follow this contest, as yet peaceful. Every one around the players is watching their quarrel. A woman, whose glass and pot of beer stood upon the board, hastily removes the precious objects; a smoker has taken his pipe from his mouth, and looks gravely upon the scene; the violin player, whose bow mechanically continues the air already commenced, is looking at nothing but the two actors of the drama which is preparing. A critic is astonished that this work should be known by the name that we have quoted. Everything in the scene seems to breathe a peace which would not be troubled by the trifling altercation which has taken place between the two players. No doubt there is profound peace under this fine green foliage, the violin of the fiddler rejoices the ears of the tranquil drinkers and the ecstatic smokers. Nevertheless, in a corner of this picture, a man is standing with flashing eye, clenched fingers, and hat over his eyes. In rising, he has violently thrown down the bunch on which he was sitting. The struggle has not yet commenced, but it is inevitable. And it is precisely in having chosen this moment when peace still continues, that Van Ostade has shown himself the ingenious and profound observer. In a French tavern the bottles would have flown about without any explanation. But the Dutch painter has been able to represent a man highly irritated surrounded by people who are interested in his emotion, and whose physiognomy, notwithstanding, is placid, because this slowness to throw off his habitual calm is natural to the Hollander. There is a very considerable interval between the moment when he is moved and that in which he allows it to appear. Sober in movements as in words, he speaks fewer words, and makes fewer gestures in the course of a whole year than a Parisian in one day. We may mention, while on this subject, that in Haarlem, just by the city of Van Ostade, two masons were one day seen pulling a rope in order to raise a large stone. Presently the two men, exhausted by the enormous weight, found they had not sufficient strength to raise the stone to the required height. The stone remaining suspended a few feet from the ground, the two masons turned towards the passers-by, showing them by a look that they needed assistance. Immediately two or three men advanced from among the people without speaking, assisted the masons, who spoke not a word to them, and then withdrew, still preserving the silence. As the task was long, several persons succeeded them, still without a single word having been exchanged, and without a single gesture having been made, beyond the movements by the manœuvre.

At all times amateurs have recognised in the works of Adrian Van Ostade two perfectly distinct styles:‡ one which is a little that of François Hals, that is, a bold, free, and decided manner; the other soft and fine, resembling a painting on enamel, not, however, what is depreciatingly called the porcelain style. There is in the Louvre a celebrated specimen of this—the picture of "The Schoolmaster." Although fineness of execution in small works is a law in painting, and there is a law as imperative requiring bold execution in large works, it cannot be denied that Van Ostade here deviated in practice from what his master had taught him, and he himself practised with such success on other occasions. We need only notice as examples the portraits of small dimensions, which, without speaking of the character and expression of the heads, are marvels of touch. The pencil is there managed with circumspect and abundant freedom, the folds of the skin are sharply defined without roughness, the details are marked without any reserve, and in a head where nothing is wanting the whole dominates, nevertheless, to that degree that this head may

‡ See what Hagedorn says in his "*Letzte annen eines de putiere, an etes craintes savants hollandais*." Bresle, 1775

serve as a lesson to a painter who executes large portraits. It is not, then, easy to conceive why Van Ostade has occasionally thrown himself into the manner of which we speak, and why he should even go so far as to polish his painting with processes of his own invention, as is thought by M. Paillot de Montabert: *—"I suspect that Van Ostade, who represented 'The Fish-market' which is seen in the Museum of Paris, and in which we perceive upon the tables various kinds of fish, arranged in order one above the other; I suspect, I say, that he obtained this transparency from colours ground with oil alone, and laid on with particular art, an art which consisted not only in the touch, but in a certain polish which resembles the effect that block marble receives from the burnisher, which renders it brilliant and as clear of tarnish as it was at first. The custom of rubbing a painting to polish it has been noticed by several Flemish writers."

However that may be, the touch of Van Ostade, whether deeply marked or softened, firm or smooth, was always obedient to the will of the painter when he wished to display one of the most precious qualities of his art—expression. How many times, in going over the gallery of the Louvre, have we not been arrested and powerfully retained by the little picture of Adrian's which represents a Dutch merchant reading a letter. The man seems so attentive that in turn he compels our attention. But what is contained in this letter which he holds in his hands, and devours with his eyes? What, in our simple imaginings, have we not read there? No doubt, he is the rich owner of a privy-plot, who has received news from a distant country. The letter which interests him so deeply relates the unforeseen adventures which have happened to his ship, perhaps inauspicious, but the immovable Dutchman reads this serious correspondence with apparent calmness. Sensibility in this Batavian is latent, it has not wrinkled his forehead, marked his cheeks, nor weakened his eyes; the expression of it leaves him not less tranquil and vigorous. Also, in spite of the vulgarity of the features, the countenance of this model interests us: it is elevated by the manly lines which the pencil has so vividly marked, it is ennobled by the philosophic character which distinguishes it, and, in a word, by the presence of thought. In this the master is seen.

Adrian Van Ostade died at Amsterdam in 1685, at the age of seventy-five years. He had his brother Isaac for a pupil, one of the most astonishing landscape painters that ever existed. If so many writers have declared him very inferior to his master, it is, because they have found it more convenient to copy the four lines devoted by Deschamps to Isaac Ostade, than to go to see his landscapes, full of golden mist and rustic poetry. Corneille Dusart, Corneille Beza, and David Ryckart, the younger, were also the pupils or the imitators of Adrian. Like him, their subjects were the conversations of the peasantry, the interior of their houses, their simple pleasures, their artless emotions, their quarrels. Some have often been pleased to compare Ostade with Teniers, and we acknowledge the justice of the parallel which has been drawn by the good Deschamps, to whom we must now and then render justice—a parallel which has been developed, continued, and completed with skill by Emeric David. Teniers, say they, grouped his figures better, and knew better than Ostade how to dispose his plans. In fact, the latter sometimes played the point of light so high that the apartments appeared odd, and would have been ridiculous if he had not known how to fill up the vacancy by details which interrupted the large spaces. The colouring of Teniers is clear, bright, silvery, and altogether very varied; that of Ostade, with the same transparency, is vigorous, warm, and often florid.† The one has a light, vivid, and spirited touch; the other is sustained, flowing, and soft. The one manages the light, in order to soften it, bringing it across the thick bushes, or allows it to glide into the cottage of the poor only through the climbing plants with which the window is shaded; he

charms us, in fact, by mysterious and striking effects. The other, on the contrary, places his figures in open air, and without expressive shadow, without betraying his learned combinations, he gives to his picture the tone, the interest of life. In imitating nature Teniers represents her amiable, smiling, and especially admirable for her variety. If he paints a rustic fête, we recognise in the games of the peasants, in their joy, in their anger, in their quarrels, the diversity of their characters. Each state, each age, has its manners. By the side of a stupid drunkard are shown persons who adorn the fête by the dignity of their attitude and their bearing. Van Ostade, contracting the circle of his models, chooses only the figure and the actions of the peasantry of Holland from the most ignoble and the most grotesque that nature and manners offer. "A satirical author," said M. Emeric David, "Ostade makes his personages ugly, in order to render them more pleasing and more ridiculous." The latter sentiment appears wanting in justice. It is for the jester Teniers to ridicule his world. No, the kindly Ostade should not be transformed into a satirical author. The painter of dull cottages and of peaceful smoking-houses, has not made his peasants, his poor and his silent smokers, ugly in order to please; he has not mocked his models, he has copied them seriously; and under the rag, which cover them, in the profound misery into which they are plunged, he has many times made us feel the presence of the soul. Teniers has sought the comic, Ostade has perhaps found it, but without knowing it. He placed himself at his window framed with honeysuckle, and saw human comedy pass by. If you desire to hear drinking songs and indulge in a roar of vulgar laughter, enter, without ceremony, the alehouse of Teniers; but if you prefer to mingle with the poor villagers, and in smoking round the hearth forget, as they do, the labours, the hardships of life, go see that little picture by Adrian, which represents the entrance to the village inn. Upon the wall hangs a bill where the painter has written these words:—"House to be sold: apply to Van Ostade."

The work of Adrian Van Ostade holds an important place in the portfolios of amateurs. It is composed of fifty prints. The best, according to Bartsch, are "The Hurdy Gurdy Player," "The Family," "The Barn," "The Father of the Family," and "The Quack," all very superior to No. 16, which has for its title "The Doll demanded."

The art of well detaching the figures is particularly seen in "The Quack," "The Dance at the Inn" (p. 221), and "The Luncheon," "The School" and "The Singer" may be noticed as the least successful engravings of the master.

The pictures of Adrian Van Ostade are rarely to be met with among amateurs. They are nearly all in museums or in very rich private galleries.

The Louvre reckons no less than seven of the finest. "The Schoolmaster," "The Family of the Painter," and "The Fish Market," are true masterpieces.

In the Museum of Munich are five pictures by Ostade. "A Still Life, with vases, fruit, fish, and a dead cock." "A Dutch Inn," where peasants are fighting, and their wives, modern Sabines, come to separate them. The three others represent drinkers and young villagers; charming compositions of feeling and method.

In the Dresden Museum are five pictures by Ostade, besides two copies of this master. It is not uncommon to meet acknowledged copies of the great masters in the museums of the North. Is it not the finest homage that can be rendered to the talent of these painters when we cannot procure the originals?

The Musée Royal of Berlin only possesses a single Ostade: it represents an old woman under a vine arbour, believed to be the mother of Ostade.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg contains no less than twenty works of Ostade, among which a series of "The Five Senses," and some charming interior scenes.

The heirs of Sir Robert Peel possess, in their collection in London, "An Alchemist," by Adrian Van Ostade. The execution of this picture is of rare perfection, and Waagen

* "Traité complet de la Peinture," tome 8. Paris, Bossange, 1829; p. 231.

† Musée Robillard, tome 2.

says, in his "Voyage Artistique en Angleterre," that this work cost at least 800 guineas.

In the Bridgewater Gallery there is "A Game at Backgammon," by Adrian Van Ostade, played by two peasants.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton there is, by the same master, "A View of the Village," ornamented with thirteen

the preceding, from the collection Brauncamp, represents "Three Peasants drinking, smoking, and playing round a Table."

In the collection of Mr. T. Hope, a picture by Ostade represents "An old Peasant Woman leaning against an open door, talking to a Boy."



THE RUSTIC HOUSEHOLD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

figures, a cart drawn by a white horse, some pigs and poultry; dated 1676. This charming little picture was formerly the ornament of the Blond Fide Gagny, Trouard, Praslin, and Solirene collections. There is another, representing "A Man and a Woman at a Table," and a third, which came, as well as

Among the pictures composing the collection of Mr. Beckford, in London, is a fine picture by Ostade, representing "Six Peasants round a Table." This picture was sold for 100 guineas, at the sale of M. Delahante.

In the gallery of the Marquis of Bute, at Luton House,

there is a small picture by Ostade; it represents "A Man of Law in his study, reading a Manuscript."

There are in the Royal Museum of Madrid some little

eyes; in the second impression a lower bonnet nearly touches the eyes.

"A Family of Peasants at table saying grace," 1647.



THE DUTCH SMOKING-ROOM.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

pictures by Ostade, full of spirit and gaiety; they are interiors of cottages.

The following are his most esteemed paintings:—

"The Painter seated at his Easel. The first impressions of this plate are with the high cap considerably above the

"An Assembly of Peasants engaged in killing a Pig, a night-piece, producing a fine effect of the *chiaroscuro*."

"A Man and a woman, each with several figures."

"Six or eight Peasants at the door of a Cottage, with a dog in the background."

"Several Peasants fighting with knives.
 "The Cottage Dinner. 1653.
 "The Cobbler's shop. 1671.
 "A Man standing on a Bridge angling.
 "The Interior of a Dutch Ale-house, with figures drinking and dancing.
 "The Inside of a Cottage, with a Woman suckling a Child.
 "The Spectacle-seller.
 "A Man, Woman, and Child at the door of a Cottage. 1652.
 "Several Peasants at a window; one of them is singing a ballad, and another holds the candle.
 "A Man blowing a Horn, leaning over a hatch.
 "A Village Festival, with a great number of figures diverting themselves at the door of an ale-house. His largest plate."

We now turn to a list of prices of the pictures of Ostade, furnished by the public sales.

In 1714, at the sale of Lorange, "The Backgammon Players" was sold for £17. At that of M. de la Roque, in 1745, two little pictures representing half-length figures, one "A Sailor," the other, "A Peasant," were valued at £1 the two; another, representing "A Baker, who trumpets hot Bread," at £5.

At the sale of M. de Julienne in 1767, there were offered five pictures by Ostade; the first, painted in 1661, represented "The interior of a Chamber," in which, near the fire, are a woman and child, and four men, each holding a pipe, the fourth, sitting in the chimney corner, holds a pipe and a pot; to the right, near the easement, are a woman and two men standing. This picture, painted upon copper, was sold for £300. The second, dated 1662, represents the famous "School-master," which is in the Louvre; it sold for £260. The third, representing "The Players at Ninepins," by the side of a violin player, fetched £109. The fourth represents "A Man, a Woman, and two Children," one sitting in a chair, while the mother is feeding it; dated 1667, price £10. The fifth is "A Lower Room, lighted by a large casement," in which there are five figures, price £103.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, several pictures of Ostade:—"The Game of Shuttle-board," which we have reproduced (p. 220), sold for £186. "The interior of a house of Peasants" (the great smoking house, engraved by Wisscher), four principal figures, one with his back to the fire, fetched £356. "An Interior;" upon the table, which is covered with a cloth, are plates, bread, and glasses, near it a man and a woman, further off two children under a window, a third sitting in a chair, in the foreground a large spindle; price £120.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, an "Interior of a Peasant's house," dated 1668; the same, which at the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, sold for £356, now only realised £283.

In 1812, at the sale of the cabinet Clos, was put up, "An Interior of a Farm;" twenty figures, men, women, and children; advance to the sounds of a bagpipe; a child sitting upon a bench. This picture sold for £242. It came from the cabinet Servad of Amsterdam, where it was sold in 1778 for 2,430 florins, or about £243.

At the sale Laperrière, in 1823, the same picture fetched the price of £613; "A Rustic Interior," £168.

In 1825, at the first sale of the Prince Galitzin, was sold for £520 a picture by Ostade, representing "An Interior of a Smoking-house."

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, was sold "The Dutch Smoking-room" (p. 217); a woman and four men by the side of a violin-player, accompanying a woman who is singing, other persons talking or smoking; price, £100. "The Adoration of the Shepherds," which Ostade is said to have painted on the birth of one of his children, produced £170.

At the sale of the Duke de Berry, in 1837, was offered "The Village Dance," No. 10 of the catalogue. This very capital picture, dated 1660, has been engraved by Woollett; it was valued at £880. In 1768 it made part of the collection of Gaignat; in 1777 that of Randon de Boisset; in 1801 that of Tolosan.

At the sale of Paul Perrier, 1843, "The Fish-market" was valued at £110; "The Empiric" at £240.

Adrian Van Ostade signed his etchings and his pictures as indicated below:—

AD AD

A. ostade

PICTURES IN EDINBURGH.

LONDON has splendid galleries and magnificent pictures. The National Gallery and Marlborough-house contain priceless gems. Then in the halls of our nobles the works of the immortals are to be seen. Also, for those who have time, there are Hampton-court Palace and Dulwich with their treasures, rich and rare. You need not travel to Venice, Vienna or Rome. There is much amongst us for the stay-at-home traveller to see and admire.

Edinburgh has, also, a collection of pictures, but little known, but which will well repay a visit to that beautiful and romantic city. Though of recent growth, it promises to do credit to the country, and to supply that deficiency in the study of art in Scotland which has hitherto been almost neglected. This fine collection, to which we beg to call the reader's attention, consists of that class of the genuine works of the great masters which are more especially of an instructive character to artists, rather than such as are usually selected with a view to the adornment of a gallery as a public spectacle. The directors wisely seek pictures which may be relied upon as safe models—upon which the student may advantageously form his taste and correct his practice. Although these may prove less attractive to the cursory observer, or be less calculated to dazzle by the brilliancy of subject and effect, the advantages of such a course of instruction are too obvious to require much detail in this place, as its tendency is to exalt and purify public taste, to moderate the extravagancies of the untutored aspirants in arts, to check the dangerous precipitancy with which they are too apt to overstep the slow and certain measures by which alone excellence in art is to be obtained, and to assist the artist in subduing the delusive estimate of his own powers which he is so ready—especially if he be very inexperienced—to form; for it is true, as has been well remarked, that "those accustomed to teach in the academies of painting, have generally found that the slow and laborious student was more likely to rise to eminence, than those who pressed forward in the confidence of genius." After everything is acquired that experience can teach, an ample field will yet remain for the exercise of genius and invention. The scope is boundless. But the basis of painting ought to be laid in study, in an intimate knowledge of the works of the best masters, in acute observations of nature, and unwearied combat with the difficulties of execution. These are the substantial promoters of the art, and in so far as associations or private patronage can supply facilities of employment, and objects of emulation and study, they have done their part.

The Royal Institution, in which the Edinburgh collection is placed, stands in Princess-street, not far from the finest of Scotch monuments, that erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. The original collection, acquired at considerable expense by the directors of the Royal Institution from various private collections in Italy, has, from time to time, been enriched by additional pictures, the gift of persons friendly to the advance of art in Scotland. There are also added some pictures of modern artists, acquired by or presented to the institution; but the most important addition is that of the valuable collection of paintings, marbles, and bronzes, the property of the late Sir James Erskine, Bart., of Torrie, which, by an arrangement recently entered into by the Board of Trustees and the trustees nominated by the late Sir James Erskine, are not deposited in the galleries of the institution. On his death, Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, bequeathed to his brother, Sir John Drummond Erskine, his whole property

under burden *inter alia*, "That at his death he make over to the College of Edinburgh, to be entailed upon it, all my pictures, bronzes, and marbles, in the House of Torrie, for the purpose of raising a foundation for a gallery for the encouragement of the fine arts. And for the better security of this, I nominate and appoint my next heir of entail and the succeeding heirs of entail to the estate of Torrie, chancellor of the college—the sheriff of the county, and the provost of Edinburgh, to be trustees." Sir James died in 1825, and his brother died in 1836, when the trustees removed the collection to the College of Edinburgh, and by special agreement in 1845, between them and the Board of Trustees for arts and manufactures in Scotland, the entire collection, the pictures of which are in the finest preservation, and have been collected with much judgment as choice specimens of the works of the different masters, especially in the Flemish and Dutch schools, were placed under the charge of that Board in the Royal Institution. The institution, comprising the two collections, is open gratuitously to the public, two days each week—three days being set apart for the accommodation of students of art, who are supplied with tickets on applying at the office. On entering, the first picture that attracts the eye is "The Lomenilli Family," one of the most distinguished in the Republic of Genoa. It is on canvas nine feet square. This is, perhaps, the finest specimen of Vandyck's pencil now in Great Britain. It is in good preservation, and abounding in all the peculiar excellencies of that great master; in the rich and mellow tone of colouring, the delicacy of touch, and above all, in the power he possessed of displaying character in his portraits. The principal figure is probably the most successful example Vandyck ever produced of masculine beauty, and noble and unaffected bearing in attitude and expression. Another picture of Vandyck's, is the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," which has always been esteemed one of the best historical works from that master. The attendants, five in number, are binding the martyr to a tree; two are Roman soldiers on horseback. The landscape and background are in beautiful harmony. It is the sketch for the finished picture now at Munich, which Sir Joshua Reynolds saw at Dusseldorf. He says, "He never afterwards had so brilliant a manner of colouring, it kills everything near it." Behind it are figures on horseback, touched with great skill. This is Vandyck's first manner when he imitated Rubens and Titian, which supposes the sun in the room. In his pictures afterwards, he represented the effect of common daylight. Both were equally true to nature, but his first manner carries a superiority with it and seizes our attention; whilst the pictures, painted in the latter manner, run a risk of being overlooked. A picture of Titian's, on a panel, called "A Landscape," is a fine specimen of that great master. It is one of four panels painted by Titian, to ornament the bed of his patron, the Emperor Charles V., representing morning, midday, evening, and night. Jerome Buonaparte, when the bed came into his possession, removed the panels and had them framed as pictures. After his departure from Spain, the bed and the four pictures were restored to their original owner, the Duke of Vivaldi Pasqua, from whom the one in the collection was purchased. A "Madonna, Infant, and St. John," is one of the finest specimens of the master which has been exhibited in this country. The "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," of Tintoretto are bold but somewhat extravagant sketches. There are two very fine specimens of Barbieri; one representing the repentance of St. Peter, and the other the Madonna, Infant, and St. John. One of Huysman's pictures, entitled, "Landscape with Cattle and Figures," fully bears out the criticism common on Huysman—that his pictures generally have a striking effect of light on the foreground. In the same collection there is a woodland scene, in the fresh, juicy manner of Robbenia, with a river-bank in the foreground, on which appear some small figures. Another Robbenia is a woody landscape, has the remarkable light pencilling of the foliage for which that artist was celebrated. A picture of a young lady, richly attired, presenting flowers to the Infant Saviour seated on the knees of the Virgin, is attri-

buted to Titian, on account of the splendour of the colouring and the exquisite truth and transparency of the flesh in shadow. At any rate, it is of the time of Titian, and belongs to his school. There is one Cuypp, which appears to be an early picture. The scene is a sunset, in a Dutch landscape. In the middle is a river with several groups of nude figures; some are about to plunge in—others are already immersed. They are principally in shadow, with strong gleams of light on their shoulders, producing a peculiar yet harmonious effect that tones well with the view of a distant town, and the softened tints of a serene evening sky. There is one fine picture by Jacob Ruysdael: it is apparently a Flemish view, with a river in front, a richly wooded and broken bank in the middle distance, and the lofty towers of a church more remote. On the left is a group of gnarled oaks, for delineating which Ruysdael was so famous. The figures are painted by P. Wouvermans. It is an harmonious and forcible picture. There are two pictures by Francis Snyders; the one called "A Wolf Hunt," is a very large forcible picture, in which the fierce rage of the wolf, surprised in feasting on a slaughtered deer, is energetically displayed in seizing one dog by the buttock, while his own fore paw becomes the prey of another courageous hound; the other, "A Boar Hunt," in spite of some spirit in the dogs, is a very inferior picture. There is a beautiful Italian landscape by Richard Wilson, affording an exquisite specimen of the skill of the English Claude in aerial perspective and clear sunny effect. The scene is on the borders of a small lake, on which rises a steep bank covered with wood, and crowned by a village. A "Salvator Rosa" will also please his admirers. The scene is the shore of a wild lake on which appear several armed banditti. A rocky boundary on the further side occupies the middle distance on the right, and declines so as to give a distant view towards the left hand. There are a few straggling trees, but the whole composition is grand, solemn, and forcible, with the utmost clearness of aerial tints. There are several pictures by Dutch and Flemish masters for those who admire that homely and faithful style of art for which those painters are so famed. A picture of Poussin is one of the gems of the place. It is a "Land Storm," with beautifully designed figures in the foreground and middle distance. The conception is poetical, full of vigour and genius. The branches of the trees, the drapery of the figures, and the action of their muscles, proclaim the violence of the tempest, before which man and cattle are succumbing. A dark lurid tone presides over the scene in unison with the scorching heaven and the allied lightning that strikes on the castellated cliffs in the distance. One of Guido's pictures also adorns the place. It is an "Ecce Homo," or a Christ crowned with thorns—one of that artist's favourite subjects. The mild resignation of the picture triumphs over mortal agony. The colouring is of that lucid softness that gives a charm to the principal works of this master. One other picture also we must allude to—one of Backhuysen's. It is the "Return of small Craft into Harbour during a brisk Gale." Figures on the jetty are observing the entrance of a vessel. The water is broken with his usual skill, and tones well with the lowering sky. But, after all, the pictures we like best in the collection, are some of the moderns. We believe as much in the present as the past. Old art, like old wine, is not necessarily good. There are exceptions, occasionally, in favour of what is new; and Edinburgh can boast of some of the exceptions. Among them are some of Etty's pictures. If we go into our own Vernon Gallery, we almost forget that Etty painted anything but *genre* pictures. We forget that he started an historical painter—a calling he forsook when the British public fell in love with his women—nude, large-eyed, and black-haired. But of his historical power Edinburgh has some splendid specimens, superior to the "Joan of Arc," another of his pictures in the historical style, exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition. There are five of his pictures in Edinburgh. We give them in the order of their merits. The first is "Conibert—Woman interceding for the Vanquished," then "Benaiah slaying the two lion-like men of Nob," and a series of three pictures

representing the story of Judith and Holofernes—the last especially is a gorgeous and striking picture. Judith, and Holofernes, and the maid are very fine. In one picture we have the maid listening at the entrance to the tent, while Judith within is doing the bloody deed; then we have in another the terrified appearance of the maid as Judith issues from the tent with the head of Holofernes in her hands. Etty in this series of paintings has succeeded in telling the entire story with wonderful accuracy, and fidelity, and power. It will be long before we gaze upon three such magnificent pictures again. Turning away from their terror and splendour, there are two pictures of a different description which you will do well to look at before you leave the rooms. The one is a delicious picture of Paton's, "The Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania." Mr. Phelps may tell us we cannot put the creatures of fairy mythology upon the

up with life and beauty was soon seized by a stronger. Another fine modern picture, also, is "Christ teaching Humility," by Robert Scott Lander. This, with Paton's picture, was purchased by the Society of Arts in Scotland, and was presented by them to the collection. This society was the first of the Art Unions established in Scotland, and has an income, we believe, of about £4,000 a-year.

One advantage you will have in the Edinburgh gallery is, that you will have plenty of time and room for the study of the pictures. You will not be jostled or inconvenienced by your company. A thing that will strike you with amazement is, that in the modern Athens—the home of all that is elegant and refined—you should be requested not to spit. It is strange that in such a place such a notice is necessary. We mention the fact with profound respect. It is said the arts refine the manners; let us hope such will be their effect in



THE GAME OF SHUTTLE-BOARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

stage—our machinery and art are too gross and sensual for that, is at once apparent, whenever managers try to act the "Midsummer-Night's Dream;" but it is different with the plastic arts. What the one cannot, the other can. You can paint them, and Mr. Paton has done so in one of the most delicate and delicious pictures we have ever seen. Every inch of it is alive with fairies—dancing under mushrooms—drinking from acorn cups—sleeping in flowers. Fairies with light-blue eyes and ruby lips gleam on you from every corner. The canvas is crowded with incidents. It is a picture you might gaze on for hours. The other picture to which we refer, is a noble fragment of the genius of Scotland's great painter, Sir David Wilkie, being an unfinished picture of "John Knox administering the Sacrament at Calder House." It is an outline, nothing more. The hand that was to have filled it

Edinburgh, and that in a few years the obnoxious notice may be taken down.

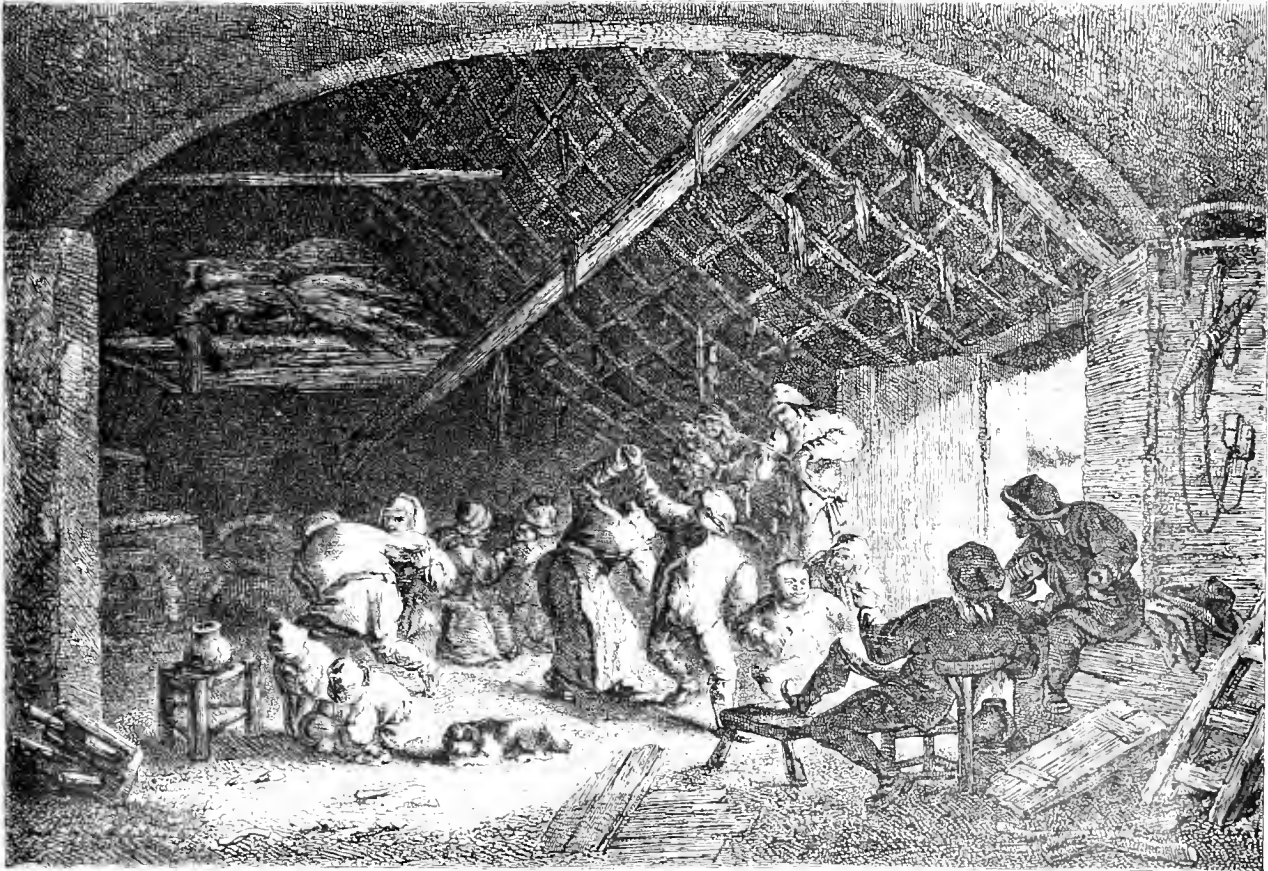
Spend then a happy hour in the Edinburgh gallery. If you be no artist, your contact with art will lure you out of yourself into a nobler and larger sphere—and if you be an artist, your soul will burn purer, and your aim will be higher than before. In the words of Barry Cornwall:—

"There is Raffaele still before thee, Titian, Michael, Rembrandt all,
Now for a vigorous effort; trust thy sinews and thou shalt not fall.
In thy land is Hogarth's glory; side by side with Reynolds' fame,
Much to spur thee, naught to daunt thee; DARE, and thou shalt do the same."

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING.

CHARLES FREDERICK LESSING, no less distinguished as a landscape than an historical painter, the grand-nephew of the celebrated Theophilus Ephraim Lessing, is, like that illustrious poet, one of the most gifted men of his age. He was born on the 15th of February, 1808, at Wurtemberg, in Silesia. From his early youth he displayed a much stronger propensity towards the study of nature than the learning of the schools. Nevertheless, his father placed him at the Berlin academy when he was hardly fourteen years old. His intercourse with young painters, and a journey to Rugen, during which he had an opportunity of seeing the ocean and vast rocks, awakened in his mind an irresistible impulse towards painting; but his father strongly opposed every entreaty for permission to indulge this propensity, and would not yield to the urgent remonstrances of young Lessing's patrons, who discerned his

Schadow to copy some land-scapes by Reinhard. The copies were so excellent, that the professor at first took them for the originals—so fresh and lively did they appear—and he was quite indignant because he thought Lessing had attempted to impose upon him. But when he had ascertained the true state of the case, and perceived the great merit of the young artist, he took him at once into his studio, and acted as mediator between the father and son. Schadow, who possessed the rare talent of quickly and accurately discerning ability in others, as well as penetrating with keen critical insight into their peculiarities, deserves honour for having advanced Lessing to his high position and contributed to his versatility of talent. For scarcely had Lessing acquired a certain skill in the drawing of figures, when a vast number of compositions proceeded from his creative imagination; but Schadow succeeded, by strong representations, in convincing him that in this path he would accomplish nothing really solid



THE DANCE AT THE INN. FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OLADE.

remarkable talent. After a long conflict between his filial duty and his inclination, he abandoned the instruction of the academy without his father's knowledge, and declared with firmness that he had already become a painter, and would not be kept back by anybody from following the calling to which he felt he was destined by nature. He now applied himself to his art with the utmost diligence, and his progress completely amazed his instructors, Professors Kollman and Dahling. His first pictures, "A Church-yard with Tombstones," and "A Church in Ruins," painted in 1825 and 1826, immediately excited general attention. But though even his father now became convinced of his superior talent, and a complete reconciliation between the two took place, an earnest, melancholy tone lingered in his mind after this period, and is still often perceptible in his works.

In the year, 1826, Lessing was ordered by Professor

and worthy of fame. Lessing now closely applied himself to his "Silbercross," his first great work in the Wagner collection at Berlin. When the hall at Bonn and the Court of justice at Coblenz were adorned with frescoes, Count Stieglitz had scenes from the life of the emperor Barbarossa painted for his saloon, and Schadow instructed Lessing to prepare a cartoon for a panel. This last was "The Battle of Lonium," the grandest and most vivid of all these productions. At this time, the poems of Uhland were the principal study of the Düsseldorf artists, and they suggested to Lessing two of his finest works—"The Castle on the Sea-coast, by Moonlight," and "The Royal Pair in Sorrow." German art had never before displayed so grand and profound an earnestness, or produced an oil-painting so finished in every part. At the exhibition in 1830, it was without rival; everything else appeared to a disadvantage by its side. This invaluable gem

of art is no longer in Germany, but at Petersburg. A very successful lithograph from it, by Jentzen, was spoilt; but there is still an excellent copper engraving by the master-hand of Lüderitz.

About the year 1829, the well-known poet Von Uechtritz began to exert an influence over Lessing. When Professor Schadow, in 1830, went to Italy, with other artists, he entrusted Lessing with most of his duties, and from this time his works exercised a most decided sway over the tone and character of landscape painting. In the year 1830 also, his "Leonora" was completed. The two following years successively witnessed the commencement of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Council at Costnitz." The former of these pictures, which was completed in 1836, and is in the possession of the King of Prussia, has met with the greatest success in most of the principal towns of Germany, as well as in Paris, and it procured for the painter the cross of the Legion of Honour from the King of the French. By this work he gave that protestant direction to art, which is still his great characteristic. The same tendency is prominent in his "Ezzelin," where the wounded man spurns the consolation of the monks, and refuses to allow the representatives of the court of Rome to interfere with his communion with God. It is well known that Schadow, on observing this strong protestant tone, found great fault with the design, and did his utmost to dissuade Lessing from completing the picture. But art, and Lessing's inward impulse, triumphed; and the noble *chef-d'œuvre*, which was painted in 1841 and 1842, is now the principal attraction in the gallery at Frankfurt. No previous or subsequent painting attracts such universal attention, and justly excites such warm admiration. The number of Lessing's noble productions is too great to admit of a detailed description within our limits. Those we have mentioned are among the chief.

Lessing's figure and appearance are of a grand and noble character, his features are distinctly marked, and their expression is full of meaning and interest. With art he also successfully cultivates hunting sports. His usual dress is a green over-coat and a green cap, which give him the appearance of a forester. He is a most affectionate and attentive husband and father. It is rather difficult to get acquainted with him, but he is a faithful and constant friend to those with whom he is on intimate terms. The slightest deviation from truth gives him great pain. He is a noble, genuine German in the fullest sense of the term, and demands fidelity and truth in life as well as in art. Every year he goes on a journey for improvement in his profession—that he may constantly repair to nature as the source of his inspiration. In the pursuit of his studies he is unwearied and discriminating. He does not consider study from nature really useful unless the student copies striking objects with the utmost fidelity and fulness of detail that art and skill will allow. He willingly communicates the benefit of his advice and assistance to all young artists. To many he answers the purpose of an ideal model, and Düsseldorf owes much to him both in his personal and artistic character.

Germany is with good reason proud of the grand creations of this genial and real German artist; for every new historical work is a fresh triumph of art. He has studied the development of the reformed religion from his youth up with great interest, has grasped the subject with considerable power of mind, pursued it with a deep sensibility to its stirring incidents, and drawn from it the materials for some of his finest efforts. The composition of his "Hussites Preaching," and his "Luther Burning the Papal Bull," displays a strength of belief and a peculiarly religious tone, which prove him to be not merely an artist, but a man of deep religious convictions—a Christian hero of the grand order. Each of his superior works has for its groundwork, not only a great historical event, but a profound idea, which serves as a central point for the whole. His "Hussites Preaching" admirably depicts the tendency of the time in question. His Huss, who appears before the pile on which he is about to be burnt, who is condemned to the flames as a heretic, and whose ashes are to be scattered to the four

winds, that no trace of him may remain—this Huss, Lessing has pictured kneeling before the pile, and by the warmth and earnestness of his devotion irresistibly compelling even his enemies to pray with him.

Similarly Luther stands forth, in his large painting, as a mighty hero, with his head raised to heaven, attracting towards himself the animated gaze of the bystanders, and looking just as we may easily imagine he did look when he uttered those well-known words at the Diet of Worms—"Here I take my stand, I cannot alter, God help me, Amen!" Close behind Luther appears the church in all its glory, for Luther struggled not against the church, but against what he considered the corruptions of the church. No artist has ever yet succeeded in portraying the impetuous reformer with so much power. All the interest is concentrated upon that part of the picture where his figure appears; and the mind of the spectator is absorbed in the contemplation of the impressive scene before him, and the mighty results which have flowed, and may yet be expected to flow, from this significant event. On the right of the picture are youthful students engaged in stirring the fire; on the left Melancthon, Duke George, Carlstadt, and other eminent Protestants. In the first sketch, which Lessing made in 1818, Luther stood as in the finished picture; but in the group on the left were several distinguished nobles in military attire, and on the right students and people.

In the large Indian ink cartoon-drawing, which was executed in January, 1852, Luther has his head turned towards the fire, preparing to throw the bull into the flames. While the attitude is admirably appropriate to Luther's fiery temperament and impetuous mode of action; the expression of the face indicates a firm, warm confidence in God, and a lofty animation of soul. On the right of Luther stands a young, richly dressed student; on the left, in the foreground, we see Duke George, wearing an expression of evident dissatisfaction with the proceeding. The figures are about two-thirds the size of life. The picture has, it is true, neither academic style, nor regular arrangement according to artificial rules, but is so pure, so smooth, so true to life without any exaggeration, that not only is the beholder struck with the truthfulness and living force of each figure, but the whole composition exhibits a perfect harmony and unity which cannot be too much admired.

Even before the completion of this great work of art, London, New-York, Brussels, and Rotterdam were competitors for it. It is now the property of Herr Notteboom, of Rotterdam, and will form one of the chief attractions in the exhibition of German (particularly Düsseldorf) paintings, which is about to take place in London, next July. The Germans, not unnaturally, feel great regret at the loss of a painting which excited so animated a competition all over the world, so to speak, even before it was finished. All that they have left is the cartoon drawing of the sketch, which belongs to Dr. Lucanus, of Halberstadt, and is open to the public. The right of engraving it has been conferred by Lessing upon Jansen, of Düsseldorf, the copper-plate engraver, who has already acquired great fame by his engraving of "the Rescue from Shipwreck," by Jordan, and who expects to complete his task within two years.

C. A. FRAIKIN, THE BELGIAN SCULPTOR.

AMONG the sculptors of the present time who are flourishing in the full vigour of their artistic power, Fraikin deserves to be mentioned with honour as a genuine artist of the highest order. He belongs to that class of men who are worthy to attract the attention not only of their own countrymen but of all who take an interest in art and artists.

C. A. Fraikin was born at Herentals in the year 1818. His father was a public notary in that town. Even as a boy he gave evidence of a strong and even irresistible inclination towards art. Drawing was his fondest, his constant delight. His father was too wise a man to offer any opposition to this evident indication of natural genius. Hardly had his son received an elementary school education, when he was sent to Brussels, at the age of thirteen, to pursue the course of study

in that academy with a view to perfect himself as an artist. The young aspirant fondly hoped he had now attained the object of his desire; but his dreams of artistic greatness were destined to be soon disturbed. Only a month after the commencement of his career at Brussels, he was called to fulfil the melancholy duty of accompanying the remains of his honoured father to the grave. With him all Fraikin's plans were buried, for his practical guardians would hear nothing of his talent, his irresistible propensity, his brilliant expectations of artistic celebrity, and the bitterness of his disappointment if he were prevented from continuing his course. The lad was peremptorily ordered to decide upon a calling which would ensure him worldly prosperity and a respectable position in society.

Fraikin was obliged to abandon his pursuit of art and prepare for the study of medicine. Such was the fixed resolve of his guardians, and he could not but comply. The time for preparation passed by, but with his Virgil, his Homer, and historical compendiums, pencils and chalk were frequently in his hand. So also during his professional studies at the university, which extended over four years, he was busily engaged in increasing his artistic skill. The hours which could be withdrawn from the study of Esculapius were devoted to art. In these stolen moments he completed a vast number of drawings from copper-plate engravings, and drew portraits of all his fellow-students with whom he was on friendly terms. At length the young disciple of Esculapius had completed his curriculum; he passed his final examination with success; and went and settled down in a small town near Brussels to obtain his livelihood as a medical practitioner. As may be easily imagined, he had many leisure hours, all which, according to his custom and inclination, he sedulously devoted to art. He drew various heads and figures in chalk; but of models in clay the young doctor had as yet no idea. At length it came into his head to make a full-size bust of himself. He procured some plaster of Paris, moulded a block, and set to work to cut the bust out of the plaster of Paris, for as yet he was completely ignorant of the ordinary procedure of sculptors. In spite, however, of all difficulties, the perseverance of the young artist brought the work to a state of completeness. The bust was finished, and, what was more, bore a strong resemblance to him.

Fraikin not unnaturally looked upon this as a great triumph. He sent the bust to his brother, who was residing in Brussels. His brother lost no time in showing the work to some of his acquaintance. All were more than surprised; they were at a loss to conceive how such a bust could have been made by a young man who had never handled the sculptor's modelling tools, nor made sculpture his special study. They supposed that it would require at least five years to complete such a bust as the young medical practitioner had cut out of plaster of Paris, with no other instruments than his scalpel, knife, and file. Scarcely had Fraikin been made acquainted with the unexpected success of his first attempt at sculpture, and the warm encomiums that were lavished upon it, when he resolved to abandon the medical profession, and devote himself entirely to art, which he felt deeply convinced was the calling for which he was by nature intended. He bade farewell to medicine, and at once repaired to Brussels, where he commenced a regular course of study under a sculptor. In three months he had learnt the art of modelling, was entrusted with important works, and attended constantly at the Brussels academy. He rapidly passed through, or for the most part leaped over, all the different classes, and after five months' most diligent application, obtained the first prize in composition and modelling from nature.

This took place in the year 1812. The young artist immediately went to work, and modelled "Venus and the Doves." The charming statue attracted great attention, and made so favourable an impression, that he forthwith resolved to go and take up his residence at Brussels. By his earliest considerable productions, which were finished one after the other in rapid succession, he soon acquired a European celebrity. His reputation was at once established: for all recognised in his

works a highly gifted artist, who was in the fullest possession of the antique gracefulness of line and form. His fine talent met with support and encouragement, while he was plentifully supplied with commissions to execute, some of them of considerable importance, both from the government and the town of Brussels; for which latter he, with others, ornamented the noble portal of the town hall with eleven statues of great artistic merit.

In a contest of plastic art appointed by the Belgian government, Fraikin came off victorious over many very able competitors, by his well-known and greatly-admired sculpture of "Love," which he worked in marble for the public museum by order of government. This work, in delicacy of outline and gracefulness of posture, is one of the most beautiful that have been produced in any country during the last ten years.

The artist was now able to gratify a wish he had long cherished of visiting Italy. In the year 1816 he repaired thither, and remained there a year, studying and labouring with the greatest perseverance and assiduity. He returned home enriched with new views of art, having a better knowledge of his capabilities, and more skilful, if possible, in the practical part of his art. Scarcely had he arrived, when he was elected a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences and the Fine Arts. Similar expressions of admiration for his rare talents and his exquisitely graceful productions were lavished upon him from all sides. In the year 1818 he completed his celebrated "Psyche," as a companion to his "Love," and was made a knight of the Order of Leopold.

His talent met with equally deserved recognition in foreign countries. The petty envy of rivals may have been excited by his appointment to prepare a statue for the Ostend civic authorities in memory of the Queen of Belgium, shortly after her lamented decease. But the result has proved the wisdom of those who selected him for that purpose. With cheerful courage and a genuine artistic inspiration, Fraikin set to work, and what he has achieved affords striking proof that he perfectly understood the task he had undertaken, and knew how to give perfect development to the beautiful conceptions which he had formed in his mind. The artist had the high satisfaction of learning that the committee appointed to examine his work pronounced it completely successful. Indeed, how could it be otherwise? It strikes every beholder at once as the production of an artist animated by a spirit of genuine devotion, and impressed with a deep sense of the dignity and importance of his art.

The queen, whose figure is an admirable portrait, strongly resembling the original, is on the eve of dissolution, and, in anticipation of future glory, is rising from her couch to grasp with her right hand the heavenly crown which an angel is bringing her from on high, with the golden palm of victory in the left hand, and overshadowing her with his outspread wings. The earthly crown has fallen off the queen's brow, who is striving with her right hand after the crown of immortality, which the heavenly messenger has brought. Her left hand, sinking down by her side, throws back the royal mantle which partly covers the couch and out of it fall flowers and fruits, emblems of the deeds of her beneficent gentleness and philanthropy.

At the feet of the queen sits an earnest female figure, the hands folded in an attitude of devotion, looking up at the dying queen with an expression of intense grief. It is an allegorical representation of the city of Ostend, which is seated on the stern of an ancient vessel bearing the arms of the city. The head of the figure is adorned with a species of helmet in the shape of the national cap of the Ostend women, and surrounded with reeds. The mantle, which falls in richest folds, half covers the breastplate.

The whole group breathes an artistic harmony of the loftiest character. It bespeaks the simplest, and yet the noblest majesty; the several figures are particularly successful in elegance of outline, natural ease of attitude, and the subordination of the purely sensual, without, however, at all trenching upon the beauty of the sculpture.

The head of the queen is no less remarkable for its won-

derful fidelity than its beauty as a work of art; the posture is most pleasing and life-like; the attitude of the arms is at once pleasing and true to nature; and the whole drapery light and graceful. A mild and tender expression clothes the brow of the angel; the figure of whom is no less elegant in form

out all its parts, finely conceived and skilfully executed down to the minutest details. It is a real masterpiece of sculpture, which conveys the idea of the artist in the most expressive manner to all who are susceptible of artistic impressions. Both as a successful realisation of the sculptor's conception



THE SURROUNDING MUSICIANS.—FROM A PAINTING BY ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

that marked in attitude and drapery. The almost masculine earnestness in the head of the female figure which represents Ostend, forms a most striking and effective contrast to the other figures, and gives wonderful life to the whole group. In this figure a calm earnestness of pious resignation is most powerfully expressed.

The whole work is executed in a masterly manner through-

and in itself an exquisite piece of workmanship, it is a noble monument, well worthy of the object to which it is devoted. For centuries it will remain a fit emblem of the veneration of the Belgians for the departed queen, an honour to the state which cherishes her memory, and no less honourable to the established reputation of the artist whose creative genius and skilful hand gave it existence.

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.



THE number, the magnificence, and the vigour of the works of Peter Paul Rubens, tell us more of his life than any bio-



graphies ever can; yet, to write a complete history of that happy and brilliant life, which was one continual flow of prosperity, that never saw its course once troubled by the

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calamities of the civil war which desolated the great painter's country, it will be necessary to speak of the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world, as well as of the consummate artist.

Generally speaking, the life of a painter furnishes but very few materials for the pen of the biographer, and the anecdotes of the foibles and eccentricities that may be gleaned from inquiring into the domestic habits of most artists, are often too unimportant to interest the reader. It is, however, quite different with Rubens, whose life abounded in prominent events, and who, at one time, was seen exercising his art as a painter, and at another engaged in the cabinet, or on some important diplomatic mission; now admired and praised for the excellent productions of his pencil, and now honoured and dignified by sovereigns and potentates for his conduct as a statesman.

According to one account, Rubens was a native of Antwerp, but others say that he was born at Cologne. At the latter place, the traveller's attention is drawn to two German inscriptions on stone tablets, inserted in the front wall of a plain-looking house in the Sternengasse. The first of these inscriptions says that Peter Paul Rubens was born in this house; and the second, that Marie de Medicis, Queen of France, came to end her days there, in the very chamber which had witnessed the painter's birth.* Mockery of human greatness! The widow of Henri IV.; the daughter and

* It was M. Wallraff who had these two inscriptions put up in 1822. In the first are the words, "Our Peter Paul Rubens, the Apelles of Germany, etc.," which aroused the national jealousy of Belgium to the highest point.—(See for this an article on these inscriptions in the Ghent "Messager des Sciences et des Arts;" bks 9 and 10 of the old series, 1823).

mother of a king; the woman whom the painter delighted to represent, surrounded by the emblems of imperishable greatness, was destined to fall, one day, from the height of her grandeur and to die in exile, the sorrow attendant on which was still more embittered by poverty. At present, the house in the Sternens Gasse shelters the family and the bales of a merchant; and vulgar reality now sits behind a counter, in the place of the poetry of recollection.

The birth-place of Rubens long gave rise to much animated controversy. In order to prove that he was born at Antwerp, great stress has been laid on a passage in the life of Philip Rubens, brother to the painter, and celebrated as a learned antiquarian. We read in this biography, written by Jean Brandt, that the town-council of Antwerp sent to Rome for Philip Rubens, in order to confer on him the post of secretary; but that this office could only be filled by a person enjoying the freedom of the city, which was granted to natives of Brabant alone. It was, however, urged that an exception might be made in favour of so learned a man as Philip Rubens, though he was not born at Antwerp, which was the birth-place of all his brothers, of his sisters, of his father and mother, and ancestors; *ubi fratres* (and consequently Peter Paul Rubens) *sorores, uterque parens, aliique retrò majores hunc aerem primum hausere.**

"There has been much discussion," says M. Emile Gachet, of the Royal Commission of History of Belgium, "about the mutual claims of Antwerp and Cologne, with respect to their being the birth-place of Rubens. It has been urged in favour of Antwerp, that if the church registers contain no record of his baptism, it is owing to the religious troubles in the midst of which he was born. It has also been asserted, that the most convincing proof that Antwerp was the birth-place of Rubens is, that, otherwise, he would not have been able to enjoy the freedom of that city, nor to belong, in consequence, to the corporation of painters. All these reasons yield, in our eyes, to the following facts: in the first place, the absence of any record on the church registers of Antwerp and of Cologne is explained, not only by the troubles which agitated the country, but also by the religion to which John Rubens, the father of the painter, belonged, and for which he expatriated himself.

"Secondly, with respect to the freedom of the city,—which we consider the more specious argument,—it must certainly be allowed that it would be possible to find exceptions to the general rule, and that Rubens, on his return from Italy, merited more than any one else to have this rule infringed in his favour; and those who have read attentively the registers of the corporation of St. Luke, are well aware of this fact. Again, and this seems to decide the question, since it is true that John Rubens quitted Antwerp in 1568, and settled at Cologne, where he had, in 1574, a son named Philip, who was the elder brother of the painter (for this is an incontestable fact, which Jean Brandt has himself stated, in his biography of Philip Rubens, written and published in 1615), who will believe that Maria Pypelinex returned to Antwerp in 1577, for the express purpose of giving birth to Peter Paul Rubens, when it is stated that she only returned to that city, after the death of her husband, John Rubens, in 1587, and after it was restored to tranquillity? In a word, what plain-dealing man will not be satisfied with the contemporary testimony of Rubens' nephew himself, the author of the biography of the great artist, attributed for so long a time to Gevartius, but proved at last, by the Baron de Reiffenberg, to have been written by Philip Rubens?

"Peter Paul Rubens wrote as follows to George Geldorp, the painter, who had been commissioned to ask him for an altar-piece for St. Peter's church at Cologne:—"If I were to choose a subject to my taste, relating to St. Peter, I should take his crucifixion with his head downwards. It seems to me that I could accomplish something extraordinary out of this. But I will leave the choice of a subject to him who

defrays the expenses, and defer it to the time when we know what is to be the size of the picture. I have a great predilection for the city of Cologne, where I was brought up till the age of ten; and, for many years past, I have often felt a wish to see it again." This letter," adds M. Emile Gachet, "clearly proves that Rubens did not present the picture of St. Peter to the church of Cologne, out of consideration for his having been baptised there, as has been pretended; but it is also far from furnishing arguments to those who maintain that Rubens was not born at Cologne, and however the expressions used by the painter may be turned and twisted about, it is impossible to translate, *Ick aldaer ben opgevoedt tot het thienste jaer myns levens*, otherwise than by *I was brought up at Cologne till the age of ten*. If this way of speaking does not imply that Rubens was born at Cologne, it, at least, renders his birth there very probable. Yet these are, at most, but puerile discussions.†

In order to discover, in the life of the man, the secret of the works of the painter, the numerous critics and biographers of Rubens are divided in their opinion respecting his origin. Some say that he was a descendant of a noble family of Styria; that Bartholomew Rubens, his grandfather, accompanied Charles V. to the diet of Worms, and made a conspicuous figure among the first gentlemen of the emperor's court at Brussels. The sumptuous style which the painter has thrown into his works is, according to them, a sign of his noble origin, which, too, is further indicated by his constant presence at the different courts of Europe.

In speaking of Bartholomew Rubens, Smith says, in his "Catalogue Raisonné," that he "joined the suite of the Emperor Charles V., upon the occasion of his splendid coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1520; at the conclusion of which ceremony he accompanied the emperor to the diet at Worms, and subsequently took up his residence at Brussels." The court of Charles was then the most magnificent and brilliant in Europe; and the young Bartholomew, having the advantage of a good education, and possessing all the fashionable accomplishments of the time, attracted the admiration of such a court. He found no difficulty in forming an advantageous union with a lady of noble family, named Barbara Arens, surnamed Spirinck. The commerce and opulence of the city of Antwerp, at that period, brought together a confluence of merchants from all countries, consequently such gaiety and amusements as were well calculated to excite a disposition in the young couple to remove to that city: to this they were further induced, by its being the residence of some of their relatives. Of this union, in the month of March, 1530, was born John Rubens, the father of the artist. Gifted with a ready disposition to study, his acquirements in the knowledge of the sciences and polite literature were extensive; at the age of twenty-four, he went to Italy, where, during a residence of six years, he perfected himself in the several universities for the profession of a civilian, and took the degree of doctor of civil and canon law at Rome. Soon after his return to his native city, he married a lady of distinguished family, named Maria Pypelinex, daughter of Henry Pypelinex and Clara Tolon, and established himself at Antwerp, in the profession of the law. His erudition and prudence shortly acquired him distinction, and, in May, 1562, he was elected a councillor of the senate. About this period, the Low Countries were agitated by the Iconoclasts, whose zeal for the destruction of images was attended by persecution, pillage, and every description of disorder, creating dissension and misery among all classes. These disasters continuing for some time, induced John Rubens to quit the official situation which he had held six years, and to remove with his family to Cologne, preferring peace and tranquillity to the prospect of wealth.

Other writers assert that Rubens belonged to that semi-commercial, semi-plebeian race, which was characterised by its intelligence and its sensuality, its fondness for work, eagerness in the pursuit of gain, and greediness of honours, but whose fertile and vivacious genius was always void of elegance, or of anything approaching the ideal. It was owing to this,

* "Nouveaux Mémoires" of the Academy of Brussels, vol. vi.; "Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens," by the Baron de Reiffenberg.

† "Lettres inédites de P. P. Rubens," Brussels, 1840.

say the latter writers, that the activity of Rubens procured him such great riches, and enabled him to use such speed in the execution of his paintings, of which the number is so prodigious, and the dimensions so vast, that, if they were all joined together, they would suffice to decorate, so to say, the largest street of any large city. This, too, was the reason why Rubens was so fond of such red, fleshy forms, and such herculean muscles; why he evinced an exaggerated love for action, that smothered the thought of the artist beneath the weight of the matter; and produced saints with the forms of athletes, and women and virgins with the lusty, rubicund beauty of those viragoes of the people who fatten on the vapours of blood inhaled in the shambles.

But of noble or mean birth,* the origin of the painter will not suffice to explain his works. Genius may, doubtless, yield sometimes to the influence which surrounds it; but it is always strong enough to resist everything puerile.

The artist has, properly speaking, neither country nor family, when his works make the round of the world; for his soul is everywhere in each of his pictures. There exists a more influential power, which must have ruled the painter as it rules the world, and that is the organisation and temperament which are peculiar to every one.

There are two principles which are at constant warfare in man: his mind and his body. The strongest part of us subjugates the other, exaggerates its victory, and proclaims it in our works. Every religion has experienced that antagonism which Horace called the double man. Among the Pagans, matter predominated; and they consequently deified their physical enjoyments, Bacchus being identified with wine, and Venus with love. The Christians, on the contrary, by making the flesh subservient to the mind, showed their desire to glorify all austere virtues and to substitute elevated thoughts, free from matter, for the brutish personifications of Paganism. Thought had superseded animalism, and art was rising to moral grandeur. But every power tends to run into excess; and, in this case, nature, outraged by the too violent reaction of Christianity, was soon compelled to uphold the rights of the flesh. This struggle is still going on; and this is the cause of our difficulties with respect to art, of which the real solution is some day to be made apparent by the reconciliation of all the faculties of man.

It is a pretty general custom to divide the talents of mankind into intelligence and temperament, into men of thought and men of action. This is true with respect to painters. We must, therefore, examine their peculiar organisation and character, in order to discover the secret of their works, which, properly speaking, are nothing but true mirrors.

Rubens is Pagan by nature, temperament, and action.

The Flemish school of painting had preserved an original grandeur through the whole of the fifteenth century. Charmed

* Michel, De Piles, Van Grimberghe, and a crowd of other biographers, assert that Rubens was of noble origin. Deschamps, Felibien, Dargenville, Houbraken, etc. say nothing of his ancestors. The Baron de Reiffenberg read to the Academy of Brussels, in 1833, a genealogical memoir, of which the following is the title: "Généalogie de la Famille de Rubens, tirée des Manuscrits et des Ouvrages imprimés de Rutkens Van der Leene, Le Roy, Foppens, de Vesiano, Hellin, etc."

It is there said that Bartholomew Rubens, of noble birth, a native of Styria, and who had settled in the Low Countries before the year 1528, married Barbara Arens, surnamed Spirinck, a native of Antwerp, by whom he had a son, named John Rubens, on the 18th of March, 1530. John married Maria Pypelinckx. Their seventh child was Peter Paul Rubens, etc.—"Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles, vol. iii."

M. Gachard expresses himself as follows, in his pamphlet entitled, "Particularités et Documents inédits sur Rubens, Bruxelles, 1842:" "As Rubens was not noble, he could not be made Chamberlain, and as for the dignity of Councillor of State, it was reserved for the most eminent nobles of the country, such as the Prince of Orange, the Duke d'Arschot, the Count de Solre, etc." M. Gachard is right. We shall see, in the course of this biography, with what insolence the noble Duke d'Arshot treated the plebeian Rubens.

with simple doctrines and the beauties of Gothic art, it buried itself in contemplation at the bottom of cathedrals, full of intoxicating visions and mysterious terror. Painters having discovered, through their faith, the secrets of Christian art—the enemy of worldliness—had in consequence evinced great dislike for profane subjects. Their pious images, with their chastely arranged drapery, presented a double character of stiffness and *maestri*, which faithfully expressed the Christian religion, composed of severity and tenderness. The thin and transparent bodies of the apostles, the saints, the virgins, and the martyrs, seemed to be made of spiritual essence, while their soul shone like a sun in their features, surrounded by glories. But the troubles of the sixteenth century came to arouse art out of its mystic dreams; and the Flemish painters soon became realists and travellers. If a fervent master of the Flemish school had formerly undertaken a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, its disciples henceforth preferred wandering through Italy, and plundering, like a swarm of bees, in every school. Abandoning themselves entirely to the inclination of their individual tastes, they imitated in turn Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, and Veronese. In his enthusiasm for Michael Angelo, Francis Floris exaggerated his forms, and, so to say, erected in painting the colossal figures which the great sculptor had carved in stone. Martin de Vos applied himself to the reproduction of the colouring of the Venetians, and Otto Venius strove to imitate the magic lights and ineffable softness of Correggio.

Such was the situation of Flemish painting at the time when Rubens appeared in the history of art.

In 1566, John Rubens, who was a councillor of the senate, lived peaceably at Antwerp with his wife, Maria Pypelinckx, whom he had married on his return from a long stay in Italy. At that time, Philip II., king of Spain, was opposing, in the Low Countries, with the most barbarous oppression, the advances made by freedom of opinion, which the Belgian nobility, who were secretly leagued with the nobility of France, Germany, and Holland, defended against the Holy Inquisition. A murderous revolution was fermenting in the very heart of Flanders; the reformers, watched, followed from city to city, and tracked through the country and even into the very retreats afforded them by the woods, rose up in exasperated bands; fanatical orators excited their minds, and the orgies of revolt replied to the excesses of oppression. Reduced to exercise their condemned religion in the open air, in ravines and secluded places, the proscribed reformers gave vent to their feelings in the bosom of nature, that filled their wounded hearts with its wild inspirations. Their fury reached its highest pitch at the sight of the magnificent cathedrals where their implacable persecutors exercised a religion, the opulence of which formed so strong a contrast with their own misery. City artizans, mariners, and peasants, armed with scythes, hatchets and muskets, overran western Flanders, and carried devastation into the churches and convents; the altars of the churches were destroyed, the statues mutilated, the pictures carried about at the end of pitch-forks, and the books burnt by order of preachers standing in the pulpits with a torch in their hands. St. Omer, Ypres, the Abbey of Wemelghem, Menin, Commines, Warwick, and Lille, saw the work of destruction pass by like a torrent of lava, which, increasing as it went along, arrived at last at Antwerp. The feast of the Assumption was being celebrated in the midst of an immense assemblage of people, when the cathedral was suddenly invaded, the statue of the Virgin dragged, with a cord round its neck, about the building, and then decapitated, while a beautifully sculptured Christ was broken into a thousand pieces. The ground was watered, and shoes were clamed with the wine and oil intended for religious purposes, and the sepulchres were broken open, so that the bones they contained might be scattered abroad, to the exclamation of *Long live the Queen!* which was the rallying cry of the infuriated crowd. The fine organ fell to pieces with a sigh; the large tapers of the cathedral lighted up the scene with their mystic

flames; the tocsin sounded; Antwerp trembled in the dark, and the sun rose on the ruins of seventy altars. Four days had sufficed for the spoliation of four hundred churches in Brabant and Flanders alone.

On hearing of these events, Philip the Second's rage was ungovernable; he sent into the revolted provinces the Duke of Alba, a man of the most implacable character, who carried extermination with him. At this juncture, the Belgian nobles, rising resolutely in arms, placed themselves at the head of the civil war; blood flowed in torrents in the public places and

On this occasion, the Prince de Chimay wrote to him as follows:—†

“ Monsieur Rubens,—Le roi d'Espagne nous subjuge derechef par son barbare et tyrannique gouvernement dont ma mémoire est encore si fraische, j'aimerois mieulx de ma part d'endurer toutes traverses du monde, pour nous défendre jus-qu'à la dernière goutte de mon sang, etc.”‡

John Rubens, who had a numerous family, preferred retiring, however, to Cologne, which he did in 1568; and it was



SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS. — FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

on the battle-field; and the heads of Counts Horn and Egmont, with those of a great number of nobles and citizens, fell beneath the axe of the executioner. There was no longer any safety in the Low Countries for those suspected of attachment to the liberties of the public.* John Rubens felt that he was in danger. He was suspected of entertaining secret sympathy for the Martinists or Lutherans, and of conspiring with William the Taciturn.

* Van Hasselt, Hist. de Rubens.

there, in the ninth year of his exile, that his seventh child was born, on the 29th of June, 1577; and as this was the day on which the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul was solemnised,

† Biblioth. Antwerp.

‡ “ Monsieur Rubens,—The King of Spain has again subjugated us by his barbarous and tyrannical government, of which I have so vivid a recollection; as for me, I would endure all sorts of hardships, in order to defend ourselves to the last drop of my blood, etc.”

the infant was baptised, in the name of both saints, at the church of St. Peter.

A great painter had been born, who, by his astonishing fecundity, was destined, not only to repair the disasters with which revolutionary times had visited the arts in his country,

executed everything he undertook in after-life. His aptitude for learning was cultivated with great care by his father, whose whole attention had been directed to the education of his children; but in 1587, Rubens lost his anxious parent, and as Antwerp had now been enjoying tranquility for two



THE SONS OF RUBENS,—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

but also to enrich the churches, the museums, and the galleries of all Europe, from Rome to Paris, from London to St. Petersburg, and from Madrid to Vienna.

Peter Paul Rubens commenced his studies at the college of the Jesuits at Cologne, with the same facility with which he

years, his widowed mother returned to her native city, where she displayed the greatest skill in the recovery of a part of her husband's property, which had been seized and confiscated, at one time by the royalists, and at another time by the Iconoclasts, under the pretence that his emigration, without a

regular permission, was sufficient to implicate him in the conspiracies which then prevailed. It was, doubtless, from his mother that Rubens inherited that order, sagacity, and vigilance over his own interest, which, though they were the cause of his being so often accused of avarice and duplicity, made him so useful, in a political capacity, to the princes of the time, and above all to himself. On his approaching his sixteenth year, "he had made such progress in Latin, and other useful languages," says Smith, "that he was considered qualified to commence the study of the law, for which profession he was intended. At this period, an opportunity occurred of introducing him to the noble family of the Countess de Lalain, in quality of page, where he would have the advantage of observing the manners of polished society, and of obtaining that patronage which would tend to promote his future interests. His good sense and docility rendered a conformity to the rules of the establishment an easy task, and his quick apprehension enabled him to familiarise himself readily with the ceremonious style of the lofty Spanish nobility who figured at that period. This situation, however, was not to his taste; his predominant inclination for drawing, which had hitherto been indulged in only as an amusement, began to develop itself more decidedly; he became disgusted with the servility of his situation, and resolved to quit it, and pursue the study of the arts and polite literature. This resolution he took an early opportunity of communicating to his indulgent mother, who expressed unwillingness that he should follow a profession which she considered unworthy of his birth, observing that he was yet too young to choose for himself, and that his superior education entitled him to higher distinction than the pursuit of painting could procure. Notwithstanding this admonition, his natural attachment to the art, accompanied by a spirit of independence, induced him to reiterate his solicitations to his mother, to open to her his thoughts and anxious wishes, and, in conclusion, emphatically to declare that the situation of a page accorded so little with his tastes and feelings, that, however it might lead to honours and distinction, the summit of his ambition was to be a great painter, and in the pursuit of this object he would enjoy a life of liberty dearer to his heart than all the charms which his present situation might promise.

"This declaration made a suitable impression upon his parent, who was well acquainted with the predilection of her son for the fine arts; and it was agreed, after consulting the rest of the family, that he should be permitted to pursue the bent of his inclination. Having decided upon this, their next object was to find a suitable instructor for him, when a painter (whose only recommendation probably was an acquaintance with the family) of the name of Tobias Verhaert was accepted; but the penetrating scholar soon discovered his master's deficiencies, and quitted him to enter the school of Adam Van Noort,* a painter of history, celebrated at Antwerp as a colourist.*

Van Noort was naturally of a rough temper, which alienated him from the love of his disciples and friends; Rubens studied under him for four years,† but being at last unable to bear his brutality any longer, he left this surly master to enter the school of Otto Venius, painter to the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, and to his consort Isabella. Otto Venius had received a learned education, which had been improved and rendered still more brilliant by his constantly residing at the different courts of Europe. Too crude to be a man of originality and inspiration, Otto Venius was but a feeble imitator of Correggio, and it may be safely asserted that Rubens learnt hardly anything from him, with the exception of polished manners, an excessive love for letters, and a false taste for allegory. Rubens had been

* Ad picture studium impulsus a matre impetravit ut Adamo Van Noort pictori Antverpiensi instituendus traderetur.—Phil. Rub. Vita P. P. Rubenii; see "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles," vol. x.: "Mémoire de M. le Baron de Reiffenberg."

† Sub hoc magistro (Van Noort) prima artis sue fundamenta per annos quatuor posuit.—*Ibid.*

working for nearly four years under his second master,‡ when, feeling a desire to commence more extensive and bolder studies, he resolved to set out for Italy. He was also urged to this step by Otto Venius himself, who had long since inflamed the young student's mind with a desire to visit that classic land, by his glowing descriptions of the glories of the great Italian masters. The value and importance of the contemplated journey were therefore duly laid before the young artist's mother, and her permission eagerly solicited, which, after some deliberation, was granted. On this, Otto Venius presented his pupil to the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella, who were so delighted with the elegant manners of the young painter, that they gave him letters of recommendation to several sovereigns. But, according to Bellori, Rubens possessed qualities which would have found him protectors wherever he went. "He was," says this writer, "tall, well made, of a fine florid complexion and a strong constitution; both mild and proud too, noble in his manners and distinguished in his dress; and he generally wore a gold chain round his neck, &c."§

Rubens quitted Antwerp for Italy on the 9th of May, in the year 1660, taking the road to Italy through France. "It would not be difficult," says Smith, "to imagine what was the subject of the thoughts of the young traveller during his long journey from Antwerp to Italy; they were doubtless fixed on the bright prospect before him; he was hastening to that classic country whose riches in art all concurred in praising, and which his imagination dwelt upon with delight. Plans were laid and resolutions formed for the regulation of his future conduct; these all related to his beloved art,—the idol of his constant adoration."

On arriving in Italy, it was Venice, which artists, poets, and travellers had, in their enthusiasm, pronounced to be the finest of all the cities of that country, that first attracted his ardent curiosity. While he was there studying the master colourists, a gentleman of the court of the Duke of Mantua, and who resided in the same hotel as the painter, expressed a wish to see him at work in his studio. The sight of a few half-finished pictures, and the conversation of the artist, quite fascinated the gentleman in question, who, on his return to Mantua a few days after, spoke of the talent and character of Rubens to the duke in such high terms, that the latter determined to send for him and to engage him in his service. Rubens therefore quitted Venice for Mantua, where the duke possessed a gallery full of the works of Giulio Romano. According to some biographers, and especially M. Van Hasselt, author of a conscientiously-written life of Rubens, but replete with national enthusiasm, the Flemish painter applied himself to imitating whatever fire the pictures of the duke contained, that is to say, those parts of them which spoke to his own feelings.

But where is there any fire to be seen in the works of Giulio Romano, and does this quality, which Rubens is generally admitted to possess, exist even in him? What connexion, too, is there between imitation and fire? The exclusive privilege of inspired natures, fire suffices itself for the creation of the originality and glory of the greatest masters. Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and the modern Delacroix, are men of fire. In the intoxication of thought, the storm of the passions, the tumultuous ardour of everything that breathes, and the mysterious violence of all inorganic natures, fire torments alike man, animals, and the elements. It pours itself out of our hearts in love, hatred, and grief; starts from the bowels of the earth through the crater of the volcano, rushes along with the torrent, and traverses the heavens on the wings of the tempest. It was fire which made the hair of the sibyls stand up with holy horror, and which has, in all times, given audacity to the warrior, inspiration to the poet, exaltation to

‡ Deinde sub Ottonis Venii pictorum Belgiorum illo tempore principis disciplina alios quatuor annos fere exegit.—*Ibid.*

§ "Fu egli di statura grande, ben formato et di bel colore e temperamento; era maestoso insieme ed humano, e nobile di maniere e d'habiti, solito portare collana d'oro al collo, &c."

the believer, and heroism to the martyr. Giulio Romano never knew what fire was. With all his imagination, he never succeeded in freeing himself from the influence of Raffaele, his master, whose tranquil genius sought after the idealism of order and the harmony of lines. Of a calculating character in everything, cold in his disposition, and deprived, by his active life, of the benefits of retirement and contemplation—the source of all exalted thoughts,—Rubens possessed no more fire than Giulio Romano did. Excessive love for mythology and paintings of unlimited dimensions, admiration for Michael Angelo, and above all, that false grandeur which characterises the works of all the masters belonging to the epochs of decay in the arts, form the only analogy that it is possible to find existing between Rubens and Giulio Romano. The former is more life-like than the latter. His village fêtes, his hunts, a few scripture subjects, and his "Battle of the Amazons," possess, if not real fire, at least a material freedom and a boldness of execution which approach it. The first three pictures of Rubens were placed in the church of Mantua, and three others, "Christ crowned with Thorns," "The Crucifixion," and "St. Helena discovering the real Cross," were painted at the request of the Archduke Albert, governor of the Netherlands, to ornament the church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme, at Rome; the prince having borne the title of cardinal of that church, previously to his marriage with the Infanta of Spain. Following the generally forced conceptions of Tintoretto, Rubens has placed no nails in the feet of the Saviour; but has sacrificed Christian tradition to the wish of showing the convulsions of physical death as energetically as possible.*

While Rubens remained at Mantua, the duke's treatment of him was most flattering. From his first interview with that prince, the painter had produced on the former's mind a very favourable impression, which was afterwards augmented by the learning displayed by Rubens in conversation. Endowed with great quickness of apprehension, having an extensive knowledge of foreign languages, and possessing a handsome person and elegant manners, he quite gained the esteem of the duke, who often honoured him with his visits. On one occasion, as he was engaged in painting a picture of the history of "Turnus and Æneas," and, in order to warm his imagination, repeating with energy the lines of Virgil, commencing—

Ille etiam patriis agmen dicit, etc.

the duke suddenly entered the room, and exclaimed: "Bravo! Rubens, the subject is excellent."

Some time after, he was employed by the duke on a secret mission to the Court of Spain, and set out under the pretext of offering a splendid carriage and seven superb horses to the king, Philip III., and some rich presents to the Duke of Lerma, his prime minister.†

Rubens' reception at the court of Madrid was highly flattering. The king entered freely into conversation with him on the subject of his mission, questioned him on the motive of his journey to Italy, and took a survey of the state of affairs in the Netherlands; and Rubens spoke so eloquently on each subject, that his Majesty, in his letters to the Duke of Mantua, expressed his satisfaction of the envoy in the highest terms.

During his stay at Madrid, the king sat to him for his portrait, and so did several of the nobility. When he took leave of his Majesty, the latter gave him assurances of his high satisfaction, and sent him some costly presents by the Duke of Lerma.

* These three works afterwards found their way into England. The second, which was bought by Count de Woronzo in 1821, was lost at sea. Van Hasselt, "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," in 8vo. Bruxelles, 1849: page 19.

† *Missus est in Hispaniam . . . ut regi catholico Philippo redam pulcherrimam et septem generosissimos equos offerret, etc.*—(Philippe Rubens, Vit. P. P. Rub. in the "Nouveaux Mémoires de l'Académie de Bruxelles.")

The ability Rubens had displayed in conducting the secret mission entrusted to his care, had prepared him an honourable reception from the duke, on his return to Mantua. But, however flattering the honours heaped upon him might be, they did not detach him from the principal object of his journey to Italy; and having now passed more than three years at Mantua, he felt desirous of visiting the other cities of that country, and particularly Rome. During his stay in the last named city, he painted several pictures for the Pope, the Cardinals Chigi, Rospigliosi, Colonna, the Princess of Scalabrino, and the fathers of the oratory. The influence produced on him by the grand style of Michael Angelo was so immense, that he never after succeeded in freeing himself from it. From Rome he went to Florence, where his appearance was hailed with delight by many celebrated persons; he also received a hearty welcome from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who honoured him with a long audience, and finished by asking him for his own portrait, to be placed in the public picture gallery of the city, as it was customary to have the portrait of every distinguished painter, executed by his own hand, hung in that gallery. During his residence in this city, he painted several excellent pictures for the grand duke, and was also much employed by a great many of the nobility. The magnificent Florentine gallery of paintings and antique statues excited in him the most enthusiastic admiration, and frequently engaged his pencil; but although his subsequent productions possess but very few of the beauties of the antique, his notions of form having been vitiated by early impressions, "yet there is," says Smith, "occasionally in his works sufficient to prove that he was not insensible to the grace and majesty of the Greek sculptures." The same success which had hitherto waited on him everywhere else attended him here; and, on his departure from Bologna, the grand duke expressed his satisfaction to him in the highest terms, and presented him, among other valuable things, with his own portrait suspended to a gold chain.

Rubens did not stay long at Bologna, for the correct outline and the solemn composition of the Carracci had nothing in common with his genius, which had a horror of simplicity.

He now returned again to Rome, in order to fulfil some previous engagements, and terminate some unfinished paintings. The Florentine school of painting seems to have been greatly admired there, either for its colouring or its novelty. By order of Pope Paul V., Rubens now executed a painting for the oratory of the church of Monte Cavallo, representing "The Virgin and St. Anne adoring the infant Saviour." He also painted several pictures for the palaces of many cardinals and noblemen.

Being desirous of visiting Milan, he left Rome for that city in the beginning of 1607, where he executed many magnificent paintings. He copied the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, and painted for the Ambrosian library a picture of "The Virgin and the Infant Jesus," which his friend, Velvet Breughel, encircled with a garland of flowers. He then hastened to Genoa, the opulence and activity of which reminded him of Antwerp, and urged him onward in his pursuit of gain. His reputation had preceded his arrival; senators, nobles, and merchants, all invited him to splendid banquets, and contended with one another for the possession of his pictures and portraits, for which they offered enormous sums. The artist painted the churches and palaces of Genoa, which were afterwards engraved and published at Antwerp, under the title of "Palazzi antichi e moderni di Genova raccolti e disegnati da Pietro Paulo Rubens." He also painted, for the Jesuits' church, two large pictures representing "The Circumcision," and "St. Ignatius holding the diseased."

The immense number of portraits and historical pieces which he painted in this city, caused him to make a longer stay there than he had made in any other place, with the exception of Mantua. But while thus engaged, the melancholy intelligence arrived that his mother was dangerously ill. He immediately set off for Antwerp; but arrived too late ever to see her again. A tomb in the church in which she was buried records that she died on the 14th of November, 1608, at the age of seventy.

Rubens had passed eight years in Italy, under the constant protection of the Duke of Mantua, in roaming from city to city to visit every school, and to inspect every *chef-d'œuvre*. Endowed with great activity, a capacious memory, and with such power of assimilation as was unknown perhaps before his time—an Italian in Italy, and a Spaniard in Spain—his flexi-

never possible for him to prevent himself from feeling the greatest aversion for those whose temperament was opposed to his own. After the death of his mother, Rubens, in order to give free vent to his grief, withdrew for four months into the Abby of St. Michael, where she had been interred. He was then seized with profound melancholy, was harassed by a con-



PEACE CONCLUDED.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

bility of character never changed his Flemish nature, nor diminished in the least his native originality. Though he has often employed the greatest skill to give the appearance of creative genius to recollection and imitations, though he has sucked, so to say, the marrow of the greatest masters, while still remaining himself, it must also be owned that it was

tinual yearning to see Italy again, and was preparing to return there, when the Archduke Albert—who was desirous of keeping near him the painter, and above all the diplomatist at a time when Spain was in so difficult a position with respect to Holland—attached him to his service by a good pension, or a *sol'd chanc*, according to the expression of Philip

Rubens, his nephew and biographer,* In order to escape the bustling gaiety of the court of Brussels, Rubens reserved himself the right to reside in general at Antwerp, where he promised to keep himself in readiness to answer the first summons of his prince, and as the truce of 1609, signed at Antwerp and the Hague, gave him hope that his country, so long disturbed by war, was at last about to enjoy a few years of tranquillity, he married the daughter of a rich senator of

reached by a regal staircase, the artist placed all the rich objects of art he had accumulated in his travels; pictures, antique statues, busts, bas-reliefs, medals, onyxes and agates, were all collected there; and, to the end of his days, the painter kept faithful correspondents in Italy, who were constantly making fresh acquisitions for him. Dupuesnoy, the poet, his countryman and friend, was more particularly entrusted with the care of making these selections. The fortune



THE VISITATION. FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

Antwerp, Isabella Brandt, a robust beauty, whose portrait has too often usurped in his works the place of elegance and grace. Rubens bought a large house in the place de Meer, and had it entirely rebuilt in the Italian fashion; between the court-yard and the garden was a rotunda with arched windows, surmounted by a lantern tower. In the museum, which was

of the painter increased with his fame, and "there was no prince or amateur who was not desirous of possessing something executed by him."

The construction of his house was the singular cause which gave birth to one of his *chef-d'œuvre*, namely, "The Descent from the Cross," for the cathedral of Antwerp. About the

* Ann's vinculis ligatur.

o Sandart.

pensive, seems to have painted his sublime ideas and hallucinations from the bottom of a prison: his general lights, rendered so brilliant by his ambient shades, seem to be the road taken by the apparitions which visited him, and the trace left by the soarings of his soul; while those unexpected lights which he has introduced into his pictures are the flashes of his impassioned genius that was as concentrated as the focus of the lens of Archimedes.

Though admirable in execution, and prodigious in colour, the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, has, however, nothing Christian about it. Look at that drooping head, those flabby, ponderous limbs, that representation of real death, and you will immediately say, that it is not Christ sleeping the sleep of three days, but a Hercules whose eyes are closed by death for ever. Dissolution has already begun there: the corpse is about to be changed into the elements whence it sprang, and dust to be returned to dust; from pagan death there is no resurrection, and nothing beyond the tomb. Then, again, look at that lusty matron, clothed like those mourners whom the ancients hired to weep at their funerals, and intended for the Virgin, whose faith and resignation ought to stifle all her sobs. How much better did Lesueur comprehend the poetry of Christianity! In the same subject, he is as superior to Rubens for suavity of feeling as he is inferior to him for boldness, brilliancy, and vigour. The force of Lesueur's production is doubtless weakened by the way in which the personages are dispersed; but then how expressive is each head! There, faith has overcome grief, as Christ will triumph over death. Do you not already see too, in Lesueur's painting, the soul of the Saviour shining, like the flame of a sacred lamp, through his transparent body? The head, slightly inclined, appears as if it were asleep only. But it must be owned that Lesueur would have never dared to place the colour of Christ's flesh by the side of a shroud of such dazzling whiteness as that of Rubens, who made it his delight to overcome all difficulties. Titian himself would not have attempted it, without having first flattened the white with one of those golden tints which he seemed to borrow from the rays of the setting sun.

But what do all these mystic dreams matter to Rubens? Is he not the painter of life, of vigorous life, the poet of hearty health, that has never faded from the fever of thought? Do you think that he admired the old Flemish masters with their emaciated saints? Strong and robust figures, boatmen, blacksmiths, and Flemish peasants will now ever live on his canvas as the representatives of apostles, saints, martyrs, or executioners. Jupiter, Hercules, Antinous, and Mercury there lend their features, in turn, to the God of Christians; while the Loves and the Angels, represented by chubby, round-headed Belgians, are scarcely able to find support upon their wings.

It could not, however, be expected that the fame acquired by Rubens would fail of exciting the envy and even the injustice of his contemporaries. His mode of living at Antwerp was the beau-ideal of an artist's existence. His house possessed such a collection of works of art, of pictures, statues, busts, vases, and other objects of curiosity and elegance, as gave it the appearance of a princely museum. His establishment also comprehended a collection of wild beasts, which he kept as living models for those hunting pieces, and other representations of savage animals which have never been surpassed. Owing no doubt, in a great measure, to the splendour with which he was surrounded, Rubens found himself all at once assailed by those who were most indebted to him for assistance. It was insinuated with the most audacious effrontery that he owed the best part of his reputation, in the great variety of works for which he was celebrated, to the talents of his pupils, Synders and Wildens, whom he occasionally employed in forwarding the animals and landscapes in some of his pictures. Cornelius Schut, who was in want of employment, accused him of want of invention; Abraham Jansens had the hardihood to defy him at a trial of strength; and even Theodore Rombouts ventured to vilify his works. Rubens replied to their accusations in a manner worthy of a great artist. He relieved the necessities of Schut, by pro-

viding him employment; to the challenge of Jansens, he good-humouredly said, "that his pictures had long since passed the ordeal of the connoisseurs of Italy and Spain, and that Jansens was at liberty to expose his in the same way, when and wherever he pleased;" and he replied to the sarcasms of Rombouts by exhibiting his famous "Descent from the Cross." And the more effectually to establish his claim to the title of universal painter, he finished with his own hands some of his most admirable landscapes, his lion-hunts, and other miscellaneous subjects, and thus covered his calumniators with shame and confusion.

Rubens' mode of working now was to make small sketches, slightly but distinctly; these were delivered to his pupils, who executed pictures from them on a larger scale, which they carried forward almost to the last stage, when Rubens took them up himself. He himself never painted without having read to him some passages of history or of poetry, and this constant accumulation of knowledge had enriched his mind with inexhaustible resources.

For the success of the various negotiations entrusted to him by the Archduke and the Infanta Isabella, Rubens was often beholden to his pencil, and his frequent presence at the different courts increased the brilliancy of his style, which was naturally sumptuous. It was near 1619. The truce of twelve years, signed between Spain and Holland, had almost expired. Drained of its resources, Belgium longed for peace. The national party alone was aroused to activity by the voice of Barneveldt, who soon died upon the scaffold with a stoicism worthy of the times of antiquity. The field was now left open to the intrigues of the Prince of Orange; devoured by ambition, Maurice harboured the project of secretly allying himself with Spain, and the Archduke Albert lent a complaisant ear to his insinuations. But, seduced by the illusion of an alliance with England, Philip III. would listen to no one but the Count of Gondomar, his ambassador at London. The latter gave him to understand that the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I., was determined on making a descent into Holland in favour of Spain, and on demanding the hand of the Infanta in marriage; while, on his side, Louis XIII., in order to counterbalance the influence of England united to that of the French Protestants, proposed to the King of Spain an offensive alliance against Holland, that focus of heresy. During Philip III.'s hesitations, the Archduke Albert redoubled his efforts in order to affect a pacification between the two countries. A lady of the name of Tserclaes, of noble birth, a firm Catholic, and already advanced in age,* served as an intermediary between him and the Prince of Orange, who had now only to be satisfied respecting the price of his defection, when the King of Spain was overtaken by death. Peace was so imperiously necessary to the belligerent parties, that hostilities were not begun immediately on the expiration of the truce; the negotiations were continued, and Rubens and the lady named Tserclaes were the principal agents employed to carry them on. The former had the hope of surrounding Isabella with a national party free from Spanish influence, and capable of restoring riches and repose to di-consolate Belgium. These were the motives which actuated Rubens in imposing silence on all his other feelings of patriotism; in him, the artist outweighed the citizen. The complications of the thirty years' war, and the elevation of Richelieu to power, had increased the difficulties attending the negotiations. The Sieur de Baugy, a Frenchman, residing at Brussels, denounced the influence exercised by the painter on the mind of Isabella as dangerous, and attributed all his political manœuvres to his love of money. The Sieur d'Espesses, another of Richelieu's emissaries, and who resided at the Hague, declared him to be a plotter of intrigues, and asserted that the lady named Tserclaes was his tool.

All these circumstances did not prevent Rubens from still devoting a great deal of time to painting; but it would nevertheless be a mystery how he managed to execute so many works, if we were not acquainted with his mode of life. He

* Correspondence of the Archduke and the Infanta

used to rise at four in the morning, attend mass, and then enter his studio. As he greatly dreaded the influence exercised by good living on the imagination, he was always very frugal in his diet. In the evening, when it was fine, he generally rode round the ramparts of Antwerp, on one of those spirited Andalusian horses which, with their gracefully-formed necks and tails touching the ground, served him as models. He seldom paid visits to any one, but always gave a hearty welcome to those who came to his own house. The supper-hour was usually enlivened by the presence of his friends, chiefly of men learned in letters or eminent as painters; among the former were Gaspard Gevartius and Nicholas Roekox. He also kept up an extensive correspondence with the artists and learned men of every country; in Italy, with Jerome Oleander and Duquesnoy, the sculptor; and in France, with Dupuy and De Thou, the former of whom is so celebrated

What a love for a learned fossil! Peirese was desirous of going to Flanders to visit Rubens, but above all to see Chrysippus.

"I cannot," continued he, "be sufficiently grateful for his politeness, nor speak highly enough of his great virtue and eminent qualities, both with respect to his profound erudition and surprising knowledge, and to his dexterity and skill in affairs of the world; neither can I sufficiently praise the excellence of his touch, and the great charm of his conversation, which afforded me such pleasure as I had not experienced for some time past."

It was through Peirese that Rubens obtained a privilege for the sale of his engravings in France, but which afterwards gave rise to a law-suit, in which he was accused of draining the kingdom, by means of his plates, of enormous sums of money. Rubens and Peirese mutually informed each other of political



CHATEAU OF RUBENS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

in literature, and the latter so well known by his tragical end; but his principal correspondent was Peirese, the illustrious antiquary of Provence, whom Balzac styled, in his valuable letters, *a piece of the wreck of antiquity, a relic of the golden age*. "I have seen with the greatest pleasure," wrote the candid Peirese to the mayor of Antwerp, "the inventory of the cabinet of M. Rubens, to whom I beg you to present my most humble thanks for all the polite offers he has deigned to make me. I will do my utmost to be of use to him in whatever he employs me, being unable sufficiently to admire the richness of his figures. I should like to make a journey into your country, to obtain a sight of them, and, above all, of the fine heads of Cicero, Seneca, and Chrysippus, of which I should probably steal a little sketch, if he allowed me." *

* Lettre à Peirese.

† To the same.

news, of the progress made in literature, the arts and sciences, and were continually sending one another publications written in every language of Europe. At one time, Rubens was delighted by receiving from his friend inscriptions and impressions taken from antique stones and cameos, *in diva vulva com ale di papilion*, † and at another time, it was Rubens who sent to Provence the mechanism of *perpetual motion*, discovered by one of his friends, and which filled him with enthusiasm. Then he afterwards launched into dissertations on his theory of the human figure, on chemical operations, hermaphrodites, the marriage of the sun with the moon, and the harmony of worlds. Aspirations of intelligence towards the regions of the absolute, whither all human notions, similar to the rays of the sun, converge towards eternal truth! But Rubens soon again became a positive being and a man of the world. According to his "Theory of the Human Figure," which is a miscel-

laneous collection of personal reminiscences and opinions that Rubens wrote on the margin of his sketch-books, man made in the image of God is the prototype of beauty in this world; the beauty of woman is of a second order only, a derivative from the beauty of man, though it surpasses the latter in elegance and grace. From the time of his first fall, man is there said to have remained in a continual state of gradual degeneracy, and to have henceforth borrowed from animals their features and instincts. This is one of the numerous contradictions of Rubens, who will shortly tell us, first of all, that the type of man is absolute, and independent of his nature; and then he will go on to say that he is composed of all the elements of the universe. He ascribes the formation of the human figure to the three geometrical principles of the cube, the sphere, and the pyramid. The sphere presides over

are prominent, the thighs thick, and they decrease in the form of a pyramid down to the foot, the heel of which is well developed. The muscles are tumular in shape.

The third type is distinguished by a more spare habit of body, by the largeness of the bones, the length of the head, the development of the arms, the thighs, and the legs, by the flatness of the stomach, the firmness of the flesh, and the prominence of the tendons, which resemble cords, and raise the skin that covers them. The gladiator aiming a blow at his adversary, while guarding himself from the one with which he is threatened, is an example of this type.

A fourth model of physical vigour only exists, according to Rubens, in the imagination of artists: this is Christ—the Christ to whom the painter lends, in the course of his works, the thunder-bolts of Jupiter to chastise the world with!



THE RAINBOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

the formation of the head, the cube over that of the trunk, and it is according to the principles of the pyramid that the limbs of men gradually taper in bulk towards their extremities. From the cube proceed strong and robust bodies, heroes, and athletes. The ancients recognised three types of force.

The first type is represented by the Farnese Hercules, to which the sculptor has given the most characteristic features of the lion, the bull, and the horse; for the hair of Hercules bears a perfect resemblance to the mane of the lion and the horse, his forehead takes after that of the bull and the lion, while the nape of his neck, with the part where it joins the shoulders, is as fleshy and muscular as the neck of the bull.

The second type, which is superior in elegance to the first, has more elevation in the breast, more firmness in the muscles of the stomach, wider shoulders, and longer arms. The hips

From the sphere are derived the round forms of woman: the elevation of the back, the shoulders, the breast, the stomach, and all her outlines. In imitation of the statues of antiquity, it is here said that beauty ought to be neither thin nor stout. Firm flesh, both white and of a pale red, a mixture of roses and lilies, of milk and blood—a graceful face; a white, slender neck, as flexible as the swan's; wide shoulders; a round arm; a soft, long hand and fingers; a smooth, full and somewhat prominent bosom, with firm breasts, slightly separated; the lower part of the back strong, and thin at the waist, with the bust nearly triangular; the stomach firm; the upper part of the back flat, but bending in towards the middle; depressed shoulders; strong thighs; a round knee; a stout leg, tapering gracefully down to the foot, which must be small and high in the instep—such ought, in the eyes of Rubens, to be

the beauty of woman. And yet he has too often given her masculine forms, and has ever chosen his virgins among those rubicund, large-limbed beauties that are employed to represent Liberty and Republics. To be convinced of this, you have only to look at the picture representing "The Entombment," where you will see that the Magdalene is a strapping wench from a Flemish tavern. Her hair, which grows low down her enormous neck, touches the ground, after falling over her eyes which are streaming with tears. She is kneeling down, and holds in her hands the nails used for the crucifixion, while Mary, with her mouth wide open, is bellowing out her maternal grief.

This Latin manuscript was copied by Mr. Maurice Johnson, of Spalding in Lincolnshire, and presented by him to the society of Antiquaries. It is said that the original is at Paris, but we have neither been able to find this nor another work, entitled "De Coloribus," and attributed to Rubens. Towards the end of 1772, Jombert, a bookseller at Paris, bought at the Huquier sale, a collection of copper-plates engraved after the drawings of Rubens, and a collection of Latin annotations which had already been translated into French, but very badly. Jombert had them translated again; but he carried his ignorance so far as to suppress, under the pretext of their being dreams, two chapters by Rubens, one of which treated of the cabala and chemistry, and the other of the primitive formation of man, first created an hermaphrodite, and then divided into two sexes, as is seen in the "Drama of Human Life," by Giorgione, in the marriage of the moon with the sun. But Cardan, Albert Durer, Paolo Lomazzo, Vincent Scamozzi, and many others, had already formed theories of the same kind.

"Those large harmonious proportions which Lomazzo discovers in the human body by the numbers and tones of music," says Hilaire Pader, his translator, "testify to the perfect symmetry of our little world: this is why man is called the most perfect work of nature, the image of his Creator, the king of animals, who contains within himself the four elements; so that music not only finds in him the division of its tones, and geometry its points, lines, and figures; but astrology finds its stars there, philosophy its matter and its form, and chemistry the difference between its vessels and its furnaces; and do not be astonished that I have introduced chemistry, for if your nature is not chemical, you will never make a good painter.

"Ships, barks, galleys, and the like, are drawn from the human body, like Noah's ark. Those who measured our little world divided the body into six feet, the foot into six degrees, and the degree into five minutes, which made the number of sixty degrees, or of three hundred minutes, which they compared to as many geometrical cubits, by which Noah's ark was also described by Moses; for, as the human body is three hundred minutes long, filty wide, and thirty high, the ark was three hundred cubits long, fifty wide, and forty high."* This book, a mere extract from the large manuscript in which Rubens must have placed a particular article of his will, and which we sought for in vain, is almost entirely void of sense and logic.

Another book of studies has been engraved in twenty sheets by P. Pontius; and a third one, wrongly attributed to Vandeyck, who only furnished two heads for it, by the Comte de Caylus.†

In the "Flight into Egypt" (p. 210), the Virgin, who is enveloped in a hood, is of such gigantic proportions, that she resembles those stone statues which have mural crowns upon their heads to represent cities. But then it is certainly the duty of the Virgin to protect the Infant Jesus and St. Joseph against any accidents which might happen to them on the way. The Holy Family is walking in the moonlight, which might even be taken for day, in consequence of the strong light thrown into this picture by its bold and brilliant colouring.

* "Théorie de la Figure Humaine," etc., 1773, in 4to, Paris, Jombert.

† Basan, "Dict. de Grav.," p. 224.

Marie de Médicis, having been at last reconciled to her son at Angouleme, and having returned to Paris, in 1620, was desirous of enriching her palace of the Luxembourg with the works of a great painter; and sent for Rubens, on the recommendation of the Baron de Vieq, then ambassador from the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella to the court of France.

Rubens lost no time in presenting himself at the house of the baron, by whom he was introduced to the queen, who honoured him with an order for twenty-one pictures, illustrative of the most important events of her life.

He immediately acquainted himself with the history of Marie de Médicis, arranged all the principal events in due order, made spirited sketches of each subject (which are now in the Munich Gallery), and gave them to his pupils to work from, under his continual superintendance. Instead of a real history, however, the painter composed a sort of allegorical poem, each picture of which forms a canto. The whole is a fantastic and turbulent production, in which divinities, with the elements and abstract ideas, are embodied in diverse personages, placed on earth, in the bosom of the ocean, in Olympus and Christian heaven, in the regions of mythology, and the history of France. The predominant passion of the epoch was a passion for allegory. We have already seen that Rubens had imbibed a taste for it from his master, Otto Venius, who wrote on this subject a book illustrated with figures, but which, if we are to believe Reynolds, is, at most, fitted to amuse children. Rubens was prodigal of emblems, and peopled the earth, heaven, and the sea with personages who are astonished at thus seeing themselves assembled. Some are entirely naked, and make a parade of their vigorous frames, which appear animated with real blood, while others, enveloped in flowing drapery, presume on their splendour to take the most haughty airs. Satin, velvet, gold, and precious stones abound beneath the light which they reflect, or of which they drink the rays. But who could, from the first glance, distinguish, without a guide-book, the sense of these allegories, which are ingenious and gross in turn?

The woman playing the violoncello is harmony tuning all the faculties of the princess. The three Fates, those cruel sisters, but who are here represented by three smiling females, are spinning golden days for the child beloved by the gods: Mercury is descending with Eloquence from the heavens; and the fountain of Castalia is pouring forth the poetry of its waters.

Look, too, at Jupiter and Juno, seated on the clouds. They are talking of the marriage of the Florentine princess with Henri. Gentle conspiracy! Love has presented the prince with the portrait of Marie de Médicis; Ilymen is praising her beauty to him, and France her virtues, while two Cupids are taking away his helmet and his shield, as if to banish, for a moment, all thoughts of war and valour from his heart, now possessed with love.

Here, the bishop of Marseilles comes beneath his canopy to meet the queen. Dressed in a blue tunic, studded with golden lilies, France receives her sovereign on a bridge of boats. In order to protect the yacht which has brought her, Neptune, followed by his marine family, has accompanied it to Marseilles—three syrens, lovely females, with fishes' tails, are sporting lasciviously in the sea, which dashes its foam against their muscular bodies; the lusty Tritons are sounding their shells, and Fame is shooting through the fiery sky of Provence, in order to spread abroad the news of the queen's safe arrival.

There, is the city of Lyons, which, personified by a female seated on a car drawn by two lions, bestrode by two Cupids, is coming to meet the king and queen, who are seated, under the forms of Jupiter and Juno, in Olympus: the king is sitting on the back of an eagle, and the queen is in a car with two peacocks, the emblems of haughty power. The tails of the birds are more dazzling than the rainbow.

Further on, Mercury, the god of eloquence and theft—an ingenious thought of antiquity, and still so applicable to the present times—appears, unblushingly, in a perfect state of

nudity, and in the company of Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, before Marie de Mélicis, to offer her an olive-branch, as a sign of reconciliation with her son, Louis XIII.

The picture representing "The Departure of Henri IV. for the War in Germany," is less loaded with useless ornaments. The portraits contained in it are admirable. Rubens was fond of surrounding his portraits, though perhaps not so much as Vandyck, with black drapery which brings out the features in such prominent relief, and shows the brilliancy of fresh flesh-colours to such advantage. Here, the queen is attired in a violet-coloured dress, which produces a charming effect, full of originality.

In order to astonish the spectator, Rubens seems to have exhausted all the resources of his theatrical style in the execution of the Luxembourg gallery. These paintings, which are now in the Louvre, are all prodigies, with respect to the boldness of their style, and the brilliancy of their colouring. In producing them, art gave birth to a fairy-piece and revelled in a debauch at the same time. They were worked in tapestry, a few years ago, at the Gobelins. Rubens is, above all, an illustrious decorator.

Towards the end of the month of May, 1625, the painter came to Paris, in order to finish there the two last pictures of the gallery; and the queen, who was fond of his society, had a seat reserved for her in his studio. Having one day been introduced by M. Bauru, in compliance with the wishes of the queen, into a drawing-room full of the ladies of the court, Rubens said to the former:—

"Madame la Duchesse de Guéménéé shines above all by her charming loveliness and elegance."

"She is, indeed," replied M. de Bauru, "a woman of remarkable beauty, a wonder of the world."

"Is there among my ladies," asked the queen, "some time after, of the artist, "any one superior in beauty to the women you have admired in your travels?"

"If I were Paris," answered Rubens, "I should give the golden apple to the Duchesse de Guéménéé."

"You are an excellent judge," remarked her majesty.*

It was during his residence at Paris that Rubens first met the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I., so celebrated for the audacity of his gallantry towards queens, his political follies, and his magnificent extravagance. This acquaintance soon grew into the most intimate familiarity; and when Rubens was afterwards visited at Antwerp by the English minister, the painter consented to part with the collection which formed the glory of his cabinet, for 100,000 Brabantian florins, according to Michel, for 100,000 Dutch florins, according to Houbraken, and for £10,000 sterling, according to Walpole. Rubens reserved to himself the right, however, of taking casts of the antiques. Among other articles delivered to Michel le Blond for the Duke, were a hundred pictures, nineteen of which were by Titian, twenty-one by Bassan, thirteen by P. Veronese, eight by Palma, seventeen by Tintoretto, three by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Raffaele, and thirteen by Rubens.† Houbraken and Sandrart think the price given for the collection very exorbitant; and the former, therefore, assures us that Rubens "knew how to procure money in every way;" and the other, "that he had the reputation of not being very generous, and that he was accused by many of keeping very tight hold of his crown-pieces." Without carrying avarice to the extent that Rembrandt did—because he was, above all, desirous of appearing well-bred in the eyes of the world, and full of that vanity inherent in the merchants of Belgium and Holland, in whom the love of the arts originated, perhaps, in ostentation and the wish to display their opulence—Rubens was troubled all his life with a thirst for gold. He had scarcely terminated the pictures for the Luxembourg, when he began to complain bitterly to his friend Peirese of not being paid: *Io mi stuffo di questa corte.*‡ Then, as he seems to have been compromised

by his opinions in the esteem of Richelieu, and to have lost, in consequence, a splendid order, he never leaves off praising the generosity of the Duke of Buckingham, and ironically compares to it the paltry gratitude of sovereigns. An alchemist, who was in search of the philosopher's stone, having offered to divide the fruit of his operations with Rubens, if he would advance the funds necessary to prepare the furnaces, the painter replied: "You have come too late; for I have already found the philosopher's stone on my pallet. And these," added he, pointing to his pencils, "have long since obtained the magic power of turning all they touch into gold." His mercantile activity did not allow him time for thinking, but made him work, as it were, by the yard and day, like a common house-decorator, and caused his inexhaustible pencils to throw their flowing colours over his canvas, like streams in a plain.

Following the example of Raffaele, Rubens surrounded himself with a crowd of young painters, most of whom afterwards became, in their turn, great masters: Vandyck, Jordaens, Gaspar de Crayer, Van Egmont, Diepenbeck, Cornelius Schut, Erasmus Quellinus, Mompert, Wildens, Lucas van Uden, and Francis Sneyders, formed a constellation that gravitated round his genius. While some worked at his historical pieces and *tableaux de genre*, others were occupied on landscapes and animals. Faithful to the processes employed by the master, the pencil of the pupil has sometimes deceived the most practised eye.

The immense pictures sketched by Rubens at Paris for the gallery of the Luxembourg, and painted in his studio at Antwerp, in two years, according to Michel,§ were first of all executed, collectively, by his pupils, and then finished off by the bold and brilliant touches of the master.

In order to extend his fame by means of engravings, he guided the burin of Bolswert, Paul Dupont, and Lucas Vosterman, his most faithful interpreters; and he himself executed some etchings full of character. He was so much the fashion, that recourse was often had to his fine touch for the titles of books, vignettes, tail-pieces, and figures in missals. At the market held on Friday at Antwerp, says Campo Weyermann, a considerable trade was carried on, though for the most part fraudulent, in various kinds of works, which greedy dealers sent to every country under the name of Rubens.

In the course of the month of July, 1626, he had the misfortune to lose his wife, Isabella Brandt, who left him two sons, Albert and Nicholas. She was buried by the side of his mother in the abbey church of St. Michael, the altar of which Rubens decorated with a painting which had been executed for the church of Sante Croce in Rome, but which, when terminated, was too large for the place it was originally intended for. His grief at his severe domestic affliction was very great, and he says to his friend Valavès: "Yes, I have lost an excellent partner; one might—what do I say!—one ought to cherish her memory from principle, for she had none of the faults of her sex, etc." But Houbraken maliciously observes, that she had, on the contrary, one very serious fault—that of loving her husband and his pupil, Vandyck, at the same time. The painter, it is said, afterwards revenged himself on Isabella for her infidelity, in some of his pictures, and particularly in the one representing the "Last Judgment," in which a devil is seen holding her in his claws and dragging her into the flames.

Holland had, however, resumed hostilities. The war of Germany afforded her unheard-of assistance. Richelieu did all he could to isolate Spain, while Philip IV. never ceased attempting to effect an alliance with England. Entrusted with the negotiations for this purpose, Rubens saw perfectly well that Spain absolutely required an auxiliary force in order to protect her against the audacious and persevering genius of Richelieu. This was his reason for undertaking a journey to the frontiers

* Michel, *Vie de Rubens*, pp. 123, 124.

† Smith, *Life of Rubens*, p. xxvi.

‡ "Lettre à Peirese," 1625.

§ Michel, *Hist. de la Vie et Ouv. de Rubens*, p. 122.

|| Walpole, *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, vol. ii., p. 172.

¶ "Lettre à Valavès, July 1625."

of Holland, in order to come to an understanding with Sir B. Gerbier, the English resident at the Hague. This journey had all the appearance of an artistic tour.

"After the death of his wife," says Sandrart, "Rubens wished to dispel his grief by travelling. He set out, in consequence, for Holland, with the intention of seeing the artists of that country. He visited Honthorst—of whom he bought

by indisposition, Rubens testified his desire to have me for his companion. Having set out after a banquet given in honour of him, we visited, for a fortnight, all the curiosities of Holland. I could enter into long details about this journey, and the agreeable conversation of Rubens: let it suffice for me to say, that if he excelled in his art, he also possessed every kind of merit; and he was, in consequence, universally respected.



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

a picture representing Diogenes, with a lantern in his hand at mid-day, looking for an honest man—Abraham Bloemaert, and Cornelius Poelenburg.* Honthorst being kept at home

* Poelenburg has commemorated this event, by painting the portraits of himself and Rubens in conversation. they are represented standing together in the fore-ground of a landscape. The

He talked enthusiastically to me of the nocturnal scenes of Honthorst, and of the elegance of the works of Poelenburg, which are enriched with graceful landscapes."

latter is seen in a profile view without his hat, habited in a scarlet mantle; the wife of the former is seated on a bank before them.—*Smith, Life of Rubens.*

The correspondence of Rubens and the Duke of Buckingham was occasionally of a political nature, and was regularly communicated to the King of Spain. A secret disposition existed in both countries to terminate all differences, and it was therefore arranged, by the advice of the Marquis Spinola, prime minister to the Archduchess Isabella, that Rubens should go to Madrid, to lay before the king all matters relative to his correspondence with the Duke of Buckingham, and to receive instructions for a proposed mission to the court of England.

Philip IV. sent for Rubens in consequence, and the ambassador set out in the month of August, 1628. In his letters dated at this epoch, Rubens speaks of the immorality of the court, the insolence of the nobility, and the decay of Spanish monarchy. Among the number of his works which he left in Spain are, "The Rape of the Sabines," "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines," "The Triumph of the Church" (this subject had been already painted by Titian, for Philip II., whose sombre melancholy was sometimes

to see him work; that he has already painted the portraits of all the members of the royal family, and that, too, with the greatest ease in the world, in their presence."

"I beg of you," he also writes to one of his friends, the mayor of Antwerp, "to take my little Albert, that *alter ego*, not into your office, but into your museum. I love the child, and it is to you, the pontiff of the muses, that I commend him, so that, together with my father-in-law and my brother Brandt, you may take care of him, either during my lifetime or after my death."

John, Duke of Braganza, afterwards King of Portugal, having sent Rubens an invitation to come and see him, the painter paid him a visit at his hunting-seat at Villaviriosa. Several Spanish and Flemish gentlemen accompanied the artist. But the prince, on being informed of the approaching arrival of so many visitors, sent a horseman forward to tell Rubens that his highness could not receive him, as important business had called him suddenly to Lisbon. At the same time, Rubens was begged to accept the sum of fifty pistoles.



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

enlivened by the painter's smiling images), "Venus and Adonis," "Diana and Actæon," and "The Rape of Europa," which are copies by Rubens after Titian, and are, according to Raffaele Mengs, works full of judgment and *finesse*. The originals were intended for Charles I., when Prince of Wales; but he never possessed them, since, instead of marrying the Infanta, as Spain had once hoped he would, he became the husband of Henrietta of France. At the request of the Duke of Olivarez, Rubens decorated the chapel of the convent of Carmelite nuns, painted "The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," five portraits of Philip IV. and Elizabeth of Bourbon, with those of the Duke of Olivarez himself, and the *grandees* of the court. In a letter, dated from Madrid,* the painter apologizes to his friend Peirese "for not having been to see him in Provence before going to Spain, tells him that he has just commenced the portrait of the king on horseback, at which his majesty is so remarkably pleased, that he comes every day

Smiling at the avarice of the monarch, Rubens expressed his regret at the sudden departure of his noble amphitryon, but refused the fifty pistoles, adding that he had taken care to bring a thousand with him, to defray the expenses of his visit. Being overtaken by night, Rubens and his companions were obliged to seek for hospitality in a convent. The next day, as the painter was looking round the church during mass, he was struck by the sight of a picture which seemed to him to have been executed by his own hand. He remained lost in conjectures as to what school the mysterious *chef-d'œuvre* could belong, and to what hand it owed its origin. Several monks, on being interrogated one after the other, seemed, by their systematic silence, to take a secret pleasure in the impatience of the stranger, who stood with his eyes riveted on the silent canvas. At last, after repeated entreaties, the prior said: "We cannot acquaint you with the name of him who executed this picture." "I beg of you," answered the artist, "to tell me; it is Rubens, the painter, who entreats you."

At this celebrated name, the monk turned pale, and added:

* Lettre à Peirese.

"He who painted this picture is dead to the world: he is a monk."

"A monk!" exclaimed Rubens; "light under a bushel!" and he added: "Father, tell me his name, with that of the convent in which he is. He must leave; for heaven has endowed him with genius to make it blaze like a torch in the eyes of men."

Vanquished by the struggle within him, the monk, faithful to Christian humility, staggered and fell down in a swoon on the pavement of the chapel; and, a short time after, he had ceased to breathe.

The name of this monk was Xavier Collantes, the painter of the picture.*

Rubens left Spain with the title of Secretary to the Privy Council,—a post which afterwards descended to his son Albert,† and fresh instructions respecting the projected alliance with England. Philip IV. had, however, only been able to give Rubens titles and orders. Money was so scarce at the court of Madrid, that in order to pay the artist for the pictures he had executed, the king was obliged to give him a draft on the Infanta, or rather on "those good Belgian provinces which enjoyed the well-known reputation of never allowing the bills of their sovereigns to be dishonoured."‡

Rubens arrived in Paris on the 21st of May, and, a few days after, reached Brussels, whence he immediately set out for London. But his friend and protector, the Duke of Buckingham, had been assassinated by Felton. Charles I., however, took a liking to the painter; and it was eventually arranged between the monarch and Rubens that England and Spain should mutually send each other a plenipotentiary, while waiting till peace was officially concluded; and while the Chancellor, Lord Francis Cottington, arrived at Madrid, Don Carlos Colonna arrived in London.

"My Lord Carlisle hath twice in one week most magnificently lauded the Spanish ambassador, and Mons. Rubens also, the agent who prepared the way for his coming."§ As soon as he had accomplished his mission, the artist went back to Antwerp, and only returned to London to be present at the signing of the treaty, in the month of December, 1633. In order to give the painter a public mark of his esteem, Charles knighted him, and made him a present of a magnificent sword and a diamond collar.

The presence of Rubens at the court of Charles I. gave a notable impulse to the taste for the fine arts in England. It was then that those private collections, which are at present so famous, commenced. Under the reign of Charles I., the price of pictures and other objects of art was trebled in Europe. It was by the advice of Rubens that the King of England purchased the fine cartoons which were being sold in Holland, and the collection of the Duke of Mantua, which did not cost less than twenty thousand pounds. The pictures of the ceiling of the Banqueting House at Whitehall are characterised by that false allegorical taste with which the artist has already been reproached. In "The Apotheosis of James I." the Virtues are represented by members of Parliament, and Prudence, under the form of Apollo, holds in her hand a horn of plenty. Rubens received three thousand pounds for his paintings at Whitehall, and they were repaired in 1780 by Cipriani.||

One of the most eminent personages of England, on seeing Rubens at his easel one day, said:

"The ambassador of His Catholic Majesty, I see, amuses himself by painting sometimes."

"I amuse myself by playing the ambassador sometimes," replied Rubens, in order to raise the dignity of art above diplomatic pride.

Van Hasselt.

† The same who afterwards wrote a book on the Costumes of Antiquity. "De re Vestitaria."

‡ Emile Gachet, Introduction aux Lettres de Rubens. Bruxelles, 1840, in 8vo.

§ Walpole, Anecdotes of Painting.

|| Dallaway.

Fresh fermentations existed in the heart of the Walloon provinces; the cause of Holland carried the Flemish provinces with it; Richelieu, triumphant, boldly plotted intrigues, and showered his gold plentifully about. Furnished with a passport from the Prince of Orange, Rubens set out to again negotiate with Holland, in the name of Spain, when the deputies from the States protested against the extraordinary power vested in the artist. The Duke d'Arsehot hastened to overtake him, and insisted on his giving up his diplomatic papers. On this occasion, Rubens acted with such humility and weakness as to render his conduct quite unworthy of a man, and especially of a man of genius; this did not, however, prevent the Duke d'Arsehot from sending him a letter full of aristocratic arrogance, but entirely void of dignity. "I might well have omitted," wrote the duke, "doing you the honour to reply to you, for having so far forgotten your duty as not to come to me in person, instead of playing the confidant by writing me this letter, which is proper between equals, since I was at the tavern from eleven o'clock till half-past twelve, and returned there in the evening at half-past five, and since you have had leisure enough to speak to me; all that I have to say to you is, that I shall be very glad for you to learn how henceforth people of your sort ought to write to those of mine, etc."*

Isabella was weak enough to recall her ambassador, who, retiring from public life, again found in the arts those joys which politics had for a moment deprived him of. The death of the Infanta, at last, released him for ever from the enervating atmosphere of the court; and on the 6th of December, 1630, he married, at Antwerp, Helena Forment, a beautiful young girl of sixteen, who, by giving him five children, crowned his old age, that poetic ruin, with fruit and flowers. But, according to Campo Weyermann, Rubens soon discovered "that the court, a beautiful young wife, and that ugly visitor, the gout, are three blessings which an old man could well dispense with."

After the dreadful battle of Nordlingen, the Cardinal-Infant Ferdinand, brother to Philip IV., came to take possession of the government of the Netherlands. The city of Antwerp received him, with great pomp, within its walls, in the month of May, 1635. Rubens, who directed the pageant, himself made the slightly-coloured sketches which ornamented the eleven triumphal arches through which the prince passed.

In 1636, the genius of the painter shone with one of its last flashes, by producing "The Martyrdom of St. Peter" for the cathedral of Cologne.

"Your glory and fame, sir," said Rubens, in a letter to his countryman, the sculptor Duquesnoy, who had just finished the statue of St. Peter's at Rome, "reflect on our entire nation. If my age, and that dreadful gout which is consuming me, did not detain me here, I would set out directly to go and admire with my own eyes things so worthy of praise. But since I cannot be allowed this pleasure, I at least hope to have that of soon seeing you among us here again, and I do not doubt but that our cherished country will some day be proud of the works with which you have enriched it. Heaven grant that this may happen before death, which will shortly close my eyes for ever, deprives me of the inexpressible joy of contemplating the wonders executed by that skilful hand, which I now kiss from the very bottom of my heart."† This letter had scarcely reached its destination, when Rubens succumbed to an attack of gout, on the 30th of May, 1640, aged sixty-two years, eleven months.

* "J'eusse bien peu obmettre de vous faire l'honneur de vous répondre pour avoir si notablement manqué à votre devoir de venir me trouver en personne sans faire le confidant à m'escire ce billet qui est bon pour personnes égales, puisque j'ay esté depuis onze heures jusqu'à douze heures et demie à la taverne, et y suis retourné le soir à cinq heures et demie, et vous avez eu assez de loisir pour me parler. . . . Tout ce que je puis vous dire, c'est que je seray bien ayse que vous appreniez dorénavant comme doivent escire à des gens de ma sorte ceux de la vostre, etc."

† Smith, Life of Rubens, p. xli.

The magistrates, the clergy, the nobles, the citizens, and the people of Antwerp, all followed the coffin containing the remains of the painter to the collegiate church of St. James, where it was placed in the vault belonging to the Foiment family. Three days after, a funeral service was celebrated in honour of the deceased, with such pomp as would flatter the pride of kings, and which reminded those present of the style of the artist's paintings.

His cabinet was found filled with things of considerable value, consisting of jewels, objects of art, and curiosities of every description; it also contained six gold chains, and several rings, with which he had been presented by various sovereigns, and his diamond hat-loop, which he received from Charles I., and which was worth 10,000 crowns. Ivory sculptures, rock crystals, antique and modern medals, agates, onyxes, cornelian stones, and more than two hundred and thirty pictures, of which the hand of Rubens himself had executed ninety-three, while the others were the productions of Italian, Flemish, and Dutch painters, were assembled in the artist's brilliant cabinet, and were afterwards sold for more than forty thousand pounds.*

Rubens had reigned triumphant in all the branches of his art—in historical and allegorical pieces, in *tableaux de genre*, in landscapes, in portraits, in animals, in fruit and flowers. Resembling that horn of plenty which the painter seems to have taken such pleasure in introducing everywhere in his works as an emblem of his own genius, his fecundity was inexhaustible.

Like most master colourists, he made the sketches with the brush; and this was the cause of the negligence and looseness with which he is reproached in his outline. More brilliant with respect to light and freshness than the Venetians—those much admired masters—he was below them in harmony, mind, elegance, and majesty. Formed out of the extremes of two delicate and two glaring colours, his colouring, badly blended, is sometimes crude, and, like baskets of flowers, his paintings give you the headache at last. It is in his grounds that Rubens has made the nearest approach to harmony; and he seems to have formed them by uniting all the colours of his pallet.

Though his portraits possess more relief and life than those of Titian or Vandyck, they have neither the calm grandeur of the former's, nor all the delicacy of the latter's; but the one called the "Chapeau de Paille," with which he would never part, is a perfect wonder.

In his landscapes he sometimes vies with nature in the transparency and the floating vapours of the air. This is generally observable in views taken near his lovely château at Steen, between Malines and Vilvorde, and animated by dramatic incidents, sun-beams, storms, or rainbows.

Less learned in antiquity than Poussin, who, by his nature, belonged more to antique times than to his own age, and who preferred statues to his best friends, Rubens only excels in the coarser types of mythology, such as fawns, satyrs, and followers of Silenus.

Silenus is stupefied by drink and his triumph. Full of wine to the throat, his way is impeded by heavy festoons. Where will that suspended foot stumble? Will Silenus burst when he falls? Ah! save that pitcher which Bacchus has filled! Calm yourself; the vigilant god will guide his old friend with an invisible hand, and, if he were to fall by accident, fear nothing, for wine, like the oil used by the athletes of antiquity, renders the limbs pliant.

Rubens liked none but the larger animals—the horse, the bull, the tiger, and the lion—in order to have the pleasure of playing with the study of their powerful muscles.

Physical life overflows in the works of Rubens, and undulates like the air of the sky or the waves of the sea; and yet the soul of those who contemplate his paintings is seized at last with a sort of weariness. The painter was accustomed to represent all ages and all conditions at the same time; and it is always the same types that meet our gaze. "Rubens had the

fault of being rather too Flemish," says M. de Reiffenberg.

By his display of materiality, his profusion of pageantry, his glare of colours, but, above all, the absence of thought, Rubens is apt to fatigue the mind; but he has given soft rolls of beautifully fresh-coloured flesh to burning and lascivious natures, that exhaust themselves without loving or being loved, for the women of Rubens have no soul. Among all his cold and heartless beauties, those theatrical Syrens who are at the same time the intoxication and the punishment of the sensual man, is there even one whose features are sufficiently sublime to remind you of those heroines who save nations, of those worthy mothers who give their country men of thought and martyrs, or of those angelic creatures who, in their gentleness and power, lean in turn over the cradle of the infant, the bed of the old man, and the pallet of the poor, and whose hearts and goodness are blessed by all?

Of all ancient or modern painters mentioned in history, Peter Paul Rubens is the most fertile. The etchings executed by his own hand are, "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata;" "Mary Magdalene Penitent;" "A Woman holding a lighted candle, with a Boy lighting another by it;" Paul Dupont or Vorsterman has lent his graver to finish this etching, which is now very rare; and "The Portrait of an Old Man," with a beard and a furred cap.

Rubens has likewise left an innumerable quantity of cartoons, and of finished and unfinished drawings, with a really fabulous number of paintings.

Fifty engravers have been employed in reproducing his works. Among the most celebrated of these artists are Lucas Vorsterman, C. Galle, Bolswert, Suyderhoff, C. Vischer, Pene, Hollar, L. Van Uden, and J. Meysens.

The Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, possesses, in the Cabinet des Estampes, five folio volumes, containing a part of the engraved works of Rubens.

M. Van Hasselt, in the catalogue he drew up in 1840, after Smith's "Catalogue Raisonné," and which is placed at the end of his "Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Rubens," attributes 1,461 compositions to him.

All the public galleries of Europe, all the large cabinets of private persons, and half the churches of Belgium, contain paintings by this celebrated artist.

The Louvre possesses forty-three, of which twenty are composed of large allegorical subjects forming the Médiéis gallery, and which formerly ornamented the palace of the Luxembourg. The following are the subjects of them:—

"The Destiny of Marie de Médiéis;" "Her Birth;" "Her Education;" "Henri IV. receiving the Portrait of Marie de Médiéis;" "His Marriage with her;" "The Debarkation of Marie de Médiéis at Marseilles;" "The Marriage of Henri IV. celebrated at Lyons;" "The Birth of Louis XIII.;" "Henri IV. confiding the Government to the Queen;" "The Coronation of Marie de Médiéis;" "The Apotheosis of Henri IV.;" "The Government of the Queen;" "The Journey of Marie de Médiéis to the Port of Cádiz;" "The Exchange of the Princesses;" "The Happiness of the Regency;" "The Majority of Louis XIII.;" "The Flight of the Queen to the Château de Blois;" "Her Reconciliation with her Son;" "Peace concluded;" "The Interview of Marie de Médiéis with her Son;" and "The Triumph of Truth."

These twenty-three paintings, with the portraits of Francis, Duke of Tuscany, Jeanne d'Autriche, and Marie de Médiéis, the latter of whom is represented in the character of Bellona, were valued together, under the Restoration, at £140,000.

In the same gallery with these paintings is the fine portrait of Richardot, President of the Council of the Netherlands, long attributed to Vandyck, valued, under the Empire, at £1,080, and under the Restoration at £1,600; with the portrait of Baron de Vieq, which, as it was historically valuable to France, was purchased for the Louvre, at the King of Holland's sale, for 7,025 francs, about 4600. It has been

* Michel.

* Those which connoisseurs consider the best are preceded by an asterisk.

already seen that it was the Baron de Vicq who procured Rubens the order for the Médicis gallery. The same gallery, moreover, contains "Lot and his Daughters," a little painting, in which freshness is allied to grace, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £2,140 under the Restoration; "The Triumph of Religion," a work which, remarkable for grandeur of composition, was intended, it is said, to be reproduced in tapestry, and which was valued at £1,600 under the Empire, and at £3,200 under the Restoration; "Tomyris, Queen of the Scythians," one of the best works of Rubens, and valued by the connoisseurs of the Empire at £2,880, and by those of the Restoration at £3,200; "The Village Fête," a work full of vigour, boldness, and tumult, valued at £3,200 by the Empire, and at £4,000 by the Restoration; and the transparent landscape of "The Rainbow," valued under the Empire at £1,100, and at £1,600 under the Restoration.

The Musée de Grenoble possesses one; namely, "St. Gregory, the Pope," surrounded by male and female saints.

The Musée de Lyon contains two, the first of which represents "St. Francis, St. Dominic, and several other saints, protecting the world from the wrath of Jesus Christ;" the other is "The Adoration of the Magi."

The Musée de Nantes contains an allegory, representing "Civil War and Fanaticism" (much esteemed); "The Head of Hercules," on wood, and highly coloured; "A Portrait of Isabella Brandt," the artist's first wife; different "Studies of Figures," painted on wood; "The Holy Family with Angels," a small easel-piece; and "The Flight into Egypt," another little piece, signed with the initials P. P. R. The landscape of this has been executed by another hand.

In the Musée Bibliothèque du Havre there are three paintings by Rubens, the first of which represents "Autumn,



THE MARCH OF SILENUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

The cities of the departments also contain some remarkable works by the great master

The Musée de Marseille possesses "The Prince of Orange and his Family," "A Boar Hunt," "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Flagellation," and "The Resurrection."

The Musée de Toulouse possesses "Christ between the Two Thieves." This is a large picture, and one of the finest of Rubens, by its boldness and vigour.

The Musée de Bordeaux contains three; viz., "The Martyrdom of St. George," "Bacchus and Ariadne," and "Christ on the Cross."

In the Musée de Montpellier are, "Christ on the Cross," a "Landscape," containing ruins of antique buildings, nymphs, shepherds, and cattle; "A Scene from a Religious War," and a portrait of Francis Franck, a painter at Antwerp.

and a group of Children ear ying Fruit;" the second, "The Infant Jesus on the knee of the Virgin;" and the third, "The Triumph of Religion," executed in the well-known grand style of Rubens.

The Musée de Caen contains two; namely, "Melchizedek supplying Abraham with Bread and Wine," a large, well-arranged composition; and "A Portrait of James I."

The Musée de Lille possesses "The Descent from the Cross," "Mary Magdalene dying," "St. Francis receiving the Infant Jesus from the hand of the Virgin," "St. Francis," and "St. Bonaventure."

In the Musée de Valenciennes there are "Christ dead on the Cross," "The Annunciation," "St. Stephen, the Deacon, preaching the Doctrines of Christ in the Sanhedrim," "The Lapidation of St. Stephen," and "St. Stephen at the Tomb."

"The Annunciation," says the author of the guide-book to the Musée de Valenciennes, "is noted for a very remarkable peculiarity: this picture contains the portraits of the third

In the private collections of Paris, or of the departments of France, we are acquainted with but a very small number of pictures worthy of being mentioned as the works of Rubens.



VENUS AND THE LOVES.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

wife of Rubens and of several of his children." We shall merely remind the reader that the second wife of Rubens survived him.

However, Mr. George, of Paris, possesses one, which represents "The Baptism of Christ by St. John," and which vies, in point of execution, with the finest of Rubens's productions.

We will now extend our researches to the museums of other countries, beginning with

Madrid, the Royal Museum of which city contains, among other remarkable pictures by Rubens, "The Adoration of the Kings," the portrait of Rubens himself being in the group on the right; "Mercury and Argus," "The Judgment of Paris," "The Three Graces," "Diana and Calisto," "Apollo and Midas," "Atalanta Vanquished," "The Rape of Proserpine," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Moses and the Serpents," "The Milky Way," "Saturn devouring one of his Children" (these two pictures are of a frightfully dramatic effect), "Medea," "Andromeda tied to a Rock," "Andromeda delivered by Perseus" (the face of Andromeda is, for grace and freshness, one of the finest compositions of Rubens); "Philip II. crowned by Victory," an allegory, after an old portrait; "Nymphs surprised by Satyrs," a bacchanalian piece, full of movement; "The Garden of Love," a landscape with gallants and their ladies, remarkable for its delicacy of execution; four little allegorical sketches—"A Village Fête," "The Holy Family,"

Charles Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, before Nordlingen," with allegorical figures; "The Four Quarters of the Globe," an allegory; "The Portrait of the Painter," at the age of sixty, with a large turn-up hat and a black mantle, signed P. P. RUBENS; an original sketch for the picture of "St. Francis Xavier in India;" "The Entombment," the Virgin and St. John; the Sketch for the picture of "St. Ignatius Loyola;" "A Portrait of Titian's Mistress," dressed in white satin, embroidered with gold, a copy from Titian by Rubens; "A Youth looking at three Nymphs asleep in a Garden;" "The Head of St. Andrew on the Cross;" "A Portrait of the Archduchess of Austria, the Consort of Louis XIII.;" "The Bust of a Man," with a reddish beard and a plain collar, with a gold chain round his neck; "The Head of a Levite," with his back turned; "The Bust of a Man" with a gray head and beard, and dressed in a furred habit, with a ruff round his neck; "The Portrait of Elizabeth, first wife of Philip IV.;" and "The Bust of a strong Man, with black, short hair, a brown beard, and dressed in a furred habit." These works



RUBENS'S COAT OF ARMS.

"Christ crowned with Thorns" (a magnificent work), and "The Virgin surrounded by a group of fifteen Saints in adoration."

The Academy of Madrid possesses a painting representing "Hercules and Omphale," in which Hercules is running in a grotesque manner in the midst of the women. The composition of this picture is ridiculous, but the colouring magnificent.

The Vienna Gallery contains twenty-three paintings by Rubens, namely, "St. Ignatius curing the Possessed;" "The Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by angels; below, near the tomb, are seven apostles, three men and four women; "St. Francis Xavier in India," a composition of forty-five colossal figures (the size of these altar-pieces is immense); "St. Jerome," in the habit of a cardinal, a bust painted on wood; "St. Pepin, Duke of Brabant," with his daughter, St. Begue, clothed in the habit of the Beguine nuns, whose order she founded, painted on wood; "A Bust of an Old Man with a long Beard," clothed in purple, painted on wood, and signed P. P. R., the face being seen in a profile view; "Atalanta and Meleager attacking the Calydonian Boar;" "St. Ambrose refusing the Emperor Theodosius admission into the Church of Milan," an altar-piece, with eleven large figures;

The Alliance of Ferdinand III., King of Hungary, with

hang in the fourth chamber of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, called the Chamber of Rubens.

The Royal Pinacothek at Munich possesses ninety-five paintings by Rubens; they are hung on red cloth, in the chamber called the Chamber of Rubens, and in the adjoining cabinet, both which rooms are richly decorated. Of these pictures the following are among the most remarkable: "The Fall of the Damned;" "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines;" "The Adoration of the Shepherds;" "The Last Judgment;" "St. Michael driving down the Rebel Angels;" "The Battle of the Amazons;" "The Lion Hunt;" "The Boar Hunt" (the animals are attributed to Smeyders); and "The Overthrow of Sennacherib;" with several magnificent portraits of sovereigns, and several portraits of the wives and children of Rubens.

The Dresden Gallery contains thirty-three paintings by Rubens, two of which, however, are not genuine.* Among the others are, "The Two Sons of the Artist;" "Silenus holding a goblet, which is being filled by a Priestess of Bacchus;" "St. Jerome and his Lion;" "A Young Lady dressed in black, and veiled;" "Bathsheba at the Fountain;"

* "The Adoration of the Magi," and "Jesus walking on the Sea."

"A Young Lady with a bare head, and holding roses in her hand;" "Hercules overcome by Wine, supported by a Satyr and Bacchanalian Nymphs;" "A Lion Hunt;" "A Boar Hunt;" "The Last Judgment;" "Neptune calming the Tempest;" "A Portrait of Helena Forman;" "The Garden of Love;" and "A Tigress suckling her Cubs."

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is a picture representing "Filial Roman Piety," with a sketch of "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary."

The Museum of the Hague contains, "Venus and Adonis," in a landscape; with the portraits of Isabella Brandt, Helena Forman, and the confessor of Rubens.

The Brussels Gallery possesses, "Christ threatening to destroy the World;" "The Martyrdom of St. Lievin;" "The Coronation of the Virgin;" "Christ bearing his Cross to Calvary;" "The Entombment;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "The Assumption of the Virgin;" a half-length portrait of the Archduke Albert; and a half-length portrait of the Infanta Isabella.

The Museum at Antwerp possesses, "Christ pierced with a lance upon the Cross;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "St. Theresa interceding for the Souls in Purgatory;" "The Communion of St. Francis of Assisi;" and five sketches made by Rubens for the triumphal arches erected by the city of Antwerp when Ferdinand of Austria visited it in 1635. This museum also possesses the square chair, bound with leather and ornamented with large round brass-headed nails, that was used by Peter Paul Rubens at the sittings of the corporation of St. Luke, during the year of his deanship, in 1633.

The Cathedral of Antwerp possesses the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," of which we have given an engraving; "The Elevation of the Cross," painted for the church of St. Walburge; "The Assumption of the Virgin," placed on the high altar of the cathedral, and containing more than thirty figures; "St. John;" "St. Catherine;" and "The Resurrection;" the last picture is inferior to the preceding ones.

The Church of St. Paul, also called the Church of the Dominicans, possesses a fine painting by Rubens, representing the "Flagellation of our Lord."

The Church of St. James, at Antwerp, contains the tomb of Rubens, sketched by himself; a "Holy Family," containing all the portraits of the artist's family, a magnificent picture; "The Education of the Virgin" (on the door to the right is the "Portrait of Nicholas Roekox;" "The Virgin with a Bird;" "Christ on the Cross;" "The Trinity;" and "The Descent from the Cross," which is a small copy of the large picture of the cathedral at Antwerp, to which we have alluded above.

In Russia, Rubens is nobly represented, the Imperial Gallery of the Hermitage having two of its chambers entirely filled with the great artist's works. There are, above all, eleven very fine paintings in this gallery; namely, the "Portraits of a distinguished Dutchman and his Wife;" "The Virgin and Child;" "Mary Magdalene at the feet of the Saviour;" "Silenus and the Satyrs;" "The Saints adoring Jesus;" "Roman Charity;" "Bacchus;" "The River Tigris;" "Perseus and Andromeda;" "The Death of Adonis;" "The Visitation;" "The Descent from the Cross;" and some landscapes.

Both the public and the private galleries of England are very rich in the works of Rubens.

The National Gallery possesses "Peace and War," a splendid picture, which was presented by the late Marquis of Stafford to the above gallery; "St. Bayon distributing Alms," a fine large sketch; "The Rape of the Sabines;" "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Holy Family," a mediocre work; "A Landscape," sunset; "A fine Landscape of Brabant," formerly in the Balbi Palace at Genoa; "The Apotheosis of James I;" and "The Judgment of Paris."

Windsor Castle contains, in the Rubens room, a portrait of Rubens himself, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I., but which is inferior to the portrait painted for

the Florentine Gallery; the "Portrait of Isabella Brandt," richly attired, sold to George IV., in 1820, for 800 guineas; "The Infant Ferdinand of Spain, and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria," on horseback (a scene from the battle of Nordlingen); "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a poor Man;" "A Portrait of Sir Balthazar Gerbier," attributed by some to Van Dyck; "The Portrait of a middle-aged man;" "Mary Magdalene anointing the feet of our Saviour;" "The Holy Family;" "Winter;" "A Landscape, Sunrise, Going to Market;" the "Portrait of John Madderus," Bishop of Antwerp; "Philip II. of Spain on horseback;" and the "Archduke Albert on horseback."

In the Dulwich Gallery there are, a small sketch representing "Four Saints;" "Samson and Delilah;" "St. Barbara;" "A Group of Nymphs;" "Shepherds and Shepherdesses;" "Venus and Cupid;" "A Sketch;" "Woman in Blue Drapery;" "A Landscape;" "A Study;" "The Three Graces" (en grisaille); and "Mars, Venus, and Cupid."

Hampton Court contains, "A Small Landscape;" and "Diana and two of her Nymphs reposing after the Chase."

Rubens is also well represented in the private galleries in England. In the Collection of Mr. Wilkins there is the "Prodigal Son."

Sir Robert Peel's Collection possesses the celebrated portrait of the young girl, called "The Chapeau de Paille," which is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colouring and chiaroscuro, and is painted, as the Italians say, *en amour*. It is said that, during his life, Rubens would never part with this picture, which, after the death of his widow, passed into the possession of the Lunden's family, who gave 60,000 Dutch florins for it, and after being successively re-sold for 35,970 Dutch florins, and then for 21,000 Prussian crowns, was purchased by Sir Robert Peel for 3,500 guineas.* There is also "The Triumph of Silenus" in this collection.

In the Collection of Sir Abraham Hume there is, among other pointings by Rubens, "The Flight into Egypt by Night."

The Marlborough Collection possesses, "A Bacchanalian Procession," very like the one in the Munich Gallery, generally attributed to Rubens, but which we believe to be by Van Dyck; "The Rape of Proserpine," a fine work; "The Flight of Lot and his Family from Sodom;" "The Return from Egypt;" "Roman Charity;" "A Portrait of Paracelsus;" "Andromeda chained to a Rock;" "Portraits of the Family of Rubens;" "Portraits of Rubens and his second Wife, Helena Forman, leading a little child in a garden," a fine work; "The Virgin and the Infant Saviour on a Throne," the sketch for a large painting executed by Rubens soon after his return from Italy; "Venus and Adonis," a good painting executed in the middle part of the artist's life; "A Portrait of Catherine de Médeis;" a full-length "Portrait of Helena Forman;" "A Portrait of the Virgin in a scarlet dress;" "The Virgin," seen in a front view; "The Holy Family;" "Three Females gathering Fruit;" "Lot and his Daughters;" "The Adoration of the Magi;" "Meleager and Atalanta;" and "A Portrait of Rubens" with a hat on.

Lord Ashburton's Collection contains, "A Wolf Hunt," a celebrated picture; "The Rape of the Sabines;" and "The Reconciliation of the Romans with the Sabines," the first thought for the great pictures in the Escurial.

The Grosvenor Gallery contains, "The Israelites gathering the Manna;" "The Fathers of the Church;" "The Four Evangelists;" "Abraham and Melchisedeck," a large composition of nineteen pictures (these four paintings were executed by Rubens, when he was in Spain, in 1629, for the convent of the Carmelites at Locches, where they remained till 1808; they were sold by the French to M. de Bourke, then Danish minister at the court of Madrid, and were purchased from him by the Marquis of Westminster, in 1818, for 410,000); "The Wise Men's Offering," a weak composition of thirteen figures, which, it is said, Rubens executed in eight

* M. Silvestre says that the price given was £35,000, but he is in error.

days, for the Convent of the White Sisters, at the Louvain; "Ixion embracing a Cloud;" "The Painter Pausias and Glyceria," these two heads pass for being those of the painter and his wife; "Sarah dismissing Hagar," an excellent picture; "A Landscape," a very jewel; and "The Conversion of St. Paul."

In the Collection of Mr. T. Hope there are, "The Shipwreck of Æneas," an excellent work; and "The Death of Adonis."

In the Collection of the Earl of Radnor are, "A Desert Landscape," in the environs of the Escurial; and "Venus and her Nymphs," the sketch for the large painting which was formerly in the Orleans Gallery.

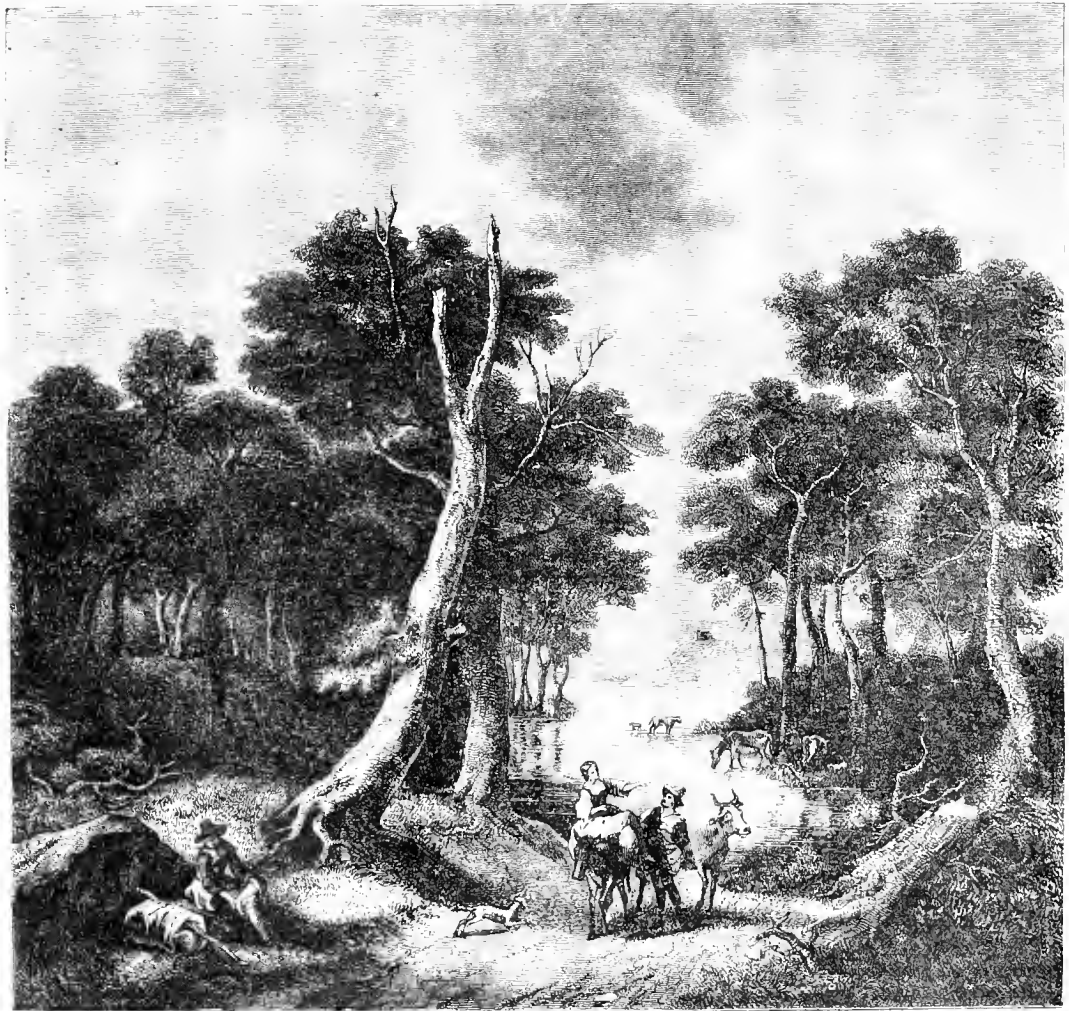
The Earl of Pembroke's Collection contains, "The Infant Jesus," "St. John," and "A Young Girl and Angels."

In the Earl of Warwick's Collection are, "A Portrait of the Earl of Arundel;" and "Ignatius Loyola," in a red habit embroidered with gold, formerly in the Jesuits' church at Antwerp.

The Earl of Carlisle's Collection contains, "The Daughter of Herod receiving the Head of John the Baptist," an energetic composition; and "A Bust of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel." This portrait, which is one of the finest Rubens ever executed, has been engraved by Houbraken.

In the Collection of Earl Spencer is a sketch for tapestry representing "David and the Elders of Israel sacrificing to Jehovah."

In the Duke of Bedford's Collection is a "Dead Abel," a very fine painting for flesh-colouring and chiaroscuro.



A LANDSCAPE BY RUYSDAEL.

In Mr. Methuen's Collection are, "The Portrait of a Man with a white tucker," attributed to Rubens, but more probably the work of Mirevelt; "A Wolf Hunt," a small but good copy of the picture in the possession of Lord Ashburton; and "David and Abigail," an excellent production.

The Collection of Mr. J. P. Miles at Leigh Court contains, "The Woman taken in Adultery," sold at Antwerp for 2,000 guineas; "The Virgin with the Infant Jesus upon her knee;" and "The Conversion of St. Paul," a superb work, which was formerly the property of the Montesquieu family, of whom it was purchased by Monsieur Delahante, sent to England, and sold to Mr. Hart Davies for 1,000 guineas, and was again sold in 1810 for 2,550 guineas.

In Mr. Coke's Collection there is "The Return from Egypt."

At the Marquis of Bute's are "A Child" (thought to be one of the sons of Rubens) seated in the midst of grapes and fruit, on the dresser of a larder, with his nurse standing near him (the accessories are attributed to Sneyders); and one of the eleven sketches made for the triumphal arches erected at Antwerp in 1635.

Rubens left but a very small number of easel-pieces. They are seldom met with in private collections, and more seldom still at public sales.

At the Chevalier de la Roque's sale, in 1745, a sketch by Rubens, representing "St. George overthrowing the Devil," was sold for sixty-one francs, one sou.

At the Duke de Tallard's sale, in 1751, a "St. Cecilia" was knocked down for £802; "The Adoration of the Kings" went for £300; and "A Landscape," containing figures and animals, fetched £396 1s.

the "Shepherds" was sold for £100, and the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" for £720.

At M. Robit's sale, in 1801, "A Holy Family" fetched £180; and "The Resurrection," £336 16s.



A ROADSIDE INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

At M. de Julienne's sale, in 1767, "A Roman Clarity" fetched £209; and at the sale of the pictures of M. de la Lave de Jully, in 1779, the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" was sold for £800.

At the Randon de Boisset sale, in 1777, "The Adoration of

the "Shepherds" was sold for £510, and the "Portrait of one of the Wives of Rubens" for £720.

At the Lerouge sale, in 1808, "A Holy Family" was sold for £180. And at the sale of the pictures of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1815, "The Adoration of the Shepherds" was knocked down for £510.

At the sale of M. Clos, in 1812, "The Portrait of the Duke of Buckingham" fetched £360.

At M. Laperrière's sale, in 1823, "A Holy Family, St. Elizabeth and St. John," fetched £2,560.

At the Bonnemaison sale, in 1827, "The Triumph of Silenus" fetched £820.

At the Heris sale, at Brussels, in 1841, "The Tribute Money" was sold for £1,400.

Rubens has left so great a number of mixed crayon, India ink, red lead, and other drawings, that it is impossible for us to enumerate them here. Let it suffice for us to say, that they are found in the public galleries of every nation, as well as in the greater part of private cabinets.

The Louvre possesses twenty-four drawings by Rubens, but one of these does not appear to be genuine; the subjects they represent are:—"The Last Supper;" "The Baptism of Jesus," done in black and white crayon; "The Adoration of the Magi," done in three crayons, afterwards washed and finished off with water-colours; "The Same," done in three crayons, and washed; "The Holy Family in Egypt," done in black crayon, relieved with white; "The Elevation of the Cross," done in water-colours and crayon; "A Dead Christ," a superb drawing in three crayons, finished off with wash, and partly coloured; "The Descent from the Cross," in three crayons, and finished off with wash; "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "St. Stephen," an oil camaiçu; "The Archduke

Albert on Horseback," done with a pen, and washed; "A Lion Hunt," done in black crayon, washed, and relieved with white; "A Landscape," a study in black and white crayon, and pastel, &c.

Forty-five drawings by Rubens were sold at the sale of the cabinet of William II., King of Holland. Among the most remarkable were, the "Portrait of the Artist's first Wife," very beautifully executed, and which was sold for £26 5s.; "The Portrait of a Man of Distinction," sold for £25 9s.; "A Young Girl crouching down," a study for "The Garden of Love," sold for £17 16s.; "A Cavalier," from the same picture, sold for £16 19s.; another study from the same picture sold for £10 3s.; "Christ on the Cross," an academical figure of great worth, sold for £13 18s.; "Prometheus," sold for £13 2s. 6d.; "A Lady of Distinction," a very fine sketch, sold for £28; and "The Interior of a Cow-house," sold for £8 10s.

The fac-simile of his writing appended is the fragment of a letter in Italian, of which the Bibliothèque Nationale possesses the original.

We have also added the monograms which the painter placed, though rarely, at the bottom of his paintings or drawings.

PE PA. RVBENS. FE
A 1625.

*giacche che vada per via,
Et al mio gesso ~~se~~ se gesso velture In
jumo come la passabai ne buendi el
faro suo con laceras a vs se a l'ho profumato
Io vossimo cuore le mani se humilte ma racion
mando nelle l'ho buono gresson,*

D. V. L. Rubens

1627

Severino affre

Peter Paul Rubens

JACOB RUYSDAEL.

Jacob Ruysdael was the son of a cabinet-maker, and was esteemed in his youth for the excellency of his disposition and the suavity of his manners. He has been called the painter of Melancholy, and over his life and works there is a certain indescribable sadness, a love, a sentiment, which affects the spectator without an obvious cause; something that rekindles faded impressions, that brings back the imaginations of youth

he cannot tell why he does not understand it; but it is true, nevertheless. Poetry and music excite the same feelings

certain prospects, landscapes viewed under peculiar effects—exercise the same influence—a species of morbid sensibility.

Ruysdael was a man of deep melancholy. He received a liberal education, and was designed for the medical profession; but he laid aside the scalpel and assumed the pencil; he had conversed with nature, had drawn inspiration from her deep silence, and longed to pour forth the inspiration that was in him. If he had spoken in words, he must have written philosophical tragedies; if he had spoken in the harmonious strains

of music, he would have made the heartstrings vibrate to his solemn dirge and mournful songs; as he spoke on canvas, the idiom of the world—he let his sighs have vent and his melancholy utterance in leafless trees and gloomy clouds, and mysterious groupings of old trees and dark woody avenues, that began like the chancel of an old cathedral, and dwindled away into a slender sheep tract—in misty horizons, and in coming night. He was always introducing water; but whether that water was tossed and tumbled as a cataract, or whether it flowed smoothly, without a murmur or a ripple, it was sure to be sorrowful; there was a shadow over everything, a gloom upon all—the painter brooded over his sorrow, and seemed to have his dwelling among the tombs.

Of his life little is known. He devoted himself entirely to art. He resolved to lead a life of celibacy, and never to quit his aged father. He wrote his own mental history in his pictures, and it was all gloom and sadness. Here a tree isolated from its fellows, dark and sombre—scathed and naked—its immovable shadow darkening the still water of the lake. Here, a still, dark piece of water, the broad leaves of the lotus on its surface, yellow flowers flourishing in refreshing coolness, a background of gigantic forest trees. Something always dark

and shadowy. Kugler says that Ruysdael is the master whose pictures form the proper type and centre of the whole pastoral school of landscape. In his works, as in those of the great painter of ideal landscape, Claude Lorraine, natural objects are treated in a manner which appears to manifest the influence of a higher spirit; but the means adopted by these two artists were very different. Ruysdael did not need to decorate the ordinary forms of nature, or dress her up in a holiday garb, in order to bring her nearer to something that was divine. Each single object, however homely and familiar, provided it had not been cramped and regulated by the hand of man—the green meadows, the silent sweep of the clouds, the murmuring trees or brooks—all breathe the pure and lofty feeling of that higher spirit. His paintings are, in fact, a renewal of that old worship of the spirit nature, which the Roman historian has ascribed to the ancient Germans. Yet there is in his pictures much that relates to the busy toil of man; but such features, in general, stand in feeble opposition to the overwhelming mass of natural objects, and the traces of human works often appear as mere ruins which have long yielded to the powerful operation of the elements.

ISAAC VAN OSTADE.

THE history of Dutch painting presents us with a group of artists who devoted their energies to subjects taken from humble life, who found their models in the roadside inn, and exercised their genius in the reproduction of village fêtes and cottage homes, and the haunts and habits of the peasantry. Among this group David Teniers stands the highest; sometimes, indeed, he exaggerates and borders on caricature, but at the same time exhibits great power of humour and bold and effective design. He excels not in the higher branches of his art, but is truly great when he pictures the clowns of the Low Country, whiling away their time with dice, beer, and tobacco, smoking short pipes with an air of inconceivable comfort, and listening with amazing relish to a man playing on the violin. Brauwer was also justly celebrated in the same department of art. He painted all manner of scenes from tavern life—drinking, dancing, quarrelling, smoking, fighting, playing at cards, or settling with mine host. When he exaggerates he seems to do it without effort, and the most mirth-provoking pictures of his pencil—the solemn gravity of the beer-lighting his pipe, the vain attempt of the peasant to hide his uneasiness while under the hands of the village barber—are perfectly natural and true. The jovial tavern-keeper, Jan Steen, is noted for the same cheerful view of common life; he gives us the same jolly boors, regaling at the same sort of beer-houses, finishes with the same detail, copying with the closest attention brass pans, and earthenware, and well-thumbed cards and drinking-cups, uniting with his artistic skill all the elements of genuine comedy. And among these faithful delineations of rustic scenery and peasant life, the two Ostades are deservedly recognised. Adrian, the eldest and the most celebrated; and Isaac, sometimes called the king of light and shadow.

To the career of this latter painter we have before referred—how he was born at Lubeck; was sent when very young into the Low Countries; received instruction from his brother Adrian; travelled to the banks of the Zuider Zee, and settled at Amsterdam, “where he attained,” says one of his biographers, “the summit of art.”

The engraving which we now present is from one of the well-known paintings of this master, and represents a “Road-side Inn.”

A country cart has stopped before a village hostel, and without alighting, the driver is refreshing himself with a comfortable draught, the hostess having brought him forth a pitcher of the strongest brewed; three or four neighbours are lounging round the cart, an old man sits on the top of a tub with a dog half asleep at his feet, while the fowls from the

poultry-yard are picking up blades of scattered corn. The scene is very simple perhaps vulgar; yet the eye rests upon it with pleasure. The painting is a Flemish picture more than two hundred years old, but its charm has not departed—its beauty and freshness still remain. Why? Because the picture is true; it awakens happy thoughts of bygone scenes, calls up old memories deep and tender, and we regard that episode in village life, that simple group, that rustic quietness, with pleasure, because we have somewhere looked upon what might have been the original of the picture. The grateful shadow of those tall trees, the picturesque beauty of the roadside inn, its swinging sign, its thatched roof, the creeping plant that climbs upon it, the company of villagers, the still water, the reeds that grow up long and dank upon its margin, the trees far away, over which the village spire is peeping, and the lowing kine driven forth to pasturage, unitedly combine to make the picture interesting to us all. It is not simply what it represents, but the pleasing sensations which it awakens within us. There is poetry in the whole design, poetry that belongs to all time, that does not represent a particular period or a particular place—not a burgomaster of the sixteenth century, or a street in Amsterdam—but that reproduces nature; and nature never grows old.

One might draw a nice distinction between the two words—*truth* and *reality*. They are not to be accepted as synonymous. Modern painters have sometimes confounded them, and the result has been a school of Reality, the disciples of which have copied nature, line by line, and have failed to be true after all. They have represented things as they are; have not brought either judgment or taste to bear upon their study, but have been content to reproduce nature under aspects the most common and inartistic. They have toyed over trifles, have been diligent students of minutiae, have forgotten the beauty of the garden in the animalcules on one of the leaves, have overlooked the majesty of a river in the close imitation of the prism-coloured dew-drop, and in many instances have sacrificed all the true essentials of art to an unnecessary exactness in these minor points. This may be real, but it is not what may be emphatically called true.

Truth in art enters into the grandeur of the whole design, and into the poetry of nature. It looks for effect and not for detail; it admits choice and preference, and allows the judgment to be exercised in the selection and the taste in arranging a truthful picture. The artist is not content to represent every object as it presents itself to him on the first glance; he regards them in the most favourable light, uses discretion in the grouping of his figures, and at his pleasure introduces this

tree and omits that. He claims the privilege of the poet, and artificial in the means which he employs, is true in the result which he effects.

This is not a subtle disputation about words,—it is a description of two systems; one produced Titian and Raphael, and the other the lowest painters of the Flemish school. The students of the "Realistic" school paint as though nature was always beautiful alike, as if the mission of the artist and that of the photographic camera were the same in their end

and purpose, and that a picture was to be produced by an exact transcript of nature without choice and almost entirely by hazard. But the true mission of art is higher and better and nobler than this. Art supposes that its devotee should possess something more than an ability to execute—that he should have tact to seize only on those subjects most worthy of study, that he should accept or reject at his will, and that he should reproduce upon his canvas those images only which merited to be transmitted to posterity.

PETER SUBLEYRAS.



PETER SUBLEYRAS.

THERE are few details known with respect to the life of Peter Subleyras, but these few may be interesting to our readers. He was born in the year 1699, at Usez, in Languedoc. His reputation, which was formerly extensive, is not well supported by the works he has left behind him; for though it must be admitted his paintings display some eminent qualities—freedom of drawing, a striking and harmonious composition, and a delicate execution which always prefers subdued tones to strong contrasts—we seek in vain for indications of what may be termed style, in the highest sense of the term; that is to say, the combination of feeling and taste. Having acquired the first rudiments of design from his father, Matthew Subleyras, an artist unknown to fame, he became a pupil of Anthony Rivalz, of Toulouse, a master more remarkable for elegance than force, at the age of fifteen, and continued to be his pupil even after having lived long in Rome, and after professing the most enthusiastic admiration for the great works of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and Julius Romain. Such is the effect of private instruction upon painters; they rarely get

completely free from it, and many are to be met with who yield to it even while they condemn it.

In the year 1724, P. Subleyras proceeded to Paris for the purpose of attending at the Academy. He went with all the confidence of a young man of five-and-twenty, and of a Gascon, to compete for all the prizes against a host of rivals. Such was his assurance of success, and his elation at the bright prospect before him, that he was continually inviting artists into his studio to show them designs for paintings, and rough sketches of gigantic compositions. As yet he was free from doubt of every kind; but there is reason to believe that his confidence was more than once rebuked by disappointment, and that the young aspirant at first met with no very favourable reception among the Parisian artists and amateurs who were formed upon the school of Poussin. His manner was not liked; yet in 1726 he gained the first prize for painting. The picture to which this high honour was awarded is now in the Louvre. It represents the Brazen Serpent, and is deficient in warmth and life, though dramatic, and painted with

considerable talent. One consequence of its success was the artist's removal to Rome, with a pension from the king, to complete his studies. He was so delighted with the mode of life in that great metropolis of art, with the many beautiful buildings, and other objects which adorned it, and with the society of artists, that he determined to make it his home for the rest of his life. Assiduous in the cultivation of his art, and aspiring in his aims, he managed to acquire great renown

a member, like himself, of the Academy of the Arcadians. His marriage was pretty closely followed by his death, which took place at Rome, on the 28th of May, 1749. He died in great poverty, and almost want, leaving four children still very young. As he left few pupils behind him, no effort has been made to prepare his biography. There are, however, some interesting particulars about him in a correspondence where we should hardly expect to find anything of the sort. M.



ST. BENEDICT RESTORING A DEAD CHILD TO LIFE.—FROM A PAINTING BY PETER SUBLEYRAS.

even in that select circle, and was employed to paint for the Basilica of St. Peter an altar-piece representing St. Basil performing mass in the presence of the Emperor Valens, an engraving of which was executed by Domenico Cunego. He also painted other historical pictures for churches, not merely in Rome, but other parts of Italy. Portrait-painting, too, occupied a large portion of his time and attention.

During his residence at Rome, he married Maria Felicia Tibaldi, in 1745, a woman of great talent and distinction, and

de Sironcourt, a *chef de bureau* of the French government, after a long residence in the Roman states, wrote from Cairo on the 10th of August, 1748, to M. de Rouillé, a member of the government, in the following terms:—

“It remains for me to speak to you of a friend of mine—a friend to whom I am warmly attached—I mean M. Subleyras, a French painter, long settled in Rome, who, I fear, will also die there, to the disgrace of France. I have known and loved him for fifteen years. In the first place, he is the n. s.

honourable man in the world. As for talent, he has, I believe, as much as can well fall to the lot of man. In point of taste, he is a prodigy; and if you wish (as doubtless you will) to go through a course of painting and the fine arts, you could not choose a better guide. What you study with his assistance will be rendered a hundred times more instructive than it would otherwise be. Never has any one arrived at so profound an insight into art in all its branches and all its accessories. He has brought to painting that philosophical spirit which appreciates everything, and places everything in its true position. He paints with the taste of Poussin for thinkers and people of refinement. He speaks to the heart as well as the intellect. But his works are nothing to himself. His views on painting, and all the arts connected with it, are far superior to his pictures. His means are limited, and beneath his aspirations. He has the misfortune to be married, and to have a large family and poor health."

There are some points in this extract that are scarcely correct. Subleyras can hardly be compared, at least as a painter, with Poussin and the thinkers. Nor does it appear probable that Subleyras was at all unhappy in his marriage. With the exception of such statements as these, there are in M. de Sironcourt's letter details worthy to be repeated.

The principal works of Subleyras, besides those already mentioned, are "Christ sitting at meat with Simon the Pharisee;" "St. Camille in an ecstasy of devotion;" "The Burial of Jesus;" and "The Marriage of St. Catharine Ricci." Two of his paintings and three sketches are in the Louvre gallery; two pictures by his hand are in the Brera at Milan; and one, representing "Simon Magus," adorns the walls of Alton Tower, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. There are a few spirited etchings of his, some from his own designs, as, for instance, "The Brazen Serpent;" "The Martyrdom of St. Peter;" and "Mary Magdalene washing the feet of Christ." In a lighter style he painted and engraved with much elegance four subjects from La Fontaine. Among his portraits may be mentioned those of "Benedict XIV.;" "Cardinal Valenti;" the "Viceroy of Sicily;" and "Peter Lulas," a sculptor of Toulouse. It must be admitted that, after making all deductions, P. Subleyras is fairly entitled to an honourable position among the French painters of the eighteenth century. In concluding this brief account of him and his works, we are bound to commend him as an engraver whose etchings have the elegance and sometimes even the vigour of Salvator Rosa.

PICTURES IN THE LOUVRE.

No artist or connoisseur should omit seeing the pictures in the Louvre—the most exquisite and complete collection of ancient and modern art ever brought together. *How* the collection has been made, and by what means the splendid altar-pieces, and other historical *chefs-d'œuvre*, of the great masters, have found their way from the cathedrals of Spain and the palaces of Italy, to the halls of one of the most ancient castles in France, the admiring visitor will scarcely pause to inquire, as he passes, catalogue in hand, through various *salons*, and gazes, in mute wonder, on the famous Murillos, Vandycks, Raffaelles, Titians, Claudes, Rubens, Cuyps, Teniers, &c., with which these walls are decorated. Nor will it be necessary, in this place, to say more than that the principal pictures, illustrative of the various schools of classic art, were obtained for the Louvre by Napoleon, and that Louis Philippe, the greatest art-patron of modern times, spared no trouble or expense in adding to the collection such works as were necessary to its completion in a chronological point of view.

Thus there are now in the Louvre upwards of fourteen hundred pictures illustrative of the four great schools or styles of art—the Italian; the Dutch, with the Flemish, and German; the Spanish; and the French. Of this number, four hundred and eighty belong to the Italian, five hundred and forty to the Dutch and German, and three hundred and eighty to the French school. Besides these there are eight modern copies

of ancient pictures, and a very large collection of the works of recent French painters. The illustrations of the Spanish school consist of sixteen pictures by Francisco Collantes, L. de Morales, Ribiera, Velasquez, and Murillo.

The pictures of the old masters are nearly all contained in two large apartments, called the *Salon Carré* and the Long Gallery; those of the modern artists are distributed in the various saloons and galleries devoted to the exhibition of Egyptian and Roman antiquities, Nineveh remains, bronzes, sculptures, &c. &c. The majority of these noble rooms are highly decorated with carving and gold work, the ceilings painted in fresco, with allegorical subjects, and the walls covered with silk hangings of the richest colours and designs, or tapestry from the famous manufactory at Gobelins.

But the most attractive objects in the Louvre are the pictures by the old masters; and towards them the discriminating visitor will make his way, despite the splendour of the Apollo Gallery, through which he will have to pass, and heedless of the peculiarly French glitter and display—walls of crimson covered with flying bees of gold; great windows which give no light; highly carved doors which never open and lead to nowhere; *fleurs-de-lis* encircling imperial "E's;" vaulted ceilings, so new and brilliant, and dazzling with painted allegory, as to pain the eye; medallions, flowers, arabesques, emblems, escutcheons, &c. &c., which everywhere surround him. So passing up the grand staircase, built after the designs of Fontaine, and through the Apollo Gallery aforesaid, he enters the *Salon Carré*, newly decorated by M. Dubau, the architect of the Louvre, in a style at once massive, elegant, and appropriate. Colossal caryatides and genii representing the arts support a vaulted ceiling in white and gold, round the frieze of which are inscribed the names of the most celebrated masters in art. In this splendid apartment are collected some of the largest and most notable of the works of Raffaele, Vandyck, Rubens, Claude, and Murillo. Being a perfectly square apartment—as its name, indeed, implies—the correspondence in size of canvas rather than any in the style or era of the pictures has been observed, so that there exists in this saloon a harmonious distribution of parts—the canvases being fixed close to the walls and not leaning forward—which is seldom seen in a room devoted to paintings. It is, indeed, the most superb saloon, perhaps, ever devoted to the exhibition of works of art—a casket entirely worthy the jewels it contains.

A wide doorway opens from the *SALON CARRÉ* to the *LONG GALLERY*. This splendid apartment is 1,322 feet in length, by a uniform width of 42 feet—more than a quarter of a mile in length, and furnishing wall-space for upwards of three miles of paintings! The Long Gallery forms, in fact, the south wing of the entire edifice. It consists of two stories, the lower of which contains the apartments of the directors of the museum, the grand library, formed principally by Louis Philippe, and guard-houses for troops on duty at the palace, &c.—the upper gallery being occupied, as we see, by the national collection of pictures. This part of the palace was commenced by Ducereau, in the reign of Charles IX., was continued as far as the central archway by Henry IV. of France and Navarre, and completed by Louis XIV. It was the intention of the latter monarch to have carried out the plan conceived by Henry IV., of connecting the Louvre and the Tuileries by a great northern and southern wing; but the funds voted by the government for that purpose were devoted by Louis to the erection of the palace of Versailles. For many years nothing further was done in the way of building in the great square of the Louvre; till, during the consulship and empire of Napoleon, the northern wing was about half erected. A slumber of many more years came over the design, and now again it is being carried forward with great activity by the present emperor. The style of the external front of the Louvre is not by any means uniform, each architect and restorer of the building appearing to have ignored the works of his predecessor in everything but the height of the external walls. But though the grand front of the Louvre, that towards the Place du Caroussel, is irregular in style—one part partaking

of the Grecian and another of the Roman, while a third inclines to the florid Renaissance—the great length of the building, and the recurrence of alternate circular and triangular pediments filled with bas-reliefs, give to the whole a highly imposing and pleasing appearance—in fact, a more picturesque outlook than the regular architecture of the eastern or river front, though the latter had the advantage of being erected by one architect and in one style, the Corinthian.

But to return to the pictures in the Long Gallery. In this immense arcade no attempt at architectural display has been made. In truth, the very length, height, and width of the gallery render ornament unnecessary. The walls, to the height of about three feet, are encased in the red marble of Normandy, the pictures hanging above, with the smallest nearest to the spectator. A good uniform light has been obtained by means of skylights pierced through the roof. The gallery was formerly lit by side windows, but these being found insufficient, are now hidden by handsome crimson curtains, which, with the ottoman seats down the centre of the room, give it a rich and luxurious aspect; various groups and busts in marble and plaster are placed in appropriate situations, and serve to break the uniformity of the view. Nor will the lover of pictures fail to notice the charming air of freshness on the surfaces of the paintings, and the clean, bright look of the gilded frames—a perfect contrast to the dingy appearance of the old paintings in the English National Gallery, and a further argument, if any were needed, in favour of their removal to a purer atmosphere.

The number and variety of the pictures in the Long Gallery have enabled M. Frederic Villot, the intelligent conservator of paintings in the Louvre, to adopt a chronological arrangement in their hanging. Thus, on either side of the gallery, are hung pictures from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century—a period which embraces the birth, triumph, and partial decline of art in Europe. Of course, it will hardly be expected that we should give anything like a catalogue of the pictures exhibited; and, indeed, if our space permitted, such a course would be but a mere dry enumeration of names and dates—a great body of facts without a living soul of knowledge.

The number of pictures here bearing date previous to Raffaele is remarkable. Thus, in the Italian, Roman, Venetian, and Florentine schools, of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, we have examples either by, or in the style of, Cimabue and Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi and Leonardi da Vinci, Mantegna and Roselli, Luini and Giorgione, Salario and Lorenzo Costa, Mariotto and Ludovico Mazzolini, with several other painters of less note. In the Dutch and German schools, also, there are several specimens of Van Eyck (about 1390—1441),* Quentin Matsys (1460—1531), Hans Holbein (1488—1554), Hans Heining (1480), &c. The French school was not founded at so early a period, and the style of art known as the English school of painting is without record.

If a painter—not belonging to the pre-Raffaellite school—looks attentively at the works of these early artists, he will discover, despite their crudities, much to admire, much to imitate, and much to avoid. Though the faces are often positively ugly, and though gracelessness of position and want of perspective are evident, in spite of elaborate gilding and high colouring, there is discoverable, in all these uncouth-looking saints, these staid virgins and unchildlike children, these unpoetical angels, and these imitations of such minute objects as could not be seen in nature—if the spectator stands at a sufficient distance to command the entire subject—a painstaking love of art, and a sincere desire to do the very best that could be done with the means at hand, which modern painters would do well to take to heart—not, however, so closely, as to outrage modern taste and modern knowledge.

But passing onwards, the intelligent visitor will pause admiringly before some of the more important of the great works here exhibited. How shall we pass slightly by that famous conception of Murillo's (1618—1685), which was pur-

chased for the nation, at the sale of Marshal Soult's collection, in 1852, at a cost of £22,000—the largest price, perhaps, ever paid for a single picture?—or how express our enthusiasm at these efforts of the great Raffaele (1483—1520) which grace the walls of the Long Gallery? There are no fewer than twelve undoubted specimens from the hand of that great master here, besides eight paintings in his style, which may or may not have had the benefit of his artistic touch. Raffaele d'Urbino appears to have been before his age and art, for he certainly introduced a style of painting which has never been excelled. One of his pictures, known as "La Belle Jardiniere," the Virgin contemplating the infant Jesus, with the child John in the background, would have stamped him as a great artist had he painted no other. There is here, among others, a good copy of "The School of Athens," that famous and world-known composition. It is said to be the best copy of the original in the Vatican now known in Europe.

Salvator Rosa (1615—1673) is represented by four capital subjects, all undoubted originals, besides a couple of marine paintings in his style by unknown artists. Guido Reni (1575—1642) has the large number of twenty paintings here, whose histories are well authenticated, besides a "Sleeping Jesus" attributed to his pencil, and two paintings after his style, one of which, "David vanquishing Goliath," may be compared to the original in this gallery. The three Carracci, who flourished between the years 1553 and 1619, are here illustrated by thirty-two paintings, all fine; Correggio (1494—1534) by two exquisite paintings, "The Marriage of St. Catherine and Alexander" and "The Dream of Antiope;" Angiolo Bronzino (1502—1572) by two subjects, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene" and the painter's own portrait, the former a fine study; Luca Giordano (1632—1705) by three, of which "The Presentation of the Child Jesus in the Temple" is confessedly the finest; Giorgione, sometimes called by his surname Barbarelli (1477—1511), by two authentic subjects and one doubtful painting, "St. John presented to the Saviour," from the collection of Louis XIV.; Castiglione, the prince of the Genoese school (1616—1670), by a fine painting representing "Melchisedec, King of Salem, offering the Bread and Wine to Abraham," and seven others; Christofano Allori, also surnamed Bronzino (1577—1621), by a single exquisite piece, entitled, "Isabella of Arragon at the feet of Charles the Eighth;" Michael Angelo, the chief of the Lombard school, by four large paintings, of which one, "The Death of the Virgin," is alone worth the journey to Paris to see; Andrea del Sarto, sometimes called Vannucchi (1488—1530), by three original, and one more than doubtful, pieces; Giotto, painter, sculptor, and architect (1276—1336), by one authentic painting and several after his peculiar style, one of which latter, "A Virgin and Child," is really beautiful in its simplicity; Lanfranco (1582—1647), by five beautiful pictures, one of which, "The Coronation of the Virgin," has been engraved by Baudet; Panini (1695—1768) by eleven fine architectural subjects; Bartolomeo Schidone (1580—1615) by a half-length figure of "St. John the Baptist," and three religious subjects; Sebastiano del Piombo (1485—1547) by a single picture, called "The Visitation of the Virgin;" Tintoretto (1512—1594), the pride of the Venetian school, by five subjects, including "Susanna at the Bath," and his own portrait; Paul Veronese (1528—1588) by no fewer than twelve specimens of his art, besides a doubtful picture or two, the best of them being "The Pilgrimage to Emmaus," which has often been engraved, and was formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Vasari, the author of the first dictionary of painters (1512—1574), is represented by four fine subjects, the largest and best of which is "The Salvation of the Virgin by the Angel Hail, Mary, Blessed art thou!" These, with nine pictures by, and after the style of, Leonardi da Vinci, and thirteen by Domenichino, also called Zampieri (1581—1641), form the most noticeable pictures of the Italian school in this collection. Murillo, has six other pictures in the Louvre.

The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools of painting are well illustrated in this gallery; but for want of space we must refrain from any notice of them.

* Dates given in this manner imply that the person spoken of was born in the first and died in the last-named year; when only one year is given, it means the time about which he flourished.

DAVID TENIERS THE YOUNGER.

ANTWERP is a fine old city—the mother of Flemish art. There is something more than the quaint beauty of its old streets, its strange antiquated buildings, to interest the visitor. There Rubens was born, and Vandyck, and Jordaeus, and Gaspar de Crayer, and Porbus, and Teniers, the imperishable lustre of whose names have made old Antwerp a place of pilgrimage to all true devotees of art.

The story of the life of Teniers we have told before.* Not often is it that a great man finds, as it were, his genius hereditary, and his son as great as himself. It was so with the family of Teniers. The son equalled his sire, if he did not surpass him. From his earliest youth he loved art; he loved it when a pencil was a toy, and loved it to the end.

There is something remarkably interesting in the fact that the young painter was cheered on his path by the encouragement of the great Rubens. What a wild flutter at the heart, what a whirl of contending emotions must have rushed upon

were a hard matter to tell the original from the copy. Copies they could scarcely be called; he appeared to enter into the spirit as well as the mannerism, and the result was so good that the master seemed not only imitated, but renewed. Some imitators, and indeed the great majority, fail in their imitations, for that which they seize is of no use but to the rightful owner; borrowing on all hands, they succeed in producing a species of mosaic work; but every stone betrays its original formation. What Teniers borrowed he made altogether his own; the theory of skilful plagiarism being the truest originality, was verified in him.

You cannot mistake his pictures. They are thoroughly characteristic. He did not only study the masters, he studied nature—did not take for his models the sculptured glories of old Greece and Rome, but Dutch boors, beer-drinking, dice-throwing, tobacco-smoking Flemings, that the Grande Monarque called "*Mugots*," short, thickset Dutchmen inside and



A FLEMISH FAIR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID TENIERS.

the lad—he was not yet fifteen—when Rubens suddenly entered the studio, and the student saw the mighty master face to face! We are told that everything was in confusion—Rubens totally unexpected—that the boy trembled, not with fear, but with enthusiasm—that Rubens stopped before the easel, glanced at the half-completed picture, took the brush from the hand of Teniers, and by word and action showed him things he knew not, made the picture to present new and unexpected beauties, and in that one meeting gave the lad a lesson and a painting—more than this, gave him those kind and cheering words that rang in his ears when he had to paint for a draught and a crust, and lighted his way on the path of fame till he reached his high position.

Teniers could adopt any style, and so faithfully assume the touch, manner, design, and colour of another artist, that it

outside smoke-begrimed beer-houses—laughing, singing, card-playing, quarrelling, fighting—snoring peasants, such as those depicted in the engraving which we now present. What a life-like picture it is! all motion and hilarity, every figure in full swing—dancing and meaning to dance; one can almost fancy that we hear the shrill shriek of the bagpipe and the laughter of the boors. His peasants are not the marionettes of a puppet theatre: his nature is not borrowed from scenes at the opera: he never utters the complaint of artificial French painters, that nature is too green, or wants harmony: he has learned in a better and a nobler school; studied art at a higher fount; copied older models than those of Boucher or Laneret; confined his observation to no rose-coloured boudoir; but has mingled in rustic life himself, joined in its rejoicings, and its quarrels, and its fights, and has, doubtless, footed it as well as the best in many such a scene as the "*Flemish Fair*" that we have before us now.

* "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. i., p. 347.

RAFFAELLE'S "BEAUTIFUL GARDENER."

WITHIN the last few years, the noble collection of art-treasures in the Louvre has received a valuable accession in the painting is a representation of the Virgin with the children, Jesus and John the Baptist. Among the choice productions which adorn



THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENER - FROM A PAINTING BY RAFFAELLE.

by Raffaele which bears the name of "La Belle Jardinière," or "The Beautiful Gardener," in the catalogue, and of which we are enabled to present our readers with an engraving. It

the walls of the Louvre, there may be more elaborate compositions, and pictures on a larger scale; but there are certainly none more finished or more delightful to behold. Vasari

relates, that Raffaele, after having painted "The Consignment of Christ to the Tomb," which is now in the Borghese Gallery at Rome, went to Florence, and there painted "The Beautiful Gardener," which he intended to send to M. de Sienne; but as Bramante wrote to him, stating that the pope had consented to allow him to paint the halls of the Vatican, he set off in haste for Rome, entrusting to Ridolfo Ghirlandaio the task of finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin. The picture was purchased of M. de Sienne by Francis the First; and in the time of Louis the Fourteenth it adorned the cabinet at Versailles. In the carefully prepared catalogues of the Louvre, it is valued at £16,000 sterling. Although Ridolfo Ghirlandaio painted the drapery of the Virgin, he claims no part of the honour of the work. Even on the border of this drapery may be read the signature "*Raphaello Urbino.*," which is undoubtedly traced by the hand of Ridolfo. M. Quatremère de Quincy, the able Secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, speaks of the painting in the following terms:—

"There is the same freshness and excellent preservation in the charming picture of the Virgin which Raffaele executed for M. de Sienne, and which is called, 'The Beautiful Gardener.' Her costume, which really has something of the villager's about it, has perhaps given rise to this name. It is one of those naive compositions which, for the due proportion in the size of the figures, may be placed at the head of those in which Raffaele, before rising to the ideal of his art, as he afterwards did, confined himself to the expression of simplicity and that modest grace, of which the manners of the country supplied him with models among the young village girls. Nothing can surpass the purity here depicted. The tone of colouring and the style of drawing are in admirable harmony; and this harmony has never produced anything more lovely than the forms of the children Jesus and John. Three circumstances prove that this picture belongs to the same period as 'The

Consignment of Christ to the Tomb.' In the first place, the date marked on it, which is 1507; then there is a drawing of it by Raffaele in the Mariette Collection, on the back of which are rough sketches of the figures belonging to the above-mentioned work; and, in the last place, it is known that Raffaele set out for Rome before finishing the blue drapery of the Virgin, which was finished by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio."

Lepicieux, in his "Catalogue Raisonné" of the king's pictures, gives a remarkable explanation about this one: "As Raffaele," says he, "makes the child Jesus rest upon one foot of the Virgin, I think he intended by this trait to indicate the respectful tenderness of this holy mother, who, in her son, sees her Saviour."

As to the title by which this picture is known among artists, Lavallée has sought for its origin with more laborious effort than was worth while. "It is possible," says he, "that the model which Raffaele employed was a gardener, remarkable for her beauty, and that hence was derived the name of the picture. But this is merely a supposition, and it appears to me more probable, that this title, which there is nothing in the painting to occasion—unless it be the flowers with which the Virgin is surrounded—arose from the capricious custom, not uncommon among picture-dealers, of fixing upon some casual circumstance as a means of distinguishing the numerous works of a great master from one another."

This painting of "The Beautiful Gardener" was engraved by Gilles Roupelet and James Chéreau. In the year 1803 M. Boucher Desnoyers established his reputation as an engraver by making a drawing and engraving from it, which he dedicated to M. Denon, the General Director of the Napoleon Museum. The plate proved also a source of great profit to the museum. It is now, and will long remain, unquestionably, the most successful rendering of this delicious painting which breathes so much purity and grace.

WOUVERMANS.

SOME artists have made it their pride, especially Flemish artists, to paint the tap-room, and the jolly idlers, the drinkers, smokers, and vagabonds of society—men who are only their own enemies, we are told, but who are truly everybody else's also. Van Ostade, Brauwer, Teniers, and the prince of caricaturists, Pierre Bamoche, were all fond of representing taverns where the peasant with a jug of beer slowly quaffs and smokes as if there were no other object in life. Wouvermans, on the other hand, paints castles, and huntsmen, elegant life, military exercises, the games of the old nobility; not those who haunted the purlieus of the courts, leading a life worse than that of the tap-room, but those who frequented the riding-school, the fencing-room, and whose science was of the Epicurean school, men who drank deep, slept little, were keen upon a scent, good shots, and excellent riders. These robust and happy ones of this earth led a gay and rude life, studying falconry, and educating the needful animals, or penetrating the mysteries of the kennel—a race not yet departed, though changed in costume and certain details of manners, yet still the same. They wore a costume suited to the painter's art—the feathered beaver of loose Bassonpierre, the fine lace collar, the doublet with frogs, the open boots which now have taken refuge on the stage, to be worn by villains and robbers. They wanted nothing. They had beautiful, though rather masculine ladies to love, fine carriages, packs of hounds, hunters, and Spanish horses with fiery heads and glorious manes—and last, but not least, they had Wouvermans to paint them and give the men existence long after their castles were mouldered in the dust, and their very names were forgotten.

Prancing cavalcades, encampments, charges of cavalry, horse-markets, stables, forges, ring-races, halts in woods; all these are Wouvermans' choice morsels. Everywhere he introduces the horse, an animal he has profoundly studied, and of which he has deservedly made a poetical animal. It is his favourite study, and he always introduces the animal under favourable circumstances.

Were we to judge from his pictures—and this shows what erroneous opinions must have been put forth relative to artists, judging them simply from their works—Wouvermans would be described as having led a sunny life, hunting, riding, and banqueting in hall and bower; while the truth is, he never left Haarlem, and was long unknown and obscure, always retired, laborious, and quiet. He was born in 1620, and died on the 19th of March, 1668. From his father's studio, Wouvermans passed to that of Wynants. There he acquired the best qualities of this master—a powerful execution, a delicate yet firm touch, which rendered the inequalities of scenery, sandy hillocks, stones, plants, &c. with equal fidelity. Wynants' lessons were confined to landscape, while Wouvermans had a perfect passion for horses. He studied the animal, therefore, in the riding-school, in the stable, in the inn yard, everywhere, and succeeded in investing the horse with a charm of grace and elegance in his pictures, which is one of their chief attractions. His success was so great that his study must have been laborious and patient, there being no such thing as mere intuition, even with the brightest genius.

Moyreau has engraved eighty-eight horses from Wouvermans, and even the student of zoology may learn here almost as much as from nature or Buffon. Like Cuyp, who lived to paint only fine fat cattle, Wouvermans' delight was to represent the powerful, handsome, healthy horse; not the broken-winded "roarer," suited better to the caricaturist than the great painter. He was most learned in all details, knew every piece of the harness, the cut of saddles was familiar to him, he could tell the right length of the stirrups, of the girth, the reins, and of the bit; while he never forgot the shape of the pistols or their correct positions.

Having mastered his subject thoroughly—the secret of many successes we cannot sometimes explain—he combined with it an exquisite perception of scenery, and set to work to illustrate the romance of horsemanship. Many painters before him had introduced horses into their compositions, particularly into

battle scenes; but Wouvermans was the first who worked up the graces of equitation, who, choosing to paint stout country gentlemen, elegant cavaliers and huntsmen, made of the horse an essential feature in his picture; for we know not a single exception among his productions—all contain a horse, or a part of one. This is so true, that Wouvermans, as if jealous of making his favourite animal subservient in interest, never selects a moment in the chase when attention is drawn to the animal pursued, but watches for the opportunity of developing the grace and intelligence of the horse—in this respect unlike Rutard, Oudry, Snyders, and Rubens. The bounding deer, leaping a ravine, or listening to the coming hunt, his elegant form in the foreground of a picture, draws off the interest from the horse. He, therefore, generally supposes the hunt, or paints the meet, the halt, or the return.

Had Wouvermans been paid for his pictures what is now their value, he too would have had his pages and his falconers, his hunters and his beautiful white hounds with silky coats, a heron-pond in his park, bay, black, and gray horses, and that white charger; in fact, all those that appear in his pictures, neighing, prancing, drinking, eating. But Wouvermans was modest and timid, and these qualities hindered much his success both as to money and fame. He trusted to dealers to fix prices on his exquisite hunting groups, and he took without grumbling any price that was offered him. Besides, in Haarlem Wouvermans had a formidable rival in Pierre de Laer, known as Bamboche. When painting his scenes of real life—those elegant cavalcades which might any day be seen in the country—Wouvermans did it with so much ease and native grace that he appeared to invent nothing, simply because he was true and graceful like nature herself; while Bamboche astonished people by his compositions about thieves, terrible dramas of the hidden life of towns, things less familiar to the common eye than grooms, captains, and squires.

One De Witte, a Haarlem picture-dealer, having requested Bamboche to paint him a cavalry piece, the artist asked 200 florins, and would not take a penny less, upon which the dealer went to Wouvermans. For the money which Bamboche had scornfully refused, our artist painted a masterpiece, and thus began his fame. De Witte made a great stir about the unknown talent, and called together all the amateurs of Haarlem to admire a picture, which the dealer valued all the more that it enabled him to be a little avenged on Bamboche. Wouvermans got on better after this; he was better paid than before, and, as the learned Houbraken says, "was now well received by rich Meccenas." The minute Dutchman, whose work ought to be translated, quotes also as an instance of the pecuniary success of Wouvermans, the fact that he gave his daughter 20,000 florins when she married Henri de Fromantjou, an artist of fame. And yet what was this to the fabulous prices attained by his pictures after his death, when the Elector of Bavaria, the Dauphin of France, and others, contended for them, and bought them up, no matter at what sacrifices?

If we examine the paintings of Wouvermans with the eye of a connoisseur, we shall admire not only the painting, but the choice of the subject, the gallantry, and the picturesque character of the scene, which always breathes of chivalry and feudalism, which, however brutal and degrading in itself, always looked well at a distance. Even the haughty, and often absurd and petty, Louis XIV., who exclaimed, when shown some drinkers by Teniers, "Take away those scarecrows," would not have had his royal delicacy offended had he chosen some subjects from Wouvermans to adorn his cabinet. There would have been the persons he wanted to work upon; the rough country gentlemen he was to attract from their turreted homes to learning the mincing step and courtly vices of the palace of Versailles—sure presage of that Capuan voluptuousness which was to end in the great storm of 1793.

But Wouvermans shows little interest in the tender passions, none at all in its gentler phases; if there be any, it is the rough love-making of the fields. The trumpet sounds to mount; the officers come forth in their heavy boots and cuirasses. They have been drinking stilly, and perhaps one

may linger to say a word of gallant impertinence to the girl of the inn, while he roughly tries to snatch a kiss. What else can you expect from men who drink strong liquors, and wear such boots?

Look at "The Officers' Halt" (p. 260). These are men and horses only to be found in the paintings of the Flemish school. Mark the two steeds, on one of which an officer is mounted, who has just quaffed a huge draught of strong ale, and is holding out the pot to a girl, who is, however, delayed by another worthy in gay apparel, who pinches her chin familiarly with one hand, while he clutches his horse's bridle with the other. This animal is admirably rendered—position, form, head, harness, all are painted with vigour and truth. All the accessories of the picture are admirable. The beggar whom no one notices, the distant hills and the river beneath them, the ferry-boat, the card-players round their table, the boys playing with the dog, the great tree shattered by many a storm, the tent, all demonstrate the power and vigour of the painter.

But Gersaint * truly characterises his touch, when he says, "Teniers and Wouvermans are the two painters who have worked hardest, though they are so opposite in character." The finish of Wouvermans is exquisite, it is something extraordinary—we may even go so far as to say it is too finished at times. His greensward sometimes looks like velvet. Gessner has noticed this.

It appears to be a well ascertained fact, that Wouvermans, towards the end of his career, threw into the fire whole portfolios of drawings and studies from nature. The reason for this is not really known. Some say, that he wanted to deprive his son of these rich portfolios, for fear that his native idleness would be thus encouraged; while others allege, that he wished to deprive his brother and rival of the advantages which he might have derived from such studies. This version is as odious as it is unlikely. It resembles a story told by Roestraten, who says that De Witte, informed of the death of Bamboche, took possession of a chest full of studies, drawings, and thoughts, which he gave to his friend Wouvermans, who having pilfered all that was useful to him, destroyed the rich materials of his friend by burning. A more absurd and ridiculous story was never imagined. Bamboche died in 1673 or 1674, six years after Wouvermans.

This great painter breathed his last in 1668, leaving a son who became a monk. Of his two brothers, John and Peter Wouvermans, the first is the ablest. His other pupils were Bernaert Gaal, Emmanuel Murant, John Van der Benc. His successful imitators were Hans Van Lin and John Griffier.

His "Horse Market" is one of his great pictures. In this he has surpassed himself. The rascally cunning-looking horse-dealers, making their horses prance before the buyer with whip and spur, are admirably represented. It combines many rare qualities. His "Parc aux cerfs," not that horrid den of the same name which Louis XV. patronised, but a real collection of deer, is admirable. In fact, in the delineation of animals he is always excellent. Sometimes his real life is carried too far, becoming simply dirty. The same was true of Teniers, whose drunkards are extremely offensive.

But the men and women of Wouvermans are always model men and women; his ladies are those bounteous dames who adorn the court and the palace. He scorns the poor, at least on his canvas, though probably as sympathetic with them as any other noble and generous heart. It is not necessary that we should believe Wouvermans a servile worshipper of wealth and rank; a man of genius could not have been anything of the kind; but his natural love of the beautiful and the gorgeous drove him always to the representation of life in the upper classes.

And he dearly loved the aristocracy of animal creation. No knackers' horses for him, no ill-used and battered donkey under a shower of blows, no fitting subject for the Cruelty to Animals Society would obtain notice from Wouvermans. Shakespeare has a scene which Wouvermans would have been delighted to illustrate:—

* Gersaint, "Catalogue de M. Quentin de Lorigniere." Paris 1744.

Look when a painter would surpass the life,
 In liming out a well proportioned steed,
 His art with nature! workmanship at strife,
 As if the dead the living should exceed;

So did this horse excel a common one,
 In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
 Broad breast, full eye, small head and nostril wide,

shapeless hillocks, with a yellow tint; those heaps of sand, covered here and there with brush, at the foot of which winds a small stream, that looks all but motionless. But the true poetry of Philip Wouvermans, the ideal which is depicted on his harmonious canvas, is a dream of happiness; not of that happiness which love-sick painters find in a gentle look, or in a green and rich field, in the solitude and silence of desert places; but of that real happiness, so easy to the rich, full of



THE OFFICERS' HALT.—FROM A PAINTING BY WOUVERMANS.

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
 Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttocks, tender hide
 Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
 Save a proud rider on so proud a back."

Wouvermans has none of that soft melancholy which some of the Flemish school were so fond of. It is true that at times, unconsciously, he painted landscapes sweetly sad, like the bleak shores of Wynants: he painted, too, some of those

comfort and dignity, which is the result of health of body and peace of mind. These few remarks may enable the reader to appreciate the characteristics of this powerful and pleasing artist, whose pictures are still the delight of amateurs, and are rated at no more than their value, despite their number. A large number of his best pictures are in St. Petersburg, alongside Teniers, Rembrandt, Rabens, and others. His paintings, however, are also to be found in all the great galleries of Europe.

KAREL DUJARDIN.

THIS artist, whose name is less familiar than that of many others, was also a landscape and animal painter. Most of the Flemish artists may be described in the same way, and are yet different in their characteristics. Words are not the fittest

trees, a bit of an old wall half covered by ancient ivy, a cow, an ass, a man—all homely, all trivial; and yet add all these together, and you have a picture of Dujardin, nothing more, nothing less. But nature always; and out of these simple and



CROSSING A BROOK.—FROM A PAINTING BY KAREL DUJARDIN.

representative of their peculiar types, but a glance at once separates Cuypp from Dujardin, Potter from Berghem. How shall we describe the peculiar style of the artist we now treat of? To succeed would be difficult.

When, reader, you take a country walk, you sometimes rest on a stile, or under a hedge, or on a fallen tree, and looking around you, various objects meet your eye—a few clustering

even arid materials he makes a *fonds* appear, exhibiting fully his style and manner.

Pilkington and Deschamps inform us that he was born in 1640. Biographers are not always consistent in their dates. In 1652 appeared some admirable engravings by Karel Dujardin, perfect masterpieces, which certainly were not executed at the youthful age of twelve. We must, therefore, place

Dujardin's birth at least as far back as 1635, as it is well known that these were the productions of a very precocious talent. It is not known for certain who was his master; some call him a pupil of Berghem, some of Paul Potter. But, however this may be, he went early to Italy, and on arriving at Rome, joined the jolly club of Flemish drinkers, into which all were admitted under a nick-name, which in his case was Goat's Beard. His easy and impulsive nature, to which pleasure was a necessity, gained him many friends. His countryman, Pierre de Laer, had introduced a style among the Romans, of which they were very fond, and Dujardin following it up was well supported. He painted little landscapes, with a cow, some sheep, a miller and his ass, a girl holding up her petticoats to cross a ford (p. 261); and was well paid for them on account of their excellence. With youth, spirits, and money, Dujardin led an easy, jolly life, contracting many debts, and wasting much talent to pay them. But he studied like a true Dutchman; he saw the vulgar side of everything, and made that side picturesque. The quacks of a fair, so common in Rome, were a favourite subject. He admired their genius, he caught their pantomime, and before he returned to his *atelier*, his picture was finished in his head. The rough idlers of Trastevere, with their robust wives, filled the foreground, or, perhaps, a muleteer whistling or searching his pockets for a coin, to give the boy with a black face and a paste-board nose, who went about collecting.

Dujardin's early style was a comical mixture of Bamboche, Jean Miel, and Michael Angelo des Batailles. The Italians were much struck by his pictures, and naturally so, for he invested the every-day scenes he painted with his own gentleness, his own gay and lively spirit. It was something between the finish, so much esteemed at Amsterdam, and the ordinary satirical character of the artists of that school who lived in Rome—semi-Romans themselves.

The price which the Italians put upon the works of Karel did not suffice for his increasing expense. The same could be said of him that was said of Bamboche by the historian Passeri, *amico della recreazione e del buon tempo*. To create for himself new resources, he tried the portrait style, and succeeded well, because an artist like him could not do anything badly. He composed portraits very simply, in general without any details, half-length, with all the usual sobriety of his genius. We speak here of sobriety in the picturesque sense, for in private life he knew nothing of it. His character is marvellously well painted in the portrait which exists in the Museum of Amsterdam, where he is represented clothed in a black silk cloak, his hand upon his breast. His great intelligent and open eyes announce frankness, penetration, and jollity; his mouth is broad and somewhat sensual; but his great lips reveal a fine irony which has no bitterness in it. The expansive and hearty temperament of Karel Dujardin is the secret of his weakness; it explains his love of pleasure, his debts daily paid and daily renewed, his love for the comic side of vulgar things, and that want which drove him to seek impression from the three great sources,—life, nature and art.

But at last he determined to see his country again, which he had left when very young. He started for Holland, but passing through Lyons, he met some friends, who easily kept him there, and the sight of some of his works brought round him a crowd of amateurs. Forgetting the object of his journey, Karel renewed the life he had led at Rome, a life of luxury and adventures, to pay for which he had but to paint the fresh morning dew. Few painters have succeeded so well in depicting the dawn, such geniuses as Claude Lorraine and Elsheimer always excepted. Dujardin lived at Lyons, in the house of a rich old woman, who gave him plenty of credit because she took a fancy to him. At last, however, the artist's debts became so numerous and so pressing, that poor Karel Dujardin, in his distress, had recourse to his principal creditor—his old landlady. She took a usurious interest for her money. She made him marry her.

Having thus settled his affairs, the newly-married man took the road to Amsterdam, where he was well received. He was

the more liked because he did not altogether resemble his countrymen; in the same way that the Italians liked him because with them he was a Dutchman of the south, while the former called him an Italian of the north. He painted some local portraits, but they wanted the interest and charms of Rembrandt's similar productions.

It is when the merry painter depicts tumblers and quacks, muleteers before an inn, or a trumpeter on horseback at the door of a pot-house, drinking the glass of wine handed to him by the maritornes of the place, that we have no need to criticise and compare. Karel's characteristic is to reach the picturesque by simple efforts. More simple than Berghem, as agreeable as Wouvermans, and less proud than Bamboche, Karel Dujardin has all their strong sense of the picturesque. He is very fond of bringing in old walls, those walls which our modern masters have so often copied; sometimes he fills up the background with them, ivy-clad and half-ruined, mossy and covered with wall-flowers, or warmed by the golden foliage and the purple tints of a virgin vine, which in autumn resemble the rays of the setting sun. The rustic walls of Karel are in general sufficiently lofty for them to throw up the whole figure.

To be married to an old woman, when one is young, may be bearable on a day when you obtain a receipt in full for all your debts; but the awakening is unpleasant. Dujardin felt little relief from the cares of home in the popularity he was gaining among the tasteful amateurs of his native town. One of these, a certain John Reinst, determined to go to Italy, and his friend determined to go as far as the Texel with him. He had no idea himself of going to Italy; for he went to the Texel in slippers. Nevertheless, next morning he sent to his old wife for some linen, saying, he would soon be back. He never saw her again.

He took up his residence in Rome, and though a Protestant, was sufficiently influenced by the locality to paint two Romish subjects, which were highly prized, while his "Christ between the two Thieves," in the Louvre, is a very fine production. But simple nature is his *forte*. His "Grove of Trees," in the Louvre, is perfect, with its river crossed by farmers driving before them a troop of oxen, donkeys, and sheep. The farmer's wife is mounted on a cart drawn by a white horse, while a peasant, lifting up a young girl in his arms, is about to carry her across the ford. The familiar figures form a charming contrast with the solemnity of the forest trees, which lose none of their mysterious grandeur by contact with the brute creation.

Karel Dujardin took it into his head one day to go to Venice. He found some countrymen there, and, amongst others, Glauber, a pupil, like himself, of Berghem, and a very distinguished painter. A Dutchman, who dealt in pictures, offered him a home in his house, with the hope of making money by his talents; but the hope was not realised, for Dujardin was taken ill and died, in 1678. John Glauber says, that his companion died of a surfeit, caused by eating too much after an illness. A Dutch amateur, Gabriel Van der Leuw, who was just then at Venice, took care to have Dujardin buried; and though he died a Protestant, his body was still dressed in the robes of a Capuchin friar, in obedience to the customs of the country; after which he was buried according to the rites of the Roman Church.

"Crossing the Brook," of which we have given an engraving, is a fine picture; the foreground is rich and admirably painted; the man in the sheep-skin coat is touched off with a truthfulness which is peculiarly characteristic of the Flemish school. The sky, the distant hills, the horses, and the long wall, are exceedingly picturesquely rendered; while the woman, the ass, and the dog, as well as the cow, exhibit a power and truth which exemplify the style of Karel Dujardin very effectively. The original is in France.

Sir Robert Peel possesses two Dujardins, the Bridgewater Gallery one, Lord Ashburton had two, Mr. Hope has one, and the collection of George IV., in Pall Mall, two.

All his paintings are valuable and deserving of study.

GERARD DOUW.

It was about the beginning of the seventeenth century that *genre* painting came into fashion. This word has recently been adopted, and it comprises the representation of common life in its every-day relations, as opposed to religious and heroic subjects, or to those of an elevated character, such as are generally supposed to fall within the province of historical painting. According to the mode in which the subject is conceived such works may be divided into two separate classes; the one representing life in its more soft and gentle relations, under the regulation of established customs and civilised manners, whilst the other exhibits its more rude and vulgar side with the unchecked license of a free and often unbridled humour." Both comprise works of great excellence, and both engage our interest.

Foremost among the artists of this school stands Gerard Douw. His name is sometimes written Gorkard Douw. He was born at Leyden in 1613, and died in 1674, aged sixty-one. In early life he received instruction from Bartholomew Deland, an engraver; and Peter Rauhorn, a painter on glass, found in young Douw an apt pupil. The boy loved art, and at fifteen became the disciple of Rembrandt. We have already presented to our readers a memoir of this well-known painter. To this great painter is to be ascribed that excellence in colouring, that breadth of light and shadows, which afterwards distinguished the works of Gerard Douw; but with all the genius for grandeur of design and startling effects of *chiaroscuro*, he united that extreme delicacy of finish which is one of the chief characteristics of his works. Sandraart relates that having once, in company with Bamboccio, visited Gerard Douw, they could not forbear admiring the extreme neatness of a picture which he was then painting, in which they took particular notice of a broom; and expressing their surprise at the remarkable neatness of the finishing of that minute object, Douw told them he should spend three days more in working on that broom before he should account it entirely complete. In a family picture of Mr. Spiering (Douw's principal patron) the same author asserts, that Mrs. Spiering sat five days for the finishing of one of her hands that lay on an arm-chair.

Everything that Douw produced had pre-eminently the true and lovely tints of nature, and his pictures still possess their peculiar advantages, they retain their original lustre, and have the same beautiful effect at a proper distance as they have when submitted to the closest inspection. The picture known as "The Dropsical Woman," an engraving of which we present to the reader (p. 265), is a most perfect and complete specimen of this master's style, possessing at once the broad effect of *sfumato*, and the most delicate and careful detail. The execution of the painting is astonishingly fine, and although the shadows appear a little too dark, the whole has an inexpressibly bold effect. This picture fell a prey to the French plunderers, and was carried to Paris, and is now preserved in the Louvre. It is one of the most pathetic pictures of this great master. It is the *chef-d'œuvre* of his daylight works. In representing the chamber of an opulent family, everything in the room presents the most magnificent appearance; it is richly decorated and furnished. A sick lady sits in an arm-chair, her laughter kneels before her, weeping and kissing her hand, the bitterness of death approaching, a servant gives her the medicine, and in the front of the picture stands a physician fantastically dressed, turning to the window and examining a bottle full of water. This picture was given by the Elector Palatine to Prince Eugene, and after his death remained in the gallery at Turin, until the French carried it off and placed it in the Louvre. In 1815, they bought off its restitution, at the price of £1,000.

The subjects which the painter invariably selected were of the simplest description, sketches of common life; but in this modest sphere he brought into full play the various passions by which the heart is governed. There was a deep, earnest

truthfulness, or truthfulness which in its very simplicity and homeliness was understood by all, about every one of his works that assumed the popular character, depending on the fickle fashion of the day, but lasting in other times and in other lands. There is one striking peculiarity about his paintings which cannot be overlooked. The scene he depicts is looked upon in the right way, and never opening upon the eye is about them all mortal. It is the result of the study of the great Rembrandt. He would direct his mind to that natural, showing the utmost attention to the most minute particulars, the smallest and most insignificant objects in the design. With him nothing was insignificant. He knew that perfection depended as much on the careful study of detail as the broad, bold outline, and effective contrasts of light and shadow. Inferior to Teniers in some particular, he surpassed him in all the particulars of the former, such as the studied perfection of minutest detail; so that when a picture is entirely and elaborately executed in every part, it is said to have all the finish of a Gerard Douw. And this is saying much in praise of the great painter, the faithful disciple in the school of nature, who copied and improved, but never imitated, the way to manner's art or style.

Gerard Douw is faithful, but he seldom approaches to coarseness. There is the evidence of a merely balanced critical judgment in every one of his pictures, which shows that he was no mere copyist, even of nature. The subjects selected are those of humble life; not the noble cavaliers of Vandyck, or the gorgeously-irresplendent ladies of Louis XIV., but simply honest men and retailers of articles in daily use; yet there is no vulgar feeling, and nothing that approaches burlesque. Every subject is ordinary and commonplace, but they are all within the circle of kindly family life, and appeal to a far larger class than pictures of higher pretensions.

THOMAS BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER ON WOOD.

The name of Thomas Bewick is familiar, not only to those who are lovers of the art of engraving, or students of natural history, but to all who take an interest in the works of original genius. It is the greatest of all mistakes to imagine, as some do, that the reputation of this gifted man rests upon his being the greatest improver, and all but the inventor, of the art of wood-engraving. This is far from being the case. As the first man who ever produced a block of wood in engraving worth looking at, Bewick certainly deserves to be handed down in the annals of the art; but it must be repeated, is far from being the greatest merit of his exterior any man. His character, as portrayed in his works, exhibits an extraordinary union of qualities, and it is indeed one of its main causes his works to be looked at, not only by persons unaccustomed with a relish as keen as they were naturally created on their first publication half a century ago. As a very complete memoir of Bewick's life and progress, by his extraordinary talents, has ever been given to the world, it is still not a proper cause for devoting ample space to the history of a man and an artist, who to that minute truth and true eye for nature, which the best of the English painters have imitated, added much of the humor of Hogarth, and the moral satire of Thomas Bewick's own art, as strong as any the truth of his landscapes, and a man of a noble and a noble character, and a noble man, as his annual publications.

Thomas Bewick was born in the year 1733, at a little village, or hamlet rather, called Cherryburn, in Northumberland, in the parish of St. Mary, Tynemouth, and not far from the large village of Ovington, which is together with his church, and his house, and parsonage, with his eight beautiful children, a narrow way, or road, which runs for many miles up the valley of the Tyne, between Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Carlisle, in Cumberland. He was the son of poor, but highly respectable parents, who seemed early to have got

* Works of Eminent Masters, vol. 1, p. 260.

a glimpse of some of the singular gifts of this their eldest son, and who, whilst they formed his mind to morality and virtue, gave way to the bent of his genius, and had the sagacity not to discourage the boy's pursuits, which, to many parents in their position and situation in life, would have appeared trifling or even pernicious. Thomas Bewick, together with his younger

field"—as far as a boy could pursue them. His great delight was in angling, with an artificial fly, for the trout and salmon, with which the river Tyne was at that period abundantly stored; following the hounds on foot when a hare hunt was in progress; and seeking the nests and haunts of all species of birds. All this time he was unconsciously cultivating that



PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOUW'S MOTHER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

brother John, who died prematurely, had such plain education given him as that part of the country at that time afforded. The greater part of it he obtained under the Rev. Christopher Greyson, at that time master of the school at Ovingham, which in the north of England had some reputation. As a boy, Bewick was remarkable for the ardent love he showed for those pastimes that are styled "sports of the

aculty, afterwards so remarkable in him, a correct eye for nature and her scenery. As a young draughtsman, his talent was very precocious. The few pence that would have stocked an ordinary lad with marbles, tops, and whipcord, were expended by Bewick in materials for drawing. Some of these boyish sketches are, we believe, yet extant. They embody some faint glimpses of the characteristics of his mature works,

and prove how true is that aphorism of the poet Wordsworth, that—

“The boy is father of the man.”

The father of Thomas Bewick had the good sense, being a

wonder was, that genius was not constrained into idleness and an unsettled habit of mind, which afterwards proved were the very reverse of the artist's character. This, however, was not the case. The father could not help appreciating the won-



THE DROPSICAL WOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY GERARD DOUW.

superior man in point of discernment, to understand, and in some degree appreciate, the bent of his son's genius. That either the parents of Bewick, or any of those with whom his earlier years were passed, could foresee the eminence which he was to attain, is not to be thought for a moment. The

derful power of correctly seizing and sketching natural scenery or animals which his son so soon exhibited; and his disposition did not lead him to think of resisting young Bewick's inclination to be an artist. To this resolve the real delicacy of the youth's constitution, which was seen by his parents, pro-

bably contributed. Though powerfully made, and of great stature, Thomas Bewick, like Robert Burns, was liable to bilious disorder; but, unlike the poet, he resisted steadfastly through life the fascinations of convivial society, so dangerous for such temperaments. The artist was, in fact, from his youth upwards, by inclination and by habit, a self-denying and abstemious man. His disposition was eminently social; but even when his company was most in request, he indulged with prudence and refrained with satisfaction. He was eminently domestic also, a quality which always acts as a safeguard for those who are so happy as to possess it.

We have already shown that the early life of this extraordinary man was really, though, perhaps, not ostensibly, spent in the cultivation of the art in which he was to excel. Most of his hours, after school and holidays, were spent in the fields, or on the moors, or by the river's side. It is true, the fishing-rod and the fowling-piece were often in his hand, especially the former; for never was there a keener or more enthusiastic sportsman than Thomas Bewick; but whilst capturing salmon or trout, or bringing down an occasional wild duck, his eye was all alive to his art. Every turn of the river—every wooded glen—gave him materials for a picture of some sort, which on his return home were transferred to paper. It soon, however, became necessary that the youth should learn some calling. This was now felt by his friends to be imperative; and at his own earnest request young Bewick was, therefore, bound apprentice to Mr. Ralph Beilby, engraver, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; being fourteen years of age, active in habits, and manly in stature. In his master, the young artist was in some respects highly favoured, in others by no means so. Mr. Beilby was a very worthy man, of excellent disposition and character. As a tradesman, he was steady, industrious, and honourable. As a man, he was moral and very well-informed. Thus far the young artist could not have had a happier model than that afforded by his master. Here, however, these advantages stopped. Mr. Beilby, though a pains-taking engraver of such things as Newcastle offered to him, was as little of an artist as it was possible for a person of his profession to be. In fact, at that period, 1767, a Newcastle engraver was not called upon to be an "artist," in the modern acceptation of that general term. His graver was exercised altogether in cutting, in copper-plate, invoices for merchants, adorned, perhaps, with some little rough device; copy-heads for writing-masters; cards for professional men and others, and similar trifles which it is needless to name. To this line of engraving good Mr. Beilby was no doubt quite equal; but as an artist, properly so styled, his pretensions were small. Some of his little sketches in Indian-ink, and in colours, are in our possession. They only prove that, as a draughtsman or colourist, his talent was as little as can well be conceived. As an engraver, his efforts, we believe, never extended beyond the subjects we have indicated.

It is needless to say, that from his master, therefore, young Bewick could derive no lessons in art. Useful lessons in life—lessons invaluable in their way—he, no doubt, did receive and profit by, as he loved to acknowledge; but as an artist, it is quite safe to say, Thomas Bewick was self-taught. He was the nurse and fosterer of his own genius, and the maker of his own art. His wonderfully correct eye and fine natural taste were his only instructors. In plain truth, he was amongst artists precisely what Burns was amongst poets. The parallel, from the first, was, as far as genius is concerned, complete. Both were the sons of poor men. Both were born amidst picturesque and strongly marked natural scenery. Both had a plain and homely education. Both showed precocious talent, and gave early indications of that glorious, bright, and divine spirit which their Creator had vouchsafed them. The excellency of both lay in a close adherence to nature. Neither of them elaborated great or extensive poems or pictures. Burns was neither an epic poet nor dramatist. Bewick was never a painter, nor an engraver from the pictures of others. The genius of both resides in their sketches from nature; thrown off with that fire and *vraisemblance* which

true genius only imparts. In this both are unrivalled; and probably never will be rivalled. The long and short descriptive poems of Burns, and the sketches in the shape of "tail-pieces" by Bewick, may be set side by side. In some instances the stanza and the picture seem to be actually inspired by the same identical bit of scenery. Such scenery was never so given before, and, perhaps, never may be again. Further it is impossible to go. We must now, however, return to Bewick's earlier life.

His apprenticeship with Mr. Beilby was passed in a manner highly satisfactory to both master and scholar; the mere mechanism of the art of cutting on copper Bewick easily learnt; and having become a master of this portion of the engraver's craft, his inventive genius turned itself to the cultivation of the art of engraving on blocks of hard wood. It is not improbable that the cheapness of the material might be one of the motives which influenced his mind to turn to this pursuit. From early life a rigid and close economy was one of the leading features of his character, and it clung to him through the whole of his career. Never was Bewick known to throw away a shilling even when a comparatively wealthy man. It was about this time, he used to tell his friends, that he tried upon how small a sum he could contrive to exist—and he reduced himself to *two pence per diem* for provisions! This may hardly seem credible now-a-days; but the sceptical should reflect that during Bewick's apprenticeship the taxes of England had not reached nine millions a year; and that the squandering, borrowing, and funding system was, with the artist, only in the early years of its apprenticeship. Be this as it might, however, Bewick, whilst still an apprentice, was beginning to create the art of wood-engraving. This must not, however, be taken too literally. Some rude attempts at engraving on wood blocks had been made prior to Bewick's; but the results were contemptible; and the art was deemed, until he took it up, not worth pursuit. That he *made* the art is, therefore, strictly true, and quite undeniable; but in the rigid sense of the term he cannot be said to have invented it. The idea was another's; the execution his own.

In this happy and laudable way his apprenticeship was passed. Always attached to his parents and family, and loving the country of his youth, he often used, during the summer months, to walk up to Cherryburn, a distance of nearly fourteen miles, to see his parents when the Sunday, his only day of leisure, was fine. The best road was on the side of the water opposite to his father's habitation, and the young artist was obliged to trust to a ford in order to reach his parents' house. It sometimes happened, however, that he miscalculated the state of the river. In mountainous countries heavy spouts of rain often fall amongst the hills and suddenly swell the streams that rise there, whilst those who live near the river's mouth are unconscious of what is going on. Thus it is with the Tyne, the sources of which are amongst lofty hills, trodden only by a few shepherds, and inhabited by sheep or grouse. It often happened, therefore, that when Bewick arrived at the ford just below Cherryburn, "the waters were out," and the stream too deep and impetuous to be crossed. On such occasions he used to make signals; collect his friends at the other side, shout his inquiries and news across the impassable torrent, and then very contentedly walk back to Newcastle.

A young man of Bewick's amiable disposition, rigidly prudent habits, and great ability, could not but soon become a favourite with his master. This was accordingly the case. Mr. Beilby soon entertained a highly favourable opinion of his prudence and probity as well as great talent; and the result was a partnership between himself and Mr. Beilby, which was arranged soon after the expiration of his term of apprenticeship, about the year 1774. Bewick had by this time brought the art of wood-engraving to great perfection, and being now in a position to act for himself, he resolved to introduce it to the world, which he immediately and successfully accomplished.

In 1775, one of his earliest attempts at wood-engraving, "The Old Hound," was exhibited before the Society of Arts

and obtained a premium. In this attempt are to be traced some faint scintillations of his genius. The position of the huntsman's horse is spirited, and the drawing good—that is to say, what would he at that time so esteemed; but very inferior to his after performances. About this time Bewick went up to the metropolis, under what impressions is not very well known. It is probable he wished to try the ground there before his partnership with Mr. Beilby was finally settled and concluded. His ideas of arts and of artists in London, as acquired by this visit, seem to have been highly unfavourable. It does not appear that he complained of any want of attention; for his very earliest essays with the graver upon wood were universally admired, so unique was deemed the art and so intractable the material. The habits and manners of the metropolis were, however, the reverse of his own. His love for the manners and scenery of his native county, so different from those of the south of England, was intense to a degree almost ludicrous; and the result was such a distaste for metropolitan art, manners, customs, and habits, that when he afterwards published those works, by which he became known over Europe, he would not suffer them to be printed, nor the engravings to be struck off in London. Nay, so far did he carry this strange dislike to everything metropolitan, that when it was proposed to bring a pressman from London, accustomed to strike off engravings, he sternly answered, "Hold your tongues. No cockney shall touch my blocks!"—and in this resolve he was quite implacable and fixed.

As soon as his engagement with his partner, Mr. Beilby, was finally settled and brought to a conclusion, Bewick planned and executed the volume of the "History of Quadrupeds," by which his fame as the great wood-engraver was at once established. The literary portion of the book was mostly performed by Mr. Beilby, who, although no artist, was a man of some taste and some judgment, and not destitute of literary tact. The book was printed at Newcastle, by Solomon Hodgson, a man also of good ability, and a zealous friend and warm admirer of Bewick. Up to this time, such fame as Mr. Bewick had acquired rested altogether upon the novelty of engraving on the material he used. To cut fine lines on wood passed for a sort of half-miraculous achievement. But in this work, which was brought before the public in the year 1790, the wonderful life and correctness of Bewick's drawing were fully manifest. This was especially apparent in his cuts of the more domestic animals with which his eye was familiar. His cut of "The Chillingham Bull," a portrait of one of the breed of indigenous wild cattle still preserved at Chillingham Park, Northumberland, had excited much admiration some years before; but this drawing, good as it is, was eclipsed by that of many of his quadrupeds in the history now first published. The horses are, without exception, drawn and engraved with wonderful accuracy and life. So is the ass, and so are most of the dogs. The Spanish pointer, in particular, may be instanced as one of the finest portraits of this breed of setter ever achieved. It has been copied and recopied so often, that the public are now familiar with it; and as an animal portrait, it probably never was surpassed. In this volume the tail-pieces are inferior to those with which he afterwards adorned his two volumes of "British Land and Water Birds." He had not then fully found out the secret of his genius for sketching natural scenery. Here and there the volume unquestionably exhibits indications of his talent in this line; but they were comparatively faint, and are not prominent enough to be free from eclipse by the fine drawing and cutting of the animals with which the book is filled. The publication of this volume may be styled the commencement of the era of engraving on wood. The admiration it excited was universal. No arts of puffing, nor the usual manoeuvres of the craft of modern bookselling, were used; and assuredly none were needed. The sale of the volume, from the first steady, soon became rapid and great. A second edition was speedily needed; and others have continued to be published from time to time, so steady has been the admiration of the world of this work of genius. Bewick's reputation was not now confined to the North of England. It gradually became national; and

proposals were soon made him by London booksellers and publishers to adorn projected publications by an art now considered as strikingly beautiful as unique in character.

About this period Bewick married. His fortunes now permitted even a man of his prudent and reflecting habits to encounter the mixed cares and pleasures of a family. His habits were essentially domestic; and he had also with him his younger brother, John, who, sharing his brother's talent, had become the apprentice of Messrs. Beilby and Bewick. His constitution, however, eventually suffered from a town residence and the labour of engraving. His lungs became affected, and he died of consumption in the year 1796, after having, under his brother's able tuition, attained high excellence in his art. So distinguished was he, that, in 1795, his name was appended, with that of his brother, to illustrations on wood of Goldsmith's "Traveller," and "Deserted Village," and "The Hermit" of Parnell, published by Bulmer, who was noted in his day as printer. The combined beauty of the engravings and typography gave great popularity to these reprints. Amongst others, they attracted the curiosity of George the Third, who was in some degree a patron of the arts. On being told that the cuts were engraved upon blocks of wood, the king at once gave utterance to his disbelief of the statement. His Majesty was tolerably notorious for adherence to opinions or notions which he had once formed or imagined; and to his scepticism, as to these extraordinary works, he resolutely stuck, until the blocks were sent for his inspection, a process which even his prejudice could not resist. It does not appear that George the Third ever bestowed upon this self-taught artist, and maker of the art of wood-engraving, any favour or patronage. Royal patronage, however, Thomas Bewick never wanted; and had he wanted it, he was too proud to ask it; for his disposition was as independent as it was plain and manly. At all events, he never had it, and certainly never sought it. In 1796, the year of John Bewick's death, was published "The Chace," of Somerville, ornamented with engravings on wood by Thomas and John Bewick; after which, the name of Bewick became celebrated as the great improver and head of his art.

Between the years 1790 and 1797, Bewick had been strenuously labouring at that work which is perhaps his greatest, as it certainly is the most finished,—"The History of British Land-birds." This admirable volume was published in 1797. The drawing, execution, and portraiture (for *portraits* they are) of the birds are beyond all praise; and in the tail-pieces the artist has put forth the whole strength of his now matured genius. As sketches of real nature, some of them are almost unapproachable; and others to exquisite drawing unite the moral satire and humour of Hogarth. There is an amusing anecdote connected with this publication, which is very characteristic of the artist. When a joke and a bit of moral satire were united, to Bewick's mind they were irresistible; and on this occasion his love of lowering the false pride of human nature, conjoined with a jest, led him a little too far across the debateable line of decorum. His friends remonstrated, the printer remonstrated, and the publisher implored; but the sturdy artist was not to be moved. He insisted upon it that the whole was a piece of effeminate squeamishness, and that "the folks, as he expressed it, would have more sense!" For once, however, Bewick was deceived in his calculation of the *sans* of the public. As soon as the book was published, the outcry against the luckless tail-piece became too loud to be trifled with, and in the greater part of that impression the vignette in question is daubed over with Indian ink! In the succeeding editions the block was altered, and in some it is omitted, and another vignette substituted. The unqualified admiration which this volume excited secured the publication of a second; and after a long and persevering quest of specimens of some of the very rare birds which are there portrayed, the second volume of "The History of British Birds," containing the Water-birds, was published in 1804. It may safely be pronounced to be equal, though not superior, to its predecessor. The figures and characters of the aquatic fowls, especially of the gulls and ducks, are exquisitely given, and

the delicate pencilling of some of the plumage is beyond all praise. But amongst the most captivating things in this volume are some of the marine sketches, upon which Bewick has brought to bear all the delicacy as well as all the force of his talents, and which are in some respects unrivalled. Before this volume was ready for the press, Mr. Beilby, the worthy partner of the artist, had retired with a handsome independence from business; and, in the literary portion of the work, Bewick was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Coates, then the incumbent of Bedlington, a rural parish in Northumberland, not far from the coast. To the exertions of Mr. Coates and his friends the artist was indebted for various specimens of the rare aquatic fowls, with which the wilder portions of the

unnatural combinations of animal with animal, which the plan of the fable involves, spoils the *vraisemblance* of the whole, however beautiful the drawing. To depict a wolf conversing with a lamb; or a fox with a stork or a cat, includes so much that is unnatural, that, be the art what it may with which the scenes shall be depicted, the "*incredulous odi*" still steps in and spoils all. The consequence has been that this work, which, had it appeared early, would have made a reputation, is deemed inferior to the works on natural history, and is consequently much less known. Whether Bewick entertained a presentiment that this was to be his last published effort, it is impossible to say; but it may be interesting to some to be told, that the tail-piece at



MARTIN SCHOENGAUEL.

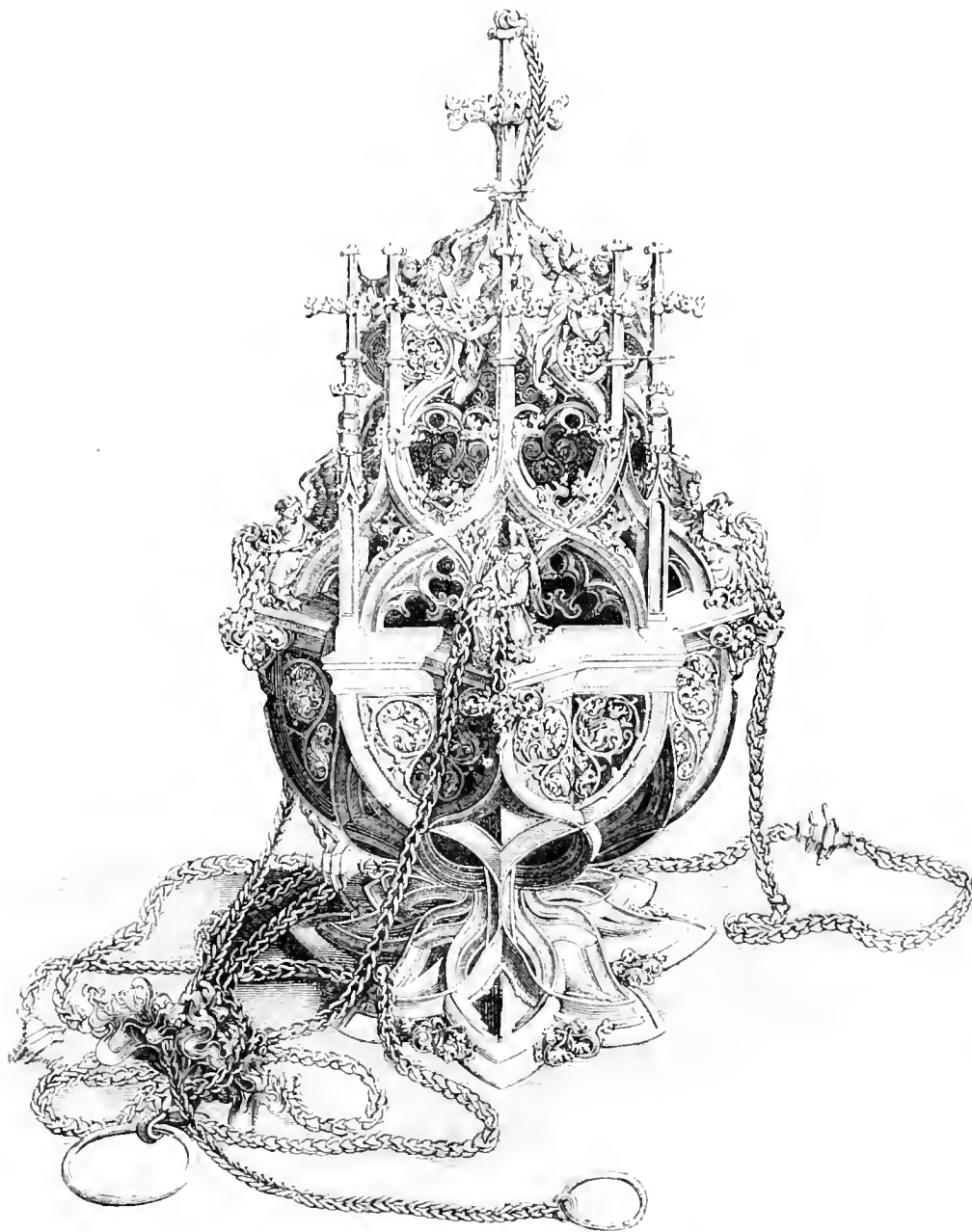
coasts of Northumberland and Durham abound. Many were obtained from the Fern Islands and the sands near Lindisfarne, and others from that rude coast which runs from Seaham, in the county of Durham, to the mouth of the Tees, increasing in boldness, till it ends in the enormous cliffs of Whitby and Scarborough in the north-east angle of Yorkshire.

This was Bewick's last great work. In 1818 were published "Select Fables of Æsop and others, embellished with woodcuts by Thomas Bewick;" a work which he had long contemplated, and which was a favourite with him to the last. Though admirably executed in many respects, candour will not permit it to be ranked with his "Land and Water Birds."

page 162 of the first edition bears the date of his mother's death; and that at page 176, of his father's. It is also a curious trait that the concluding vignette is a view of Ovingham church-yard, the burying-place of the Bewicks, through the open gates of which a funeral is in the act of passing. To those who knew Bewick personally, this final embellishment conveys touching recollections. Soon after the publication of his "Select Fables," Mr. Bewick planned and commenced a "History of British Fishes," which, however, although some progress was made, he did not live to finish. Some of the vignettes intended for this work have been published separately. They are mostly of exceeding beauty, and quite equal to the finest efforts of his earlier life. From

a boy, Mr. Bewick's constitution was in some respects delicate, and towards the middle of life he underwent more than one severe attack of illness, by one of which, in particular, his strength was reduced so low that existence might be said to hang upon a thread. The effects of this attack he never completely shook off, and for the last three or four years of his life, his decline was very visible. He himself was perfectly conscious of it; and used to nourish the hope that his son Robert, now also deceased, might finish that "History of

it was proposed to place in the extensive and fine library of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, an institution of which he was for many years a member. This was a matter of some tact and management. To persuade the artist to sojourn in London for the purpose of being modelled was a hope worse than forlorn. The land of Cockneydom he utterly disliked, and within its confines he would not enter. At length it was arranged that Mr. Bailey, the sculptor, should come down to Newcastle and



CIBICER OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. —DESIGNED BY MARTIN SCHOENGAUER.

Fishes" which he knew he could not live to execute. In this hope he has been deceived, the book, though much was done to it, being still quite incomplete.

Mr. Bewick, it has been already stated, always enjoyed the high respect of his fellow-townsmen, and was a favourite with all classes of society, to whom his simplicity of manners and great *bonhomie* were always welcome. About the year 1822, it was agreed, amongst several of his most intimate friends and zealous admirers, to procure a bust of him, which

make the model—which was done; and the bust, which is a perfect likeness, now adorns the library of the society. The modelling of this bust gave rise to more than one amusing and characteristic controversy, between the sculptor and engraver, which it was no easy matter to decide. Bailey, after the custom of his school, wanted to throw over the shoulders of his sitter a bit of drapery, which conventionally passes for a fold of a Roman toga, or Grecian tunic, as the case may be. The artist, however, strictly eschewed either toga or tunic.

He worked in a coat and waistcoat, he asserted, and walked about, and eat and drank in a coat and waistcoat; and in a coat and waistcoat he would be chiselled. Bewick had no idea of going down to posterity in masquerade; and to his resolve he accordingly stuck. The result is, that the marble exhibits not only the strongly lined and expressive features of the engraver, but also a portion of his coat and waistcoat, neckcloth, and carefully-ruffled shirt, in which he dressed for the occasion. Whether this may be "classical" we cannot say. We fear not. But, at all events, it was never denied that it improved the likeness; and that, we presume, cannot be construed into a fault by any metaphysical process whatsoever. To another of the engraver's demands, the sculptor, however, was compelled positively to demur. To the latest period of his life, Bewick's countenance retained very visible vestiges of the severity of the small-pox. Upon the principle which induced Cromwell to insist upon Walker, the portrait-painter, giving every wart as well as every feature of his face, Bewick insisted upon Bailey's essaying to put in some of "his beauty-spots," as he termed the pittings of the small-pox. To this requisition, however, the sculptor positively demurred; asserting that the marks of the small pox could not by any art be expressed in marble; and so the controversy ended, much to the discontent of the engraver, who was thus forced to impose upon posterity a smoother physiognomy than was really his property.

Bewick was now making some progress in cutting the blocks for the "History of Fishes," but in the midst of this work, his health began to decline. Through the year 1827 his strength gradually sunk, though his mental powers remained to the last, and in 1828, towards the summer, his state became quite hopeless, and gradually ended in death, for which he had long been prepared. His funeral, at his own request, was strictly private. He was buried in the church-yard of Ovingham, the burying-place of the family. The village stands close by the side of the River Tyne, on the north bank; and is a prominent object to travellers going westward by the railway from Newcastle-upon-Tyne into Cumberland. No lover of art can pass it without feeling the spot hallowed in his gaze, when told it contains all that was mortal of Thomas Bewick.

It now remains to say a few words as to the genius and works of this extraordinary man, whom the poet Wordsworth has designated as—

"The genius that dwells on the banks of the Tyne."

There exists amongst some persons a mistaken idea that the fame of Bewick rests, for the most part, upon the fact of his being the maker and father of the art of engraving on wood. This is a sad error. It is true, indeed, that the name of Thomas Bewick must always have a niche in the history of art as the creator of this line of art; but the charm of his works is quite distinct from this. We do not admire the wood-cuts of Bewick because they were the first, but because they are the best. Bewick's excellence is, in truth, more *pictorial* than as a mere engraver of pictures. He had a more correct eye for nature and her forms than, perhaps, any painter that ever lived; and it is for their wonderful spirit, life, and truth, that we admire his figures of animals, and sketches of landscape, and not because they happen to be engraved on wood and cut with a delicacy that is certainly wonderful, when the material is considered. In this faculty of fine cutting, Bewick was equalled, however, by some of his pupils. Some portions of his finest portraits of birds and most striking tail-pieces were executed by them after Bewick had drawn them upon the block. But this is mere nicety of hand; mere mechanical excellence. Many wood-engravers, since Bewick's death, have cut even more finely than their great predecessor in art; but where is the engraver on wood whose name stands beside that of Bewick? Nowhere. No. Because his real excellence lay less in his hand than in his mind. No man ever formed, perhaps, so full, lively, and correct an idea of that which he was to transfer to paper as did Bewick. Hence his figures of animals are portraits. We know a bird, drawn by him, by its air and physiognomy, just as easily as

by the pencilling of the feathers. Every species has its character in air and features. Thus we have the majestic eagle; the keen pitiless hawk; the airy lark; the pert, vulgar sparrow; the light, elegant snipe; the awkward, strong, lean, sailing heron; the swift bustard; the clean, harmless, happy-looking sea-gull; the fat, sleepy duck; the timid partridge; the insignificant wren; the vivacious, impudent magpie; in short, the whole diversity of character that the feathered tribes so wonderfully exhibit. In the same manner his landscapes always seem to be transcripts of real scenes; and no doubt many of them are so. Bewick would not assent to any unqualified assertion on this point; but his denial does not decide the matter. Of his strict veracity nobody doubted; but his memory of the most minute forms of things was so extensive, and his eye so wonderfully correct, that it is believed he drew portraits of natural scenery without being conscious of it. To those who know minutely the character of the scenery which is embodied in his exquisite vignettes, it is evident that all is a faithful transcript of nature. The shapes of the hills, the sweep of the moors, the character of the cliffs and stones, the features of the river scenery; and the composition of the rocks in his marine sketches, all unite to demonstrate this. In fact, Bewick's theory of art was to copy nature. Of all artists that ever lived, not one was ever so free from metaphysical fantasies. Bewick's reverence for the wisdom of the Creator was great and earnest. He loved nature, because it was to him, as it were, the handwriting of an omnipotent, all-wise, and all-benevolent master. Hence he dreamed of *improving* the works of Him who made the universe—the sea, earth, and skies, and "all that in them is." So humble are some people's conceptions of their sphere of action. Hence Bewick sketched what he saw; and that alone. He could love nature in her humblest guise. No need of holiday-time for him; and hence it happens that the simplest of his little landscapes often charm as deeply as his most elaborate transcripts of Northumberland scenery. The secret is in their verisimilitude. They are as the Creator made them. That is all; but surely that is enough.

There can be no doubt that Bewick's excellence in his walk of art was the result of his entire character, joined to a correctness of eye that was almost miraculous. His great love of locality was the prominent feature of his character. He carried it to an extent that to strangers seemed absurd and ludicrous. The scenery, the men, the women, the idiom, the music, of his beloved Northumberland were to him paramount. He was excessively fond of the old Scotch and Irish airs, as all persons of real musical feeling are; but the airs peculiar to Northumberland, which, with one or two exceptions, are really very inferior things, he preferred before them all. We have seen him sit for hours listening to the music of a blind minstrel and his boy, who used to perform these old airs admirably well; but the finest of Ireland's pathetic ditties, or the most spirit-stirring of Scotia's "pibrochs," could not move Bewick to such rapture as did the old Northumberland "Gathering Time," known popularly as "Bodies Abreast," when played on the Northumbrian pipes by his son Robert, who was a first-rate performer on the national instrument. This passion for everything Northumbrian gives his work character. All his scenery is the product of the district. The moors of Kielder, Millfield-plain and Flodden-field, the banks of Coquet, North Tyne, or Till, are all depicted in his vignettes. By those who know the district they are felt to be portraits; by all persons of taste they are felt to be nature unadorned.

Thomas Bewick was by nature very social, and loved to witness the amusements of young people. To sit at the head of the room, with an old friend or two, to see the young people dance, while his son Robert "screwed the pipes and garr'd them skirl," was a great delight to the artist. His admiration for his fair countrywomen used to break out; and he would exclaim, "There they go—queens of England!—queens of England!" They were undoubtedly so in his eyes. His conversation was, like his graver, strong, racy, and graphic. His general talent was great; and upon all questions he thought

the flow of the drapery—so peculiar, that it becomes almost harsh, but still so beautiful, so suggestive of deep and earnest thought, that they have not been inappropriately called poems. On a previous occasion* we presented a biographical sketch of this great man—this Crichton of art—and dwelt

such as representing the soldiers at the Crucifixion in the costume of the middle ages; but his Christian pictures were symbolical more than historical. Here is the picture of "The Prodigal Son." The artist has seized upon that part of the parable which forms the turning point in the prodigal's history. He



THE PRODIGAL SON. AFTER ALBERT DURER.

somewhat critically on his various productions; we now give another of his works, and it needs no comment. He was prolific in sacred subjects—the story of the evangelists enkindled his enthusiasm—what they described he portrayed. In some of these pieces he has been accused of anachronism,
* "Works of Eminent Masters," vol. i., p. 161.

has descended the last step of degradation, and the child of Abraham has lost all—his wealth and summer friends together—and the Jew feeds swine, and fain would fill his belly with the husks that the swine do eat. The broad, rough outline, the grouping, the expression, the tone of the whole is worthy of the high fame of the "evangelist of art."

JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.



The French are an amusing people. They are also a fickle people. One day they fancy a thing, and next week it has passed away like the baseless fabric of a vision, falling away



into the deep abyss of things forgotten, dead, perished. Look back but one century in their history. An ancient and effete monarchy is followed by an attempt at constitutional liberty,
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which is speedily succeeded by civil war and revolution, a short triumph of anarchy, a sham republic, an empire, monarchy once more, then an empire again for one hundred days, again the old monarchy, which was finally overthrown by a bastard kind of government, itself falling unresistingly beneath the indignation of society, and being succeeded by a republic, which, yielding to fraud and perjury, ends in an empire once more. In no other history can such a story be told of two generations of men, though many still live who have seen all we have outlined. A people who can submit to or perpetrate such eccentricities, must be a people *pur se, sui generis*, different from the rest of the world, and scarcely to be appreciated or judged by the same standard we should apply to the inhabitants of any other land.

In art and literature the French are as fickle as in politics. They do not steadily pursue the study of their authors as they arise; now enjoying the beauties of one, and then of another; luxuriating in the feeling and beauty of one style to-day, and in the stern power of a more masculine tone to-morrow. A Frenchman who admires one author will not read any other with pleasure; and we know one learned man of law, who, buried in his dry and musty octavos and quartos, never warms his imagination or suns himself in the smiles of light litera-

ture except in two books, the Confessions of Rousseau and Faublas. Other authors he is content to know through a book of elegant extracts. The nation is the same as the individual. It can only patronise one school at a time. Thus at one time all France is romantic, then classical, and then poetical. It happened on a given day that J. J. Rousseau set the whole nation into a phrenzy about nature, and everybody determined to be natural and admire nature. The Queen of France put on a straw hat, and dressed like a milkmaid; the cottages where Louis XVI. played the good *bailli*, and where the other princes assumed characters equally suited to them, are still to be seen in the gardens of the Trianon.

Nobody spoke in those days of anything but gardens and flowers. P. Lambert had just published his "Seasons," and Delille prated about flower-beds in Alexandrines as long as the alleys of his parks. The descriptive style became the rage; lyrics were greedily devoured; people contrived to read Gessner's "Pastorals," translated by the great Turgot himself, under the pseudonym of Huber. This phrensy of love of nature, which in a few was sincere and real, was quite factitious in others. It was during this particular era that Jean Baptiste Huet made himself known.

He was not the son of an architect, as M. Brunn Neergaardt tells us in the reprint of his speech delivered over the tomb of Huet, but of an armorial-bearing painter to the court, who lodged in the Louvre; and it was in the Louvre that Jean Baptiste Huet was born, on the 15th of October, 1745. He received his first lessons from Dagommer, who was a man of talent, and whose drawings exhibited great taste. It is probably to his connexion with this artist that we owe his style and peculiar subjects in painting. He also received advice and assistance from Boucher and Leprince, so that he learnt to paint the nude human figure, landscape, and several other styles, all of which will be found mixed up with his favourite subject—animals, he being another Cuyt and Wou-vernans in this particular.

The same difficulty meets us at the outset that we have alluded to in connexion with so many artists. Nothing is known of his early career, except a tradition that, like all young men of his day, he was exceedingly attached to the society of ladies, and was very learned in that code of politeness which was the cloak and screen to the detestable vices of the age. He retained this affable, courtly manner throughout life; and some of those who knew him are still left to speak of that exquisite perception of what is due from man to man, which belonged to some of the devotees of the old regime, and which Huet never departed from. But of his actual life we know nothing at all until the 29th of July, 1769, the year of his reception at the Academy. His reception picture was "A Family of Geese attacked by Dogs." The sketch is said by those who have seen it to be admirably effective. The dogs have entered a poultry-yard, where are congregated a whole flock of geese, protected from their enemies by a frail barrier, through which they thrust their beaks, and utter the celebrated cry which saved the capitol. The flurry and alarm of the nest is admirably rendered, with the scudding hither and thither of the little goslings. This simple and effective picture is one of the best Huet ever painted; in no other has he displayed so much life and energy, for in general he paints his animals in repose.

After his reception, Huet naturally enjoyed the right of exhibiting his pictures at the Academy; and he exercised his privilege with great constancy, generally, but not always, with success. As long as he confined himself to landscapes and animals, he was warmly praised, in days when, Diderot excepted, criticism on art was sober and cold. The remark was often made, with some justice, that his pictures were too clear, too brilliant, and his colouring rather too deep-toned to be natural; but his landscapes were allowed to be dashed off *de gout* (a phrase much used by the *Mercur* style in those days); his animals to be given with spirit and effect; and his heads to be painted with elevated expression; while the whole was harmonious, light, airy, and pleasing. Unfortunately, Jean Baptiste Huet was not quite so simple—or rather was

too simple—to stick to that style which was peculiarly his own. Having entered the Academy as an animal painter, he allowed himself to be dazzled by the success and example of his great fellow-associates, and, like them, he tried naked figures. It was at the time when Vien, to whom we shall allude in our life of David, began to suggest those reforms which were to be carried so far. Inspired with mighty ideas, good Huet determined to paint "Hercules and Omphale," and wishing to have the canvas commensurate with the dignity of the subject, he painted his hero much larger than nature, in a perfect state of nudity, by the side of a huge and rotund Cupid, to typify the subject on which he was addressing the queen. This attempt of the painter of "The Dog and Geese" was not very fortunate. At the sight of these colossal limbs, thus exposed to all Paris, the journalists were offended, the ladies were scandalised, and the successor of Bachaumont wrote a stinging page on the subject. Huet bowed his head, and returned to his sheep.

Here he was at home. In drawings, water-colours, painting in di-temper, oil-paintings, whatever his style, he excelled in doing full justice to the curly wool of the humble animal, to the soft eyes of the lamb, to the solemn physiognomy of the old ram. His sheep were living, bleating animals, and even Jacques Van der Does himself never did them more justice. It is greatly to the credit of Huet that he gave way to the opinion of the world, and confined himself resolutely to that department for which he was suited by his genuine tastes and habits. Too many men have striven to shine in branches for which they were not qualified, and have in general contrived to spoil themselves in even the one for which they were intended. Many a good artisan has been spoiled, it is said, in the endeavour to produce an artist; but many a good artist in a particular field has been ruined in the bold attempt to be universal.

But Huet having studied Rabelais' proverb, which tells us that "*Il faut revenir à ses moutons*," became celebrated, and was highly successful. If his pictures were a little imaginary in tone and deep in colouring, his drawings—the number of these was prodigious, chiefly on coloured paper—were perfect, perfectly charming indeed from the extreme correctness, the detailed minuteness of the thing represented; and then from the grace of the pencilling, and the admirable and successful mode adopted by him of using white, which was always brought in *apropos*—here under the humid eyes of a sheep, there on the nose of a goat, or on his white paw, or upon the creases of the horns, or the white wool. In this, like Demarne, the power of Huet was universal when animals were concerned. He was as successful with the beasts that roam through the meadow and pasture land, as with the cackling geese and crowing cock of the farm-yard, and equally so with the wild and savage inhabitants of a menagerie. Above all he drew them admirably. His drawings, even by experienced amateurs, have been mistaken for those of Gericault, when he painted the roaring lions of the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris—so admirably did he portray their character, masculine fury, and majestic air. Huet, like Karel Dujardin, had a peculiar affection for the humble and ill-used ass. He was equally successful in painting this tribe, as he was in rendering the woolly flock. They lived, moved, and breathed, as it were, on the canvas. In fact, it is said that, in a picture exhibited in 1775, "The Holy Family and the Shepherds," the superiority of the animals to the human figure was so marked that the critics smiled. And well they might, when there was really justice in saying that the importance given to the animals threw the Holy Family into the shade. The more admirable his animals in this picture, the more he was blamed. He was even accused of having given to an ass a wise expression of countenance truly ludicrous. For a painter to have wit is one thing—it is another to lend a portion of that attribute to a donkey.

But despite errors and omissions, Huet took his rank among the most celebrated artists of the day. His expressive copper-plates, full of taste and picturesqueness, pretty engravings taken from his animals, his landscapes, and his pencillings, executed by Demarteau in *fac-simile*, made him popular all over France.

At the Revolution of 1789, Huet was captain of the *milice bourgeoise* (now the national guard) of Sevres. The proof of this fact is found in the body of a document emanating from the President of the National Assembly, and signed Le Chapelier and Duke de Villequier, under the date of the 12th August.

The French Revolution, with all its errors and its crimes, natural and inevitable result of long ages of misgovernment, of ignorance, and infidelity, itself a natural result of blind Romanism and open vice in the priesthood—gave birth to deeds of heroic and Roman virtue. The mass of those who fought on the frontiers, of those who enrolled themselves to go and fight their enemies without thought of pay, were actuated by the purest ideas of patriotism. They hoped for better things from the Revolution, and they were not deceived; they saw a glimpse of liberty, and they went forth to combat for that liberty. Apart from the fearful contest between a worn-out oligarchy and a fierce and untamed democracy, bursting from abject Roman slavery into the cauldron of liberty that seethed and boiled around them, until it had swallowed up those who had lit the fire, the aspect of France was really heroic. Fourteen armies sprang from the ranks of the peasantry and artisans to go and combat the trained bands of the despotisms of Europe. Huet, married to a Mademoiselle Chevalier, had three sons, all of whom he had brought up in the sentiments and feelings of the hour. He had educated them as artists and citizens. In 1792, at the time when Prussia and Austria invaded the frontiers of France, when one long and tremendous cry went forth, "The country is in danger!" the three sons of Huet desired to enlist in the Seine-et-Oise battalion which was being formed at Sevres. But educated in ideas of obedience, of respect, accustomed to do nothing without the consent of their father, they scarcely dared to communicate their idea to him for fear of displeasing him. Bold before the idea of battle, they hesitated and trembled at the bare thought of avowing their glorious desire to their father. They ranged themselves in a line at last, the eldest at their head, and away they went to their father's workshop, a place they generally visited only during his absence. After some hesitation, the eldest son explained, that he and his brothers, having learnt the dangers of their country, had made up their minds to engage in a battalion of republican volunteers.

"My children," said Huet, embracing them, "I am delighted to find that this idea has come spontaneously from you, and that I have only to approve it."

"We will then at once go and enrol ourselves," replied the delighted eldest son.

"Go, my sons, and the blessings of your old father go with you."

They went and joined the regiment, and all three did credit to their name. They fought at Jemmapes; and one of them, the youngest, Jean Baptiste, who afterwards was an engraver, and who still lives, had his arm broken. As he had distinguished himself very much in a most terrible skirmish, in which many officers had perished, he was proposed as captain. But his two brothers served in the same regiment as himself, and he refused to be a captain when his eldest brother was but a lieutenant.

Jean Baptiste Huet, the father, painted much in water-colours and in distemper. This habit arose, probably, from his being employed to design for manufactories. M. Overkampf, being director of the manufactory of Jouy, was continually pressing him for cotton-print designs. Those who have travelled much on the continent, and put up in little inns in France, Belgium, and Germany—places where you obtain as good entertainment as in Russia and Turkey—have probably remarked dining rooms covered with tinted paper, representing a particular subject, and bed-rooms with curtains of cloth of Jouy. Estelle and Nemorin, with their shepherd's crook tied by ribbons; the story of Tom Thumb; and the popular legend of Genevieve of Brabant, were the ordinary subjects of these humble domestic tapestries. Divided into marked and touching episodes, these *naïfs histoires* are repeated all round the aloeve, alternating with symbolical ornaments. Sometimes

two ill-sewn breadths bring the end of the story before the beginning; and the traveller must often, in the morning, while debating with himself the relative merits of early rising and sloth, have been amused by the sight of these popular decorations. Under the Directory and the Empire, the cloths of Jouy became mythological. Greek and Roman early history, metamorphosed, took the place of fairy tales, romances, and legends. The shepherds of Theocrites were substituted for those of Florian. What gods and goddesses, what fawns and satyrs, what heroes and fair beauties, have we not seen on the walls of French, Swiss, and Italian inns! The Swiss even beat the others in their crude and often somewhat coarse simplicity. It was about this time that Jean Baptiste Huet sketched and composed those drawings, which, printed on the cottons of M. Overkampf, rejoiced the grandmothers of the present continental generation, and which still amuse the traveller who takes up his quarters for one night at St. Flour. There are extant, from the hand of Jean Baptiste Huet, pen-and-ink sketches of great power, evidently intended for Jouy; these drawings, something between the styles of Gerard and Prud'hon, represent the adventures of Psyché, in little pictures separated by emblems, flowers, and garlands.

Huet has often been reproached with the extreme inconsistency of his painting, which, in fact, wants solidity and depth. This arises from the fact that he painted so much in water-colours and distemper. To quote an instance. "The Wolf pierced by a Lance," which he exhibited in the *salon* of 1771, was painted by this process, like a theatrical scene, so that the owner of the picture very nearly destroyed it by trying to unvarnish it. Luckily, he was warned in time by one of the sons of the painter. This wolf, which is the size of life, with a background of landscape, and a foreground of large plants, is one of the most important works of Huet. But as he could not very well have a live wolf in his studio, he suspended the dead body of one of these animals by cords, and inspired himself in presence of his inflamed and yawning mouth and fierce sparkling eyes. It is precisely this head which is the most successful part of the picture, both in touch and expression. The skin, too, is boldly rendered, and the variegated and spotted effects, the hair lying down or standing on end, are all faithfully depicted. The whole body of the wolf betrays somewhat of the awkward hanging position in which the wolf was placed in the *atelier*. The critics of the hour judged the execution of Huet from this piece, and, therefore, did not do him justice, as they did not appear to remark that it had the necessary defects of distemper and water-colours, and was not painted in oil. To form an idea of Huet's manner in this style of painting, the amateur must see "The Two Sheep," in the possession of M. Langlois, bookseller and publisher in Paris. It is the finest production of the master; and we use the word "master" in its highest acceptance. It is very rare for painters to represent animals the size of nature. Roos and Paul Potter have done it several times, and not with any great propriety. This is a matter on which there has been a great deal of discussion, but the arguments are rather against the system, in our opinion, than in favour of it. It appears to be a received opinion, that such an act is artistic heresy, and is justified neither by the attempt to produce illusion—which is not the object of high art—nor by the position of these animals in the creation. A small picture on the usual easel produces quite as much effect as a vast canvas, with this advantage, that we are awakened to the recollection of the pleasing harmonies of nature and its many charms, without being compelled to be too exacting in our imitation of the reality. Our good old Huet, then, was wrong to take a six-foot canvas to paint a ram and lamb; but, on the other hand, he has thrown into the subject all his energy and talent, all his brilliant colours, his most delicate touch. He executed this picture after nature in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in the year of the Republic VIII. (1801). The ram is magnificent; it breathes, it stands before us, as it were, alive; the lamb, lying down in the foreground, projects its head as it were from the canvas—as the French poet has it—

"Et d'un air indolent rumine sa pâture."

A knotty and gnarled trunk, a tall thistle, some mallow leaves on the left; on the right, a strawberry bush and willows, complete this charming composition, where the accessories, though rendered with power and accuracy, still allow the sheep and their soft wool to hold the most prominent position; the whole warmed by a golden ray of sunshine. This is, beyond all doubt, the masterpiece of Jean Baptiste Huet; and we were about to say, "Who will credit it?" when we recollected that anything may be said of favour-appointed directors of art. Nicolas Huet, painter of the Museum of Natural History, knowing that there was no work of his father in the Louvre, in that palace where he was born, offered this picture to M. de Forbin, then at the head of affairs, for nothing. He never received any reply. How often has it been matter of deep regret that no real discriminating and genuine artist should ever, except on rare occasions, be appointed to such posts.

We have already alluded to the name of Prud'hon, and we

self to be ruined by the extravagance of his wife, and was compelled to sell his property and retire to an humble lodging, Rue Hautefeuille, No. 13. There he died, on the 27th of August, 1811.

The sons of Huet, we have said, were all three artists. The eldest son, who took the name of Villiers Huet, was a very able miniature painter. He even successfully contended with Isabey; but this latter having a name and connexion, Huet came over to England. In this country Huet—Villiers Huet, the republican volunteer of 1789 and 1793—was, strange to say, the delight of the court and aristocracy. He published in London, at Ackerman's, in 1806, some landscapes and animals, under the title of "Rudiments of Trees, Rudiments of Cattle, drawn and engraved by Villiers Huet." Miniature, it will be seen, did not prevent him from being, like his father, a landscape-painter and engraver. The second son of Huet—Nicolas, born in 1770—was appointed painter to the Museum of Natural History in the month of October, 1804. He there



A LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES OF ANIMALS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

may add that he was not without his influence on Jean Baptiste Huet, whose intimate friend he was. He often visited him at Villiers-sur-Orge, where he had a pretty country-house and considerable property. Often, during the warm summer season, Mademoiselle Mayer came and passed whole months at Huet's; and Prud'hon, who had always brushes or pencils in his hand, never failed to leave behind him some of those admirable sketches on blue paper, which were the offspring of the leisure hours of his genius. The little circle of friends collected at Villiers was composed of artists and a few persons of rank and celebrity: the President Eymard; the architect Demarteau, nephew of the celebrated engraver in imitation of pencil-drawings; M. Legrand, an ingenious and clever engraver, who could also write the letter-press to accompany his plates; the brothers Constantin, painters and picture-dealers; M. Prevost, and M. Florent Prevost, chief of the zoological department of the Museum of Natural History, to whom we owe the recollection of these happy days. Married a second time to Mademoiselle Navacant, Huet suffered him-

produced, with exquisite and unrivalled finish, two hundred and forty-six paintings of mammalia, birds, insects, reptiles, crustacea, mollusca, and zoophytes. Whole days might well be passed following with the eye the infinite delicacy of these learned pictures, where the genius of the artist is displayed with a faithful power of depiction, equal to that of a Chinese tailor. The admirable, the "adorable" finish, as Crepin says, with which are reproduced, for the delight of the naturalist, those birds with their rich plumage of green, and orange, and citron, indigo, and carmine; those insects which dwell in flowers, and show now burnished gold, now polished steel on emerald ground, now azure tones on a golden ground; those dazzling beetles with their metallic green backs, coppery edges, and burnished steel spots; and those warm and luminous flies, which the savages of certain lands attach to their moeccassins to light them at night, are all equally well depicted.

We often wonder at the exquisite fineness of the brush, which can succeed in conveying to the eye such microscopic

details, which can let you see the antennæ, whether jagged or square, and which can enter into the minutiae of the smallest insect with a truth-like power which belongs to genius alone. It is a truth worth noting, that on the continent, since the days when Gaston d'Orleans first thought of having a painter in ordinary (Robert) for the finest flowers and the most curious plants of his garden at Blois, this kind of painting has reached its last perfection; thanks to the Redoutés, the Marechals, the Huets, and the Spaendoncks.

The third son of Huet—Jean Baptiste, the one who had his arm broken on the field of battle—was nevertheless an artist. He engraved with his left hand plates of animals, after his father, in a heavy, sleepy, and unsuccessful manner. A gallant man, a brave soldier, a good son, an affectionate brother, he was an inferior artist.

To return to Huet the father. He has left a name in the history of art, and he has richly deserved a place among the artists of the French school, of whom we shall speak more

which may be seen near towns, that familiar kind of landscape which awoke the muse of Delille and Thompson. He even invades the province of Berquin, from whom he appears to have taken his little farmers and their pretty mother, and many other scenes of that well-known children's friend. Huet began with Boucher and Leprince; he finished with David and Prud'hon. But at both the beginning and end of his career he always preserved a certain physiognomy, and the connoisseur, far off as his picture may be, will always cry, "That is a Huet."

Certain artists should certainly illustrate certain poets. Huet would not convey to the mind the grander conceptions of Milton or Shakspeare, but he would admirably render many scenes in Spenser, Crabbe, or Keats. How he would have illustrated such a scene as this:—

"Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers, catching at all things,



THE MILKWOMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUET.

fully in our life of David. Huet has been reproached with too much memory; but when even he did recollect the ideas of others, he contrived to invest them with his own particular style. Sometimes he steals a horse from Wouvermans; sometimes he goes back to Van der Does and Karel Dujardin, without forgetting Demarne. Huet followed, too, all the variations of Parisian life; he reflected all the ideas of his time. Though a townsman, he loved nature; he painted it in picturesque disorder, with its somewhat familiar phases most prominent; old bridges, stiles, gates, farm-yards—all these are freely scattered through his pictures. His shepherdesses have a little too much of the antique profile, and look as if they sprang from an idyl of Theocritus, and were called Amyntas or Palemon by name. With the exception of these somewhat classic figures, which we are surprised to find in a stable beside a milk-cow, his works are impregnated with the spirit of nature—not with the grand and sublime poetry of the vast scenery of the world—not that nature which inspired Ruysdael—but that soft, living, sweet, poetic nature

To bind them all about with tiny rings,
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently nature's gentle doings.
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings,
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging willows—blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass,
Why, you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds:
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Temper'd with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand!
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;

But turn your eye, and they are there again.
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses;
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live:
 So keeping up an interchange of favours,
 Like good men in the truth of their behaviours.
 Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
 From low-hung branches: little space they stop;
 But sip and twitter, and their feathers sleek;
 Then off' at once, as in a wanton freak.
 Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.
 Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
 That naught less sweet might call my thoughts away,
 Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
 Fanning away the dandelion's down;
 Than the light music of her nimble toes
 Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
 How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
 Playing in all her innocence of thought."

Here Huet would have been at home. We may judge this from those we have given. Examine the little opening scene (p. 277), the girl, the boy, the dog, and the sheep in the background, and then the milk-woman. This is an admirable production. The cow is of itself a picture. The quiet resigned physiognomy of the animal is truly and appropriately rendered, while the woman, the child rubbing its eye, the boy holding out his jar for milk, are all real, and seem to start from the canvas. Examine every detail of the scene, and the sharp, observant character of the man will be seen. The disorder is genuine, not studied; the position and look of the dog admirable; the cock, what our American brethren would call a genuine rooster. The overhanging tree is finished with great care. The colouring of the original picture is somewhat too brilliant, but it is not carried to an offensive extent. The shepherd keeping the flock is superior as a picture. The cattle to the left, the cow and the sheep, both are painted with all the vigour of outline and correctness of colour which Huet always gave to this part of the brute creation. The boy leaning over the cow to speak to the woman who is seated on the ground, is a careless effect of genius quite poetical. The dog, which appears to be watching the birds of the air, is an excellent feature in the landscape, which, whether we examine the finish of the trees and foliage, the truthful representation of the donkey, or the elaborate foreground, is extreme in its excellence. It is one of his later pictures, bearing date 1800. "The Landscape with figures of Animals" (p. 276) is remarkable from the peculiar effect of the cattle, one of which, standing on the summit of a rock, gazes with solemn attention at the scene below. It is admirable both in finish and detail.

Huet was very laborious, and his drawings were at one time easily found. They are now rare, though not expensive. The following is the list of his pictures, all displayed at the exhibition.

1769.—"Dogs attacking Geese," "A Caravan," "A Fox in a Fowl-house," "Rare Birds," "A common Oven at Marly," "A Milk-woman," two paintings of "Flowers in Vases," "A Moonlight," "A Little Dog," "Scene with Animals," "A Partridge," "Lion Hunting," "An Angel announcing the Coming of the Saviour;" several drawings and sketches.

1771.—"A Wolf stabbed by a Spear," "A Hunter's Halt," "The Farmer's Wife," two "Scenes," "A Caravan," several drawings.

1773.—"A Vase of Flowers," "Flowers and Fruits" (eight inches by five), "Europe," "Asia," "The Farm," "Solitude," "Fidelity tearing off the Bandage from Love's Eyes," "Morning," "Midday," "Afternoon," "Evening."

1775.—"The Holy Family with the Shepherds," "A Farm Yard," "Morning," "Midday," "Fishing," "The Farmer's Wife," "The Market," "The Return from Market" (p. 280), "Rest," "Solitude."

1777.—"A Market," "Morning," "Evening" (four inches high, two feet eight inches long), "Landscape, with figures

and animals," "Pastoral," "Pastoral Trophy," "Portrait of a Lady and her Daughter," "A Woman feeding Fowls," &c.

1779.—"Hercules and Queen Omphale" (ten feet by eight).

1781.—"A Lady and her Son," "Landscape, with figures and animals."

1785.—Some landscapes.

1787.—"Figures and Animals," "A Woman and Child playing with a Dog," "The Pond of Ronce," "Walls and Fort of the ancient city of Melle," "Market for Animals," "Birth of the Messiah," "Pastoral Scene."

1800.—"Two Sheep," "Washerwomen at a Pond," "An Oven at Bongival," "A Shepherd keeping his Flock."

1801.—"Two young Bulls in a Stable," "A Cow and two Calves," "A Cow and Calf," "A Donkey with Sacks."

1802.—"A Lion, Lioness and Young."

Huet was a very successful engraver, and it is chiefly by his engravings that he is known in this country, where few of his pictures have penetrated, as far as we have been able to learn.

Huet
 J. B. Huet . 1779 .

A RECOVERED ORIGINAL PICTURE BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

IX October, 1844, Vincent Botti, a painter and restorer of old oil-paintings at Florence, purchased of a broker of that town a picture, which had been daubed over by some unskilled hand in a most unjustifiable manner, for the purpose of veiling the nudity of the figure. The experienced restorer quickly apprehended that here, as in other cases, a masterpiece might be concealed behind this coarse daubing. Following out this idea, he proceeded with great care to free the picture from all incongruous touches; and, before long, he had the gratification of seeing a female figure of wondrous beauty, which he immediately recognised as one of the finest of Michael Angelo's creations, coming out, in all its pristine freshness, from beneath the covering which had so injudiciously been thrown over it.

The picture consists of a single figure, half the size of life, and represents the Goddess of Fortune sitting, with extended wings, upon a wheel, naked to the middle, the lower part of the figure being wrapped in the folds of a rose-coloured drapery. She rolls onward, her countenance expressive of unconcern and perfect ease. Her head inclines slightly towards the right shoulder; she stretches out her arms, and her hands scatter on the right a sceptre, crown, and laurel-wreath, on the left thorns and arrow-heads. The front of the goddess is surrounded by a bright radiance, which gradually deepens into black. It is said that Michael Angelo zealously studied Dante's poems, and more than one of his works embody thoughts of the celebrated singer: it was this fact which procured him the title of the Dante among the painters. The figure of Fortune is the expression of some lines in the seventh canto of the "Inferno," where it is said:—

"And she it is, on whose devoted head
 Are heaped such vile reproach and calumny
 By those whose praise she rather merited.
 But she is blest, and hears not what they say;
 With other primal beings, joyously
 She rolls her sphere, exulting on her way."

And truly the head, which is of enchanting beauty, is expressive of the most blissful ease and equanimity with which she looks down upon human things, evil as well as good. In all Michael Angelo's pictures it is manifest that the hand of a sculptor guides the brush. In the creations of this master-spirit, you feel the power of genius, and recognise a deep knowledge of the laws of anatomy; but in the figure of Fortune the painter has, with far-seeing delicacy, modified

his usual superabundance of strength, in order to preserve the delicate form becoming the young and graceful goddess.

In order to establish the authenticity of this discovery, it was necessary to have recourse to strict and careful comparison. "The Holy Family," by the same master, which is to be found in the gallery of Florence, and the genuineness of which is not questioned, afforded an opportunity. This comparison has resulted decidedly in favour of Signor Botti's discovery, a systematic and conscientious examination having shown that both these pictures are painted on boards of the same wood, prepared by the same process—that is, covered with a thin coating of white, and painted in water-colours, over which is laid a coat of oil, known by the name of oil of Albezzo, which fixes the colours, and imparts to the figure what we call *mezzo tempera*. Lastly, the whole is washed

over with a varnish, which gives it the appearance of an oil-painting. The wings of "Fortune" evidently show that the newly-discovered picture is painted by the process just described. Moreover, the same connoisseurs and artists have unanimously recognised an entire similarity of treatment in the "Fortune" and "The Holy Family;" for both these pictures, painted by the same process, exhibit the same treatment of light and shadow, the same colouring and disposition of the draperies, and, what is still more interesting, the same purity and perfection of drawing.

After the authenticity of the picture had thus been established, the discoverer publicly exhibited it in the Bartolomei Palace, at Florence. We understand that Signor Botti intends to make a tour, with his fortunate discovery, through the principal towns of Europe, first visiting Paris.

CORNELIUS BEGA.

Our readers already know Adrian Van Ostade. Cornelius Bega is a corrected edition of that artist; but there are many who prefer the original with all his errors. A profoundly original artist, reaching the domain of art by a purely individual road, never fails to make proselytes. Those masters who have imitated no one are always those who are most imitated themselves. Adrian Van Ostade had a school which gave to the world many charming painters: his own brother Isaac first, then Cornelius Dusart, Antony Goebauw, Michel de Musscher, and Cornelius Bega. Bega and Dusart were those who were best able to seize the artist's manner, and to reproduce his ideas most faithfully; but Bega, a more disguised imitator than Dusart, brought to his work a wit, an elegance, and a correctness, which were exceedingly remarkable. If we examine the pictures and engravings of Bega, without knowing the ground he works upon, we may well expect our readers to be surprised when we speak of elegance with regard to those peasants, cut, as it were, out of a log with a scythe—those illuminated clowns, humpbacked, short and fat, who, being out of all true human proportions, form a nation of caricatures. And yet, if we place Bega by the side of Van Ostade, we recognise that the latter has approached the truth and sublimity of ugliness, that he has taken his people seriously and has illustrated them seriously; while the former, less devoted to the worship of deformity, has loved to civilise his models, and has given them a coarse delicacy which is not in the master, and which is not either found in nature.

This excepted, Bega is a good painter, an excellent engraver, and altogether an agreeable artist, much sought after by amateurs, and well worthy a place in our gallery of distinguished painters, in the same way that he has figured in all the most celebrated cabinets of Europe, beside, or rather a little below, Van Ostade. Unfortunately we know little about him, and in fact scarcely anything at all, save the history of his death which, say some biographers, is a glorious leaf in his biographical sketch. The date of his birth is supposed to be 1620. His mother, Maria Cornelisz, was daughter to the painter Cornelius Cornelisz, so well known under the name of Cornelius Van Harlem; his father was a sculptor in wood, and was called Begyn; but young Cornelius, being as dissipated as he was clever, was driven from the paternal home, and took the name of Bega instead of Begyn, determined not to bear the name of a parent who thus treated him, and desirous of making his own illustrious. Thus speaks the illustrious Houbraken. Deschamps, on the contrary, says that Bega changed his name to oblige his father, and that he really did oblige him by so doing. It would have been better to have changed his conduct, says the solemn writer.

However this may be, Cornelius Bega, no longer Begyn, was received into the *atelier* of Van Ostade, and felt the influence of this master, just as he would have felt the influence of any other. He was of a timid, supple, and easily-managed character. His two passions, woman and art, utterly absorbed him. In gallantry he was wildly reckless; in painting he was always led away by ambition. That our readers

may at once understand his character, we may as well relate the circumstances of his death. In 1664, a woman he passionately loved was attacked with the plague. The painter, despite all warnings, went to see his mistress, and nursed her with the utmost care. When her last moment was announced to be at hand, he came to press on her forehead one last kiss of affection. But now the doctors and the mother of the young artist kept him by force away from the bed. Bega, unable to approach her, took a long stick, one end of which he gave to his mistress; she kissed it three times with her dying lips, and he, on the other hand, in his wild despair, sent his three mad kisses in the same way. Houbraken, who gives all these details, adds that Bega, under the influence of such an adieu, and overwhelmed by the grief he experienced, was himself attacked by the plague, and died a few days after, in the same year, 1664, aged only forty-four years.

In the work-shop of Cornelius Bega we shall find all the models of Van Ostade; but his peasants are less grossly vulgar, and more jolly, than those of the master. They have the kind of free and easy manner, in which the serious good humour of Van Ostade is replaced by an air of drunken joviality and independence. The women even have a way of walking and standing which makes possible beings of them, beings in human form, not squat and heavy Esquimaux rolling in fat and blubber. Perhaps, too, they appear a little less gross by the contrast they present with the rusties, who are still stumpy and ugly, despite all the intentions of the artist, and the refinement he tries to adorn them with. The hands of the women of Ostade are like mallets; in the pictures of Bega the women have hands somewhat human in shape, their profile is not so heavy, and their general outline is easy to distinguish, even under their heavy, flapping clothes.

The power of art is great indeed. We may say that the models of Bega are ignoble, like those of Van Ostade; that the study of ugliness brings forth disgusting results, and nothing more; that there is nothing elevating in the sight of tap-rooms, where drunken clodhoppers clutch their glasses with one hand, and chuck the fat dame of the house under the chin with the other. We know that all this is neither edifying nor graceful. And yet, because the Dutch master has succeeded in combining the two elements of art, *chiaroscuro* and touch, because he has found an expression in the grimace of his drinkers, because he has caught it and rendered it with great feeling, he has succeeded in pleasing amateurs, and has earned the privilege of charming mankind, as long as there shall be men fond of truth in art, that is to say, partial to that happy mixture of falsehood which art allows to be affixed to the true in nature to produce the ideal.

A very great man in his day, but one utterly forgotten now, once stood before a Bega, and a Bega representing a collection of peasants and their women in a pot-house. "Would it be possible to cajole such matrons? to make that delicate, poetical, ideal thing called love, glide into the ears of such female *towns* (beggars of the Lesage school, who take without asking, to read it in their bleared eyes, to have it

spoken by those mouths split from ear to ear? I cannot believe it." "Doubtless," replied the owner of the Bega; "but if these paintings had no truth, no value; if the extreme vulgarity of the subject were not elevated by the dignity natural to everything human; if some of the effects of the mere art were not beautiful, it would be difficult to under-

rose-tinted room, with a hot-house atmosphere of exotics, and odours from the sweet south. Such language was, of course, natural to them. The spectacle of men and women drinking in a pot-house is not ennobling or brilliant; but it was not to the drinking only that they alluded. It is time that these degrading views of human nature should be exploded. The



THE RETURN FROM MARKET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN BAPTISTE HUIL.

stand how for two centuries the choicest amateurs have admired such works, and introduced them in the galleries of Choiseul and La Vallière, in those of the Prince of Conti and the Prince of Hesse."

The speakers were French noblemen—gentlemen who understood only love in a boudoir with satin curtains, in a

kid-gloved diplomatist saw before him men and women who were sufficiently debased and immoral to be poor, to be coarse from exposure and hard work, to want that delicacy of outline which hot-house rearing gives; and therefore they could not love. If the passions and feelings of the ex-ambassador, and those of the poor clodhopper, could have been analysed, we

have little hesitation in anticipating the result. The lower orders, the working millions, are capable of pure affection, of devoted love—aye, and of devotion and affection and love for those whose beauty has faded, who have been rendered ugly by toil and suffering—even to a higher extent than any other class, their homes being all they have. It is the drunken poor only who ill-use their mates. In every country in the world where Christianity and civilisation have penetrated, the

"D'un pinceau délicat l'artifice agréable."

Du plus affreux objet fait un objet aimable."

Cornelius Bega precisely possessed that delicacy of touch, that "agreeable artifice," which enabled him to make up for the triviality of the subjects he had studied with Van Ostade by the power of his talent. Bega possessed, as we have already said, two qualities essential to a great master—*chiaroscuro* and touch; and he used them ably to render his thoughts, or



DANCE AT AN INN.—FROM A PAINTING BY BEGA.

industrious and sober poor are some of the best of its citizens. A man may be ugly as sin, poor, wretched, ignorant, and yet feel and inspire pure and delicate affection; a man may wear kid gloves, and be as gay as a peacock, and have no feeling deeper than words. When men sneer and condemn the poor and ill-favoured, be sure that the Bible is not in their library.

To return to Bega. Boileau, whom the French place very high as a critic, and who, though not the genius they consider him, was yet a very clever man, says, speaking of Dutch art—

rather his feelings and sentiment, which were very acute. He understood thoroughly the effect of a composition; he knew well the effect of light and shade, and their due proportion, and the repose required in a painting and an engraving. He knew how to bring out his little personages upon simple backgrounds, to detach them from each other, less by the essential differences of tones than by the play of light and *chiaroscuro*. A figure treated in demi-tint, or cast frankly in the shade, supports the figure that is lighted up so brightly—

a kind of link between the different parts. The art of lighting up a picture was the distinctive talent of Cornelius Bega. We have seen "Interiors" of this master rival, in harmony and brilliance of effect, the finest works of Adrian; and we may particularly quote those which figure at Amsterdam, in the celebrated collections of Smeth and Van Leyden, as well as those which were scattered by the Laperrière sale in 1817. In general, Bega is very sober in details, unless he undertakes to paint the studio of an alchemist; for then the subject allows a great quantity of utensils, of Bohemian glasses, of Leyden bottles, of furnaces, of stills of various dimensions, vases in every shape, vials of all colours; all, in fact, that we suppose would be found in the laboratory of a learned man seeking the philosophical stone, without reckoning papers covered by equations and cabalistic figures. Cornelius Bega, however, even in his "Alchemists," has never failed in harmony, that is to say, in producing a harmonious whole, making the smaller lights give way to the larger, bringing in here a bit and there a bit, and strengthening the whole by bold floods of shadow.

We must allow that in touch Bega is inferior to his master. Sometimes his painting is dry and hollow; one would fancy it was unfinished; but if it has not the soft firmness, the roundness of Ostade, it is still pleasing and agreeable. His picture in the Louvre is not one of his best. His "Dance at an Inn" at Dresden is full of spirit and power, redolent of truth, rich in caricatures, but badly executed in comparison with others.

Look at that fiddler in the engraving (p. 281), at his mouth and moustache, at that mysterious head poked in at the door above, observe the heavy-nosed Dutchman, with an arm round an old woman's neck, and that other "greasy citizen" with his arm round that fat wench's neck; mark the pair who are dancing, the man with his old cap in hand, and a ludi-

cious attempt at grace; examine the countenance of that sot, who can hardly draw his pot from his mouth to grin a horrid grin at the dancers. Then look up at the roof, see how pointed are the details, how exquisite the contrast of light and shade. Everything combines to make it a gem of Dutch art in its peculiar way. It is also a sketch of manners in an age when physical and animal enjoyment appeared all men had to live for.

Bega has been much more finished in style, when he has attempted pictures of a nobler style, conceived in the ideas of a Miéris and a Metz. The catalogue of the famous Poullain sale, drawn up by Lebrun in 1780, says, speaking of a Bega: "The interior of a chamber, in which is seen a young woman standing up and singing before a music-book placed on a table. A man is accompanying her with the violin." This picture is of a very superior order to any of the others from the studio of Bega, and is painted with more care and finish than usual.

But it was as an engraver that Cornelius displayed his genius. He was a real artist with the steel-point. The vigorous command of *chiaroscuro*, the art of bringing up the composition, of detaching each figure, the keen comic humour of his mind, all are visible and admirably rendered. His personages, maliciously ugly, sly-looking, are lighted up with Rembrandt-like vigour. White paper, which should always play a part in line-engraving, is made prominent use of by him. Fine proofs of Bega are therefore remarkable for a careful economy of labour. Some are *naïve* and simple, such as the "Wife and her Husband." In those miserable huts where lived the laborious poor—industrious, frugal, and clean—there is light enough. Bega gives them plenty of sun; that luxury of the poor. The Dutchman loves the great luminary. These engravings are as happy as they are bold.

Bega belongs truly to the class of great artists.

KAREL DUJARDIN.

OF DECAUVEN'S life and character, of his strange marriage, and his sudden death at Venice, we have already spoken (p. 261). But there is much still to be said of his genius and characteristics as an artist.

Far less elaborate than many of his contemporaries, Karel was above all picturesque, that is to say, he knew how to transfer his subject to the canvas in an effective and pleasing manner, not merely slavishly copying nature, but interpreting her mysteries. He knew how to co-ordinate and combine the features of his undertaking, to simulate disorder and carelessness. He knew the difference between the beautiful in reality, and the picturesque in painting. Regent-street is a more symmetrical and beautiful street than any of the crooked lanes and half-paved alleys of Constantinople; but the artist would pass Regent-street with disdain, and delight in the confusion and diversity of an Eastern landscape. A grand and symmetrical palace would please the eye of an artist, and give him pleasure when he gazed on it; but to paint, he would turn eagerly to the crumbling ruin, and even the motley farmhouse or the house with the seven gables. What is often delightful in the actual and the real, does not give any of that ideality which is wanted in a picture. From St. Peter's at Rome we turn with delight in painting to a group of Calabrian bandits, just as we should turn in person from the Calabrian bandit to the great church. Karel felt all this when even he descended to the rank of a caricaturist. It has been reasonably enough argued, that an old cart-horse, a cow, a donkey, or a goat, is always a more picturesque object than a splendid horse. If, certainly, we turn to the wretched daubs of race-horses, this may be true. But the Arab steed of the desert, the tall cavalry of the battle-field, yield quite as much matter of interest to the artist as the most ancient animal that ever excited our sympathy by its limping gait. Wouvermans has proved this effectually.

The same may be said of the earth. A smooth and well-clipped lawn is not half so pleasing to the eye, in a painter's

landscape, as a rough rock clad with moss and crowned by stunted bushes, with here and there a patch of green, just to bring the gray spots out in bolder relief. A rough, rude, unequal surface, is better than a regular line, for all the purposes of art.

The ardent student of nature, the traveller in search of the picturesque and lovely, will, like the artist, shun the richly cultivated park, the low, fertile meadow, the garden laid out in alleys with beds of flowers that show every hue of the rainbow, and turn gladly to arid and uncultivated wastes. Few persons in the world love the exquisite loveliness of our own calmer features in scenery more than we do ourselves; but when we have felt our souls elevated most towards our Creator, when our minds have been imbued with admiration of the beautiful, the sublime, and the grand, it has been while climbing the hills of Switzerland; when roaming over the vast prairies and beneath the leafy arches of the American continent; or upon the wide ocean in a storm. We prefer the park and the meadow as our dwelling place; we remember the other as a mighty panorama that warmed our hearts to emotions which nowhere else were experienced.

Dujardin never chose the merely symmetrical and beautiful. He selected subjects which, perhaps, trifling in reality, were picturesque when transferred to paper. A Swiss peasant-girl always looks well in a picture. She rarely or never does in real life.

If the Dutch painters have secured a wide place for themselves in history, it is not by the sublimity of their expression or the grandeur of their thoughts; it is rather by devoting themselves to what grave classic men call the secondary items—colour, *chiaroscuro*, and touch! *Chiaroscuro* has intellectual beauty in it, because it awakens in the mind the idea of a happy harmony between the characters of the scene and of the day which illumines it. Pleasant and agreeable subjects require a serene light, and terrible events and scenery are better illustrated by the light of a sinister and dark sky.

"An artist," says a critic, whose name we do not recollect, "is very much below the dignity of his profession, who thinks it a matter of indifference what kind of weather there was the day Cæsar was assassinated." Karel Dujardin, who knew so admirably how to combine and arrange soft lights, dark clouds, affects in his crucifixions terrible and marked contrasts, a rough opposition between clear light and dark shadows—a rough and suitable effect, when painting so solemn and at the same time so terrible a subject.

Most of the paintings of Karel are extremely well preserved; and on the general subject of the preservation and cleaning of pictures a few words may be said.

Many volumes have been written on the art of cleaning pictures, of restoring them, of moving them about, and of re-canvasing them. M. Xavier de Burtin, in his "Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Knowledge required by every Amateur," indicates many methods which may be used for cleaning pictures, and lays it down as a law that an amateur should know all the necessary processes, and put them in practice himself. After having examined and carefully appreciated every one of the processes proposed by this author, one of the most eminent critics of the day declares that he found most of them so dangerous, that, far from advising amateurs to clean their pictures themselves, he calls upon them to abstain from so delicate an operation, unless after long and careful study and much practical experience, which can only enable them to succeed.

"Nevertheless," he remarks, "however inexperienced an amateur may be, there are two operations which he may himself undertake without difficulty, that is, washing his pictures and cleaning the varnish. A careful amateur may adopt the Dutch custom of cleaning his pictures twice a year; at the end of the winter, to carry off the coating of smoke which always alights upon them; at the end of the summer, to get rid of the fly-blows, so fatal to painting if they are allowed permanently to remain on canvas, panel, or copper. This cleaning is effected by means of a fine sponge dipped in cold clean water, and by drying it afterwards with a fine and old piece of linen. If the picture loses its enamel, pass over it a coat of white turpentine; this process does no harm to the painting, and first-rate connoisseurs look upon it as an indispensable method for preventing the extreme aridity of the picture."

Oil-painting alone admits of this cleaning, which at Venice was quite an art, and is even still to this day. There it was that Karel Dujardin executed one or two of his best works.

There is a slight irony, a gaiety, a wit, about Karel Dujardin, which makes us always recognise and welcome him; he is fond of rustic beauties; he has, in representing them, more delicacy than *Bamboche*, more nature than *Berghem*, though a less fertile and abundant genius. His sentiment is like that of *Vandervelde*, but he has neither the profundity nor the melancholy of *Paul Potter*. Even when he paints or engraves dead horses, his slaughter-house, his knacker's yard, has nothing of that sinister aspect which *Paul Potter* impregnates them with. But, as an engraver, he is by no means inferior to that master. It is impossible to carry further the science of the model, the intelligence of every detail of life, and every sign and mark of death. In the same way that he knew in his paintings exactly where to dash the pencil, so in his engravings he scatters his touches with vigour and intelligence. By a few bold outlines he indicates the bony outline of the animal, the joints and prominent parts.

More delicate than that of *Laer*, the *pointe* of Karel the engraver is always picturesque. He likes to show off the differences and contrasts of reality, the dirty wool of the sheep, the knotted and entangled fleeces, the hair of the pig reeking with the filth of the farm-yard, the pig itself wallowing in the mire with ineffable delight. Their snouts, their heads, are the *beau-ideal* of idleness. Never was the father of pork better rendered; never had he a more patient artist.

The pigs, the horses, the cow, in the picture of "The Shepherd behind the Tree," the ass in "The Peasant Girl," and the two mules, are models. They demonstrate the keen

observation and the laborious industry of the artist. Form, attitude, movement—all is true and real. His sheep and his goats are gems, and no serious critic will accuse him of mannerism here. His engravings, then, are extremely valuable. Everybody who has watched the progress of engraving knows "The Two Mules," published in 1652. It is founded on the fable of *La Fontaine*, the six lines of which, that refer to the picture, it would be a pity to translate from their native simplicity into English:—

"Deux mulets cheminaient, l'un d'avoine chargé
L'autre portant l'argent de la gabille;
Celui-ci, glorieux d'une charge si belle,
N'eut voulu pour beaucoup en être soulagé,
Il marchait d'un pas relevé,
En faisant sonner sa sonnette."

The two animals are admirably rendered. The one steps proudly along with his magnificent harness. But, despite his fine feathers, his leg is not better shaped, nor his form more elegant. The animals are the same, though differently equipped. Though his fringe is so glorious, his knees are lumpy and knotty. There is that quiet satire in this picture, of which Karel Dujardin was very fond.

Karel Dujardin is best known by his pictures of quacks, so admirably engraved by *Boissieu*. That of the *Louvre* (p. 284) is the most celebrated. On a bright and soft morning, a charlatan has erected a stand in a village. Elevated on a scaffold, in the costume of *Il signor Scaramouche*, he is standing on tiptoe and making antics to half-a-dozen rustics. A man with a black mask accompanies him on a guitar, while a monkey chatters and makes faces. A great sign-board explains what is to be shown in the stable, which serves as a theatre, and open before the quack is his box of elixirs, *alcuni barattoli di argenti*; but without waiting for the speech of *Scaramouche*, *Punchinello* pokes his nose through the curtain. The ruin in the distance, the cloak worn by one of the peasants, the warm light which animates the whole, give a locality to the scene, and remind us of Karel's Roman studies. This picture is full of what we call humour, and would do no discredit to *Wilkie*.

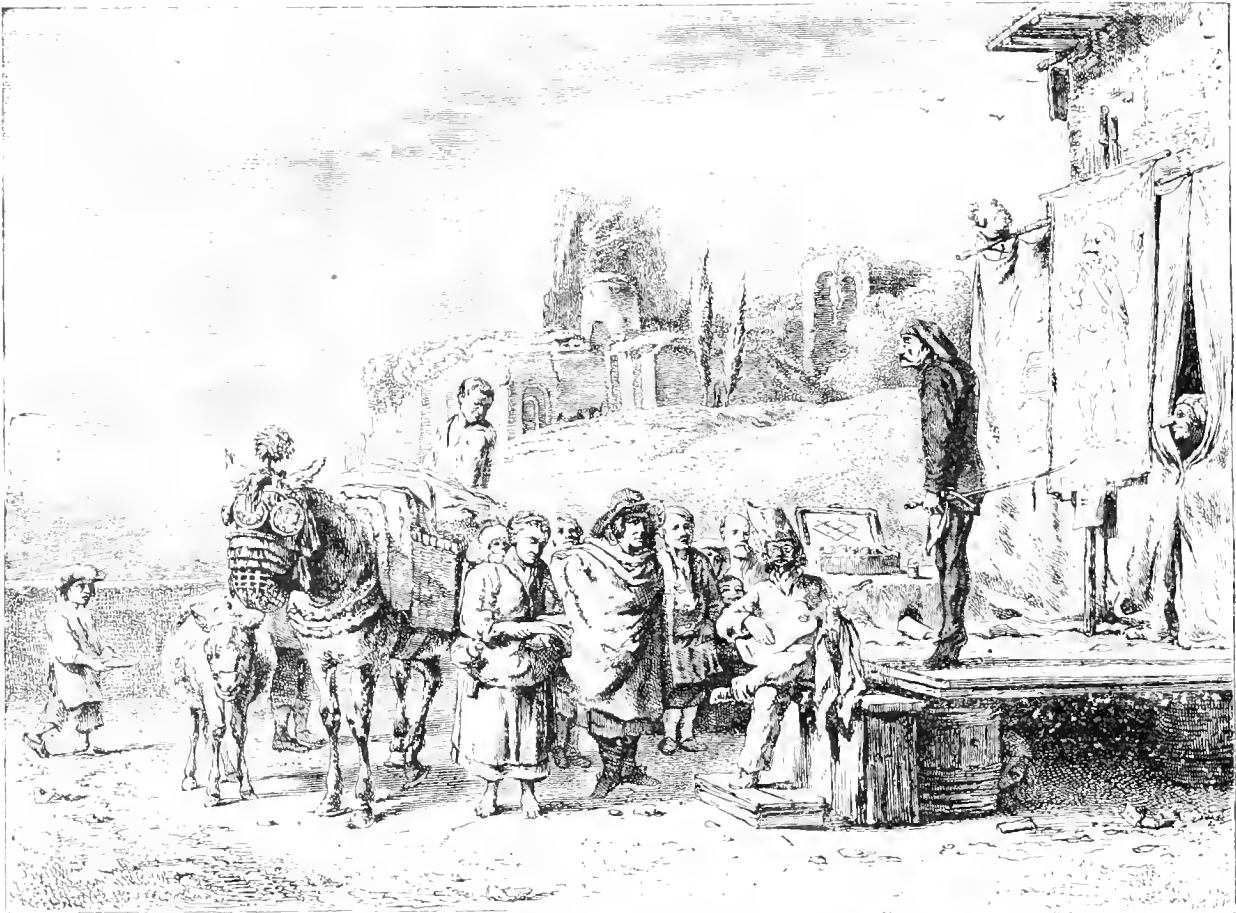
Taking the whole of his productions, Karel Dujardin must be placed in the first rank of great Dutch painters. Landscape painter, animal painter, inventor of ravishing compositions, he stands beside *Berghem*, *Vandervelde*, *Paul Potter*, *Pierre de Laer*, and even *Albert Cuyp*. He is inferior to some of these masters in certain particulars, but his superiority in all other raises him to the first rank. His brilliant and intelligent touch—so easy and bold—is above all praise; his colouring, though silvery and golden in tint, has preserved after two ages its freshness, its purity, and force. His *chiaroscuro* is admirable. Generally, to bring forward his figures, he uses, like *Pynaker*, a kind of broken light. Suppose he has painted an ass standing up. If he has a white spot on the nose, and his ears are black, the vigorous portion of the black ground of mountains will pass just over the white spot and below the black ears. If he wishes to bring out in bold relief the crupper of a white horse mounted by a musketeer, the painter introduces a dark brown wall. Through a door in this wall comes forth a servant with a jug of ale. A pig-trough and two dogs will complete the scene.

But what skies! Adorable, says a French critic. Nobody ever succeeded in painting them with more clearness, more lucidity, more softness, with more harmonious beauty. The southern sky is bold and dashing without crudity—it dazzles but does not pain the eye—it rejoices the heart. The skies of *Adrian Vandervelde* are sometimes of a hard blue; those of *Ruysdael* always veiled by clouds, sad and melancholy; but the skies of Karel Dujardin are sunny and cheerful, like the man who painted them. His clouds are like flocks of white wool; he rolls them, he piles them one above another, so that they look like a little chain of hills coming gently down to die at the feet of the sun, as mountains slope down to the sea. Karel Dujardin combines the light of Italian summer with the calm tranquillity of Holland. This is high praise, but it is given where it is due.

FLOWER-PAINTING.

THE highest purpose of the artist is, of course, the realisation of beauty; his true creations are ideal, and the mere reproduction, mimetically, on canvas, of a natural object, such as a stone, a fish, a piece of wood, a loaf, or a candle, if executed to perfection, does not constitute a claim to be considered as possessing a genius at all akin to that which inspired the labours of Titian, Raffaele, or Correggio. Thus much, however, may be admitted without at all depreciating the importance of that skill which Van Hysum acquired, and which is wanting to so many of his followers. A flower, like a human face, may be painted poetically or otherwise. It may be a dead, material thing, a copy of nature with no excellence but practical accuracy; or it may

that they chose them particularly for artistic imitation. The Athenian may be said to have inwoven with his daily existence a poetical garlanding of those brightest productions of the soil, the fascinating flowers of the earth. At his birth, chaplets and festal crowns were hung about the house; his name was given to him at a flowery feast; his bridal was adorned with a luxury of wreaths and coronals; his grave was strewn with sweet offerings; and the favourite seasons of the year were in the same manner symbolised by flowers—gifts to the gods, tokens to friends, emblems of beauty, and sacrificial offerings to the shades of the departed. A similar feeling has in all ages and countries inspired mankind. The simplest savages, deficient in all other poetry, and otherwise rude in



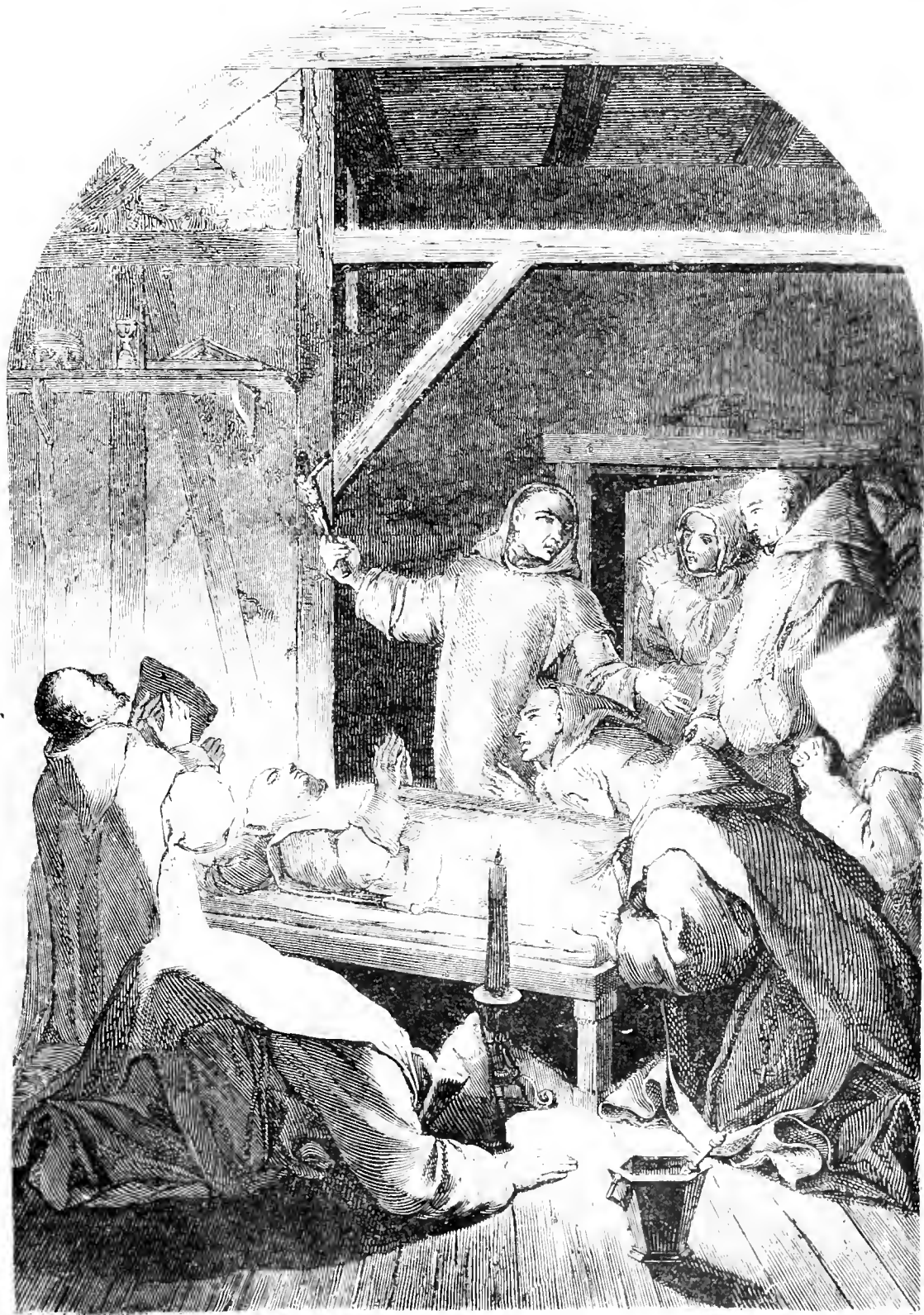
THE QUACK DOCTOR.—FROM A PAINTING BY DUJARDIN.

be formed with beauty, and beauty, too, of the most delicate and delicious kind. The peaches of Apelles won him a widely expanded fame, not excelled by that which was gained by the portraits of his beloved Campastre; the corn of Thyro became proverbial; and many other names come to us from antiquity, famous only because they vied with nature's own hand in their mimic fruit, foliage, and flowers. Stories are told of an artist who painted grapes so tempting that the birds flew at them and pecked them, until some cunning pencil wove, with subtle colours, a veil that seemed to screen his lovely works from the touch, though it did not conceal them from the eye; of another, who gave his plums such a bloom that children cried at seeing them; of another, whose flowers, by an ingenious contrivance, appeared to give forth the natural perfumes of the gardens; and it is well known that the fondness of the ancients, especially the Greeks, for every species of flower, especially fragrant ones, was such,

taste, love to decorate themselves with garlands; and we find the custom equally prevalent among the Indian races, the African tribes, the uncouth nomads of Australia, the original natives of North and South America, and the populations of barbarians who, in antiquity, inhabited the European continent. Wherever any progress in the mimetic arts has been made, flowers, therefore, have naturally entered within the circle of the artist's studies; though, of course, the sculptor must fail in the attempt to reproduce their beauty, consisting, as it does, less in rich, graceful, and expressive form, than in colour, tone, brilliancy, and freshness. In many modern countries, however, they have been chosen even for plastic imitation, though the only material hitherto used for this purpose, with any great success, has been wax. Painting, however, is peculiarly adapted to the representation of flowers, and accordingly in all galleries and exhibitions we find it applied to this object. The artists of the Low Country school have been especially

addicted to it, far more so, indeed, than those of Italy. The ambitious artists of the south disdained such separate details

pictures soft, golden landscapes, fringed with rich lights, graced by voluptuous undulations and picturesque combina-



DEATH OF ST. BRUNO.—FROM A PAINTING BY LE SUEUR.*

of nature. They loved to imagine and to realise in their

tion of waters, woods, and hills; or gorgeous historical groups; or the poetical myths of antiquity; or the sublime memories of religion; or the ideals of womanly beauty.

* For an account of Le Sueur, see page 46

ANTHONY VANDYCK.

ANTHONY VANDYCK was born in Antwerp in 1599. He perhaps owed the early development of his predilection for art to his father's calling—that of a painter on glass—and his mother's taste, which led her to embroider designs both in landscapes and figures, some of which she executed with great skill. She was glad to find that her son was disposed to follow the same bent as herself, and gave him all the instruction in her power, and induced his father to place him in the studio of Henry Van Balen, a historical painter of some repute, who had studied under Rubens. While here, he of course became familiar with the works of the latter; and such was the admiration which he conceived for this great man, that he could not rest satisfied until he obtained admission to his school in 1615. He proved himself in every way worthy of the privileges which he now enjoyed. His assiduity, zeal, and attention attracted the notice of his master, and caused him to bestow on him a greater amount of teaching and encouragement than his other pupils ordinarily met with. He evinced his confidence in him by employing him very soon in making the drawings of his own works from which the engravings were to be taken. His fellow-students, however, were not less forward in acknowledging his talents than Rubens himself, as was shown by a well authenticated anecdote.

During the absence of their master the pupils were in the habit of persuading his old servant to admit them into his painting room, that they might inspect his works as they progressed. On one occasion, however, the easel was thrown down, and to their great consternation the painting was seriously injured. After consulting as to the course to be adopted, they resolved to request Vandyck to repair the damage. He reluctantly consented to make the attempt, and with such success that his comrades declared they could not distinguish his workmanship from the remainder. When Rubens returned, however, he at once detected the difference, summoned them all before him, and questioned them as to the cause of the alterations. They frankly confessed the truth, and the matter was passed over without any further notice or remark.

When Vandyck had made considerable progress, Rubens advised him to visit Italy, where he would acquire just and pure notions of form from the remains of Greek and Roman sculpture, and could study the application of those principles of art which he had already learned in the great works of the Italian masters. As a proof of his esteem, Rubens presented him, when leaving his school, with three of the finest of his own paintings, an "Ecce Homo," a portrait of his wife, and a night scene representing the seizure of Jesus in the garden of the Mount of Olives; and also with one of his most valuable horses. It does not appear, however, that Vandyck followed his advice as to the journey to Italy; because we find that he was so flattered by the invitation of the Earl of Arundel to come to England, that he accepted it. There is a great difference of opinion amongst his biographers as to whether he came direct to England after leaving the studio of Rubens, or first paid a visit to France; but from an order for the payment of £100 to Vandyck for special services rendered to Charles I., bearing date 1620, it seems likely that he first visited England. Whether this £100 was a gratuity, or was a regular payment for work and labour done, does not appear. A "Head of James I." in the collection at Windsor, has by some been supposed to be the production for which the sum was paid. The only other work of this period which is attributed to him with any show of proof, is a portrait of the "Earl of Arundel," his patron, which was engraved by Hollar.

He took his departure from England on the 28th of February, 1620 (o.s.), and in a pass given him to enable him to embark, he is designated one of "his Majesty's servants," and he is described as having obtained leave of absence for eight months, from which it may be inferred that he had

obtained a regular engagement from the king. He now made his way once more to Flanders, where, however, he was destined to offer up his devotions at the shrine of another deity than Apollo. He fell desperately in love with a young country-girl residing in the village of Lavelthem, near Brussels, named Anna Van Ophem. So powerful a hold did his passion acquire over him, that he was unable to tear himself away from the presence of his charmer for a considerable length of time. Month after month passed away in "dalliance sweet," and Italy seemed to be totally lost sight of. By the persuasions of the fair Anna, however, he painted two pictures for the parish church, one of them representing "St. Martin," the patron saint, on horseback, dividing his cloak with a beggar. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse of the one which Rubens had presented him with. The same subject had been previously treated by Rubens almost in the same manner. The parish authorities some time afterwards disposed of it to a M. Huet of the Hague; but as soon as the villagers heard of it, they rose in arms, and resisted all attempts to remove it with such vigour that the purchasers had to fly in order to save their lives. Similar zeal in its defence was manifested at a more recent period; when in 1806 the French seized upon it, the inhabitants offered so strenuous a resistance, that a reinforcement of troops had to be sent down from Brussels before it could be carried away. It remained in the Louvre until 1815, when the allied armies entered Paris and restored it to the rightful owners.

As soon as Rubens heard of his pupil's infatuation, he hastened down to Lavelthem, and succeeded in rousing him to a remembrance of art and fame, and inducing him to break the silken chains which bound him. He took a hasty leave of his mistress, and started off for Italy. He first directed his steps to Venice, attracted by the reputation of the colourists of that school, whose manner his master had admired and to some extent adopted. He paid particular attention to the works of Giorgione and Titian, and occupied himself mainly in copying and studying them, until the low state of his funds obliged him to set out for Genoa. This city was at this period at the height of its celebrity, and was the abode of the wealthiest nobles and merchants in Europe. Rubens had been received in it with great favour, so that his pupil visited it under auspicious circumstances, and his own graceful manners and rising talents as a portrait painter confirmed the good impressions formed regarding him from his master's prestige. The Spinola, Raggi, Brignoli, Pallavicino, and Balbi families eagerly availed themselves of his services, and their palaces still contain some of the best specimens of his works.

From Genoa he proceeded to Rome, and while there was a guest in the palace of Cardinal Bentivoglio, who, from his long residence in Flanders, was very fond of Flemings. By his order Vandyck painted a Crucifixion, and a full-length portrait of himself. The latter is considered one of his best works; the colouring bears evidence to the benefits he derived from his residence in Venice. In the pontifical palace there is an Ascension and an Adoration of the Magi by him, which it is presumed were painted by a commission from the Pope. Many other works executed at this period are still to be found in the palaces of the nobles. His stay at Rome only lasted two years, and its termination was owing, it is said, to the ill-concealed dislike of the Flemish artists residing there. They appear to have been mostly men of dissipated habits, pot-house frequenters and tipplers, passing their time in modes altogether foreign to Vandyck's tastes, who had a good deal of the fine gentleman in his composition, even if his natural good sense had not shown him that coarse sensualism is fatal to excellence in any walk of life. He was fond of fine dress, and grand equipages, too, which led his countrymen to believe him proud, and from this to calumniating and depreciating

him there was but one step. They declared that his drawing was wretched, and his colouring worse. Disgusted by their conduct, Vandyck left Rome and returned to Genoa, whence he shortly after passed over into Sicily. While in Palermo, he painted the portrait of the celebrated blind paintress, Soffonisba Angosciola, then in her ninety-first year. Vandyck appears to have derived great enjoyment from her society, as he afterwards declared that he had received more instruction in his art from a blind woman than from the works of the most celebrated painters. He left Sicily in haste, in consequence of the outbreak of the plague. During his rambles on the Continent, he met the Countess of Arundel travelling with her two sons. She begged of him to return with her to England, but he declined and returned to Genoa.

After a short residence in Florence, of which little is known, making his stay in Italy on the whole five years, he once more bent his steps towards home, where he had every reason to expect a cordial welcome, as his fame had already reached Antwerp, and the citizens were naturally disposed to do him all honour. As soon as he made his appearance he was overwhelmed with commissions. The first work of importance which he undertook was an altar-piece for the church of the Augustines, representing "St. Augustine in Ecstasy, surrounded by Angels." Sir Joshua Reynolds condemns it, because it wants any large mass of light; but this was not so much the painter's fault as that of the monks, who insisted on his making the saint's garment black, instead of light, as he had originally intended it. Another instance of equally mischievous interference occurred with regard to a painting, the subject of which was "The Raising of the Cross," which he was to execute for the canons of the collegiate church of Courtray. To give his countrymen a full idea of his powers, he resolved to exert himself to the uttermost upon this work, and succeeded to his own satisfaction. On taking it to the church, the canons, instead of allowing him to put it up at once in the place it was intended to occupy, insisted upon having it unpacked before their eyes, that they might at once form a judgment upon its merits. After remonstrating in vain, he complied with their request. They glanced at the canvas contemptuously, declared that the Saviour's head was like that of a porter, and that the others were masks, and turning upon their heels, told Vandyck that he himself was a mere dauber, and left him. The picture was, however, put up, but the canons, in their cross stupidity, refused to come and look at it again. The painter was, however, not long in getting justice: connoisseurs saw it, artists saw it, travellers saw it, and the voices of all competent to form an opinion were unanimous in its favour. The canons now found themselves in an awkward position, but they were either cowardly or magnanimous enough to join in the general admiration, and, as some amends for their former insults, met in full conclave and commissioned him to paint two other pictures. He sent back their order with a contemptuous refusal, telling them there were enough daubers in Courtray without sending to Antwerp for them.

Vandyck stayed in Flanders about five years after his return from Italy, and during the whole of this time was very busily employed. Thirty pictures at least were painted by him for various churches and chapels, in addition to a great number of portraits of the most celebrated men and women of the age—The Archduchess Isabella of Austria, the Cardinal Infanta of Spain, the Queen-mother of France, and her son Gaston, Duke of Orleans, both of whom were then residing in exile at Brussels; equestrian portraits of the Prince Thomas of Savoy, the Duke of Aremberg, the Duke of Aloa, Antonius, Triest, Bishop of Ghent, and the Abbé Scaglia. He also painted portraits of most of the leading generals who fought in the Thirty Years' War, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein, Pappenheim, Tilly, the Emperor Ferdinand, and others.

Passing over a hasty visit to the Netherlands, during which he painted portraits of the Prince and the Princess of Orange and their family, we shall proceed to notice Vandyck's residence in England, as the period of his life possessing doubtless most

interest for our readers. The immediate cause of his coming over is not known; there are no traces of a direct invitation from the king; but it is more than probable that the sudden restoration of his patron, the Earl of Arundel, to the favour of Charles I., which he had lost by the marriage of his eldest son, Lord Maltravers, with the Lady Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, had something to do with it. He arrived in London in the beginning of April, 1632, and met with a very cordial welcome from the king, who assigned him apartments in the Blackfriars and a summer residence at Eltham, and appointed him principal painter in ordinary to their Majesties. Within three months after his arrival he conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, accompanied by the gift of a gold chain, to which was attached the royal portrait set in brilliants. By this time he had painted the family group containing Charles, his wife, and children, which now hangs in the Vandyck-room of Windsor Castle. He was henceforth kept in constant employment either by the king or by the nobility; and in October, 1633, the former settled a pension of £200 a-year upon him—a large sum according to the value of money at that day; and this, combined with his private earnings, enabled him to gratify his extraordinary love of display, a failing which he must have contracted by his residence with Rubens, who was very wealthy. His establishment was now kept up on a scale of gorgeous magnificence, as he aspired to rival the court nobility in dress, equipage, and entertainment. He made a practice of inviting all those who came to sit for their portraits to remain and dine with him afterwards, so that he might have an opportunity of observing their expression more closely, and amending his sketch. He was very fond of music, and affected to be a great patron of those who made it their profession. Owing to the king's custom of rowing down to his house in his barge, and sitting with him for hours at a time in his studio, it became the fashion amongst the nobility to do the same. His house consequently became a regular place of resort, a species of morning lounge for the fine gentlemen of the day. As they were of course all given to gallantry and intrigue, Vandyck must needs be so too, and managed to spend very large sums of money upon divers fair ones, whose favours he enjoyed. The natural consequence of all this folly was, that his constitution began to give way, being undermined by luxurious habits, indolence, and dissipation, and his circumstances becoming embarrassed, he is said to have been silly enough to seek to retrieve his fortunes by the aid of the philosopher's stone, for which he searched diligently for a long while, we need hardly say in vain.

The king saw what a sad life his favourite was leading, and wisely concluded that the best remedy for all bachelor ailments was matrimony. He accordingly got him married to Miss Maria Ruthven, the daughter of an eminent physician, who had suffered a long imprisonment in the Tower, during the preceding reign, upon a false charge of treason. The lady was poor, but high-born, and she and Vandyck, for aught we know to the contrary, lived very happily together.

The painter now applied himself almost wholly to portrait painting, and neglected history. There are few old families in England which cannot show one or more portraits of their ancestors from this painter's hand. He, however, executed a good many historical pictures, most of them New Testament subjects, for his kind patron, Sir Kenelm Digby; but he aspired to something which should prove a still better exposition of his talents than anything he had yet achieved.

Rubens had painted some splendid pictures upon the ceiling of the banquetting-room at Whitehall, and their richness was so great, that something of the same kind was evidently needed upon the walls also. Vandyck therefore proposed to the king, through Sir Kenelm Digby, to execute a series of pictures illustrative of the history of the order of the garter. The scheme pleased the king, and he ordered the designs to be prepared forthwith, with the intention of having them worked in tapestry; but upon coming to calculate the expense, he found it would amount to £75,000, an enormous sum, considering the then state of the exchequer, which the people of

England had made up their minds upon no account to replenish till Charles began to mend his manners and reduce their grievances. So Vandyck's proposal was laid aside for the present. The same sad necessity caused the prices which he charged for the pictures executed for the royal family to be cut down greatly; and altogether, between bad health and pecuniary embarrassment, and the political troubles, the period between 1635 and 1640 was a dull time enough for Sir Anthony Vandyck. To shake off his melancholy, he undertook a journey to Paris, hoping to obtain employment at the grand gallery of the Louvre, which Louis XIII. was then about to decorate with paintings; but in this he was disappointed, and returned to England after a sojourn of two months in the French capital.

offered a gratuity of £100 to the physician if he succeeded in saving his life. It was all in vain, however. The gossip of courts, the favour or neglect of princes, the breath of popular applause, or civil discord, could trouble him no more. He died in December, 1641, at the early age of forty-two, and lies buried in the north side of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, near the tomb of John of Gaunt.

He had one daughter by his wife, named Justiniana, who married Sir John Stepney, of Prendergast, Pembrokeshire. Their last descendant, Sir Thomas Stepney, died in September, 1825.

From Vandyck's portraits we learn that he was handsome, lively, and intelligent-looking. From contemporary chronicles and gossip we learn that he was graceful in his carriage, and



FRANÇOIS LANGLOIS, THE BAGPIPER.—BY VANDYCK.

He found but a poor prospect before him here. The parliament and the Roundheads were carrying things with a high hand, and were certainly inspired with no love for such ungodly vanities as painting. In March, 1647, Vandyck saw the royal family who had so long been his kind friends dispersed; and his patron, the Earl of Strafford, was brought to the scaffold in the May following. One calamity followed another; gaieties were over, the nobility had weightier business on hand than getting their portraits painted. London was filled with stern Puritans who never lounged in studios. So Vandyck did what was very natural under the circumstances—became sick unto death. Charles had just returned from Scotland, and on hearing of the illness of his old friend,

winning in his manner. He was generous to a fault, extremely sensitive, and, as we have already said, was vain and fond of show.

Many of his historical paintings displayed the highest skill. One of them, "Christ crucified between two Thieves," Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced one of the finest pictures in the world. His heads always display wonderful expression, deep pathos, and a refinement carried in some instances to the verge of delicacy. But to see him in his glory, we must traverse the galleries of our old nobility, and see his knights and dames of the seventeenth century looking down on us from the blackened canvas, with their grand air, their haughty but not unpleasing dignity.

J. LOUIS DAVID.



ART is an idea, an abstraction. At all events it is so in the sense that every man has his own conception about it, each man his own peculiar notions. In addition to this, notions have their separate theories: one notion is positive, another imitative, another poetical, another classical, while all have their oddities and fancies. We, perhaps, more than any other country, have set at naught mere schools and academies, and allowed each individual man to work out his own individuality. There are attempts at schools, it is true; but it must be said, they are not successful. The very many painters in England who have kept apart from schools, are really those who have held the highest position.

Truly Art has avowed many theories relative, in most cases, to schools; but the greatest expressions of genius which belong to art are those of single men, who, like John Martin, have worked out their own conception apart from academies, theories, and schools. But if, to a certain extent, this be true of England, it is scarcely true elsewhere, and is not true even in the case of David, whose greatest glory is to have founded a school, which has gone on copying and imitating ever since. Before we judge the school, then, let us inquire into the history of the artist.

This great historical painter came in time to save the French school from utter extinction. Since those days when the fascinating and licentious Watteau had left the slips of the opera covered and concealed by rouge and vermillion, Art in France had fallen into a kind of voluptuous intoxication, a faint and vapid imitation of this eastaway amid the pupils of Rubens. Despite the solemn absurdities of Lemoine, who was so serious in his part of a painter as to fall on his sword and die, French Art was at the lowest ebb—a mere type of universal debauchery, the emanations of sensualism, and the dreams of bestiality. There was not a shred, not a remnant of decency or delicacy left. The alcove, which the Flemish school concealed in their studios, or hid away in the corner of a picture, shaded and modestly veiled, was now the subject-

matter of all French productions, the artists of that country seeking to outdo each other in their endeavours to pervert and degenerate the human intellect.

Art, literature, morals, manners, all were sinking into the same vortex under the baneful influence of such courts as those of Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, the members of which were on a par with, if not below, the average of the populations which fill our bridewells and our Magdalen hospitals. Casual observers have often been surprised when gazing at pictures like those which adorned the walls of ladies' chambers under the Regent, have been naturally horrified at the violence and brutality of the people at the commencement of the Revolution, and have condemned artists and people as they had previously condemned writers and philosophers. But the true criminals must be sought elsewhere. The tone of public morals, the stamp of public character, in times like the last century in France, must be taken from above. The court, the aristocracy, the church, the women of rank, were all equally corrupt, equally profligate, equally vile and contemptible. It would have been difficult to find at Versailles or at the Tuileries men and women capable of loving a Milton or a Dante, of admiring a Michael Angelo or a Raffaele, of understanding or appreciating a high-class production of any kind; and Voltaire, Piron, Boueher, Watteau, and the novel of Faublas, were the fitting children of such a soil as that which educated and fashionable society presented at this period. Poets, painters, authors, philosophers, historians, in France especially, must be read and admired; and as to be read and admired it was necessary to be cynical, irreligious, and indelicate. poets, painters, authors, philosophers, and historians were cynical, irreligious, and indelicate.

It is an error to suppose that intellect forms the character of the age; it is the characteristics of the age which form the intellect. It will be noted by all careful observers, that as society has become refined, so has literature softened down and been purified; and this is the more evident when we

remark, that literature is generally a little more loose and bolder than the language of the most refined society in a civilised country.

In France, in the time of Watteau, the very name of love had been degraded and materialised. We no longer saw fond affection beaming from an averted face, a languid eye, an expressive smile, love timidly venturing on a stolen kiss; all was bold, audacious, unblushing, and daringly painted on the wainscoting of boudoirs, the interior of ladies' bed-chambers; a style of dress somewhat too *négligée*; or ideas, unfit for pencil or brush, crudely and coarsely expressed. Scenes of country life no longer breathed innocence and purity; they were excuses for rough and dubious scenes; while even landscape was degraded into the representation of a nature stiff and impossible—a nature reminding one of the painted scenes of a ballet, and not of the reality. The imitators and followers of Watteau had none of his talent, none of his soft and lovely skies, none of his truth and power of colouring.

Art was then, like society, religion, virtue, morals, and even national existence, about to perish at the end of an orgy and debauch fit for the purlieus of some demoralised capital. Never did a nation present a more degraded or melancholy spectacle than did France towards the latter end of the last century; without faith, honour, or even the last semblance of virtue—its best outward sign—modesty. To save Art, a revolution, a change as radical and as sweeping as that which was about to save the body politic, was needed. This mighty and tremendous change was effected by David—not wholly, not completely; for French Art has never yet risen to the very highest level, never soared to those tremendous heights which dazzled the minds and fired the genius of Rome, of Florence, of Venice—but effected to an extent which is fortunate for France. Not that the voluptuous, even the painfully indelicate, style of art has been wholly discarded in France; by no means. The students of this disagreeable branch of painting still exist, as do the imitators of the *abbés* and *petit-maitres*. They must and will remain while France is France. But a more severe, a more chaste, a higher tone has been given; and the men of talent and genius who attain to eminence in France, discarding the *boudoir* and *vulve*, have elevated their thoughts above the palled copyists of Boucher and Watteau, and obtained a deservedly high place in the art-history of modern Europe.

Several attempts had been made, previously to the day of David, to turn the foul current into a pure and wholesome channel. But only another Hercules could cleanse the Augean stable. Vien made one or two timid attempts to check the torrent, but was swept away in the mud which he stirred to the surface. A more vast and capacious mind, a more daring and original genius, was required to effect a real, a radical cure—one who would boldly grapple with the tide and hurl it back under the influence of the beautiful, and of the beautiful as accepted by the great verdict of antiquity. It was a mighty stride to take, from the effeminate Boucher, who showed you how to treat a leg elegantly, or made a cripple look graceful, to the painter David, who was to profess the worship of the beautiful with all the severity of a Florentine.

It is the mistake of France to rush to extremes. She is eternally either turning liberty into licence, or groaning beneath the heavy load of despotism. In the same way in art. From a romp in the hay-field, she turns to the rape of the Sabines, and that art which was familiar, funny, coarsely humorous, is now nothing if not classical. A man christened his son Brutus, and was painted in a toga. It may have been necessary to excite this enthusiasm for Rome and Greece at the time; but the dull monotony of classical subjects, as depicted by artists, would soon have wearied the world if Scripture and modern history had not furnished the artist with fresh materials to work upon.

Singularly enough, the man who was to commence the revolution against the immodest Boucher was his own relation. The last of the corrupters of painting in France, he who closed the long procession of the carnival of materialism

in France, sent forth from his own family the regenerator of his art. The nephew of François Boucher was Louis David.

Born in France in the middle of the eighteenth century, in 1748, David was educated at the *Collège des Quatre Nations*. He derived little advantage from the education he there received, already influenced as he was by the desire of painting. His copy-books were covered with rough and shapeless sketches, and when he should have been writing a speech of Scipio or of Hannibal, the young rhetorician preferred painting one of them with a Roman helmet. His father, who was a mercer on the Quai of the Megisserie, having been unfortunately killed in a duel, David fell, at the age of nine years, under the tutorship of a maternal uncle, who wished to educate him as an architect, believing him to be possessed of a solid and reasoning mind. But the young student, while possessed of much calm good sense, had a fiery and ardent disposition. He rebelled against the authority of his tutor, by whom he did not feel himself to be appreciated.

One day he was sent by his mother with a letter to his great-uncle, Boucher. He found the artist engaged in painting one of those voluptuous pieces he was in the habit of supplying to Madame Dubarry—pieces which were not without originality and talent. The sight of the easel, the palette, and the brushes inflamed the imagination of young David, who, while Boucher was reading the letter, remained in silent amazement before the picture, no doubt mentally revolving, like Correggio, his own career.

He resolved to become a great painter.

His friends were compelled to yield to so energetic a will, and David became a pupil of Boucher, as Guerin was the teacher of Gericault. But Boucher, despite his weakness in yielding to an immoral and degrading style for the sake of momentary triumphs, had a conscientious mind and much greatness of soul on occasions. In those days he hesitated not to corrupt still more the vicious strata of society; but he at once acknowledged that his lessons might be pernicious and injurious to David, and he advised him to go to Vien, who would give him more wholesome instruction. In 1772 the pupil of Vien wished to try for the "prize of Rome." His genius was, however, in an anomalous state, and his judges were the men of the school he was about to overthrow. He tried twice, and twice failed.

David suffered all the usual difficulties of a young man beginning life in any profession, when without rich friends. He often wanted the means of devoting himself peaceably to study, and the gnawing cares of want were added to what he considered injustice. His sufferings were, however, not of a very long duration, and he was delivered from his misery in a very unexpected way. David was saved and started by an opera *dansuse*. The celebrated Mademoiselle Guimard, whom Paris adored, and who was surrounded by a court of scamps, the friends of the Prince de Soubise, her ruined lover, had just built in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, under the name of Temple of Terpsichore, a "delicious hotel," where the *petit souper* was regarded as one of the objects of man's existence. To embellish her dwelling, the renowned courtesan addressed herself to Fragonard, a charming painter, a painter especially of love and love-scenes, wholly, says a French writer, *without prejudices!* A quarrel took place shortly, however, between Guimard and her decorator. The latter had painted his fair employer as Terpsichore, but returning secretly to the *salon*, with brushes and paint, he re-touched the head, and made of her a furious and raving Nemesis. The *dansuse* came into the room, where, seeing herself disfigured in this way, she flew into a passion, and overwhelmed the artist with reproaches and insults. She called in her friends to show them the horrible head, forgetting that in her rage she was assimilating herself to the caricature. Everybody began to laugh. Fragonard, avenged, abandoned the decoration of the hotel, which was then handed over to David. One day, the young man appeared pensive, and sighed profoundly as he thought. Mademoiselle Guimard overheard him, and asked the cause of his *oumi*. David confessed his want of money to pay his models, and to wait at leisure the chance of a coming trial.

The good-natured opera-dancer—she who had so much money, so easily obtained—brought him all the money he wanted.

David was a true Frenchman. He took the money, and took heart at the same time, finished the decorations, and began to work hard again for his third trial. A third time he was rejected. He gave way to utter despair, and shut up in his room, determined to allow himself to die of hunger, another victim to the eccentric faintness of heart so often felt by men of genius. He was living in the Louvre, in the apartments of Sodaine, a clever poet, who loved him as a son. This worthy man, uneasy at not seeing David, went and knocked at his door. He obtained no answer, and, in a state of great alarm, rushed to the house of Doyen, and induced him to come also. They both began knocking and imploring, and finally induced him to open. On recognising the voice of Doyen, who alone, of all the members of the Academy, had been favourable to him, David had dragged himself to the door, pale, thin, half-dead. Restored by his friends to life and hope, he presented himself a fourth time, and, in 1775, carried off the great prize.

Natoire, who had been director of the school at Rome, died this same year, and Vien was selected to take his place. The master and pupil then started together for Rome, and enjoyed, during the journey through Italy, one long draught of admiration. David, on arriving at the Vatican, wandered with delight and surprise through those halls filled with master-pieces, elevated even more by history and antiquity than by intrinsic merit. He began immediately to draw bas-reliefs, to copy antique statues and the Italian masters, choosing always the most pure. At once a resolution began to prepare itself in his mind, still affected, however, by the recollections of his country, by the first impressions received; and seeing in Valentine the genius of his nation, he executed a copy of the "Last Supper" of that vigorous French master. Thus floating and uncertain between his reminiscences and the imposing models which he had under his eyes, he painted a picture of the "Plague," which is in the Lazaretto at Marseilles, and in which will be found something of the old manner of the eighteenth century, with an evident leaning to originality and reform. The old painter, Pompey Battoni, said of one figure of a man struck by plague, who occupies the front of the picture, that it was worthy of Michael Angelo.

A great movement was taking place at Rome, a movement which was destined to carry David with it. Canova was meditating the reform of statuary, Raphael Mengs was restoring a solemn and earnest tone to art-criticism, and endeavouring to revivify in his own paintings the examples of Raphael d'Urbino, so long neglected. About the same time the learned Winckelmann published his "History of Art," in which he reproduced the principles of the Greeks, indicating the most delicate beauties of their art with all the passion of an antiquary. The moment then had commenced, and a revolution was to emanate from these efforts, such as Diderot foresaw, and which was to be contemporaneous with that in the body politic. When David returned to Paris in 1780, he was already completely transformed, in the sense, at least, that he had made up his mind to cease taking his subjects from real life, and to choose them from the antique, or from a nature suited to a noble and energetic style.

It was when influenced by these new ideas that he composed his "Belisarius," of which we offer an engraving (p. 300), and which was the last instance of his indecision, the line of demarcation between the past and the new school which he himself was about to create. As for the execution, in the original it has all the breadth which should be found in an historical picture; the drapery is not copied with any of that smallness which is found in the copy in the Louvre. "But," says a French writer, "the emotion fails, because the artist is not moved, and though he has written on the stone the simple words, *Inte obolum Belisario*, Vandyck had already treated this fine subject. Some amateurs recollected this, and hastened to place the picture along-side of the engraving. The soldier was much admired, who, in the attitude of

astonishment, contemplates his general reduced to beg, and seems to say, 'Is that Belisarius?' The intention of the Flemish painter was so striking, above all in the movement of the arms of the warrior, that if his head had been covered up, his arms would have expressed astonishment. It was felt, on the contrary, that David had given to the soldier, on whose action all depended, as forced a gesture as that of Vandyck was natural and expressive. Nevertheless the multitude were delighted, and carried David in triumph round his picture."

The story doubtless assisted the success of the picture. It is one of the many in Roman history which strikes the imagination forcibly.

Whole books have been written to tell the tale of the blind old general, who went forth into the world to beg his way, after commanding some of the finest armies in the world. We only allude to it, in addition to describing the picture, because it is a really good subject, one which will bear trying again, and which we recommend to the young artist as a pleasing experiment. The story of Belisarius is simply this, setting aside all the romance of Marmontel:—

He was a favourite general of one of the emperors of Constantinople, and was sent forth at the head of large armies to resist the barbarians. He was successful, and gained great glory, but met with the usual reward of men who trust in princes. Having done his duty, he was cast aside, then forgotten, and suddenly re-appeared, recognised by a soldier who had served under him, begging, with his child in his arms to guide him as he went.

The renown of David was spreading. From all sides came ardent young men, who insisted upon having him for a master; and he was pressed to open that school which afterwards became so celebrated. A lodging in the Louvre was allowed him; the Academy received him unanimously; Louis XVI. named him painter to the king; and fortune, as if never weary of her favours, came to meet him with the hand of a richly dowered young girl, Mademoiselle Pecoul, whose father was an architect and builder to the king.

In 1784, the King of France having desired of his first painter "The Oath of the Horatii," David determined to go and paint the heroic Romans in Rome itself. He accordingly started on a second journey to that capital, and there painted his picture, which was rapturously received by the Italians. Nothing was talked of but the Horatii and the French painter. The cardinals wished to see the "rare animal," as David himself expresses himself in a familiar letter to the Marquis of Biere. But when "The Oath of the Horatii" was received in Paris, the intendant of the king's household, M. d'Angivilliers, affected to speak of it with disdain. He was one of those men of routine who were frightened at the new school. He could not bear the Borgheze Gladiator, and objected to "that thing" being given to pupils as a model. His first care was to take a compass to measure the painter's canvas; and as he found it to be thirteen feet instead of ten, he was quite alarmed, and complained that an artist should have been audacious enough to pass the dimensions assigned to a picture. He was punished, at a later period, by the rough remark of David: "Well, then, if it really is too big, take a pair of scissors and cut it."

"The Oath of the Horatii" (p. 292), to be correctly judged, must be connected with the period at which it was painted. When we recollect the soft and languid compositions of the contemporaries of David, and how insipid was that continual representation of Sybarites, without even the old peculiarity of a fixed style, one is surprised to see these masculine figures arise, and to have represented to us a Roman interior reconstructed on archaeological principles so well suited to the great drama, the sublimity of which was no longer understood. The stupefaction of the world must have been great indeed when they saw an artist, at the same time that he evoked one of the most striking episodes of ancient history, restore the costume, the manners, the architecture of the heroic times, choose a simple background, and find so admirable a movement of enthusiasm in these warriors animated by the genius of Rome, and such

marked masculine and real faces. We pass, as it were, from the insipid nonentities of Dorat, to the sublimity of Shakspeare or the heroic verse of Milton. This serious model, this severe expression of reality, this firm position of the feet and hands, which is to be seen in every fibre, may appear exaggerated now, as doubtless it is, when we more thoroughly understand what an historical picture should be. But what a contrast, at a time when nothing was seen but soft carnations, indecent subjects, pretensions or disgusting pencils!

Scroux d'Agincourt, the illustrious author of a continuation of Winckelman's work, accuses David of having committed an historical heresy in certain parts of the picture. The author, however, defended himself on solid ground; he had profoundly studied all that was connected with his subject. He knew Plutarch by heart. He was very fond of the Latin classics,

thology or history. Talma must yield to David the chief part of the honour of having brought about this transformation in scenic costume; for it was in the society of David that the celebrated comedian learnt to love the antique, and to see the extreme absurdity of Nero appearing in red-heeled shoes and gartered breeches, Venus in a hoop and powder, Jupiter in a wig, and Cupid in the costume of a *débaucheur*. It was David who cast the Roman toga on the shoulders of Brutus, as represented by Talma, who appeared suddenly in the costume of the hour, to the great astonishment of the French public, and to the great disgust of the old stagers.

An anecdote of David will characterise his stiffness and hardness of character, and illustrate the heathen time in which he lived, better than the most lengthened statements. It is an



THE OATH OF THE HORATII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

especially Livy. He is in general, therefore, exceedingly correct in all that requires historical knowledge, in manners, customs, scenery, &c. At the time, his taste was so highly rated, that everybody began to model their furniture and dress upon his ideas. It was immediately after the public exhibition of "The Oath of the Horatii" that antique ornaments came into fashion. This illustrates completely the character of the French, heikle and impulsive to the last degree. Everybody was led to have the furniture of Tarquin the Proud, to drink in the patera of Herculaneum, to light themselves by the lamps of the Villa Albani. The ladies' dresses were cut in imitation of the chlamys, while their shoes were exchanged for coturni. Statues, medals, and Etruscan vases dislodged the furniture of past times, and for the first time the characters in tragedy were clothed according to the traditions of my-

anecdote that could be true only of a Frenchman. Madame de Noailles asked of David a "Christ," which the painter refused to execute, because he never painted religious subjects, they not inspiring him in the slightest degree. This might have been true of the ridiculous representations of saints and nuns, which adorned chapels and oratories; but it is incomprehensible how any man of genius could fail to be inspired by the history of Christ himself. David at all events, Frenchman as he was, would not, or could not be inspired. But as the Marechale de Noailles insisted, David painted a "Christ" for her, with the features of a handsome soldier in the Gardes Françaises. He often declared that the Scriptures spoke not to his heart; and one of his great reasons for regarding Raffaele as so far above all other painters was, that he could be inspired by subjects which left him utterly and hopelessly

indifferent! Here speaks the countryman of Piron, of Voltaire, and others, who, with all their genius, have done so little for poor humanity. But we must take David as we find him—incomplete, weak in many things, but powerful even in his defects and errors. His was an essentially pagan genius; his god was Socrates, his religion love of country, liberty his worship. His heroes were Brutus, Horace, Leonidas; and, if he could not feel the soft and ennobling and vivifying poetry of Christianity, or understand the consequent superiority of modern society, he was at all events a worthy pupil of the Grecian statuaries and of the philosophers of the portico. His outlines are always classical; his arrangements are guided by good taste; while the attitude of his tranquil figures is that which we should expect to find on the walls of an Athenian temple. He wanted but to feel the elevating

“Cato went to meet death, and Socrates waited for it to come to him.” David had painted him holding a cup, which the slave in tears had offered to him. “No! no!” said Andre-Chenier, “Socrates will not seize it until he has finished speaking.” The scene and the contrasts are indeed remarkable. The executioner is much more moved than the victim. Around the master are grouped all his disciples, their minds divided between grief and admiration. The younger ones are striking their heads against the walls of the prison, and are giving other signs of despair. Crito is deeply attentive to his last words. Plato sits at the end of the bed, wrapped in his cloak, his head bowed, meditating on the last speech he is listening to; he does not dare to look at Socrates, as if the serenity of the master shamed his grief. In the background you see a dark staircase, by which the family of the philosopher is



L. B. A. D., P. S. A.

E. P. R. S.

THE SABINES. FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

spirituality of Christianity to have been an immortal painter.

Since the Renaissance, there never was a painter capable of conceiving and executing the death of Socrates better than David (p. 301). Socrates is speaking with his friends on the immortality of the soul, when the servitor of the Eleven comes to bring him the cup of hemlock, turning away his eyes and weeping at his task. The philosopher is about to take the cup of poison with his right hand without looking, as a man who, wholly absorbed by a serious conversation, declines to interrupt it by noticing any ordinary event. His left hand, one finger of which is raised to heaven, points out clearly the subject of his discourse, and his way of taking the cup indicates sufficiently the calm and quiescence of his mind. A French poet, speaking of death, alludes to the celebrated dying scenes of antiquity, and says:—

“Caton se la donna . . . Socrate l’attendit.”

being taken away—that family which has just said a last adieu to him. A critic has remarked: “It is a great pity that David did not devote to the execution of this masterpiece the ideality which should be in harmony with the subject. Poussin had himself established and applied that law of propriety which makes the artist choose on the palette tones in conformity to the character of the thought which is to be translated. He would have treated the death of Socrates in a Doric way, as being the most severe. He would have wielded his brush with breadth, have affected sober colours, avoiding pleasing in order to move. David, on the contrary, having devoted himself with too much complaisance to his best work, has fallen into a too finished, over-careful, and fastidious style; so that it is much better to see his picture as represented in the engraving, if we wish to admire it without reserve and see it in its true light. That is, the finest composition of all schools of painting.”

"The Death of Socrates," which the critic thus speaks of, is not certainly "the best composition in any school of painting;" it owes much to the subject itself, which is the most marked fact perhaps in the whole of Athenian history, as Socrates was, without comparison, the greatest man of the pagan world. It is, however, too well known to require description.

David has often committed the same fault which is very surprising in an artist, all of whose works were in every other respect so vigorously treated. His "Brutus," for example, is characterised by a certain affectation in the pencilling, which is out of place in such a subject. The furniture is painted with the care which we might expect in a *Méris* or a *Gerard Douw*; the details are elaborated in the style of domestic pieces, and contrary to the usual historical style. It is much for a painter, who did not really understand the effect of light and shade, to have thrown a dark shadow over the form of the Roman consul. And, truly, it was right that in the shade should have taken place the struggle between the conscience of the father and the austere duties of the republican citizen—duties which have never been proved to be such as we in our philosophy cannot sympathise with—the man condemning his own offspring to death. There were other magistrates and other citizens besides a father. The head of Brutus certainly could not have been fittingly displayed in the light, while the headless dead bodies of his children are carried away, executed by his command. He is, truly, finely represented, in obscurity turning his back to the gloomy procession, hesitating between his pride at having been ferocious, and his sorrow at not having shown some heart and feeling. The rest of the picture has been generally condemned as cold, formal, improbable, and without moving effect. The daughters of Brutus are generally thought to have fainted too gracefully. Woman's nature, even though that woman be a Roman or a Spartan, is impulsive. A sister gazing at the corpse of a brother, just being brought in from execution, would not have preserved such order, it is thought, in the folds of her garments and in the arrangement of her hair. It has been objected, that the severity of the father is enough without imparting to the women even the semblance of coldness or calculation. The wild despair of the women would indeed have formed an admirable contrast to the restrained emotion of the father, and the artist would have avoided the error of introducing two unities into one action.

The great revolution, which was to burst on the world like a thunder-clap, approached with rapid strides, and David had already completed his. "Brutus" bears the date of 1789, a date big with mighty consequences to the whole world; a date, the deeds of which, terrible as were some of their consequences, saved continental Europe from utter corruption and chased away the leprosy of government, morals, and manners, to return no more. Society had fallen into so vile a mire, the seeds of decay and corruption were sown so deeply, that nothing but the whirlwind and tornado could eradicate them. For a long time all felt an uneasy foreshadowing of tremendous events. The existing form of things was known to be irretrievably bad, and so unmistakable was the impulse to better things, that the picture of "Brutus" was ordered for that very king, who, the weakest and best of his race, was to suffer for the monstrosities of those who preceded him—monstrosities only known in ancient times, under the reigns of *Commodus*, *Caligula*, and *Theodorus*.

David had been powerfully influenced by that philosophy which sapped the foundations of the past without providing an effective remedy for the future. He determined at once to devote his art to aid the movement of the public mind. At the very opening of the revolutionary scenes he used his brush in its cause. He undertook to paint the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," one of the finest incidents of the Revolution, a protestation against the insanity and violence of despotism. It is a magnificent historical scene admirably rendered, a scene in which one dominant feeling is expressed by a thousand different organisations, and yet despite the difficulties, the impression is one and the same. What a transport illumines

every face! Here, thousands of arms raised in the air; there, hats waving aloft; there, excited representatives of the people collecting in groups, encouraging and embracing each other; all this strikes the mind as would a clamour of many voices. Upright on a table, and alone, calm amidst the general tempest, the President Bailly pronounces the words of the oath, in an attitude as calm and motionless as that of the law. Never was such another collection of men congregated, and this materially assists the painter. Here is *Barnave*, here *Mirabeau*, and away there in the crowd is *Robespierre*. Each man is moved according to his character. One strikes the ground with his feet and raises his clenched fist; another sitting on a bench timidly holds out his hand. The younger members, standing on chairs, mingle disorder with their enthusiasm. An aged man, dragged forward in an arm-chair, has his arm held up for him while he takes the oath; while others weep, some with rage, some with fear. In the centre foreground is a group composed of a *Chartreux* monk, a Protestant, and a Catholic priest. The Protestant is *Rabaut Saint-Etienne*, the *Carthusian* is *Dom Gerle*, and the priest is the *Abbé Gregoire*. All difference of opinions have disappeared, all hearts are beating in common, and this one group tells the amity of the assembly. The movement is everywhere,—in the hall, in the air, above and below. A stiff breeze has raised the curtains of the windows, to which are holding on some groups of people, and through which can be seen a thunder-bolt, which falls on the royal chapel. David understood at once, perhaps, how the sombre drama was to end, the prologue of which was occurring in the place devoted to the games of the princes.

On the motion of *Barère*, the Constitutional Assembly decreed that the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," commenced by David, should be executed at the expense of the public treasury, and placed in the hall where took place the sittings of the assembly. But David did not paint this work. He sketched it out in pencil and bitumen on an immense canvas. Despite the ugly modern costume, so difficult to make picturesque, the learned anatomist determined to lose none of his science. Before clothing his figures with their ample waist-coats, he sketched their broad chests in the most conscientious manner. The figure of the "virtuous Bailly" originally occupied the centre of the group, and was drawn so perfectly in the style of a Greek statue, that beneath his coat the muscles of his arm, the form of his shoulder, and the developments of his torso might easily be seen. In general, clothes are stuck fast on the body, like damp linen—an exaggeration which is preferable to the heavy and wearisome effect which would be produced by a simple imitation of costume on a canvas where it takes up so much place. David remained a Greek, even when he should have been a Frenchman. The love of the naked,—the remembrance, the earnest perception of the antique, made him pursue the human form even under the lace of the Constituants. He had the true stamp of great artists, who are the same in all things, rather inclined to bend their genius to the level of a work, than force the work into collision with their native talent.

This sketch of such great historical value, as powerful and bold as a cartoon of *Michael Angelo*, was put up to auction seven years ago at a very low price, and the government, which afterwards purchased it, allowed it to be sold to a private individual, with a little finished sketch in pencil by David himself, from which the engraving was taken.

The importance of the picture is best seen from a brief sketch of the scene which it represents—a scene which, followed up in the same united and harmonious way, would have changed the fortunes of Europe.

The meeting of the states-general of France was an event which plunged the whole nation into the wildest state of excitement. For a long time the writings of philosophers and satirists, and political economists, had been preparing the public mind for a change, which was imperatively demanded by the circumstances of the times. France was toppling, ready to fall. The throne had been dragged in the mire by its own occupants, and the efforts of a well-meaning but weak man

could not save it. Individually without the one great vice of his courtiers, his court was still a scene of profligacy and iniquity, such as the pen of an English historian can scarcely write. The nobles were the same vapid, chattering, boasting, debauched set of infidels, who thought it clever and strong-minded to be irreligious, the height of glory to be debauched. The middle classes, though better and more moral, were not more religious, except where protestantism shed its quiet and unobtrusive light upon the home; the people were nothing, wretched, poor, oppressed. There were slaves, serfs of estates, in the days of Louis XVI.—men who belonged to the soil they dwelt on, the property of bishops and chapters.

But the nation was weary of all this. Famine with its grim horrors stalked through the land, scattering disease and death; and it was rumoured and believed that the whole was produced by vast and disgraceful speculations. The fore-stallers and regraters were pointed out. Men were discovered and hanged for emptying bags of corn into rivers, to produce scarcity. The peasantry never even saw white bread. Agriculture was neglected; the nation was in debt; the whole body politic was rotten, and it became clear that the dissolution of society was near at hand.

Reluctantly, unwillingly, the king summoned his parliament. It was called against the ideas of the court, and undermined and opposed from the very earliest moment. This was one of the chief causes of all the misery that followed. A frank yielding to popular opinion would have saved the court from much. What exasperated the French people and caused the reign of terror, was the emigration *en masse* of the rich and powerful, who, once on the frontier, launched anathemas at the people, and announced their intention of coming back at the head of foreign armies to put down the new ideas. Had the whole aristocracy accepted the revolution and rallied round the king, without listening to the syren voice of the queen, who was the chief cause of all the mischief; had the aristocracy have done this, and surrendered their exclusive privileges quietly, there would have been a limited monarchy, and France might have been gradually prepared for that republic which is the ardent hope of her educated classes.

But the resistance of blind conservatism began at once. The crown and nobility tried from the first to snub and keep down the *tiers-état*, that is, the representatives of the nation; and at last in a fit of vigour, or rather of delusion, respecting its own power, the court closed the doors of the meeting-house against the representatives.

Then occurred the great historical scene which is illustrated in the picture of Louis David. The representatives finding workmen at work, and soldiers guarding, knew very well the meaning of the act. It was an attempt to dissolve them under pretence of adjournment. They knew that if they submitted to the delay, it would be all over with them. Their existence depended on the support of the country, and that support would be gone if they bent to the arbitrary power of the crown. They accordingly determined to meet elsewhere, and the great racket-court of the princes was selected. The representatives poured in in great numbers, and, incited by Mirabeau and others, swore to be faithful to their delegation, and opened the career of revolution by openly opposing the power of the crown, which, by attempting what it could not carry out, lost all force and prestige. The scene of the "Oath of the Tennis-Court" killed the old monarchy. It exhibited it in a ridiculous light. It aimed at ruling by force, it insulted and tried to degrade the representatives of the people, who remained calm, dignified, and did their duty unawed by bayonets, unintimidated by violence.

From that hour the revolution knew its power, the crown began to feel its utter weakness and insignificance, which was made more completely manifest by the rapid emigration of those who had sworn to defend and guard the throne of Charlemagne, which since has been so unceremoniously tossed from Bourbon to Napoleon, from Napoleon to Bourbon, from Bourbon to Orleans, and thence back again to Napoleon.

There are few such scenes of unity in the French Revolution. It augured well; but the augury, like many others, meant nothing. The apple of discord was soon to fall amid that assembly, and bring about terrible, though perhaps natural, results. The year 1793 was the saturnalia of a nation of slaves, bursting without preparation into liberty, which, when not won gradually and by the genuine progress of the human mind, is always licence.

Elected to the Convention by the section of the Muscena, in September, '92, David exercised over the assembly the dictatorship of arts. Everything he proposed was instantly decreed. Two French artists, Ruter and Chinard, having been attacked at Rome by the sbirri of the Inquisition and taken to St. Angelo, David was immediately informed of it by a letter from Topino Lebrun, his pupil, and he obtained a decree from the Convention that the ministers should write energetically to the Pope. "He further obtained," says a modern writer, "that the office of director of the Academy of Rome should be suppressed, as he himself says in a letter, the autograph copy of which is before us, and from which oozes forth his hatred of the old institution in brutal and coarse words.

David voted for the death of the king. On the eve of the execution, Lepelletier St. Fargeau having been assassinated in the Palais Royal, David set to work, and two months afterwards he presented to the Convention the picture of the "Last Moments of Lepelletier." The victim of Paris was represented lying on the ground, the torso showing the bleeding wound in the side, relieved by the white linen; a sword, suspended by a thread perpendicularly over the wound, is thrust through a paper on which is written these words—"I vote the death of the tyrant." On this occasion David depicted nature in all its energetic truth with the same brush with which he had before produced the "Last Supper" of Valentine. He was even more true and more expressive in his painting of "Marat Expiring," which is certainly a masterpiece for execution, and in which he has almost idealised the hideous countenance of his hero, the lunatic revolutionist. The assembly accepted the present, and ordered that it should be engraved at the public expense, and that the honour of the Pantheon should be publicly given to Marat. With his head thrown back, and his hand outside the bath, Marat holds out a scroll, on which this is written—"Give an assignat to the mother of seven children whose husband has died for his country."

Marat's body was, a few months later, cast by a mob into the common sewer.

The part which David played in the Convention had its brilliant side; the chief direction of the fine arts, the command of all patriotic festivals, his solicitude for the laureats, to whom he had a pension of about £100 per annum voted for the five years they were to pass in perfecting themselves either in Italy or in the territory of the republic, were all proofs of his love of art. It was David who made to the assembly that famous report, which began, "A statue shall be erected to the people; victory will supply the bronze." At last, on the 19th Prairial, after Robespierre's speech on the "Immortality of the Soul," David developed his plan of the "Festival of the Supreme Being." There were to be choirs of young girls and boys in imitation of the ancient Panathenæa. Paris awoke to the sound of music on a vast scale. The altar of the country, placed on the summit of a mountain, was to be the front of an immense procession, in which the members of the Convention figured, with bunches of flowers and fruits in their hands. Dances, decorations, burning piles, thousand-coloured illuminations, gave to this *fête* unprecedented splendour and grandeur without a parallel; but it was one of those enormous pieces of showy clap-trap possible only in France. It was very nearly the death-warrant of all who conceived it. Compromised among the conquered of Thermidor, David's arrest was ordered. He was detained in the Luxembourg five months, then set free, and then arrested again. Supported in the Convention by Thibaudéau, Chenier, Merlin de Douai, and Boissy d'Anglas, who had experienced his worth in

private life, he at last regained his liberty. Then it was that he painted the picture of "The Sabines," which is engraved in our pages (p. 293). The idea of this picture came to him, it is said, in somewhat of a romantic manner. While yet a captive, David learnt that his wife, though parted from him for some time, did her utmost to save him, and even confronted danger for his sake. Touched with this devotion, he resolved to paint her; but after some reflection he came to the conclusion that he, David, the legislator of painting, should wrap his allusions under a general and historical idea. The story of the Sabines came to his thoughts.

the lives of thousands of warriors were spared by the heroism of the women.

"If the picture of 'The Sabines,' " says a critic, who, though partial to Louis David, is sometimes severe, "were to be critically examined as a masterpiece, and the work of the chief of a school, we should have to protest against much of its immense reputation; for it has neither movement, nor *chiaroscuro*, nor comprehension of that skill which is displayed in the grouping of many figures. Besides, these are not the robust ancestors of the reapers of Leopold Robert. We can scarcely reconcile to our minds how it happens that such a delicate,



POPE PIUS VII.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

The story is familiar to all readers of history. The Romans having established themselves upon their rocky fortress, and being without wives, made an inroad upon their neighbours, the Sabines, and carried away their younger and more beautiful women. The Sabines, after preparations which consumed some time, came out to revenge the outrage. The Romans armed to resist their enemies, and a terrific combat had commenced, when the women, who had husbands and children on one side and fathers and brothers on the other, rushed in, placed themselves between the combatants, and stayed the contest. A treaty of amity and peace then took place, and

elegant, and perfumed warrior as Romulus should have come forth from those Roman walls, whose heavy, massive constructions, starting from the Tarpeian rock, are seen in the distance. We wonder how it can be that this well-fed hero, with such delicate flesh, rubbed doubtless with aromatic oils, so gracious, so clean, so well combed, should be the nursling of the she-wolf, the founder of that savage colony of brigands who were destined in their savage ardour to conquer the world. It is hard to think that that gentlemanly delicate hand slew Remus. Poussin is more true, more historical. The heroes of David are gladiators, who stand to be admired before an

assembled people, who are ready to die or kill elegantly. The personages of Poussin's paintings are coarse, barbarous, primitive; they move about naturally, if not nobly. It is a rough and vigorous scuffle, in which people tear each other's hair, and in which men snatch from each other superb women,

the old woman who shows that she has nurtured Romans, and the mother holding up her child aloft before the armies. The armour-bearers are very fine in form, but too much in the style of the statues of the time of Hadrian; they are figures which do not move—which could not move."



NAPOLÉON CROSSING MOUNT ST. BERNARD.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

who are handsome without seeking to show it; while the Sabines of David are scented with musk, pretty, and coquetish, and elegant, even in the disorder of their hair. Their gestures are theatrical, their position full of affectation. And yet in many of the figures we find the great master-hand: *e. g.*, that of the old warrior who is sheathing his sword, of

The same critic, having exhausted his blame, turns to the other side of the picture:—"Everything, however, must be said. If the picture of 'The Sabines' is not a real masterpiece for three reasons: because the pantomime is improbable, in not being treated according to the proper fashion, and because the light is without play, and the composition without true

optics—we must own that the figures, considered separately, are admirably modelled. The Romulus, the centre figure, is an Apollo with a helmet, a javelin, and a golden buckler; it is a figure of the finest time of youth; all is simple, pure, and clothed in a soft skin, with a wavy and gentle outline; while the whole reveals the serenity of the demigod. The figure of Tatiüs, more masculine and robust, and belonging to a less elevated type, is of itself a masterpiece, not only for the beauty of the torso, the individuality of the limbs, and the perfection of every form—severely studied even to their finest extremities, and firm as the muscles of the Laocöon—but also because the face demonstrates a fierce pride of which antiquity itself has shown few examples, except in the figures of Ajax. David, in this picture, seems to have added to the antique the passionate sentiment of Polydorus of Caravaggio. Some parts of the picture of ‘The Sabines’—the children, for example, especially those who, with their hands on the ground, seem to smile at the spectator—are admirably executed. The eyes seem to shine, and the very carnation has life in it. As for the horses, they have not the antique character so desirable in this style; they are not painted correctly from nature. At the time when David painted ‘The Sabines,’ it is true the horses of Phidias were unknown. It was many years after, that the fragments of the Parthenon were taken to England by Lord Elgin, and multiplied all over France by copies.”

The eminent critic might have added that Romulus and Tatiüs are very fanciful sketches, as far as costume are concerned. David preferred showing his power over the human figure, his admirable capacity for delineating sinew, muscle, and limb to correctness. A hero, who could display such a helmet, javelin, and buckler as those of Romulus, would not have been wholly denuded. Many other incongruities might be pointed out. The fact is, that David was not quite so great as many of his countrymen have tried to make him out to be. He was an earnest and studious lover of art, who did some very great things, but who never produced one of those mighty and suggestive masterpieces which have immortalised Michael Angelo and Raffaele.

In 1795, David proposed to M. Rousselin de St. Albin, a friend of Danton's, to paint him a portrait of the famous tribune. He traced the portrait from memory, assisted by a very feebly executed marble bust. This drawing is of inestimable value. It is dashed off boldly, with extreme fire and energy. Some pencil dashes, executed with extreme freedom, some vigorous cuts, have sufficed to place before us the revolutionary genius, in his crushed mask, half lion, half bull-dog, sublime in its ugliness. When he had finished it, David examined it for some time, and offering it to St. Albin, said: “Take that; I give you Jupiter Olympus.” These words were not without meaning from a man who wished to efface all idea of participation in the death of Danton. The gallery of Messieurs St. Albin, which we visited many times a few years ago, contains the most valuable memorials of the revolution; and M. de Lamartine derived much information for his late eloquent works from that unique collection, which, if still in existence, can by their politeness be always visited. David had many features in his political life, which the artist-historian can scarcely wish to touch upon. But we cannot forbear comparing the David, who was the devoted friend of Robespierre and St. Just, with the same man denying his fallen friends, and spurning his former *völe*, to accept the title of first painter to the emperor—he had been first painter to Louis XVI.—indeed, doubtless, by the thought of figuring in history as another Apelles to another Alexander. Young Robespierre asking to die with his brother—young Robespierre, to whom Napoleon owed so much of his promotion—presents a more noble spectacle than the fickle and versatile artist. But though David went as far as the most extreme men of the Mountain, Marat excepted, his artistic reputation saved him from the unmitigated obloquy lavished on the men of the revolution.

Napoleon ordered him to paint, for the sum of 180,000 francs, the two pictures, “The Distribution of the Eagles” and “The Coronation,” which are to be found at every stall in France. They are gigantic compositions. The first is

monotonous, and inevitably so, from the crush of uniforms, which has in reality overwhelmed the beautiful and the true. In those days all, even art, bent beneath the sword. The style is inflated, and the perspective bad. “The Coronation” is more successful. It is wisely and nobly grouped. It contains about one hundred and fifty portraits, painted conscientiously and striking in likeness, especially those of Talleyrand, Bernadotte, and Cambacères, who stand in the foreground. The moment chosen by the painter is that when the emperor, having crowned himself with his own hands, is about to place the crown on the head of Josephine. The head of Napoleon is radiant, and the simplicity of the lines adds to the grandeur of the figure. As usual with all painters *after* Napoleon was emperor, David idealises the man. The group of priests is very excellent; there are some heads in the number, which seem to live and speak. The silk, the velvet, the ermine, all the stuffs, all the costumes, are admirably rendered; but the whole is cold; we seem to want more noise, more animation, more crowds, a long nave full of people,—less etiquette, in fact, and some other background, instead of those marble pillars which check the vision. David, who thoroughly comprehended the tone which suited each particular object, did not comprehend those great combinations of colour with light, which, by learned gradations of tone, arrive at magnificence and grandeur. In his ordinary style he had represented Pope Pius VII. with his hands on his knees, a useless actor, looking on at the imitator of Charlemagne. But the emperor ordered him to raise the powerless hands in sign of benediction. “I did not bring him from so far,” said he, “to do nothing.”

“The Portrait of Pius VII.,” by David (p. 296), has been very highly lauded. There is certainly a great power of modelling in it. The simplicity of the execution is great, and nature is reproduced with great fidelity, while the style is correct and firm. The hands are treated with the feeling of a Philippe de Champagne, and yet with more *novetè*. This is held, however, to be nothing but a little bit of Dutch imitation: the painter has added nothing of his own: if there be thought in the head, it is because of the original. There is none of the idealism of the great painter. David has done nothing but copy marked features—features which present a mixture of roughness and elevation of character—the Italian's look, and the movement of his black eyebrows. It is really a fine thing, admirably executed; but the beauty of the model, his expression, his rank, his renown, produced this of themselves. David, with the Pope before him, was what he always was—a first-rate artist, an incomparable master of graphic science and the art of modelling; but this reality is a little naked, without ideal, without interpretation, and the study of form appears to have absorbed everything. If we examine the portrait of the same Pius VII., by Lawrence, we find it full of poetry and grandeur: the head beams with animation, it shines with intelligence, and there is a lightning flash in the glance. Genius shines in the eyes of the sovereign pontiff through the plebeian envelope; the weight of the chin, the thick form of the mouth, are compensated by the delicacy, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy of the eye. Instead of the Pope of David, sitting tranquilly near a wall, nothing indicating his sovereignty except the Roman purple, Lawrence has given us a prince of the Church surrounded by splendours and amidst the wonders of the Vatican. If his face is uneasy, if his eyes flash, if his whole person is in motion, if his whole physiognomy flags, it is to remind us of the wandering and uneasy existence of the celebrated prelate.

David never was more poetical, never more successful, than in his celebrated picture of “Napoleon crossing Mount St. Bernard” (p. 297). One can gaze with pleasure on this robust horse, which seems to tremble beneath the weight of his illustrious rider, and one examines, with a curious eye, this beardless general crossing the rocks where are engraved the names of Hannibal and Charlemagne, while the breath of fortune sends the folds of his mantle waving to the summits of the Alps. This is a great picture.

The day the allies entered Paris, David finished his “Leonidas.” The picture of “Thermopylae” dates from

the terrible invasion, the end of that bold bad man's ambition. The idea of the picture is happy, and the isolation of the hero Leonidas is good. He has just spoken familiarly with his soldiers, and promised them that they shall sup with Pluto. He is now mute, pensive, his mind is far away in the abode of the gods. The whole, the full sublimity of his sacrifice appears to him, and makes him radiant with solemn delight. As he was the soul of the troop, David has made him the centre of the picture. Around him all is in motion, all agitated; every one prepares; the trumpets sound the hour of death; a last crown is offered to Venus; and, to add to the emotion, a sketch of real life is introduced, in the persons of the slaves bearing burdens, and of mules carrying the baggage of the army. The execution of this picture, confided almost wholly to M. Rouget, one of the ablest practitioners of the school, is carefully soft and somewhat coquettish, too much so for the subject. These faults, however, escaped the masses, and the impression made by the picture was immense.

In 1816, David expatriated himself and went to Brussels. A law of amnesty condemned him to exile. He was lucky to escape the horrible massacres, equal in bloodiness to those of the Terror, which followed the Restoration. David was more consistent now than in earlier days. He would neither ask pardon nor yield to the earnest request of M. de Humboldt, who offered him, in the name of the King of Prussia, the title of minister of arts at Berlin. The brother of the king himself visited the painter, and wished to take him away in his carriage. "You will paint us," he said, "as you have painted that general," pointing to the magnificent portrait of the Marshal Gerard. The old quondam republican this time persisted in his refusal.

He lived ten years at Brussels, honoured by every one, loaded with favours by the king of the Low Countries and the Prince of Orange, adored by his new pupils, for he stuck to his art to the day of his death. As he was about to die, the consistent old heathen asked for the engraving of "Leonidas." He had it placed before him, looked for some time at it and said, "I am the only man who could have succeeded in conceiving and executing that head." These were his last words. He died on the 29th December, 1825.

The Restoration showed all its petty and mean pitilessness towards David; it carried its revenge even beyond the grave by a refinement of cruelty scarcely to be credited. Despite the earnest supplications of his family, of his friends, of so many illustrious pupils—despite all those speaking witnesses to his fame which dotted the Louvre, the government would neither pardon him alive, nor allow his body to return after death. His coffin was stopped at the frontier with a savage barbarity which raised a cry of indignation over all Europe. The liberal party in France made good use of the circumstance, and Beranger wrote upon the subject one of the most terrible of his songs.

David was great in drawing and in style, as Rubens was great in colour and fancy. If we wished to deny David wholly, we must deny the whole French school; the distinctive characteristic of which is to excel rather in substance than in form. David had nothing original about him as far as the execution is concerned; sometimes he is led away by the touch of Valentine; sometimes he falls into the porcelain and labouredly polished style of Van der Werf; sometimes he takes up the line of Dominichino, whose timid and grayish tones he adopts without warmth and without earnestness. Then, when he grew old and lived in Flanders, he allowed himself to be won by colour: he loved to unite Raffaele and Rubens, and ended by producing his "Mars and Venus."

The great merit of David is the thought, the conception. No French artist has ever had a higher idea of painting, though applying his art to the things of this world, and making the world his all in all. And yet, when we recollect how David was mixed up with the terrible and mighty deeds of the Convention, we wonder at his coldness. One would expect a striking evidence of fiery emotion, dashing colours—and we find tranquil forms, beauties correct as a statue, but as cold; imposing historical personages, motionless as marble. We

seek the burning conception of the revolutionist—we find ourselves examining the productions of a solemn legislator.

The fact is, David wanted the vivifying influence of some spiritual faith. He was a mere materialist. Having no belief in Christianity, man became to him a machine with limbs and muscles. Hence his cold and stiff character; hence the want of mind, of soul, in his pictures. The inner man speaks not to us through the eyes: woman is, on his canvas, a mere beautiful animal, beautifully painted. There is no ideality, no poetry, no connecting link between the mere human frame and the speaking, living, thinking thing within. His best picture is "The Death of Socrates;" and here the head we admire is that of the philosopher, whose countenance is lit up as he expounds his theory of the immortality of the soul. David, imbued with the warm and elevating sympathies and the ennobling faith of Christ, would not have been the artist he was; he would have been truly great. His materialism stunted his conceptions and dwarfed his mind.

David had unbounded influence over his pupils. When he entered the workshop every one was silent, and none took the liberty to joke, so much were they impressed by his presence. It is true he was jovial and even familiar in his language, despite his dignity of manner; but his lofty stature, his imposing bearing, his look, and perhaps the remembrance of the terrible part that had been played by the ex-Conventionist, all this intimidated. His face would have been handsome, had its left side not been disfigured by an accident, which had swelled the cheek, and imparted a sidelong expression to the lip, which made him always look harsh and sneering. Though this deformity interfered with his pronunciation, he expressed himself neatly and with precision, like a man who had always moved in enlightened circles. He neither taught his pupils colour nor the manual process, which he disdained. His lessons were confined to teaching the great principles of art, to style, to the study of the antique combined with that of the natural model, and to perspective, which it was necessary, he said, not only to know, but to feel.

Two things will preserve the remembrance of David—his school, and his works. His pictures are certainly his best works. Gros, Girodet, and Gerard, are worth more than the Sabines. The enormous influence he exercised over the character of his era, and that era one of such greatness, will be his first title to glory. This influence was continental, and it transformed and changed nearly every school in Europe. David persuaded the Flemish artists that it was necessary to draw. He it was who persuaded the painters of Rome that pagan art was better than catholic art. In France he did good; he brought back art to something like a serious position; he organised magnificent *foires*; he brought about a revolution in costume, furniture, ornaments, and decorations. He was the absolute master of the arts.

And, moreover, alongside of that beauty which owes its success to contemporary ideas, there is another, independent of circumstances and fashion, an absolute beauty which is of all countries and of all time. This is to be found in David, when, in presence of the dead body of Lepelletier or of the bath of Marat, he forgot the lessons and teachings of systems to attack frankly nature herself. The painter then will live as long as the chief of the school; and should posterity forget the influence of David, to think only of his personal works, there will still remain in the minds of his countrymen a passionate image, like the "Oath of the Tennis-Court," or a calm, imposing, and sublime idea, like the "Death of Socrates."

A catalogue of the works of David would be very difficult to give; there are, however, certain of his pictures which should be recorded.

1772. "Combat of Minerva against Mars aided by Venus." The second prize of Rome.

1775. "The Loves of Antiochus and Stratonice." This picture fetched a high price, and is now in the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

Then he painted the roof and the wainscot of the salon of Mademoiselle Guimard (the Temple of Terpsichore, Rue du Mont Blanc (Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin), Paris,

Exhibition of 1787. "Belisarius."

"Saint Roch interceding with the Virgin for the Cure of those stricken with the Plague." This picture is at Marseilles, in the Quarantine.

"Portrait of M. Potoki on horseback."

Exhibition of 1783. "The Grief of Andromache." This was the picture which gained him an entrance into the Academy.

Portraits of M. Desmaisons, uncle of David; of Madame Peconl; of M. Leroy, doctor; of M. the Count de Clermont d'Amboise; of M. Joubert.

Exhibition of 1785. "Oath of the Horatii;" painted at Rome for the king, in 1781.

"Belisarius," reduced.

"Portrait of M. P——."

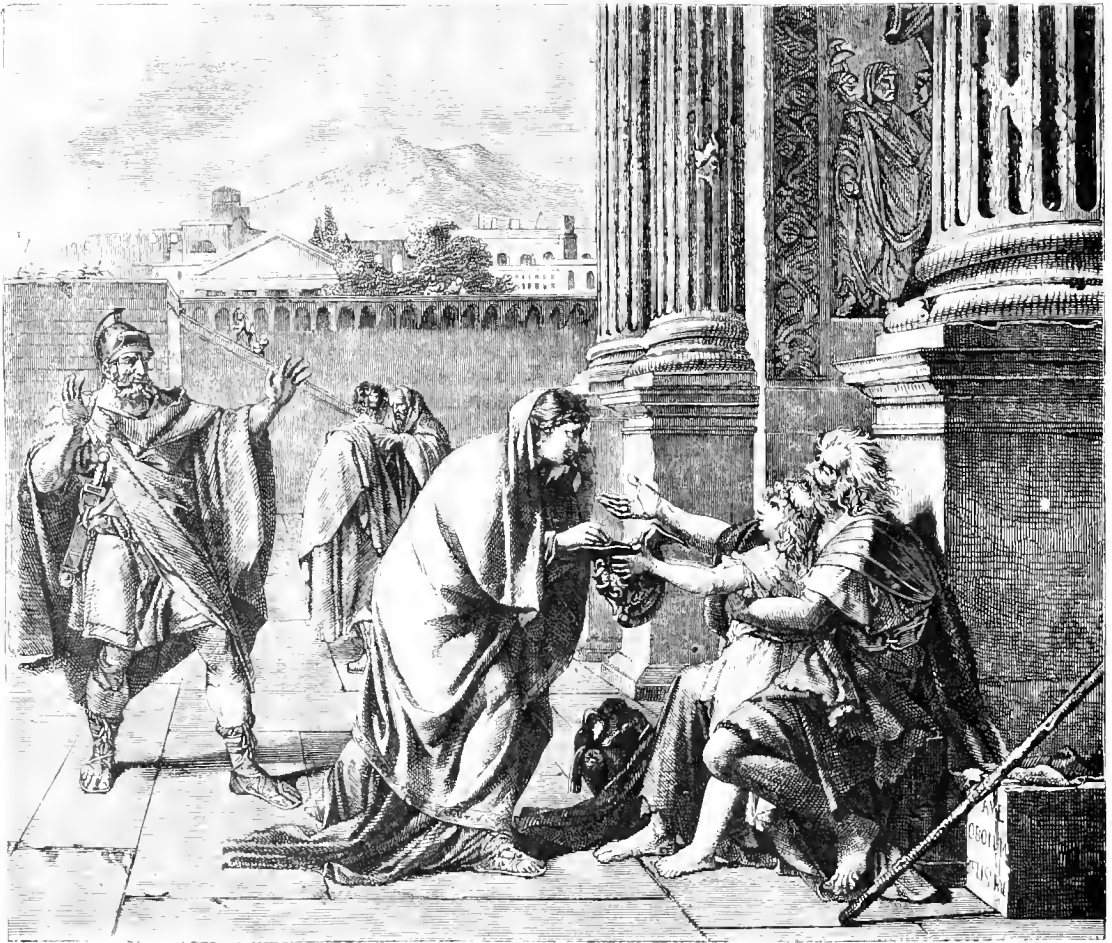
"The Oath of the Tennis-Court." His best picture; finished by M. Coupin.

1793. "The Last Moments of Lepelletier de Saint Fargeau." This *tableau* was exhibited in the hall occupied by the Convention.

Portrait of Mademoiselle Lepelletier, and of a daughter of the French nation.

"Marat assassinated in his Bath;" a half-figure, size of nature. This picture was exhibited to public view in 1816, in the Bazaar Bonne Nouvelle.

Portraits of Bailly, Gregoire, de Prieur, of Robespierre, of St. Just, of Jean Bon Saint André, of Marie Joseph Chenier, of Boissy d'Anglas. These are in the gallery of the Count de Saint Albin.



BELISARIUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

Exhibition of 1787. "Death of Socrates;" belonging to M. Trudaine.

A reduced copy of "The Horatii," nearly wholly from the hand of Girodet; belonging to M. Firmin Didot.

Exhibition of 1789. "J. Brutus, First Consul, having just witnessed the execution of his two sons, executed by his orders." The lictors are taking away the bodies.

"The Loves of Paris and Helen."

Portraits of Monsieur and Madame Lavoisier, of M. Thelasson de Sorey, of Madame de Sorey, of Madame d'Orvilliers, of Madame de Brehan, of Monsieur and Madame Vassil, of Madame Lecoulteux, and Madame Hocquart.

"Louis XVI. entering the Constituent Assembly." This picture is lost.

"The Death of young Barra."

Exhibition of the year IV. (1795.) "Portrait of a Woman and a Child."

1799. "Sappho and Phaon." Now in Russia.

"Romulus."

1800. "An Equestrian Portrait of the First Consul Crossing the St. Bernard." There are five copies of this celebrated picture.

Portraits of Madame Verninac, of Madame Pastoret, of Madame Trudaine, of Madame Recamier, of Blau and Meyer, of M. Pennerin Villandois.

1804. "Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Caprara."

1805. "Portrait of Pius VII."

1808. "The Coronation."

"The Sabines."

"A full-length Portrait of the Emperor." This belongs to the King of Westphalia.

Exhibition of 1810. "The Oath of the Army at the Distribution of the Eagles."

"The Emperor standing in his Cabinet." This portrait was painted for the Marquis of Douglas.

When it was nearly finished, the emperor came in suddenly to the *atelier* of the artist, who had hitherto concealed it from him. He saw this picture at a glance.

"Admirable!" he cried. "I must have that, David."

"Sire, I am sorry; but it is sold—it is an order."

"Paint another; I must have this."

"I am sorry, sire, but *this* painting is sold," replied David, respectfully but firmly.

"Who has bought it?" asked Napoleon, on whose brow the imperial frown was collecting.

"The Marquis of Douglas —"

1816. "Love quitting Psyche early in the Morning."

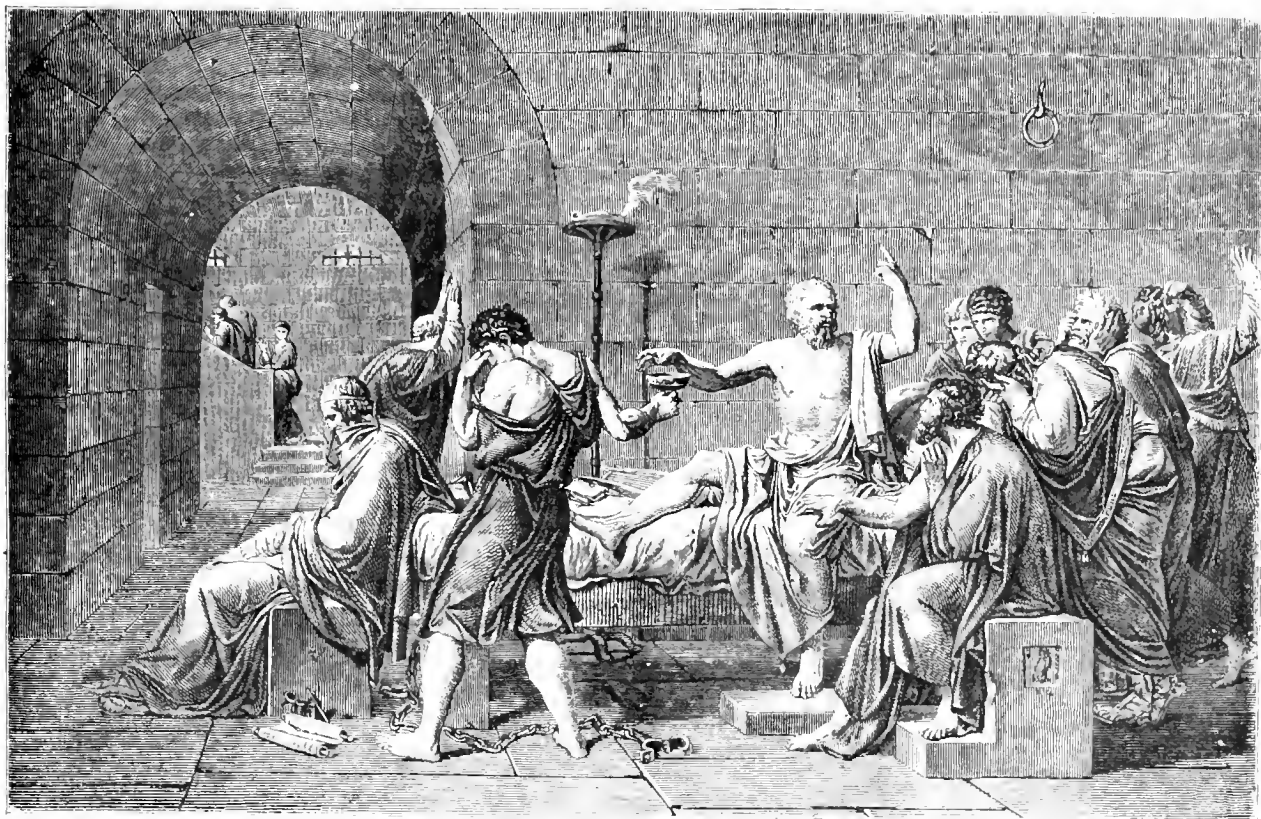
"Telemachus and Eucharis."

"The Coronation," another picture; sold first for £3,000, then for £60

"The Anger of Achilles." "An old Gipsy telling fortunes."

1821. "Mars disarmed by Venus." This picture was exhibited for the benefit of the old men's hospital at Brussels, and then in Paris for the benefit of the author, to whom it brought no less than 15,000 francs.

Our views relative to French Art are, to a certain extent, supported by the author of a book which has appeared since the above was written. "The Purple Tints of Paris" * thus describes Art in France: "One of the distinctive characteristics of the French nation is its love of Art. No one can deny that it possesses this in an eminent degree, though, from want of proper calculation, the practical results are not com-



THE DEATH OF SOCRATES — FROM A PAINTING BY DAVID.

"What! an Englishman carry off this prize—the best you have ever painted of me? No! It cannot be."

"Sire, I have sold it."

Napoleon, who was extremely passionate, and whose passion sometimes made him do little things, raised his foot in an instant of ungovernable rage, and put it through the canvas. He then walked away, leaving the amazed artist to gaze at the ruin of his admirable painting.

Next morning David was sent for to join the emperor's breakfast-table. Not a word was said on the subject of the previous day's discussion; but the manner of the emperor was so gentle, and he took the hand of the artist with so much affection, that David clearly understood that the man apologised, though the crowned head was too proud to allow it.

The picture was re-painted, and is, we believe, still in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas.

1814. "Thermopylae," size of nature.

mensurate with the strength of the passion—at least, in the higher departments. The Frenchwoman, when she chooses the colour of her dress, and arranges its graceful folds, is an artist—quite as much as the cook or the historical painter. The *maître*, when he creates a table, a work-box, a vase, a watch, or a brooch, is pre-eminently an artist. Even the lad who displays shawls and muslins in a shop-window has the artistic feeling. It is not surprising, therefore, that the number of persons who apply themselves to drawing, and painting, and sculpture, is immense. In Paris alone there are rather more than six thousand artists, in our sense of the word, of whom one half are amateurs, and the other half gain, or endeavour to gain, a living by their profession. Almost the whole of them have spent several years in the atelier or studio of a master, and have acquired a certain *esprit de corps*, and a peculiar way of viewing things. The great majority

* "Purple Tints of Paris." By Bayle-St. John.

are republicans, more or less fanatical—though some of the most successful gentlemen now affect aristocratic ideas.

“I have hinted that French love of art, in as far as it has to do with patronage, is by no means enlightened. To prove this would take me into a special discussion, and necessitate invidious remarks. I could give instances innumerable to prove that the small class of persons who buy pictures are directed in their choice more by accident than by science, and that the public willingly admires when it is told to admire. The history of the reputation of Prud'hon, now so popular, is a case in point. During his life-time he was only appreciated by a few friends, connoisseurs, but unimportant; and it was only twenty years after his death that he began to be talked of. At present, pictures which would scarcely be sold at all in his life, now fetch thousands of francs, and there is a disposition to overrate him. I know an instance in which an amateur,

bewitched, and away it goes, like a pack of hounds after puss, until some other game crosses the track, when it turns aside and leaves the first victim of its enthusiasm astonished, and no doubt rather grieved, at its safety.

“It was not till about the time of the Fronde, that the young nobility of France, sent abroad by their families to travel out of the way of civil dissensions, acquired and brought home a real admiration for art. Some fifty gentlemen, with means and leisure at their disposal, began then to praise and buy pictures, and encourage genius to do its best. Then taste was, perhaps, never very refined. At any rate it rapidly deteriorated. Yet, up to the revolution, there was a constant, and, to a certain extent, enlightened patronage of art. A little previously, the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, more from imitation than any other cause, had begun to purchase pictures, and try to understand their beauties. Probably, had things remained

de Rome le 17. 17. 17. 17.



A faut que j'aille à Rome Monsieur le Marquis de
Jardis m'attend de mon Tableau sachant bien que
le peuple Romain a d'accordé qu'il ne mérité a un peintre
Francois mais cette fois cy ils nous rendent de bon
coeur et il ya un concours de monde a mon tableau
presque autant nombreux que la comédie du Seduction
quel plaisir ce secret j'aurai pour vous qui m'aimez de voir
être témoin au moins j'aurai pour en faire la dispo-
-tion.

Monsieur le Marquis

à la Cour de Naples

Robertson Junke
M. de la Cour de Naples
Jardis

who spoke with contempt of a now well-known painter, was rebuked severely by a critic, and was possessed, six months afterwards, of pieces by that very hand to the value of eight hundred pounds. A more singular case of the same kind would require the mention of individuals now living; but perhaps this sort of thing is sufficiently common all the world over to enable the reader to understand what must be its manifestations where it exists in an excessive degree.

“I compare the growth of a reputation, artistic or literary, in France, to the progress of the Giaour in ‘Vathek,’ who, after he has been kicked from the steps of the throne, rolls himself into a ball, and by some unaccountable attraction draws after him the deadly-eyed prince, Carathis, the war minister, the courtiers, the people—even the halt and the infirm. By some accident, one or two amateurs become convinced, with or without reason, that a man has genius, and begin running after him. Very soon the whole country is

quiet, the education of their taste would have been successful; but time was not allowed them, and they were left heirs of a fashion instead of a science. They, as well as the people at large, had an intuitive veneration of art—though more as a name than as a thing. It was their impression that art was a great and beautiful manifestation of the mind, and they endeavoured, with less success than might have been wished, to appreciate its productions. France, therefore, possesses a wealthy middle class, really disposed to hail and reward the genuine artist, but without the power of recognising him when he appears. This accounts for so many sudden and ephemeral reputations. The *bourgeoisie* are conscientiously on the look-out for great men, and are easily deceived into supposing they have found them. Under such circumstances, we need not wonder that intrigue and quackery are almost necessary to whomsoever desires to succeed.

“Among themselves the artists affect, above all things, to

despise the *bourgeois* feeling, and those who truckle to it. One of their number is excommunicated because he did not insult a grocer who exclaimed, "Your picture is a masterpiece; but I cannot buy it, for it is six inches too wide." Another is accused of selling for two hundred francs what he had previously asked a thousand for. In truth, however, all the really professional men are obliged to be tolerably condescending to the ignorance and indelicacy with which they have to deal, and revenge themselves when alone by pasquinade and satire."

This is a very correct representation of the state of affairs in Paris. As we are on the subject of modern art, a few more extracts may be interesting. The same writer says: "Many young French painters affect an originality in their manner which they have not in their mind. Would-be men of genius are nearly always lazy. They think this one of the most valuable privileges of their character. My friend Basil belonged to this class, except, perhaps, that he had more talent than the world gave him credit for. He lost himself by yielding, to a most ridiculous extent, to that absurd habit of some intellectual men of 'wanting inspiration.' They wait for inspiration sometimes all their lives, and it never comes. The real way is to go and fetch it. Basil did not choose to do so. On one occasion a friend procured him, partly out of charity, an order from the wife of a wealthy banker for a kind of thing in which he excelled—a couple of bouquets in water colours. The money was paid in advance three years ago, and the bouquets are not yet in bloom. He does not intend to defraud her, but 'he wants to produce something excellent.' He is waiting for inspiration. His friends tell him that this seems dishonest. He colours, bites his lip, and says, 'I will set about it,' in a deplorably desponding tone; but he has not put pencil to paper yet. He has no studio of his own, but goes now to one friend's place, now to the other—sometimes with, sometimes without, materials; but upon almost every occasion he thrusts his hands into his shock of hair, and sits down complaining that he has no ideas, no inspiration. As may be imagined, he is often in want of a dinner, and is compelled to sponge upon a friend. He went to one the other day, and in his heavy, lumbering way, said, 'I have got no money, and yet I must eat.'"

David is the original of all these students. He it was gave the tone to the *ateliers*; it was he made the artist a republican, an eccentric individual, with a broad-brimmed hat and moustaches. It was in his workshop that first appeared the Loustie and the Rapin, thus described:—"The Loustie is generally an artist-amateur, that is to say, his parents have property; they see him some day, when a child, take a piece of chalk or charcoal, and scratch the portrait of his father or his schoolmaster. This is enough. It is at once determined that a great genius has revealed itself. The lad no sooner escapes from college than he is sent to a painter's studio. He is supplied with a handsome sum of money, and becomes very often the Loustie of the *atelier*; perhaps the most backward in the serious of his art, but clever as a caricaturist, and allowed to take any liberties as a practical joker.

"The Rapin is the servant of the *atelier*, something equivalent to a fag at a public school. A shabby dress is a necessary part of his definition. Most probably he has an immense bush of hair. He often becomes a clever artist, but no one knows him. His duties are to do all the work of the *atelier*: to run of errands, to set the model, &c. He often picks up a good deal of knowledge from the conversation of the students, and repeats it in a mysterious manner."

Such are some of the types found in a French *atelier* of painting—the *ateliers* of the descendants of the great master Louis David.

JOHN MARTIN.

If this remarkable painter did not receive during his life all his due, it appears at all events likely that now at last, when death has closed upon him, he will be granted the honours of renown and fame in full measure. But even during life John

Martin was admired and popular with a very extensive portion of the community. There was a grandeur, a magnificence about some of his paintings—his "Belshazzar's Feast," his "Crucifixion," and his "Pandemonium"—which struck the eye at once, and caused him to be appreciated. Vast conceptions in architecture have their weight in the eyes of the millions, and his were truly vast. His "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" is known everywhere. It has carried his reputation into all quarters, over the whole of continental Europe as well as this island.

And he is dead at last, having at length followed those great contemporaries of his, who divided with him public favour and applause. We, who knew something of him in those days when his drawing-room was the place where men of all kinds, authors, artists, singers, and public favourites in every style, were wont to meet, regret his death much, though aware that for some time past he had been lost to art. It is the more to be regretted, because he has left several admirable pictures unfinished. This had been discovered for some time past, and had caused him to retire to the Isle of Man, where he died a few weeks back.

John Martin was born at Cayden Bridge, near Hexham, Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789, and having in his early youth shown a very marked liking for the limner's art, his parents determined on sending him to a coach-builder at Norwich, there to learn the glorious art of heraldic painting. But this did not suit Martin; it was not at all what he aimed at. His ambition was above this; and disgusted and irritated at the drudgery imposed upon him in the coach-builder's employment, he threw up his apprenticeship. He now received some instructions in drawing of a different kind from one Muss, father of a very well-known enamel-painter of the same name, which had been changed from Masso under the impression that to succeed one must have a thorough English name. With these riches, and no other, John Martin started for London in search of fortune.

There have been so many stories told of what poor artists and poor authors have suffered in the upward struggle for fame and competence—for they are never insane enough to dream of wealth—that the reader will not require any minute details on this subject. Whether he dined on a penny loaf, or added to that solid luxury an ounce of beef, or, like the Paris artists out of luck, walked the streets without a dinner, and talked of the fine joint he had dined on, are things we scarcely care to know. Suffice it to say, he steeled himself in the fiery cauldron of genius—poverty, and came from it energetic, vigorous, ready and able to do battle with the world.

He began to gain a living by painting on glass and china, by making water-colour drawings, and also by the thankless task of teaching. But this was the outward and positive life; there was the ideal life too going on. He had already determined in his own mind to be a great artist, and it was at this period that he painted pictures on towels instead of canvas, for want of the more artistic preparation. The long hours of the night, that should have been spent in sleep, were devoted to earnest study, and especially to a deep elaboration of the principles of architecture and perspective—two elements he has used admirably in all his productions.

At last, eager for the fray, he began the battle of life, and came boldly before the world. In the year 1810, having, like most men of any note or success in any walk demanding study and reflection, married early, he painted his oil picture of "Clytie" for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. It was, like the first picture of David, in whose life there are points of resemblance with Martin, rejected at first, and then at the opening of the following season accepted, tolerably well hung, and very highly appreciated by good judges. In 1812 his fancy and imagination, those great illuminators of his genius, were very forcibly shown in the production of "Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion." This was a genuine development of his peculiar characteristics. "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" was a very successful picture, and gained him the £100 medal of the British Institution. In 1819 he became more grand and sublime in his "Fall of Babylon,"

which was speedily followed by "Macbeth and the Witches." In 1821, however, the whole artistic world was dazzled by the appearance of that gorgeous production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which gained him the £200 prize of the British Institution. It was a glorious picture of a wondrous scene, of which Byron says :

"The king was on his throne,
The satraps throng'd the hall,
And thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival."

The background of enormous, vast, black architecture—on the left the luminous wall, played all over with a strange brilliancy—in the foreground the low tables sumptuously spread, with groups of men and women apparently just disturbed from the attitude of luxurious enjoyment, all with their eyes directed towards the blazing characters which Daniel is about to stand forward and interpret—his austere, prophet-like appearance presenting a striking contrast with the indolent and effeminate personages who encircle the festive board—all combine to form a grand conception, grandly rendered. His "Destruction of Hieronlanum" was less successful. In "The Seventh Plague" he has concentrated all the horrors which afflicted the whole land; and a few groups of men and women, with misery-stricken countenances, may be supposed emblematical of the whole afflicted race. "The Paphian Bower" was not in his style; but "The Creation," in which nature, under the hand of God, seems to grow visibly before us out of the darkness, without form and void, is admirable. In 1826 appeared his well-known painting of "The Deluge." This picture, through the broken light of a tempestuous evening, presents us with the terrible aspect of the earth when the universal flood had just begun to rise. The inhabitants, vainly hoping that it was only an extraordinary inundation, are flying to seek refuge on lofty places. The aged and the sick, the frightened young girls and children, are carried up the rocks by the strong men. The painter here has discriminated philosophically between the various developments of the human character. Here we see heroic self-sacrifice, men hazarding their lives to protect the helpless, women clinging to their children and refusing to leave them, daughters seeking to drag their mothers up almost inaccessible precipices. On the other hand, the interest of self-preservation is illustrated by individuals who in this dreadful hour break all bonds of natural affection, forget all duties, forsake all friends, and fly alone, not caring who may perish, so that they may be saved. The wild and rugged landscape; the stormy and rolling waters, which already threaten the "fenced cities," as though the ocean had broken its bounds; the dark and beetling crags; the confused and terrified multitude, in which they who wear the apparel of princes and queens cling in abject terror to any who may be near them; the clouds rent at intervals by streaks of fire; the night which blackens over all—these elements of the sublime and picturesque are blended into a tableau of the most wonderful interest and power. On a distant mountain-top, the ark seems to rest like a promise of salvation and peace, with a flash of lightning passing harmlessly over it.

"The Fall of Nineveh" resembles in many of its characteristics "The Feast of Belshazzar." Its chief merit consists in the grand proportion of the architecture, and in the artistic disposition of broad and bold masses of light and shadow. The same may be said of "Pandemonium," in which there is a grand series of "blazing cressets" casting a bright glare on innumerable fierce and defiant countenances, upturned to listen to the words of the arch-deceiver and enemy of mankind. The architectural conception is here vast and mighty.

Martin subsequently illustrated Milton, receiving £2,000 for the drawings. He did the same for the Scriptures in a popular edition. He then for several years devoted himself assiduously to those engravings of his own pictures which have so materially added to his reputation. He was earnest and laborious, full of ingenuity and originality, applied new modes of varying the texture and perspective effects of large mezzotinto plates, and thus led the way to a marked and general improvement in this important branch of art.

But while thus at work, he was almost wholly forgotten as a painter, when he revived the memories of the world by his very able picture of "The Coronation of Queen Victoria." His pictures had long hung neglected on his walls; and none but men of science, artists, and authors, went to see them. His long-standing quarrel with the Academy prevented his exhibiting. But now he had the inestimable honour and glory of painting dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies; his royal picture was talked of by the press; and prosperity came once more. It is always held in this country an honour to be painted by an artist who has painted a lord; and as Martin in his "Coronation" had painted not only many lords, but a queen, he found the demand upon his time very great. And yet he did not grow rich. A large family, a position in society to be kept up, a precarious and uncertain income, are things which men with fixed salaries can scarcely comprehend. Poor Martin did, to his cost, and his life was one struggle from the early days of his poverty to the uneasy hours of his death in the Isle of Man. But there is a fact in connexion with his life which must never be forgotten. Nearly all the great schemes for giving London pure water, for a vast sewer to collect the refuse of this vast city, and for other great sanitary purposes, came from our ingenious artist. A writer, who appears more intimately acquainted than we are with his private history, says:—"Notwithstanding the extraordinary amount of industry spent on his pictures and engravings, nearly as much time, and the larger portion of his earnings, were expended on engineering plans for the improvement of London, such as the embankment of the Thames and the drainage of the town; also on the ventilation of mines, light-houses, and the improvement of our harbours. The money he actually expended on those useful and ingenious projects must have exceeded £10,000."

His mind retained its faculties to the very last. He had several very great paintings in hand, which we fear no one can finish for him. They are of the usual character—"The Judgment;" "The Days of Wrath;" and the "Plains of Heaven." Of late years, Martin had fallen into a habit, derived perhaps from Etty, of using one colour too freely; and in one case, a very fine landscape is so blue as to leave the mind in doubt where the earth ends or the cerulean sky begins.

Martin was simple in his habits, independent in his ideas, no worshipper of rank or wealth, and yet he was sought for and respected by the high in place, far more than any toad-eater or parasite of power. His *soirées* were visited, not only by men of talent and reputation, but by ambassadors and princes; and there it was that, in our childhood, we timidly gazed, for the only time, at the genial countenance of Sir Walter Scott. Martin was much liked by literary men, and owed much of his early pre-eminence to the favourable criticism of the "London Weekly Review," edited by one of the St. Johns. And he died far away on a still little island of the deep, the Isle of Man, where for some time he had gone every year. Here, probably, he gathered fresh from nature many of his magnificent inspirations—his moonlights on the water, his bursting and golden sunlights, so powerfully used by him at times; here too he died, "and," says a local chronicler, "hallowed no doubt in their estimation will ever be the place of his sepulchre, where he will repose by the side of some of his departed relatives, in the cemetery on the hill, near the romantic churchyard of Kirk Braddan, one of the spots he admired so much, and loved to visit; and henceforth the deathless name of Martin, associated with that of our lonely isle—like the great Napoleon's, linked with St. Helena—will invest it with an interest and celebrity which will endure to the end of time; and we may truly predict, that strangers from all parts of Europe, landing on these shores, will, like pilgrims journeying to some far-famed distant shrine, visit the grave of Martin, and pay 'the sacred tribute of a tear' to the memory of immortal genius and sterling virtue."

Allowing for the enthusiasm of a friend and admirer, there is some truth doubtless in this; and it is pleasing, at all events, to think, that genius is remembered by man, when the spirit that vivified is gone, and the body slumbers in the grave.

BARTOLOMEO ESTEBAN MURILLO.



With Murillo we are about to take a view of creation, and to soar through the universe, not only as it was fashioned by the



Creator, but such as the imagination of man has peopled it beyond its outward and visible form. The stern realities of

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life under all its humblest and yet most picturesque aspects, in contrast with the beings of imagination arrayed in their gentlest expression; on the one hand the thick shadows of our earthly atmosphere, and on the other the ethereal brightness of the heavens; here the pure and graceful beauty of incorporeal Seraphim, and there the squalor of the mendicant in hostile collision with the miseries of want, dirt, and disease; at once every aspect of life, and every accident of light, whether transfusing miraculously the celestial regions or shed upon the earth, giving life and vivacity to figures and landscape—all these lie within the rich domain of Murillo's art. In his loftiest moments, soaring into the azure expanse of the heavens, his spirit contemplates these luminous abodes wherein the faithful look forward in humble hope to endless and unequalled bliss! his fervid imagination sees floating around the Queen of Heaven gay swarms of infant beings, clothed by his genius with angelic attributes; the air to him is filled with floods of bright Cherubim, lighter than the golden vapours amidst which they frolic, fluttering, soaring, ascending and descending, crossing each other's path, intertwining their celestial forms, calling each other with wreathed smiles, joining hands in a living garland of joyous flowers, floating on the breeze and sporting in the sunbeam. The two elements which contend for the mastery of human life—reality and idealism, imagination and good sense—have been wonderfully combined by Murillo. Resembling in this the author of *Don Quixote*, he has been by turns thoughtful like the hero of *La Mancha*, and familiar and grotesque like *Sancho*. There is not a phase of existence, not an emotion of the soul, from the sublime impulse of ecstasy down to the eagerness of sensuality,

which Murillo has not attempted to portray, and with him to attempt was to succeed. He closely studied the innumerable attitudes of the human frame, those assumed by pride or commanded by dignity, as well as those which spring from carelessness, idleness, or accident. Through angels, men, animals, trees, verdure, sea, and sky, he has traversed from one end to the other the scale of existence—a boundless vista, which, like the patriarch of old, he saw prolonged in his waking dreams through the glorious regions of paradise.*

He was born at Seville on the 1st of January, 1618, and not at Pilas in 1613, as erroneously stated by Palomino.† The Spaniards, even at that period, called Seville a wonder:

Que non a vista Sevilla,
Non a vista miraviglia,

they exclaimed then as now; and yet the city, which in their pride they found so marvellous, did not at that time contain the masterpieces of Murillo. The first master of the great colourist was Juan del Castillo, his uncle, who, being a disciple of the Florentine school, was, according to Bermudez, hard and dry in his colouring; but, on the other hand, a chaste and severe draughtsman, and calculated to form good pupils. Murillo learnt without difficulty all that was taught him, until his master having gone to establish himself at Cadiz, he felt himself very much out of his element at Seville; a simple scholar, uncertain of his way, and a prey to the indecision of early youth. In the mean time he employed himself in painting, to sell at the fair of Seville,‡ a stock of pictures, *una partida de pinturas*, the mercantile name which was given to a considerable branch of commerce between Spain and her American colonies, and as a colourer of flags and banners for the gorgeous processions of the church. Such was the humble beginning of Murillo; and if this employment inured the young painter to the difficulties of execution, and reduced the crudeness of his colouring, it raised him but little in the social scale above the workman.

Happily, however, a fellow-student of Murillo's, whom he had known in the studio of Juan del Castillo, arrived at this juncture at Seville. This young artist was Pedro de Moya, just returned from London, where he had studied under Vandyck. Passionately devoted to the style of the Flemish painter, Moya had made himself master of his learned and agreeable method; and as the manner of Vandyck was as yet unknown at Seville, its novelty created universal astonishment. To Murillo, above all, the sight of Moya's works was

* Captain Bold, in his interesting "History of the Spanish School of Painting," thus sums up the characteristics of Murillo's style: "He is celebrated for the originality of his treatment and invention, the gracefully flowing character of his draperies, and the simplicity, the perfect nature and unaffected grace which distinguish his figures; consequently his subjects seldom fail to interest the most fastidious critic: human affections in all their variety, charity under all its forms, religion with all its fervour, love, and benevolence, were never more beautifully blended or correctly delineated; and had he possessed the advantages of a classical education, and a more intimate acquaintance with the antique, so as to have improved himself in the beau-idealism as well as the philosophy of the art, I have no doubt he would have transcended even the mighty Raphael."

† This error has been pointed out by Cean Bermudez, who procured at Seville the certificate of Murillo's baptism. *Vide* the "Diccionario Historico de los mas ilustres Profesores de las Bellas Artes en Espana." Madrid, 1809.

‡ "A weekly fair held in the parish of All Saints, and known as 'la Feria.' The prices in this mart, like the purchasers, being of the lowest class, the artistic wares exposed were necessarily, for the most part, of a very humble order; and, indeed, 'a picture of the Fair' (*pintura de la Feria*) was a proverbial expression for a bad picture. Still there was hardly a Sevillian painter of fame during the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, who had acquired the use of his pencil at home, but had brought to this market his first clumsy saints and immature Madonnas."—"Annals of the Artists of Spain," by William Stirling, M.A. London: John Ollivier, 1848, p. 315.

quite a revelation. He immediately felt how dangerous, how hard, and how contrary to nature was the practice of giving exaggerated importance to outline; and understood how the atmosphere, embracing all forms, blends some, assists the modelling of others, and subdues all. Thus a new horizon opened to his view; he felt a wish to travel, to go to Italy, to Venice, to the Low Countries, wherever his genius might have a chance of developing itself; and if Moya had not acquainted him with the recent death of Vandyck, he would have embarked for England. What to do without fortune, however, was now the question, for he could not heedlessly undertake such long and expensive journeys. The genius of Murillo at length furnished him with resources; he purchased a large quantity of canvas, divided it into squares of various sizes, which he primed and prepared with his own hands, and set to work to paint rapidly everything that his fancy dictated—Madonnas, devotional subjects, flowers, landscapes; * monks in one place, objects of still life in another;—he then sold his cargo to a shipowner, and thus furnished with some money, without acquainting his family or taking leave of any one, he departed for Madrid, where he arrived safely when scarcely twenty-five years old.

Velasquez was then in high favour at the court. A personal friend of the king of Spain, and an officer of his palace, he, nevertheless, received his young countryman most graciously; and, through the influence of one of the familiars of Philip IV., Murillo saw the doors of the palace of Madrid, of the monastery of the Escorial, of all the royal residences, of all the galleries, and all the museums, opened to him. In presence of the Rubens' and Titian's with which the royal residences were resplendent, the young painter forgot his travelling project. What occasion, in fact, had he now to go to Italy? Had he not unfolded in his gaze all that could enrapture the colourist in embryo, and even pictures of that Vandyck, already so much admired, though known only through the imitations of Moya?

It was, therefore, without quitting the apartments of the Cierzo and of the Escorial, under the eyes of Velasquez,† and with his friendly counsel, that Murillo accomplished the journey which he had projected into the regions of true colouring. About three years were employed by him in copying, as a student, the paintings of the great masters, and, above all, those of the Venetians and Flemings; but that nothing might be neglected, he also drew from the antique and the living model, while Velasquez, who had arrived at perfection in his fascinating style, familiarised him with the love of a faithful rendering of nature, the taste for pure truth, and the illusions of aerial perspective.

Joachim Sandiart, and some Italian authors, relate that Murillo visited America in his youth. These writers have been misinformed, and assert of Murillo that which was only true with respect to his illuminated squares of canvas, and his son Gaspard Esteban Murillo. They have evidently felt a difficulty in believing that a painter of such consummate ability could have arrived at such excellence without visiting the classic land of art. They have, accordingly, stated that Murillo, on his return from America, travelled in Italy; but, as a Spanish author‡ pointedly remarks, "Is it probable that such a journey would have remained unknown to so many of Murillo's intimate friends, who, in fact, never heard it mentioned except in books, although it is proverbial how closely

* "Compro una porcion de lienzo; la dividio en muchos quadros; los imprimo por su mano, y pinto en ellos asuntos de devocion."—Cean Bermudez, *ubi supra*, vol. ii., p. 49.

† "Velasquez, probably, little thought that the needy young man, whom he then patronised, was destined to acquire a name, and to execute works which would be more popular and more widely known than his own."—"A Handbook of the History of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting," by Sir Edmund Head, Bart. London: John Murray, 1848, p. 161.

‡ Antonio Palomino y Velasco, in chapter ii. of book vi., entitled "El Aprovechado," p. 62.

the lives of illustrious men are observed, known, and scanned, even in the minutie of their most trifling details?"* It is, however, certain, that Murillo, on his return to Seville, in 1645, painted for the little cloister of the convent of St. Francis pictures which attracted universal notice. It was no longer merely the style of Vandyck, such as Moya had imported it into Seville nearly three years before, but a surprising combination of all the different styles which Murillo had so profoundly studied when at Madrid, or at the Escorial, where he had copied successively the paintings of Rubens, of Titian, of Vandyck, of Ribera, and of Velasquez. No originality was yet to be traced in this singular fusion, in which the fiery splendour of Rubens was tempered by the gravity of Titian, or the graceful elegance of Anthony Vandyck mitigated the savage emphasis of Spagnoletto. Here and there, in spite of this blending, the pencil of the imitator more visibly betrayed each of the masters whom he had by turns admired. Thus, "Angels appearing to a Saint in Ecstasy" recalled the powerful contrasts of Ribera; his splendid picture of "The Death of Santa Clara" seemed a reminiscence of Vandyck, from the expressions of the head, the freshness of the carnations, and the correct drawing of the extremities. Finally, his "St. James ministering to the Poor" betrayed the direct influence of Velasquez. When the moment had arrived for exhibiting his own genius and a consciousness of his own powers, Murillo offered nothing but a happy selection from others; but through this appearance of imitation, however, the greatness of the master began to show itself.

Murillo took very good care never to show the feet of the Virgin when he painted her ascending towards heaven in the midst of a dazzling glory. He was apprehensive of conjuring up a profane thought at the sight of divine charms; this little morsel of nudity, which was not even remarked at Rome, would have been offensive in Andalusia. In spite of these pious precautions, however, the Virgins of Murillo are far from possessing those attributes of virgin beauty which the faith requires. Their luxuriant hair, their dark and humid eyes, inspire other ideas than those of divine transport; and, if they are represented as devoting themselves to household affairs, it is seldom otherwise than as mothers with plump hands, whom the cares of life have not robbed of the roseate hues of the carnation; but, by way of amends, Murillo has impressed upon the Son of Mary a character truly super-human. We fancy we see around the head of this infant a halo of glory, which needs no material representation. His beautiful head is lit up with intelligence; His glance open and penetrating, at once vivid and gentle, emits rays of genius; and He looks so great, even in the tranquillity of sleep, that we feel, as it were, conscious of the presence of a God. Everything around, even to the vulgar visage of the carpenter and the worldly figure of Mary, enhances the distinction of the infant, and indicates the divinity that moves within Him. The details of humble life, in the midst of which the infant Christ was brought up, add still further to the effect; and they serve as a contrast to the inherent nobility of soul, which perhaps would not exhibit so much character in another medium, for it appears to us singularly heightened even by the trivial accessories which surround it. "With Raffaella," it has been well said by a French critic,† "the Virgin is superlatively virgin; with Murillo the infant Jesus is really divine."

Let us follow for a while, as we walk through a celebrated gallery, or even as we turn over the engraved works of Murillo,—let us follow out the history of this young girl of lowly birth, the companion of that careless beggar-boy of whom we have already given a representation.‡ Here we see her on her mother's knee, while her matted locks are being combed, uttering cries which attract the notice of the dog of the house; as a child yonder under the trees, at the bottom of a prettily

laid-out garden, she is amusing herself with some birds for which she has made a nest in her basket, or with the flowers she has gathered in her lap. At a later period, grown up, formed, and henceforth capable of inspiring and of feeling the tender passion, we see her stationed at her window, and fixing we know not on whom a bold look; leaning out anorously, her shoulders bare, and her hair parted at the corner of her forehead after the fashion of the students, she monopolises all the light, leaving in the half tint of the middle distance a duenna duly old and ill-favoured, thus bringing forward her own youth by this background of ugliness. But how is this? Unless our eyes deceive us, it is still the same who, doubtless converted, pardoned, and become by dint of repentance "Santa Rosa de Lima," holds a rose in her hand, and offers up her heart to the infant Jesus, perched upon the stem of the flower in the form of a humming-bird.

Contrast is the mainspring of Spanish art. Thus we have seen in our own days the French romantic school, based upon contrast, turn its first glance towards the land of Murillo and of Cervantes. From Hernani to Ruy Blas, it is Spain that has furnished the wardrobes of our literary colourists with their rags and their doublets, the silken *basquine* of the duchess and the tattered mantle of Don Cesar. No one has more frequently or more happily made use of contrast than Murillo. We do not thereby mean those abrupt oppositions of light and shade such as the terrible Ribera affected. Contrast with Murillo shone forth in the philosophy of the picture by the unexpected approximation of its different qualities, and by the antithesis of thoughts or of character. That he might not come into collision at once with mind and sight, Murillo, contrary to the practice of Spagnoletto, placed the dualism in the action, and the unity in the *chiaroscuro*,—the contrast being addressed to the mind, and the harmony to the eye. When he had attained the final perfection of his talent, he was commissioned, about 1670, to paint some large pictures for the church of La Charité, in which his subject and his genius were wonderfully well matched. He had to illustrate precisely the two extremes which are drawn together by religion and united by Christian charity,—luxury and destitution, rags and satin, ruddy health and wan disease. Fortunately he lived in the classic city of mendicants,—the blind, the paralytic, the one-handed, the lame, and the victims of scurvy and leprosy. All these models he had encountered simply in walking through the streets of Seville—a huge out-of-door hospital.*

But with what flexibility, what richness, what facile genius has he not executed his task! How can we enumerate, how describe in succession, so many pictures, varied in character, touching and sublime: "The Prodigal Son," "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," "The Paralytic at the Piscina,"† and all those miracles of evangelical charity reproduced by miracles of colour? Cast your eyes on that multitude that Murillo has painted in "the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," as numerous as it is represented in Holy Writ. "If Christ has fed five thousand men with five barley loaves and two small fishes," says M. Thoré, "Murillo has painted five thousand men on a space of twenty-six square feet." In truth, there is not one less than five thousand; it is an endless multitude of women and children, of old and young, a host of heads and arms which move with ease, without confusion, without inconvenience, without tumult; all gaze upon Christ in the midst of His disciples, and Christ blesses the loaves, and the miracle is wrought! Sublime signal of fraternity amongst men! mag-

* Seville has always been a city of beggars supported by the monks, and is at this day more thronged with them than ever. — *Vide: Un An à Séville, par M. de Laborde.*

† This picture, as well as that of "The Prodigal Son," formed part of the gallery of Marshal Sault. Murillo received for it 8,000 reals, or £400. Marshal Sault had sold it to the late king Louis Philippe, for £8,000, but for some reason the bargain was broken off. For "The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" Murillo received 12,075 reals.—*Vide: Cean Bermudez.*

* "Aun los atomos mas mínimos se observan," says the author of "El Museo Pictórico," vol. III, p. 120.

† "Etudes sur la Peinture Espagnole," by M. Thoré, published in "La Revue de Paris," of 1835.

‡ "The Works of Eminent Masters," Vol. I., p. 45.

nificent lesson of charity, which the painter has magnificently illustrated!

We might be almost tempted to imagine that the picture composed itself, and to look upon it as a fortuitous piece of accident. The groups, however, are well arranged, and if sometimes the different parts are not duly balanced, as may

mystery; but when we are in the presence of an artist so expansive, so impassioned as Murillo—when superiority of expression is the predominant charm, how can we waste a thought on the propriety of these hidden subtleties? When looking at "The Prodigal Son," we yield ourselves up entirely to the joy that irradiates the paternal countenance, to the



THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

be remarked in the "Saint Philip," formerly in Marshal Soult's gallery, it will be found to be a rare exception. Without doubt there are learned and profound painters who have possessed the talent of interesting the spectator by the occult equilibrium of the different groups which compose their pictures: they know that a man of taste will find a charm in the discovery of an effect, the law of which is a

gestures of the servants who are preparing the feast, and even to the caresses of the little house-dog, which has recognised the son of his master. The Prodigal himself is pale and exhausted without being disfigured,—the very image of his heart, which is withered, not degraded. There he stands divided between the shame of his recollections and the sweetness of his pardon. What consummate knowledge of the

human heart! What philosophy! and how impressive and agreeable is the execution, in perfect harmony with the sentiment that pervades the scene. The colours are lively, the

The character of Murillo resembled the style of his works. He was gentle and amiable. The Spanish blood, however, which circulated in his veins made him prompt in anger; it



ST. DIEGO D'ALCAIA.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

touch facile; it seems as if nature herself participated in the feast of this family, and shared in their joy; for "the splendour of a beautiful day smiles upon them," as Montaigne observes.

Only with such a temperament that we can possess the happy faculty of having a keen appreciation of the beautiful. He lived in friendly intimacy with Iriarte, an excellent landscape-painter, who, according to Murillo himself, painted

landscape by divine inspiration.* Iriarte executed the backgrounds of Murillo's pictures, in which he introduced fine trees with light foliage, and smiling or overcast scenes in accordance with the subject, limpid waters and airy distances, which agreed perfectly with the intention of the master. Murillo, in turn, enriched the landscapes of Iriarte with beautiful figures. They possessed together more than double the talent required to paint a *chef-d'œuvre*. They differed one day on the trivial question as to which of them should commence a picture ordered of the landscape-painter by an amateur, who calculated on the alliance of the two friends. Murillo, in a moment of ill-humour, seized his palette, and painted at one sitting both the landscape and the figures in a manner that enchanted the purchaser, who discovered in him what he never expected—a new artist, an admirable landscape-painter. A similar incident is said to have occurred in the life of Rubens.

All Paris has seen in the gallery of M. Aguado, and in the Spanish museum of the Louvre, some landscapes of Murillo. They are composed in the style of Rubens, with breadth and in broad masses. Moreover, he generally made them subordinate to the more important branch of figure-painting, and the scene was then merely an harmonious accompaniment, or an invitation to the realms of poesy. We recollect that one of the pictures before which the spectator remained the longest, in the gallery of the fortunate marquis, was that of "Jacob's Dream of the Ladder." In a dreary country, in the night-time, within a few paces of a ruin, on the borders of a piece of still water, a traveller has thrown upon the ground his gourd, his wallet, and his stick, and has fallen asleep. The dream of the son of Abraham is represented in this landscape by one who knew how to give material embodiment to the subtlest visions of the mind. On the head of the dreamer appears a luminous ladder which rises up to heaven; two rows of Seraphim, scarcely touching the steps of this imaginary pathway, mount up towards the Eternal, and descend to communicate in whispers with the sleeping traveller. The landscape is profoundly tranquil; not a breath of air stirs the summits of the trees or the surface of the lake; no other noise is heard than the mysterious rustling of the Seraph's wings.

In 1812, M. Denon, Director-General of the Museums of France, exhibited at the Louvre the Spanish pictures constituting a portion of the spoils of the French army. The astonished public looked on these painters with wondering eyes, and, accustomed to the mythological style of the Empire, understood very little of Murillo. Some artists found him feeble, and M. Denon did not appear to take any further interest in the matter. Zurbaran had been placed on the peristyle of the building, and visitors stopped on the steps of the Louvre to gaze on his terrible monks. It was an age of romance, as Madame de Staël observes, that could understand the beauties of chivalry and Christianity. And yet, amongst these pictures exhibited for the first time at Paris, there was one which was always considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of its author—"St. Elizabeth of Hungary,"† and which must be pronounced to be the most perfect of his works, did not competent judges yield the preference to "The Miracle of the Roman Gentleman." Our readers will feel indebted to us for reproducing here the fine description which M. Viardot has given of the "St. Elizabeth:"—"This subject has wonderfully united the two opposite extremes of Murillo's style,—the squalid, ragged, and verminous misery of his little beggars, and the noble, simple, and sublime grandeur of his saints. From this also springs the charm of a perpetual contrast and a lofty moral. This palace converted into an hospital; on one side these ladies of the court, beautiful, fresh, and highly adorned; on the other, those children, miserable, poor, and

rickety, who are scratching themselves and tearing their breasts with their nails, without clothes upon their bodies or hair upon their heads; this palsy-stricken wretch borne upon crutches, this old man who exhibits the sores upon his legs; this old woman cowering down, whose emaciated profile is defined so forcibly against a skirt of black velvet; on one side the brilliant graces of luxury and health, on the other the hideous harpies attendant on poverty and disease; and in the midst of these extremes of humanity, divine charity, which draws them together in the bonds of peace. A young and lovely female, who, over the veil of a nun, wears the crown of a queen, tenderly sponges the scald head of a child covered with leprosy, holding over him the silver water-vase. Her white hands seem to shrink from the work which her heart prompts her to perform; her lips tremble with loathing at the same moment that her eyes are suffused with tears. But pity conquers disgust, and religion triumphs,—that divine faith which bids us love our neighbour as ourselves."*

Velasquez was the painter of nature, Murillo the painter of religion. He combined with a feeling of reality all the poetry that can enter the soul of a believer. Pious even to godliness, he loved to give himself up to religious reveries, in some corner of those catholic churches, which, even in midday, are plunged in dim religious light. During a visit he made to Cadiz, to paint there "The Marriage of St. Catherine" for the high altar of the Capuchins, he hurt himself dangerously by falling from his scaffolding; and not daring, through an excess of modesty, to make known the nature of the injury he had sustained (rupture), he became a prey to the most excruciating pains †. While his pupil Meneses Osorio finished the painting for the grand altar, Murillo, being brought back to Seville, passed the rest of his life in suffering and in prayer. Towards the latter period of his existence he caused himself to be carried every day to the church of Santa Cruz, and was accustomed to pray before the famous "Descent from the Cross" of Pedro Campaña. It is related, that the sacristan being desirous one evening of closing the doors earlier than usual, demanded of Murillo why he remained so long motionless in that chapel. "I am waiting," replied the painter, "till those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder." ‡. Feeling that his end was approaching, he drew up his will, in which he expressed a wish to be interred at the foot of Campaña's picture, which was religiously complied with. He died on the 3rd of April, 1682, in the arms of Pedro Nuñez de Villavicencio, knight of the order of St. John, who had been his intimate friend, and who was, with Tobar

* We have read in a Spanish journal a detailed description—a very able one—of the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." The colours of the picture are indicated. One of the queen's ladies is dressed in a silk tunic of ultramarine, with sleeves of a reddish violet (*carmesi amoratado*). The one who carries the basin of medicaments and the lint has an under tunic of white, over which is another of lilac. The queen wears the widow's black mantle trimmed with the fur of the marten, and under it a linen tunic. This Spanish journal, "El Artista," was edited by men of great learning and admirable taste—Messieurs Ochoa, Cardenera, and De Modrazo. Unfortunately, Spain has doubtless not had leisure to devote to art, and this journal, with a circulation of five hundred, was discontinued after the third volume. A complete set could not perhaps be found at present, the love of collecting being very rare with the Spaniards. We are indebted to M. Taylor for the obliging communication of the only copy in his possession.

† "Trapezo al subir del andiamo y con ocasion de estar él relajado, se le salieron los intestinos; y por no manifestar su flaqueza, ni dexarse reconocer, por su mucho honestidad, se vino a morir."—Palomino y Velasco. "Vidas de los pintores eminentes Espanoles," in vol. iii. of the "Museo Pictorico," page 423.

‡ "Como un Dia el Sacristan descase cerrar las puertas mas temprano de lo que acostumbraba, le hubo de preguntar por que se detenia tanto tiempo en aquella capilla, a lo que le respondió: 'esto y esperando que estos santos varones acaben de baxar al Señor de la cruz.'"—Cean Bermudez, "Diccionario Historico," vol. ii. p. 54.

* Quillet, *Dictionnaire des Peintres Espagnols*, p. 103.

† This picture was taken back to Spain after the invasion of France by the allied armies, and is now in the Academy of Madrid.—Viardot, "Musée, d'Espagne, d'Angleterre, et de Belgique," Paris, 1813.

and Meneses Osorio, one of his best pupils.* From Murillo have proceeded all the painters of Seville whose histories we propose to write. It was he who founded a public academy of design in his native city, and procured with great difficulty the co-operation of the professors Herrera, Vales, and Iriarte. He presided over it, and went there to teach the pupils the study of the living model. After placing the model in position himself, he explained to them the attitude, the proportions, and the anatomy.†

The truly extraordinary qualities of Murillo are fecundity, flexibility, and marvellous aptitude for painting everything—the heavens, the earth, tatters, and Cherubim. As we walk through the rooms of the Spanish museum of the Louvre, we are astonished at the marvellous flexibility of such a colourist. Sometimes he is grave and restrained, as in the full-length portrait of the cold inquisitor, “Don Adreas de Andrade;” at others we unexpectedly meet with the effects of a Rembrandt, and golden colouring,—such, for instance, as we recognise in the superb sketch of “St. Thomas of Villanueva.” ‡ Sometimes his style melts away even to effeminacy, but more generally he is vapoury. It is, perhaps, dangerous to copy Murillo; too readily the artist might sink into inanition of expression in exaggerating the modelling of his subject, or contract a mannerism of execution from which his original escapes, thanks to the charm and brilliancy of its colouring. If, however, there may be danger in copying Murillo, there can be none in admiring him, fearlessly, unreservedly, under a thousand varied aspects,—and especially when in his graceful mood. How, for instance, can we refrain from feeling deeply and tenderly his exquisite “Virgin of the Child;” § (p. 313.) In that picture the angelic choir swell their hymns of praise to that celestial Infant, whose deep, black, thoughtful eyes reflect the heavenly peace and harmony of their strain.

The gentle genius of Murillo ever leans to sweetness, ever beams with calm but piercing light. Religion, in his pictures, loses all her dread and awful aspect. She reveals herself only to the faithful, overflowing with grace and mercy, still glowing with the rays of the Sun that shone on Paradise. While Ribera appreciated only her mysterious, threatening, sinister, and sombre side, to Murillo she manifested herself in mercy, in tenderness, and in the glories of a dread sublimity.

Esteban Murillo has left a great number of pictures, which, previously to the wars of the Empire, were nearly all in the churches and convents of Spain at Madrid, at Seville, at Cadiz, at Granada, at Cordova, &c. &c.

Previously to this period the works of this celebrated painter were scarcely known in other parts of Europe. Nevertheless, the few which had found their way into France had their fond admirers and realised high prices. Since then royal collectors have contended for the honour of opening the doors of their museums to the productions of him who has been justly called the prince of Spanish painters.

We now proceed to draw up a brief catalogue of the works

* His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, the bier being borne, says Joachim Sandrart, by two marquises and five knights, and attended by a great concourse of people of all ranks, who admired and esteemed the great painter. By his own desire, his grave was covered with a stone slab, on which was carved his name, a skeleton, and these two words—VIVA MURILLOS.—*Ibid.* “Annals of the Artists of Spain,” by William Stirling, M.A., vol. ii, p. 888.

† Murillo was of the most kind, honourable, and amiable disposition, mild, unassuming, and virtuous; consequently was universally regretted, and proved an irreparable loss to the school of Seville, which thenceforth declined into the most corrupt mannerism.—“The History of the Spanish School of Painting,” by Captain Bold, p. 93. London, Moyes and Barclay, 1743.

‡ This fine sketch of a picture, which the painter called “*his canvas*,” only cost Mr. Taylor 100*l.* It was purchased from some soldiers who were plundering the convent of the Capuchins outside the walls of Seville.

§ This picture is known in Spain as “*La Virgen de la Faja*,” and in France as “*La Vierge à la Ceinture*.”

of the painter, in the public galleries of Europe, promising that we shall only enumerate those most worthy of the attention of amateurs. To commence with the artist's own country:

The Royal Museum at Madrid, so rich in pictures of all schools, although of great creation, contains forty-six important works of Murillo. Setting aside his portraits, his allegorical compositions, and the series of pictures representing the adventures of the “*Paralid Son*,” the following may be noticed:—“*The Holy Family*,” our Lord, as child, with a goldfinch in his hand, plays with a dog, while the Virgin and St. Joseph, the one spinning and the other plucking a bird, assist from their work to look at him. In this unfinished picture takes its name of “*El Pajarito*.” “*The Adoration of the Shepherds*,” “*Our Lord in His Childhood as the Good Shepherd*,” “*Our Lord and St. John the Baptist*,” the first giving the second water out of a shell, and therefore known as “*Los Niños de la Concha*,” (the children of the shell). “*The Martyrdom of St. Andrew the Apostle at Patras*,” “*Two Ascensionists*,” “*St. Bernard fed with milk from the bosom of the Virgin*,” who appears to him with the infant Saviour. “*The Ecstasy of St. Francis*” (p. 312). “*St. Ildefonso, Archbishop of Toledo*,” invested with the holy chasuble by the Virgin, in his cathedral.

The National Museum, of the same city, though less rich in the masterpieces of Murillo than the *Museo del Rey*, still contains some of his most remarkable compositions:—A “*St. Ferdinand*,” A “*St. Francis de Paula*,” full length, life size. And finally, “*The Porciuncula*,” Our Lord and the Virgin appearing to St. Francis of Assisi in his cavern in Mount Alvernum, formerly the altar-piece of the church of the Capuchins at Seville; an immense picture, figures life size.

The Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses some of the noblest masterpieces of Murillo. “*The Resurrection of our Lord*,” painted for the chapel of La Espiracion, in the convent of Mercy (now the museum) at Seville. “*The Dream of the Roman Senator and his Wife*,” and the “*Roman Senator and his Wife telling their dream to Pope Liberius*,” Companion-piece for the above, and painted for the same church. Sta. Maria la Blanca at Seville. These two marvellous pictures are generally called “*Los medios Puntos*” of Murillo. But the Royal Academy of San Fernando possesses a still more astounding picture, that of “*St. Elizabeth of Hungary*,” described in page 310. The three last-mentioned works were carried to Paris when the Emperor Napoleon collected at the Louvre the richest spoils of Italy, Flanders, and Spain.

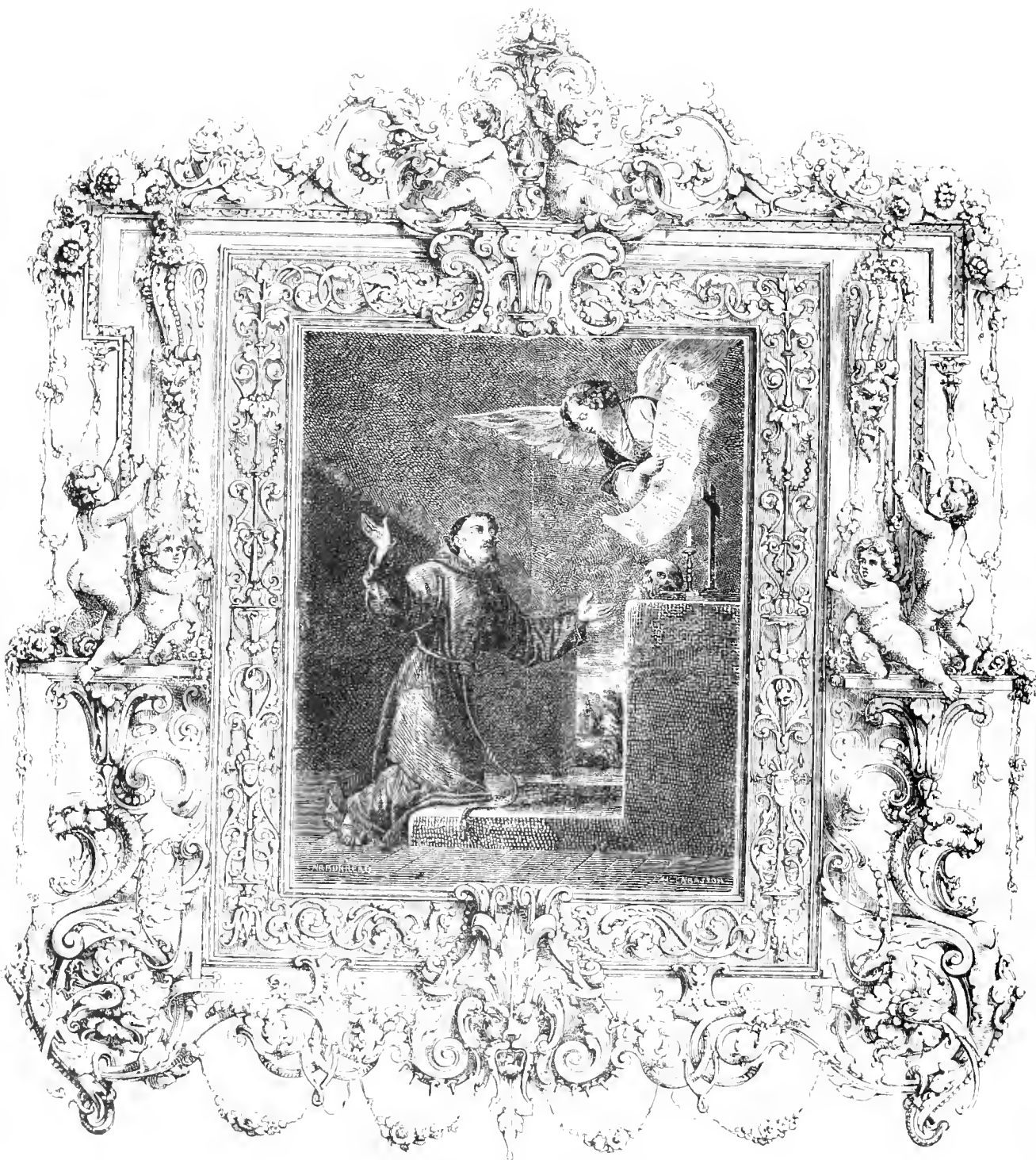
Notwithstanding the glorious works we have enumerated, it is not perhaps Madrid that his chief pictures are to be found. Seville, in which he had possessed “*Moses striking the rock in Horeb*,” of which Mr. Stirling, in his “*Annals of the Artists of Spain*,” observes, “*that as a composition this wonderful picture can hardly be surpassed*,” “*The Miracle of the Leaves on a Fish*,” and “*St. Anthony of Padua*.”

The Museum of the Louvre. Previously to the fall of Louis Philippe, the Louvre possessed, in the collection bequeathed to his Majesty by an English gentleman, Mr. Frank Hall Stanfield, fourteen pictures by Murillo, among which may be enumerated:—“*Portrait of Murillo*,” bought in the Count de Maule at Cadiz; and “*Our Woman seated*,” called the mistress of Murillo, but apparently a slender evidence; it bears the date 1675, and various incidents in the life of the Prodigal Son. In the Galería Española, or the Louvre, purchased in Spain for the King by Barthelemy, there were thirty-eight pictures by Murillo, comprising “*La Virgen de la Ceinture*,” formerly entitled by the family of the Count of Aguilón at Seville, from whom it was bought for 25,000*l.* was, or about 5,000*l.* “*St. Augustine receiving alms from our Lord*,” “*St. Bonaventura, writing his Memoirs after Death*,” “*St. Dominic of Alcala*,” p. 310, and “*Marble in His Youth*,” formerly in the collection of Don Bernabé Iriarte at Madrid.

After the Revolution of 1818, these were withdrawn from the Louvre, which now contains only seven pictures by Murillo:—“*The Virgin of the Rosary*,” with the infant Saviour on her lap; full length, life size, called “*La Vierge au*

Chapelet." "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception," attended by angels, and adored by three ecclesiastics; painted in 1656, or 1657, for the church of Santa Maria la Blanca, at Seville. "The Holy Family"—The Virgin and Joseph,

seven pictures, some of which are of great celebrity, the French government have just added, "The Conception of the Virgin," supported and attended by thirty cherubs; painted in 1678, for the church of Los Venerables, at Seville. For



THE ECSTASY OF ST. FRANCIS - FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

with the Saviour, as a child, between them, all standing; in glory above appear the Eternal Father, the mystic Dove, two angels, and a multitude of cherubs. "St. Augustine with a Child, on the sea-shore." "The youthful Mendicant." "A Flagellation." "Christ on the Mount of Olives." To these

this masterpiece, the enormous sum of £21,612 was paid at the recent sale of the collection of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia.

The National Gallery possesses three paintings by Murillo: "The Holy Family;" the Saviour, as a child, standing

between the Virgin and Joseph, and the Holy Ghost descending upon them from the Eternal Father, who appears in the clouds above. One of Murillo's latest works, and

it was purchased, together with Rubens' "Braz a serpent" (No. 59), in 1837, for £7,370. "Peasant Boy looking out of a Window." Formerly in the collection of the Marquis of



THE VIRGIN *LA LA CENIURE.* —FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Painted for the Marquis of Pedrosa, at Cadiz; it was valued, says Cean Bermudez, in 1738, amongst the effects of the family, at 800 *pesos*, of 15 reals, or 600 crowns, equal to about £140. Brought to England after the War of Independence,

Lansdowne, and presented in 1826 to the nation by M. Zachary, Esq. "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb." Formerly in the Lassay, Presle, and Robit collections, at Paris; bought from the latter by the late Sir Simon

Clarke, to whom it was valued, with its companion, "The Good Shepherd," at 1,000 guineas, and purchased at the sale of his pictures in 1810, for £2,100. Full length, life size.

At Hampton Court, in the Queen's audience-chamber, there is a "Portrait of Don Carlos of Spain," when a boy of four years old; dated 1665; he was, therefore, king of Spain when this was painted. Full length. And in the Queen's Gallery, "A Boy paring Fruit."

Dulwich Gallery.—This remarkable and varied collection contains twelve of Murillo's works of excellent selection. Amongst them are comprised:—"The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel;" background, a pastoral landscape. "The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception;" small. "The Virgin of the Rosary" ("Madonna del Rosario") with the infant Saviour on her lap; enthroned on clouds and supported by four cherubs; figures life size. "The Adoration of the Magi;" a composition of eleven small figures. "Our Lord on the Cross." "Three ragged Boys;" one of them a Negro, who appears to be begging for a share of a cake in the hands of one of the others; figures full length, life size. "Two ragged Boys;" one standing munching bread, and the other seated, and apparently inviting him to play at chuck-farthing; figures full length, life size. "The Flower Girl;" a girl with a turban, decked with a rose, and holding flowers in the end of her scarf. Formerly in the cabinet of M. Randon de Boissy, whence it was sold for 900 louis to M. de Calonne, at whose sale M. Desenfans purchased it for £640.

The Imperial Gallery in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna has only one picture by Murillo, "St. John the Baptist," as a child, with a cross of reed in his hand, and a lamb by his side, landscape background; full length, life size.

The Pinakothek of Munich is richer in Murillo's, of which it possesses seven: viz., "St. Francis healing a Cripple at the door of a Church;" in the background stand two Franciscan friars. "Two Boys seated on the Ground," one eating grapes, and the other a water-melon. "Two Boys throwing Dice;" a third, with a dog, stands by, eating bread. "Two Boys eating Bread and Fruit," with a dog by their side. "Four Boys, two of them playing Cards," at the door of a hut. "An Old Woman picking Vermin from the Head of a Boy," supporting his head on her lap, while he feeds his dog with a crust. "A Girl sitting on a Stone," pays for fruit out of a boy's basket.

The Royal Gallery of Dresden has two works of Murillo: "The Virgin, looking up to Heaven," with the infant Saviour in her lap; and "A Girl with a Basket of Fruit," counting the money which has been paid by a boy.

Next to Spain, Russia is the richest in pictures of Murillo. The Imperial Gallery in the Palace of the Hermitage contains between twenty-five and thirty, a portion of which came from the Houghton collection. Amongst these we may enumerate the following:—"Jacob's Dream of the Ladder," "The Annunciation of the Virgin," "The Assumption of the Virgin." "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin with the infant Saviour in her arms, rides upon an ass, which is led by Joseph; two cherubs hover overhead. "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt;" the Virgin attended by two cherubs watches the sleeping Saviour, Joseph standing behind. "The Holy Family;" Joseph stands holding in his arms the infant Saviour, who leans towards His mother; she stretches out her arms to Him in return. "Nativity of our Lord;" the Virgin, lifting the veil which covers the manger, presents to the gaze of the adoring shepherds the divine Babe, from whose body proceeds light. "Our Lord on the Cross," around which stand the Virgin, Mary Magdalene, and St. John. "St. Florian, in a deacon's dress," resting his right hand on a millstone attached to his neck by a cord, and his left on an X-shaped cross; and beside him are St. Dominic and St. Peter the Dominican; in the background, through a grated window, his martyrdom is represented. "Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican;" kneeling at his prayers, he is killed by two assassins. "Boy in a red dress," holding a dog by the ear. "Boy with a Basket and a Dog." "Girl in a green and red dress." "A

Gentleman dressed in black." To these we have now to add, "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist," as children, with a lamb and a basket of fruit; purchased at the late sale of Marshal Soult for the sum of £2,642; and "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," bought for the sum of £6,342 at the same sale.

The Royal Museum at Berlin possesses "St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling," with the infant Saviour in his arms; and "A Cardinal, seated in an Arm-chair."

Thus much for the Public Galleries. The private collections of the continent do not contain many works by Murillo. The principal ones are to be found in the galleries of—Don José de Madrazo, at Madrid; Don Juan de Goyanes, Don J. M. Escazema, and Don Julian Williams, at Seville; Prince Esterhazy, at Vienna; Prince Corsini, at Rome; the Duke of Leuchtenberg, at Munich; Count Portalis, the Marquis de Pastoret, and the Marquis de las Marismas, at Paris.

The private galleries of England can boast of numerous specimens of the great masters; but as it would carry us beyond our limits to particularise them, we must content ourselves with giving a list of their principal possessors; referring those interested in the subject to the admirable "Catalogue of Works, executed by and ascribed to Bartolomeo Esteban Murillo," in Stirling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain."

The Duke of Sutherland, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Rutland, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Marlborough, the Duke of Bedford; the Marquis of Westminster, the Marquis of Hertford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Marquis of Aylesbury, the Marquis of Exeter; the Earl of Radnor, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Earl of Wemyss, the Earl of Elgin, the Earl of Lovelace, the Earl of Clarendon, the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Warwick; Lord Northwick, Lord Heytesbury, Lord Ashburton, Lord Overstone; Sir Francis Baring, Bart., M.P.; Sir W. Eden, Bart., Windlestone-hall, Durham; Sir A. Aston, Aston-hall, Cheshire; the Right Hon. Edward Ellis, M.P., W. Miles, Esq., M.P., Baron Lionel Rothschild, M.P., George Bankes, Esq., M.P., John Abel Smith, Esq., M.P., Samuel Rogers, Esq., George Tomline, Esq., Carlton-house-terrace; R. Sanderson, Esq., 48, Belgrave-square; George Vivian, Esq., Claverton Manor, Somerset; Colonel Baillie, 34, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square; H. A. J. Munro, Esq., 113, Park-street; W. W. Burden, Esq., Hartford-house, Durham; Richard Ford, Esq., Hevitre, Devon; W. Wells, Esq., Redleaf, Kent; W. Stirling, Esq., Keir, Perthshire; John Balfour, Esq., Balbirmie, Fifeshire; &c. &c.

It may not be without interest to mention the prices realised by the pictures of Murillo at a few of the most celebrated public sales:—

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, in 1772, a "Fruit Girl," and a "Boy with a Dog," were sold together for £192.

At the sale of the Prince of Conti, in 1777, "The Good Shepherd with his flock," was sold for £56. "St. Joseph holding in his hand the Infant Saviour," for £64. "The Marriage at Cana," for £362.

At the sale of M. Randon de Boissy, in 1777, "The Virgin with the Infant Saviour in her lap" realised £410.

At the sale of the Duke de Praslin, in 1793, "St. John the Baptist, as a Child, with a Lamb," fetched £133.

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard, in 1832, "The Glorification of the Virgin" was sold for £400, and a "Nativity" for £144.

Not less than fifty-five of Murillo's works were brought to the hammer at the sale of M. Aguado, Marquis de las Marismas, in 1843. Amongst these were—"The Death of Santa Clara," for £760; "The Reception of St. Gil," for £124; "A Madonna," for £112; an "Annunciation," for £108; "The Glorification of the Virgin," for £716; "Santa Justa," for £321; "Children returning from Market," for £202; "A Fish Girl," for £276; and "The Portrait of a Monk," for £162.

At the sale of Cardinal Fesch, in 1845, a "Holy Family" realised £171. At the sale of the late King of Holland, in

1850, "The Assumption of the Virgin" was sold for £3,281; "St. John della Cruz," for £228; and a "Holy Family," for £405.

At the sale of Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia, in May, 1850, fifteen Murillos realised a total sum of £46,530, including expenses:—namely "The Conception of the Virgin," £24,612; "St. Peter released from Prison by the Angel," £6,342; "The Nativity of the Virgin," £3,820; "St. Diego of Alcalá," £3,591; "Our Lord and St. John the Baptist as Children," £2,646; "The Flight of the Holy Family into Egypt," £2,163; "Ravages of the Plague," 810; "The Apotheosis of Philip II., King of Spain," 630; "The Virgin of Sorrows," £445; "St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Saviour," £428; "Peasant Boys," £378; "St. Peter repenting," £231; "The Glorification of the Virgin," £210; "Crucifixion of our Lord," £130; "A Brigand stopping a Monk," £93.

Murillo has rarely signed his pictures. His "Holy Family" in the Louvre, however, bears the following signature:—

Murillo J Hispan

THE FIRST PICTURE OF CORREGGIO.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the most retired quarters of the little town of Correggio, in the middle of the sixteenth century, there lived a poor simple and virtuous family whose existence was hardly known to their neighbours. The father of the family, a hawker by trade, had for a long time supported in a precarious manner, by hard labour and ingenuity, his wife and two children—the young and pretty Stella and the little Antonio. At last he was confined to a bed of grief by illness. Maria Allegri, his wife, placed then between a dying spouse and the two weak creatures who asked her for food to appease their hunger, prayed to God for strength to support the thousand trials of each day, and to sustain her to the end of her cruel mission. The time which was not occupied by attending upon the invalid, she employed in working, whenever it was her happiness to procure any. As she excelled in the imitation of flowers, the ladies of Correggio frequently entrusted her with the ornamenting of their head-dresses, and by this means she was enabled to obtain a scanty subsistence for her helpless family. During many months the humble expenses of the house were covered by the little emoluments arising out of the art exercised by Maria. But the continued exertion was rapidly undermining her constitution. So much trouble and grief, and so many sleepless nights passed by the poor woman, reduced her to such a state of weakness that one day she returned from the market, where she had gone to procure her small stock of provisions, quite pale and worn out. She fell heavily upon the chair, and seeing no other prospect before her but that of being obliged to depend upon the charity of the public for her support, she burst into a flood of bitter tears. Her husband, who was lying on his bed with his back towards her, turned around, and with much difficulty raised himself up on his elbow.

"What is the matter?" said he, in a weak voice.

"I feel ill," said Maria, "but do not be grieved about it. It will shortly go off, and I shall be as well as ever."

"It will shortly go off," repeated the invalid. "Thou wishest to deceive me. What dost thou think has brought this attack on thee?"

"Fatigue," replied Maria. "A day of rest will set me all right again."

"A day of rest!" returned Allegri, attentively and affectionately examining the countenance of his wife. "A day of rest sufficient to drive that palor from thy brow, to restore the brilliancy of thine eyes, and the colour of thy blanched lips! No, dear wife, thou deceivest thyself. Thou art more sick than thou sayest, and perhaps sufferest more than I do, and I unable to give thee any assistance."

Maria approached the bed, and, taking the hand of the sick man in her own, said in a penetrating tone: "Calm thyself, my husband. Hast thou not for twenty years taken care of me as thy cherished wife, and is there anything surprising in my devoting myself to thee now? For me labour—for thee repose—this debt of gratitude thou hast well earned by thy love and devotion of past years."

"Yes," said the invalid, looking round his scantily furnished room, "my life is drawing to its close, and I am forced to leave thee alone to bear the burthen which threatens to overwhelm thee with its weight. We were born under evil stars, and fate has ever been against us—driving misfortune upon misfortune upon our devoted heads."

"Who knows," murmured Maria, "what the future may have in store for us?"

"I cannot think of it without trembling," said Allegri, in a sombre voice. "To whom does the dying husband wish to leave the care of his beloved wife? Is it not to his son? And can I calculate upon my son undertaking that office? He has never returned anything for all the kindness we have shown him, but ingratitude and disobedience. What has he done for his sister, and what for thee?"

"He is so young."

"So young! At fifteen, Maria, I supported my father. At twenty I was the prop of the family; but old age is now come, and with it poverty. I shall die, and the consolation of knowing that I leave thee comfortable will be denied me. Antonio is a bad son."

A young girl approached the bed and took the hand of the invalid whilst the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Is it thou, Stella, my child?" said the father in a weak and trembling voice. "Thy presence is a balm to my heart. Alas!" continued he, turning towards Maria, "youth is a poor privilege to those born under the misfortune of poverty. Stella will suffer misery much longer than we have."

The young girl left the room to conceal her tears. Allegri continued:

"Hast thou heard, wife, anything of her betrothed?"

"All is broken off," replied Maria. "Lucio's father is inexorable. Frightened by our misery, he has refused his consent to the marriage."

"Did not Lucio assure her he was at liberty to make what choice he pleased?"

"Yes, but his father will not now listen to him. He demands for the wife of his son a full wedding suit for the bride, and a dowry of at least fifty ducats."

The old man's head fell heavily upon the pillow. He closed his eyes and preserved a melancholy silence: in a few minutes he appeared to sleep. A boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age, whose eyes full of sweetness were humid with tears, approached Maria, who embraced him with much tenderness, and could only articulate with maternal fondness and emotion, "Antonio."

"Mother," said the boy in a firm tone, "I have heard and understand all. My father is right—I am a bad son. You have done everything for me, and I have not acquitted myself of the gratitude due you; it is time I should do so."

"What dost thou mean, Antonio?"

"I mean that I ought to work and bring the fruits of labour each day to thee," replied the child in a resolute voice. "It is well I overheard what my father has said, otherwise I should have continued in the same course which has caused his censure, and perhaps the end would have been that both thou and my father would have ceased to love me."

"Cease to love thee, Antonio! It is not possible for a parent not to love the son."

"Ah! thou consolest me, mother, and givest me courage. What art my best friend, and I will not conceal from thee that I dare not tell my father. Thou knowest that I am sometimes afraid of him."

"He is a good father, nevertheless."

"Oh, yes, but he prevents me from drawing and breaks my pencils. Three days ago did he not destroy my pretty Madonna, that I took so much pleasure in copying from the

one in the church: My poor Madonna— I loved her so much!"

"Thy father is unhappy, and suffers very much, my child. Thou shouldst endeavour not to irritate him, and, above all, thou shouldst not for a moment doubt his affection for thee."

"I was very near losing it, but from henceforth I will endeavour by every means to recover the ground I have lost in his affections. Adieu, mother; very soon I shall be worthy of being called thy son."

the anguish that surrounded him and of the uncertainties of a gloomy future. The censure of his father struck continually upon his ear, and drove away all inclination for sleep. He felt he could not enjoy repose till he had effaced the last trace of the defaming souvenir. At last, wearied with thought, he fell into a sleep which was agitated by unpleasant dreams. The first light of dawn saw him up. He went and kissed the foreheads of his parents, who, sleeping soundly, were not



THE FRUIT GIRL.—FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

Maria embraced her son tenderly. She then called Stella to retire for the night. In an hour after, all was buried in repose in the house, except Antonio, who, recalling the words of his father, pondered on them, and fortified his resolution to make amends. Young as he was, he considered, in all its varied and terrible aspects, the miserable situation into which his family had fallen. For the first time throwing off the happy indifference so natural to youth, he bore his portion of

awakened. He then sat down and wrote the following note—

"Do not be alarmed at my absence. I am gone only that I may merit the pardon of my father. Let Stella hope in the future. Perhaps the obstacles to her marriage with Lucio may be soon removed."

Antonio having left the note upon the table, opened the door quietly, knelt down to address a fervent prayer to Heaven; then casting a last look upon the loved roof which

he had never before quitted for a stranger's, he walked on by the trembling light of dawn upon the first road he encountered.

Two hours after he arrived in Modena.

CHAPTER II.

When he had passed the gates of the city, Antonio had to call up all his courage to urge him to fulfil the mission he had

in these juvenile terrors, and hope came very opportunely to dispel the fears which had well-nigh proved fatal to the object he had in view.

Antonio had never learnt any trade. His father sent him several times as an apprentice to different professions, none of which he seemed to like nor applied himself to. It was not that Antonio was slothful, in the full acceptation of the word; but he had an irresistible disgust for all manual labour, and a desire not the less irresistible forced him to the contemplation



THE CONCEPTION OF THE VIRGIN —FROM A PAINTING BY MURILLO.

voluntarily undertaken. He had never before been surrounded with so much bustle and tumult. He knew not whither to direct his steps, the numerous streets crossing each other bewildered him, and the incessant agitation of the populace seemed like a vast sea about to engulf him. Nevertheless, by degrees he became more accustomed to this new aspect; a consciousness of the goodness of his intention sustained him

and imitation of nature. With a pencil in hand, Antonio forgot the work which he was to execute, and permitted the time of his meals and the hours of his rest to pass by equally unheeded. It was this that brought upon him the reprimands of his father, and was now the cause of the poor child's secret grief, at having discovered the real cause of his father's dislike to his pursuits, which he was accustomed to consider as a

brutal opposition to an occupation which he believed to be his vocation. But when he understood that misery had forced its way to the family hearth, and had destroyed the peace of mind of his parents, and that it was bad for a son to let them suffer the pangs of hunger without making some exertion to relieve them, the natural goodness of the child's disposition was awakened in all its strength. Animated by the feelings which reflection had given rise to, he left his home without thinking of the future or what steps he would take to earn a livelihood, but trusting in God not to abandon him, and believing he was pursuing the only course that would restore him the affections of his father. But whilst the imagination of the young Antonio turned completely in a circle of doubtful hopes, time fled by, and the day promised to draw to its close before he had taken any decisive steps. Nevertheless, he still trudged on his weary way through the streets, his mind filled with the bitterest thoughts! Suddenly he stopped. At one of the angles of the ducal palace, one of the most magnificent monuments of Italy, there was a small statue representing a Madonna with downcast eyes and a severely pious attitude, bearing in her hand a small branch.

The statue resembled the one of which Antonio had drawn a copy, that was so pitilessly destroyed by his father. Losing sight of the principal object of his journey, and regardless of the time which was fast flying, or of the hunger which he felt and knew not how to appease, he sat down upon one of the marble steps of the palace, pulled out his portfolio which he carried under his arm—the only baggage he brought with him—and drew out a pencil and a sheet of paper of rather an equivocal whiteness; eager then to possess himself once more of a copy of the Madonna with her pure complexion, her holy crown of glory, and her Divine Infant who smiled with so much grace and sweetness. A religious feeling came to add to the enthusiasm of the artist. He believed that he was copying, with so much care and love, the complexion of the Mother of God and her Divine Son—that both would intercede for him in heaven and carry to the Supreme Being his prayers and his vows. So, regardless of the crowds that passed him by, and the curious who observed him, he worked away with a courage and a hope he had never before experienced. He had been almost an hour engaged in his work without having once looked around him, when a man of a distinguished mien, whose dress announced him to belong to the opulent class, stepped behind him and bent down, both to observe the sketch and the countenance of the artist. Antonio paid no attention to the approach of the unknown, and continued his drawing without being disturbed.

"Are you of Modena, my child?" at last inquired the stranger, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the boy.

"No, signor, I am from Correggio," replied Antonio blushing.

"Who is your master?"

"I never had any."

"And when did you arrive?"

"To-day only."

"What are your means of existence?"

At this question, that recalled to Antonio the object of his journey to Modena, he shuddered and replied with emotion:

"Alas! signor, if I am here, it is with the hope of finding some employment; my father and mother are very unhappy."

"And what do you propose doing?"

"Anything I can," the child humbly replied. "I will carry the heaviest loads, enter into the service of the noblemen; there is nothing that I will not do to succour my father and mother."

The stranger reflected a moment, and then inquired, "Your name?"

"Antonio Allegri."

"If you accept work with me, I will give you employment which I am certain will accord with your taste. My house shall be yours. Do you consent?"

The child murmured forth his thanks, and accepted the offer with gratitude; but at the same time he cast a look full of melancholy regret upon the Madonna.

"Come," said the unknown. "In place of this rumpled paper, I will give you prepared canvas for the pencil and a brush; and as for models, I will supply you with many as beautiful as this Madonna."

Antonio followed his protector, without replying, through a labyrinth of streets in which he would have lost himself without a guide. Arriving at a handsome house the stranger knocked at the door, and said, "This is our home."

His first care upon entering was to have provided for Antonio a good repast, of which he partook largely himself.

Then, as the days were long, he proposed to Antonio to take a short promenade in the park, that he might show him the magnificent spectacle that the purplish tints of the rays of the setting sun presented. When they had returned he introduced him into a room hung with paintings; here and there strewn about upon the tables were pencils, palettes, brushes, and boxes of colours. It was, in one word, the arsenal of painting, and all the pell-mell of a workshop. Antonio felt new hope springing in his heart, which dilated with the expectation of pleasure.

"Here you shall pass your days," said the unknown. "Have I said wrong when I told you I would procure employment for you which would please you? You will commence by observing me paint, and then you shall do so yourself. Many a great artist has commenced by mixing colours and cleaning palettes. This occupation will for the present enable you to live."

Antonio employed two long hours in examining minutely the pictures of this sumptuous gallery. Signor Pescaro (which was the name of the unknown) explained to him the subject of each canvas, and did not spare his eulogies of their perfection and their beauty, which, considering that he shortly afterwards proudly declared himself their author, was not very modest.

When night interrupted this review, Pescaro led Antonio to the chamber which had been prepared for him, where, wishing him a good night, he left him alone. Antonio then recalled all that had happened to him during the day, and rejoiced that so gloomy a beginning had so bright an ending. He thought of the joy he would experience when sending his earnings each week to his family at Correggio; then he pronounced the name of his benefactor and accompanied it with all sorts of blessings. He was very happy, yet a thought which he could not smother filled his breast with remorse. At the moment he received an inappreciable benefit from the hands of his benefactor, he believed himself full of ingratitude, for he considered as detestable the paintings of Pescaro which had been styled by him as magnificent.

CHAPTER III.

In order to understand better what Antonio considered the paintings of so great a devotee of the art as Pescaro appeared to be, it will be necessary to state, that, although of a most benevolent character and the patron of the fine arts, he was himself the most execrable artist in the world. At this epoch, when the praises of Giotto, of Cimabue, of Angelo, and of Raffaele, were universally chanted, men of opulence and high birth were seized with a mania for painting, and endeavoured to gain the celebrity of triumphant artists, and to add to their crown of nobility the precious wreath of an art which was then so much esteemed in Italy.

These degenerate disciples believed that gold, study, and a species of infatuation, would compensate for the absence of genius and inspiration; and the circle of courtiers who gathered round them, like satellites around a planet, contributed in some degree to the flattering illusion. Pescaro's proper place was definitely marked out, in the centre of these innumerable martyrs to the art, who were ever to be found surrounding the vestibule of the temple they never were able to penetrate.

Antonio did not inform his benefactor of the opinion he had formed of his works, and regretted that it was not a favourable one. Neither did Pescaro afford him an opportunity, as he was perpetually descanting upon the value and great

beauty of his productions. The young enthusiast was very happy that this was the case, as he could not dream of telling a falsehood, nor of hurting the feelings of a gentleman to whose generosity he owed perhaps his own life and that of his family.

About a year ran thus peaceably on. Antonio fulfilled with zeal all the duties which were imposed upon him by Pescara. After deducting a little necessary expense which he incurred weekly, he regularly sent the wages he received to his family at Correggio. These succours were as manna from heaven to his parents and sister. Emboldened by the encouragement of Pescara, he one day requested permission to paint a representation of the Virgin, of which he had drawn a copy at the corner of the Ducal Palace, when he was benevolently befriended by his benefactor. Pescara smiled at the solicitations of his pupil, and said he as yet hardly knew how to hold a brush, and that he had not worked sufficiently to enable him to even attempt a task of such difficulty. Antonio replied that he was fully capable at least of producing a work which would prove to his *master* that he had profited by his lessons. Pescara at last yielded to the pressing requests of Antonio, both from a desire of indulging the boy's inclination, and of seeing what species of work would emanate from so youthful an aspirant.

"We will both commence a picture upon the same subject," said Pescara; "but we will not communicate to each other any hint of the plans we are pursuing. You shall occupy this portion of the workshop, and neither of us will enter into the division of the other till both pictures are finished."

From that day forward the two rivals were engaged furthering their respective pictures. Pescara used frequently to rally his pupil upon the promised *perseverance*, and then with a patronising air encourage him to perseverance.

At last the day arrived when Antonio had completed his work. He ran to Pescara to inform him that it was ready for inspection. Pescara, who had his piece executed before his pupil, arose from the *festoon* on which he had been reclining, and prepared to accompany Antonio to the workshop. As they were going up stairs a servant overtook them, and told Antonio that a young girl awaited him in the hall. As he frequented no place and formed no associates since he had come to Modena, he could not think who it was that could possibly wait him. Pescara desired him to go down and see who it was. Three jumps brought Antonio to the bottom of the stairs, when uttering a cry of joy he ran into the arms of his sister, who warmly and tenderly embraced him.

After the first rapture consequent upon a meeting between persons so dear to each other, and who had been so long separated, Antonio perceived that the countenance of his sister was very pale, that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and that in her whole deportment she bore the marks of suffering under some heavy affliction.

"What has happened, my sister?" inquired Antonio, in trembling tones.

"Our father is dying," replied Stella in a broken voice. "God is taking him to Himself. It is a misfortune to us, but a blessing to him. We, alas, have not the means of purchasing a small plot of ground where he could repose in peace, and where we would often go to kneel upon his grave, and ask him to intercede for us in heaven."

"Our father dying!" repeated Antonio, in a wandering manner. "Oh, I must leave instantly, that I may see him and obtain his pardon."

"He has long since pardoned thee; and thou hast well deserved that he should do so," replied Stella.

"Thanks—but thou hast said nothing of our good mother."

"Excess of labouring at her needle has injured her sight and reduced her almost to blindness; but she supports all these afflictions with the resignation of a saint. I fear much that in this life she will never be sufficiently rewarded for the sacrifices she has made."

"And thou, good sister, thou hast had thy part in these sufferings. Thou hast seen fading away, one by one, all those

sweet illusions in which thou wast wont to indulge. Thy marriage with Lucio—"

"I think no more of the future," hastily returned Stella, and with difficulty restraining her bursting tears. "It is not for poor creatures like us to hope, as misery has set her fatal seal upon our lot."

"Do not despair then," replied Antonio, seized with a sudden thought. "Remain here a moment, I will make a last effort. Do not be impatient; I will return immediately."

Signor Pescara was seated before two easels, upon which were placed two pictures representing the same subject; notwithstanding this identity, the eye of the least critical would at once perceive, from the difference of touch, and more particularly of colouring, that they were the productions of very different hands and of very different talents. Pescara resolved to give an impartial opinion upon the merits of each, advanced and recoiled from the picture to observe the different effects.

He then drew the blinds down to subdue the light, in order to perceive it under every aspect. Absorbed in the investigation, the return of Antonio was unheeded; but he approached and cried out to him.

"Signor Pescara, have pity upon me."

"What is it that you say?" said Pescara, surprised.

"I owe you much already," replied Antonio, in a fervent tone. "You have saved the life of myself and my family. Do more; I have a father who is dying, a mother who is blind, and a sister young and beautiful, who is now an orphan without support. Do a great act; give to the father a grave, to the mother an asylum, to the daughter an dowry. Do this, Monsieur, and my life shall be yours. I know not what would repay you for so enormous a debt; but it appears to me that my gratitude and my devotion will be able to pay it me with the means of discharging it. From this day I will seize every opportunity of proving to you that I am not an ingrate. I neither breathe nor work any more but for you. In pity, then, save my mother—save my sister."

"I hear all thy wishes favourably," replied Pescara, taking the hand of Antonio, "but I will not accept in return all the sacrifices which thou so disinterestedly offerest me. No, I will not accept of the abnegation which would be the destruction of thy future. I have discovered in thee the germ of a precious talent that requires only the air, sun, and liberty to bring to maturity. Return to Correggio—but before leaving I will provide you for a long time against misery or want. I will purchase thy first picture; take this purse—it contains two hundred ducats."

Antonio could scarcely contain himself with joy; renewing his promises of devotion to Pescara, he ran precipitately to join his sister. "Stella!" he cried, "Stella, we are saved!—let us go."

Taking her arm under his own, Antonio and his sister left the house of their benefactor, and walked along the road, with lightened hearts, which led from Modena to the little town of Correggio.

CHAPTER IV.

They arrived in time. Old Allegri still breathed. Maria, to whom Antonio had given the money, wished her husband to witness before expiring the nuptials of his daughter. She ran to the father of Lucio. His avaricious scruples at once vanished at the sight of the gold; he gave his approbation to the marriage. Thus, then, thanks to Antonio, Stella espoused the man she loved. The emotion of joy which her father experienced at this unexpected consummation of his dearest wishes, finished the work that grief had commenced. He died blessing his sons.

There remained no one with Antonio now but his mother, upon whom he bestowed all the fond affections of a strong and generous nature. Her spirit also promised soon to quit her earthly tenement. Deprived of her sight, her constitution broken by the fatigues of a long life, and weakened by long privations, she walked with rapid strides to the tomb of her husband. One evening Antonio, entering the room, found her stretched upon the bed as if dead, and

profound sleep. He ran to her and kissed her, but her lips chilled him with their coldness; he looked again and saw he was an orphan.

Shortly after, Lucio, resolving to take up his abode at Florence, left his native town, and was of course accompanied by Stella. Antonio then found himself completely isolated, but, remembering his benefactor, he wended his way once more to Modena. Pescaro, on his first visit, received him affectionately; the second, more coldly; and on the third was not to be seen. Antonio could not fathom the cause of this strange conduct of his benefactor. His noble heart would not permit him to imagine that he was actuated by any feeling of low jealousy. Such, nevertheless, was the secret of this sad enigma. The superiority of Antonio's Madonna, forcibly recognised by Pescaro, had first weakened, and by degrees completely destroyed, all interest in the fate of his former *protégé*. The child, without wishing it, had humbled the pride of the painter. It is one of those things which an envious artist repays with eternal rancour.

Antonio never saw his first picture afterwards. It is said that, after the death of the Modenese amateur, amongst the several paintings of different merits with which his gallery was hung, a star was discovered which was worthy of genius. This was, it is said, Antonio's "Vierge au Rameau;" at the bottom of the picture was printed in very legible characters the name of Signor Pescaro.

The sad fatality which was so inexorably attached to the infancy of Allegri followed him to the grave. The man was as unhappy as the child. Free from pride, forgetful of injuries, and loving to do good, he never found any reward for these sweet virtues but in the purity of his conscience and the pleasures of his art. But if the glorious palm of genius did not shade his brow, posterity placed a crown of immortality upon his grave, and ranked him with Raffaele, Angelo, and Romain; and, as glory is baptism, it has given a new name to the great artist—a venerated name which sums up his beginning and his end, his struggles and his principles, his birth and his death—the name of the town which without him would have been devoted to oblivion. It is not Antonio Allegri he is called, but Correggio; and he will bear to the end of ages the name upon which he reflects so much glory. Magic power, sublime privilege of the man of genius—to ennoble all that is allied to him by the relations of blood, of country, or of religion.

MODERN ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE "year," amongst the artists, may be said to commence with the opening of the British Institution, in Pall Mall, early in the month of February; and the second event of importance, to be the opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery, which took place upon the 27th of last month. Therefore, although the Exhibition of the British Institution can no longer be regarded as a novelty, it yet becomes our duty, in chronicling art movements, to run back for some little time, and to notice the first Exhibition of 1854.

This will not be exacting too much from our readers, as the Exhibition is yet open for them to verify our criticisms.

An institution for the benefit of artists, numbering amongst its governors and directors the Earl of Aberdeen, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Ellesmere, etc., and having for its president the Duke of Sutherland, should be in the position to offer much patronage and assistance to the artists. Its frequenters are of the highest class, and, if not so numerous as those of the Royal Academy, are more select. Formerly, works which had been exhibited in the greater gallery in the previous year, were allowed to be again exhibited in this; and the names of the first picture-buyers in the kingdom being amongst those of its governors and subscribers, many very first-rate pictures adorned its walls. Lately, however, this permission has been rescinded, and now none but original works may be hung. If this has not been a benefit to the frequenters, it has yet been of very positive use to the

struggling artist, who has now a chance of exhibition, instead of seeing his place occupied by pictures which were already well known to the public; but although the frequenter does not now meet the picture which he had before admired in the Royal Academy, it must be confessed that, as an exhibition, the character of the place has fallen.

This year the artists seem to have reserved their best efforts for the Royal Academy; and the walls, with very few exceptions, show "monotonous landscapes, mistaken epical strivings, and feeble fancy sketches," to quote the words of an impartial but severe critic. The exceptions are, however, brilliant, and render a visit to the gallery well worth the while of those who love art.

The picture which stands first on the catalogue is the "Kingfisher's Haunt," of Mr. Creswick, R.A., which has all the merit of that artist's usual productions, but little else besides.

"West Loch Tarbeet" (12), by J. Danby, and (22) "Coiners," by Inskipp, will arrest attention—the first by its excellence, the latter by its subject, which is treated in a novel but thoroughly vulgar manner. Men of a *roué* appearance and unmistakeable vulgarity are throwing upon a table a quantity of new coin, without the slightest sparkle, so that nobody would think of taking them. Of a far different order is (29) "A Scheveling shore, low water," which is a perfect triumph of purely natural painting; a picture of Dutch galiots unloading, so careful in finish, and so close to nature, that the calm rippling of the sea has a quiescent effect upon the spectator. "Mounts Bay, Cornwall" (265), by Mr. Jackson, may be bracketed with this picture.

The picture by Mr. Sant (58), which bears no name, but which has the quotation from St. John's Gospel to identify it as the "Woman taken in Adultery," is, in our opinion, the finest picture in the gallery. The figure of the woman veiling herself before the reproof from lips which spake as never man spake, has seldom been more finely conceived, and has rarely been so well executed. The terror of her situation, and the blinding conviction of sin, are fearfully realised. The colouring of the flesh is very near perfection, if it be not the thing itself.

The "Fruit" of Mr. Lance (30, 180, 218, and 497) have the usual excellences of that painter, and, it must be confessed, some of his weaknesses. The popular illustrator upon wood, Mr. Gilbert, has produced a picture of "Sancho Panza and his Wife" (509), which is unrivalled in its way. Sancho is swelling with the thought of his future government, while his wife, bearing a small tray with Spanish onions upon it, looks at him with an incredulous and almost contemptuous air. Few things can be finer than this picture; there is some marvellous painting in it, and the composition is natural and characteristic.

Mr. Glass, in "A Raid on the Scottish Border" (355), has attempted not a scene, but a whole series of *tableaux*, and has in our opinion failed to tell his story; though the animals and figures exhibit a very fair knowledge of drawing.

(74.) "The arrest of Cardinal Wolsey," by Sir G. Hayter, shows a great want in correctness of costume, and has figures deficient in grace.

(118.) A subject from the "Te Deum Laudamus," by the same artist, is of very high merit; the devotional feeling in the faces of the three apostles is finely expressed.

(137.) "Lytham Common," by R. Ansdell, and (158) by the same artist, are two of the gems of the Exhibition, and leave nothing to be desired.

The only bit of art gossip worth recording is curious, and involves a high compliment to "Mr. Punch." The artist of the city statue of Sir Robert Peel having applied to Mr. Gladstone, to know where he could find the best likeness of the lamented statesman, the chancellor referred him to a caricature by Leech, called "A Chip of the Old Block," wherein Sir Robert is introducing his second son, a perfect little Sir Robert, to Mr. Punch, with the words, "My son, sir." Mr. Gladstone thought that portrait could not be surpassed; the statue is therefore being modelled from it.

J. B. OUDRY.



Those painters who, like our own eminent Landseer, have devoted themselves to the study and picturing of animal life, have been almost always successful. The reason is clear. This kind of art comes home to the feelings and ideas of large bodies of the community; everybody understands a picture of a horse, an ass, dogs, deer, fox-hunts; and everybody is able to appreciate whether they are correctly or incorrectly rendered. It requires some previous education, some knowledge of

the highest department of human art, but it is an agreeable and pleasing species of painting, that is in every way worthy of encouragement.

The aim and object of high art is to elevate and ennoble the mind. We recognise a mission in the great painter, and we expect that mission to be fulfilled conscientiously and well; we expect him to warm our hearts, to expand the mind, and elevate the soul above the mere chaos of daily occupations. When examining a great historical or sacred picture, representing, let it be supposed, the Crucifixion, we seek not so much exact fidelity as a grand and solemn whole, that breathes of the eternal and mighty sacrifice, that chastens and softens, that carries us far away to realms of space beyond mere actuality. It is the grandeur, the sublimity, the elevation, the genius, developed in their paintings, that have carried the names of Raffaele and Michael Angelo to the uttermost ends of the earth, far more than their rich colouring or fidelity of rendering the human face and form. A daguerreotype is a better portrait than any of Vandyck; but if we could have paintings rendered the same way, we should still prefer those efforts of the hands of man which have around them the immortal halo, the poetry and life of genius.

But if what is called high art were alone encouraged, it would certainly be much to be regretted. There is another mission of painting; and that is, to please, to gratify the senses, to be agreeable. The love of pictures, whether painted or engraved, is one which should be encouraged, especially in the young. Often from the most elaborate descriptions we gain but a very faint idea of the thing itself, while in a painting or woodcut it stands evidently before us, and we comprehend. The mere description conveys often the same idea to us that it does to the blind, who, from feeling even, can gain no conception of the reality. Few men ever carried the art of faithful and elaborate description further than Cooper, the eminent American fictionist. His landscape portraits were



history, some travel through the world, to comprehend and enjoy historical scenes, foreign landscapes—even scenes of life which do not belong to our own sphere. But who has not studied the canine race, or watched a cat in its gambols, or noticed the prancing horse, or seen the deer skimming over the fields? And when we see a picture reflecting these familiar forms, we rarely are mistaken in our judgment of it. We comprehend that which is familiar. Certainly it is not

faithful and true; yet when we visited the places he had thus truthfully portrayed, we had some difficulty in recognising them. But when we were familiar with a place from a drawing, the description then sank deep in our minds.

The cultivation of taste is a very essential element in education, and taste can scarcely be acquired without some conception and study of art. It is well, then, that art has not always been on stilts, that sometimes it has come down and walked on level ground, and condescended to things which appear, at first sight, not its province. Very few in this world would endure subjects not adapted to their capacity and intellect. Even, however, the profoundest students find relief in the song and the tale; so the lover of painting, in its more elevated branches, cannot but occasionally welcome those painters who please, soften, and amuse him, when he is wearied of being taught and schooled.

In this country a very large number of persons have been found to paint, and thousands have been found to admire, the canine race. The man who understands only one branch, and that the highest, of art, will sneer at the dog-painter; but in so doing he commits a great error. Do we not all know of what great value the dog has been to man, how useful he is in every way? and what more natural than that we should gaze with pleasure on the representation of our favourite animal? The history of the dog has yet to be written; authors have not yet done him justice, but art has.

The part of the dog in history began with the very existence of property. He was the first policeman; and it is a fact that races without dogs have always been savages. Let none of us complain, then, of their being made a prominent feature in animal-painting.

In the edition of "The Fables of La Fontaine," illustrated by Oudry, there is a magnificent portrait of this master-engraver by Tardieu, after Largillière. The very first glance we cast upon this admirable engraving charms us. We are struck by the benevolent, lively, and calm air of this man, who represents in his person the very best specimen of the French style. This face, rather fat, in which imagination and wit are mingled with a soft good humour, shows a mind without storms, a fertility without roughness, an easy facile genius without much depth. Such is the conclusion ordinarily drawn from surveying the portrait of this artist; and yet how little can we really judge from the outward semblance of the man.

The great judges of physiognomy in modern times inform us that the peaceful history of Oudry is written in his portrait, and that we may swear to the likeness without ever having seen the original. In truth, we may in vain seek, during his life of more than sixty years, for any of those agitations and those struggles which are the price so many men pay for their renown. There are few artists whose biography is recorded in history, who have not had to overcome either the terrible anguish of physical misery, or the silly prejudices of a family, or even the yielding and trembling of their own genius. Oudry did not know any of these sorrows or griefs. The son of a picture-dealer, he lived during his youth among pictures, always changing, always renewed; and masters who made the fortune of the father, began the education of the son.

However this may be, he experienced in early years a very precocious love of drawing. Oudry, the father, who was a member of the Academy of Drawing, had been a painter before he became a dealer. It is believed that he gave the first lessons to his son; but he soon placed him with Serre, painter of the galleries of the king, at Marseilles, who wished to take him away with him.

Oudry was not destined to have vast and great conceptions, or to devote himself to heroic pictures. He was a keen observer of nature, saw it with a sharp *coup-d'œil*, and drew correctly and justly. He had all the requisites for a portrait painter: we do not speak of those portraits in a lofty style, which, by grandeur of character and the nobility of the sentiments they inspire, rise to the perfection of an historical picture, like those of Velasquez, Vandyck, and Lawrence;

we speak of the familiar portrait—of that which is for the original a kind of mirror, for his friends a happy resemblance, and for amateurs a fine study. The pupil of Serre came back instinctively to Paris, with the intention of placing himself under a master of his own choice, Nicolas of Largillière. This man was a real painter, and it was in reality a piece of good fortune to be brought up in his school, especially for any one who wished to sketch a model, to learn to hang "learned draperies," to paint broadly with a light pencil, by fresh touches that please and do not weary in colour. The pupil soon rose to such a pitch of reputation that Peter the Great, who came to Paris in 1717, wished to have his portrait from the hand of Oudry; and it was so successfully executed that he wanted to take the artist and carry him off to St. Petersburg, as he had done in Holland with the carpenter of Saardam. To escape from the iron will of the great Czar, the painter, who was determined not to leave his country, was obliged to seek for a retreat where he was able to conceal himself from the search of his well-meaning friends.

Largillière, who was something better than a mere portrait painter, took great pleasure in teaching his pupil the principles he had himself drawn from nature, and the study of the painters of the Flemish school. He had also taught him the principles of perspective and *chiaroscuro*, and had laid a very strong foundation relative to mixing and using colours. Oudry never ceased to remember these things, and it was always pleasant in after life to hear him talking of what he had learnt from his long and learned conversations with Largillière. There is much in the way in which a thing is taught, and the young artist will often learn more from the pleasant and agreeable gossip of an able master, than from his most learned disquisitions in one of his most learned moods.

One day the master told his pupil that he must learn to paint flowers, and as Oudry went to fetch some bouquets of flowers of varied hue and colour, Largillière sent the pupil back to the garden to pick out a bunch of flowers all white. He then himself placed them on a clear background, which, on the side of the shadow, threw them up in bold relief, and on the side of the light gave them delicate demi-tints. The master having then compared the white of the pallet with the light side of the flowers, which was less dazzling, showed that in this tuft of white flowers, the lights which were to be touched with pure white were in very little quantity, in comparison with the demi-tints; this is exactly what gave roundness and vigour to the bouquet, and the learned painter thence drew the conclusion, that to give relief to the model, to round it, as it were, large demi-tints were needed, much economy in lights, and some very strong dark touches, in the centre of the shadow and in the places which are not brought up by the refraction.

The worthy Largillière thus communicated little by little the secrets of art to his pupil. Colouring was, above all, the object of his interviews and studies; and it was by bold examples that he taught now how to find local tints, now how to modify them, according to the relative value which the surrounding colour assigned to them. "Look at that silver vase," said he one day: "it is certainly true that its whole mass is white; but how will you determine the true tone which is proper to it? It is by comparing it, not to contraries, but to things like itself; because what is wanted is a shade. If you bring near this vase of silver either linen, or paper, or satin, or porcelain, you will readily perceive that the white of the vase is not at all like the white of the porcelain, nor of the satin, nor of the paper, nor of the linen; and by carefully examining the tone which it has not got, you will end by finding the tone which it has." On another occasion, speaking of those exaggerated repellants which are authorised by no rule, especially when the scene is laid in an open country—where shaded masses are only produced by the movement of clouds—he ridiculed good-humouredly that ultra-black tone in which drapery, in which lights, flesh, terraces, are lost; while the figures of the second foreground, suddenly lit up, resemble a troop of Europeans beside a company of Moors.

After five years of arduous study in the *atelier* of Largillière,

Oudry was remarked for his portraits and some few historical pictures. He was as yet unaware of his own particular talent, and moved in the dark towards his branch of art and his peculiar fame. His first productions caused him to be elected a member and a professor of the Academy of St. Luke. But his effort to follow in the track of the great artists of history was not destined to last very long. One day he sketched off with much success a hunter and his dog, and Largillière said to him laughing, "Get along, Oudry; you will never be anything but a dog-painter." Oudry thought that in these words he saw his horoscope. He began at once to devote his whole energies to the study and portraiture of animals, and he did so with surprising good fortune. He had hit upon that particular branch of art which was suited to his genius, and thence his immediate success.

But he did not at once renounce the attempt to shine in historical paintings, and he was received into the Academy in 1717, upon the faith of a picture of "The Adoration of the Magi," painted for the chapter of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. His special painting for his reception was an allegorical design of Plenty.

It would be difficult to find these works of Oudry, and it is allowable to suppose that they were not productions of a very high order, since the reputation which their author has gained in another style has completely eclipsed them. It is as an animal painter that Oudry is a master of his art. He had a name already when he was named professor and pensioner of the king, with a lodging in the Tuileries. The talent of Oudry could not but please Louis XV., who considered hunting one of the first duties of government—one of the noblest occupations of man. It was this king's mad yielding to his impulses, that paved the way for so much that was terrible in the subsequent revolution. He took such delight in the works of this artist, that he passed whole hours in his workshop. It is said that he was wont to take the utmost pleasure in watching him paint several hunting pictures, which were afterwards to be executed in Gobelins tapestries, and which the king destined for his bed-chamber in the palace of Compiègne, and the council-chamber. The frivolous and capricious king wished the idea of pleasure to follow him to the very chamber where he was forced to undergo the *ennui* of governing. A very lively and amusing description of these pictures is to be found in the "Mercure de France" of 1738. The king is there represented accompanied by his courtiers, his officers, and his huntsmen—now pulling on his boots to mount on horseback—now present at a *ballali* near the ponds of St. Jean-aux-Bois—now running down the deer in view of Royal-Lieu. This last composition is very animated. In front the pack is seen bounding forward through fields filled by blue-bells and poppies; further off, a troop of huntsmen pass the river Oise in a ferry-boat. The boat of Beaumont, filled with passengers, ascends the river; while other boats seem to be brought in to vary the monotony of the water-lines. The king's carriage, drawn by four horses, and a view of Compiègne, complete the features of this composition.

The king, Louis XV., was so delighted with the personal figure he was made to assume in these pictures, and consequently so delighted with the artist, that he invited him down to the great hunts of Fontainebleau. On this occasion, the rapid conception of nature, caught in her happy moods, lent even a more striking character of truth to his animals, caught as it were in the fact; and seeing them reproduced so faithfully from nature, the king was delighted to be able to recognise them one after another, and to call them by their names.

From the court of France the renown of Oudry spread over all Europe. He began to find foreigners disputing for the honour and pleasure of possessing his pictures. The king of Denmark wrote to him to ask him to come to Copenhagen; the prince of Mecklenburg caused a gallery to be expressly constructed to receive the pictures of Oudry.

And it was not only by hunting scenes and pictures of animals that this painter made himself a name. In his days landscape-painting—that charming and pleasing branch of

art—was very popular, and many amateurs ordered pictures of him. Lafont de Saint-Yenne speaks highly of them in his little work on the Exhibition of 1746, and he adds to the opinion of the public the expression of his own personal feelings. "There is nothing more happy," said he, "than the choice of sites in the paintings of Oudry. Nature shows herself adorned in her native and rarest beauties a thousand times more enchanting than that of the palace of kings. One sees and almost feels a genuine freshness under the deep verdure of his groups of trees, whose leaves are admirable, and of which he knows how to vary the forms, the touches, and the tones with an infinite art. This freshness is seen by the light of his water so well distributed, some tranquil, some in movement; his able pencil makes beauty out of everything; here a ruined bridge, there a mill, further on, huts and old houses, add to these familiar scenes an enchanting air."

If so many successes contribute to the glory and the future of the painter, we have reason to regret, and the French still more, when they think of the numerous and valuable pictures which have been removed from France to foreign countries. This man, whose fertility is confessed in all biographies, has only seven or eight pictures, of moderate size, in the Louvre. The largest represents a "Wolf Hunt." The beast, attacked on all sides, and still menaced by a fourth enemy which forms the rear-guard, turns round his head with an air of fear and powerless rage. The head of the wolf is a remarkably fine piece. The movements of the dogs are admirable for truth and reality. They are painted moreover with rare perfection, and by brilliant touches which show off with extreme vigour even the variety of their skins. It is to be regretted that he has not thrown a little more fire into this terribly bloody struggle. The landscape is, however, one of agreeable country beauty, and, retreating as it does, it adds to the beauty of the picture. A forest warmed by some rays of the sun, and which dies away in the summer vapour, recalls some of the aims, less *nave* it is true, of the greatest contemporary landscape painters. Its brown mass serves as a background to the skin of the animals, which are precisely those dogs of the Pyrenees with rough skin which Oudry had studied in the kennel of the king.

Oudry often reproduced these terrific combats of wolves surprised by dogs. Diderot tells us that in the Exhibition of 1753, he hung up a picture representing bull-dogs combatting three wolves and a jackal. "This picture," adds the celebrated writer, "has been described as too uniform; the landscapes sad and hard."

Though it is perhaps a truthful observation to make, that the pictures of Oudry are a little too cold, and that his skies want the charm and the dazzling brightness of those of Desportes, it is quite easy to see, from some of his paintings, that he could easily escape from those faults. He painted in one picture, in most admirable colours, two hounds; one is fawn-coloured, the other black. The one is brought out in bold relief upon a brown background of trunks of trees and dark green plants, while the black is brought up by the clear and pellucid light of a luminous sky. These frank and beautiful contrasts always please the eye, and this pretty picture is a worthy parallel of another canvas which represents the delicate she-hounds, white and spotted with yellow, with long narrow snouts, with speaking and intelligent eyes—delicate personages, whose names have been preserved by Oudry at the bottom of his picture—*Sylva* and *Mignonne*.

Oudry was above all an indefatigable and laborious workman. He belongs to that family of conscientious artists who were born in the first half of the eighteenth century, and whose whole life, whose existence, whose very moral and physical being, was devoted to the cultivation, the worship of art. Not satisfied with painting enough to be able to produce and show in a single Exhibition more than fifteen pictures at a time, as often happened to him, particularly in 1753, Oudry took a journey into the country almost every day, to draw nature on the spot, and spent nearly all his evenings in producing those numerous drawings of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

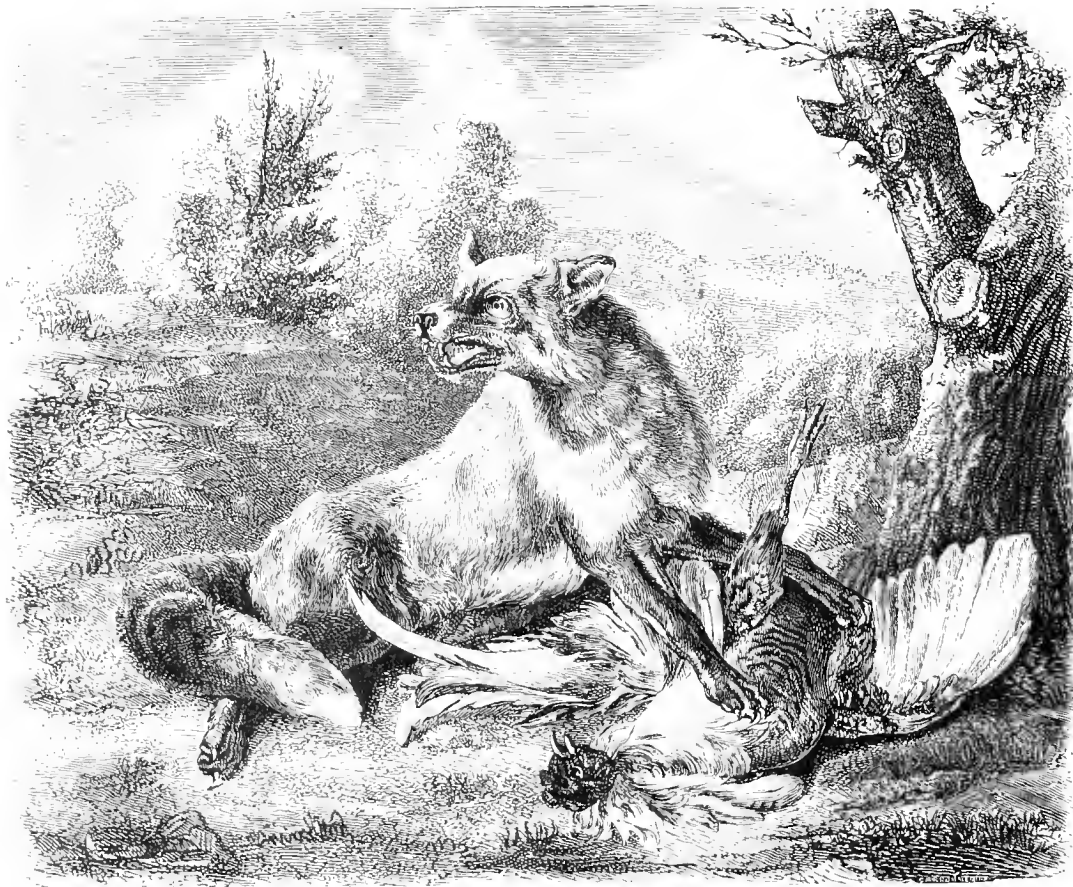
The pupil of Largillière, a passionate admirer of nature, was one of the first to contend against the conventional, hard, and unreal types which spoil the French school. He liked to copy nature itself, and when he sought the real, he found it. He studied the manners, customs, habits, and peculiarities of animals in their own retreats. He frequently went down to Dieppe to be present at the exact moment when the fish were fresh from the sea. He patiently drew the inhabitants of the Jardin des Plantes; and as fast as the royal and really splendid collection was enriched by a rare bird, his portfolios were enriched by a new drawing. And so many earnest studies, from which he profited so well, were not lost to the world.

Oudry, by his pleasant manners, his wit, and his connexion with the court, was one of the influential men of the Academy; his voice was always listened to, the more because he threw

accomplished literary production. It is something extremely rare from a Frenchman, an admirable example of modesty and pious veneration.

The following is the discourse alluded to: it would be spoilt by abridgment:—

“I believe I am sufficiently well known amongst you, gentlemen, not to need the assurance, that if I undertake to give the explanation of certain principles, it is not at all with a view to attack the sentiments of any of my *confrères* who may see things in another light from what I do, and that much less do I suppose myself capable of teaching them. You know that I have always respected the lights and the talents of our best masters. I may then say frankly, that when I wrote these simple reflections, I never thought of bringing them publicly before you; I thought only of arranging them in my own mind, and of putting them together for



THE FOX STARTLED WHILE DEVOURING HIS PREY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

so much grace into all that he said. In the sitting of the 7th of June, 1749, he read to the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, of which Coypel was then the director, a paper, which was entitled, “Reflections on the Mode of Studying Colour, by comparing objects one with the other.” Oudry, giving to Largillière the honour of these reflections, explains with charming and native simplicity all that his master had taught him in relation to colour, the connexion of tones, the infinite variety they derive from the subduing of the lights, and also his ideas upon drawing and *chiaroscuro*. In a literary point of view, this piece belongs rather to the seventeenth than to the eighteenth century, and we are inclined to believe, from the testimony of this production, in the absence of all other private details relative to the life of Oudry, that this painter no-wise resembled his contemporaries in manners or conduct. He was not of the age in which he lived. His disquisition, moreover, is something far better than an

the instruction of my son; but since it has been so clearly proved that every one of us should contribute, according to his means, to the instruction of our young pupils, who are brought to this meeting for that purpose, I thought it my duty to yield to this consideration.

“You know very well, gentlemen, what kind of man M. de Largillière was, and the admirable maxims he had laid down, in connexion with the great effects and, as it were, the magic of our art. He always communicated them to me with the true love of a father; and it is, I assure you, with extreme delight, with the greatest pleasure an honest man can feel, truly loving his art and sympathising warmly with those youths who seek distinction in earnest, that I communicate them in my turn. M. de Largillière has told me many times that it was at the Flemish school where he was educated that he collected together all those fine maxims which he knew so well how to put into practice; and he often men-

tioned to me the great regret he felt at seeing and feeling, on so many hands, the want of attention to things which were of such essential importance to the artist. Perhaps he was a little too partial to his nurse, that nurse he always loved so well; but even if we look upon some of his opinions as prejudices, I hope that you will not consider them unworthy of your attention, and that even these errors, if you regard them as such, may appear to you as the errors of a great artist.

"Where he was so truly great, as you all know, and have repeatedly allowed, is in colour, in *chiaroscuro*, in effect, and in harmony. The ideas he had on these subjects were beautiful and clear, when he explained them, as he did, with so much sweetness, gentleness, and placidity.

"I shall, I warn you, often mix up my own ideas with those of my master; I could with difficulty separate them; they have been united too long; they have become incorporated in one, and to divide them now is an impossible task.

nothing else but what is natural to each object, and that the *chiaroscuro* is the art of distributing the lights and shadows with that intelligence which causes a picture to produce effect. But it is not sufficient to have a general idea of this. The great point is, to know how to apply the local colour properly and efficiently, and to acquire that knowledge which gives its value by contrasting it with another.

"This is in my opinion the infinite in art, and a point on which we have much fewer principles than any other. I mean principles founded on the true and the natural; for in principles founded on the works of the old masters we certainly are not deficient. We have, indeed, writers enough and to spare who have spoken thereupon. But it is a serious question whether what they have said on the point is very solid; or, if it be solid, do we do all in our power to profit by the good fruit we ought to derive from these principles? This is my first difficulty.



THE STAG HUNT,—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

Moreover, forty years of assiduous labour certainly have given me some new ideas, relative to which I do not wish to show myself miserly, any more than I wish to keep back those of others. Loving my branch of art as I do, I cannot but wish that what I know, others too may have the pleasure of knowing. I know nothing more mean, in an elevated art like ours, than to have little secrets, and not to do for those who are to succeed us that which has been done for us. As I have already said, I intend to speak, on the present occasion, only to the youth present; and to remove every suspicion, I hope you will allow me to speak out to that youth.

"Colour is one of the most important branches of our art. It is that which characterises it, which distinguishes it so clearly from sculpture. It is in the colouring that consists the charm and the brilliance of our works. You are sufficiently advanced to be perfectly aware of this. You are also aware, that in colouring there are two distinct branches:—the local colour, and the *chiaroscuro*; that the local colour is

"What do you do? Full of that just and lofty admiration with which you have been inspired for the masters whom we look upon as colourists, you begin to copy them. But how do you copy them? Plainly and simply, and almost without any reflection, putting white where you see white, red where you see red, and so on. So that, instead of forming a just idea of the colouring of the master, you simply get hold of a sample. How must we act in order to do better? We must, when we copy a fine picture, ask our master the reason why the author of this picture coloured such and such a part in such and such a way. In this way you will learn, on the principle of induction, that which you seek by routine, and which it cannot give you. Whenever you copy a new author, you must obtain from your master that instruction, based on new reasoning and new principles, which will sink into your mind, and which will guarantee you against an acquired prejudice, which sometimes lasts a whole life, in favour of one artist and against all others, often the cause of the complete ruin

and destruction of a young man who promised better things.

"By avoiding this danger, mark what will happen. While copying, we will say, a Titian, you will be enchanted beyond all doubt with the beautiful tones you will find in it, and the beautiful play of these tones upon the general effect. But your master will say, 'Take care; do not fancy that all these tones would have the same value, if they were placed elsewhere. It belongs to this composition for such and such a reason. This is the true merit of this author. If this colour were in the least out of place, it would be false and shocking.' The force of this reasoning would surely strike you, and it must even strike you now. Do you not see very clearly that painting would be a very narrow art, if we only required an assortment of tints after Titian, to colour as well as he does?"

"I should myself highly approve and recommend, in order that you might make these studies truly valuable, that you should mix up with them the study of nature. Yes, I should wish as soon as a young man begins to paint, having a good foundation of drawing, and knowing a little of colouring, that when he has copied a Titian, he should take nature, and from it paint a similar picture. This would send him to seek in nature those principles which the great master had followed so beautifully. Do you not perceive that if he could but seize the connecting link, he would be on the high road to discover the truth in art for himself? When I mention a Titian, I mean also a Paul Veronese, a Giorgione, a Rubens, a Rembrandt, a Vandyck—any master, in a word, who is celebrated as a colourist.

"You can scarcely form a conception of the rapidity with which you would advance on this road, and what prodigious advantage you would have over others, even of equal talent, by painting after nature in this spirit—that is to say, with a view to colour. Try the experiment, and I am sure you will be obliged to me for the advice.

"The first intention you should have, when you draw from nature in this point of view, is to place yourself in a position to judge of the value and influence that it must have upon the background which you mean to give to your picture. This is a very important branch, and I shall prove it, I hope, to your satisfaction.

"Every object is cast up in relief against its background; and when you paint on a background without light—that is, of a dark brown—it holds the 'mass' or object painted within itself. If the background be clear, the mass is coloured, not to say brown.

"When then you paint after nature, and gaze at the object of your study, brought up by a background without light, and introduce it in your picture on the contrary, on a light background, the consequence will be that the two will not harmonise, and the effect of your picture will be spoiled.

"The true method by which you may avoid these evils is so simple that it is surprising it should have been neglected. It consists in guiding yourself strictly on the background which you wish to represent in your picture, and in placing your copy from nature on a similar background to that you had painted from. How is this to be done? By placing behind the object you are about to transfer to your canvas a linen or canvas of the colour of your proposed background. I would even require, that you might be the more correct, that you should lay on this canvas a coat of colours identical with your background. If you have a prominent figure to oppose to a light sky, your canvas should have that tint; if the background is architecture, through orifices in which the light pours, the canvas should be stone-coloured; if on a landscape, or a ruin, let it be of a similar colour. Be careful when you are drawing a light sky in the background to turn the canvas to the light, as when you are painting dark shadows you must do the contrary. The good masters of the Flemish school have never failed to take these precautions, and they have derived from this mode of proceeding the great advantage of seeing the force of colours in opposition; of appreciating their value; which can only be done by contrast; the more because no words, no prescription, no directions can indicate

to you any tint of any kind whatever. It is only the study of nature which leads from one to the other—always by comparison, and never otherwise."

It will be seen from this production that the artist, so perfect as a painter and a disciple, is everywhere overcome by his filial piety, and seeks to be forgotten himself while glorifying his master. The great principle which Oudry has endeavoured to inculcate in his treatise is, that a picture should be always strictly in keeping with the background, and that before we compose or paint groups of figures and colour them, we must know on what background we are about to place them; then study them from nature, by placing behind the model a canvas of the same tone as that in which we intend to paint the background. It is quite true, in painting, that the background is a matter of importance too often neglected by artists in their anxiety to finish the principal figures. The background is, in a painting, what the key-note is in singing. A painter who forgets this principle is exactly in the same position as a musician, who having written a piece in a major key, afterwards plays it in a minor.

M. de Largillière always complained of a practice very common in France, of always placing the model—whatever size the picture—at the same distance from the eye. The figures once transposed to the canvas, the master coloured them by guess-work, according to the tone which he intended to give to the picture. This gave rise to numerous mistakes, to defective perspective, and many other very serious errors. If figures in the distant background were too lively in colour, or too faint, they were toned down by a *glacis* of very light blue, or they were heightened by some touches of darker colours. But these tints, supplied by the imagination, were far inferior to those fading, gentle, broken lines, lost as it were in the air, to use a quaint expression—to those faint, indistinct colours which cannot be described. As for the touch, it could not, acquired by guess, impart that vagueness and mistiness which is found in the reality.

To this elegant speech, substantial and yet highly coloured, M. Coypel returned a brief answer full of exquisite politeness, which was taken down upon the register of the deliberations.

Some little time after, there was remarked in an exhibition a tableau, which was the strict application of the principles of Largillière, and as if given as an example to illustrate lessons so eloquently presented. Diderot speaks of it in these terms: "A picture that M. Oudry painted subsequently to his paper read at the Academy, represents upon a white background five or six white objects, all of a different tint; such as a white duck, a damask napkin, a porcelain bowl full of whipped cream, a wax candle in a silver candlestick, and above some paper. This picture is of great, of inestimable value in the eyes of *connoisseurs*."

The passion, for it could be called by no other name, which Jean Baptiste Oudry conceived for animals, taught him most naturally to love La Fontaine, and inspired him with a desire to illustrate those admirable apologues of this best of little story-tellers. In his studious leisure, he composed more than a hundred and fifty drawings, which were engraved under the direction of Cochin, and are the ornaments of the celebrated edition published in 1755 by Monsieur de Montevault. The imagination of Oudry, the profound knowledge which he had acquired of the structure and the physiognomy of animals, is seen in this doubly precious work. We can here, indeed, appreciate his varied backgrounds, adorned by sweet landscapes; and we gaze with pleasure, in the admirable foreground, on large plants, while we unceasingly admire the attitude of the animals whose physiognomies actually seem to convey on many occasions the profound or the witty allusions of the fabulist. Before Carle Vernet, before Grandville, by whom, however, he was in after times surpassed, Oudry discovered the secret of giving to his animals the expression of human passions, and it is not without reason that the editor of his drawings calls him in the preface the La Fontaine of painting.

All the engravings are not, however, equally fine. Some, where the subject of the fable obliges the author to produce

the human figure, are far from being equal to those in which animals alone fill up the scene. We may even very readily be led to believe that some of these drawings are not from the pencil of Oudry. We give in this part the words of the preface, in which the editor of the fables confesses that the drawings of Oudry have been touched up by Cochin. "M. Cochin, of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, undertook to engrave those drawings, or to have them engraved under his eyes. To succeed in this he was obliged to make new ones from the originals of M. Oudry, in which was distinctly seen that precision of outline to which painters never will bend in their compositions, and which is yet so necessary for the perfect success of the engraving." Strange confidence. Nevertheless, it is not doubtful that the expressions we have quoted are of rather a general character, and from the way in which most of the subjects are treated, it is quite clear that those who thought to correct Oudry only succeeded in reproducing him imperfectly.

He did not wholly confine himself to drawing subjects furnished him by the fables of La Fontaine. He painted six of these fables for the apartments of the Dauphin and Dauphiness. The Louvre possesses more than one of them, and they are really and truly little master-pieces—amongst others, that of "The Two She-goats:"—

"Deux chèvres donc s'emancipant,
Toutes deux ayant patte blanche,
Quitterent les bas prés, chacune de sa part :
L'une vers l'autre allait pour quelque bon hasard,
Et ruisseau se rencontre, et pour pont une planche."

The moment when our two adventurers meet nose to nose on the bridge, is precisely that selected by the tasteful artist. The scrupulous fidelity with which the painter has served the fabulist, and the *naïveté* of the tableau, give it its charm. The fierce Amazons meet like two knights in a tournament; and the charm, the piquancy of their attitudes, is derived from its simple truth. The landscape represents some willows, painted broadly and with great vigour; while the faint light of the sky after the sunset is beautifully rendered. The foreground is all demi-tint. We feel that at this mysterious hour the country is deserted and abandoned: the memorable combat will have no other witness save the waves of the stream, into which are about to fall the descendants of the she-goat Amalthea, which had the immortal honour of nourishing Jupiter.

Diderot speaks of another composition which we have engraved (p. 321): "A picture which pleased everybody, and which may truly be called the best picture in the whole exhibition, because it is really and truly faultless, is 'A Dog with Puppies.' It is impossible by any effort of the pen to give any idea of the truth and vigour of expression which is here displayed by the artist. The semi-stupid languor and the menacing fear of the beast are the work of the real and undoubted genius of the painter. A ray of the sun, which falls on the head of the mother through a loophole, is something really marvellous. This ray of light seems really to stand up out of the picture. This canvas, which is four feet wide by three high, of an oval form, has been recently purchased by the Baron de Hölbach, who gave a hundred pistoles for it."

D'Argenville, in his interesting and lucid biography of this artist, has said: "The pictures of Oudry are rather the work of mind and imagination, than of sentiment and the heart. There are in Oudry none of those dashing and exciting effects, which genius grasps, divines, snatches at, when warmed by the heated imagination. His inventions are calm, real, well-ordained; his drawing correct, his lights ably disposed, his pencil clever and easy; and, nevertheless, in all his works there is wanting that sort of surprise, that spirit, that frank open style, which add so much to the charms of talent and genius."

Jean Baptiste Oudry was a worthy and excellent man. It appears that he never inspired any one with hatred, and that through his life he enjoyed the delight and satisfaction of

being surrounded by many and warm friends. He loved music almost as much as he did painting. "To love music," says a French critic, "is almost to possess a virtue." When Largillière painted his portrait, he took care to remind us of this circumstance, by surrounding the medallion with appropriate ornaments. On one side is a palette, on the other a violin. The probity of the "beloved painter" of Louis XV. was beyond suspicion; and he was always above the corruptions of the court and the venality of his day. He was, in fact, an honest man in every sense of the word. The generality of French critics, from this very circumstance, doubt his claims to be considered a great painter.

If the talent of Oudry sinned somewhat on the side of liberty and fancy, on the other hand what correctness he shows in imitation, what truth in the physiognomies, what charming *naïveté* in the position of his personages, that is, of his favourite, his "beloved characters"—animals. In his hunting scenes that he loved so much to paint, it is not so much the wild chase, the helter-skelter scamper through woods, over hedges, stiles, and ditches that we see; it is not so much the excitement and emotion of the combat, when the wild boar turns round against the panting dogs, when the deer falls wearied under the teeth of ever renewed enemies; it is rather the peculiar physiognomy of each animal, the special character of each race, the distinctive features of each individual. One day Largillière was so pleased with two of his hunting scenes, a wild boar and a bear hunt, copied by Oudry from a Dutchman, that he opened his purse to buy them; Oudry refused the money, and made him a present of them.

We have already alluded to his having painted the portrait of every animal in the Jardin des Plantes; he further drew a series of hunting hounds, into which he introduced every distinct race. It would be endless to attempt to enumerate all the drawings with which Oudry has enriched French art. He himself has engraved several on steel. Of these, the most celebrated are five hunting pieces, drawn and engraved by himself, and amongst which the most remarkable are:—"A Wolf at Bay," "A Deer hanging to a tree, with several Birds," and "A Fox caught by Four Dogs."

"The Fox startled while devouring his prey" (p. 324) is very cleverly executed. The background is clear and definite, the animal is represented with scrupulous fidelity, the attitude is admirable, his ears intimate clearly that the deep baying of the hound has been heard; his teeth, his mouth, combine to form an expression of fierce rage which is peculiarly effective; the tail lying over the paw is exceedingly natural, while the unfortunate victim lies in an attitude so real, so exactly as we should expect to see it, that too much praise can scarcely be given to this production.

"The Roebuck run down" (p. 328) is also a very fine piece. The dogs, the hunted beast, the tree, the accessories of every kind, are effective and natural. This is a celebrated picture, of which the colouring is peculiarly successful.

"The Rat and the Elephant" (p. 329) is a representation of one of those fanciful allegories to which we have already alluded. It is exceedingly correct in its details, and holds a deservedly high place in the minds of amateurs, from the power of its lights and shadows. The ear is imaginative certainly, but what is wanting in truth is gained in picturesqueness.

"The Wolf at Bay" (p. 333) is held in high estimation. It is exceedingly effective in the engraving, and still more so as a painting. It is a subject which Oudry thoroughly comprehended. The wolf is correctly painted, and the dogs admirable in truth, vigour, and expression. A previous allusion has, however, been made to this work.

"The Heron" (p. 332) is a specimen of those still-nature productions which have carried Oudry's reputation into the private galleries of so many of the country gentlemen of the world. The trees, the old trunk, the game, the dog, are painted with expression and rare fidelity.

The most picturesque of all those represented in our pages is that of "Bertrand and Raton" (p. 336). It is difficult to

say which is most successful, the monkey or the cat. They are startling from the life-like vigour with which they are painted. This is an illustration of a favourite fable of La Fontaine's.

Whatever may have been the talent of Oudry for drawing and painting animals, it must be allowed that he was not equally well acquainted with every species, and is not always successful in seizing the true character and manner. If he was perfect in dogs, foxes, wolves, even monkeys; and in general in animals which figure as principal characters in hunting scenes, and which he was so fond of dedicating to

more perfect in the art of grouping in trophies, pikes, eels, tench, carp, and shell-fish; or in combining on one canvas, to please the eye, some snipe hanging by a claw, partridges, and quails, ducks of changing colour, with their beautiful emerald spots. How common it is to see artists of the present day imitating these signs over doors, by Oudry, where in chance medley we find violins, guitars, flutes, tamborines, and a hundred other different attributes of the arts. These happy and successfully "arranged disorders," to use an hyperbolic French phrase, invented with so much care, executed with so much talent, have since become mere



THE ROEBUCK RUN DOWN.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

"Messire Louis Bontemps, *capitaine des chasses de la vénerie du Louvre*," he was far less fortunate when he attempted to portray lions, panthers, and leopards. It seems as if it was reserved for the modern artist to comprehend, elucidate, and create the savage and poetic side of creation. Oudry humanised his tigers, softened down and civilised his panthers, and made his lions quite tame and gentlemanly beings; but he was at home and true when he had to reproduce the bounding deer or the delicate doe, and he knew so admirably how to co-ordinate and arrange the wooded scene, so full of delicate perfume and country balminess. He was also exceedingly successful in the representation of still nature. No one was

fillings up—agreeable enough, but so evidently copies as to lose all zest and power.

Oudry used his talents also sometimes in providing models, sometimes in executing table ornaments. France has always been a peculiar country, and one of its greatest peculiarities has been minute attention to the philosophy of the table. In early days, before art had discovered the means of decorating tables, it employed those offered by nature. Flowers, which grow so abundantly and richly on the surface of the earth, were naturally enough the principal objects selected; they were eagerly chosen by man to adorn his table. The walls of houses in early days in France were much in want of

ornament. A rare book, that of Fortunat, tells us that the walls, instead of showing the naked stone, were adorned with ivy. The floor of the festive hall was carpeted with flowers: silver lilies and purple poppies covered the ground. The table was loaded with roses, which took the place of a table-cloth. Flowers, too, were used to adorn chapels. The poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries often allude to this custom; while guests wore chaplets of flowers, which also hung from the bottles.

In the fourteenth century artistic contrivances were added,

Objects adorned with scenes of the chase were those chiefly selected by Oudry when he designed these ephemeral sketches, sketches which had for their sole object the amusement and gratification of a prince whom he wished to please, because he patronised him largely. Stags, dogs, wolves, as in his pictures, were the subjects selected; and though only designed for the pleasure of the hour, they were, it is said, sometimes singularly beautiful. Of course, they are not in any way preserved, and the memory only of these trifles now remains.

Oudry has condescended even to make charades and



THE RAT AND THE ELEPHANT.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

and we hear of white cloths, on which flowers were tacked by way of ornament. Louis XIV. in his banquets had his tables also thus adorned. In 1680, at the marriage of Mademoiselle of Blois with the Prince of Conti, no other decoration appeared. Later, a kind of cake was invented of clay, by Polish artists, who stuck flowers all over it; and later still, various ornaments of the highest taste, more artificial, but more permanent, were introduced. Oudry conceived many of these for such men as Louis XV. and the Regent of Orleans, who, whatever their depravity, always encouraged a spirit of beauty in all that surrounded them.

rebuses; but they want that startling effect, that amusing absurdity, that salt which now is generally found in these productions. The talent of Oudry was so *nove* and so decent, that he was never able successfully to illustrate the "Comic Romance" of Scarron. To enter with spirit into the very reality of this grotesque conception required a liveliness, a gaiety, a humour, which Oudry did not possess. In the seventeenth century, amidst the magnificence and splendours of the reign of Louis XIV., the poem of Scarron was one hundred years after date, and quite out of place. It may be readily imagined, that when reading the "Comic Romance,"

Louis XIV. must have been quite as much offended as at the "magots" of Teniers the younger; and he must have been profoundly humiliated to have married the widow of such a poet, to have succeeded—after having loved Athenais de Mortemart—the historian of the Cavern and of Ragotin. Oudry, who, by the dignity and decency of his manner, was a man of the seventeenth century, could not understand the spirit of a novel which reminded the reader of the jokes of Don Quixote and the indecencies of Brantome. He was, therefore, rather cold and heavy when he tried to paint the scenes of this celebrated book. It needed the pen, the wit, the ease of Pater, to paint that wandering caravan of comedians, making a triumphal entry into Mans upon a car drawn by oxen, and carrying all the baggage and materials of the dramatic company: ladder, cages, decorations, old carpets; this one with a guitar on his back, the other with a plaster on his eye; the mob, and particularly the women, scattering their jokes mercilessly after them.* A certain dose of buffoonery was required to paint the burlesque adventures of Ragotin—the rows, the riots, the adventures in the gaming-house, the showers of fisticuffs, at which are present the washerwoman and Angelica, while on the ground roll the hats of the vanquished. At all events, Oudry showed his great power over light and shade, which plays so marked a part in his compositions, whether it lights up in a picturesque way the scene on the stairs, or the chastising of the servants, or sheds its beams upon the very spot where fall the blows. But it wanted Hogarth to do justice to the subjects which were not either very decent or very refined.

Oudry, always laborious and always inexhaustible, was suddenly checked in his studies by an attack of apoplexy, which struck him in 1755. Afflicted by painful presentiments, he used to say, "If I do not work, I shall die." He had become director and manager of the factory of Beauvais, after being over the Gobelins. He wished to start for Beauvais, in the hope of recruiting his health by the balmy breath of the country air. He died on his arrival, on the 30th of April, 1755, at the age of sixty-nine.

He was widely regretted, for he was a very able artist, a clever master, a sincere friend, a good man; and this is much indeed to say in a time like that in which he lived—the age of good old-gentlemanly vices, when Louis XIV. was king; of orgies and monstrous depravity, when Louis XV. was monarch.

Oudry introduced into some of his scenes, morning breaking and craggy hills and forests with considerable effect; and once, in a scene supposed to be in Switzerland, he is exceedingly successful. The subject was good, but difficult, and the picture is now in one of the private galleries of Paris. M. Bouchard, a very well-known amateur, says that it is exceedingly fine. The following will give some idea of the difficulty of the subject. "All the world over," says one who has described in a few dashes the best of Swiss scenery, "the dawn of morning is beautiful, when the earth looks like a bride arrayed in orient pearls, and the sun spreads far and wide his canopy of crimson clouds, which his glory converts gradually into gold. But amid the Valais Alps, the loveliness of morning sets language at defiance. Imagine endless wreaths of snow, crowning piny mountains, and enveloped with a rosy flush by the magic of the young light. This glowing investiture, like the breast of the dove, every moment displays new colours, glancing off in fugitive coruscations which dazzle and intoxicate the senses. A luminous border hangs upon cliff and crag, and a whisper, soft as the breath of love, showers down upon you from the pine forests as you move. A feeling, half religion, half sense, fills your breast, and your eyes become humid with gratitude as you look upwards and around you. The reading of your childhood comes over you—you remember the earliest page in the history of man—And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good"—and good, you murmur to yourself, it is. If there be poetry in the soul, it comes out at such

moments; and by the process which I faintly and imperfectly describe, travelling sometimes mellows the character and improves our relish of life."

Jean Baptiste Oudry engraved seventy-five pieces with his own hand.

Of these we have engraved "The Roebuck run down," and "The Wolf at Bay." The "Roebuck run down" is a very able and effective engraving in the original.

Out of thirty-eight pieces which Oudry sketched for the comic romance of Scarron, twenty-one are engraved by himself. He also sketched several designs for Don Quixote.

His best, however, are those illustrating "La Fontaine."

For the chapter of St. Martin-des-Champs, he painted "The Adoration of the Magi;" for the apartments of the king at Choisy, a monstrous wolf held by four dogs, a jackal attacked by two hull-dogs, some specimens of still nature, boars, deers, herons, pheasants, horses, hung up; for the apartments of the dauphiness at Versailles, subjects taken from the fables of La Fontaine—"The Two She-Goats," "The Fox and the Stork."

The pictures of Oudry are principally found in Paris and the departments.

In the Louvre there is "A Wolf Hunt," "A Boar Hunt," "A Dog guarding some Game."

The Museums of Dijon, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nantes, Caen, and Rouen, have some excellent specimens of this master.

In 1770, at the sale of the Cabinet of M. de la Live de Jully, two pictures of Oudry, representing "Seven Ducks lying," and "A Dog barking at a Fox," were sold for £20. "Two Hounds lying near a Hare and a Partridge," £15.

At the Prince de Conti's, there were six paintings by Oudry.

At the sale of the collection of that amateur, in 1777, two specimens of still nature, painted at Dieppe in 1724, representing "Parrots and Fish," rose to the high price of £36.

THE TOMB OF JULIUS II.

MANY persons have heard of the sufferings of artists and authors, of the struggles and difficulties which almost every man of genius has had to endure, especially in the beginning of his career. Often, too, this has lasted far beyond the time when men have acquired celebrity and fame. It is too true, that those who delight us by their pens and by their pencils are often thoughtless, to use no stronger term; though it would be unfair and unjust to accuse all of the errors of some, and to fancy that every man who suffers does so from improvidence and want of ordinary foresight. In many instances, among the men of the greatest genius, difficulties have arisen from a very different source. Jealousies, suspicions, and heartburnings, have been indulged by rivals, who have contrived, by petty and weak annoyances, to make the existence of some of the best of men a misery.

Michael Angelo, that great painter, whose name is familiar to the merest tyro in the history of art, was not exempt from the heartburnings and annoyances which so many men suffered in common with himself. At a very early age he entered with Ghirlandajo as a pupil; but instead of being taught, he began to teach. In truth, though he was but thirteen, his copies were better than the original. But the master smiled, and encouraged his bold apprentice. Not so the pupils: they were jealous of the juvenile artist. Benvenuto Cellini, himself a great man, often speaks of the blind hatred of his fellow-students. He could feel for him and sympathise with him. A quotation from the wondrous memoir of the Florentine silversmith will be well worthy of a place here.

"About this time (it was in 1518, thirty years after the event—Cellini was only eighteen), there came to Florence a sculptor named Peter Torregiani:—he came from England, where he had stayed several years. This man, seeing my designs and my labours, said to me: 'I have come to Florence

* See "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. ii. p. 208.

to take away as many young men as I can. I have a great work to execute for the King of England; and I will have no assistants but my own countrymen; and as your mode of working and drawing is more that of a sculptor than a jeweller, I will take you away with me, and I will make you at the same time rich and able."

"He was a bold proud man, was Peter Torregiani, of manly appearance and great beauty. His air, his manners, his sonorous voice, were more like those of a soldier than an artist; he had a mode of frowning enough to startle the most resolute; and every day he told me of his strange stories about those fools of English! One day we were speaking of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti; Torregiani was holding in his hand a drawing which I had copied after the great master, and he said:

"Buonarrotti and I used to go to work when young in the church of the Carmine, in the chapel of Masaccio; and as he was accustomed to make fun of all those who drew along with him, one day, being more angry than usual, I raised my fist, and gave him so violent a blow on the face that I felt the bone and the cartilage of his nose break under my hand; so that he will bear the mark of it all his life." "These words," adds the indignant young man, "shocked me so much, as I had the works of the divine Michael Angelo constantly under my eyes, that I conceived for Torregiani an implacable hatred; and not only did I lose all desire to follow him to England, but I could no longer bear even to see him."

This noble and generous anger was worthy at the same time of him who excited and of him who felt it. It is quite true, however, that Michael Angelo, perhaps without knowing it, was every day committing some new crime, which drew upon him the vengeance of his comrades and the jealousies of his masters. The unhappy youth could not succeed in quelling his genius. One day a portrait was given him to copy, and when he had finished his work, he gave it to the man who had lent him the portrait, instead of the original. The painter, who was one of his friends, though professing to be a great connoisseur, did not perceive the change; and it may easily be imagined that he was overwhelmed with confusion when the anecdote got abroad. The lad had somewhat smoked his picture, in order to give it that antique appearance which adds so much to the price of works of art in the eyes of those who judge by date, and not by merit.

Michael Angelo had now time to commence a few works in sculpture. Already his productions were considered of so much value that they are preserved to this day as precious relics. Among these was a bas-relief, representing, according to Vasari, "The Battle of the Centaurs," with a virgin, in the style of Donatello, and a statue of Hercules, which nobody has seen except his biographers. But suddenly Lorenzo the Magnificent, seized by a mysterious and incurable disease, died at Carreggi in the midst of his rhetoricians. He finished his career as he had lived, rather as a poet than as a Christian. Arts and letters lost in him a Mæcenas. Michael Angelo lost more than a protector—he lost a friend.

Overwhelmed with grief, he now returned to his father's house. At the age of eighteen years his prospects, which were becoming so splendid, were suddenly overcast. Pietro de Medici, the heir and successor of Lorenzo, began his reign by throwing his father's physician into a well; this promised favourably for those who continued in his service. However, Michael Angelo was one morning called to the court. It was snowing hard, and the brother of Leo the Tenth had awoke with great projects. A man is not a Medici for nothing.

"Master," said he to the young sculptor, "I want you to make me a colossal figure—a giant, who will arise as if by enchantment in the court-yard, and be higher by a head than the battlements of my palace. As my father chose you for his sculptor in ordinary, your genius must be equal to such a task. Go, and set to work."

"But of what materia must this statue be?" inquired Michael Angelo, with rather a surprised look.

"The material," replied Pietro, laughing, "you will find

in the court-yard. There is plenty of it. There must be at least three feet of snow."

"True," said Michael Angelo, bitterly, "I am in your employ as I was in the employ of your father. Only, when he ordered statues, he preferred marble to snow. Every one has his taste, sire."

Then he added to himself, "As is the prince so will be the monument. Go, poor soul and weak heart; your greatness will scarcely last longer than your statue."

However, he complied with the orders of Pietro with scrupulous exactness, and leaving his colossus before a single beam of sun came to melt it, he retired to one of the cells of San Spirito, where he passed days and nights, sombre, sad, isolated, weeping for his benefactor, and meditating on the darkness of his unhappy country.

It was in this austere retreat, surrounded by dead bodies, which he obtained from a hospital attached to the convent, that, by the light of a lamp, Michael Angelo gave himself up to the long and persevering study of anatomy, which was to be his governing passion.

Armed with his scalpel, he investigated the muscles, he studied the fibres, he laid bare the scaffolding of the human heart. The fruit of his vigils was a wooden crucifix, a little larger than nature, which he presented to the prior of the monastery which had afforded him an asylum, and where he had been able, at least, to rest in peace and to retire from the shame of these melancholy days.

Michael Angelo produced from a common block of marble, which had been massacred by Simon of Fiesole, a colossal statue of David. He was then twenty-four years of age, and his absolute and haughty temper would not suffer a single observation to be made. Woe to those who took the liberty to make any remark. He overwhelmed them with his anger, or pitilessly satirised them.

The too celebrated Soderini, although he was gonfalonniere, learnt this to his cost. The worthy man, who was as able a connoisseur as he was an excellent politician, ventured to express an opinion upon David. He said that the nose was too large.

"Do you think so, illustrious signor?" answered the artist, with his most hypocritical look. Then he took a little powdered marble in the hollow of his hand, and gave two or three raps with his hammer, without touching the statue.

"There now," cried the gonfalonniere with delight, "that's how a David ought to be. You have given life to him."

"'Tis to you that he owes life, signor."

After this it is not astonishing that Machiavelli, in speaking of the same Soderini, wrote four verses, in which he relates that the worthy gonfalonniere, having presented himself by mistake at the gates of the infernal regions, Pluto shut the door in his face, and said: "What do you want here, you fool? Go to the limbo of children."

However, if the poor gonfalonniere was stupid, as appears to be historically demonstrated, he was not avaricious. He gave four hundred Florence crowns to Michael Angelo, and got him to paint in fresco a part of the hall of council. Leonardi di Vinci undertook the other half.

Leonardi chose for the subject of his fresco the victory gained over Piccinino, general of the Duke of Milan. In the foreground is a battle of cavaliers and the capturing of a standard. Michael Angelo undertook an episode of the war of Pisa.

Generally a battle, above all at a time when soldiers are clothed in iron, offers few resources to an artist accustomed to the naked. The genius of Michael Angelo did not stop at a little.

An incident, which in the case of any other artist would have passed unperceived, suddenly illuminated the ideas of the great artist, and his cartoon was made.

Overcome by the stifling heat, the Florentine soldiers are bathing in the Arno, when the Pisans suddenly make a *sortie*. The enemy appears; the cry is to arms; a crowd spring up; some, half-naked, catch at their swords; others try, by superhuman efforts, to get their clothes upon their wet limbs. The drum beats; impatience and despair are depicted in the fea-

tures of the unhappy footmen who cannot join their flag. The appearance of this masterpiece cast the first artists of the day into a profound stupor. From every part of Italy people came to admire it, to copy it, to study it. San Gallo, Ghirlandajo, Granini, Andre del Sarto, San Jovino, le Rosso, Perrin del Vaga—all of these, young men and old, masters and pupils, bowed in silence before the sovereign artist, who, with a giant's step bounding over his whole career, touched the last limits of the sublime, beyond which it is not possible for man to go.

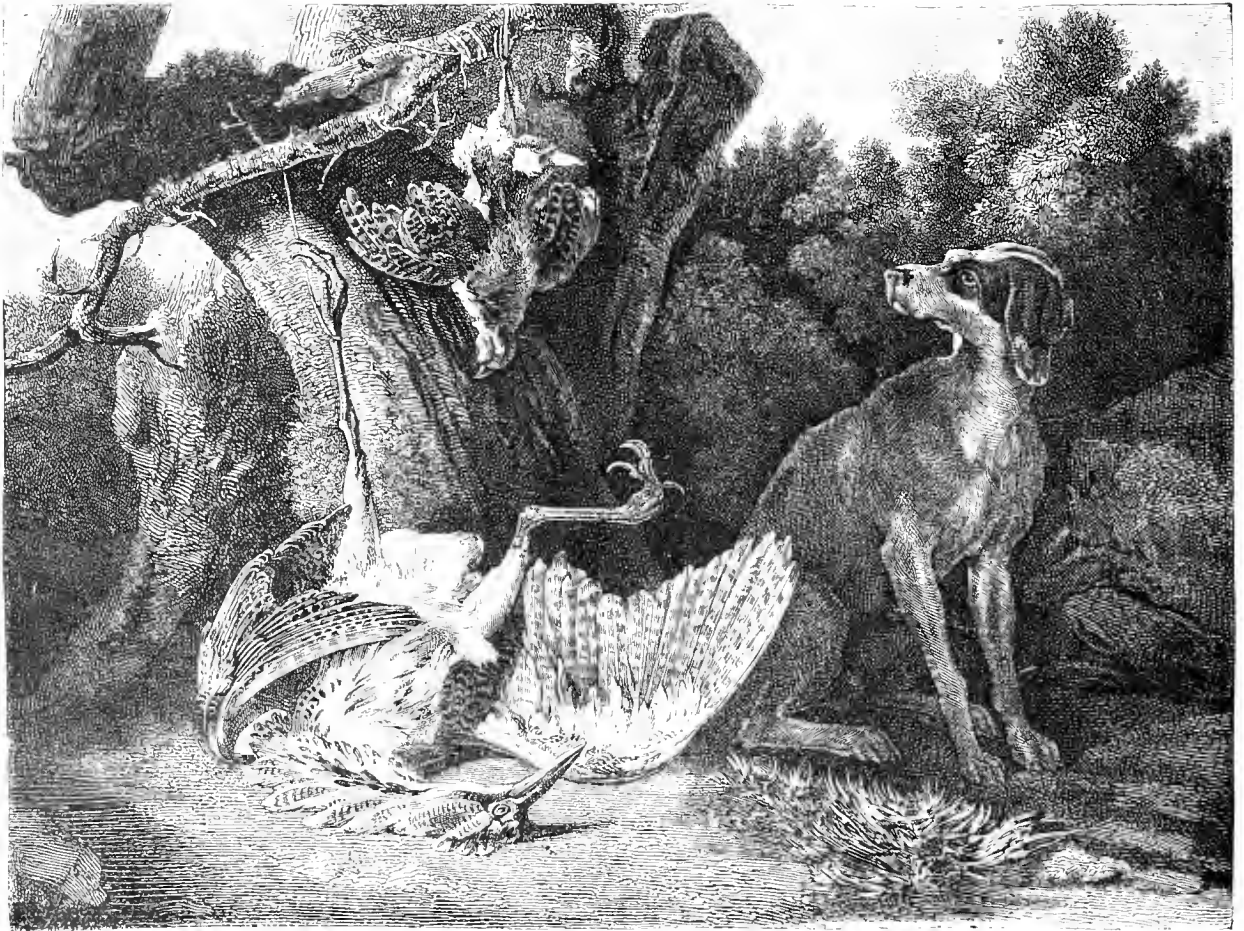
Benvenuto Cellini speaks much of the events of this time. It was about this time that the brutal Torregiani boasted of his anecdote.

"As long as the cartoon stood," says Cellini, "it was the school of the world; though the divine Michael Angelo after-

"I had made up my mind," says Benvenuto, "to dash him to the ground wherever I found him. Having reached the Plaza Santa Doninica, I perceived Bandinelli, who was entering the same square on the opposite side. More decided than ever upon carrying out my sanguinary project, I ran towards him; but I had no sooner cast my eyes on the wretch, and seen him without arms, mounted on a wretched mule that looked like a jackass, following a little boy about ten years old, than Bandinelli saw me, turned pale as death, and trembled from head to foot. I thought it base to kill such a wretch, and said: 'Do not fear, vile coward, you are not worthy of my blows!'"

Scarcely was Julius II. on the throne when he sent for Michael Angelo. Such an artist was worthy of such a pope.

Julius reflected several months upon the work which he



THE HERON.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

wards executed the great chapel of Pope Julius, he never reached half the talent displayed in this masterpiece."

A Frenchman observes: "This was the time to have pugnarded Michael Angelo."

But this was not enough. Hatred sometimes acts with atrocious calculation, and envy has diabolical inspirations. They forgave the artist, but the work suffered for him. In the year 1512, while there was an *émoué* in the streets, while the republic was expiring, when the Medici were coming back victorious, Baccio Bandinelli, of base and execrable memory, crept in with slow step, treacherously, a dagger in his hand, to the hall where the masterpiece was hung up, and while people were fighting in the streets, this wretch, assassin, and thief, thrust his knife into the canvas, tore it to pieces, trod it under foot, and carried away the remnants.

destined for the greatest sculptor of his age. The ambition of the pope knew no bounds. His thirst for glory was insatiable. He dreamt of immortality upon the earth, and was not long, therefore, in making his choice.

He accordingly sent for the great artist, and addressed him thus:

"If you were to erect a tomb for Julius II., what would be your design for that tomb?"

"I should wish," answered Michael Angelo, after having thought a moment, "that the grandeur of the tomb should answer to the grandeur of the pontiff who orders it. The general form of the monument should be that of a parallelogram, thirty feet in length by fifteen in breadth. The height should be at least thirty feet. Forty statues, without counting the bas-reliefs, should enrich the mausoleum, crowned by a group of

figures representing the apotheosis of your Holiness. Four victories, two feminine and two masculine, should stand on each side of the monument, trampling under foot slaves or rebels. Sixteen statues should represent the conquered provinces, or the captive virtues riveted with chains to the tomb of him who, whilst he lived, reduced the pride of the first and constituted the glory of the second. Eight colossal statues, of from ten to twelve feet, should adorn the upper portion. In fine, there would be entrances to the interior by the two sides, leading to the rotunda, in the centre of which the sarcophagus should be placed."

The pope listened in silence, and looked fixedly at the artist, who was inspired by the grandeur of his subject, and talked with the greatest coolness of this mortuary palace,

Nicolas V. caused the foundation to be laid. I will finish the new church according to the drawings of Horeslino, and the chapel shall be worthy of the tomb."

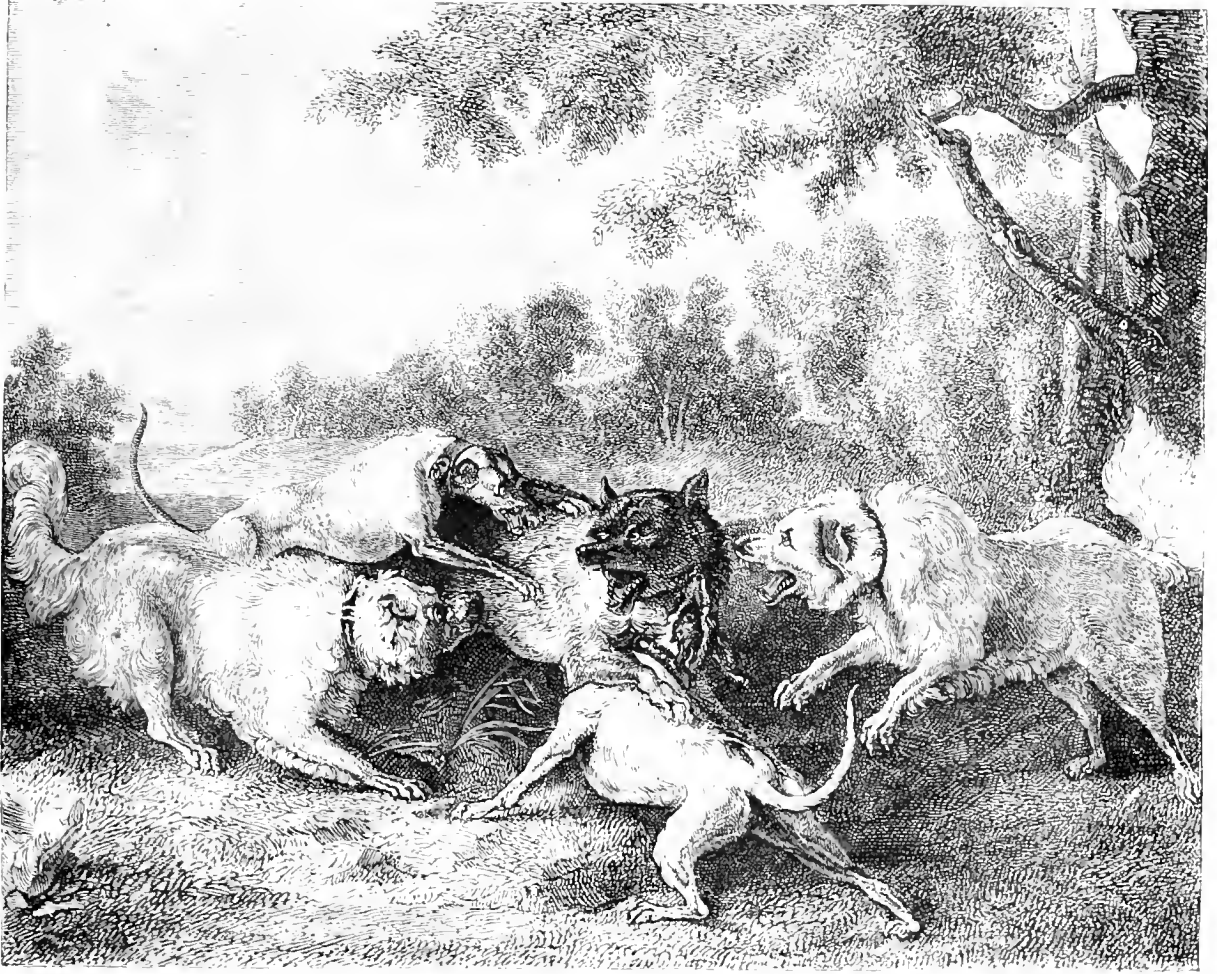
"And how much will this new building cost?"

"About a hundred thousand crowns."

"Two hundred thousand, if necessary," answered the pope.

"Then I may start at once for Carrara?"

"Immediately. And don't forget to come to me, without any internuncio, whenever you want to speak to me. Or rather," said the pope, after a moment's thought, "I will cause a bridge to be constructed that shall lead from my rooms to your workshop, and I will come and see you, and scold you whenever the work lags. Adieu, Michael Angelo; you have understood me."



THE WOLF AT BAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

without thinking of the sombre and lugubrious reflections which he was suggesting to the heart of the old man who was to occupy it.

Those who know the character of the inhabitants of Italy, and the instinctive aversion which is felt in that country for death and for all the ideas which relate to it, will easily understand the majestic and strange character of the conversation of these two men, one of whom was giving orders for his tomb, whilst the other was explaining in the most minute manner how it was to be constructed. When the sculptor had finished, Julius II. made only one objection.

"Where shall we place this immense monument?" said he.

"I have thought of it," replied Michael Angelo. "Your tomb, such as I have conceived it, could not be contained in the old church of St. Peter; but we have the tribune of which

The great place of St. Peter was soon encumbered with enormous blocks of marble, brought from Carrara. The last instalment had been disembarked at the quay of the Tiber, and Michael Angelo, who generally lived in the most complete isolation, did not know what had happened at court during his absence, and went up to the Vatican to ask for money to pay the sailors. He was told that his holiness was not visible. A few days afterwards he went again to the pope. As he was crossing the antechamber, a valet stopped the way, and said to him drily, that he could not enter.

"Unhappy man! Do you know to whom you are speaking?" cried a prelate who had recognised Michael Angelo.

"I know it very well," impudently answered the valet; "and I only obey my orders."

"Very well," answered the indignant artist; "when the pope sends for me, tell him that I am gone."

An hour afterwards he started for Florence. But Julius II. was not the man to allow the artist whom he considered to be in his pay to escape from his hands so easily. When he learnt the answer, and the flight of Michael Angelo, his anger was great. Five couriers, one after the other, set off at full gallop to bring back the fugitive. When they saw that entreaties were of no use, the messengers of Julius attempted to resort to force; but Michael Angelo seized his weapons, and cried with a terrible voice, "If you come on, you are dead men!"

The messengers, in alarm, allowed Michael Angelo to continue his journey. The anger of the pope knew no bounds. He threatened to reduce Florence to ashes if his sculptor was not restored to him. Soderini received three despatches within three days; the first promised amnesty and pardon to the artist; the second declared war against the republic; the third announced that if Michael Angelo did not return to Rome within twenty-four hours, all the Florentines would be excommunicated.

"Do you intend to destroy us all?" said the poor gonfalonniere, trembling with fear.

"Ha! ha!" answered Michael Angelo; "this will teach him to forbid me his door."

"But I cannot keep you here, unhappy man."

"Well, then, I will go to the Grand Turk."

"To the Grand Turk!"

"Yes; he will treat me better, I am sure. Besides, he intends to throw a bridge from Constantinople to Pera, and has made me the most magnificent proposals."

"Go where you please, but deliver us from the anger of the pope."

Meanwhile, Julius II., true to his word, was advancing at the head of an army. He had taken Bologna, and was extremely delighted with his victory, when Michael Angelo, changing his mind, presented himself before him. Julius II. was at table at the palace of the Sixteen, when the arrival of the sculptor was announced to him. He made a sign that he should be introduced, and not being able to restrain his rage at the sight of the rebel, he cried out—

"You should have come to us, and you expect us to come to you."

Michael Angelo bowed his knee; but in spite of this attitude of submission and respect, it was easy to see that his features expressed rather pride than repentance. Sombre, silent, with bent brow, he seemed to say to the pope, "*Non homini sed Petro*," not to the man but to Peter. All the witnesses of this scene trembled for the poor sculptor, but as the impetuosity of the pope was known, nobody dare to speak, except the cardinal Soderini, worthy brother of the gonfalonniere, who, with the best intentions, began to offer excuses for the artist.

"Holy father, pardon this man; for he did not know what he did. Artists, if you deprive them of their art, are always so. If he has sinned, it is from ignorance."

Julius II. could restrain himself no longer, and giving the *maladroit* cardinal a blow with his stick, he cried in a voice of thunder, "Unhappy wretch! do you dare to abuse my sculptor? Thou only art ignorant and sinful. Get out of my sight."

Every one trembled with fear; and as the poor prelate remained motionless with astonishment and terror, the exasperated pope added, "Throw that fellow out of the window."

The valets had some difficulty in removing his eminence through the door. As we have seen, the Soderini were always unfortunate.

The same evening beheld Michael Angelo and Julius II. the best friends in the world. These two men understood each other completely. For such a workman such a master was required. The pope sat for his portrait and started for Rome, begging the sculptor to follow him as soon as the statue was finished.

"Remember, Michael Angelo," said he, "that my tomb is waiting for you."

Such were the last words of his holiness. Michael Angelo spent sixteen months upon the colossal statue, that is to say, fifteen months more than was necessary for his enemies to recommence their intrigues. This time, Bramanti was at their head, and among the rivals who were opposed to Michael Angelo, was Raffaele. Happily for our artist, Julius II. was as obstinate in his friendships as in his hatreds. He continued to favour Michael Angelo; and although the courtiers, who were inimical to him, insidiously worked upon the pope by praising the efforts of the great artist in painting, at the expense of his reputation as a sculptor, they did not entirely succeed in their object. It is true, however, though Michael Angelo did not lose the good opinion of the pope, that the famous tomb was never completed.

The fact is, that the genius of Michael Angelo developed itself more and more every day, and the whole artist-world became aware of his might. Artists admired him; amateurs and connoisseurs loved him, but mere courtiers hated him. He was proud, haughty, brave, and, worse than all, he had the favour of the pope, who freely opened his purse to him. Money, which the hangers-on about the court thought might be advantageously spent on them, was lavished by Julius in painting and statuary, which was certainly grand—but was it useful?

The delight which Michael Angelo felt at the prospect of erecting such a tomb as that of Julius, can scarcely be described. Those who have the idea of beauty, of the sublime in art; those who have long been weighed down by the influence of a fixed implacable idea, the realisation of which does not depend upon themselves; those who have conceived, in the delirium of their imagination, a gigantic, immense, impossible project, and who suddenly see obstacles removed, thought take a form, and the impossible retreat—those alone can understand what then was passing in the mind of the artist, when Julius II. decided on his tomb.

While a whole crowd of workmen, under his orders, were working in the quarries digging out the marble, he, silent, pensive, overwhelmed by gigantic images, stood upon a great rock which overlooked the sea.

"Why should I not carve the rock?" he cried, while his imagination, roused and on fire, carried him away into realms of space. "Why should not my chisel cut into the flanks of this mountain? Under my hand the rock would become a colossus which would startle the passing navigator. My name would be engraved on it in ineffaceable characters—my work would be eternal as the work of God. But patience. I, too, will have my mountains of marble, and a whole creation of supernatural and mighty beings shall rise to life under my mighty hand. I shall only have to say, Live, and they shall live."

Meanwhile, by the influence of a courtier, a mere insect, whose very name is not recorded in history, the pope had cast Michael Angelo from his heart for a short time, and the event which we have recorded had happened.

The same again took place while he was carving out his statue. A knot of mean and narrow-minded courtiers attacked the pope on all sides.

"He is a great painter," said one.

"It is a pity he should try to be both sculptor and artist."

"Some men will be everything; and yet he is not equal to Raffaele."

"Silence!" the pope roared at these sycophants, and they held their tongues, to begin again next day.

At one time there was a talk of prosecuting Michael Angelo for the sum he had received on account of the tomb of Julius. The sculptor, in a furious rage, came to Rome; but the cardinal de Medici, who soon after was Clement VII., begged him to have patience, and got him to build, in the mean time, the library and sacristy of San Lorenzo, the two first architectural works executed by Michael Angelo. He was now forty years of age.

The Duke of Urbino, nephew of Julius II., finding other modes of proceeding too slow for his fancy, tried another ex-

periment to make the sculptor hurry with the monument of his uncle. He had him menaced, in that day of summary justice, with a poniard, if he did not yield to his desires. The proud artist made no reply, and left the Duke of Urbino to his impotent rage.

Clement VII., having ascended the throne, called Michael Angelo to him.

"My dear Buonarotti," said the pope, whispering familiarly in his ear, "instead of defending yourself, attack the heirs of Julius II. It is time that you received money on account; but at the rate at which your statues are paid now-a-days, the money that you have received does not cover the labour you have had. Bring them before the tribunals; from debtor you will become creditor."

"I would rather finish the monument," said the artist, drily; and he returned immediately to Florence.

But the monument was one of those things which was not to be finished. There was always some reason or other for delaying it or putting it off.

Clement VII. kept the artist fully employed. He visited him every day. One morning a servant told him that Clement VII. would visit him no more—he was dead.

The first thing the new pope, Paul III., did, was to present himself at the *atelier* of Buonarotti.

"Come! come!" said the pope, "now, master Michael Angelo, your time belongs to me."

"Your holiness will excuse me," said the artist. "I have just signed an undertaking to finish the tomb of Julius II."

And yet it never was finished.

MODERN BRITISH ART—THE PRE-RAPHAELITES.

WHEN Pope Adrian I. delivered, in his infallibility, a bull, which declared that all painters should represent our Saviour as possessing every attribute of beauty which they were capable of exhibiting, he founded the Pre-Raphaelites. The reader may perhaps see no connexion with the eighth century and the nineteenth; but if he only consider that since then painters have had but one type for the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles, and have degenerated into continual smoothness and into unmeaning faces such as West or Cosway produced, he will see at once what we mean. The earlier Byzantine fathers had taken it as a fact that, since the Saviour "should not be desired of men," he was repulsive, and they continually represented him so; but a dispute happening as to the truth of this, the earlier fathers, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, St. Bernard, and others, joined in the controversy, and Pope Adrian settled it with his bull.

Art is by its nature imitative. The earliest head of the Saviour which exists has the same attributes—the oval, melancholy face, the parted hair and calm eyes—as the most recent, and to a certain extent Adrian's bull had a vast effect. Great geniuses did not alter the type, but threw their weight into the improvement of manner. Till about the time of President West, which we take it was the most inartistic period of English art, we had gone on,

"Improving and improving oft,
Till all was ripe and rotten."

Character, force, and originality were forgotten, everything was intended to be pretty and pleasing; and the grand was deserted for the profitable. The mind of the income-seeking artist became imbued with the spirit of the times. Richard Wilson, with his wondrous genius in landscape, could not make a living. Fuselli, who, with all his eccentricities, was of immense talent, declared with a wretched pun that his name should have been "Few-sell-I." Von Holst was neglected, and R. B. Haydon destroyed himself in despair. With the exception of the first, none of these artists were perfect, but they were great men who should have found appreciation where they met with neglect. They certainly should not have been driven to despair whilst Cosway, Opie, and West flourished. Their deaths, however, produced some result; yet with little improvement and much

mannerism, things went on in the same course. England produced great painters individually, but, as a school, mannerism and platitudes were triumphant.

Some half-dozen years ago, a few young men, impressed with this, determined to alter it, and, like all enthusiasts, at the first overshot the mark. To prove their perfect distinctness from modern art, they called themselves Pre-Raphaelians, which, if we understand the term rightly, was about tantamount to a dramatist of the time of Colman and Reynolds calling himself, out of contempt to those playwrights, a Pre-Shakespearean.

Messrs. Millais, Collins, and Hunt, who were the Coryphæi of this school, seeing that all other painters took pretty models, employed plain if not downright ugly ones; finding that the ordinary painter neglected detail and finish, studied every point, speck, or nail in the accessories of their picture; observing that modern artists excel in air and distance in the atmosphere of the picture, they painted sharply and coldly, so that every fold of the dress and feature of the face came out as distinctly as if one was examining it with a diminishing glass. It is plain that amongst these resolves there were many of the faults of enthusiasm. When they exhibited their pictures, amongst many merits, one saw that they had as much to unlearn as to learn, and their eccentricities were so plainly the effect of determination, that they excited an antagonism which resulted in ridicule and odium.

To support their ideas, they employed the pen as well as the pencil. They published a work bearing the name of "The Germ," which was upon the whole the most verdant production we recollect. It bore all the impress of youth, florid of fluent poetry, crude prose, and undigested ideas; illustrated with an etching which might have been copied from a missal. It was unlike anything modern. It was an attempt to reach the golden age by walking backwards; it was, a thousand fold more than their pictures, an effort against nature, and it died.

With such determination and such vigour of thought, the young painters who formed the school were not likely to die too. He who thinks originally must think *against* a large portion of mankind, but he will soon have disciples of his own. So it was with the Pre-Raphaelites. There was so much truth with them that they soon gathered respect; yet their earliest endeavour had grave faults.

Let us take, for instance, a picture by Mr. Millais, which was exhibited some four seasons ago. We allude to the "Holy Family," a painting in which the young Saviour was pictured as an ill-looking red-headed boy; the Virgin as a woman stricken in years (which was untrue at the period) and excessively commonplace; and St. Joseph as a carpenter of low and mean appearance, the muscles of his arm raised and strained from overwork. In addition to this, the feet of the Saviour were unwashed, and the dirt of them carefully copied. Here Mr. Millais was ignorant, the Jews being particularly careful in their daily ablutions. To redeem all this practical degradation, the detail of the picture was wonderful; time and knowledge had been expended upon every accessory. The shavings and tools looked more like reflections of the things than copies.

But in our opinion the grossness of the representation was a sin, and served to degrade Divinity rather than to elevate it. No one supposes the Saviour to have been crowned and robed as the later Italians make him, or as gorgeously arrayed as the cheap lithographs sold in Roman Catholic countries represent him. But Mr. Millais, though in another way, sinned equally against the truth. If we paint "Holy Families" at all, to which we strongly object, there is no reason why we should make them repulsive. The obvious purpose of such pictures is to exalt the ideas of those who have little imagination. Their earlier use, and that to which a religious society *now* turns prints of sacred subjects, was and is to instruct those who could not read. With the majority in England, that use has ceased; but we have yet to learn why they should not still elevate the beholders, as certainly the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo do. The faults of this picture extended also to others. Mr. Collins, in one

called "Convent Thoughts" (we believe that the young artist embraced as well as illustrated Catholicism), chose a very plain model, an awkward and stiff position, somewhat after the Byzantine school, and a most unnatural method of holding a flower, at which the young lady is pensively looking. He also showed the same wonderful exactness in rendering the very petals of the flower or grain of the oak door, and thereby secured its defence by that *rara avis* amongst the critics on art, an original thinker—one no less than Mr. Ruskin.

d deservedly so. He has no longer sought out repulsive models, but observing that golden mean which always leads to truth, has also disdained the doll-like face of the vacant model, and produced such feelings, such tenderness and animation, that one unconsciously recalls the phrase of Byron,

"The mind, the music breathing from her face;" and whilst doing so acknowledges that the canvas glows with an emanation from true genius. Any one who has seen the pictures of this artist—"The Huguenot" and "The Order of Release"—must have observed that the expression in the



"BERTRAND AND RATON."—FROM A PAINTING BY OUDRY.

The great critic, who, to show how extremes meet, was also an enthusiast on Turner's landscapes, did much for the Præ-Raphaelites, but their genius did more. Though still young men, practice and success has been gradually removing many foibles, and the chief amongst them had fair to be honoured with posterity. Their very eccentricities have been useful, and have read serious lessons to rising and risen artists. Carelessness is now no longer pardonable, and simpering and stupid prettiness is only reproduced upon the canvas of the mediocre and unteachable. The latter pictures of these artists—of Mr. Millais especially—have attracted the notice of every one, and

faces of the female figure of each tells the whole story as plainly as a book. The deep feeling which imbued the painter was communicated by a glance to the spectator.

With such triumphs as these, with original views and a determination to think for themselves, the Præ-Raphaelites have founded an English school of worth and great merit, and by it have produced works which the world "will not willingly let die;" and we therefore hope that, whilst every year chastens their efforts and detracts from their eccentricities, we may be enabled to forge the latter in the excellencies they possess.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.



THE history of a great painter is the history, for the time being, of the nation to which he belonged. Certainly, as genius is the greatest gift of heaven, the man possessed of genius should be the hero of the hour. It has seldom been so. Some booted and spurred ruffian, with a castle as big as a dozen factories, some cunning little statesman, some petty potentate who should have been a woodcutter, only



he was born a prince, generally occupies more of the world's attention—more of the vulgar world's attention—than the man of mind can obtain. In the first place this arises from the fact that in modern times we leave art to itself; we neither educate the people in taste, nor do we encourage art itself in an efficient way. In ancient times, in Greece, the connexion of the state with art was avowed and distinct. We trust it

to amateurs, and the encouragement of art is greater or less according to the number of amateurs. The office of the state appears to be, in our times, to prevent the total decay of pictures when painted, or to use them for some particular object.

Such was not the case with the Greeks. The arts were with them public, and not the duty or affair of individuals. They became so in after times when they had ceased to flourish, but never to the degree which exists with us. We mean by arts, of course, architecture, painting, and sculpture. Arnold Heeren, in his "Ancient Greece," and James Augustus St. John, in his elaborate work on "The Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece," have both fully developed this theorem. Architecture was the first to be encouraged, its object being use as well as beauty. Not only the Italians, but the Romans of the later ages, tried to unite the two, and in this way private buildings became works of art. But among the Greeks, there was a tendency to the same style of things even in the heroic age. In the halls and dwellings of kings, there was a peculiar grandeur and splendour, which some have called scientific architecture, which, however, disappeared with the monarchial form. Heeren thinks that after Athens became a democracy, there were no handsome private buildings. The investigations of Mr. St. John appear to show that if ostentation did disappear with the monarchy, private dwellings in Attica were really and truly elegant even after the advent of the government of the people.

It is common to find allusions to the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome built of brick and left it of marble; whereas the truth is, that nearly all the splendid enduring monuments, whether dedicated to religion or to facilitate the operation of industry, or the social convenience of the people—temples, aqueducts, roads, etc.—belong to a date anterior to the imperial usurpation.

The plastic art and painting held to each other the opposite relation of that existing in modern times. The first was highly cultivated, and though painting was supported and encouraged, it was in a less degree. The few remains of this department of Grecian art, which existed at the time when historians began to collect evidences of the glorious civilisation that had passed away, may in some degree account for the idea, not unfrequent, that the pencil was never employed in Hellas, but that the chisel alone was wielded by the artistic hand. In Greece, however, the arts, instead of being the instruments of luxury, were the ministers to an honourable public pride. Paintings could not so easily be set up to delight and teach the people; statues might be erected in open squares; the crowds of gods and heroes who were represented upon the Acropolis, could be gazed at by the multitude, and exist uninjured after the sun of centuries in that dry atmosphere had shone upon them.

Paintings could only be placed on walls, and the ancients broke up the even surfaces in their architecture with such profusion of pilasters, cornices, and sculptures, that there were no long ranges, such as we find in the galleries of modern Europe. They do not seem either to have discovered those light and durable colours, which in Egypt retain their vividness after three thousand years. Pictures, therefore, were more designed for furniture than the works of sculpture; indeed, there was scarcely an instance of a statue being the property of a private individual. Even the beautiful Phryne, the model of a hundred Hebes, after she had by an artful stratagem persuaded her lover, Praxiteles, to make her a present of a god of Love just born from a block of marble, immediately presented it to the inhabitants of a Grecian city. Besides, since the ancient artists rarely laboured for gain, wealthy individuals, like the Medici of modern Italy, could not so easily secure the selfish gratification of vast private collections. Still, when Pericles began to corrupt Athens by the display of inordinate grandeur, landscapes and portraits and religious legends, groups of ideal beauty, painted in vivid and delicate colours, began to glow on the walls of the public porticoes and temples. Alcibiades, also, is said to have introduced the custom of adorning private chambers with a kind of fresco. Portrait-painting did not, however, flourish largely among the Greeks until the Macedonian age. Only very celebrated men, such as Miltiades, saw their likenesses produced, in the representations of their battles, which were hung—the trophies and achievements of their glory—in the Hall of Pictures in Athens; though sometimes the vain artist hung his own portrait before the people's gaze, or that of his mistress, for all citizens to admire. When, however, princes began to love flattery, and nations began to yield it to them, artists were employed to produce their likenesses, in which they were delighted at seeing an ideal beauty ascribed to themselves. Napoleon would never countenance an artist who painted him faithfully. In fact, portraits came to be, what dedications of books were, entirely unworthy of trust.

Great landscape painters are those who behold nature with emotions of delight, and impress on their representations of it the stamp of their personal idiosyncracies. Ruysdael recalls to our minds the forgotten dreams of youth. When we look on his pictures, after long familiarity with the crude and hard realities of existence, we begin to believe in the truth of what our every-day experience had induced us to resign as delusions of the fancy. We had thought that the bright and lovely landscapes, glowing under golden suns, with sparkling water, graceful trees, and many winding valleys, were simply the reflections of our own imagination. But when we see that the eye of man has seen, the hand of his genius has preserved, beauties more than ever came to our visions—his still lakes sleeping amid soft and green slopes, his groups of oxen

“Aubly cropping their evening meal,”

with all the magically-tinted variety of grace in which his pencil delighted!—we no longer think it philosophical to despise the emotions of our best and early days.

Salvator Rosa, with his gloomy imagination, over which a kind of wild poetry throws indeed a light, but the light of a storm, imagines regions which appear like the haunts of monsters and brigands. Everdingen sees nothing in nature but vast pine woods, rushing torrents, and waterfalls disturbing lonely and barren wildernesses. He never paints a bower by the side of a stream; he can only imagine the den of the wolf, or the retreat of the disappointed robber. Even his sunrises have a dark and threatening aspect, and his moon appears pale and cold and spectral in the sky. Hobima imagines little more than solemn silent expanses. He seems to love to brood over the blanks of nature—the lonely desert, or the still more lonely ocean. Berghem, on the contrary, if he paints a glade in a wood, fills it immediately with groups of rusties, dancing as if they had been restored to the golden age; he makes his gardens bright with flowers, his woods alive with buds. Van der Neer spreads over the most beautiful scenes an air of desolation and melancholy. Cagliari, in depicting some of the most mournful scenes in sacred history, throws everywhere a feeble character upon the *tableau*. Carlo Dolce is celebrated as the best painter of tears in all that school of noble artists who made Italy, under the republics, so illustrious. The rustic assemblages of Guasprè are like groups on the stage; and even when he makes the wind bend down the forest tops, it seems to do it in a bland and accommodating manner. Rubens reproduced himself in enormous waists, broad shoulders, and Herculean arms; and when these had been ingeniously distorted, the masterpiece of his genius was completed. Nicolas Poussin seemed to give additional breadth even to the grandest landscapes of the world. His imagination seemed to have too vast a range, even for the great theatres which he selected for its display; and when he painted the “human face divine,” there was always the exhibition of power and grandeur.

Claude Lorraine, contrasting with all these, came, as if with an inspiration from the antique, to take away a reproach from his country, and to vivify and restore and renew the arts in France. With an exquisite sympathy with nature, his genius combined the dignity which prevented him from ever sinking from simplicity into frivolity. He was, like his works, noble, calm, and full of delicate fancy. He had a gentle aspect, lofty and severe, and this gave a character to all those delicious representations of nature which his pencil produced. He may be said to have been among artists what Tasso was among poets. As the eagle is the only bird which can fly gazing at the sun, Claude Lorraine is the only painter who seems ever to have looked boldly on its burning disk. It was he alone who could paint aerial tints—who could suffuse his landscapes with a luminous, ethereal element, which appeared to fall in floods from heaven, visible to the eye, yet transparent and bathing all the scene in a rich and ineffable glow. Artists too often forget that the presence and influence of the light and air are as essential, even in a picture, to the freshness and brightness of the vegetation, to the colour of the rock, to the hue of the water, of the wood, of the straw in the thatch, of every inanimate or living object, as to the existence of man himself. Claude had the genius and the courage to paint skies without a speck of cloud; but there was no one who knew better than he how to throw through the vapour which gathers round a descending sun long sloping beams of coloured light, to gild and beautify his citizens and streams. It will be seen that Oudry and his master were apt disciples of Claude Lorraine.

It has been said, with reference to Claude, that only a love of the marvellous can induce his biographers to adopt those uncouth stories, so often controverted, about his youth and the rude beginning of his art. Some persons are unable to exalt his great genius with satisfaction to themselves, unless they can prove that when a child he was an idiot, or, still worse, the son of a pastry-cook! In fact, the historian Baldinucci,* who has left us an account of the early life of this splendid artist, and wrote from memoranda supplied him

* Baldinucci: “Notizie de Professori del Disegno,” vol. xiii.

by Claude's own nephew, makes no mention of these circumstances; but, on the other hand, Joachim Sandrart,* who, in his "Academy of Painting," has recorded the achievements of the artists of his day, asserts, in direct contradiction to Baldinuchi, a number of statements which concur with the favourite popular traditions. His testimony, however, if at all important, is only so when it concerns the intercourse which he held with the great landscape-painter when he resided at Rome, for he was his intimate personal friend. In all other particulars, we prefer following the authority of family papers, to which the Italian biographer had access.

Claude Gellee, commonly called Claude Lorraine, was born in the year 1600, the commencement of a great epoch in the history of science, discovery, and political changes; his family then resided in the Chateau de Chamagne, which is on the banks of the beautiful river Moselle, which runs through the Vosges hills, near Mirecourt, in the diocese of Jarl. He was the third of the five male children of Jean Gellee. His eldest brother, named Jean, as the eldest brother in that family was named for generations, carried on the profession of an engraver on wood at Frisbourg, in the province of Brisgant. Claude, having lost his parents at the age of twelve years, without friends, and without any prospect of employment among the people of the place where he had been left an orphan, had no other alternative than to go and seek his brother at Frisbourg, and to ask from him hospitality, assistance, and advice. He was besides attracted by the occupation to which Jean devoted himself; for he had already exhibited a decided taste for design; and no sooner had he received some elementary instructions from his brother, than, with an aptitude and a facility quite astonishing in so young a child, he produced some ornamental drawings and *arabesques* of quaint but most original and striking variety. "Therefore, it is not true," says Baldinuchi, indignantly, "that Claude Lorraine was ever placed apprentice at a pastrycook's." The good Italian, who had patrician tendencies, thought it necessary for genius not only to have a lineage, but to be respectable and work with white hands. "I detest," he adds, "all those stories related by biographers, who have taken no trouble to authenticate their statements, and who only repeat their ridiculous anecdotes to give meretricious brightness to the dramatic contrast they are about to draw."

In the same way, many historians have tried hard to show that Christopher Columbus was descended from one of the oldest families in Spain. Be this as it may, however, certain it is, that Claude had worked about a year with his brother, when one of his relatives, who was a lace merchant, had to undertake a journey to Rome. Fortune, which too often baffles the hopes of the aspiring, could not in this instance have offered a more hospitable invitation to a young artist, who already felt, but vaguely and in his day-dreams, presentiments of a mighty destiny.

Claude, hearing of the intended expedition, started off immediately to the house of his relative; was introduced to him, and immediately preferred a request that he would allow him to accompany him to the great city of Italy, to which the hopes of every artist turned, where the stores of ancient genius were gathered up, where poets were still crowned in the Capitol, and where pages had been known to rise to the high prelacy and become the masters of the world. The lace-merchant did not at first understand of what use so young a companion, entirely unaccustomed to commercial dealings, could be to him; but he was unable to resist the earnest solicitations of the boy; and so Claude Lorraine found himself in Rome. He immediately took a lodging not far from the Rotunda, and began to develop as well as he could those principles of his art which had germinated in his mind under the humble culture of his brother. A strict economy in his manner of living was rendered absolutely necessary by the scantiness of his purse; for all he had to subsist upon was a slight donation occasionally transmitted to him from his

friends at Frisbourg. But cheered by life and enthusiasm, and by the courage which is a characteristic of genius, he struggled with the difficulties of his position; and if he could gaze on the Colosseum; if he could sit in the rich galleries of the Vatican; if he could look on the works of pure glory, the goddesses and heroes immortalised in marble by the ancient artists; if he could go forth from Rome and survey the soft and glowing landscapes, with all their tender tints and graceful forms, which are spread out in the neighbourhood of the noble city, it mattered little to him that he lived in a narrow town and had no luxuries to place on his table.

At the end of three years, this kind of existence, pleasant if not Sybarite, was brought to a close. War broke out between the treacherous house of Austria and the protestant powers; that war which during thirty years afflicted Italy and buried half the civilised world in blood and slaughter. Intercourse was now exceedingly rare and difficult between the communities on the different sides of the Alps. Rome especially felt the unholy commotion, and Claude Lorraine, then only eighteen years old, quitted his favourite city and travelled to Naples. It was perhaps not unfortunate for him that he was compelled to make this change. Around the shores of that beautiful bay, on which Torquati Tasso loved to gaze and which he so often remembered, and whose beauty he realised so truthfully in his songs, the young artist found landscapes with myrtle and ilex groves, gentle green hills, fields like garden lawns, and all those accessories of elegance, which, under his pencil, appear to our eyes like the unreal creations of fancy. In that happily-situated place he lived, as the pupil of Godfrey Walss, a painter of Cologne, who enjoyed no inconsiderable reputation. From him Claude acquired the principles of architecture and perspective.

He remained, however, only two years in the studio of this master; precisely the time necessary to harmonise in his mind its perceptions of two elements which impress so distinctive a character upon his wonderful landscapes—monuments, and the far-retiring horizon. He then returned to Rome, abounding more in knowledge, more rich in hopes, more audacious in ambition, but so poor that he was obliged to install himself in the household of Augustino Tassi, less in the character of a student than under the humiliating conditions of domestic servitude. This at least we must believe, if we choose to trust the version of his life which has been given by Sandrart, who impresses a character of truthfulness by the precision and minuteness of the details with which his account is filled.

Augustino Tassi was one of the most attached disciples of the celebrated landscape-painter, Paul Brill. Although afflicted by the gout, he had, like the orator Chatham, a vivacity of spirit which enabled him, in despite of physical pain, to be an interesting and even a fascinating companion. Courted, feasted, overwhelmed with commissions from the opulent citizens of Rome, Tassi surrounded himself with a pompous retinue, and inhabited a house built with these wide open doors, emblematical of hospitality, for which Italy was renowned. Here he was visited by cardinals and nobles, and by illustrious strangers of all countries. Here he was appointed by the conclave of cardinals to paint, for the public adornment of the city, architectural decorations, marine views, cartoons with deep perspective, and landscapes of every description; and with surprising energy he accomplished every task that was assigned him. Still, with a burden of sixty years and many infirmities upon his shoulders, he required an expert and agile assistant, who could superintend the affairs of his house, take care of his horses, arrange all ceremonial details, and otherwise manage his domestic concerns, while he received visitors, held the pencil, or directed the works of his disciples.

In Claude he found a young man sufficiently talented to undertake all that he desired, and sufficiently poor to accept the employment. No doubt, however, the position of the young painter, notwithstanding the degrading circumstances allotted to it, was not altogether unendurable. He enjoyed frequent intercourse with a mind of distinguished resources; he heard daily in his master's studio dissertations on art, which princes were ambitious to hear; and thus the genius of

* Joachim Sandrart: "Academia Nobilissima Artis Pictorie," in fol. Nuremberg, 1683.

the painter of Lorraine was cultivated and his memory stored, in spite of the little education he had received in his youth. It is certain that he remained in the service of Augustino until the spring of the year 1625; but why does it happen that history is an oracle which is dumb precisely when we are most curious to interrogate her? That which is most unknown concerning illustrious men is the obscure place of their existence, when they stood in the dark valley of their youth, before they reached the luminous elevations of their greatness,—the long probation, the purgatory of genius, their groans at the threshold of the temple. We yearn to see others labouring through their hard apprenticeship, toiling at the commencement of their sublime labours. Alas! could we perceive and know how many others, perhaps with souls as great, having gazed from a distance at the enchanted landscapes of the earth, at the sweet land of promise, fell exhausted on the road, and perished under discouragement and fatigue, without a witness of their sufferings. Are there any among us who do not rejoice if we can trace the perilous and painful commencement of the journey by which the children

the evening blacken the summits of these mountains. He staid a little time in the monotonous country of Bavaria, the nest of princes, where he painted two pictures of the environs of Munich. The collection of works of art in that city also attracted his attention. Thence he proceeded into Suabia, and on the road met a party of brigands, who stripped him of all he possessed; but they could not strip him of his genuine treasure—his genius—and he became richer after viewing the sublime scenes which nature spread around him, even though he had not a *zuchino* in his pocket.

At last, after many adventures, he once more reached the château of Chamagne and dwelt there for a considerable time. It is in vain that we search the records of his life for an account of his residence there. More easily may we penetrate to the retreat of the poet Petrarch, in the sweet valley of Valchiusia, "by Sorga's trembling waters." We can recover no idea of the impressions made on the mind of the great landscape painter by the scenery amid which he lived.

All we learn is that, having stayed sufficiently long to settle some family affairs, he proceeded to Nancy, where he was



THE HERDSMAN.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of genius in all ages and countries have travelled the dreary flats of unnoticed and unrewarded exertion, hidden, perhaps, by those clouds of calumny, of envy, and detraction, which, like vapour, always gather about the rising sun? We love to see the first pale copy of their brilliant works, their efforts full of anguish and danger, and the gateways of fame and delight. The stars which now burn in the zenith most radiantly, and astonish us with their lustre—shall we attempt to discover their origin?—shall we watch for the earliest glimmerings of the day, so like that magic Aurora, still trembling and uncertain, which Claude Lorraine saw and painted, leaving a dawn everlastingly bright, to show how he loved nature and how nature had gifted him?

In the spring of the year 1625, Claude departed from Rome in order to return to his native country. Amidst his efforts, his hopes, the changes and chances of his career, he had continually gone back in imagination to the place of his childhood—"the banks of the blue Moselle." He visited Lonetto and Venice, observing the dark green colour of the water there. He crossed the Tyrol, noticing the very tints which in

introduced to Claude de Ruet, one of the most famous artists produced by that part of France. The pupil of Tempesta, the envious rival of Callot, Ruet, opulent and proud, appears at that time to have enjoyed the first rank in the society of Nancy. The ducal impostor, Henry II., had in 1621 conferred on him a patent of nobility. He moved from place to place in superb equipages; he was followed by a pompous suite of attendants; and, like Augustino Tassi at Rome, he was commissioned to execute some very important works. Among these was the decoration of the roof of the church of Carmelites, and several Italian artists were employed under his superintendence. Claude Lorraine, who had, since his journey to Naples and his residence with Godfrey Waiss, acquired great skill in painting perspective, wished to be intrusted with the conception of the design. His friend Ruet promised at least to employ him; and he was occupied for more than a year in the decorations of the roof and of the adjoining chapels. But this cold and barren employment little suited the glowing ambition of the young artist, who had not come from Italy without a memory enriched by ideas

of her pure blue skies, her vineyards and gardens, her snow-white ruins, her broad and smiling fields, and heroic monuments, which added sadness to her fame and radiance to her glory. He was dreaming of returning thither, when an accident, which occurred to one of the assistants who was employed in gilding some parts of his work, had the effect of completely disgusting him with the equivocal honour to be derived from painting on a fragile and lofty scaffolding. The assistant alluded to, having made a false step, fell from the scaffolding, and was only preserved from a mortal injury by falling on a cross beam, from which he was able to hang for a moment or two. Claude had just sufficient time to descend and save him at the moment when his weight was breaking the piece of timber to which he clung. But the catastrophe, to which he was every instant exposed, had such a powerful influence on his imagination, that he resolved to abandon a task in which his genius had no free or ample scope for the development of his powers. He accordingly started on his

overtopped their varied talents, and looked down upon them from the height of his own genius; he assisted them with his affectionate counsels, and taking up, with many of his fruits, the antique traditions of Raffaele, endeavoured to combat the influence of the mannerists. Dwelling at the Trinity on the Mount, on a hill whence his eye took in a magnificent and gorgeous view, he had engrafted on landscape painting a sentiment of grandeur and might, which in those days was quite new; for though Titian and Hannibal Carachi had given a very glowing foretaste of historical landscape, Poussin it was who fixed and determined the style, became its most profound model, and grafted on it the peculiar genius of the French school. Few painters have indeed been more true, more real, and more suggestive of beauty than Nicolas Poussin. Claude Lorraine soon became acquainted with his illustrious countryman, and he accordingly took up his residence near at hand, also on the Trinity on the Mount. It may with justice and truth be predicated, that



THE WATERING PLACE FOR CATTLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

way to Italy, through Lyons and Marseilles, but was detained at that port by a severe illness. He then embarked in the same vessel with another French painter, Charles Erard de Nantes. The voyage was peculiar, for a frightful storm assailed the ship off the coast of Civita-Vecchia; but Claude at length saw the dome of St. Peter's, the centre and crown of Rome, in October, 1627; and he discovered that he had entered the city precisely on the day on which the people celebrated the festival of St. Luke—the festival of painters!

There resided in these days in Italy a Frenchman who exercised over the Italians all the usual ascendancy of a superior mind. We allude to the great Nicolas Poussin, who had been established in Rome ever since 1624. Around him, basking, as it were, within the warm rays of his genius, were grouped many eminent painters, Valentin, Guasprè, Jacques Stella, Peter de Laer, called Bamboche,* Cornelius Poelemburg, Jacques Callot, and many others. Nicholas

* See "Works of Eminent Masters," Vol. i. p. 262.

this contact acted much on the character of the artist's productions, and in some degree fixed his style. Claude had certainly, previously to meeting with his countryman, a presentiment of style; but after the lessons he derived from communion with Poussin, his thoughts were elevated, his ideas enlarged, and his education was, in a word, finished and completed in the company of one who appeared to give majesty even to the mighty productions of nature itself. We cannot but become convinced, on a little reflection, that the pupil of Godfrey Wals and Augustino Tassi derived from Poussin a capacity of elevating landscape, by breathing on it the charm of ideal beauty. Able and tasteful in his appreciation of architecture, Claude Lorraine would doubtless have embellished his landscapes by selections from ruins, and by choice bits of architecture; but the selection of his edifices would have been less happy, if the bright example of Poussin had not enabled him to see the distinguished part which monuments can play in great landscape painting.

But to speak frankly, the true master of the great painter of Lorraine was the bright, the glowing, the warm and vivifying sun. We may conceive, but not describe, all the efforts, the indomitable patience, the labour and fatigue, the thought, the care, required to cope with such a model. Claude endeavoured to fathom, deeper than any one else ever did before, the most secret mysteries of nature; he determined to catch the sun at every hour of the day, to know it by heart—not by study of the mere caprices of light, but by a careful examination of its truest harmonies. He would rise, many a time and oft, before the dawn, to wander into the country and watch the first rise and birth of day. While other men forgot, slumbering securely on their pillows, or turned away through indolence from one of the grandest spectacles that can meet the eye, Claude had ascended some lofty eminence, some green-bosomed hill, or mossy crag, and stood there like the out-posted sentinel of art; and then rosy-fingered Aurora displayed to him all the glorious beauties of her jewel-case, allowed him to play with her jewels, which are but fleecy clouds and transparent vapours; and all this he admired at a time when it was not thought ridiculous to speak of the rosy fingers of the blushing beauty, opening the gates of the East and flooding the earth with light. He wandered alone amid these luminous scenes of beauty, without pencils, without paint-boxes, for he drank in the lovely poetry of the scene, became exhilarated and inspired, and wanted no canvas to receive what he had seen. He watched in their most rapid variations every shade of colour when, in the morning of a lovely day, the sun appears at first of a silvery hue, preceded by a white aureole. This white is then tinged with yellow, some few degrees above the horizon; a little higher up the yellow turns to orange, the orange becomes vermilion, the vermilion turns to violet; and thus from tint to tint, from shade to shade, by delicate hues of marvellous riches

“Le jour pousse la nuit,
Et la nuit sombre
Pousse le jour qui luit
D’une obscure ombre;”

to use the quaint words of old Ronsard, the most original of French poets in his day.

Then on the sea-shore he would gaze with rapt admiration on the glorious picture of the orb of day, bursting suddenly forth from beneath the waves, a minute before dark and gloomy, now dancing, a sheet of molten gold, beneath the sunny radiance of the morn. It is difficult to say where sunrise is most beautiful—on the mighty waste of waters, on the vast mountain chains, or when leaping forth from fertile fields, where the corn is yellow and ripe, where the vine blushes rich and rosy, where the orange-tree blooms and the myrtle shows its deep green foliage, or the rose sends up its bursting fragrance to the senses.

And when he had caught these glimpses of nature, he would return to the silent studio, and seek from memory to reproduce on canvas that which lived in his mind's eye, coloured, tinted, and complete. And as he had always noted in preference great effects, leaving small details on one side, he was sure that no unfortunate recollection of details of vegetation would come to disarrange the harmony, beauty, and *ensemble* of the whole. His studies, or rather his genius as a painter, thus advanced like the sun itself, which bathes every variety of nature, every tint of the earth and air, every colour of flower and skies, in the one warm flood of his own golden light.

The German artist who wrote the life of Claude, Joachim Sandrart, informs us that he sometimes met with the great artist amid the rocks and cascades of Tivoli. “Seeing me,” says he, “paint rocks after nature, rather than from imagination, Claude approved highly of my method, and took advantage of it so largely, that, by unwearied industry and invincible patience, he was soon able to paint beautiful landscapes, which amateurs bought at a very high price, and of which he could never produce sufficient to please them.”* The two

painters became great friends, often met at Rome, and associated together in order to go into the fields and paint objects on the spot. While Sandrart selected rocks of wild and fanciful form, trunks of trees of strange and wrinkled shape, and the waterfalls, ruins, and buildings best suited, according to his idea, for historical landscapes, Claude Lorraine chose less complicated subjects, and studied rather the gentle sloping away of objects from the second foreground to the horizon,—that is to say, the phenomena of aerial perspective.† His object was to, as it were, pierce the canvas through and through, and represent the immeasurable distances which the eye groups in a landscape; above all, to preserve in a simple picture on an easel the grandeur of the aspects, the serenity of the whole scene, and the majestic harmony of nature, when the sun, from a blue firmament without clouds, sheds below its torrents of light and heat—a glowing and mighty deluge, as it were.

The great genius, the varied and bold talent of Claude, soon became known in Rome; and how, in fact, could it be otherwise, when he shone in the full light of the sun? His renown spreading like the rays of light, was scattered over Italy, crossed the mountains and the seas, reached France, and then flew to Spain; and there was soon a contest of no common character between princes, sovereigns, cardinals, and the pope, as to who should possess the finest Claudes. Baldinucci has left behind him some interesting details with reference to the names of the purchasers, and the high price they gave for the pictures.‡ Two landscapes, ordered by Cardinal Bentivoglio, having been shown to the pope, Urban VIII., were thought so admirable by his holiness, that, proclaiming aloud the superiority of the French artist over all other landscape-painters, he ordered of him four paintings in that style, one of which was to be a view of the port of Marinella. Claude painted this view, and another similar one, a sea-piece, with pontifical galleys; he then painted two village festival scenes—scenes which owed their existence to his imagination, which was as rustic as the mind of the poet of Mantua; luminous pastorals they are, in which the wedding of a goatherd becomes grand and magnificent from the beauty of surrounding nature and the gorgeous splendour of the horizon.

We need hardly say to our readers, who know the force of fashion in all these things, who are aware that courtiers will assume even the defects of a sovereign they wish to please, that the whole college of cardinals hastened to imitate the example of the pope; and as the pagan antique was in favour at the Vatican ever since the days of Leo X., the free and easy princes of the church, who were rather men of fashion, gallantry, and intrigue, than priests, were delighted to make the pencil of Claude, his lovely landscapes, supply an excuse for painting subjects from the metamorphoses of Ovid, the history of Cupid and Psyche, or that of the lovely nymph Egeria, who was changed into a fountain. These old men of the church were like the elders who admired Susannah; beauty was what they sought; they cared not how nude or equivocal the mode of treatment.

The king of Spain came in his turn. He ordered eight marine landscapes; four taken from the Old, and four from the New Testament. But while Claude was working with

et inventionis vi, sed naturâ ipsa suggerente varia pingentem, quæ tantoperè ipsi placebant, ut simili delinè insisteret methodo, et post modum laboriositate indefessa et pertinacia invincibili in imitanda quod tractus subdiales natura eos usque pertingeret, ut subdialia ejus a graphicophilis anxie delinè conquirantur, caro pretio emantur.”—J. Sandrart: “Academia, etc.”

† “Quemadmodum ego rupes saltem exquirebam singulares, stipites arborum extantiores, ramorum comas magis frondosas, cataractas undarum, adificia et ruinas majores et pro complemento pinnarum historicarum magis mihi idoneas, ita ex adverso ille minori saltem pingebat formâ, quæque post secundum longius distarent fundum et versus horizontem diminuerentur.”—Sandrart. The old artist's Latin is worth quoting for its quaintness.

‡ Baldinucci: “Notizie de Professori del Disegno.”

* “Donec aliquando Tibure intra rupes me offenderet asperrimas, penicillum manu tractantem et ad nativâ prototypâ non imaginationis

ardour at one of these compositions, he learnt that it had been sold as his by plagiarists and copyists. The high price that our great artist charged for his pictures, without any one even complaining that too great a value was set upon them, had stimulated forgers, who came and stole the ideas of Claude Lorraine, and imitated, in some degree, his effects of light, so as to deceive foreigners and ignorant amateurs. Every one will see what a great misfortune this was for the artist, who was not only injured in his purse and fortune, but calumniated by the sale and preservation of bad copies, which, shown as his to men of taste, lowered him in their estimation and detracted from his well-earned fame. Claude, on making this discovery, and on finding the extent to which the system had been carried, resolved to keep a copy of every picture which left his workshop, making a note on the back of the drawing, the name of the purchaser, its date, and, on many occasions, its price. He made himself a portfolio, in which he registered every one of his thoughts as a sketch, so that he was able to offer to amateurs the control of his originals, and confound the impudence of forgers bold enough to imitate the aerial light of his pictures. He called it "The Book of Invention, or the Book of Truth."* This was the immortal register where he collected together all the wandering fancies of his genius. These sketches, which were, so to speak, the dawn of his pictures, are washed in with bistre, with a rather heavy hand as regards the figures, and yet with all the evidence of power and genius. Some pen-and-ink dashes show us what the character of the leaves will be; we catch, too, a glimpse of the light; we guess, beneath the glimmering indications of a flat tint, the distribution of the manor, the slope of the grounds, the general set off. We can conceive nothing more exquisite or pleasing to the eye of the artist than these prefaces—these dreamy outlines of what is to be a splendid picture. It seems as if we looked at the future rich canvas through a gauze curtain, and could catch a flickering indistinct glimpse of landscapes, even more beautiful than we shall ever see. Now it is a grove, where the Muses halt, beautifully and gracefully grouped, to hearken to the song of Apollo, beside a rippling lake on which float the lazy swans; and with a country behind, the distances of which probably gave the poet the idea, when he speaks of seeing in the distance hills and mountains the summits of which are lost in the clouds, while their strange shape and vague character leave us to form an horizon where we please; now it is a mysterious bark gliding on the moving waters, and just about to fade away from our sight between two willow-clad islands; sometimes we gaze with admiration on the bulls of the Campagna Romagna, up to their knees in a marsh, and tended by a herdsman as wild and savage as the place itself.

Many days indeed may be passed in turning over the leaves, in examining the rich and original designs of this book, which is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, and of which the fac-similes have been so ably and artistically engraved by Earlom. On the back of the first drawing in the "Book of Truth," we find the following inscription stuek on a piece of paper, written in the handwriting of Claude himself—still the ignorant Claude in all but painting—and which we give exactly, without correction or alteration:—

"Audi 1^o Dago-to, 1677,
Ce présent livre appartient à moy que je fait durant
ma vie Claudio Gilvee, dit le Lorrain,
à Roma, le 23 aos, 1680." †

But the "Book of Truth" was no effective protection for Claude against the rapacity of his greedy imitators. Some, adventuring even into his studio, caught up at a glance his ideas and sketches, and did not even wait until the pictures were issued to reap the profit; so that, by a disgraceful and scandalous system, the canvas of the plagiarist was issued before the original picture. The master, as a last resource,

* Libro d'invenzione ovvero libro di verita.

† The above interesting facts are found in an article on Claude by Eugene Piot, in the "Cabinet de l'Amateur," for the year 1843, vol. ii.

was compelled to shut up his studio to all visitors, except a few friends on whom he could rely, like Poussin and Cardinal Bentivoglio, or disinterested admirers, like Prince Pamfili, the Cardinals Medici, Spada, Giori, and Mellino, the Constable Colonna, the Florentine Paolo Falconieri, and a few others. This decision, to which the generous artist was driven by a sense of justice to himself, excited great murmurs; but he had no other remedy against the pestilent thieves who picked his pocket and desecrated his genius. But when the painter shut himself up in his studio, excluding the vulgar crowd, he kept the bright sun with him there, and lived in that company and on the memory of real and true nature. He had grown old and had the gout, and his favourite walks near the waterfalls of Tivoli, where Sandrart had so often met him, were past for ever. He now painted wholly from the elements with which he had stored his mind in the past—those glorious and magnificent landscapes, perfumed by the ideal, warmed by beauty, and resplendent with light and the glow of Italian summer.

The French artists of that and other days always placed nature in the background, and made man occupy the first place. The fact is, that, with rare exceptions, the French never cared about nature—Florian was an anachronism—man, his passions and his actions, alone occupied their attention. They neither comprehended nor sympathised with calm and quiet loveliness. The storm and the battle engaged their thoughts, when the sweet beauty of rich and lovely landscape would have passed by unheeded. Claude Lorraine himself, who was so fond of the light and the sun, never went beyond the limits of historical landscape; he remained faithful to the lessons he had taken from his great master Nicolas Poussin. The rays with which his canvases are flooded light up some choice scene in nature, play in the classic colonnade, or peer through the cords of an antique trireme. It was not without result that Claude lived in Rome, surrounded by learned men and poets, and protected by erudite and classical cardinals. That vast sea, into which the setting sun plunges, bears the galley whence descends Cleopatra the Beautiful. One landscape of Claude exhibits "The Consecration of David," while another exhibits all the preparations for a sacrifice. Warriors in heroic costume saunter about in the foreground of his seaports; all his pictures, in fact, are at all events as much filled by historical recollections as they are by the warmth and glow of the sun. Even when his fancy induces him to delineate the dances of a pastoral festival, the land to which he takes us is that of the Eclogues, and there exhales from them a perfume of the idyls of Anacreon and of the laurels of Virgil.

With regard to putting figures in a landscape, there prevails an error—at all events we regard it as one—which should be corrected. "Intelligent painters," says a critic of the last century, "have rarely painted desert landscapes without figures. They have peopled them, they have introduced into these pictures a subject composed of several personages whose actions may touch us and attach them unto us. It is thus that Rubens, Poussin, and all the other great masters have acted—he might have included Claude Lorraine—who have never contented themselves with introducing into their pictures a man going slowly along his road, or a woman taking fruits to market. They introduce thinking beings, that they may give us subjects to think about. They introduce men moved by the ordinary passions of humanity, in order to move our passions, and to interest us by this very agitation."‡ These very sage remarks by the learned Abbé Dubos are incorrect, and in fact simply puerile. When an artist desires to create a genuine landscape, that is, to depict the beauties of the country—the evening, a morning scene, the charms of water and wood, to snatch and trace the mysteries of nature—he should avoid introducing any very interesting action, for the landscape loses naturally in interest as far as the action interests, and the real object of the painter is lost. No man who wished to depict correctly and

‡ Abbé Dubos's "Reflexions sur la peinture et la poésie." Vol. i. 52.

convey to the idea the grandeur of Niagara or Mont Blanc, would think of introducing them as mere illustrations of some scene of action.

When Poussin introduces into his landscapes historical figures, or men agitated by passions, as Dubos says, it is the action of the figures, which is the chief end and aim of the picture, and the landscape is an accessory, or rather the framework of the subject. "Arcadia" is an example. Imbued with the great principle of unity, had he desired to create in our minds admiration for the splendour of the horizon, or to show us his power of portraying them, he would have been very particular not to introduce complicated figures. It would have sufficed fully for his purpose, just to recall the image and idea of man, by introducing a solitary cavalier, or a shepherd gazing at his flock as they watered. Having often violated this eternal principle of unity, Claude Lorraine has committed an error very common with French artists; that is to say, he has divided the interest of his pictures.

equally successful, equally admirable in the arrangement of their trees, according to the more or less massiveness which their foliage produces, and also in the art of painting, so that each particular species is recognised at a glance, either by the appearance of the boughs, the division of the bouquets, or the characteristic shape of the foliage. Sandrart himself has made this remark with regard to our artist. He insists very much upon this point, and says, in his German Latin,† that the leaves of the trees, painted by Claude, seem to move and shake in the wind.

Claude Lorraine had, properly speaking, no pupils, though historians have given him two: Herman Swanevelt and Le Courtois. Herman was nothing more than a very clever imitator of Claude; Courtois, if we are to believe a very distinguished amateur,‡ has executed some landscapes in the style of Lorraine; among others the "Siege of Rochelle," and the "Pas de Suze," which are found in the Louvre. It does not, however, appear that these two painters received any



DANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE WATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

On the other hand he has never been more successful or more grand, than when he has introduced figures of sailors without a story, pastors without a name; all the while preserving the lofty, sublime, and elevated taste of those ruins full of majesty, which make us think of the absent heroes, and the strange stories of those immortal gods who by their lives, as told by their worshippers, often make us rejoice that they were false, and that we live in a time when we know the true and great God of Christianity.

Turning to trees, we find that those which Claude Lorraine was fond of introducing into his landscapes, are the horse-chestnut and the Spanish, with lofty branches, round forms, and the brown bark of which is enlivened by the clear gray of the moss attached to them. It is easy to remark, as Le Carpentier* does, when speaking of Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine, that these two great landscape-painters have been

direct lessons from him, though, in reality, he was their master. The only pupil whom Claude formed under his own eyes was a certain Domenico Romano, a poor young cripple, whom he took into his house and fed, and who was for a long time to him what he had been to Tassi; but Domenico Romano, having learnt to paint, the rumour was set afloat that he was the unknown artist, the true author of the pictures which were given to the world as the production of Claude Lorraine. When this news was sufficiently spread, the pupil became ungrateful, thought himself a great man, and was inflated by vanity. He left the studio of the great landscape-

† Ubi arbores expressit diversas naturali omnes quantitate quasi veras, stipitem, frondes, coloremque tam argute juxta cujusvis speciem singulis tribuendo tamque distincte cunctas representando, ut vento movente perstrepere videantur—Cap. xxiii. Partis secundæ, liber iii.

‡ Duperrthes: "Histoire de l'art du Paysage," p. 157. Paris, 1822. The catalogue of the Louvre gives the pictures alluded to as Claude's

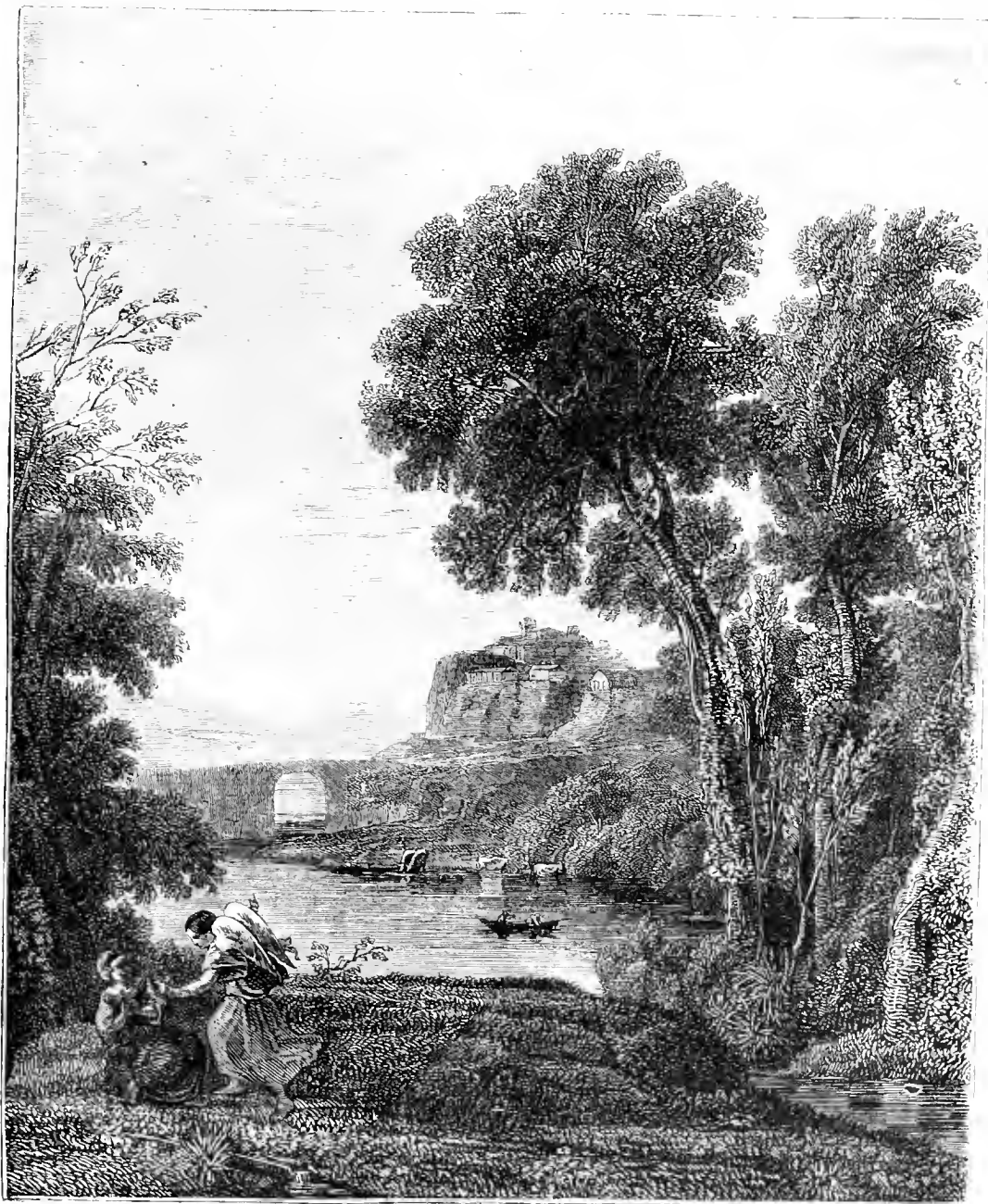
* Essai sur le paysage. 1817

painter, and brought an action against him for the wages that he said were due to him.

Claude Lorraine sent for his disciple, who stood before him bold and audacious, for vanity and egotism had made him half mad.

"What is this I owe you?" said the great painter, sternly. The crippled pupil mentioned a sum.

As for the imitators of Claude, they were innumerable. All the Dutchmen, Germans, and Spaniards who went to Italy, were inspired by his paintings. In the present day, the brilliant success of our landscape-painters is mainly owing to their enthusiastic admiration and careful study of Claude Lorraine. In France, where they are justly proud of one who was truly great, he has been a constant model for imitation—



TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

"Come with me," said Claude, with a scornful smile.

He took him to the bank of Spirito Santo, where all his money was deposited, and counted out to him the money he asked for.

"Go," continued he, "poor soul. Money may rejoice you, but it will not give you genius. Paint, and let the world judge whether or no I have harmed you."

No more was heard of Domenico Romano.

he has been the classic artist for two centuries. A whole Pleiad of renowned and celebrated artists, from the two Patels to Valenciennes, without omitting Bourdieu, Francisque Milet, Mauperche, Joseph Vernet, and Lantara, undoubtedly felt the influence of Claude, combined with that of his master, Nicolas Poussin. This is natural enough. Before the revolution which the nineteenth century so fortunately made in art, by infusing into it the fresh perfume of the

romantic poetry of the north, the France of that indistinct period called the Renaissance knew no ideal but that of paganism, and none had ever elevated classical ideality higher, or painted the scenes of the heroic past better, than Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine.

A distinction must be drawn between the two, however, and can easily be made clear. The Norman painter painted the land of heroes and philosophers, while the artist of Lorraine cast the light of his ideal beauty over the dwelling-place of herdsmen and demi-gods. The landscape of Nicolas Poussin is generally historical—that of Claude is Arcadian. Pythagoras would have been pleased to saunter with his disciples on the banks of that river that percolates the country scene of Poussin, or beneath the shadows which lead to the neighbouring villa. In the rich conceptions, the sunny bright pictures of Claude, nature is less solemn, and its varied aspects recall rather the primitive period—the fortunate golden time, when the earth of Saturn belonged to poetry, and the heart of man to love. Scarcely ever, in his marine landscapes, does he represent a tempest; for nothing that is strange, violent, or in rude motion is attractive to him. He never runs after fantastic clouds or sudden or unexpected effects of light. His favourite part of light is its peaceful and dazzling brightness; he paints the deep blue firmament when it is pure and unspckled by clouds—the country when it is happy and smiling—animals when they feed in perfect liberty, watched over by the apocryphal shepherds of Theocritus or Virgil. His landscapes are truly those of the golden age. There is one in which the old fable of Narcissus is recorded, with a scene of marvellous beauty around him. Some women, concealed behind a tuft of thick bushes, are watching young Narcissus as he gazes at himself in the fountain, while the sun and nature, and the soft breeze which waves to and fro the summits of the tall trees, and the distant ruins flooded with golden light, all tell of love. What a soft and balmy temperature—what a delicious evening! Who would not wander across that scene of such august tranquillity, lose himself, listen to the waterfall, and come back to that grove in the foreground to find again that deserted nymph dying a languishing death near her river, amid the green turf and surrounded by the narcissus flower?

Of all hours of the day, Claude Lorraine loved the evening, the setting sun; and, to give additional play to his scene, he generally chose the banks of the sea. When just about to dip into the ocean, the sun casts upon the calm sea a positive carpet of light; the waves rustle, as it were, beneath the soft evening breeze; and the gently-moved waters of the trembling ocean reflect, in myriad sparkles, the dying brightness of the luminary. No clouds are in the sky, or very few; perhaps a light vapour, like a veil of gauze, is lit up by the expiring sun. On the borders of the water rise Italian palaces—noble porticoes, whose columns give scarcely any shade, wrapped as they are in a luminous atmosphere which impregnates every place with light. Statues, which rise on the splendid terraces of these palatial halls, swim in golden vapour. Gallies are at anchor; the rays of evening light come dancing through the rigging, and show in the water the long narrow shape of the ship—a furrow, so to speak, of shade. On the shore walk people who are, it seems, dazzled by the rays of the setting sun; and it would be a pleasure for us to imitate those among them, who use their hats as a kind of parasol, to avoid being blinded with the too great effulgence. On the edge of the horizon the sun seems to penetrate into palaces of fire, and is about to disappear in the midst of a conflagration which all the waves of the sea cannot put out, but which will soon be extinguished as it passes through every gradation of vermilion, violet, and deep blue, even unto darkness.

All this is admirably exemplified in "The old Port of Messina" by Claude.

One remarkable thing about Claude Lorraine was, that he never began to be wholly himself until he reached the second foreground, that is to say, until his lungs began to breathe the air. In the front are in general palaces and masses of trees, which serve him as side-scenes, and he might even be

reproached with the monotony of the foreground; but on some occasions the "set-off" is skilfully concealed and dissimulated by the careful discrimination of the darker shades; it is valuable rather from the mass than the actual strength of each shade, so that all remains lit up, though there is a kind of demi-tint to bring it up. We must also not omit to observe that Claude Lorraine was the first painter who studied the laws of refraction, when he painted the sun mirroring itself in the waters of the sea. "If water bends a stick, my reason straightens it," says Lafontaine. But the artist prefers the *navetés* of nature to the correction of reason.

Drawing and engraving on steel occupied a considerable portion of the life of Claude Lorraine. In the year 1636 he had already engraved some of his best pieces, amongst others, one of his masterpieces, the "Campo Vaccino," in which we are made familiar with the grandeur of the Roman city. It is the ancient Forum, an immense space filled with thousands of people and with light, and surrounded by monuments, such as the Arch of Septimus Severus, the Temple of Antoninus, the ruins of the Temple of Concord; and in the background, the Coliseum and Arch of Titus. "However, the engravings of Claude," says an amateur, the Count Guillaume de L.—,* "have nothing brilliant in them; they produce no great effect, and the magic effect of the *chiaroscuro* which we admire in the engravings of Rembrandt, for example, is wholly wanting; the figures are, moreover, generally badly drawn, as they often are in his pictures; he was not very clever in the mechanical part of the affair, and had not fully acquired the art of applying the aquafortis; sometimes it produces no effect, and sometimes it does not bite at all. His engravings, therefore, have little charm for the superficial amateur; but the enlightened connoisseur admires the choice of the subjects, the beauty of the arrangement, especially that of the trees, the nobility of the architecture, and in general, the taste, style, and spirit of the man of genius."

This judgment is rather too severe, especially as far as the figures are concerned. If it be true, as is very generally believed, that those in his *tableaux* were chiefly from the hand of Courtois, of Philippe Lauri, Jean Miel, François Allegrini, and even of Nicolas Poussin, we must hesitate before we decide that Claude did not know how to draw the human form. When having recourse to the hands of strangers or the pencils of friends, he only followed a very universal custom. The figures which the great landscape-painter has drawn in his "Book of Truth," and in his engravings, have sometimes, it is true, an amount of awkwardness, but it is a powerful and energetic awkwardness; they are correct in their motions and correct in their pantomime. In some few dashes they express with rare vigour and truth the roughness of the men of a seaport, or the somewhat heavy and ponderous elegance of the gentlemen who wore doublets and swords. It was only out of sheer modesty that Claude was wont to say to those amateurs who came to buy his pictures, that he gave the figures in for nothing.

There is still preserved in one of the Queen's collections, a drawing by Claude, which bears the date of 1682, and which represents a scene of the Enead. The painter was then eighty-two years old, and still he worked. He died calmly in the month of December of the same year, and was buried in the church of the Trinity on the Hill. He left, as an inheritance to his nephews, amongst other works, the "Book of Truth." This marvellous book was sold to a French jeweller, Louis XIV. having charged his ambassador at Rome, the Count d'Estrees, to purchase this precious monument of the genius of the French nation, he endeavoured to fulfil the monarch's wish, but in vain. The "Livre de Vérité" passed into England, to the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, who had it engraved, in 1777, by Earlom. The heirs of Claude placed the following inscription on his tomb, which is the more worthy of being preserved here that it is utterly obliterated on the white marble tablet where it first was cut.

* "Œuvres de Claude Lorraine, dit le Lorrain," par le Comte G. de L.

D. O. M.
 CLAUDIO GELLEË LOTHARINGO,
 Ex loco de Camagne orto
 Pictori eximio
 Qui ipsos Orientis et Occidentis
 Solis radios in campestribus
 Munifice pingendis effinxit
 Illic in urbe ubi artem coluit
 Summam laudem inter magnates
 Consecutus est
 Obiit IX. Kalend. Decembris, 1682,
 Ætatis sue LXXXII.
 Joann. et Josephus Gellee
 Patruo charissimo monumentum hoc
 Sibi posterisque suis poni curarunt.*

In the month of July, 1840, the ashes of Claude Lorraine were transferred from the Trinity on the Mount to the church of Saint Louis des Français, in a tomb elevated to the prince of landscape painters, by order of the Minister of the Interior. The inauguration of this monument, executed by M. Lemoine, professor of the academy of St. Luke, took place in presence of the chargé d'affaires of France, M. de Reyneval, and of all the artists who were then at Rome.

The following inscription is upon it:—

LA NATION FRANÇAISE N'OUBLIE PAS SES ENFANTS CÉLÈBRES
 MÊME LORSQU'ILS SONT MORTS À L'ÉTRANGER.

Whenever we find ourselves in presence of a great master, we are led, despite ourselves, to think of principles. With painters of the genius of Claude all becomes matter for learning, and their faults are even as instructive as their triumphs. Do we wish to know if painting is or is not a simple imitation of the outer world? Claude Lorraine is there to answer for us. What, will people say—that disc of yellow ochre and white, pretends to represent the sun—the sun itself? A little colour on a piece of canvas, that is the great luminary of the world; this is what you call the most faithful copy of the great work of the divine Creator. Yes, doubtless, between nature and art, between the sun of God and the sun of Claude Lorraine there is a wide abyss. And yet it must be said that the landscape of the artist is much above and much below nature. Combined with the individual sentiment of a great artist, it bears the imprint of a poetry which matter alone does not contain, or which at least lies latent and unknown within it. If Claude had not come upon the banks of the sea to gaze on the magnificent spectacle of evening, nobody would have ever opened his eyes to the beautiful spectacle of a hot and burning sky. Those sailors who are lying on the deck of that ship at anchor; those merchants who are counting their bales along the golden strand; in fine, those noble promenaders who may be seen coming out of that palace, the steps of which descend to the sea, probably would not experience the same emotions at the reality as would be awakened in them by the sight of a sunset by Claude Lorraine. In the picture all is elevated, if it is only by evoking the recollection of ancient history or heroic fables, and we may readily fancy that the coffers ranged along the banks contain the famous purple of Tyre, twice dyed and unalterable. In this way, by passing through the crucible of a painter's inspired soul, by being touched by the emotions of his heart, the work of God is often more eloquent in painting than in reality. When the earth is beautiful, the painter knows that it is so, and the earth knows it not.

Many criticisms on Claude Lorraine have been written. The following by J. A. St. John is new and fresh:—"It strikes me, if I were a painter, I could have discovered a hundred landscapes between Fouah and Cairo, which would not have been unworthy of the pencil of Claude.

"To be in fashion, I ought, perhaps, to have named some other artist, the current of opinion setting in just now against this delineator of the warm and genial south. But whatever happens, it is best to be honest. If my ideas offend the connoisseurs, I am sorry for it; but having myself beheld nature

in her loveliest forms, both in the temperate and torrid zones, I may at least be allowed to judge whose pencil reminds me most of her serene splendour. The object of all art is pleasure, which can only be awakened in us through the instrumentality of beauty, whether in the aspect and colours of external nature, or in the symmetry of the human form.

"To me, Claude in landscape, and Raffaele in historical painting, appear to have worked most in conformity with this theory, and consequently to have produced the noblest and purest results. To derive enjoyment from looking at nature, is practically a simple process; but if we attempt to explain the laws by which the sources of delight are stirred within us, we find the whole apparatus of metaphysics scarcely equal to the task. It is the same precisely with the mimetic arts. When I stand, for example, before one of Claude's landscapes, supposing my mind to have been previously agitated by the perturbing influence of the passions, the storm begins immediately to subside, while a serenity like that of a sweet summer's day takes its place. The beauty, snatched as it were from nature, and rendered permanent by art, sinks into the soul, and through a law or force inexplicable to me, disposes it irresistibly to assume that unruffled composure necessary to its reflecting properly the external image, to the magic of whose influence it is for the time subjected.

"No other landscape-painter accomplishes this triumph so invariably and completely as Claude. Salvator Rosa appeals with singular power to our sympathy for wild and savage nature, chasms, mountain-torrents, sombre and frowning crags, dark forests, with the figures of fierce banditti looming through their obscurity. Nicolas Poussin awakens our classical or scriptural reminiscences, revives the impression of our school-boy days, or, which is still more, carries us back to those moments of unmixed delight, when on our mother's knee we first listened through the marvellous traditions of Palestine and the East.

"But they, neither of them, put us in possession of that sunshine of the breast which streams in upon us, or is kindled by the works of Claude, who felt all that is serene and lovely in the countenance of our mother earth, and has represented his conceptions in colours which we must grieve to think should ever fade. His architecture, his seas, his glassy rivers, his mountains blue and hazy with distance, his skies full of light and brilliance, his trees displaying every variety of forest beauty, his foregrounds, copses, flowers, weeds and all, fresh, dew-dripping, and almost exhaling fragrance as we look on them, so full are they of suggestions to the sense as well as to the mind,—this combination of things, I say, acts like a glorious poem on the imagination, and hushes it into a rapt feeling, not unakin to devotion. My friend, Linton, especially in his Venetian pictures, is every year giving fresh proofs that he has been drinking at the same great fountain. His sunsets are delicious, his ruins seem to crumble before the eye, and his waves, leaping, cool and translucent, transport us forcibly to the shores of the Mediterranean."

The pictures of Claude Lorraine, so much valued over all Europe, have become very rare. They are now chiefly found in national galleries, or the galleries of the English aristocracy.

The Louvre contains the best collection of pictures from the brush of Claude Lorraine. This Museum contains sixteen, several of which are masterpieces, in which the painter shows himself in all the splendour of his most brilliant qualities. More than half of these pictures are found in "The Book of Truth."

"The Consecration of David" and "The Landing of Cleopatra" (Nos. 80 and 96 in "The Book of Truth") were painted for Cardinal Giorio; in the inventory of the Louvre, made in 1816, they are estimated, the first at £2,800, the second at £1,800.

The two "Seaports" were painted for the Prince de Liancourt and an amateur of Paris. This last picture bears the signature of Claude and the date of 1616. They were both engraved by Dominique Barriere. The one is estimated at £1,000, the other at £3,200.

"The Village Festival" and "The View of a Seaport at

* Baldinucci: "Notizie de Professori del Disegno."

the Setting of the Sun" were executed for Pope Urban VIII. The first of these pictures, painted in 1669, has been estimated at £4,000; the second, very well engraved by Lebas, was sold at the sale of Gaignat, in 1768, for £204; at the sale of Choiseul-Praslin, in 1793, for £600; and is now valued at £4,800.

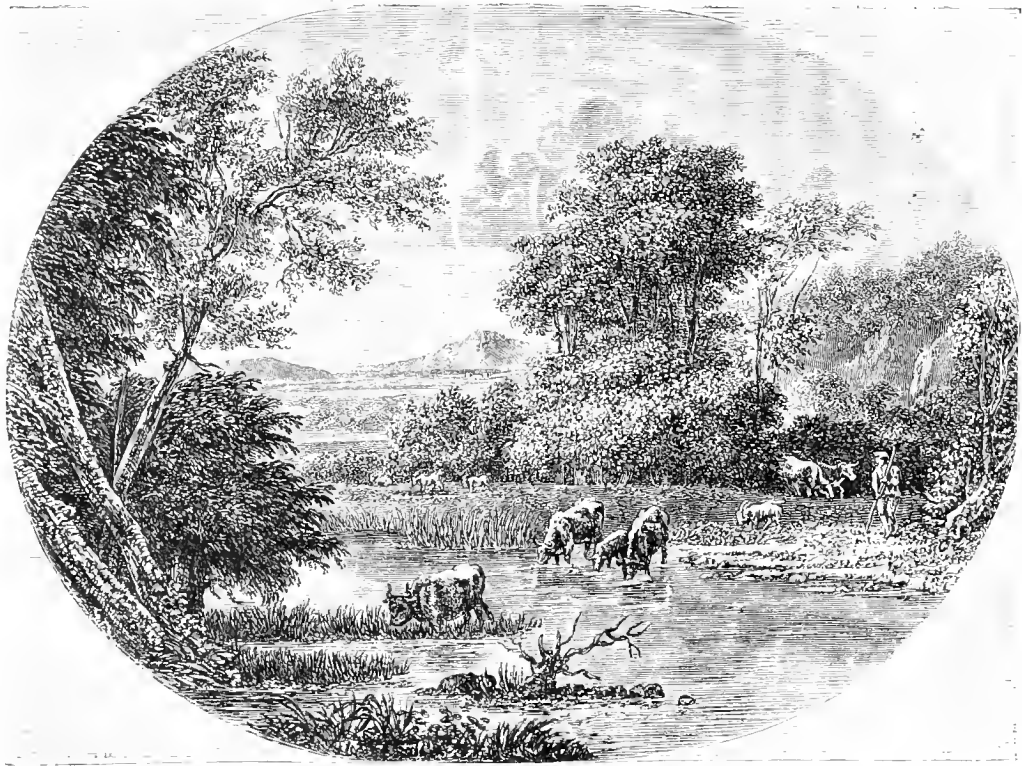
"The Campo Vaccino" and "View of a Seaport" were painted for M. de Bethune, ambassador of France at Rome. These two pictures were sold in 1727 for £134; in 1768 for £248; in 1776 for £176; in 1780 for £440. In 1816 they were valued at £1,200 and £1,600.

The Gallery of the Hermitage of St. Petersburg almost equals the Louvre in the importance and riches of its Claude's. It possesses no less than fourteen. There is a magnificent series of four pendants of equal dimensions—three feet nine inches by five feet three inches—representing the four parts of the day, in which the ordinary assistant of Claude, Philippe Louis, has painted "The Vision of Tobias," "The Return

There are besides in the Hermitage two landscapes, representing, one, "The Judgment of Marsyas," the other a "Pastoral Scene;" and two marine landscapes, in which are seen, on one side, Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ, on the other, men loading a ship. These four superb specimens of this master were purchased by the Empress Catherine II. of Russia; the two first in 1776, with the Crozat collection; the two latter in 1779, with the Houghton gallery.

The Museum of Madrid, and the National Gallery of London, have each the same number of Claude's. Those of the Museum of Madrid are incontestable and very valuable. One, the least of all, is a landscape adorned with figures and animals. The nine others form three series, one of three, one of four, one of two.

The first series, which are the largest-sized Claude's known to exist—five feet nine inches by eight feet five inches—comprise "A Penitent Magdalen in the Desert," and with a rising sun, "A Hermit Praying in the Desert," with a



CATTLE DRINKING AT A POOL.—FROM A PAINTING BY CLAUDE LORRAINE.

of the Holy Family," "The Meeting of Jacob and Rachel," and "The Struggle of Jacob with the Angel."

These four pictures, Nos. 160, 154, 169, and 181 of "The Book of Truth," were painted for several amateurs of the Low Countries; they then passed into the Electoral Gallery of Cassel, where they remained until the time of the German war in 1806. They were packed up with a number of other pictures, the most precious of that gallery, which were being removed from Cassel for the purpose of concealment, until the peace enabled them to restore them to their old place. But a French general succeeded in capturing them, and presented them to the Empress Josephine, who adorned her Malmaison with them. There the Emperor Alexander of all the Russias bought them, with the "Arquebusers" of Teniers, "The Cow" of Paul Potter, the "Gerard Douw au Chien," and thirty other of the best pictures of that collection.

The four *tableaux* by Claude cost the emperor £1,000 out of the money he paid for the pictures bought at Malmaison. They were engraved by Schlotterbeck and Haldenwang.

setting sun, and the "Temptation of St. Anthony," a landscape with a moonlight effect.

The second series is composed of four large pictures; they represent, in the first place, "Moses saved from the Waters," secondly, "The Funeral of St. Sabine," thirdly, "The Embarkation of St. Pauline," the fourth, "Tobias and the Angel Raphael" (see p. 345). These four pictures, of which the figures are attributed to William Courtois, brother of Jacques, called the *Bourguignon*, were painted for the king of Spain.

The last series of two pictures represents two landscapes, smaller than those in the preceding series; one, "A Morning Effect," the other "An Evening Scene."

The ten pictures in the National Gallery of this country are, with two exceptions, as authentic and as fine Claude's as any in the world. There are two of very great dimensions; one well known under the name of "The Queen of Sheba," and the other as "Rebecca's Wedding."

The first picture is of a seaport, seen under the effect of the rising sun, while the action of the production is "The

Embarking of a Princess and her Court;" the English generally call it the Bouillon Claude, says a French critic, because it was painted for the duke of that name in 1688.

The second represents a landscape adorned with figures dancing on a vast open sward. These two pictures were for a long time the pride of the Hotel Bouillon, on the Quai Malaquais in Paris, which also contained numerous other precious pictures, which still remained there in 1787, but in a furniture warehouse, where they were rotting, as the Duke of Bouillon rarely occupied his hotel in Paris.

About 1804 these two Claude's passed into the hands of

Each of the galleries lays claim to the possession of the original, which connoisseurs usually declare to be that in the Doria palace in the eternal city of Rome.

Besides "The Queen of Sheba" our National Gallery contains two other exquisite marine pieces, "The Embarking of St. Ursula," and "The View of a Seaport at Sunset." These two were painted, the first in 1646, for Cardinal Barberini, the second, in 1641, for Cardinal Giorio. They also came from the collection of Mr. Angerstein, who had them from Messrs. Desenfant and Panné about 1800. They also cost £8,000.



THE BEGGARS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Charles Sebastian Erard, who sent them to England. A distinguished English amateur, Mr. Angerstein, bought them for £8,000, and it was at this sum that they were valued in the collection of this amateur, when it was bought by the English government in 1823, to form the basis of the present National Gallery.

The "Queen of Sheba" is regarded as the finest marine landscape ever painted by the great Claude Lorraine; as for the "Wedding of Rebecca," there is a fac-simile of it in the Doria Palace at Rome, where it is called "Il Mulino."

There are also four other Claude's, very much admired for their beauty. They bear the titles of "Reconciliation of Cephalis and Procris," "The Death of Procris," "Narcissus and the Echo," and "Agar in the Desert." The first of these four pictures also comes from the cabinet of that same princely amateur, Mr. Angerstein. The other three were left to the National Gallery by Sir George Beaumont in 1826, with another landscape, which is the fellow to "Agar in the Desert."

A sixth landscape, the most important of all, was left as a

legacy to the same gallery by Mr. W. Holwell Carr, in 1831. It is "Sinon taken before Priam," a picture dated 1657. This picture, painted for the Prince Don Agustino, was for a long time at the palace of Ghigi at Rome. At the sale of the Walsh Porter collection, which took place in London in 1810, it was sold for £2,750. It is valued by Smith at £3,700.

The other museums of Europe contain very few pictures by Claude. The Pinacothec Museum of Munich has four or five pair, each representing a morning and an evening. The Gallery at Dresden contains three, of which two are of great beauty, reproduced in "The Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 141. The Museum of Berlin and that of Naples each possesses two pictures by Claude; the Gallery of Florence has only one, but it is an admirable one, "A Seaport with a Setting Sun," No. 28 of "The Book of Truth." It was painted for Cardinal Medici. It is valued at £3,000.

English amateurs, as well as artists, have always shown great attachment for the pictures of Claude. In the years 1790 and 1800, the English who were at Rome bought from the Princes Colonna, Borghese, Doria, Corsini, and others, who were obliged to sell their pictures to pay the heavy contributions imposed upon them by the government. Among these pictures were some of Claude's very best, which before had decorated the palaces at Rome. Most of the works painted for Italy have left that country: poverty and despotism and bigotry have done their natural work.

Mr. Forster found only about a dozen in all the museums and palaces of Italy. In England, on the contrary, there are few private collections, visited by Waagen, which had not some. He found at least fifty. The collection of Mr. Thomas Coke, at Holham, alone has ten—as many as the National Gallery. Most of them are very important productions of the great artist, and are found in "The Book of Truth;" such as "Argus and Io," "The Punishment of Marsyas," "Apollo keeping the Flocks of Admetus," "Apollo and the Sibyl of Cumæ," "Perseus," "Rest of the Holy Family," Nos. 86, 95, 135, 164, 184, 187, of "The Book of Truth."

The Grosvenor Gallery, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, in London, contains seven pictures by Claude, all choice pictures, which are taken from the collection of Mr. W. Agar. The most precious of the thirteen Claude's, altogether contained in this collection, are two landscapes, with houses, rivers, mountains, figures, and animals. They belonged to the cabinet of M. Blondel de Gagny, and at the sale of that cabinet, made in Paris in 1776, they were sold for £960. In 1805 Mr. Agar refused £8,000 for them.

The Bridgewater Gallery, belonging to Earl Ellesmere, in London, possesses four *tableaux* by Claude; amongst others, "Moses on Mount Horeb," and "Demosthenes on the Borders of the Sea," two admirable works, numbered 161 and 171 of "The Book of Truth," painted in 1664 and 1667 for M. de Bourlemont.

In the collection of Earl Radnor, at Longford, there are two, named "Morning in the Roman Empire," the other "Evening in the Roman Empire," Nos. 82 and 152 in "The Book of Truth." Smith attributed to them the value of £8,000, twenty-five times the price paid for them a hundred years before at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, in Paris, in 1737. The collection of Mr. J. P. Miles, at Leighcourt, near Bristol, contains two of the finest *tableaux* of Claude.

The first, called the "Temple of Apollo," bears the signature of the master and the date of 1668; the second signed also, and dated 1679. These two pictures, celebrated in this country under the name of the Allieri Claude's, came from the palace of that name in Rome, of which they were the ornament until the French invasion in 1810. They were sold to an Englishman for 9,000 Roman crowns, about £2,000. Messrs. Fayan and Grignon sent them to London, where William Beckford bought them for £10,000. At the sale of Fonthill Abbey in 1823, these pictures were sold for £12,000.

One of the finest *tableaux* of Claude which has been re-

cently sold, the "Arrival of Eneas at Delos," No. 179 in the "Book of Truth," was knocked down for the sum of £1,700, at the sale of the cabinet of Mr. Jeremiah Harman in London, in 1844.

This picture, painted for M. Passy le Gout, is three feet one inch high, and four feet two inches long. It was successively sold in 1737, at the sale of the cabinet of the Countess of Verrue, for £80; in 1747, at that of the collection of Blondel de Gagny, for £396; in 1816, at the cabinet of Mr. Hope, for £1,500.

The other picture, of smaller dimensions, but also of fine quality, "A Seaport with the Rising Sun," height two feet four inches, width three feet one inch, was paid £2,000, at the sale of the cabinet of Sir Simon Clarke at London, in 1810. It was sold in 1787, at Madame Bandeville's, in Paris, for £120; in 1801, at Robit's, in Paris, for £400; at Bryant's, in London, for £1,500.

M. de Garron, grandfather of the President of Bandeville, brought this picture from Rome to Paris. He bought it from Claude himself, as well as another picture from the same master, representing the "Rape of Europa," No. 136 of the "Book of Truth." This work is now in Buckingham Palace. It was bought by George IV., at the sale of the collection of Lord Gwydyr, at London, in 1829. It went at the sale beyond £2,000, while in 1787, at the sale of the cabinet of Madame de Bandeville, at Paris, the same picture only fetched £400.

At the sale of the collection of the Count de Venice, in Paris, in 1760, "A Seaport with the Setting Sun" was sold for the insignificant sum of £33. Having reappeared in 1820 at the collection of the sale of Danoot, at Brussels, it was sold for £1,080. It is doubtful whether his sunrises or his sunsets were the most beautiful. At all events in this, as in other cases, the effects of light and shade were beautiful. The author of "Isis" describes an Egyptian dawn, which really appears taken from Claude: "As I looked, however, towards the east, over the undulating, sandy plain, and saw the faint, pearly light begin to flush the sky on the edge of the horizon, I thought I had never beheld anything more glorious. Every instant the arch of splendour expanded, and embraced a larger section of the heavens, while streaks of saffron and crimson, shot up rapidly from some fiery centre, seemed to pierce the firmament like arrows, blotting out the stars with their quivering pulsations, and imparting to the whole face of nature a profusion of gorgeous features inexpressibly magnificent. The figures of poetry could never keep pace with the chariot of Eos. Before language could supply epithets to paint one phenomenon, a series of new appearances would have succeeded and vanished. The change from saffron to crimson, from crimson to rose colour, from rose colour to purple, from purple to amethyst, and from this again to cerulean blue, chased and veined, and quivering tremulously with light, was as swift as thought. At length the sun itself arose, and the desert lay blushing before it like an eastern bride."

Two landscapes, one representing "Juno confiding Io to the care of Argus;" the other, "Mercury setting Argus to sleep to the sound of his Flute," each eighteen inches high by twenty-seven wide, were sold for nearly £1,600, at the sale of Mr. Walsh Porter, in London, in 1803. These two charming *tableaux*, Nos. 149 and 150 in the "Book of Truth," Nos. 110 and 111 of the cabinet Choiseul, have belonged to several celebrated collections; they were sold in Paris in 1777, at the Prince of Condé's, for £316; in 1772, at the Duke de Choiseul's, for £270; in 1762, at Gaillard de Gagny's, for £72. They have increased ten-fold in price in the space of fifty years.

Claude's drawings are numerous; they exhibit the harmony and the grandeur which characterise his paintings. They are generally drawn with a pen, with sepia or bistre, brought up with white. These drawings have been very much sought after by amateurs, and have commanded great prices, a small one never having been sold for less than £50. Claude was accustomed to engrave in aqua-

fortis, using a very powerful instrument with a somewhat blunt point. Of productions of this description a considerable number exist. M. Robert Dumesnil, in his "Peintre-Graveur Français," has given an account of forty-two engravings in aquafortis, which form a most *recherché* cabinet for the amateur.

Fine proofs are very rare, and seldom to be met with at the sales, which accounts for the large sums offered for them whenever they are to be met with.

"The Dance on the Border of the Water," sold at the sale of Robert Dumesnil, in 1847, for £11, and at Debois' sale for £15. "A Group of Brigands," on the same several occasions, sold for £20 and £21. "The Campo Vaccino" sold for £16.

Claude Lorraine often put his signature to his pictures and always to his engravings. On the latter he sometimes added brief inscriptions, of one of these we present the fac-simile.

*Lisiochi dell'Ecc^{ma} sig^{ra} Marchese di Castel Rodrigo Ambasciadore delle
Maeſta Carolina nell'elezione di Ferdinando Terz Re de Romani fatto
in Roma del mese di Febraio M. DC. XXXVII
Romae Superior. licentia Claudius F*

Claudio F.

CLAUDIO GILÉ
IN V. F. F. 1634

CLAUDIO IN F.

CLAUDIO IN
ROMA 1639

THE BEGGARS, BY REMBRANDT.

As we shall probably have an opportunity on a future occasion of discussing the life and works of Rembrandt, it will be unnecessary for us now to occupy much of the reader's attention. The education and mode of life of this great master may in some measure account for the want of charm with which certain critics have reproached his style. His father, who had gained great wealth as a miller, at first wished to make him a literary man; but Rembrandt, who had already a decided passion for painting, succeeded in gaining admission to the studio of James Van Zvaanenburgh, which he afterwards quitted for those of Peter Lastman and James Pinas. He then returned to his father's mill, where he executed a painting, which he took to the Hague and there sold for a hundred florins.

This success, which was the more welcome because it was quite unexpected, inflamed Rembrandt's ambition, or rather his avarice. Seeing in his art a means of obtaining a fortune, he henceforth devoted himself to it with persevering assiduity. He had married a woman no less avaricious than himself, and who confined his expenditure within the narrowest possible limits, compelling him to live upon dried herrings and cheese. One day he persuaded her to put on widow's mourning and spread a report of his death, that she might sell the pictures in his studio at a higher price—a stratagem which completely succeeded. Another trick, equally discreditable, was that of giving his son designs which he was to sell secretly as precious works stolen from his father.

Rembrandt's pupils made great fun of his avarice, painting imprints of coin upon pieces of card and throwing them at his feet, whereupon he never failed to snatch them up with the greatest avidity, to the no small amusement of every beholder.

It is well known that in Rembrandt's style the luminous points are distinguished by touches of great thickness, which render his canvas rough and uneven in surface. He excused himself by saying, he was a painter and not a dyer. In a

general way he was much annoyed whenever his compositions were too closely examined. "A picture," he said, "is not made to be smelt; the smell of oil is not wholesome."

Rembrandt died in the year 1674, at the age of sixty-eight.

The painting which we have engraved (p. 349) represents a woman who, carrying a child at her back and leading an old man, begs alms at a citizen's door. A young boy, with uncouth head-gear and dirty ragged clothes (probably her eldest son), is looking attentively at the money which his mother is receiving. Her face indicates attention, but is vulgar; the expression of the citizen who bestows his charity is almost harsh; the figure of the old man breathes a noble and tender sadness. As for the distribution of light and shade, it is this peculiar magic which has gained him a special position in the Dutch school, and no one has carried to a higher degree of perfection the poetry which results from the opposition and play of colours. But it has often been regretted that his productions do not exhibit more taste, dignity, and especially grace of style.

MODERN BRITISH ART.—THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET.

THE misdeeds of the Royal Academicians, their favoritism, their injustice, and in some cases their ignorance—for against that incorporated body, as against all others, these crimes can be urged—raised against them many enemies; whilst their success, and the money they obtained by their exhibitions, made them many imitators. Of these, some have perished, but others have apparently established themselves permanently with the public. These rivals and imitators are supported chiefly by those great artists who, having established fame, are yet angry at some slight put upon them by the larger body, and by a crowd of meritorious and rising artists, who, having risen, frequently, it must be said, desert their walls.

One of these incorporated societies is that of the British Artists, the exhibitions of which take place in Suffolk-street, and the nucleus of which is formed by a body of twenty-eight members, having for its president Mr. Hurlstone, its vice-president Mr. Pyne, and its secretary Mr. Alfred Clint. All these, the reader will recognise as known and talented artists; but amongst its members, it is but fair to say, that there are those whom we do not recollect to have produced one meritorious work.

The consequence is, therefore, that a mediocrity amongst members who, we presume, form themselves into a committee of judges, induces a general mediocrity amongst the exhibitions of the society. The ill-natured, indeed, have said, that as its members number artists in every branch, so every first-rate exhibitor, be he a painter of landscape, history, or figures, becomes obnoxious to them, and his pictures are at once slighted or excluded. We cannot say that this is the fact; but the members, who themselves send many pictures, naturally claim the best places, and those exhibitors who are non-members are frequently disappointed. Certainly, with so many excellent artists of every class which England can boast, we should imagine that some cause besides an adventitious one, must give rise to the effect of exhibitions so mediocre as the present, the thirty-first of the society.

The picture which holds the first place in importance, though not numerically, is that by Mr. Hurlstone, "The Last Sigh of the Moor" (178), a fine picture of a well-known subject, treated in the artist's peculiar manner, and valuable as an ethnological study. The Moorish feature is rendered with that correctness which residence amongst the people depicted alone can give. The treatment is at once excellent and novel, although a little more feeling might certainly have been thrown into the face of King Boabdil. (300) "A Jewess of Barbary" is more pleasing in colour than the majority of Mr. Hurlstone's pictures; we cannot, however, award the same praise to the portraits of this artist, which, with the exception of (189) "Portrait of Mrs. Wilmer," appear all to possess the same dull brown complexion, totally devoid of transparency.

Very different in colouring are the portraits of Mr. Baxter, (149) "Portrait of a Lady;" and (543) "Portrait of Thomas Appach, Esq., the latter in the north-east room, which are the best in the exhibition, and glow with life and health. "La Pensée" (48), by the same artist, is but a conventional affair, and the flesh tints by no means so good as in the portraits.

(378) "He went out and wept bitterly," by E. Rolt, is finely painted; the drawing and colouring both good and forcible.

(392) "Le Souvenir," by W. D. Kennedy, is a beautiful little bit of colour, very like Etty, from whose model we should imagine it to have been painted. (333) "Gayeté," in the next room, is not so good, the drawing being exaggerated and the flesh too pink.

Mr. Woolmer exhibits some of his usual eccentricities in drawing, as in (23) "The Princess Badroul Boudour," and (401) "Susanna," in the south-west room, in which no beauty of colouring can compensate for so much carelessness. (516) "Spring," in the north-east room, on the contrary, is as well drawn as it is coloured.

(507) "Repose," by T. F. Dicksee, a very highly-finished picture, well drawn, but the flesh-tints of the sleeping infant are too brown. (497) "Girl at the Spring," a very pretty little painting, but rather too hard, by T. Smart. (489) "The Turkish Scribe," a forcibly-painted picture, agreeably coloured.

Mr. T. Clater has several pictures scattered through the gallery, which are as various in subject as they are indifferent in execution; the best, perhaps, is "The Bridal Morn" (29); but what claims the family of "William Brock, Esq." (140), in the south-west room, has to be hung on the line, or even exhibited at all, we confess puzzles us, as a worse picture we never saw; the drawing bad, the colouring disagreeable, and the family without the least pretensions to beauty. Mr. Buckner has two graceful but very weak productions—(73)

"Portrait of Master Barkley" and (119) "Portrait of Mrs. Thomas." (169) "Belinda," by J. Noble, does not equal this gentleman's usual productions, the best part of the picture being the reflection in the glass and the male figure; Belinda is too short. (83) "Corn Flowers," by J. J. Hill, a nicely-painted picture, good in colour and well finished in detail. We had almost forgotten Mr. Cowie, whose picture (406) of "Hotspur and the Letter" is not to be overlooked, although we think the lady, graceful as she is, is rather too tall. (400) "An Incident in the Slave Trade," the separation of a mother from her child, is one of the best pictures in the room; the drawing and colouring both good, and the figure of the woman graceful, but rather wanting in force; and last, though not least in merit amongst historical compositions, is one by Mr. Samuel Blackburn (65), an artist new to the London public, but who is well known, we believe, in Scotland. The specimen before us has evidently been painted some time, but is distinguished by correct drawing and a careful study of costume and detail.

Amongst the landscapes, few are particularly worthy of remark; the specimens by Boddington and Alfred Clint are ordinary achievements by practised artists. A "View of Berne in Switzerland," by Pyne, only wants a more effective foreground to render it the best landscape exhibited. In animals, Mr. Earl has attained a meritorious pre-eminence; his pictures of dogs, &c. (372, 429, 526), being all careful studies, attention to which is drawn by a somewhat quaint selection of titles. In fruit, the best picture is by Mr. Duffield, whose wife, in the water-colour portion of the exhibition, stands pre-eminent for her flower-pieces. (276), by Miss Rumley, is also a very excellent and soundly-painted picture, second only to Mr. Duffield's. This lady artist is one of the most promising in the peculiar line she has chosen.

In the water-colour, besides the "Flower-pieces" of Mrs. Duffield, we may notice "Fruit," by Mrs. Valentine Bartholomew, and a "Girl Knitting," and other pieces, by F. Cruickshank, which deserve especial attention. We may add, also, that in this department lies the strength of the exhibition. The enamel of the "Duke of Wellington," by Essex, is very fine, and the "Keepsake" (711), by Karl Hartmann, deserves also to be much praised. The sculpture is by no means remarkable either for originality or merit. "Two portraits of the Queen," the one by Hughes and the other by John Bailey, may possibly resemble her Majesty; but—if we apply the axiom of Euclid, which states, that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other—must certainly fail to do so, since they are utterly unlike. A "Bust of Louis Napoleon," by John Bailey, is very meritorious.

Last, and oh, not least, we must notice a picture, which we have reserved to a place by itself, since we can scarcely class it as landscape or historical. We allude to that bearing the name of "The Golden Image" (227), which occupies so unworthily so large a space on the walls. An attempt to portray Nineveh, partly from Mr. Layard's book, partly from Mr. Charles Kean's scenery, arranged after the architectural vagaries of the late John Martin, could not but signally fail. An image as high as our cathedral of St. Paul appears surrounded by miles of palaces, thousands of priests, millions of votive fires, and billions of an Assyrian population. Winged bulls and sphinxes, the outermost one drawn and the others apparently outlined from it, in a straight line, and in an interminable vista, and Assyrian soldiers multiplied on the same plan, and clothed in every variety of gorgeousness, the whole overlooked by a perfectly scarlet king, and surmounted by a blazing Assyrian sky, present a *tout ensemble* which would delight the lessee of a low theatre on boxing-night, if he could but achieve such a blaze of triumph. But as a picture, it is beneath criticism, the canvas, after being covered with paint, being even worthless as an oilcloth, a Turkey-carpet pattern of which it somewhat resembles. It is a mere eccentricity, which is as worthless and about as far from the truth, as the pedigree from Adam, which we have seen lately advertised in the papers.

CHRISTIAN WILLIAM ERNEST DIETRICH.



DIETRICH was truly, to a certain and definable extent, a great painter. He was one of those whose peculiar genius

his mind took in with an energetic and general grasp almost every phase and part of the subject to which he devoted his existence. And yet he was not an original, and therefore not a great artist in the highest sense.

If we examine that canvas over which the sun spreads all the vigour of its noontide heat chasing away the light vapour from the ground, and which loses itself in the far-off distance, we shall certainly fancy it a Claude Lorraine. That obscure chamber, with an open window which allows a ray of warm light to fall on the figures of three men sitting round a table, appears to be some work of Rembrandt. That tranquil landscape, where the cows, the goats, and the sheep, are led by a fat and buxom maid, who is about to cross a limpid stream, would readily be taken for a Berghem. It must be Wouvermans who is the author of that picture, in which a horse, with clean and wiry limbs and mounted by a gallant horseman, plays the principal part. One is led to think that it is Salvator Rosa who is the author of this landscape overhung by rugged rocks, in which we catch sight of narrow and dark glens, where hide the robbers of the Abruzzi. Those cascades falling from abrupt summits, where grows the gloomy pine, belong to the style of Everdingen; in the same way that those nymphs leaving the bath, to take refuge in the grove near at hand, must belong to the graceful easel of Poelenberg.

We are mistaken. All these pictures, so varied in composition, so different in style, in manner, are the work of the same painter—of an extraordinary man, who was able to combine all departments of art, and who in each was masterly; guessing at every process, seizing the art of colour, penetrating the character of each style of painting, and imitating them all with wonderful success. The man of whom such rare remarks are true was Christian William Ernest Dietrich.

He was born at Weimar, on the 30th October, 1712, and



was of a very universal character. He stood apart and aloof from the many mere mannerists and copyists of his day. He did not bind himself down to any particular branch of art;

his first master was his own father. This hereditary talent was common enough in the last century, and belonged to the Dutch and Flemish schools more especially. At the age of fifteen he entered the studio of Alexander Thiele, an eminent landscape-painter, who resided at Dresden, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, elector of Saxony. He remained with him only three years, and he left the place very much advanced in the only style which he ever successfully followed without being an imitator—that is to say, in landscape. At eighteen a certain great lord of the court* of Dresden took him into his service, and gave him a pension of fifteen hundred livres. Thus enjoying protection and ease, he lived four years at Dresden, free from all care, and wholly devoted to his art. But, in 1734, the great admiration he felt for the paintings of Rembrandt, Jean Both, Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and Elzheimer, impelled him to start on a journey to Holland. Artists are in general restless beings, and few have ever been able to sit down calmly and enjoy any good fortune which might fall to their lot.

During the time that he worked under Alexander Thiele, we may guess, from the way in which he imitated the landscapes of his master, what kind of talent nature had given him. "He did not copy," says Hagedorn, "but he entered on a kind of contest with the original." The fact is that Diétrich was never a mere imitator, because his ambition was too elevated for that. He sought to do better than what lay before him, which prevented him from ever being servile. As soon as he reached Holland he began to rouse himself to a contest with the great models he had so much admired. Elzheimer, Van Ostade, Karel Dujardin, and, above all, Rembrandt, furnished the subject, the style, the composition of numerous paintings. He devoted much labour and time to the study of the great Rembrandt. He undertook to copy from him the art of combining lights and shade—an art which that artist used with such marvellous and wondrous effect. He endeavoured to imitate the warm and transparent tones of his colouring,—his execution, now soft, now hard,—and the bold reliefs of his touch and harmonious arrangement. Diétrich is not the only artist who has endeavoured to walk in the footsteps of this inimitable model; and it must be at once allowed that he did not do so with the same success which attended Govaert Flink, Arnold de Gelder, Leonard Bramer, and Van Eeckout. If, however, his shades have not the depth which we admire in those of Rembrandt, if he be far inferior in his *chiaroscuro* effects, if his colouring be heavy and wanting in those brilliant and sharp tones that belong to the painter of the "Night Watch," if his impastings upon the light are heavy without being thick—it is because to imitate and rival Rembrandt was a thing all but above the power of any man. We do not believe that what one man has done, another may not do; but when an artist has, as it were, created something new to equal or excel, it is then extremely difficult and doubtful. But with these reservations, and looking at the canvases painted by Diétrich, after Rembrandt, only as excellent pasticcios, it is impossible not to own the great and deserving talent of the man who executed the painting known as the *Piscina*, engraved by Flipart, and the "Return of the Prodigal Son," with a great many other etchings, of which we shall presently have occasion to speak.

It must be at once frankly allowed that had Diétrich confined himself wholly and solely to the study of Rembrandt, and never done anything but remind us occasionally of the pencil of that great painter, he would scarcely have deserved his very extensive reputation. In art, as in literature, a mere imitator of one man will never make a name. How many imitators have there been in our own day of Dickens, and Jerrold, and Scott, and Cooper, and Bulwer; not one of whom has acquired any reputation of value. But how many living men are there, who, from a careful study of these and

other models, have, without possessing much creative genius, written and produced many works well worthy of being read. It is too much to ask that all those who amuse and instruct shall be original—it is enough that they do not slavishly adopt the style of one man, and seek to make a reputation of it.

The great talent of Diétrich, and that to which he in a great degree owes his extensive reputation, is, the universal power of his imitation. He caught, with rare aptitude, almost every style. When Rembrandt was the object of his study, he was dreamy, meditative, expressive in design, rapid and capricious in execution. But suddenly he found himself in presence of the vulgar and comic physiognomies of Adrian Van Ostade—heavy peasants smoking under a trellis-work of hops beside a pot of beer, great fat dowdies, with enormous heads and short legs. He was at once transformed; he gave up in an instant his Old and New Testament subjects; he drew grotesque heads, covered by coarse woollen caps or shapeless hats. His pencil became soft and unctuous; his colour, just now warm and golden, became cold, and was clothed in that beautiful blue tint which Ostade spread over most of his pictures, and which gives so much harmony and suavity to his compositions. "The Strolling Musicians" of Adrian Van Ostade † is well known—a picture which becomes, so to speak, one of his masterpieces in the hands of the engraver Cornelius Visscher. Diétrich had the courage and boldness to re-paint this great work of the Dutch master. He has changed very little in the composition (p. 360). As in the picture of Ostade, the father, armed with his violin, towers above the troop of children who press around him. They cross a kind of door, or arcade, through which we distinguish the open sky and the country. Diétrich has taken some liberties with the details. We find in his picture a child blowing a bagpipe, which is not in that of Van Ostade. The physiognomies of the modern painter are also finer and more sarcastic, which proves that he did not thoroughly understand the sentiment and idea of his master. It was both philosophical and correct in Van Ostade to represent a sad and wearied sickness on the faces of that poor family dragged from village to village by misery. However, when correcting or travestying the thought of Adrian Van Ostade, Diétrich has, to a certain degree, been influenced by the painting of Van Ostade himself. Thus we easily recognise in the features of the father another of Van Ostade's personages, who also plays on the fiddle, and tells indelicate stories to some peasants sitting before the door of a rustic house.

The picture of Diétrich has been engraved by the celebrated Wille, a friend of the German painter. Wille possessed many of his pictures, and did much to make them known. Several compositions of Diétrich, indeed, were engraved by Wille. His engraving of the "Musicians" is a masterpiece of that art. Besides the picture of which we speak, Diétrich made an etching of one on the same subject. Smaller than his painting, it is also different from it in some of the minor details.

Diétrich often ventured to mix up the style and manner of several painters whom he had carefully studied, in one single picture. This is the case with the "Rat-killer." In this picture, the general effect of which is original and very creditable to Diétrich, several of the physiognomies are copied from Van Ostade, while some belong to others; and indeed the general idea of the whole, and some of the faces, are very much in the style of Karel Dujardin. ‡

In landscape-painting, he gives with a few touches, and as if playing with work, new and rare proofs of that extraordinary penetration which made him guess all these secrets that the great masters appeared to have carried away with them to the tomb. He revels with Berghem in the still depth of smiling valleys; he can tell the secrets of those skies of gold, and more transparent horizons, of Jean Both and his brother André; he is fully capable, when he likes, of following Everdingen to the very summit of his solitary rocks, where the wind moans through his lofty pines; or he will sit

* Hagedorn supplies us with this fact in his "Letter to an Amateur," but does not give us the name of the nobleman; but it appears that it was the very person to whom this letter was addressed.

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 224.

‡ WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 282.

down with Ruysdael beside the noisy and foaming cascade, "That waterfall," says Hagedorn, "which he painted for his friend Wille, would have excited the enthusiasm of Ruysdael and Everdingen, and the troubled surface of the water below would have warmed a Backhuysen or a Parcellis."

He excited considerable admiration in his own day, amongst contemporary artists and amateurs, by the way in which he discovered the mode of proceeding of certain masters. The grace, the suavity, the harmony of Poelenberg were familiar to him, as well as that of all others. Following the traces of Elzheimer, he painted a "Flight into Egypt" (p. 357), which is regarded as one of his masterpieces, and which excels in exactly opposite qualities to those he exhibited in his imitation of Rembrandt. We even find productions of the Chevalier Van der Werff, the most insipid of painters, imitated, on some occasions, by the pencil of Diétrich.

Burtin,* a great admirer of Diétrich, says: "A precise, learned, soft, and rich touch, combined with judicious glazing, always causes us to recognise the rare talent of Diétrich, though he has been so varied in style, and has chosen such subjects as the 'Village Quack,' the sublime 'Communion of St. Jerome,' the picturesque Calisto, and then risen to the admirable finish of his precious and valuable 'Flight into Egypt.' The composition, the design, the expression, all equally perfect, the learned attitudes, the graceful nobility, the striking truthfulness of the stuffs, the charms of the soft colouring, the *chiaroscuro* of a most piquant character, the admirable toning down of the lights, combined with the most soft and delicate pencilling, which surpasses even the finish of Van der Werff, place this masterpiece of Diétrich amid the pearls of art." We may, perhaps, have occasion to correct the enthusiasm of a man speaking of a picture which was his own property.

It was ten years and more since Diétrich had returned from Holland † Since this journey he had not left the city of Dresden, where he lived, with the title of painter to the king of Poland, except to go to Brunswick. In 1743, however, he started on an expedition to Italy. The earnest desire he had always felt to see this classic land of painting, this soil of art and fancy, was not his only motive for undertaking the journey. Though he laboured without ceasing, and though his facility was something really surprising, he could not keep up with the tremendous demand that existed at the court of Dresden for his pictures. Already he had been obliged to fly to the Duke of Brunswick, and could not find with that prince the rest and repose he so much desired. He determined to place the broad expanse of several kingdoms between himself and his thoughtless admirers. But he did not remain absent more than two or three years. He came back to Dresden, where he remained until the hour of his death, which took place in 1774.

A Dutchman with the Dutch, Diétrich in Italy became quite an Italian. He there painted pictures in the style of Claude Lorraine and Salvator Rosa, as he had formerly painted in the styles of Berghem and Everdingen. "The easy drawing of this artist," says a biographer, "is quite in the modern Roman style; the energy and lightness of his pencil appeared to unite the taste of the schools of Flanders and Italy, and his landscapes have often the freshness of Lucatelli, and the firmness of Salvator Rosa." We cannot indeed perceive, without considerable astonishment and surprise, in the same gallery, landscapes in the style of Guaspere, smiling country scenes in the style of Lucatelli, wild sights and romantic scenes such as Salvator Rosa would paint, and all of them signed by the name of Diétrich. But it is to the city of Dresden we must go to understand and appreciate Diétrich.

* *Traité des Connaissances nécessaires à l'amateur de tableaux.*

† According to Hagedorn, Diétrich appears to have gone to Holland only once in 1721. He returned to Dresden in 1735; but Papillon de la Ferté assures us that he returned in 1743, when coming back from Italy, and remained a long time.

‡ P. de la Ferté, Extract from different works published on the Lives of Painters. Paris, 1776, ii. p. 55.

The gallery of that city, where he lived so many years, and which was his true country, contains numerous paintings from his hand, and in every conceivable style. There you can, in less than one hour, judge of the incredible subtlety of Diétrich's talent; and it appears as if, to show off this peculiarity of our artist, they have united purposely all the most opposite masters, those whom he successfully imitated with his hands. Here we have a pasticcio of Vandermeulen; there an imitation of Watteau; further on, a copy of the "Hundred Florin" piece of Rembrandt; but it is proper to observe, that these several trials do not give a very lofty idea of the master. In the gallery where we find such splendid Rembrandts, such charming Watteaus, we are more than anywhere else struck with the insufficiency of copies which are neither original nor correct imitations.

Thus the "Christ healing the Sick," so admirable, so lofty, so expansive in the original by Rembrandt, becomes a very cold production in the hands of Diétrich. The disposition of the figures is nearly the same. The *chiaroscuro* represents the same proportions of light and shade; but somehow, all this leaves the spectator indifferent. The sick people around our Saviour are not interesting, though their faces bear all the marks and signs of suffering and grief. The "Christ" of Diétrich is delicate and poetical, but there is not a trace of divinity in its composition any more than if it had been painted by David. There is no sign of any miraculous power in that figure or in that face. None can feel that sickening of the heart, none can feel tempted to weep, as men have been known to do when gazing at the sublime painting of Rembrandt. They are fictitious sighs, of which painting has caught but the show; it is a light without warmth, a shadow without mystery.

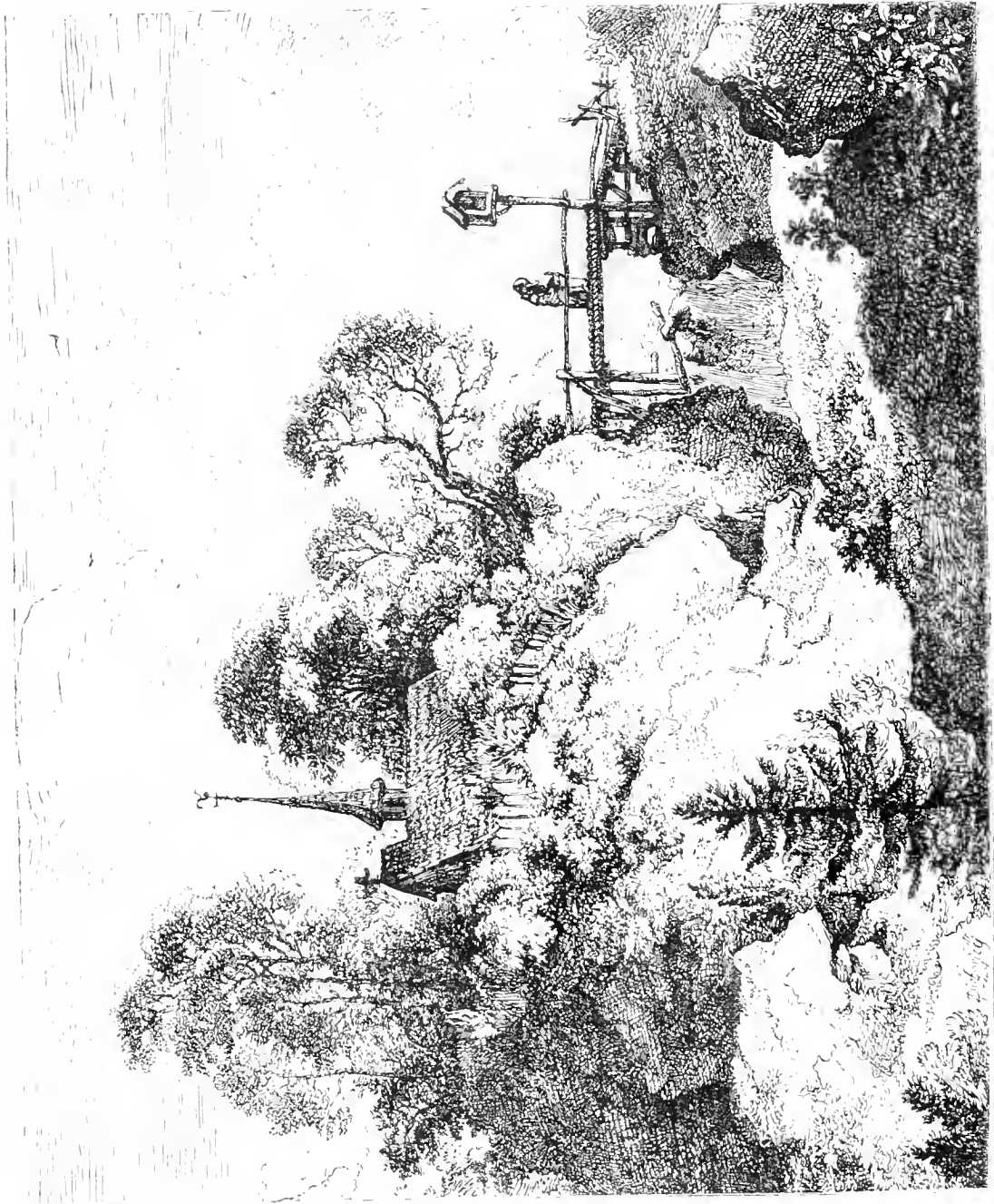
The same may, with considerable truth, be said of "The Presentation to the Temple," another copy of Rembrandt, which is equally cold and awkward, the artist having merely imitated the vulgarity and coarseness of the master, without one iota of his poetry. But if we examine carefully the whole Dresden gallery, we find here and there more happy and successful imitations. Whenever he had only to deal with artists whose merit was wholly exterior, if we may so express ourselves, Diétrich, clever to seize appearances, and incredible in his subtilty when the secrets of any mode of painting were to be discovered, was invariably more successful, and often triumphant. If he undertakes to paint a sketch by Vandermeulen, he succeeds in painting a picture which recalls that master, but in such a way that the pasticcio in the freedom and liberty of its style resembles some painter near at hand—say like Parrocel. He makes attempts upon the most opposite artists, in their turn—the precious Micris, the easy Sullyras—and reproduces what may be described as the costume of their thought, if not the thought itself.

One day, when painting one of those little canvases where he delighted in representing over again the favourite subjects of Cornelius Poelenberg, he painted a very pretty picture, which few, who have visited the Dresden gallery, can have failed to observe, in which he has been exceedingly successful in the expression. It is, indeed, only from the chaste and delicate tone of the style and the painting that the subject can be looked at with pleasure. It is a little more nude than any of the works of the gentle Poelenberg himself. Diétrich has, in this instance, represented an episode in the constantly recurring subject of "Diana's Bath." The chaste goddess surprises two of her nymphs under circumstances which, according to the mythological view of her character, are objectionable. They have allowed men to violate the sanctity of her grove. The power of the painter is here indeed very great, whether we examine the faces of the goddess, the nymphs, or the men. Nothing could be more difficult than to represent the astonishment and anger of the goddess, the guilty fear of the nymphs, and the curiosity and pretended alarm of the men. Diétrich here, without copying any one, has manifested great power and originality. The figures, too,

are gracefully and elegantly modelled. The nymphs are in the water, up to their waists, save only one, who has been seeking to escape the angry glances of Diana, and whose feet only are in the water. This figure is admirably painted, while the outline and form are graceful and beautiful.

The French school, which then exercised such a decisive influence in Germany, could not but excite the curiosity and

to the antique, while Winkelmann laid his erudition and his fanatical enthusiasm at the service of that reform, Watteau was more admired at Weimar than he ever was at Paris. Diétrich, naturally enough, then adopted Watteau as one of his masters, and began to plagiarise his "Conversation on the Grass," his charming and fascinating masquerades, in which the whole world appears to us with its joys, its dreams, its loves,



THE WOODEN BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIÉTRICH.

draw the attention of Diétrich. The one most admired in the little courts, which made up so large a part of Germany, was the admirable Watteau, the delight of the fair sex. A celebrated connoisseur of that time informs us that there were courts where the paintings of Watteau were more popular than any of the Italian masters, not even excepting Raffaele himself. Thus, while Vien, Drouais, and David were meditating the reform of the French school, and a solemn return

and its sadness, under the aspect and dress and fanciful appearance of the Italian stage. But to interpret and render Watteau, it is not sufficient to have seductive colouring, and a power of using rose, vermillion, and blue; it is necessary to have his mind, his vast and prolific imagination, his adorable caprices, his insatiable love of reverie and pleasure; it is necessary to have an intuitive belief in the passion of love, as Watteau had. Diétrich confined himself wholly to

the outward surface, and copied Watteau without understanding him; he only saw the sheath of the beautiful and brilliant blade. It is therefore very visible that in his pastorals his grace is borrowed, his delirium pretended, and his passion feigned. As for Diétrich's lovers, they are by no means the lively triflers of Watteau; they are sad, and dull, and monotonous.

who did not care a fig for Diétrich, who studied these Bourguignons, and declared that their touch was inimitable."

All that we have previously remarked and quoted sufficiently demonstrates to the mind of the reader that Diétrich spent the greater part of his life, and expended nearly the whole of his energies, in the somewhat sterile and thankless task of painting an innumerable quantity of pastecios. While per-



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

He was once more successful and pleasing, when the handling of the pencil, the fire of the touch, and practice and experience had to play the principal part. "In his youth," says Hagedorn, "he amused himself by imitating Bourguignon. He was so eminently successful that, having re-painted two battle scenes by this great master, which had been brought from Italy, and had been spoiled by the way, connoisseurs took them for Bourguignons. We knew a stranger

sovereign in this spirit of imitation, which led him to wander through the galleries and museums of Europe in preference to studying nature. Diétrich enjoyed an impulse which then was purely natural. During the whole of the first half of the eighteenth century, science, literature, art, politics, industry, in Germany, were but timid and unfortunate imitations. All the originality and genius of Germany seemed to have been exhausted in the first years of the sixteenth

century. "The political and religious wars," says Madame de Staël, in her able work on Germany, "when the Germans were unfortunate enough to fight one against the other, turned away all persons' attention from literature; and when they began to think of it again, it was under the auspices of the age of Louis XIV., at the time when the desire to imitate the French had obtained possession of most of the courts and writers of Europe. The works of Hagedorn,* of Gellert, of Weiss, are but heavy French. Nothing original, nothing which was in conformity with the genius of the nation, was produced."

What Madame de Staël very properly and correctly observes of the literature of Germany at that time, may be equally justly applied to the pictures of the two artists who flourished in that country towards the same epoch. The works of Mengs, his portraits alone excepted, are but heavy and disfigured Raffaelles. Diétrich, despite his prodigious ability, has to endure the reproach of having laid a heavy hand on Rembrandt, diminished Salvator, obscured Claude Lorraine, and vulgarised Poelenberg, except in one instance, where he improved him.

In general, works on the divine art of painting have been rather recklessly prodigal of praise to Diétrich. This is very easily explained. Most persons, until of late years, who have written books on painting and the works of painters, were what are called amateurs of *tableaux*. More alive to the material qualities of the execution than to the general character of a work, or to the mighty inspiration of genius, these superficial connoisseurs, these men who live at sales, think every composition admirable, the arrangement of which is able, the *chiaroscuro* well developed, and the pencil managed with ability. As all these varied merits are to be found in the works of Diétrich, they have praised him beyond all reason, and little is wanting for these writers to have placed him on a level with the masters he has copied.

It is the province of the sincere and impartial critic to be more severe. Imitation, even when it is perfect, is proof of want of power. What characterises genius is the fact that it is true and new, as creative in its mode of proceeding as in its inspirations. If Rembrandt has a manner, which is not that of Titian or Corregio, it is because this great painter manifested in his works his thought, his soul, his very life. To a certain extent one can reproduce the system of composition, of style, of touch, and tone of the great masters; but how can we hope to grasp the fire of that genius which gives principal value to their inventions? Besides, of what use would it be? To imitate is to weaken. Every imitator has been fatally condemned to remain below his model. If he were but nearly the equal of the great men he copies, would he think of imitating them? In art none can walk on the road marked out by genius; it is effaced and leaves no mark, like the wake of the sea. Diétrich—called by himself and by some of his contemporaries Diétricy; so little original was he as to deny his own name—is a striking proof of the truth of this axiom. There is not one of his innumerable pasticcios which can be advantageously compared to the original works which have inspired them; and we must ascribe to courtesy, or to natural self-love, the judgment of a contemporary who says:—"He is with these masters all that he wishes to be; he feels himself the beauty of their productions. Always full of his subject, a master with an easy pencil, he renders with warmth the sentiment he feels, and adds original beauties to those which strike him in the inventions of others."

We are perfectly well aware that painters of the very first order of merit have delighted in manifesting the flexibility of their pencils, and have painted in the manner and in imitation of all masters, with such success that they have placed the judgment of connoisseurs at fault. We are perfectly well aware that this peculiar talent gained for Teniers the name of the Proteus of painting. But if Teniers had not combined with this one style of merit that of excelling in the style

peculiar to him, he would not have become immortal. It is not because he copied in one picture the whole gallery of Philippe IV., that he is placed in the front rank of the masters of the Flemish school. He owes his most solid glory to those grotesque *fantasies* in which the spirit of the author is seen revelling in the free outline, and in the rapid and light touches, of his magic pencil.

We must not, however, for one moment suppose that Diétrich never did anything from his own inspiration—from his own genius, and that his individuality is never brought out. Even in his pasticcios he has not been able so to disguise himself as that it is impossible to recognise him. In vain has he abdicated his nature. In him is always found the German master: the pieces which are called his masterpieces, like the "Flight into Egypt," and the "Communion of St. Jerome," belong rather to the precise and pointed style of Van der Werff, of Elzheimer, of Poelenberg, than to the school of bold colourists, such as Rembrandt, Rubens, and Salvator. His design is often wanting in grace; we can find fault with certain stiffness in his draperies; his touch is dry and thin; his colouring is wanting in brightness and sharpness.

These defects, easily noted by an experienced eye, in divers degrees, in all the works of Diétrich, are especially to be remarked in his original works. The picture which is to be seen in the Louvre, and the subject of which is taken from the Scriptures, representing "Christ and the Woman taken in Adultery," gives a very good idea of the qualities of this painter, and of the imperfections of his talent. By his elaborate study of Rembrandt he had acquired a most incontestable power of disposing of light and shade. Thus, on the canvas we allude to, the woman, who is the principal personage of the picture, is lighted up brilliantly. She forms, so to speak, a luminous circle, of which the rays glide somewhat weakened upon the figure of the Saviour, and are lost by a series of learned effects—are melted away, in fact, in the two corners of the picture where stand the groups of old men.

The colouring of this canvas is harmonious, the touch warm and rich, though in some places thin; but the opposition of lights and shadows wants frankness, and thence it arises that the effect of the whole is weak. The drawing is poor in expression; the physiognomies, especially that of Christ, are wanting in elevation and life. The features of the young woman are charming in grace and Germanic candour; but this face, faithful mirror of a soul scarce woke to sensation, belongs rather to an innocent virgin than to her whose sins were forgiven her, and unto whom He said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

This form of a woman was to Diétrich one of those types of beauty which the artist prefers to all others, and the image of which is renewed on all occasions by his pencil. It is found in another work by the same artist, engraved by Schmidt in 1775, where we see "Sarah leading her servant Hagar to the aged Abraham;" it is also seen again in the Virgin represented in "The Flight into Egypt." Though the form and conception of "The Woman taken in Adultery" belong properly to Diétrich, he could not help yielding here, as elsewhere, to his intense love for imitation: the personages who surround Christ are quite in the style and after the manner of Rembrandt; and we might apply to it the rather bold words of Michael Angelo, who said to a young painter, after admiring his work: "This is a very clever work, will please everybody, and make the reputation of the artist; unless, indeed, the varied authors of limbs and arms, and hands and legs, were each to claim their own. A pretty state of things indeed would then ensue!"

Diétrich, as laborious as any of the masters whom he took for a model, has left a great number of etchings. He has perhaps shown more ability in wielding his point than his brush. Unfortunately, his engravings, like his pictures, are copies. The great library of Paris, in its wonderful collection of engravings, possesses two proofs of the two first pieces engraved by Diétrich. One represents a strand on the borders of the sea, the other a scene in country life. In these first attempts it appears that Diétrich intended to follow in

* This Frederick Hagedorn was the brother of Charles Christian Louis, author of several works on painting.

the track of Van der Velde, when that great master himself was yet scratching the copper with an inexperienced hand. The timid point glides over the plate, the lines are as fine as hairs, and the whole is a confused mass. Later, in 1731, a "Christ Preaching" is executed in quite another taste; the point is heavy, the dashes stiff and symmetrical, a little in the ancient German style. But we must not be unjust enough to judge our artist from the works of his youth. The true Diétrich, considered as an engraver, exists in those plates where he has imitated the portraits and the religious compositions of Rembrandt, the landscapes of Everdingen, the rocks of Salvator. If some of these productions are beautiful enough to make us sometimes doubt the name of the author, it must be owned that the etchings of Diétrich, now fine and light, now energetic, are presently too black and too overloaded with shadows, falling in the magic and wonderful effects of the painter of Leyden. And then how could he succeed—he, a German artist, cold in imagination and patient by nature—in discovering the audacious fancy of the point of Rembrandt? But his landscapes, in the style of Everdingen, of Ruysdael, and of Salvator, his imitations of Ostade and of Berghem, are admirable. It is much and always to be regretted, that he did not finish his "Christ Healing the Sick." The composition of this engraving is combined with great art. If Diétrich could have completed it, there is no doubt that it would have been remembered as his best work, as his masterpiece.

When we consider with what attention the portrait of Diétrich, painted by himself, is executed, we are very much struck by the gentle and placid beauty of his countenance. A calm intelligence beams upon his lofty forehead; but in his eyes, large and pure, one is easily able to detect rather a sagacious and frank mind and character, than a profound soul. The inward flame of genius is not seen, but a delicate sensibility, accessible to every impression from without. Nature seems to have written his destiny in his face. In the history of the arts, as in literature, celebrity is the lot of only those men who are gifted with a rare and positive original inspiration. Really great painters have been distinguished from each other by such marked characteristics, that none could fail to recognise them. It was upon condition of being unique, to speak in his own style, that each obtained his brevet of celebrity. Their names even cannot be pronounced without recalling to the mind the idea of perfection in one of the essential branches of art. Diétrich was not one of these. By very opposite qualities, he has saved his name from oblivion. Gifted with the surprising faculty of taking, like old Proteus, every form, and every appearance, he is like everybody, and he is never like himself. But he often carries pasticcio to such perfection, that he astonishes even those whose severe taste rejects these imitations as plagiarisms unworthy of his genius.

To compare and paint in the style of others, is properly to make what is called a pasticcio, a kind of art which we must not confound with a mere copy. Good copies of a master are often precious objects, because they multiply and spread abroad the noble pleasure one has in gazing upon a masterpiece. Clever and faithful, the copyist gives us the facsimile of a picture much better even than the engraver, because he gives character to the design, to the composition, to the justice of the *chiaroscuro*—that is to say, of the effect, the qualities of tone and touch so agreeable for us to survey. The pasticcio, on the other hand, never gives anything but a false idea of the original master to those who knew him not, and only inspires regrets in those who know him. Unless you rise to the ranks of those sublime painters who take their property, as Molière says, where they find it, or who, as Voltaire says, kill their men, it is rare that you do not weaken the ideas of others when you steal them. As for the painter Diétrich, we may quote the words of the poet:—

"Coloriste aujourd'hui, demain dessinateur,
Et, même en inventant, toujours imitateur,
Diétrich fut tour-à-tour Van Ostade, Corréio;
De Protée, en son art, il eut le privilège,

Et eut, dans ses tableaux, fleuri, suave et grand,
Recommencer Watteau, Pöelenberg et Rembrandt."*

Diétrich has engraved about two hundred subjects, of which copies are very rare. He has treated subjects from Bible history, and profane story; he has engraved half figures and head studies, pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes.

In Bible history he has engraved nineteen subjects; amongst which the most remarkable are "Lot and his Daughters," "Abraham Sacrificing Isaac," "Isaac on his knees before the Pile," "Abraham Sacrificing the Ram—these four plates no longer exist—"Christ surrounded by the Doctors," twenty-six figures; "Christ healing the Sick," also with twenty-six figures; "The Descent from the Cross," with nineteen figures; "St. James Preaching in a Village," with seven figures; "The Nativity," and "The Flight into Egypt," in the style of Rembrandt.

In profane story he has many. "Venus on the Rocks," imitated from Pöelenberg; "The Combats of the Tritons," in the style of Salvator Rosa; "The Satyr and the Passerby," from Jordans; "The Spectacle Dealer," six figures, in the style of Van Ostade; "The Knife grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361), "The Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353), "The Dentist," "The Quack," all in the style of the same master; "Bellisarius Begging," a very rare and beautiful engraving; and "The Dinner," a piece equally rare and equally admirable.

Subjects in half figures and heads are "The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360), engraved in the style of Rembrandt, and imitated from Van Ostade; "The Tea Party," "The Dutch Priest," "The Monk with the Beard," "The Man with Moustaches," "An Old Man standing erect;" and heads of women and children.

Pastoral scenes, views, and landscapes are "Young Girls at the Entrance of a Cavern," "Herdsman leaning on a Cow"—these two compositions are imitated from Pöelenberg—"A Shepherd tending his Flock," from Berghem; "Landscape with Ruins;" six landscapes; "The Chapel," "The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356), "The Flock," "The Lake," in the style of Salvator; "A Cowherd, with a stick in his hand," "Two Hermits," "Two Peasants;" "Studies of Animals: He-Goats, She-Goats, Rams, Sheep, Lambs, the Goatherd, and three Goats."

The nineteen pieces from Holy History were sold at the Royal sale for £11 in 1817.

Most public galleries in Europe possess pictures by Diétrich. The Louvre has "The Woman taken in Adultery," which was only valued at £21 in 1816.

Belgium has the portrait of the artist, engraved, in 1765, by Schmuizer. It is given at page 353.

The Museum of Vienna has "The Shepherds," a night-piece, signed and dated 1769; and "The Adoration of the Shepherds," another night-piece, executed the same year.

The Royal Pinacothek Museum of Munich is richer. It has five pictures by Diétrich: "Lazarus in the Bosom of Abraham," "The Avaricious Man in Hell," "A Landscape on the Sea Shore," "A Landscape, with Fishermen's Huts," "Two Blind Men leading one another."

At Dresden there are fifty pictures by this master, of which the principal ones are: "A Man, a Woman, and a Boy Feeding some Sheep," in the style of Bassan; "The Portrait of the Mother of Diétrich," "The Adoration of the Magi," "The Presentation to the Temple," "The Prodigal Son," "The Marriage Feast of Cana," "A Pastoral Scene," in the style of Watteau; "A Flock of Sheep and Goats, guarded by the Shepherd and Shepherdess," "A Holy Family, by the light of a Lantern," "Christ Curing the Sick," "Christ on the Cross," "Mercury and Argus," and "Nymphs Bathing."

* To day a colourist, to-morrow a sketcher, and even when inventing always an imitator, Diétrich was in turns Van Ostade and Corregio. In the arts he had the privilege of Proteus, and was able, in his flowery, sweet, and grand pictures, to reproduce Watteau, Pöelenberg, and Rembrandt.

A few prices at different sales may be interesting.

Blondel de Gagny, 1776. "Two Landscapes," £15.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. The "Flight into Egypt," £91; "The Bathers," £166; "Twelve Women, in a Landscape," £95.

Sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. "A Landscape," with animals, £78.

Cardinal Fesch's Sale, 1819. "Flight into Egypt," £37.

The pictures represented in our pages give various instances of his style.

The first is the little cut, representing a "Dealer in Poison for Rats" (p. 353). This is a clever production—man, dog, dress, rats, are all in keeping.

"The Knife-Grinder and the Cobbler" (p. 361) is a very



THE STROLLING MUSICIANS. FROM A PAINTING BY PIETRUCI

Sale of Mairin, 1790. Two fine "Landscapes," £81; two others, £33; another, £20.

Sale of Lanjean, 1802. Two "Landscapes, with Bathers," £69.

Solirene Sale, 1812. "Resurrection of Lazarus," £83.

Laperière Sale, 1817. "The rest of the Holy Family," £70.

Sale Lenoir Dubreuil, 1821. "The Presentation to the Temple," £37.

able picture. The cobbler in his stall, the cat above, and the queer old knife-grinder, are all faithfully given. The colouring of this is very rich, and the play of lights and shades very forcible.

"The Halt of the Holy Family" (p. 361), though ably painted, is defective in costume. The Virgin in her dress is too like an Italian peasant girl, while the infant Jesus is perfectly Dutch. It is also, however, an able painting in the colouring.

"The Strolling Musicians" (p. 360) is witty in conception and ably carried out. The players are vigorously rendered, and the *chiaroscuro* is admirable.

"The Flight into Egypt" (p. 357) is to a certain extent powerful; but, though not wanting in *chiaroscuro* and general tone, is defective in the figures.

"The Wooden Bridge" (p. 356) is pretty, tasteful, and original.

Smith, in his Catalogue, gives the following observations on Diétrich: "Many very clever pictures, from the pencil of this painter in the style of Rembrandt, partly merit him a place in the present list. He was born at Weimar, in Saxony,

the court of Dresden to send him to Italy. How long he studied in that far-famed school, or what were the important advantages he derived from it, does not readily appear in his works, for these reflect the style and peculiarities of other masters' pictures, as Rembrandt, Poelenberg, Ostade, and Salvator Rosa; but those of the former artist appear to have made the greatest impression on him, for he imitated them so servilely, that even his original compositions have the appearance of being, in many instances, copies from his favourite painter's picture. Two of his finest productions of this man, representing a 'Crucifixion' and the 'Entombment,' brought some years ago in public sale upwards of



THE KNIFE-GRINDER AND THE COBBLER.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

in 1712, and having acquired a knowledge of the rudiments of his art from his father—a painter of very moderate abilities—

three hundred guineas; and a picture by his hand, of very superior merit, in the manner of A. Ostade, engraved by

Diétrich: Pinx. 1753; Diétrich-fecit 1763.

and afterwards improved himself under Alexander Thiele, a landscape-painter, he gave such proofs of genius as to induce

Wilb. under the title of the 'Musiciens Ambulants,' is in the collection of Richard Simon Is, Esq."

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF MICHAEL
ANGELO.

THE accession of Leo X. marked the commencement of a period wasted in fruitless labour, in bitter regrets, and more bitter sufferings, by the great Michael Angelo. It seemed to have been ordained that, from time to time, the career of this man should be like that of a torrent chafing in its channel of rocks, but afterwards bursting out more free and bright than ever. During nine years, however, the eclipse of his fortunes was unbroken, and only one incident is recorded of him; but this was one alike honourable to his spirit as an artist and to his feelings as a citizen.

The Academy of Florence had sent deputies to Leo X., petitioning him to restore to their country the ashes of Dante Alighieri, the noble and unhappy exile, who, after reviving the language and restoring the literature of Italy, had, two centuries previous, breathed his last sigh at Ravenna.

Michael Angelo relieved his long days of compulsory indolence, of sad monotony, by reading the songs of the Florentine poet, marking with his pen on the margin all the passages which struck his imagination. What an inestimable relic this volume would have been, if it had not, like Ovid's last song, been lost in the waters; for who, better than Michael Angelo, could have illustrated and interpreted Dante?

At the first intelligence which came concerning the embassy, then on its way to Rome, the artist became excited. With a generous enthusiasm, a vivid and ardent sympathy with genius, he joined at once in the work of reparation and justice. We may still read at the bottom of the original petition, preserved in the Florentine archives, these words:—"I, Michael Angelo, sculptor, address to your holiness the same prayer, and I offer to execute for the divine poet a sepulchre worthy of his memory."

And Leo X., the ostentatious Mæcenas, the vain patron of letters, refused this magnificent offer, and deprived the world of the monument which such an artist's memorial of the great poet would have been! But the whole Medici family, though servile historians have endeavoured to exalt them, were sordid, treacherous, and contemptible. We fully agree with the author of a brilliant article in "The Eclectic Review," who has assailed the betrayers of Florence upon that pedestal to which they have been raised by the worshippers of success:—"History," he says, "has agreed to reprobate the treason of Sforza and of the Visconti, but, with a traditional perverseness, continues to applaud the Medici as benefactors of Italy. They the benefactors of Italy! Florence alone, humiliated and enslaved, is a suffering memorial of their crimes. But turn from her to the pestilent Maremma of Sienna. That was a beautiful salubrious tract, until Cosmo wasted it and transformed it into a deadly marsh. Fever-breeding swamps exist in the places where the republics cultivated fertile and healthy plains. The Roman territories, from Ferrara to the Pontine Marshes, have become Lare and putrid since the stagnation of industry ensuing on the decline of freedom. Cosmo dried up the fertilising springs and streams of his country, by hewing down the forests on the Tuscan Apennines. Rocky deserts now exist where the pastures in ancient times were rich with fleece, and a population of banditti derives its descent from shepherds and cultivators of the soil. If, therefore, they are benefactors who make men happy, the Medici have nothing to claim from the gratitude of mankind."

It was about this period, according to all the testimonies we can collect, that the unhappy quarrel took place between Raffaele and Michael Angelo, the most eminent painters of their age. Angelo met his rival on the steps of the Vatican, surrounded by a crowd of scholars, and ironically exclaimed, "You march like a general at the head of his army." "And you," said the other, with fierce contempt, "go skulking alone, like an executioner." Perhaps, however, we may absolve the memory of the two great artists from much of the stain cast by this quarrel; for the fault is to be attributed to that crowd of parasites who only sought their intimacy in order to inflame their passions and flatter their pride.

Meanwhile, Leo the Tenth died suddenly, carried off by poison. If the arts in general lost a patron, Michael Angelo at least had nothing to regret. The Florentine pope had never bestowed friendship or aid upon his countryman. However, no change for the better took place. Adrian the Sixth, of Flemish origin, succeeded to the papal throne; and this was a misfortune for the painter. The new pontiff conceived the strange and barbarous resolution of pulling down the roof of the Sistine Chapel, because, he said, it looked more like the roof of a bath than of a place of worship.

It was not, therefore, with sorrow that the painter saw this pope and the next pass away—feeble princes, who never held the sacerdotal sceptre until their hands began to tremble with the weakness of approaching death. But the succession of despots was unbroken. Florence again and again threw off the yoke of those proficent traitors, the Medici; and the seventh Clement, born from that hateful stock, when his native city had once more become free, hired a host of barbarians to assail her. Their savage standards were soon perceived flying on the summits of those sun-touched hills, whence the beautiful city of Florence may be seen—a picture of delightful houses and gardens, in the glowing Italian light. Forty-four thousand men laid siege to the Tuscan capital. Less than thirteen thousand defended her walls, during eleven months, with heroic fortitude. Eight thousand patriots died in the breaches, and fourteen thousand of their enemies were buried in the plains around. Now was Michael Angelo called on to decide whether he should act as a painter or a man—whether he should offend a family of benefactors, or deny his country. He hesitated not a moment. Being named a member of the famous Council of Nine, and director of the fortifications, he proceeded round the city ramparts, and declared, that unless vast preparations were made, the usurping Medici would enter at their will. But the nobles of Florence, like true oligarchs, were already conspiring to betray the commonwealth. They complained of the sculptor's vigilance; they said he was cowardly and extravagant, because they knew he was faithful and sagacious. Their poisonous tongues prevailed. Florence was already sufficiently corrupted by her nobles to listen to their slanders. Michael Angelo, therefore, indignant and ashamed, himself opened a gate, returned to Florence, and remained in angry solitude, like Achilles in his tent. When he was gone, the Florentines repented. They sent messengers after him, by whom he was found, lonely, sad, stern, and immersed in dreams, in one of the most obscure little streets of the sea-built city. They approached him with humble deference; they prayed him to forget the slight which the provisional government had put upon him; they conjured him, in the name of liberty and of his country, to return. He at first resisted and refused, but in vain; for they pressed him again, and at length he consented. Once more, therefore, we see the artist in Florence, a general, a strategist, at the head of the defenders of his beloved city. It was too late. The last hour of Italian independence had sounded. Charles the Fifth, another of the hateful tyrants whom history flatters, had thrown his sword into the scale. The artillery, by night and by day, poured a storm upon Florence; the bravest of the citizens had already fallen. The old men and the women, pale with hunger, decimated by famine, clothed in black, and smeared with ashes, came together into the squares, or knelt in the churches, and swore they would all die rather than surrender. Michael Angelo had stationed himself on the steeple of Santo Miniato. Two guns, pointed at the besiegers and discharged incessantly, made his post conspicuous. They fired furiously at the spot. He smiled with contempt, and hung down immense draperies of cloth, which were more effectual than stone in resisting the light balls which alone could reach that elevated eyrie. Certainly, if Florence could have been saved, Angelo would have been her deliverer. Already his courage, his firmness, the resources of his mighty genius, stirred and multiplied by the heat of patriotism and the excitement of battle, had carried wonder and terror into the enemy's ranks; but Florence was even now lost. Sud-

denly a cry of sorrow arose from the streets below; women were heard shrieking; the imprecations of the soldiers were terrible. In a few moments all was explained. Malatesta had been corrupted by the Medici; the infamous Valori had sold his country. It is hard to say which was worse, the men who paid, or the man who received the nefarious price of treason? But the moral of the story would not have been complete without its sequel. A capitulation had been signed, opening the gates on condition of a general amnesty to be granted by the conquerors. Let us see how the magnificent Medici, the benefactors of Italy, kept their faith. Six of the noblest citizens were immediately beheaded; many others were condemned to exile or to the galleys. And these friends of art hunted Michael Angelo about, searched his house from the cellar to the roof, drove him from one concealment to another, until the glorious artist was compelled to hide in the lofty clock-tower of the church of San Nicholo del Arno.

At last, the Seventh Clement was artful enough to abandon the pursuit. He knew that, if he laid hands on the artist, supposing this to be possible, he would only be troubled by a new prisoner; while, if he granted him life and liberty, he would have one enemy the less, and be able to claim the praise of clemency, magnanimity, and so forth. So he pardoned Michael Angelo. And not this only. He humbled himself before him; he made him all kinds of offers and promises, on condition that he would resume his sculptor's chisel, and occupy himself without delay with the monuments to Julius the Second, and Lorenzo de Medici, that other impostor whom it was, until lately, the fashion to eulogise and admire.

On his return to Rome, a new trial awaited Michael Angelo. The representatives of the Duke of Urbino, with that tenacity which has characterised the followers of the law in all ages and countries, revived the affair of the tomb of Julius II., of which we have already in a former article given the particulars. The artist had no inclination to fall into the hands of his enemies, and so came to terms with them, by engaging to perfect the monument without further delay. He, therefore, set himself seriously to his task. The design of the mausoleum, which was originally intended to be the grandest work of the kind ever executed, had been reduced to that of a simple façade of marble upon one of the walls of "the church of St. Peter of the Bonds." The vain Julius himself had chosen the spot in which his tomb should be placed. He loved the name of the church, which had been bestowed by Sextus IV., one of the first founders of the greatness of his family. He himself had been its cardinal during thirty-two years—and, as being elected pope, had transmitted the dearly-cherished honour to his nephew. Some fatality, however, seemed to forbid the completion of the work, frequently interrupted as it had already been. Numerous influences conspired, and of the whole abortive plan, nothing but a figure of Moses was executed in a style worthy of its artist's name. And this statue, beautiful and grand as it is, has been taken from its original position, displaced from the point of view in which it appeared in its proper character, and isolated from the groups of which it was intended to form a porch; and, therefore, produces little of the impression it was intended to create. Had it been seated beside a gigantic tomb, and a throng of prophets and sibyls, as the artist desired, it would have been an example of the solemn and grand in sculpture. Even as it is, if you enter the church at nightfall, and contemplate by the uncertain and lingering radiance of the evening that superhuman apparition, your mind cannot rest calm when the eye falls on the figure of Moses. He is seated like a demigod of the ancients in Olympian majesty. One of his arms is extended over the table of the law; the other reposes across his breast, with the superb *nonchalance* of one who knows he has but to frown, to command obedience from the multitude. A thick and ponderous beard hangs down upon his enormous chest, like a torrent arrested in its course. The simple and primitive character of this great shepherd of a nation is typified in every development of his form in every fold of his vesture. The double intelligence given to him, since the

divine vision on the Mount, beams from the high, broad, massive brow; and power and benevolence combined seem to speak in every lineament of the countenance.

While Michael Angelo was employed upon his "Moses," Clement VII., like Julius whom he was honouring, troubled him incessantly.

One day a messenger came to the artist, telling him that he need not expect his customary visit. Clement VII. was dead. He had leisure, just while the conclave was sitting, to elect a new pope.

Paul III. was announced. He came, with a pompous retinue of ten cardinals, to the studio of Buonarroti.

"Now," said the new pontiff, "I shall expect, Master Buonarroti, that all your time will be given up to me."

"Will your holiness pardon me?" replied the sculptor; "I have signed an engagement with the Duke of Urbino, by which I have pledged myself to complete the monumental tomb of Julius II."

"What!" cried Paul; "it is thirty years since I formed a wish, and now that I am pope I am not to gratify myself."

"But my contract, holy father—my contract."

"Come, come; I will take the responsibility of that affair upon myself. You shall execute three figures with your own hand, and other artists shall do the rest. I will answer for the Duke of Urbino's consent. And now, my master, to the Sistine Chapel; there is a great vacuum there awaiting us."

What could Michael Angelo urge against a will so positive, and so imperiously expressed? He completed, as best he could, his two statues of "Active Life" and "Contemplative Life," the symbolical Rachel and Leah of Dante; and, not daring to make any profit from an engagement he was forced to break, gave a large proportion of the sum he received himself to pay liberally the artists employed by him to execute the rest of the work. Having thus brought to a conclusion an affair which had cost him so much labour, vexation, and perplexity, he threw himself, with all his enthusiasm and his genius, into the execution of his vast design, "The Last Judgment," the painting of which occupied him during little less than nine years.

This picture, enormous and unique, represents the human figure in every conceivable attitude; it depicts every sentiment, every passion, all the infinitely-varied reflections of fancy and thought, all the impulses and workings of the soul; with an inestimable profusion of forms, tints, and tones, such as are found nowhere else within the domain of art.

In this work, Michael Angelo seems to have challenged with his courage an infinite difficulty, which his genius overcame. The object of this vast composition, the manner in which it is conceived and developed, the admirable variety and skilful distribution of the groups, the unsurpassable boldness and force of the outline, the contrasts of light and shade, the obstacles, almost insuperable, in the very nature of the design, which he appears to have assailed as if in sport, the happy power with which this prodigal variety and these innumerable details are wrought and combined into one harmonious whole—all these render "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo a prodigy of painting. Immense as the surface is, each part of the picture gains in effect by close study; for no cabinet-piece for the most fastidious amateur was ever more lovingly retouched, or finished to more exquisite perfection.

This magnificent work, after nearly nine years of labour, was exhibited to the public on Christmas-day, 1511. Michael Angelo was then sixty-seven years old. Several anecdotes are related in reference to his "Last Judgment."

The pope, it is said, objected to the style of representing some of the figures, and sent to tell the painter that they must be altered.

"You will tell Pope Paul," he replied, "to trouble himself less with erecting my picture, which it is easy for him to do, and to try and reform public manners, which he will find more difficult."

The master of the ceremonies of the Vatican accompanied the pope one day on a visit which his holiness paid to the studio of Michael Angelo, when "The Last Judgment" was

about half finished. This creature also would express his opinion on the work.

"Holy father," he said, "if I might utter my thoughts, I would say that this painting is more fit for a tavern-room than for the chapel of a pope."

Unhappily for the master of the ceremonies, Michael Angelo was behind him when he uttered these words, and lost not a syllable of the compliment paid him by Signor Biagio. The moment, therefore, that his visitors were gone, the artist sat down and drew a portrait of his critic, and

placed him among the "Lost Souls," under the flattering character of Midas. This was a revenge suggested, perhaps, by the practice of Dante, who punished those who offended him by consigning them to his *Inferno*.

We may imagine the misery of the poor master of the ceremonies, when he saw himself condemned in this way. He threw himself at the pope's feet, begging for deliverance, and for the punishment of the offender. But Paul professed that he had no jurisdiction. And so Michael Angelo gratified his malicious whim, and went on painting his great picture.



HALT OF THE HOLY FAMILY.—FROM A PAINTING BY DIETRICH.

GABRIEL METZU.

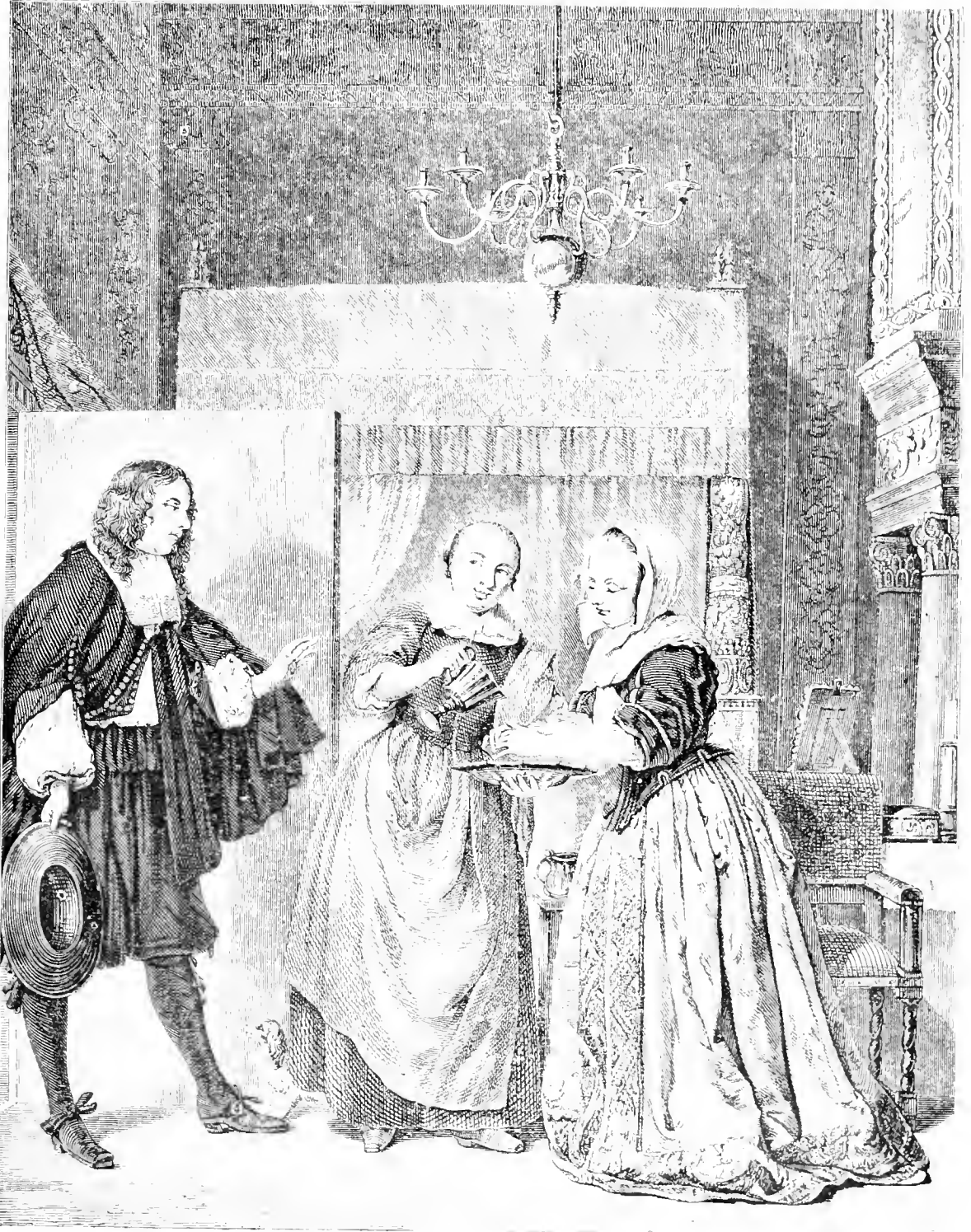
To have seen a few pictures of Metzu, of Terburg, or of Gaspar Netscher, is to have acquired fresh knowledge of the manners of the Dutch citizen of the time of the Stadtholder, of his costume, of his physiognomy, of his courtesies, of his mode of life, and even of his style of thinking; and this knowledge is to be gained from such a study, as well as from history and description. To be sure, the painting would be unintelligible without the book; for the pencil would create mysteries without the pen, though it is the fashion among the critics of art to say that their craft is superior to that of the writer. But what would a whole gallery, as vast as the Vatican, of historical portraits be worth, if the biographies of the individuals did not exist? What would all the Sculptures in Nineveh tell us, if the sacred and the classic records did

not interpret their mystical tongue? What frescos could have told us Roman history, if Livy had not written? or what painter could have left such a familiarity with old Spanish manners as we have derived from the literary pictures of Cervantes? We cannot, therefore, agree with the few artists who are able to write at all, that whole libraries of information are rendered superfluous by the paintings of one master. No one will suspect us of a wish to depreciate a branch of art, but it is just to that art itself to remember its office, and not to claim the dominion in a realm which belongs to another genius. From a picture we may learn the fashion of a mantle or a boot, the style of ornamenting a chimney-piece or a chair, the mode of wearing a beard or a wig; but the spirit and moral of all valuable history is still reserved

exclusively for the pen; and the painter in this department must be for ever subordinate, and illustrate what the superior artist—of words and thoughts—describes and explains.

Nevertheless, as we have admitted, such a painter as Gabriel

spicer was first collected for them, and when their exchanges began to grow opulent by the trade with Borneo and Sumatra. In the pride of his freedom, after the yoke of Spain has been broken, he appears before us, a liberal citizen, methodical in



THE UNEXPECTED VISIT,—FROM A PAINTING BY METZ.

Metzu is, in some respects, an historian. He exhibits, in dramatic groups, the national manners of his time. In his pictures we see the Hollander of the age when the United Netherlands were first reaping the riches of the Indian isles; when

his life, and very systematic in the conduct of his affairs. His house is to him a world; he gathers into this one place, around this pleasant centre, as many delights as were heaped up in the ancient palaces of the kings of Eebatana and Susa.

The ships of his country—perhaps his own ships—have for him traversed the ocean from one zone to another,—have searched for porcelain and amber in Japan, for ginger in Malabar, for pepper in Java, for precious canes and drugs in Malacca. From the farthest parts of the world, the famous islands of the Malays, they have brought him all that could enrich his home, benefit his family, and charm away the dreariness of mind naturally inspired by the cold sky and long winters of the north. Asia sends him its muslins, its spices, its diamonds, its feathers of the bird of Paradise, its ivory and camphor. The ices of the Pole have furnished him with those splendid furs, to border the velvet mantle which his wife or his eldest daughter is proud to wear, even in the warmest apartment of the house. The birds, the insects, the shells, and minerals of the remotest lands, fill his cabinets, exquisitely arranged under covers of glass; and, protected in the same way, the rarest plants, the most delicate Persian lilies, the sumptuous tulips, flourish and are cultivated under his inspection. His furniture, wrought with extreme taste, and preserved with the utmost care, suffers no changes from the caprices of fashion, but is transmitted from father to son, one generation after another. The canopy of his bed is supported on pillars of carved ebony, and hung round with drapery of green damask. Hanging from the roof a mirror of gilded copper is twined round with wreaths of elegant workmanship. The floors of the rooms are waxed into beautiful lustre; the glass is finely cut; the lintel of the door is richly carved; the furniture shines with polish; and the light, at morning or evening, falls across bright variegated tapestries, which moderate and harmonise it with the tone of the whole interior. The manners of the Dutch at that period, as well as the material physiognomy of their citizen life, their interiors, their furniture, the luxury and decoration of their apartments, are delineated in the pictures of Metzú with a charming freedom, which is the more attractive since it appears to be entirely without effort on the part of the painter. His walls, after a lapse of two hundred years, would afford materials for the complete restoration of a Dutch interior, just as architectural fragments enable us to build up a perfect temple of antique proportions. And the representation would be an interesting study, harmonising so faithfully as it would with the spirit of the seventeenth century, with the climate and natural characteristics of the country the manners of the inhabitants, and the historical circumstances associated with the fortunes of the merchant classes of Holland, then the masters and leaders of the trade of the world. And they to whom nothing is insignificant which relates to the intimate life, the familiar habits of a people that once filled the globe with the fame of their achievements, will discover nothing puerile in such remarks or such details. It is indeed delightful to enter, favoured by the painter Metzú's introduction, one of those warm Dutch interiors, which were, unlike the Italian houses of the same period, so inaccessible to strangers. It is most frequently by a glimpse through a window, opening in the centre of the piece, that he admits us into the comfortable privacy of a fashionable lady's boudoir, in which he allows us to surprise her in her graceful morning attire, writing some important letter, or completing her toilette, in expectation of a wished-for visitor; or reclining on a couch and touching the strings of her lute into the expression of the thoughts and desires of her heart.

Metzú possessed a power of interesting, not only the eye, but the mind, by the representation of the most simple acts of domestic life. A lady engaged in sealing a letter, which a servant is waiting to carry to the post, is a subject sufficiently humble, yet, thanks to the finish and excellence of the work—to the attentive care bestowed on the delineation of this occurrence, so common in "every-day life"—the picture attracts and rivets our attention. If the painter's touch were less precious, if the details were not so well chosen and so discreetly managed, no one would pause a moment to examine them. But it is impossible not to notice with care that which the artist evidently conceived to be of such importance, and in which the composition is so admirable, that the general effect

surpasses that of many ambitious pictures, possessing no little merit. It is impossible not to feel curious; not to ask, "To whom is that fair lady, in her elegant *negligée*, writing so careful a letter this morning, and so delicately pointing a seal on the wax? and what means that light but significant smile on the lips of the waiting-maid who attends to carry away the letter, standing with her apron rolled up, and her sleeves turned above the elbows?" And in the background, the closed curtains hint that the bed is still unmade; and the lady, in her half-completed toilet, tells us that she has passed the night more in dreaming than in sleeping.

The expression, so to speak, of Metzú's pictures is often so subtle that it is not caught at the first glance of the eye. Dutchmen's faces, in general, appear imperturbably tranquil, immoveably phlegmatic. It is no easy matter to discover in them the latent smile or the reserved sentiment. But, upon a closer observation, it will be found, that there is not one in which, under an exterior perfectly calm, there is no play of thought or feeling. Of course, this remark must refer solely to the originals themselves; for, in the engravings from them, however faithful the engraver may have been, there is unavoidably a loss of some volatile and fleeting essence, as it were, which the painter diffused over his picture,—some airy and spiritual tene, impossible to fix or copy, which was not created by the use of any particular colour or form, but the absence of which, intangible and indescribable as it is, denaturalises the work. The solemn citizens of Metzú bear, in their placid countenances, not the expression of indifference or *ennui*, but of serene souls, in which enjoyment is produced by repose, confidence, and content. We perceive at once that on this surface, apparently so impassive, the least emotion would leave its trace, and that the lightest thought could be interpreted to the sight by the almost imperceptible motion of the lips and eyes. There is a young girl receiving a declaration, in a charming picture called "A Lady tuning her Guitar." Her eyes are raised to look on the countenance of her embarrassed lover; a half-secret gladness beams through her face; something like self-love heightens the carnation on her beautiful cheeks, more glossy than satin; and a change seems visibly coming over all her features. A Spanish lady would not display this, so general would be the vivacity of her countenance and the play of expression in her eyes. But a fair Hollander is seldom disturbed from what Tasso would call "the beautiful serene of her face;" the angers or disappointments of her soul only betray her into the expression of a moderate melancholy, and the gratifications of a flattered heart, which in others would produce a brilliancy of smiles, mark her cheeks with a very gentle dimple. If we criticise the valuable painting, in the collection of the Duc de Choiseul, which is known as "The Hunter's Return," the same delicacy is noticeable in the expression of the lady, and the same quietness in her attitude. Attired in a rose-coloured bodice and a skirt of white satin embroidered with gold, she is looking at a miniature and chatting with her maid, of whom we know not; but at the very moment her husband, coming home from the chase, enters abruptly the apartment of his lady. The conversation in an instant is cut short; the maid puts her fingers on her lips, and her mistress, pretending to play with the spaniel whom she strokes with her hand, awaits with downcast eyes and unmoved countenance the first words her husband is about to address to her.

There are masters of the Dutch school who accumulate innumerable details in their pieces, but animate them with no spirit whatever. They make the representation of manners a pretext for a ridiculous assemblage of furniture, glass, lustres, china vases, and all sorts of curiosities; their interiors are inconveniently crowded bazaars. Metzú, on the contrary, being a man of intelligence and taste, only brings into juxtaposition with his personages such things as are essential to the meaning of his composition, to illustrate the adventure, or explain the conversation. His skill in painting inanimate objects was marvellous; but he never allowed it, like the *Præ-Raphaelites* of our own day, to draw him into a vulgar deference to a vulgar taste; and yet, how perfect was the

finish he bestowed on such simplicities! He could weave over one of his floors a Turkey carpet, or elaborate the decorations of a gold or silver cup, or paint the transparency of Bohemian glass, or of the wine that glowed and sparkled half-way up to the brim of his crystal goblet! Glasses, be it remembered, were of great importance in his pictures, for the life of a retired Dutch citizen was chiefly passed in smoking and drinking, to dull his intellect, and to degrade him into premature and unnatural imbecility. But we do not see in Metzu's pieces the heavy horn cups perpetually passed from hand to hand by the peasants of Van Ostade; his are fine and elegant glasses, tall or shallow, such as were worthy to be filled with Haarlem beer, glasses cut into octagons, with prismatic edges, which seem richly to stain the light. In some the chalice forms a cone reversed on the foot of a heron or the neck of a swan, or ends in a trumpet shape.

One feature, particularly remarkable in most of the pictures of Metzu, is the shape of the chimneys of that period. In general, the mantel-piece belongs to the Corinthian or Composite order; the entablature rests on columns of fine marble, sea-green, gold-veined, or jasper-coloured. Sometimes it is black and white. Frequently, instead of pillars, there are Caryatides, representing creatures as beautiful women down to the waist, but terminating in the form of fishes. Others are carved in satyrs, such as we see in our gardens; and a specimen of this kind may be found in the collection of Sir Robert Peel—a woman tuning her voice to her master's viol. Occasionally the comic is enriched with a bas-relief after the antique. The Italian Renaissance had imported into the north those noble models of architecture which produced in France the palace of Fontainebleau, the chateaux of Anet and of Blois, and in Spain the palace of Madrid. Gradually this renewed taste for the antique spread into Holland, where it flourished during the age of that Louis XIV. whom stupid historians have denominated "great," a hundred years after it had influenced the style of France. But such chimney-pieces peculiarly suited a people like the Dutch, who lived so much in the midst of their families; and it is not surprising that such great care was bestowed on the delineations of them by a painter so intimate with their private life as Gabriel Metzu.

In the love-scenes painted by Metzu, the artist's intention becomes at once apparent, from the care he has taken to make his "Conversations" *à-la-tête*. If there are three persons in the piece, the third is insignificant; it is some waiting-maid or page, who brings in a letter on a tray, and looks askance while retiring from the room. Generally music serves as the pretext, or more strictly the preface, to the timid declaration of the cavalier who leans on the end of the chair on which the fair young Hollander sits tinkling her guitar, listening to his protestations, and considering what their value may be. Sometimes he holds a glass in his hand to aid his nervousness, as we may observe in two charming compositions in the collection of the late Sir Robert Peel—one of them entitled the "Music-Master;" or else he pretends to be trying the strings of a violin; but with all his thought intent on one end, he seizes every occasion to interpose a word between the notes. "Chamber-music was a new revelation to me," says the affected French author of a recent extravagance;

"it explains to me the secret and the ideal of Northern life."

There is something delicate in the compositions of Metzu, and something more than delicate in the touch of his pencil. But there is one singular characteristic of his pictures, which critics have not often remarked upon. There are scarcely any in which we do not perceive a personage figuring, who, apparently, was then considered essential to a "Conversation Piece"—we mean the lady's dog, her spaniel with silky flanks, who by his attitude and expression adds much to our comprehension of the group. He tells us, in fact, what the human figures leave unexplained. Let us, for example, notice the piece called "A Charitable Lady." We are at the door of a Dutch house, in a narrow street, and there are two steps to mount to the entrance. A seat of iron-work is on the right, and the mistress of the house is seated there, enjoying the fresh air. A little beggar, passing along, has been asking for charity, and the lady is giving alms with grace and good humour. But Metzu, to show the temper of the household, represents the dog standing on the steps. He, accustomed to see poor persons come thither, regards the young mendicant, not with vicious anxiety and restlessness, but with an air of benevolence, so that the hospitality of that place is there doubly illustrated. The whole composition is simple but charming; a masterpiece of nature and sentiment exquisitely coloured. The house is embowered with foliage; a little stream, another of the numerous canals of Amsterdam, runs beside it by two shady rows of trees; between we discern at a distance one of the tall, quaint clock-towers of the city. A copper-plate glistens on the door, with the name of the merchant who lives within engraven on it; and there is also a bright metal bell. And the name of the merchant dwelling there is set forth as Gabriel Metzu, as if the artist would tell us that he himself was the owner of this hospitable house.

In order not to pass over the details, which are so many charms in the compositions of Metzu, we must notice the ornamental varieties he has introduced into many of his conversation pictures. It is not in useful articles or in objects of art that fashion has undergone most changes. In the seventeenth century the Dutch framers affected different kinds of decorations, according to the importance of the painting and the subject. "The Young Man writing a Letter," a beautiful piece, in the possession of Mr. Hope, represents, suspended from a wall, a picture with a frame most elaborately designed. It contains large flutings, shells, marine plants, and leaves, so intertwined and so rich, that our attention is fixed even on this slight accessory. Whether the design was the painter's or a copy of something he had seen, it is certainly a fine suggestion.

Little is known of Metzu's life. Picture-histories give us only the true date of his birth, which was in 1615, and a false date of his death, which they, one and all, fix in 1658. This error was excusable, because it had the authority of Arnold Houbraken, who might have been supposed to be well-informed. Metzu, he says, died at Amsterdam from the effects of a surgical operation performed on him in his forty-third year; but it is clear that he survived the trial, since several of his paintings bear a subsequent date. Many circumstances render it probable that 1669 was the real year of his decease.

WATTEAU.

WATTEAU was the painter of revels, dances, masquerades. His frivolous pencil sought for such subjects as were described in court pastorals, programmes, and books of ceremony. But his delicacy of colouring, the graceful quiet of the scenes he represented, the ease and freedom of his joyous groups, gained him admission into the Academy, with the title of Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.

The genius of this skillful colourist, developed very early by an attentive study of Rubens' works, was immediately turned to the class of subjects in which he always principally delighted. His reading was almost confined to pastorals,

interludes, operas, and *ballads*. He had a strong taste, also, for diversions and spectacles of every kind, and thus fostered a natural inclination, which perhaps owed part of its strength to the influence of one of his masters, Claude Gillot, painter to the opera, who excelled greatly in compositions of a grotesque character. All that is serious or thoughtful in the productions of Watteau appears to have been the inspiration of a later master, Claude Audran, the engraver.

Watteau often drew outlines in red and black chalk, and these studies, whenever they are to be found at the sale of collections, universally excite great emulation among the

amateurs. These designs for the most part represent figures in easy and careless attitudes, and were probably intended as studies of groups to be introduced into larger pictures. Sometimes they are merely sketches of popular subjects, types of character or costume, or every-day scenes. For this last species of composition Watteau possessed no inconsiderable aptitude, since he had the qualifications so essential to it—great power of observation, freedom in drawing, and a fine but bold touch. He bequeathed nearly all of these designs to four of his dearest friends—Henin, Harangin, Julienne, and Gersaint. Julienne was his protector, and one of those who,

In the museum of the Louvre, we discover a few of the quaint but ever-fresh and pleasant productions of Watteau. There are always gazers admiring them, for his works are pre-eminently popular, and have at different times been engraved by some of the highest French masters in that art, by Audran, Chereau, Boucher, and various others. The "Knife-Grinder," which we give in this page, is a fac-simile from a fine plate engraved by Chereau, but of a much larger size, for a collection of the works of Watteau, published in two volumes by Audran. The sketch is in the most simple style. The subject is unpretending. There is only one figure—that of a



THE KNIFE-GRINDER.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.

with Crozat and the Abbé Laroque, originally brought him into notice. Gersaint was a picture-dealer on the Bridge of Notre-Dame—that famous spot in Paris, whence, in the age of Watteau, the artist could see an assemblage of buildings, every one of which was picturesque enough to be the subject of a painting. It was for him that Watteau painted the famous "Roof Sign," which, as soon as it was set in its place, created such astonishment by its beauty, that the whole population of Paris crowded to see it. It was ultimately purchased for a very large sum by M. de Julienne, who hung it in his own private gallery, but had a fine engraving of it executed by Cochin.

poor grinder; the only other objects are his rude implements. Yet, in the natural ease of the attitude, the careful finish of the countenance and costume, and the true expression, so to speak, of the whole, there is something to fix our attention.

Of all French artists Watteau is the one who has most imitators and really good copyists. Pater and Lancret succeeded in attaining distinction even by following the footsteps of this master. In the gallery at Nancy there is a very beautiful picture by one of Watteau's pupils, named Constance, who may have been the painter of a piece in the Standish gallery, which is attributed, in the synopsis of the Louvre, to Watteau.

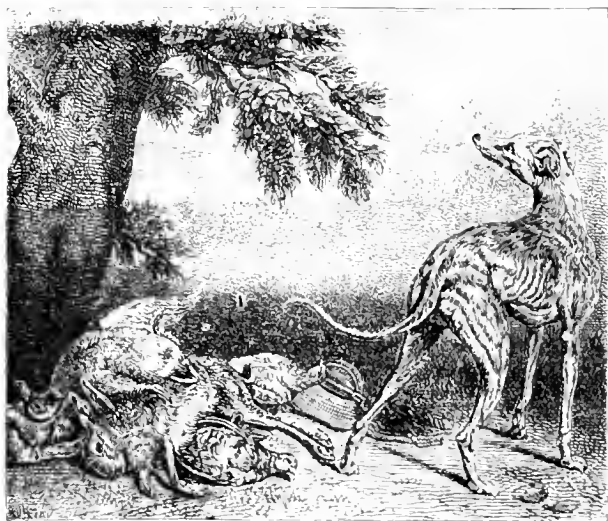
ALEXANDER FRANCOIS DESPORTES.



Dogs and horses have always been the favourite animals selected by artists for delineation. This is natural, especially

in the case of the dog, which has been a kind of friend to man. The attachment and fidelity, the clever and surprising instinct of this creature, and its usefulness in so many ways, create a sympathy for the canine race that can scarcely be experienced for any other. It would be a wondrous book which should tell all the tales of affection, of fidelity, of cunning, of instinct, which are true of this beast. Whether we look at the brute as a shepherd's companion, as the guard of the house, as the guide of the blind, or the saviour of the perishing traveller in the snow-drift; whether we admire the fleet hound, the beautiful Newfoundland, the magnificent Mont St. Bernard, or the faithful cur, there is always something to interest and captivate the attention. The quickness of comprehension, the patience under fatigue, the acute senses of the dog, are, on many occasions, wonderful. Is it a matter of surprise, then, that painters have been found to devote almost their whole energies, their entire capabilities as artists, to the history of the dog? This has been more the case in England than elsewhere.

François Desportes was the first French artist who painted animals and hunting scenes. The French school of painting, which had flourished about a hundred and fifty years, had never thought of descending to animals—at all events, as the principal personages of a composition; and after the Renaissance there was not, properly speaking, one painter of domestic subjects in the whole French school previous to the days of Desportes. It is true, that Sebastian Bourdon had dashed off in his leisure moments



in the case of the dog, which has been a kind of friend to man. The attachment and fidelity, the clever and surprising

some masterpieces, but it was simply to rest himself from his great historical works. The Lennais, though really fond of country scenes, had only obtained indulgence for such departure from high artistic notions by painting religious subjects. As for Baptiste, who was a flower-painter, he treated his subject in a showy style, and with so much nobility, that the gentlemen of the Academy did not think him unworthy of being one of their venerable body, which, as elsewhere, was generally made up of the second and third rates of art and literature; just as, in the Academy of Paris, Lamartine is not a member, Victor Hugo is not a member, and Alfred de Musset is not a member; while the Duke de Noailles and, with two or three exceptions, thirty and odd non-entities fill the academic chairs.

It is a fact worth noticing, that the public and posterity almost always give fame to men whom the learned cliques of the hour never would condescend to notice. Every one can tell of some genius of his own acquaintance, utterly neglected by the world, recognised only by a limited number of discerning friends. Learned associations and bodies never introduced to the world either a Milton, a Shakspeare, or a Byron. Even the literary fund of our own days does not fulfil its mission, since those relieved are generally but the outsiders of literature; while many of those doing battle, and desperately too, who might be saved from much pain and misery by timely-offered aid, never receive anything from its overflowing and bursting coffers.

But genius and talent have a much better means of appreciation than the favour of cliques. The man wholly neglected by the literary world, has but to appeal to the public, and if there be anything in him, he will be supported and appreciated. To return, however, to the particular subject of this article.

François Desportes was the first who imported into France the style which had been made illustrious and famous by the Sneyders in Flanders and the Benedettos in Italy. To form a painter of hunting scenes in France, it was necessary that he should live in the days of Louis XIV., that vain and proud monarch, and that he should have witnessed all the pompous importance which, induced by the cunning calculations of his intolerable pride, he gave to his own acts, his slightest gesture, his fancies, and his pleasures. It really did not appear too much in that day of courtly servility, that, because the king honoured the art of venery so far as to force a boar or hunt a stag, an eminent artist should come expressly to the hunt, follow with his eye the movements of the pack, watch the bounding leaps of the hounds, and paint the greyhounds and curs of his majesty.

"We lost in 1743," says D'Argenville, "an excellent painter in the person of François Desportes, born in 1661, at the village of Champigneulle, in Champagne. His father, who was a rich farmer, sent him at twelve years of age to Paris, to one of his uncles, who was established in business in that city. Poets and painters owe their extraction, not to any particular name or family, but to the beauty and fame of their works: that is their patent of nobility. During an interval of sickness, immediately on his arrival in town, his uncle gave him a drawing, which he copied in his bed. This trial and attempt, though crude and unfinished, demonstrated his taste for drawing, and he was put with Nicasius, a Flemish painter. This master was reputed to be a very good animal-painter." *

Nicasius was in reality a pupil of Sneyders, from whom he had learnt the secret of that bold and unerring touch, that art of distinguishing each animal by a dash of his paint-brush, that talent of displaying by contrasts the colours and variety of action, those terrible combats of wild beasts, and those hunts with roaring lions, with bounding and furious tigers, with wild boars defending themselves against a pick of panting and torn dogs, which characterised his master. What Nicasius learnt from Sneyders, he transmitted to François

Desportes; but the lessons of the Flemish painter, taking root in the Frenchman's mind, became less wild and far more temperate in their effects. What was the wild fire of genius in Sneyders was graceful motion in Desportes; the fury which the proud comrade of Rubens infused into his animal-paintings was easily varied and changed into a composition quite as true, perhaps, but less warm and striking. The impulsive fire of the master became, on the canvas of the facile French artist, mere vivacity and quiet nature. Sneyders and Nicasius had painted the hunts of heroes and demi-gods; Desportes produced the hunting scenes of noblemen and country gentlemen.

Unfortunately, death removed Nicasius from the world ere he had quite formed his able and interesting pupil. Still it is easy to distinguish, in the freshness of colour of Desportes, in his free touch, in his decided tones, that he took immediate advantage of the advice and example of Nicasius. What is certain is, that Desportes, though very young, would never have another master. All that he did, when Nicasius died, was to devote himself with redoubled energy to his art. Resolved in his own mind to be a painter of hunting scenes, he devoted his whole attention to all that could serve to embellish his compositions; it was with this view that he drew the bas-reliefs from the antique which so often ornamented his pictures. He also studied figures from the model extensively; and when, at a later time, he painted portraits, he felt the impression of his severe early studies, in which he introduced, moreover, most of the objects which are furnished to the painter by the observation of real nature: plants, fruits, vegetables, animals of every kind, elephants, tortoises, serpents, living and dead, landscape, and even grotesque effects. He had not reached the age of thirty when his reputation was made. "He gave himself up first," says D'Argenville, "to all kinds of work undertaken by builders, whether roofs or stage scenery, ornaments, animals, etc.; and then he worked, in concert with Claude Audran, a clever ornamental painter, at the embellishment of the Chateau d'Anet and the Menagerie of Versailles. Everywhere we find a fertile and lively genius, full of truth and expression, a light touch, with an admirable tone."

His first appearance in the world—that is, in the world of fashion of the day—was not as a painter of hunting scenes. Some Polish noblemen, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, and the Abbé de Polignac, ambassador of France at the court of king John Sobieski, persuaded Desportes to go to Poland. Presented to the king and queen, he painted their portraits, and from that moment became a great favourite at court. To be the king's painter, in the eyes of a courtier, is to be the king of painters. Men of the most distinguished character, and, amongst others, the Cardinal of Arqnen wished to have their portraits painted by the hand of François Desportes. He was loaded with presents, above all, with flatteries—it is so easy to respond to them when one is a portrait-painter. This popularity lasted about two years, at the end of which time Desportes, who was a true Frenchman in character, was carried away by an irresistible desire to revisit Paris, which city, like all his countrymen, he believed to be the capital of civilisation and art—an opinion not merely entertained in his time, but still widely prevalent at the present day.

Hunting, in the time of Louis XIV., was an expensive pleasure, more expensive, indeed, than at any subsequent period, the subjects of that king seeking always to imitate the gorgeous luxury of their master. Many a chronicler of the time has alluded to the huge preparations made to kill a poor deer. The king's venery formed a perfect army, which cost millions per annum. The woods and forests in the neighbourhood of Paris were carefully preserved and stocked with deer, hucks, wolves, wild boars, and other animals. The customs of the middle ages were revived, and Louis XIV., in hunting, as in everything else, played the part of a heartless and haughty tyrant. In summer the court went to Versailles, to Meudon, to Compiègne; in winter to Rambouillet and to Fontainebleau. These last woods, silent, gloomy, and solitary

* "Abrégé de la Vie des plus fameux Peintres," vol. iv. p. 232. Paris, 1762.

during nine months of the year, became suddenly full of life, activity, and noise. From every part of the forest came to the rendezvous, the outriders seeking the wild beasts, detachments of *gens d'armes*, of servants in many-coloured liveries, of elegant lords mounted upon foaming steeds, king's messengers, chairs for the officers of hunting, carriages for the fair ladies invited to witness the scene, pages on horseback, cross-bow men, and the van containing the unfortunate deer. Behind this came the pack of two or three hundred dogs, held in leash by the king's outriders. The king always appeared last, his presence being theatrically announced by some lord-in-waiting.

Desportes, having again given way to his taste for painting animals and hunting scenes, was created by Louis XIV. historiographer of the chase to the king, and with that magnificence which was so familiar to him, because it cost him nothing, Louis generously presented him with a pension and a free lodging in the Louvre. If any animals were sent from India to the menagerie of Versailles, if any rare birds were presented to the king, Desportes was immediately requested to paint them. Attending all the royal hunts in his official capacity, he followed every act of the drama on horseback. He caught at the most interesting moment the attitudes of the dogs, their motions, their bounds, the deer at bay, the harkaway, and the death scene. When he had thoroughly seized the whole combination of lines and figures necessary to the complete realisation of his picture, he went to the kennel, and drew from nature the handsomest dogs of the pack, and when he had sketched four or five upon a sheet of paper, showed them to the king, who, recognising them, instantly took great delight in pointing them out by name. When he was satisfied with merely studying the structure of animals, their physiognomy, and the model of their forms, he contented himself with a charcoal drawing upon tinted paper without many shadows, the whole relieved with white chalk. Sometimes he caught them successfully with a pen and a little wash of India ink. But as most of his studies contained the elements of his picture, he took care to colour them, because he was thus able to prepare the exact tone as well as the outline. He then transferred his drawings to a coarse thick paper in oil—very excellent practice, if it is executed at one sitting. We have seen some very beautiful studies of dogs by Desportes in varied crayons of exquisite beauty; all amateurs have admired in these brilliancy, warmth, a careful and, at the same time, fanciful touch, as well as a close imitation of nature.*

When a painter is protected by a king, even should he be clever, he is always received into the Royal Academy of Painting. François Desportes was admitted as a member of this institution on the 1st of August, 1699; he was then thirty-two years of age. His reception-picture is a celebrated piece. It represents him standing nobly in the attitude and costume of a hunter; and he has availed himself of this opportunity to display in union all his versatile talents. We see a magnificent dog, of the pointer breed, with elastic and muscular limbs, who, looking up at his master, as if to examine his countenance, charms us like a creation in some far more interesting department of life. At the feet of the hunter lie quantities of game, hares, pheasants, foxes, drawn with wonderful truth, in fine outline and clear relief, but all properly subordinated to the main figure of the composition, the hunter himself, a noble full-length portrait. He is leaning on his gun, which he holds in one hand, while with the other he impartially caresses a group of beautiful dogs. In the record of the Academy's proceedings we find a memorandum of Desportes' election, in 1704, as a member of the council—no inconsiderable honour, as it gave him a share in the power of distributing publicly the honours and rewards of the national art. His son, Claude François, also, at a later period, enjoyed a similar distinction.

* Description de l'Académie Royale, des arts de peinture et de sculpture, par feu M. Guérand, secrétaire perpétuel de la dite Académie. Paris, 1715.

That simplicity, that perfect interpretation of nature, which was the great virtue of Desportes' art, was not only characteristic of his small and more finished cabinet pieces; it is observable also in the large, elaborate, and more poetical productions. Yet there is never any conventionality in his works; never any trace of artistic dogmatism, by which we mean the pedantic insisting upon a set of stereotyped rules or canons, which form the technicalities by which inferior minds are trammelled. Intending to represent all the various incidents connected with the chase, from the figure of a sleeping dog to the animated tableau of the pack closing at full cry upon the victim, he allowed Nature, as it were, to preside over the design of his picture. He observed, and what he observed he reproduced on canvas, adding nothing from fancy, yet softening the crudities of the real scene by touches more truthful than imitation itself. In the beautiful specimens contained in the Louvre collection—"A Dog pointing at a Partridge," and "A Dog pointing at Pheasants"—we recognise details which tell at once that the artist was himself a sportsman. He paints dogs as Audubon painted birds—under the arches of the forest, in the natural studios where genuine art is most familiar and most at home. He seizes the sudden fixed expression of the creature's eye as it discovers the object of search, and as it is caught he paints it. A nervous contraction is visible in the animal's limbs, an eager anxiety expresses itself in its attitude; and to this menacing steadiness of the dog, with what subtle ingenuity does the painter oppose the trembling humility of its prey, crouching, and expecting vainly to escape its enemy by hiding low and quietly in the grass. Oudry, another painter of hunting scenes, was the successor, we may almost say the contemporary, of Desportes. It is not easy, at the first glance, to distinguish their works; for the peculiarities consist, not in deeply toned shades, or strongly marked outlines, but in those less perceptible tones, which mark the paintings of the two artists. Nor is it astonishing to find this general similarity, when we remember that the incidents of a chase are not in themselves very varied; the subjects of such a painter's representations are, indeed, nearly always the same. In addition to this, they had both derived their instructions and their inspiration from the same sources; they were pupils in the same school. Oudry derived from Largillière the principles of the Flemish masters, and Desportes, as we have already stated, was a disciple in the second degree of the celebrated Sneyders. Nevertheless, a closer examination reveals the difference between the works of these two painters. Desportes has an easy, free, abounding genius; he attentively remarked the aspects of nature, and he painted them as if by instinct; in fact, he diffuses over his pictures more of native grace and beauty than of scientific touches or reflection. Oudry, on the other hand, has an able pencil; he is a connoisseur who knows all the resources and varieties of his art; he is expert in the distribution of shadow and light; he combines his personages and objects into striking groups, and there is a unity, according to academical rules, in his productions for which we vainly seek in the works of Desportes, who was, as Montaigne would have said, an off-hand painter. He belonged to that generation of exuberant and glowing spirits, who, with a true spontaneous genius, appeared in the seventeenth century to invest its formal models with all the bright and rich drapery of the sixteenth. As a colourist he preserved, in a greater degree than Oudry, the traces of his Flemish teaching. The latter is often cold, gray, and monotonous; the former almost invariably fresh, vivid, and cheering, bringing out his tints most effectively through a transparent medium; and it is owing to this fact that his works, at first sight, seem to have more finish than they actually possess.

No doubt it is true, that Oudry, as an artist, possessed talents which did not belong to Desportes; he understood better the arrangement of a grand scene; he elevated into a more poetical creation the object he was painting. But how

charming is Desportes in his *naïve* way! His very dogs are graceful, lively, and elegant; his birds fly lightly and buoyantly through the air. There are in the Louvre two pieces, each representing a cock-fight; the one by Desportes, the other by Oudry; for they were barbarians enough to think these exhibitions, disgraceful to any but savages, worthy of the efforts of their pencils. Oudry has placed his belligerent birds with somewhat more skill than his rival; one of them lies on its back, endeavouring to strike with its powerful claws at the other, which has thrown it down. Its plumage is brilliant and dazzling; the motion of its wings, of which one is thrown upwards so as to assume a pyramidal shape, is full of grandeur and power. These striking qualities are not observable in the composition of Desportes. He was unable to give to his bellicose scene so fiery an aspect, such a fierce mimicry of passionate human war. But the introduc-

Since he succeeded in carrying to such marvellous perfection the humble branch of art to which he dedicated all his energies, there is no reason to dispute the probability of his having attained high excellence had he selected another branch. We are ourselves of opinion, however, that he understood his own talents perfectly, and went the length of his genius in delineating the hunting-scenes peculiarly adapted to the disposition of his mind.

The number of Desportes' productions was immense. From the day on which the celebrity of his name had opened to him a fortunate career, in the decoration, in high art, of panels, sideboards, and designs for doors and walls, he continued to labour without ceasing until he attained the age of sixty years. He, with Claude Audran, ornamented the Chateau of Anet, the menagerie of Versailles, and the palaces of Marly, Meudon, Ninette, and Fontainebleau. This last is one of the



THE WOLF HUNT.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

tion of a crowd of fowls, witnesses of the affray, terrified by the shocking combat which is taking place "in their honour," adds to the scene a piquancy, and a tone of delicate irony, similar to that which we discover in the exquisite fables of Lafontaine, and we cannot but give our preference to this, deficient as it is in the high science which marks the rival composition.

It has frequently been remarked, and not, we think, without some justice, that had not Desportes confined his efforts to the lowest department of art—such as dog and fowl-painting confessedly is—he might have ascended with success to the superior, devoted to the painting of fruits or flowers, and still nature. He did not find it difficult to mix upon his palette that rich vermilion, soft as velvet, required by fish, by the feathers of some birds, or the pale though glowing tints of gold, such as would have been needed had he taken the fruitage or the flowers of the East as objects for imitation.

most charming retreats in France; itself a picture, with the splendid forests sweeping round, the artificial lakes, the parks, the green and pleasant hills, the rocks heaped up in enchanting confusion, affording landscapes, from the midst of which we pass into the long quaint galleries in which Napoleon delighted, to find the most radiant spots in Italy, the palace-crowned isle of Isola Bella, the banks of the Arno and the Rhone, and the lakes of Como and Maggiore, interspersed amid snug Dutch interiors and hunting pieces, by Sneyder, Oudry, and Desportes. In 1735, this painter received a commission to execute eight large designs intended for the restoration of some of the Gobelins tapestries. Amid these we find one of his best productions, "A Stag at Bay." But it was not only in France that his pictures were appreciated and admired. He came to this country with the Duke d'Aumont, ambassador of Louis XIV., and left behind him many very agreeable and

talented compositions, amongst others "The Seasons," besides a name which was soon familiar and popular all over Europe. His pictures were, indeed, to be seen everywhere—in London, in Poland, at Munich, at Vienna, at Turin; and not long ago, M. Viardot discovered some in the museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.* This great and wonderful fertility is the less surprising when we reflect that Desportes lived eighty-two years, dying in 1713; and that he worked until an extreme old age with perfectly juvenile ardour; for never in any one of his productions does he show any falling off. The Abbé de Fontaine calls him the Nestor of painting.

The able and talented painter was also a worthy and good man. He married at thirty, was a good husband, and retained, in a profligate time and under the influence of a vicious court,

in France. They are no longer venerated or respected by the nation. They have vanished from popularity with the monarchy and the hunts. There is nothing of the old attachment to royalty now left in France. Men may call themselves monarchs, but they will never occupy the same place in the feeling of the nation as before the memorable year of 1789. Call a man emperor, king, president, he is still in reality only the ruler by the choice of the nation. The old solemn divine-right feeling has gone out with powder and paint, drawing-room abbés, and the Bastille. It cannot be revived. The admiration for Desportes, then, will be always in part simulated. But if we carry ourselves back to the days of Louis XIV., of royal pleasure and pomp, we can comprehend the vast importance of pictures which, till and



DOGS AND PARTRIDGES.—FROM A PAINTING BY DESPORTES.

the character of a man of honest and irreproachable life. He was extremely amiable, always lively, and perfectly simple in character. His physiognomy as seen in his portrait is that of an accomplished man, who was easy and pleasant in his manners. Delicate and proud, he had a great objection to the impertinent familiarity of fools. One day a moneyed man was boasting of his riches before many people, in an extremely offensive way. Desportes listened to him quietly for some time; but at last, irritated by his impertinence, cried out, "Sir, I could any day be what you are; but you can never be what I am."

The time, however, for the pictures of Desportes is past

on the entrance hall of the Muette, on the grand staircase of Meudon, in the vestibule of the Castle of Compiègne, recalled every act of the hunting drama to old hunters, to the lively ladies who joined the chase, and to their gentlemen and pages.

It requires a considerable exercise of imagination to look on the wild boars, deers, and dogs of Desportes with the same eyes they were looked upon by Louis XIV. and the lords of his court, before old age in the King made it fashionable to despise mundane pleasures. We are actually compelled, when gazing at his pictures, to carry ourselves back a century, or to condemn them, especially in France, as out of place. It is a fact which artists would do well to ponder on, that many pictures lose much when they are seen in a time

* Les Musées d'Allemagne et de Russie, par Louis Viardot. 1844

and at a place which are not suitable to their being properly comprehended. They want the "local colour," the inspiration of the time. Who but a turf-man admires the portrait of a race-horse? But these pictures, arranged in vast galleries, where they are preserved because of their origin and for the love of art, the works of many masters resemble some of the heathen gods, for whom the Roman Pantheon was opened, and which, when once they were within the temple, lost the same day their private altars, their worship, their followers, and were but a multitude of random divinities, no longer recognised, or, at all events, worshipped without being understood.

But if Desportes is no longer understood or appreciated in France, where great but hardly successful efforts have been made to revive the gorgeous hunts of the days of Louis XIV., it will be a long time before his dogs and scenes of venery will be without value in England, where all such sports and pastimes form a part of the existence of a large portion of the community. The chase, against which much may reasonably be said, has, at all events, preserved for us much of that stalwart character which is our boast; and though justly denounced as barbarous in its character and tendency, is not without some advantages to counterbalance the grave objections to which it is liable.

But though the French people do not and cannot appreciate Desportes, the Museum of the Louvre is rich in his pictures. In the catalogue of 1847 there were but five of his pictures; but the active and admirable director, Teanson, is believed to have hunted up the rest in the garrets of the Museum, for now we have three-and-twenty.

The first of these is a full-length portrait of Desportes, in his costume of a hunter, resting at the foot of a tree, with a pointer, a hound, and several pieces of game.

After this we have:—

"A Duck, a Partridge, a Hare, a Snipe, a Cabbage, some Pomegranates, Thistles, Onions, and Beetroot."

"Two sporting Dogs guarding some Game."

"A fine white Pointer, beside a vase of white porcelain."

"A Dog lying down, a Powder-horn, a Game-bag, a Jay, some gray Partridges, a Melon, some Apricots, some Peaches, some Grapes," with a background of scenery.

"A Dog pointing at some gray Partridges."

"Shooting Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges" (p. 373).

"A Dog watching some aquatic Birds."

"A Dog pointing with Partridges."

"A Boar-hunt," imitated from Sneyders.

"A couple of Dogs pointing at Pheasants, of which one is flying away."

"Some Prunes, Peaches, a Hare, a Parrot, and a Cat."

"Two Cocks fighting, a Fowl, and some Chickens."

"A Fox-hunt."

"Two English Dogs"—that is to say, of the King Charles breed—"hunting a Hare in a Park."

"Dogs and Pheasants."

"Dogs and Partridges."

"Guns, Game-bags, and Powder-horns."

All these paintings are admirable, both in conception and design.

There are many of the compositions of Desportes to be found in the museums of the provinces; in that of Grenoble there is a "Stag at Bay, surrounded by a pack of Hounds." In that of Lyons, eight pictures, "A Bear-hunt," and some still-nature pieces. The catalogue of the Rouen museum mentions "A Stag-hunt."

In the royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, Trianon, Meudon, Marly, La Muette, La Menagerie, a vast number of paintings by Desportes are to be found.

The Print department of the Royal Library is less rich than usual. There is a full-length "Portrait of Desportes," engraved by Ferrarois; "A Boar-hunt," engraved by the same, and a series of ten dogs in different attitudes, engraved by Le Bas.

The productions of Desportes in France are rarely met with in sales, and their price is generally from £12 to £30.



JOHN BOTH.

If the reader would imagine a rough, savage and somewhat theatrical Claude Lorraine, he would at once understand without further description what was the peculiar style of Both of Italy, as he was wont to be called by his contemporaries. Between the rural style of Ruysdael and the historic conception of Poussin and of Claude there was a style to be created, and John Both filled up the gap. The question has often been asked, Why do men born within the cold and foggy regions of the North feel much more deeply the beauty and grandeur of nature than the children of the South? Whenever a northern painter—a Fleming, like Paul Brill; a Dutchman, like Berghem or Poelenburg; a Norman, like Guaspre; a Lorrainese, like Claude—is introduced to Italian scenery, he appreciates and enjoys it quite as much as—French critics think more than—an Italian himself. Certainly, there are peculiarities and details of scenery which are more apt to strike the stranger than the man who has seen them from his birth. Warmed by novelty, the foreign painter feels and endeavours to convey all that poetry of landscape with which his mind is imbued.

A Dutch historian, whom we have often quoted, Arnold Houbraken, relates an anecdote of John Both, which is characteristic of this excellent painter. Van Der Hulk, burgo-master of the town of Dordrecht, proposed a prize, for which

* "Le Grand Théâtre des Peintres, et des Femmes Peintres du Pays Bas." The French translation of this work exists only in manuscript.

Berghem and John Both were alone to compete. The worthy citizen wished to try the talent of these two friends. Both competitors were to receive the sum of 800 florins; but the victor was to receive in addition a magnificent present. Berghem painted on this occasion his masterpiece. It was a mountainous landscape, with numerous oxen, sheep, and goats. The trees, the terraces, and the sky, were painted with so much richness of tone and finish, that none doubted his carrying away the prize. But the landscape of John Both was not less admirable. There was so much light, and so much of the lofty and heroic style mingling with the rural, that none could decide between Berghem and Both. A generous and just connoisseur, the burgo-master of Dordrecht, put an end to the difficulty in a way that is worthy of being recorded in any history of art. "Gentlemen," said he, "you have not given me an opportunity of choosing between you. Both of you have merited the prize, and both of you must have it." †

In the country scenes of John Both, the principal objects are not silent shepherds keeping their flocks, nor the peasant driving his ass before him—but great trees with their lofty summits and their verdant boughs. He does not paint them cut by the trim gardener, nor does he represent them wearing their leafy boughs with effeminate grace, as in the pictures of Herman of Italy. Nor does he make them too wavy in their outlines. On the contrary, he loves to

† Descamps relates this fact in his article on Berghem, in the second volume of his "Lives of Flemish and German Painters."

represent them wild, with boughs blasted by lightning or broken by the storm. When we examine the magnificent oaks which are to be found in the pictures of John Both, relieved with so much boldness, now against the warm light of the setting sun, and now against the dazzling and fresh brightness of an Italian morning, we seem to feel as if there were a life in these ever-moving objects, and we can scarcely separate the conception of the tree from something with more than vegetable existence. "To the pantheist painter of the North every tree is a hero," says a French critic; "the forest giant is wrapt in his cuirass, his ligneous muscles swell, his arms are contorted, sometimes he lies down in an attitude of sadness, and then his torn bark, his broken branches give him all the appearance of a dying gladiator; but oftener in the landscapes of John Both the oak stands up triumphant, shakes his shaggy head, in which the vulture cradles its young, while larks play in the lower branches." The French critic was doubtless strongly imbued with the metamorphoses of Ovid, and dreamt of Hamadryads and Fauns when he indulged in this hyperbolical picture of Both. We quote it simply because, amongst our French brethren, it has been considered to convey a correct idea of the artist.

It is, however, by means of his trees, in the form, taste, and truth of his rocky scenery, by the imposing aspect of his mountains, and by the richness of his luminous back-grounds, that we always recognise a true Both. While seeking to be great, and when awakening in our minds a sentiment of poetry and light, he does not ask us to gaze on the gods in the woods, nor does he show us the beautiful forms of women bathing in rivers, like Poelemburg. He does not introduce us to demigods, as did Poussin. He is satisfied when he has given an imposing aspect to the oaks of his foreground; and nature, which he studied with such patience and devotion beyond the Alps, appeared poetical enough to him, without the assistance of gods and goddesses of more than doubtful morality. The plants, the lakes, the foaming waterfalls, and the rural scent of the bushes and flowers of Italy, their capricious profiles relieved against a fleecy sky, were enough for him. With the great Poussin, history, mythological and real—man in his more elevated actions—is all. With Both nature is everything; but it is a wild and savage nature, so picturesque, and at the same time so real, that it seems to awaken in our bosoms the wish to wander through such scenes, and to gaze upon such trees, mountains, and hills. The enthusiastic lover of art could scarcely gaze upon the warm southern landscapes of the Netherlands artist, without being seized with an irresistible desire—in far distant places, at all events—to whistle some tune familiar to the shepherd; and he is even tempted to believe that he hears the tinkling sound of the bells on the mules' necks, as they slowly ascend the mountain. There is nothing mean, nothing low, nothing common, nothing dirty, in Both. He views still nature in the same way that Albert Cuyp has studied the cow.* His vegetation is vigorous, sombre, and real. The air is pure and pellucid; the sun shines upon every detail of the picture; and not one shadow of the agitated and active life of great cities ever troubles the calm and reflective beauty of the scenes which seem made for mute contemplation. He never introduces a sign of civilisation, except in the form of ruins. We see a broken column, a huge piece of a wall, nothing else to remind us of the mighty nation which once dwelt upon that historic soil, trodden once beneath the hoof of Scipio's cavalry, crushed beneath the weight of the chariots of Hannibal. And these signs of a life that is past are cast into the distant background, beneath the shadows of the trees. He speaks to us in his pictures only of youth—of the eternal youth of nature. What he seeks to interest us in, is a ray of light falling through a long vista of trees, or in a garden dotted with beautiful flowers. It is sufficient to remark that John Both was born in Munich, to enable the student of art to comprehend why, even when beneath the rich Italian sky, he remained faithful to the purely rustic style; why he loved

nature more than men, or, at all events, than demigods; and why he asked for no sweeter scent than the honeysuckle.

John Both and his brother Andrew, who painted him his figures in his pictures, studied together at Munich, under the learned guidance of Abraham Bloemaert. They started together for Italy, and resided some time in Rome. They attached themselves to two masters: John became the pupil of Claude Lorraine, and Andrew attached himself to the style of Bambocche. The former became necessarily a landscape-painter, the latter painted the human figure; but they divided their styles, the better to unite their talent; for Andrew studied rather to paint in the figures in his brother John's pictures, than to create for himself a distinct reputation. He succeeded at last in introducing them with so much ability, in working them up with so much finish, that if he had not compelled himself to sacrifice them to the general effect of the picture, he would have spoilt its unity; but, moved by a double feeling—great and tender affection for his brother, and by the good taste of an excellent artist—Andrew Both took care to make his figures subordinate to the general design, leaving the real and great triumph to the landscape. It was rare and beautiful to see how John Both, on the other hand, often sacrificed his landscape to bring up with more effect the figures painted by Andrew. The result was, that, by means of this friendship and by the full development of the two talents, pictures were produced so harmonious and so full of beauty, that it has been impossible for even the best judges to separate the work of one brother from the other.

The landscapes of John Both usually represent a mountainous country, great accidents of land, convulsed nature, a winding rocky path carried away by rains, or cut in the rock. Along this road, between two precipices, on the flanks of some mountain, itself a spur of the Apennine chain, we notice travellers, peasants, and mules, with steady foot, covered with bells, carrying little barrels of precious and rare wine. These mules have the shoe made especially for this traffic, and on they go without guide, their driver, perhaps, drinking afar off at a spring. In the distance we remark a rich plain, a pasturage, with islands of trees waving in a flood of evening sunlight; or the scene, rough and full of startling effects, sinks away at last into the quiet hues of some still bay, such as Sorrento. All breathe soft gentle Italy. As the eye of the amateur, abandoning the background, lingers on the foreground, he feels all is freshness, while the warmth of day illumines and burns the distant scene. The shadow of the trees, deep and mysterious, allows but faint rays of the sun to reach the foreground of the picture. The spectator thus fancies himself more at ease, protected here by huge masses of rock, and there by the rich vegetation of that gifted country. He may even refresh his eyes with the spectacle of a pond, sleeping silently on the front of the picture, the transparency of which is shown by tufts of reeds and water lilies.

It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that even during their lifetime, the brothers Both were ranked among the first of living landscape-painters;† and it was even said by very eminent judges, speaking of the great Claude Lorraine, that he was less happy in his figures than in those marvellous creations of light, those rich landscapes, which we have already described;‡ while the brothers Both, uniting their brushes, excelled in both styles.§ It is perfectly certain that their style of art was exceedingly popular, and that their workshop was full of buyers, *caporibus ambans*, though John Both always kept his pictures at a very high price. Joachim Sandrart is, therefore, exceedingly proud that the excellent painter of Utrecht was good enough to make him a present of two landscapes, representing "Night" and "Morning,"

* Ut justa excellentissimos haud immerito lauari possent artifices. *Academia artis pictoriae*. Nuremberg, 1683. Folio.

† *WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS*, vol. i. p. 327.

‡ Lorrainus... subdiabibus ingeniosior erat quam imaginibus humanis... fratres in utroque exercitissimi erant. Sandrart. iii. c. six.

* *WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS*, vol. i. p. 177.

when so many amateurs were glad to obtain possession of such pictures almost for their weight in gold.

The great and crowning merit which has been noted in the landscapes of John Both, and indeed of both brothers, is the nicety, the care, the truth, with which they have always

finish—those boughs of trees, illumined and warmed by the sun. He was excellent in the contrast of his grounds, in dashing off on a mass of sombre verdure a projecting root, or some such accident of vegetation by means of those able touches, or, if we may so speak, those theatrical effects of



JOHN BOTH.

succeeded in marking the different hours of the day. In fact, the play of the sun through the forest trees, of its silvery light in the morning, and its golden light in the evening;—these were things which the great landscape-painter studied and noted with as much love and artistic devotion as his master Claude Lorraine, and which he rendered with almost

light and shade, so familiar to Adam Pynaker. His ground is too rough, too rude; his foregrounds are covered by too many thorny plants; his roads are too rude and steep, for us to suppose such a landscape inhabited by divinities of fable or by the soft pastors of Arcadia. The nymph of Poelenberg would prick her beautiful legs amid those bushes, nor could her tender and soft feet run along those paths so rude and steep. And it is in this that John Both distinguishes himself in such a marked manner from Claude Lorraine. If there is in nature, as represented by John Both, an heroic point of view, certainly his personages are not aware of it; they tread with light and thoughtless step that soil sacred to the memory of great deeds, and every inch of which has had its tragedy or story. The sentiment which bubbles up from the artist's soul is felt only in the heart of the spectator. That is to say, the landscape is sublime, grand, sad, and wild; but that man in a red cap, who is urging his mules with many a cry and shriek, would never have noticed the fact.

Joachim Sandrart speaks of the brothers Both as having sometimes painted night-scenes:—"Nec non nocturnum lune splendorem et similia proferebant." These night effects are not familiar to continental amateurs. None of them are found in any of the Dutch galleries, so rich in artistic productions. These moonlight and evening scenes are rather to be met with in England than elsewhere, as we have always been great admirers of John Both, from his resemblance to Claude Lorraine, the prince of landscape-painters, especially in English eyes. A very fine engraving, published in 1791, represents a picture in the possession of Sir Thomas Dundee, Bart.—a picture called "The Bandit Prisoners." In no other painting have the figures of Andrew assumed so much importance, and yet the beauty of the picture and of the landscape is by no means sacrificed to the human form. The prisoners are brought out upon the edge of the forest where



as much success. We must not, however, pretend that he succeeded in rendering aerial perspective as his master did; nor do we find in his pictures that solemn tranquillity which appears to suit the gods of Virgil; but he expressed admirably, as we may see in "An Italian Sunset," which adorns the museum of the Louvre—he painted with truth and exquisite

they have been just captured; their fierce brigand physiognomies, the gestures of the soldiers, the officer, and the reflected light on the armour—all give dramatic interest to the scene, completed in the distance by the appearance of a fortress; but the eye turns with pleasure to the majesty, the grandeur of the foliage, to the irregular beauty of the knotty trunks, broken

tempted to Venice to study the masculine landscapes of Titian, so fiery in touch, so robust, and so free. They remained some time in that city. But one day Andrew Both, having supped with some friends, was coming home along the silent highway of Venice in a gondola, when he fell overboard into the canal, and, for want of assistance, was drowned. • From that fatal



THE WOMAN MOUNTED ON A MULE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTH.

and contorted, and the lofty mass of underwood that skirts the forest and dies away on the borders of the streams.

During the life of the brothers Both, most of their pictures were owned in Venice; and though their appearance in Rome was exceedingly successful, though their life was ennobled, ennoble, and honoured by the acquaintance and friendship of Bamboche, of Herman Swanevelt, of Cluik, of the two Poussins, and Elzheimer, the two artists were doubtless

and unhappy hour, a residence in Venice became impossible to the surviving brother, who had lost his best friend. He accordingly returned to his native country, and established himself at Utrecht. There he again found his countryman Pelenberg, who had also been, like Both, the pupil of

• "Dum alter istorum naturam quæ maxime inabit tabulis, notis, dum e' sodalibus domum abiit, ex improvis in canalem illiquo defectu auxilii, undis miserrime suffocatur."—*Sandart.*

Abraham Bloemaert. On many occasions the painter of sylvan beings and ancient dryads embellished with his little figures the rustic scenes of Both; but the softness of Corneille's pencil did not suit the spiky bushes, the rough plants and rocks of Jean Both, as did the muleteers of his unfortunate brother. Berghem, in his turn, who was very much attached to this painter, whom he could neither compete with nor envy, was delighted to put out to grass, in the landscapes of Both of Italy, some of those black-streaked bulls which he painted under the walls of the castle of Bentheim.

But John Both did not, could not, long survive his brother. He resisted the feeling; but he never painted anything great after his fatal loss. Houbraken does not fix the date of the death of John; but he informs us that Andrew died in 1650; and as he adds that the landscape-painter died soon after, we are able pretty well to fix the date from this expression. Sandrart also affirms, that John Both died in 1650.

We may truly say with the celebrated amateur Le Brun, that John Both is one of the greatest landscape-painters in the world, though his reputation is less vast and world-wide than that of Claude Lorraine. We may add, that he engraved several landscapes with a fine free point, in exquisite taste. Upon copper, as upon canvas, the great talent of John Both was to enable the eye at once to catch the truthfulness of every species, to notice not only the character of the leaves, but whether they are attached to their branches in bunches, or in regular order. He was so minute, so careful, and so true, that we cannot say of him what Laress has said of so many others, that he placed the leaf of an elm on a willow, an ash or an oak. What also distinctly marks this luminous landscape-painter is, that he seems to have selected, to make his task the more difficult, trees which have no heavy and solid

This landscape, so tranquil, so full of light, is also remarkable for strict observation of the rules of art in all their nicety.

Henri Verschuur and Guillaume de Heuss were the only pupils of John Both. The first devoted himself to battle scenes, and those robber subjects so familiar to Bamboche; but the second imitated the manner of his master so perfectly—his touch, his light foliage, his warm and luminous skies—that an unaccustomed eye would easily confound his works with those of Both of Italy. Though free and easy, the touch of this admirable painter—we are speaking of the master and not of the pupil—is apt to catch its tone in a most marked manner from the object rendered. It is rough when he paints the ragged trunk of the huge oak; it is terse when representing bushes; it becomes soft over the sleeping pool; it is lively when he has to convey, without servile minuteness, thorny little bushes, small grounds, reeds, roots, fine and light plants. "John Both has been reproached," says Descamps, "with tanning his colour, by touching the leaves of his trees with a somewhat saffron yellow." This reproach is well founded sometimes; but from the testimony of Descamps—rather than that of our own observation—we must add that the fault of which this historian, and after him the amateur Le Brun, speak is not general. John Both cured himself of it, and many of his pictures are wholly exempt from it. We may truly say of these, that they are masterpieces, worthy of being placed alongside the greatest works of the greatest masters.

For picturesqueness, for the variety and richness of his compositions, for the exactness of the foreground, and its vigour and form, Both of Italy is a perfect model. The profound and strong sentiment of rural beauty, in a nature of heroic character—this is what, above all, marks the originality

Both Both Jan: Both 1650

mass, those whose branches let in the light, and allow the sky to sparkle between the smallest intervals of their boughs, and even the smallest bunches of leaves.† If he wishes to vary his compositions, he throws in some great wooden bridges flanked with towers and fortified. He likes the country where a chain of rocks ends in a precipitous cliff, where cascades bound off and fall in froth and rain upon a cluster of bushes below. At the foot of these rocks start up some stiff pines. A tuft of chestnut trees have fixed their roots below upon a hillside which springs from the mountain, and a little spout of water comes bounding along amid the rocks in front of the picture, while some peasants with two mules cross a wooden bridge.

The most picture by John Both, and undoubtedly his masterpiece in his own estimation, as he has made so many copies of it, is his "Italian View at Sunset" (p. 381). A boatman is passing some oxen over in his ferry-boat which already touches the shore. A gentleman appears to be waiting for the oxen to land to take his turn. We are at the foot of a steep rock, which rises to the left and dies away at the edge of the water. Two fine masses of trees rise in the fore and background; between the two passes a ray of the sun, which paints on the ground the long shadow of the legs of two horses which are about to cross the river. An old unfinished bridge, or one half carried away by the tempest, stops in the middle of the water. To the left is a large demi-tint, created by the shadow of the mountain, and which is softened by the reflected light of the sun; a peasant leads his ass along by its halter. Two or three fleecy clouds fill the right of the picture.

See "Galerie des Peintres Flamands et Hollandais," Par Le Brun.

† See Depueux's "History of Landscape Painting."

of Both of Italy—this is what distinguishes him from all his rivals. Sometimes, it is true, his buildings are in a style so noble that they appear to elevate the thought of the painter above a purely Dutch intention—that is to say, above the rustic style which De Piles has so well defined. A temple, with a façade and columns, or an Italian abbey, adorned with pilasters and surmounted by a campanile, sometimes gives to the compositions of Both a purely historical character, quite *alla Zoussa*. We feel a kind of inexpressible charm in gazing on this shelter, which a community of Italian monks has raised at the foot of the mountains, but ten steps off from a river, which flows silently across a scene of mingled majesty, solemnity, and silence.

But nevertheless, on all occasions, the artist shows his love for the rural and the beauties of nature, even in his moss-clad ruins.

Good Boths are dear and rare. In 1792, when the pictures of this school were not valued at anything like their present prices, Le Brun paid 500 Louis (about £175) for a fine picture by this admirable artist.

The merit of Both was recognized by all his great contemporary artists, countrymen and others; while Berghem, Padenberg, Wouvermans, and Karel Dujardin were always eager, after the death of his brother, to paint in his figures for him.

If we may judge from the engravings of Daudet, De la Barche, Davinet, Niquet, Dattenofer, Dequevauvilliers, Fortier, etc. from Both, without counting his own ten admirable copper-plates, he must have painted numerous works, though he died at an age when many men have only just begun to gather renown.

There were originally a great many pictures by Both in

liant prettiness is sure to attract. It may not attract judges. Unfortunately the great majority, even of picture-buyers, and much more so of gallery or exhibition visitors, are not judges, and the picture attracts them, excites an undue attention, and effectually prevents its more modest neighbour from being seen and appreciated. True worth, the public may urge, is sure to find its place some day; and the saying is to a great extent true; but in addition to the evils with which genius has to struggle, and we have Johnson's authority for the line—

“Slow rises worth by poverty oppress'd,”

we need not load it with unfairness, and by that unfairness vitiate the taste of the public. Pictures of a very high tone, and of great brilliancy, should be hung in a room by themselves. Then the artists who sought, by meretricious ways, or by eccentricity, to jump into notice, would have the battle all to themselves; but it is obviously unfair, when a small historical picture of the time of the Puritans, whose chief

of being the nursing mothers of art, become but cruel step-mothers, who oppress it. Their true province is

“To foster talent young and shy,
To tender those, which else unfriended die.”

And so far from doing it, most of these societies seem to exist for the purpose of affording excellent opportunities of display to those who are lucky enough to be members or associates of them.

The other causes of complaint against exhibitions, and things to be observed by those who frequent them, are of minor importance; but the complaints against the Hanging Committee are loud, long, and unceasing, and in every instance with which we are acquainted, most perfectly founded. The effect of their ignorance, or unfairness, is to negative the value of an exhibition both to the public and to the artist, and the sooner they take the advice which is solemnly written over the gates of the Dublin House of Correction, and “cease to do evil and learn to do well,” the better for art in England.



ITALIAN MULETEERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOEH.

merit lies in its sombre and sober hue, is hung by the side of a brilliant sunset, set off by a red cloak, as bright as the robes of a cardinal. The one is no more to be seen than is a violet hid behind a peony. The eye is attracted by the brighter colour, which has a greater effect on the retina; the sombre picture is passed over; and the artist, who might deservedly have sold his performance, and have been cheered on his way by success, finds that he has nothing left but to paint so brilliantly as to outblaze his rival. It is certain that the hangers have as much to learn as the public on this subject. There is little doubt but that the numbers of pictures and the various sizes of the frames, must to a certain extent determine them, and they have also to reserve, which is most unfair both to the rising artist and to the public, all the best places on the line of sight for the pictures of the members of the academy, or the associates of the other exhibitions. Under these circumstances, meritorious artists rise but slowly. The exceptions to the rule, and Mr. Millais is the most brilliant of these, owe their happy fortune rather to an extravagant eccentricity or to some lucky chance, than to anything else. The Royal Academy, also, and the other bodies, chartered or not, instead

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE successes of the Pre-Raphaelites and the strictures of the higher class of critics, and also, let us add, the very great prices now given, not to picture-dealers, but to the painters themselves, have given an impulse to artists which presses on one as a thing “not to be put by.” There is now no doubt about the success of the English school; each year marks its course by some triumphant work; and not an exhibition opens, but has within it some picture of talent, sufficient, thirty years ago, to have made a reputation. That of the Royal Academy of this year, with which we have at present to do, is so much superior to those of the few years lately passed, that in academic history it is decidedly worthy to be marked with a white stone. It was heralded with a note of praise both long and loud; for somehow the performances of artists creep out into artistic circles, and are known and criticised before they are exhibited. Long ago we had heard of the great picture by Maclise, of the wonderful and quaint scene by Frith, and of the hiatus to be made by the absence of Millais. Long ago we had been told that the exhibition of

this year was to exceed its predecessors; but certainly we did not expect that in this case rumour would lag so far behind the truth.

Notwithstanding the brilliancy of the exhibition, some of the most brilliant exhibitors—to use a term of expression nearly amounting to a Hibernicism—are absent. There is no Mulready, no Dyce, no Herbert, no Millais, who may all be termed brilliant exceptions; and besides these absentees, there is also an absence of familiar names which cannot be regretted—we allude to the fact of the wholesale desertion of those books which “Mr. Punch” declared to constitute the painter’s library. “The History of England” is sparingly quoted from, “The Vicar of Wakefield” is laid by, and even “Gil Blas” and “The Percy Reliques” seem to have been passed over. From this arises a freshness of subject which is quite delightful. But we will no longer perform the office of button-holder, and keep the reader waiting; but, after having indulged in a private view, we will enter with him amongst the crowd of fashionables, artists, literati, and nobodies, who throng the rooms on the first day.

yard,” by Mr. Uwins, are two very indifferent pictures, which would never have made a reputation. Royal academicians sometimes exhibit very indifferent pictures. If Mr. Uwins had paid more attention to the painting and drawing of the mother in the latter picture, and had not given us the verbose and unnecessary quotation in the catalogue, it would have been more satisfactory, the subject being quite capable of telling its own tale. The dog is well painted, and the children very fairly executed; the flesh in the “Cottage Toilette” has a very disagreeable hue. There are several good portraits in this room. (No. 33) “My two Boys,” by Knight; “Martha, daughter of E. H. Baily” (No. 41), by Mogford; a picture which would be better in effect if the background had been cooler. Mr. Grant has some beautiful portraits, of which we think (No. 69) “The Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay,” and (No. 74) “Viscount Gough,” the best of the male, and (No. 333) “Mrs. Percival Heywood,” of the female portraits; the latter is very life-like and forcible, and the black silk dress is carefully finished. Sir J. Watson Gordon and J. P. Knight also do credit to their previously earned reputations;



AN ITALIAN VIEW AT SUNSET.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN BOTT.

In criticising so vast an array of pictures—and, by the way, we may mention that between four and five hundred were, *after being accepted*, not hung for want of room; therefore let young artists take courage—we may as well begin numerically, noticing those pictures which are most interesting, premising that we do not intend, like Mr. Ruskin, to abuse any of the public into an intense admiration of any pictures which they neither like nor understand.

In the East room we find (No. 9) “Cinderella,” a very clever and fanciful little picture, by George Cruikshank; the figure of Cinderella is not so good as the other parts of the picture. (No. 20) “Death of Francesco Foscari, Doge of Venice,” by Pickersgill, is in some respects a fine picture, but we imagine we have seen it before, there is such a sameness in the figures; the yellow-haired lady and the white dress we are sure are old acquaintances; besides this, the lady’s head is much too small. These are grave faults of carelessness in an artist of such evident talent as Mr. F. Pickersgill. (No. 25) “The Cottage Toilette,” and (No. 79) “A Cabin in a Vine-

yard,” by Mr. Dicksee’s portrait of “A Lady and her Child” (No. 96) is decidedly the best female portrait in the room; the lady dances her child naturally and gracefully, and the silk dress is perfection. This is certainly the best picture Mr. Dicksee has as yet exhibited.

“The Swing” (No. 50), by F. Goodall, cannot be too highly praised; for grace, action, and beauty of colouring, it is almost unequalled. The boy whispering to the little girl at the foot of the tree is quite a miniature cavalier. The park and distant country seen through the trees, prove Mr. Goodall to be a first-class landscape painter, and renders his picture one of the gems of the exhibition. The productions of Mr. Gale deserve honourable mention for their care, brilliancy, and finish, although their general effect is somewhat injured by an adhesion to the mesal-like style of the Pre-Raphaelites. Thus in the “Wounded Knight” (No. 55), the ferns and wild flowers, amongst which he is lying, are of equal importance with the figure, and render the general effect glaring and confused; besides this, such minute finish is untrue to

nature, small objects being toned down, and the mind exercised upon the larger objects, prevents the retina from attending to the *minutiae* before it. No. 492, by the same artist, though in another room, represents a scene from "Cymbeline." This is equal in execution to No. 55, while more prominence being given to the figures, the picture is thereby the better of the two. The face of Imogen is refined, natural, and beautiful. "The Last of the Crew" (No. 57), C. Stanfield, R.A., is painted with this artist's usual brilliancy, and is the most touching and poetical sea-piece we ever saw. (No. 63), "Royal Sports on Loch and Hill;" the Queen, Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, the Viscountess Jocelyn, etc. —Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. Of this picture it is difficult to speak, as it is unfinished, with the exception of the game, which is finely painted. In our opinion it ought not to have been exhibited in such a state. The Queen's face has a most extraordinary flush on it. Prince Albert's figure is most effeminate, while the Viscountess Jocelyn's large unnatural eyes have the appearance of blindness. (No. 360), "Dandiac Dinmont," the Queen's favourite Skye terrier, is certainly not equal to Sir Edwin's earlier efforts. Mr. Webster has an approaching rival in a young artist of the happy name of Smith, who has two excellently-painted works of children (No. 70) "Blackberrying," and (No. 142) "Bob-cherry." In these, colour, execution, and drawing, are all excellent. War, about which every head in the nation is either turned at the present moment, or violently affected, has two illustrations, termed "Fuentes d'Onor, May, 1810, and August, 1811" (Nos. 71 and 210). Both of these are well painted, and tell a very common but sad tale; the hanging committee having, unfortunately, spoil the narrative by hanging the pictures,

which are evidently pendants to each other, in different rooms. No. 85 a "Villager's Offering," and No. 104 a "Breakfast Party," are two highly finished pictures by Webster. We may mention, *in passant*, that only the other day, a picture by this artist, which had cost a connoisseur only forty pounds some four years ago, sold at his sale for *three hundred!*

Mr. Leslie has three pictures, none of which can be classed as more than sketches, the execution being altogether slovenly, the drawing careless, and the colour crude. The principal of these is from Pope's polished court pastoral of "The Rape of the Lock," of which it cannot be called an illustration. Poets have, indeed, to complain of such pictures being foisted on their works. Who, for instance, would dream of the coquetish Belinda, surrounded by gnomes and fairies to do her bidding, when looking at the awkward and somewhat melancholy sketch in the picture of Mr. Leslie? The last picture which we shall notice at present, leaving for our next number a still greater treat, is a curious and beautiful illustration of modern "Life at the Sea-side," by Frith. A multitude of figures are seen upon the sea-shore, following all sorts of methods to kill time, which people at the sea-side generally indulge in. All classes are here represented, from children who use their toy-shop spades to dig in the sand, to the vagabond Ethiopian serenader who kicks and flourishes in the background of the picture. There is a great deal of the treatment of Hogarth about this painting—the same life, hustle, and vivacity; and if there is less force and knowledge, there is yet more prettiness. Few will easily tire of the present work of art. Amongst the crowd may be recognised the artist, his wife, and child. It has, we hear, been already twice sold, the last price given for it being one thousand pounds.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WE have already alluded to this great artist, one of those who has done so much credit to this country, and whose productions are of such value to the connoisseur.* It is as much for what he did to elevate and spur on others to the noble emulation of fame and success, that we admire and love the great English painter. Before his time art was at a low ebb in England. We had taste to admire the productions of the Italian, Spanish, and Flemish schools, but we were not productive in art. It is a fallacy very deeply rooted in the minds of continental nations, that we are a very fine race of shopkeepers, very excellent sailors, very good at constitutional government, first-rate merchants, and deeply cunning diplomatists, but that of fancy and imagination we have nothing. It is in vain that an Englishman, indignant at such an aspersion, points to the greatest poets and dramatists in the world, English born, whose works show fancy at its very highest point—it is in vain that we explain that romance writing, as an art, owes its very existence to this island. Though Frenchmen have sometimes heard of Shakspeare, possess a vague notion that one John Milton did exist, and are familiar with Byron—whom they claim as a Frenchman, Biron!—and Scott, yet still they stick to their old text, and deny us any taste, any fancy, any imagination.

Slowly and vaguely the idea is working itself into continental minds, that England is great in everything. Sir Joshua Reynolds is but one instance of the universality of our genius. It is difficult to explain the slow growth of art in this country, unless we seek for the cause in those religious and political troubles which absorbed every mind in the days of the first Charles and the great Cromwell, while under Charles II. the universal depravity of morals, the degeneration of king and people, and the narrow escape of moral extinction which we had at that time, must have prevented anything great or noble from making way above the surface of disorganised society.

The study of Vandyck, and the appearance in England of Lely and Kneller, two foreign artists, paved the way for the

higher art, which soon was to be developed in Sir Joshua. Great indeed were the deficiencies of the British school when he arose. Its members seem to have been groping in the dark, conscious of power, of vigour, of energy; but, from want of artistic education, ignorant how to use it. Sir Joshua went the right way to work. He studied hard, gained a thorough knowledge of the elements of his art, and then went to the classic soil of Italy to complete his studies, and drink inspiration at the true fount of art. It was beneath the eye, as it were, of Michael Angelo and Raphael—at all events breathing the atmosphere in which they once lived, and gazing on their matchless works—that he gained such perfect mastery over his pencil.

High art is a phrase which is often used, never very accurately defined. Everything appears entitled to that epithet which elevates the standard of nature to sublimity. Reynolds did this with portrait-painting. He made it something superior, something greater than it had ever been before. It is probable, that had Sir Joshua enjoyed the advantages of a sound early education, he would have been as great in historical as in portrait painting. Here lies the weakness of most British artists. Generally speaking, they study nothing but the elements of their own art. While the foreign artist, especially the French painter, imbues his mind with general knowledge, studies history, anatomy, the intricate history of costume, too many of our own countrymen either cram for the occasion or fall into strange and painful errors.

This is notoriously the case with many living men, who, did they not wholly confine themselves to outline and colour, who, did they but elevate their minds by grasping that which expands and ennobles the intellect, might rise to original conception, instead of being eternal mannerists and copyists. A man will never paint well that which he does not understand. If he seeks to produce a Scripture subject, he must be familiar with all that learning and research has laid bare in reference to the age gone by. He must comprehend the climate, natural productions, costume, and *colour locale* of his subject, or he never will be great. How admirable, how perfect, are

* ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, vol. i. p. 19.

many of our English artists, when they paint English scenery. It is because they paint what they thoroughly understand. As in speaking and writing, so in art, a thorough conception of the subject is half the battle. The artist attacks his canvas with a boldness and courage which he can never feel, when he is in doubt as to details. Imagine a novelist, who knew nothing of the reign of Charles II. but a few leading facts, writing a novel laid in that day. His production would be something ludicrous. Paintings, meant to be sublime, are often ridiculous from this great error. The tragedians, representing Brutus in a bag-wig and red heels, were not more absurd than an artist who, painting a scene in British India, dressed his natives like Syrians; nor at all more out of character than the painter who, representing an event in Virginia, painted Peruvian Indians instead of Sioux or Choctaws. Such errors strike not the vulgar, but they utterly destroy the effect of a picture in the eyes of a man of taste and education.

The severe taste generated by the change from Romanism to Protestantism checked for a time the progress of art, which, owing its birth to lands imbued with popery, could not fit itself at once to the more chaste and pure ideas of a purified religion.

It was not until the days of Reynolds, when Hogarth and Gainsborough also flourished, that British art took an impetus, and became a firm plant in a rich soil. They were men worthy any age and time, and as long as the English language endures—and what mind is there vast enough to grasp the fact of what the English language has yet to do?—will these men be admired and venerated as the leaders and masters of a school, that will yet in all probability rival any that has existed. Reynolds matured what the less cultivated genius of the others prepared.

Devonshire has been peculiarly rich in painters. It produced Reynolds; it has since given us Hudson, Hayman, Cosway, Humphry, Haydon, Northcote, Prout, and many others. Reynolds was originally intended for the church; but fortunately for posterity he changed his vocation. Many a good tailor and shoemaker has been spoiled in the effort to create a painter; but many a man of genius has been kept from his proper sphere in the effort to make him a clergyman. The ministry is a vocation to which a man should rather turn from choice than be brought up to it. It would have been well for Reynolds, perhaps, had he acquired the knowledge which a university education would have given him. But his father, good easy man, taught him little, and he began the world with a very small stock of knowledge.

It was in the society of literary men, from frequent intercourse with the wits and poets and historians and divines, who assembled round his table, rather than from any early habits, that Reynolds acquired a taste for literary composition. Johnson and Goldsmith were his friends. The following from Farrington is high praise. He is speaking of his intellectual evenings:—"Such an example at the head of the arts, had the happiest effect upon the members of the profession. At this time, a change in the habits and manners of the people of this country was beginning to take place. Public taste was improving. The coarse familiarity, so common in personal intercourse, was laid aside, and respectful attention and civility in address gradually gave a new and better aspect to society. The profane habit of using oaths in conversation no longer offended the ear; and Bacchanalian intemperance at the dinner-table was succeeded by rational cheerfulness and sober forbearance. No class of society manifested more speedy improvement than the body of artists. In the example set by Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was supported by some of his contemporaries, who were highly respected for the propriety of their conduct and gentlemanly deportment. So striking was the change, that a much-esteemed artist, far advanced in life, being a few years since at a dinner-table surrounded by men of his own profession, recollecting those of former times, remarked the great difference in their manners, adding, 'I now see only gentlemen before me. Such is the influence of good example.'"

But it is in his pictures that Sir Joshua will live. It is by them that the world knows him; and that which we represent in this number (p. 381) is not one of the least deserving.

Here is the young street-wanderer, holding out one hand to solicit a gift, but offering in the other a few old-fashioned matches for sale. This is his last compromise with shame, the last prudent act of the mendicant-boy. By this he half-conceals from himself the idea that he is a beggar, and eludes the letter of the law, which declares it criminal for the hungry to ask for bread of the passer-by.

But the painter's touch imprints on the figure and countenance of this boy the unmistakable characteristics of mendicancy. The humble and patient attitude, the sorrowful expression of face, the extended hand, all claim our pity; a compassionate tenderness must be roused by the sight of this poor suppliant. In nothing has the painter exaggerated his subject. Even in the beggar's clothing there is a decent propriety observed; he is not a vagrant in uncouth tatters, a creature repulsive in his dirt and rags, but one who, though possessing nothing of value, still keeps himself above abject and degrading destitution. On the other hand, however, he is no softly-clad beggar, picturesquely ragged. In his countenance there is nobility and feeling; we think, when looking at him, that he is the best object of sympathy, as one who, in other circumstances, would have been sympathising himself. Thus it is not by the externals of misery, or by tears, or by distorted features that Reynolds moves our pity for this poor boy; his appeal is not to our senses; it speaks directly to the soul. The moral sympathies of our nature are touched and awakened far more completely by this sad, quiet, manly countenance, than by an aggregate of terrible details of suffering, of want, wretchedness, and privation.

It is in this, if our theory be not altogether erroneous, that we find the true solution of that problem, so long disputed—What is art? Art idealises form and colour, so as to clothe a sentiment or an idea in truth and beauty. The artist who describes an object in painting or sculpture, as a poet would depict it in an epic or an ode, possesses the real genius to which chisel and pencil should belong. The most skilful imitator of nature is not the true painter; he stands to him in the same relation that a mason holds to an architect. Otherwise an exact copyist would be equal to the original painter.

The artists who have adopted this as their principle, have usually selected, for the subject of their compositions, the high and noble emotions of human nature—sorrow, enthusiasm, devotion, and meditation; while those of the more material school delight chiefly in scenes of earthly joy, in dances such as made Boccaccio's gardens happy, in festivals such as Cagliari painted, in fêtes like those of Velasquez, in flowery and radiant landscapes, or laughing, blooming groups of beauty. The Flemish school is made up almost entirely of such painters. Why is this? Is it because joy has less power over the deepest emotions of man? Is it more accidental and external to him? Is it less bound to him by roots striking far into his innermost nature? It seems difficult not to believe at least something like this. The appearance of felicity, no doubt, is pleasing to us; it inclines us to agreeable thoughts, and, perhaps, communicates such thoughts to our minds; but it does not assume that control of all our emotions which belongs to the sight of moral suffering. We are fascinated by the smiling Hebe; but we are riveted by the Niobe, with upturned eyes, speechless and stricken, without even a prayer or a cry upon her lips. That seems to command all the feelings which live in us; it pierces through our human materialism; it troubles, it softens us, and makes us yearn for power to assuage those pains of the soul which we witness; and it is by this invisible bond, linking all humanity into one, that, unless evil passions completely sway our hearts, we are made to weep with those who weep; so that it is among the gracious dispensations of Providence, that to console others is consolation to ourselves.

It results from this, that every work which awakens, by the representation of sorrow, such a remembrance of our better

nature, tends to elevate the sentiments and to dignify the moral sympathies. It teaches what is noblest in humanity; for it inspires the heart with a desire to accomplish those duties which the divine precepts and the laws of society have established as relations between man and man.

The spectacle of a bright image of a joyous scene awakens

particular class of painters. There are two things to be considered in a question of art—the perfection of the work, and its influence on men—and the latter is by no means invariably proportionate to the former. A work may be a finished masterpiece without exercising any appreciable influence on the beholder's mind, or its influence may be far from good;



THE BEGGAR-BOY. — FROM A PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

by no means with great emotions. It pleases, it diverts, but it does not improve us; it is addressed to the inclinations, but it does not penetrate to the heart. Even if its influence be powerful, the effect stops with us, and is of no value to others.

This is not said in order to create a prejudice against any school, or to stamp with inferiority the productions of any

while a statue or a picture of considerably less excellence may attract or excite a crowd. It is rarely, indeed, that the art of one painter is so perfect as to combine the highest purpose with the highest power of execution, to make the work admirable in spirit, taste, and beauty. When the artist does this, he is indeed a poet.

PAUL REMBRANDT.



REMBRANDT was the son of a miller named Herman Gerretsz, surnamed Van Ryn, or of the Rhine; because his mill was situated on a branch of that river, near Leyden, between the villages of Leyerdorp and Koukerck. His mother, Cornelia Van Zuitbroek, brought him into the world on the 15th of June, 1606, and he was baptized by the name of Rembrandt, which he rendered so famous. Being intended for the profession of letters, he was sent when very young to the university of Leyden; but the demon of painting was already exciting him, and, soon finding fewer charms in the Latin authors than in engravings, he quitted the study of Suetonius for that of *chiaroscuro*. If we may believe Sandrart, his contemporary, Paul Rembrandt at first attended the studio of Van Swaneburg, who gave him his first lessons. Houbraken, on the contrary, informs us that his first master was Peter Lastman, a painter who enjoyed a considerable reputation at Amsterdam; and that at the end of six months he quitted Lastman and worked with Jacques Pinas. This assertion of Houbraken's seems not improbable, since we find in the works of Pinas and of Lastman the elements of the style that was to immortalise their pupil. Whatever may be the originality of a man's genius, his works will always display some indications of obscure affinity with earlier productions; his manner has been dimly foreshadowed by some peculiarity of his predecessors; thus it might be said that there was a germ of Rembrandt's style in that of Correggio, and its development might be traced by almost imperceptible steps through the works of Elzheimer

and Lastman. It is very natural that many painters should contest the honour of having guided the youth of an artist who, on quitting their studios, became at once their master. Thus it is that Leewen, in his description of the city of Leyden, assigns him a fourth master in the person of George Schooten.

Rembrandt has taken good care to transmit to us paintings of his person, or at least of his countenance, from the period of the freshness of youth up to that of shrunken old age. When he returned from Amsterdam to his father's mill he numbered some twenty years. He was a man at once robust and delicate. His broad and slightly-rounded forehead presented a development that indicates a powerful imagination. His eyes were small, deepset, quick, intelligent, and full of fire. His flowing hair, of a warm colour, bordering on red, and curling naturally, may possibly indicate a Jewish extraction. His head had a great deal of character, in spite of the plainness of his features; a large, flat nose, high cheekbones, and a copper-coloured complexion, imparted a vulgarity to his face, which was however relieved by the form of his mouth, the haughty outline of his eyebrows, and the brilliancy of his eyes. Such was Rembrandt; and the character of the figures he painted partakes of that of his own person,—that is to say, they have a great deal of expression, but are not noble, and possess much pathos, but are deficient in what is termed style.

An artist thus constituted could not but be exceedingly original and independent, though selfish, and entirely swayed

by his caprice. Therefore when he began to study nature, he entered on his task, not with that simple good-nature which is the distinctive characteristic of so many of the Dutch painters, but with an innate desire to stamp every object with his own peculiarity, and joining his own imagination with an attentive observation of real life. Of all the phenomena of nature, that which gave him most trouble was light; and of all the difficulties of painting, that which he most desired to conquer was the power of expression. Traces of these two prevailing desires may be found even in his early engravings.

How frequently has the tragic scene of Calvary been represented by the painter's pencil! From Daniel di Volterra down to Rubens, how many painters have especially chosen the moment when the dead body of Christ is being lowered from the cross! But when Rembrandt approaches the same subject, he presents it to us with an unforeseen sublimity. Considered with reference to these proprieties which we call style, costume, tradition, "The Descent from the Cross" by this master would doubtless be an indefensible picture: the head and body of the crucified Redeemer are frightfully ugly. The men who have drawn the nails, and those who hold the winding-sheet, or who support the descending body in their arms, as well as the three Marys and the spectators of the scene, belong, judging by their odd and dilapidated raiment, their head-dresses, and their figures altogether, to the least elevated, or even to the very lowest classes. In the foreground a sort of burgo-master is standing in an attitude of indifference, with a turban and a braided mantle lined with fur. He is leaning on an official-looking cane, and has quite the appearance of an officer sent by the magistrates to witness the removal of the body. But Rembrandt with one master-stroke has imparted an astonishing poetry to this scene of mourning, by introducing a ray of light falling from above, a glance, as it were, from the Almighty, upon the body of the victim. A stream of light pierces the obscurity of the heavens and inundates the picture with light; while, in the valley, Jerusalem is only seen through the misty half-tint, a glorious splendour illumines and gives brilliancy to the scene of death. Those servants in tatters no longer have a vulgar aspect; and we only notice their expressive gestures, their careful and zealous precautions, and their heartfelt grief.

Retired within the obscurity of his father's mill, the miller's son had long been an admirer of nature before he had ever thought of admiring himself—some amateurs, however, had noticed him. Holland was at that time full of connoisseurs and patrons of the arts, which were held in great honour there; and it was hardly possible that some picture, engraving, or drawing of Rembrandt's should not cause a sensation among a nation who were then running mad after painting. A people whose life is not merely one of external enjoyment, as is the case with the Italians and other nations of the South, but one of a domestic, retired, patient, and profound character, must have readily comprehended the works of Rembrandt. One of the first pictures of the young painter having attracted notice, he was advised to take it to the Hague; and he was recommended to a rich amateur by whom he would be well received. In fact, the artist, to his great astonishment, met with a reception and a reward far beyond his expectations or hopes; his picture was bought for one hundred florins. But here we prefer borrowing the language of the historian Descamps, without altering the simple style of his narrative. "This sum of one hundred florins nearly turned the head of the young artist: he had undertaken his journey on foot; but in order to reach his home the sooner, and to acquaint his father with his great good fortune, he travelled back by the diligence, and thus escaped the fate of Correggio.* All the passengers descended when the carriage stopped for dinner, but Rembrandt remained. He was anxious about his treasure, and would not run the risk of losing it. The stable-boy, on

removing the trough in which he had given the horses their corn, not having unharnessed or tied them up, they continued their journey, without waiting for their driver or the other passengers, and arrived safe with Rembrandt at Leyden, where they stopped at the customary hotel. Our painter quickly jumped out of the carriage, and hurried off with his money to his father's mill."

This success would not, perhaps, have been sufficient to tempt Rembrandt from the solitude in which he had grown upon the banks of the Rhine, if a new passion had not at that time found its way into his heart. The day upon which he was able to count down a hundred florins, gained by a few strokes of his pencil, he felt himself a miser; whether it was that he had been born with this vice, or whether in the ringing of so many pieces of money he only heard the echo of the admiration his work inspired, it is certain that, seeing fame so readily translate itself into florins, he went to seek it at Amsterdam, and in 1630, at the age of twenty-four, he had already established his residence in that city. The feeling of self was very largely developed in Rembrandt. In the very year of his settling at Amsterdam, he painted and engraved his own portrait in a hundred different positions, and in all sorts of costumes, † sometimes covered with a rich cloak and a velvet cap, ‡ sometimes with a hawk on his fist or a gleaming sabre in his hand; at others with a ruff of plaited lace; or again bareheaded, his hair standing on end and flying out from his forehead in all directions, like the waving rays usually given to the sun. When he had once made himself known, he opened a school, and divided the establishment into small cells or compartments, where each scholar might study from the life-model. He was doubtless afraid that studying in one common room might cause his pupils to lose their originality of manner; it might be said that as he was jealous of his own originality, so he equally guarded that of others. How many painters were destined to issue from these cells, without resembling each other it is true, but not without bearing with them some fragments of the genius of their master! Fictor, Gerard Douw, Lievens, Van Beekhout, Van Hoogstraten, Govaert Flink, Leonard Bramer, Ferdinand Bol, and many others.‡

As to the head of this convent-like studio, he was a fantastic dreamer, a man wrapt up in himself, full of originality, contradictions, and uncouthness. He had a large press full of turbans, fringed scarfs, old spangled stuffs, armour, rusty swords, and halberds; and he used to exclaim, when showing these to visitors, "These are my antiquities." He did not fail, however, to buy the engravings of Mark Anthony after Raphael; indeed, his biographer states that he possessed an ample collection of fine Italian engravings; but, different from those who affect to despise the things by which they profit, Rembrandt admired all, but imitated none. By a contradiction still more surprising for one so avaricious, he married a wife without fortune, a pretty country girl of the village of Ransdorp in Waterland; and he forthwith represented her by his side in one of his engravings, holding a glass in her hand, with smiling looks, smart with the finery of her dress and her blooming complexion. However, it is but just to say that if Rembrandt allowed the unworthy passion for money to find a place in his heart, he at least did not exclude from it the sentiment of gratitude. From the very commencement of his career he had enjoyed the patronage of a physician named Tulp, professor of anatomy at Amsterdam; and two years after his establishment in that city, he painted this professor surrounded by his pupils, and thus immortalised him, in the picture well known by the name of "The Anatomical Lecture." This picture appears to us somewhat cold, and wanting in that general relief in which Rembrandt always

† *Esse* the catalogues of Claussin and of Bartsch. The greater number of his portraits are of 1630 and 1631.

‡ This portrait is the one that is placed at the head of this biography. It is known by the name of *Rembrandt appuye*.

§ A complete list of these can be seen in the "Historical Researches" by Hagedorn. Dresden, 1755.

* Correggio having received 250 livres in copper money as the price of a picture, carried that heavy burden himself the distance of twelve miles, in very hot weather, and caught a palsy, of which he died in 1513, at the age of forty.

excels. The painter has only succeeded in this in relieving the separate parts; each head taken by itself is full of life and expression, finely and vigorously modelled; but each attracts the attention separately, and thus injures the general effect; there is no sufficient decision in any part so as to concentrate the interest; the dead body laid out upon the table forms, from its diagonal position and the monotony of its greenish tint, the only point of the picture; the countenances, however, are good, spirited, and full of thought; the professor, with his hat on, in the presence of his pupils who are uncovered, holds at the end of his forceps the flexor muscles of the hand, and explains to his class the simple mechanism of them; he operates with the indifference of the anatomist, and like a man hardened against the scenes of the dissecting-room.

To copy nature even to the minutest details of the model, and to lend an extraordinary power to the representation with great effect and bold relief, is, doubtless, the perfection of art; but this was not the secret, or we may say, the practice, of Rembrandt. It is true, that in his early manner he finished highly; each head in "The Anatomical Lecture," for example, when closely examined, offers an infinity of extremely fine tones, even in a single eye; yet, seen at a proper distance, the object presents only the three elements of the model—the high light, the shade, and the half tint. Although this manner of the painter was not deficient in force, and had an immense success at Amsterdam, owing to the passion of the Dutch for high finish, Rembrandt became bolder by practice, and created for himself a new style, sharp, striking, even coarse in appearance, but dazzlingly brilliant, and of a truth to nature which almost amounted to magic. However delicate the subject might be, he gave the appearance of finish by spirited touches; without altering the forms or disturbing the masses, he rendered them striking in luminous places by vigorous and even rough touches, the passionate expression of which was all calculated by the consummate artist; for such a dashing style of execution is only to be attained by profound study, and when the painter has become the perfect master of his palette. A stroke of the brush, which may seem to have been dashed at random upon the canvas, like cement upon a wall, is nevertheless so correctly placed as to express character, action, and life, to make the nostrils expand, or soften the look; and if it be true, as Descamps asserts, that the originals of Rembrandt's portraits were obliged to submit patiently to the long indecision of the painter on the choice of the *pose*, and on the nature and style of the accessories, it is certain that they were amply rewarded by the speaking likeness that resulted, the truth of the colouring, and the fine play of light in which they saw themselves depicted; they were fortunate if they did not suffer from some strange fancy of this most whimsical of painters, for whoever sat for Rembrandt was compelled to submit to his caprices, or to renounce the gratification of being the original of a *chef-d'œuvre*. It is related of him that one day, as he was just completing a picture of a family group, the death of his monkey was announced to him, whereupon he immediately painted the portrait of the animal, from memory, in the corner of the very canvas upon which he was working. The persons whose portraits composed the picture, and who were to pay him for it, were naturally offended at the introduction of a new member into their family; but Rembrandt chose rather to keep the picture than to efface the memorial of his favourite.

The mere imitation of nature, however, was so much beneath the genius of Rembrandt, that he made it a sort of pastime. In the intervals between his poetical compositions, to which his whole soul was devoted, illusive paintings of various objects formed a sort of amusement. Although it may be easy to deceive the senses by representing inanimate objects, such as fruit, flowers, shells, butterflies, and all that is comprehended in the term *still life*, it is not so easy to imitate *life* with such degree of truth as to deceive the eye. Rembrandt tried this more than once with startling success; it struck his fancy one day to paint his servant-girl opening

the window, as if to look into the street; he cut his canvas of exactly the same dimensions as the window, so that by taking out the sashes he might fill up the opening with his picture. The position of the figure was so natural, the relief of the hand so good, and the head so full of animation, that every one was deceived by the trick. This feat, so like those which are related of the Greek artists, though far superior since it was not a bunch of grapes, or a curtain, but living nature, that was imitated), might, perhaps, seem an idle story, but that it is mentioned by Roger Piles, who adds, "This picture now forms part of my collection."

Dietrich, who was one of Rembrandt's imitators, said to the ingenious amateur Hagedorn, "When we wish to compose and light a picture in the style of Rembrandt, we must also adopt his manner of draping and adjusting the figures, without which the work would be deprived of that spirit which constitutes its charm." This observation is perfectly just; but it is most remarkable that so distinguished an amateur as M. de Hagedorn did not feel the value of the remark, but accompanies it in his book with the following lines: "I believe, however, that if Rembrandt, that successful colourist, had studied the other branches of painting like Poussin, he would have been only the more admired, and that the combination of two perfections, force of colour and a strict adherence to the story of the picture, could not but have added to his celebrity."

We think there cannot be a greater mistake than this; for if Rembrandt had drawn in the style of Poussin, it would no longer be that of Rembrandt. How could a painter who addressed himself to the imagination of others, and drew entirely from his own, always respect the proprieties of his story or of costume, the beautiful of form, or conventionality and tradition? His pencil could not be guided at the same moment by the rules of reason and by flights of the imagination. If an artist places before our eyes the classical imagery of processions of young girls walking gracefully at the Panathenæic festivals, he may allow us to admire the purity of their profiles, and to trace the beauty of their forms under the thin covering which betrays them. Let plastic art have its triumph then, for the caprices of light and shade are useless; the antique school took its rise in sunny climes, and it would be unreasonable to shut up its works in the cavern of the alchemist. The heroes of Rome and Athens, clothed with the buskin and enveloped in the toga, would have been strangely out of place at the bottom of those caverns where Doctor Faustus believes that he sees the sparkling of cabalistic letters!

It is often said that Rembrandt was very defective in his drawing, and that he failed in this branch of the art; this is a heresy on the part of the orthodox critics. Certainly, Rembrandt did not draw with the correct elegance taught in the classical school; he was not acquainted with the chaste forms of the antique; he did not study the nude, at least that which the antique school has decided to comprise the most exquisite proportions and the purest outlines. His Bathshebas are Dutch matrons, whose homely charms would not seduce King David, unless by the warm and life-like flesh-tints; his chaste Susannahs are servant-wenchs, whom no one would be eager to surprise on coming out of their bath, did not a fanciful shadow conceal the poverty of their half-exposed charms, and throw a poetical mystery over the prose of their beauty: but there are some essential qualities of drawing, which Rembrandt possesses in the highest degree—expression and perspective. "Perhaps even," says the learned and classical author of the "*Traité complet de la Peinture*,"† when on this subject, "he was superior in his appreciation of these qualities to Giulio Romano himself, or I even venture to say to Annibal Caracci." For the expression which results from the play of the features, and the attitude of attention, it would be difficult to meet with more simple, more energetic, or more striking examples than may be found in the works of

* De Piles "Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres, avec des réflexions sur leur ouvrages." Paris, 1715. Second Edition.

† M. Faillot de Montaubert, in vol. iii. of his "*Traité*," p. 188.

Rembrandt. Was astonishment, for instance, ever better expressed than in the "Raising of Lazarus?"

Some authors have thought that Rembrandt visited Venice; De Piles has asserted it on the authority of certain etchings, on which the words, *Rembrandt, Venetiis, 1635*, appear to have been engraved. These words, in fact, can be made out upon three plates of oriental heads, turbaned and furred; but even if this be not a trick of the miser, and if Rembrandt did make a journey to Venice, of which there now only remains the evidence of these three prints, the illustrious painter did not

1628—the peculiarities of his style can be traced. He appears even then to have felt that the most important agent in his pictures was the light.

Rembrandt's principal and peculiar means of expression, especially in his paintings, is the *chiaroscuro*. Despairing of imitating the brightness of sunlight, he shuts his door against it, and closes up his window, only allowing it to penetrate through a small loophole. Having thus, as it were, imprisoned the daylight, he disposes of it at his own will, and makes the captive ray travel round his darkened apartment,



PORTRAIT OF THE BURGOMASTER SIX.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

sojourn long in the land of the great masters of colour, since, according to the Chevalier de Claussin, who was well acquainted with the works in question, the word *Venetiis* is found upon all the three plates with the same date of 1635. However this may be, it is certain that Rembrandt could not have borrowed his peculiar style from the Venetians, it is so strongly marked with the impress of a great original genius, and so easily recognised, even in the smallest of his etchings previous to the year 1635. Even at the age of twenty-two, in his earliest known works—his first engravings being dated

causing it to fall, according to his fancy, now upon the skull of a hermit wrapt in meditation, now into an alcove with a woman in bed, perhaps the wife of Potiphar. There is no sentiment or idea which this painter does not express by light and shade only. When Jesus says to the buried Lazarus, "Come forth," Rembrandt represents the miracle of the "Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392) by a miracle of light and shade. The scene was pictured in his imagination as having taken place in a sombre cavern suddenly illuminated with a blaze of light. Rembrandt expresses life by light, and death by darkness.

Sometimes he seems to have desired to represent silence, and then a sweet harmony of tones, gently graduated, produces upon the eye the same effect as silence would produce upon the organ of hearing. We have often arrested our steps in the gallery of the Louvre to contemplate the two "Philosophers" of Rembrandt. A faint ray shines through the bleared glass in the leaded casement of the hermit's quiet abode. Before him are some open books; but the dreamer no longer regards them; he is wrapt in meditation. The light seems to glide along the wall, and creeps along the floor, scarcely revealing the steps of a winding staircase, then loses itself almost insensibly in the apartment, and dies away into the darkness. In this vaulted retreat there reigns such per-

executed four etchings. In no other instance has he exhibited such consummate skill in toning down the light, and in lowering it to the point at which it seems actually to have disappeared, even while it is still present; for in Rembrandt's works there never is any actual black, but a mysterious half-tint, where the light and the darkness seem to be equally mixed. "Jacob's Dream" is the subject of the first of these mystic compositions. The angels gently ascend and descend a ladder, which is only illumined at its upper extremity. The dreamer, whom we suppose to be at the bottom of the ladder, is in the most profound darkness. This is the first state of the etching; but in a second proof, his figure may just be distinguished through the bars of the ladder as he is



CHRIST DRIVING THE MONEY-CHANGERS OUT OF THE TEMPLE.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

fect peace, that the mere contemplation of the picture awakes a desire for the solitude. On a closer examination of this picture, we perceive on the staircase the figures of two women, whose colour differs so slightly from the mass of shade, that they do not in the slightest degree interfere with the subdued effect, or, to make use of the metaphor we alluded to above, they do not break the silence of the composition.

There exists a Spanish book* of great obscurity, written by the Jew Manassé-ben-Israel, for which book Rembrandt

stretched at the foot. The celestial ray has descended the steps, and with its dying gleam indicates the vague outline of the sleeping traveller. The mystery is profound, the effect grand. The angels who brush against Jacob with their wings are, it is true, neither light nor aerial, but their very weight seems to render them more powerful and formidable. The lighting of the picture supplies the poetry of the subject, or rather of itself constitutes the poetry, for by means of it the effect is elevated to unequalled grandeur. This engraving,

* This book is entitled, "Piedra gloriosa, ó de la Estatua de Nebuchadnezzar, con muchas y diversas autoridades de la S. S. y antiguos sabios" (Glorious Stone, or of the Statue of Nebuchadnezzar, with many and divers authorities taken from the Holy

Scriptures, and from the learned men of old). The four etchings of Rembrandt having been executed expressly for an edition of this book, it is not astonishing that they should be very scarce. This curious little book has fetched the price of £16

destined for a small book, is not so large as the hand of the engraver; but the genius of Rembrandt, in spite of the narrow limits within which it is confined, gives the effect of gigantic proportions to the subject. In the same book he has represented the "Vision of Ezekiel," and he seems to have taken delight in making it pass through all the variations of his magic lantern. A glory is shining above, in the midst of which the Almighty appears surrounded by adoring angels. Below are seen the four animals of which the prophet speaks, loathsome beasts, as frightful as the gnomes lately discovered by Goya, and which, in the twilight where they are seen spreading out their hideous wings, serve as contrasts to the glories of heaven. This engraving measures only three inches; yet it comprises both worlds, hell below and heaven above, the brightness of paradise and the horrors of the infernal regions; it commences like the dream of a perfectly happy man, and finishes like the nightmare of a condemned felon.

Painting was not, perhaps, the principal source of the extraordinary fame of Rembrandt. It was particularly by his immortal etchings that he made himself known in the world of art, from Holland even to Rome. Merchants came from the remotest parts of Italy to offer him some of Mark Anthony's engravings in exchange for his corrected proofs. Shut up in his sombre studio, he silently pursued his occupation without witnesses, his door being closed against visitors. He wished it to be believed that he was in possession of some wonderful secrets, and he hoped that even the smallest print issuing from a laboratory into which nobody was permitted to penetrate, would be the more highly prized by amateurs; and he knew them well. According to his biographers, he would endeavour to enhance the value of his works by first striking off a few impressions of an unfinished engraving; he then continued to work at it by means of a second transparent varnish, making a few slight alterations, either with aquafortis or with the dry point; and thus succeeded in selling as different engravings a number of proofs from the same plate. It is certain that his engravings were the more in demand throughout Europe, because he required very high prices for them; and yet he still further raised their value by tricks which were worthy of a patriarch of the Synagogue. Sometimes he put them up for public sale, in order to raise the price by bidding for them himself; at other, he even sent his son to sell them clandestinely as stolen prints. Taking advantage of the infatuation with which he had inspired his countrymen, he would occasionally threaten to go to England; so that, being uncertain of the time he was to remain with them, the amateurs hastened to buy his prints at any price. He one day caused a report of his death to be spread, in order to enjoy the malicious gratification of coming to life again, in the midst of the astonished bidders, after his portfolios had been knocked down at auction. Amongst his numerous works there were etchings which he would not sell at first, even at the price of a hundred florins. "It was necessary," says Descamps, "to coax him in order to obtain them. It was the fashion—it was the rage. People were actually ridiculed who did not possess a proof of the little Juno with a crown, and another without the crown, or of the Joseph with a white face, and the same with a black face, or of the woman with a white bonnet, and with a little foal, and the same without a bonnet."

Rembrandt had already amassed a considerable fortune. His studio, full of pupils, who were sent to him by the principal citizens of Amsterdam, brought him in enormous sums. Sandrart, his contemporary, informs us that each of the pupils of this great but avaricious painter paid him no less than a hundred florins annually;* to which must be added the produce of a great number of copies of his works by his pupils, retouched by the master, and sold by him as originals of his own: these were paintings by Fictoor, Govaert Flink,

and Van Eeckhout; this lucrative business brought Rembrandt as much as 2,500 florins, without reckoning the sums which he acquired by his own labour with the pencil, the graver, or the pen; for his designs, which exhibited great spirit and talent, were also valued at very high prices. In the midst of so much wealth, the painter of "The Night Patrol" lived in the same primitive simplicity as when he was only the son of the miller Gerretsz. Chary of his gold, he was only lavish of it in his pictures, where his warm lights resembled the colour and richness of his coin. But, in fact, even his engravings were coloured with that harmonious tint, the colour of the India paper, which Rembrandt liked to have them printed on, and which almost resembled thin sheets of gold. His pupils were so well acquainted with his weakness, that they often amused themselves by painting pieces of gold upon scraps of paper, and placing them on the floor in some corner, where the painter never failed to pick them up, though his good-nature would never allow him to punish those who had so cleverly deceived an eye like his. But, if Rembrandt loved gold, it was only for the sake of the enjoyment which the thought of it afforded him. His mode of living was parsimonious; his meals consisted, says Houbraken, of a salt herring or a piece of cheese. His manners and tastes kept him amongst the lower classes; and when he was one day reproached with this, he replied, "When I wish to amuse myself after my labours, I do not seek grandeur, which is only troublesome to me, but liberty."

The stern humourist,† however, had some friends among the superior classes. Professor Tulp, Renier Amloot, an anabaptist minister,‡ Haaring the elder, the great amateur of engravings, Abraham France, the famous goldsmith Janus Lutema, and lastly, Rembrandt's most intimate friend, the burgomaster Six, would all have been glad to introduce into their society an artist whose person would have excited at least as much interest as his engravings; but he declined it. His eccentricity, however, never lost him a friend: he knew how to attach them by his good-humour, and to immortalise them with his graver. John Six, when he was only secretary of the city of Amsterdam, composed a tragedy of Medea. In honour of his friend, and as if to illustrate this tragedy, Rembrandt engraved the admirable print of "The Marriage of Jason," which seems as if created by the wand of an enchanter.

The portrait of burgomaster Six (p. 388) is well known to all amateurs, artists, or patrons of the arts. He is represented standing, leaning against a window, by which the scene is lighted; he is occupied in reading a book, the reflection from which lights up his countenance. This portrait is so finely engraved, that the work of the graver resembles more a vigorous drawing in Indian ink than an etching on copper.

It was on the excursions which Rembrandt made from the city of Amsterdam to the country-house of burgomaster Six, that this great painter acquired a taste for landscape. He brought to the study of nature that sombre poetical feeling from which he never was free, and he often chose for his subject the strife between sunshine and tempest. The landscapes of Rembrandt are generally of a gloomy cast: a boat upon a stagnant canal, a lost road, a bull tied by a cord to the trunk of an old tree, are quite sufficient in his hands to supply subjects for contemplation, and to give us a dreamy view of nature. Broad shadows sometimes envelop the landscape, and the painter-engraver converts a scene in the open air into an interior dramatic composition; he treats his landscape like a vast chamber, with the heavenly vault for a ceiling, and he only allows the sunlight to appear in gleams, to which he opposes some dark trees in the foreground. The landscape of "The Three Trees," which is among our illustrations (p. 397), is composed in this manner. It is valued, and with reason, as one of his finest productions, and it may also be considered as

† It is thus Robert Graham speaks of him in his "Lives of Painters" appended to the edition of the poem of Dufresnoy, translated into English by Dryden. London, 1716.

‡ According to the historian Baldinucci, Rembrandt belonged to a sect of anabaptists, then very numerous in Holland.

* Sandrart, edit. in folio, 1683: "Qui singuli annuatim centenos ipsi numerabant florenos præter emolumentum aliud, quod è venditis tyronum suorum, picturis et figuris calcographicis obtinebat." — "Academia Artis Pictorie," lib. iii. cap. xxii.

most characteristic of his style. That which is known as "The Pont de Six," now extremely rare, is worth mentioning, from the anecdote connected with it, related by Gersaint in his catalogue. On one occasion, when Rembrandt was staying at the country-house of burgomaster Six, the servant announced that dinner was ready; but, as they were sitting down to table, they observed that there was no mustard. The burgomaster ordered the servant to go immediately to the village and get some. Rembrandt, who knew the habitual tardiness of this servant, and who was himself of an active disposition, offered his friend Six a wager that he would engrave a print before the domestic returned. The challenge was accepted, and as Rembrandt always had some plates ready prepared, he took one immediately and engraved upon it the landscape that he saw from the windows of the room in which they were seated. The plate was completed before the return of the valet, and Rembrandt gained his wager.

The attempts at copying and imitating, or producing facsimiles of the works of Rembrandt have been very numerous; the merest scrawls by his hand have been counterfeited and imitated with more or less skill. Besides the very deceptive copies by Basan, Folkema, Watelet, Vivarès, Richard Wilson, Jacques Hazard, and Monsieur Denon (who was the Director of Museums of France), or the admirable retouching executed by an English officer, Captain Baillie, upon the plate called "The Hundred Florins," a vast number of painters and of young engravers, since the time of Bernard Picart, have tried the success of these innocent impostures. The author of this history, when studying engraving some years ago under Messrs. Calamatta and Mercuri, made himself a copy of the "Janus Lutma," not so much for the purpose of attempting the difficult task of making a perfect copy, as with a view to discover the pretended secrets of Rembrandt. Our readers, whether amateurs or artists, will perhaps be indebted to us if we enter here into some explanations on the subject.

When a great painter occupies himself with engraving, he looks only to the result, without reference to the *modus operandi*. All his attention is directed to the proper disposition of the light and shade, and he endeavours to draw with the graver upon the copper just as he would do with his pencil upon paper. It is useless to talk to him of academic rules, of lines arranged with military precision; or to tell him that the well-known lozenge style of hatching must be rigorously adhered to. Of what importance to him are all these established rules and patent methods, if he can embody his ideas or render the effect of his picture without them? All the traditions of the craft, he will say, are insufficient for a man who has not a true feeling for his art, and are unnecessary to one who is endowed with it. Thus we observe how vigorously Rembrandt handles the great masses of his compositions, whether the material be fur, silk, or velvet; he attacks all with the same freedom of manner; he allows great scope to his hand, though it is always guided, even unconsciously, by an instinctive knowledge of form, by a delicate feeling for perspective, as to what parts should advance and what be kept back; of the texture of objects, whether dull, hard, polished, sparkling, woody, or friable. In the portrait of Lutma, the stone of the wall, the oak of the table, the iron of the hammer, the box full of tools, and the silver salver, which shines in a place where every other substance would be dull,—all these things are rendered by more regular and more equal hatching, and consequently appear colder than those which express the furred lining of the mantle and the rough plastering of the wall. But still it is as if playfully, and amidst the picturesque disorder of his numerous hatchings, that the engraver has intentionally altered the movement, graduated the touch, and varied the expression of the etching-needle. If Rembrandt's prints, however, have taught us that tradition can be dispensed with, and replaced by feeling, they have also added to the number of methods previously known, by showing us how to efface in certain cases the transparency of the paper. We may now naturally pass on to the explanation of the engraver's secrets, if he really had any other than that of his genius.

The Chevalier de Claussin distinguishes as many as seven dif-

ferent methods which Rembrandt made use of. The enthusiasm of an amateur, who had devoted thirty-six years of his life to the study of Rembrandt's works, makes it sufficiently clear that he was desirous of discovering in his favourite master more secrets than had been known to his predecessors Bartsch, Pierre Yver, Helle, Glomy, and Gersaint. But even according to his own explanation of these various secrets, it is evident that the seven pretended methods of Rembrandt resolved themselves into three. Thus, the habit of employing etching-needles of various sizes in order to finish both the delicate and powerful parts at the first working, without requiring any retouching upon a second varnish, was not peculiar to Rembrandt. In doing this the engraver only followed the ordinary process of etching, and there is no secret in it any more than in the method of retouching by passing a clear varnish over the first work, which remains visible through the transparent covering, and can thus be strengthened by further crossing the lines. The real improvement made by Rembrandt—and it is a very great one—was the introduction into etching of stains resembling delicate washes of Indian ink, and also dull parts of a velvet-like texture, like *mezzo-tint*; it may indeed be called the invention of the art of painting on copper. How he accomplished it is a question; but it is a great mistake to suppose that, after the lapse of two centuries, it still remains a profound mystery; for there are at least three methods of obtaining this tint, which may be compared to the glazing colours in painting. By either touching the naked copper with a brush dipped in aquafortis, or by roughening with pumice-stone the parts of the plate which are required to be deadened; or, lastly, by passing over it with fine rollers, the grain of which is invisible, we are enabled without difficulty to imitate the peculiar texture of Rembrandt. But as these operations only affect the surface of the metal, and do not penetrate it, they cannot long resist the process of printing, which soon effaces them. Rembrandt, in order to give durability to his work, most frequently made use of the dry point, which, by light hatching with very fine and very close lines, produces the required tint; afterwards, according as he wished to obtain a vigorous or delicate tone, a flat or velvet-like effect, he removed more or less of the roughness from the surface, which thus retained the printing-ink in the same proportion, and produced gray half-tints, or shadows resembling *mezzo-tint*.

The two methods most commonly employed by Rembrandt were those of roughening the copper with pumice-stone, of which we have an example in the "Pêcheur à la Barque," and of scratching the plate delicately with the dry point, without afterwards entirely removing the roughness, as the artist has treated the portrait of "Burgomaster Six," and of which the print of the "Hundred Florins" is particularly an example; this may be considered as the whole history of the great master's secrets. There remained, however, one other resource, which was for the artist to keep in his own hands the printing of his engravings; the genius of art being by a sad *misalliance* associated in his case with the genius of avarice, our artist retired into his mysterious studio, and there using the printer's ink ball artistically, he was able to vary the proofs according to his fancy. Sometimes he contented himself with partially wiping the plate, at others he used the black very thickly, and occasionally his aim was to obtain transparency. In fact, he continued his experiments even to the very last impression the plate would yield, thus subjecting the work to every turn of his capricious humour.

According to de Piles, Rembrandt died at Amsterdam in 1688; according to Houbraken, in 1674. He left only one son, named Titus, who inherited the immense fortune, but not the genius of his father.

While Rembrandt was inimitable as an engraver, in painting none have surpassed him in three essential elements of the art; *chiaroscuro*, touch, and expression. If his subjects are vulgar, his treatment of them is grand; if his drawing is want-

* The German Art-critic, Dr. Franz Kugler, has adopted the latter date.—Ed.

ing in purity, or incorrect in proportion, it is redeemed by the superior quality of pathos; he goes at once to the sentiment of his subject. Moreover, his very defects are of a nature which it would be a pity to remove. A thorough genius, Rembrandt admits of no corrections, and this constitutes his greatness.

of the sentiment of the art. His treatment of the lights is so powerful, and his shadows are so transparent, that he yields neither to Giorgione or Correggio for force or delicacy of painting. His style, though often rude and coarse, became, when he pleased, sweet, blended, and finished. This latter manner was worked out by his scholar, Gerard Douw.



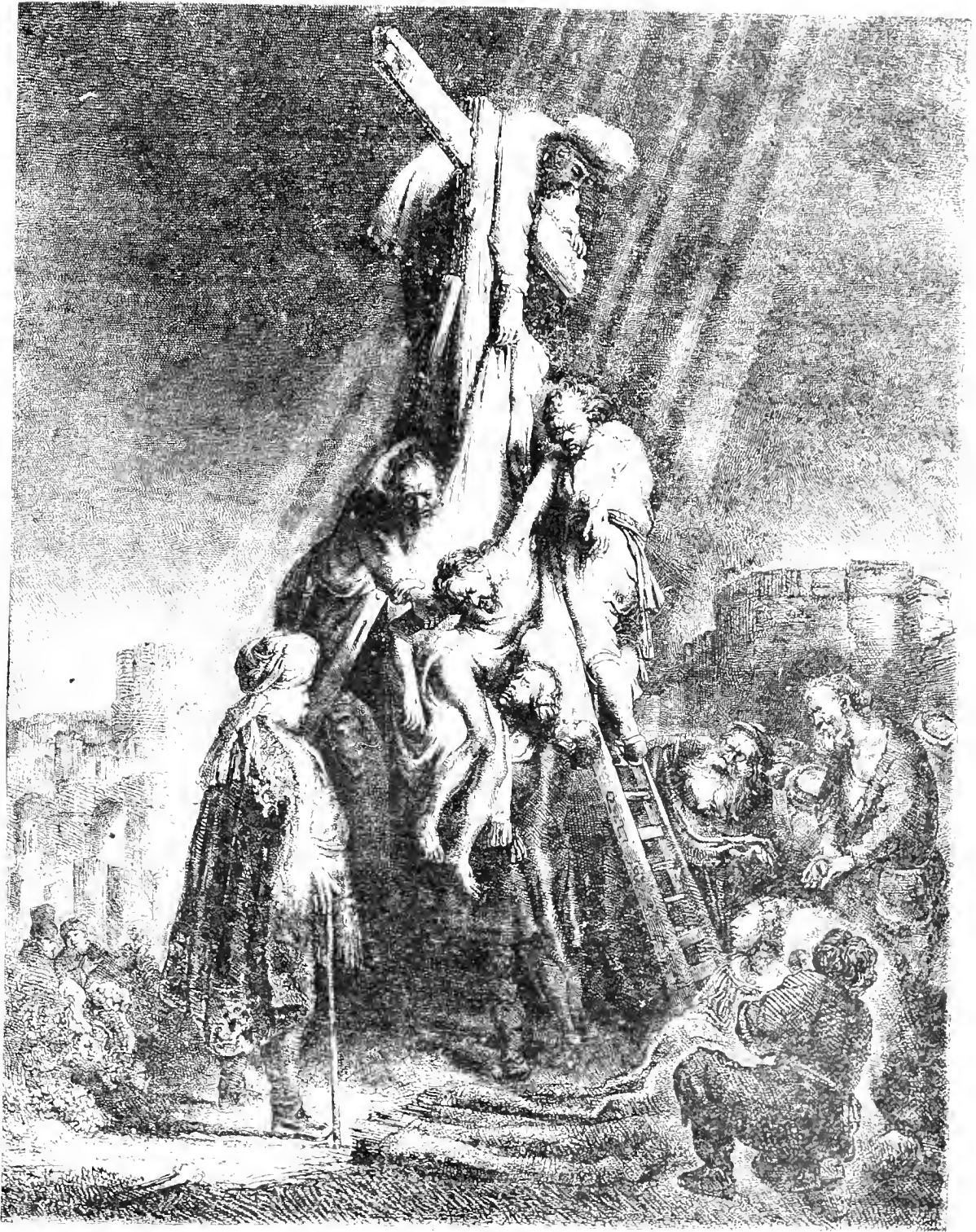
THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

In the department of light and shade this master has no rival, being able to produce at the same time the relief of individual parts and of the whole of his picture. As to the practical part of his profession, he united a perfect knowledge of the art of manipulation with a refined appreciation

Rembrandt occasionally softens his tints, and moderates his shadows, and thus gives repose to the eye by a calm and harmonious *ensemble*; at other times he is rough, his execution is unfinished, and he affects an absurdly thick style of painting; but his touches are so certain that they

produce at a distance the effect of harmonious colouring. He sometimes finished the hair and beard with the handle of the

If any one wished to examine closely his bold juxtaposition of colour, and thickly-painted high lights, he would push him-



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS,—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

brush. His tones are placed above or beside each other, with such a perfect knowledge of their proper relations to one another, that he had no occasion to impair their freshness by mixing them; a simple glaze was sufficient to complete the blending.

back, saying, that paint was unwholesome, *not good for the*

As to his portraits, it will be sufficient to quote the opinion of Piles.—“Far from suffering by a comparison with those of

any other painter, they often throw those of the greatest masters into the background."

Considered individually, Rembrandt seems to have detached himself from the traditions of his art, and to have broken through all trammels; but if he be compared with other painters of the first order, as Raphael, Correggio, Poussin, or Rubens, it will be acknowledged that he is a member of that great family, and that his absence would create a void in the history of the art. Rembrandt seems to be indented with ourselves, while Raphael, by the purely beautiful, appeals to the soul; and Poussin, by his knowledge, speaks to the mind, while Correggio awakens our sensibility by his graceful drawing, and Rubens dazzles the eye with his colouring.—Rembrandt, by his treatment of the light and shade, excites the imagination, and transports us into the land of dreams.

During the life of this great artist, as well as since his death, so high a value has been placed upon the least of his productions, that our readers will no doubt excuse us if we multiply on this occasion the detailed information specially destined for amateurs. This task being one of such extent, we will divide it, for greater convenience, into three parts. *The first* will contain the subjects and prices of the principal etchings; *the second* will indicate the place and subject of the principal pictures; and *the third* will give the prices of the small number of the latter which have been put up for sale at public auctions.

ETCHINGS.

In the etching style of engraving, Rembrandt is unrivalled. Of all masters who have laboured in this branch of art, there is not one whose prints have met with such continued favour; the numerous volumes that have been published on the works of Rembrandt are a sufficient proof of this. Gersaint devoted a part of his life to making deep researches on the engraved works of Rembrandt, but death overtook this amateur before the publication of his labours. Helle and Glomy having obtained possession of his MS., corrected it, augmented it with their own materials, enriched it with the information which they had derived from the examination of the most celebrated works, and published in 1751 an octavo volume. Pierre Yver, a broker of Amsterdam, celebrated for his critical knowledge, published in 1756 another volume, to serve as a supplement to the works of Gersaint, Helle, and Glomy. Subsequently, in 1797, Adam Bartsch, a learned Austrian, himself an engraver of great merit, published a "Catalogue raisonné" of all the prints that are the work of Rembrandt. Lastly, Chevalier de Claussin published in 1824 a new catalogue, which, though the third, is not the least curious.

The catalogues which we have cited, inform us that Rembrandt engraved 376 plates, of which only 173 bear the date of their execution. The earliest of them are of the year 1628, and the latest of 1661. According to these dates, Rembrandt could only have begun to engrave at the age of twenty-two, and did not relinquish the etching needle until thirteen years before his death.

To facilitate the researches of amateurs, we shall adopt here the general arrangement of Bartsch.

PORTRAITS.

18. "Portrait of Rembrandt holding a Sabre," an unique piece, sold in October, 1847, at the Verstolk sale, at Amsterdam, £19 10s.

21. "Rembrandt Appuyé," from the Pole Carew collection, a fine proof, was bought at the same sale for £25.

22. "Rembrandt Drawing," from the Wilson collection, first state of plate, fetched £14 10s. At the sale of William Segurier, in London, this proof was sold at £21.

23. "Portrait of Rembrandt," in an oval form; from the Denon collection, first state, a magnificent proof, which at the sale of the same author (Verstolk), reached the price of £160.

271. "Portrait of Renier Anslou," first state, on India paper, £67 10s.

273. "Portrait of Abraham France," first state, India paper, £36.

277. "Portrait of Jean Apelyn," first state, India paper, £33.

278. "Ephraim Bonus," first state, almost unique, £148; in the second state, £18, from the Denon collection.

279. "Wtenbogardus," first state, £49.

281. "The Gold-Weigher," first state, at the Revil sale, £26 (1838).

282. "Le Petit Coppenol," first state, on India paper, from the Haaring collection, sold (Verstolk), for £67; in the second state, £15 10s.

283. "Le Grand Coppenol," from the Denon and Wilson collections, first state, India paper, fetched at the same sale (Verstolk), £112; the second state, from the Buckingham collection, also on India paper, went up to £44.

214. "The Advocate Tolling," a magnificent proof, in a condition almost unique, from the Barnard and Pole Carew cabinets, sold at £162. This proof had cost Verstolk £224 10s.

285. "Burgomaster Six" (p. 388), first state, on India paper, in perfect preservation, reached the price of £80 10s.; an impression of the second state, from the collection of R. Dumesnil, was bought for £120 at the Debois sale; an impression of the third state, at the Revil sale, was sold at £108 (in 1838).

292. "A Baldheaded Man," first state, £13 5s.

357. "A White Moorish Woman," first state, £9.

SUBJECTS FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT.

36. "Four Subjects for a Spanish Work," magnificent proofs, of the first state, India paper, from the Wilson collection (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £27.

56. "Flight into Egypt," unique proof, on parchment, Wilson collection, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £34; on India paper, at William Segurier's sale, £65.

73. "The Raising of Lazarus" (p. 392), unique condition, described by Claussin, £54; second state, very scarce, in the collection of R. Dumesnil, £27 5s.

74. "The Piece of the Hundred Florins," first state, a magnificent proof on India paper, Denon and Wilson collections, was bought at the Verstolk sale for £141. There are only eight proofs of the first state of this plate; two in the British Museum, one in that of Amsterdam, one in the Library of Paris, another in that of Vienna, and the other three in private collections.

76. "Jesus presented in the Temple," described by Claussin, first state, India paper, sold for £19 at the Verstolk sale.

77. "The Ecce Homo," first state, very scarce; Michel and Debois collections, sold for £81; fine proof of the second state, £24.

78. "The Three Crosses," first state, very scarce, £13 15s.

81. "The Descent from the Cross" (p. 393), first state, Verstolk sale, £22 10s. There are only three proofs known; the one quoted was from the cabinet of Robert Dumesnil.

90. "The Good Samaritan," superb proof of the first state, £31 15s.; the same piece was sold for £72 at the Debois sale; it was a very fine impression, with a landscape sketched in the side margin.

107. "St. Francis kneeling," on parchment, Pole Carew's collection (Verstolk sale), £22.

208. "The Bridge of Six," a piece not mentioned, and almost unique (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844), £17 15s.

211. "The Huntsman," first proof, Wilson collection, £18.

212. "The Three Trees" (p. 397), first state, Debois collection, £16. That which is in the Royal Library at Paris was bought for £6.

"View of Amsterdam," on India paper, not described, Esdaile collection, sold for £22.

214. "The two Houses with pointed Gables," on India paper, £25.

215. "Landscape with Carriage," retouched with the brush, £22.

217. "Landscape with three Cottages," a magnificent proof of the first state, £33; the second state, £19 10s. A proof of the first state was sold at the Debois sale for £68; it came from the Claussin collection.

223. "Landscape with Tower," first state, on India paper, £31.

227. "The Obelisk," the very first proof, £36.

230. "Landscape with two Roads," first state, £27.

232. "The Cottage surrounded by Palings," first state, from the R. Dumesnil collection, £27.

254. "The Country House of the Gold Weigher," first state, India paper, £30 10s.

240. "The Canal, with a little Boat," first state, India paper, Pole Carew's collection, £22 10s.

This plate was exhibited in the Royal Library at Paris, with the number 117, as "View of a Canal," and was considered as unique by M. Duchesne, Senior Curator of that establishment.

GENERAL SUBJECTS—BEGGARS AND BOORS.

118. "Three Oriental Figures," first state, very scarce, sold for £11 (Verstolk sale, Amsterdam, 1844).

122. "The Vendor of Ratsbane," almost unique, £27.

142. "Small Polish Figure," almost unique, £22 10s.

159. "The Shell," first state, bought by the Royal Library at Paris for £32. This proof was in the possession of Burgomaster Six.

186. "The French Bed," a very fine impression of the first state, £10 15s., Haaring collection.

197. "The Woman before the Stove," first proof, £18.

NOTE.—From an inventory of the prints in the Royal Library of Paris, drawn up on the 1st January, 1840, it appears that this establishment contains the enormous number of 900,516 different plates. Rembrandt's works amount to 1,805 out of that number: 1,038 originals and 767 copies, the duplicates included. It is interesting to know that, when limited to original pieces, this work is composed of only 687 prints, and at this number the collection of the library is considered as the most complete in Europe.

PICTURES.

The catalogue of the Museo del Rey, at Madrid, only mentions as the work of Rembrandt the portrait of a lady very richly dressed, and three-quarter length; it is signed, and dated 1634.

The Gallery degli Uffizi, at Florence, so complete in most things, contains but two of Rembrandt's portraits.

The National Gallery in London contains the following works of this master:—

1. "Christ taken down from the Cross;" a study in black and white. The finished picture of the same subject is said to be in the gallery of Count Schonborn, at Vienna; the original drawing is in the British Museum.

2. "The Woman taken in Adultery." This picture was painted by Rembrandt in 1644, for Johan Six, Sieur de Yromade, in Holland. It ultimately came into the possession of the well-known Burgomaster Six, in whose family it was preserved with an almost religious care, in a cabinet of which the owner kept the key, until the revolution. When it was bought by Monsieur la Fontaine, a picture-dealer; who, not finding a purchaser in Paris, brought it to London, and sold it to Mr. Angerstein for £5,000. As it is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the master, it would now be difficult to estimate its value.

3. "The Adoration of the Shepherds." This beautiful production was painted by Rembrandt in 1646, and was purchased by Mr. Angerstein for £100.

4. "Portrait of a Jew Merchant." Presented to the nation by Sir George Beaumont.

5. "A Landscape," in which the figures represent Tobias and the Angel.

6. "Portrait of a Capuchin Friar." Presented to the National Gallery by the Duke of Northumberland.

7. "A Woman Washing." Painted by Rembrandt in 1644, and bequeathed by Mr. Holwell Carr to the National Gallery.

The Gallery of Windsor Castle contains two Rembrandts:—

1. "Head of a young Man in a Turban."

2. "Head of an old Woman in a black Coif," absurdly called the Countess of Desmond, at the age of 120; it is, perhaps, a portrait of Rembrandt's mother.

At Hampton Court there are only two pictures by Rembrandt:

1. "Head of a Jewish Rabbi," very fine.

2. "Portrait of a Woman," half-length.

There are five Rembrandts in the Dulwich Gallery:—

1. "Jacob's Dream." Jacob, whose figure is that of a common peasant, and scarce distinguishable amid the thick darkness, lies asleep on the left beneath some bushes. From the opening heavens above, a strange winged shape, "not human or angelic, but bird-like, dream-like," comes floating downwards, and beyond it another figure just emerging from the abyss of light, in which its ethereal essence was confounded, seems about to take some definite form, and glide after its companion.

2. "Portrait of a Man," very highly finished.

3. "A Girl leaning out of Window."

4. "Jacob stealing his Father's Blessing."

5. "A Portrait." Head only; said to be that of the painter, Philip Wouwermans.

But it is in private collections, and especially in that of her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, that the finest pictures of this master are to be found. Sir Robert Peel's collection contains—

1. "A Portrait of a Man" in an oval, one of the remarkable pictures of this master.

2. "A Landscape and some Cattle by the side of a piece of Water."

The Bridgewater Gallery contains four:—

1. "Portrait of Rembrandt himself, at the age of fifty."

2. "A Female Portrait in a rich dress."

3. "A Study." The head of a man, painted in a masterly style.

4. "An Old Woman in a bright red dress, before whom a boy is kneeling," intended, probably, for the prophetess Hannah with her son Samuel.

Mr. Rogers possesses three:—

1. "An Allegory," in brown and white, on the deliverance of the United Provinces from the yoke of Spain and Austria.

2. The artist's own portrait, at an advanced age.

3. "A Landscape, with a few trees upon a hill in the foreground."

In Sir Abraham Hume's collection there is one, the portrait of a stately man, whose right hand rests upon a bust of Homer.

In Blenheim Palace there is a duplicate of "The Woman taken in Adultery," by Rembrandt.

There are five Rembrandts in Lord Ashburton's collection.

1. Portrait of a middle-aged man; 2. Portrait of the artist, at an advanced age; 3. The celebrated writing-master, Lieven Von Coppenel; 4 and 5. Portraits of a man and his wife.

In the Grosvenor collection, formed by the Marquis of Westminster, there are six of Rembrandt's pictures. 1. "The Visitation," dated 1649; 2 and 3. Portraits of a young man and young woman; 4 and 5. Portraits of N. Berghem and his wife, bearing date 1644; and 6. "A Landscape with Figures," in the manner of Teniers.

In Mr. Hope's collection there are three Rembrandts. 1. "Christ asleep on board the Ship, being awakened by his terrified Disciples;" 2. One of the rare family portraits of this master, in whole-length figures; 3. "A Plain traversed by a River, with Buildings on both its Banks."

There are two Rembrandts in Lord Cowper's collection. 1. Portrait of Marshal Turenne on horseback; and 2. Portrait of a young man.

Rembrandt's celebrated "Mill," once the ornament of the Orleans Gallery, is in the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood.

At Corsham House there is "An Old Rabbi in a Turban," by Rembrandt.

At Burleigh House there is a small portrait, by Rembrandt, called "William Tell."

The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, possesses the portrait of an officer in a steel cuirass, marked with the name and the date 1635.

Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp contains "The Circumcision," by Rembrandt, a small picture of remarkable finish, and a portrait of a woman, which is believed to be that of his mother, in spite of the richness of her attire.

In the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick there are two Rembrandts, portraits of men.

In the Duke of Bedford's collection at Woburn Abbey, a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, when young, and an old Rabbi, with a gold chain round his neck.

Amidst the splendid pictures of Rubens and Vandyck which adorn the Museum at Brussels, a fine portrait of a man by Rembrandt attracts all eyes; it is dated and signed.

In the rich gallery at Munich, it is impossible to forget the

all of them portraits, one of his mother, two of himself, and one of a Jew in Asiatic costume.

The Gallery of Prince Lichtenstein, at Vienna, contains two portraits of Rembrandt, young and old, by himself; a sea-piece, a rare subject of this master, and a meeting of "Diana and Endymion," exceedingly grotesque, but with the most beautiful effect of light.

The collection of Prince Esterhazy, in the same capital, contains the "Ecce Homo" of Rembrandt, which engrosses all the admiration of visitors.

The Museum at Dresden contains no less than sixteen pictures by Rembrandt; "The Sacrifice of Manoë and his Wife," "The Abduction of Ganymede," and several por-



THE NIGHT WATCH.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

chef-d'œuvre that Rembrandt has left there in the celebrated "Taking down from the Cross;" this picture is not more than from two to three feet square.

Around this *chef-d'œuvre* are grouped a "Crucifixion" in sombre and stormy weather, a "Deposition" in the obscurity of a deep vault, a "Resurrection" illumined by a fitful ray of light in the midst of the deep gloom, a "Nativity" by the light of a lamp, and an "Ascension," in which the figure of Christ lights up the whole scene by its brilliancy. The Pinakothek also contains several portraits; one of a Turk very richly habited, another of Rembrandt in his old age, another of Govaert Flak, his pupil, and his wife, and some other very valuable ones.

The Belvidere at Vienna contains ten works of Rembrandt,

amongst others that of the painter himself, represented with a glass in his hand and a smile on his lips, embracing his wife, who is sitting on his knee, and accompanied by his grown-up daughter.

In the Gallery at Berlin, out of eight of Rembrandt's pictures two are portraits of himself; also a "Blind Tobias," and the "Angel speaking to Joseph in his Dream," small companion pictures, signed, and dated 1615. "Duke Adolphus de Gueldre threatening his aged Father," painted in 1637, a celebrated picture, the colouring of which is excellent, and in which the play of light is wonderful.

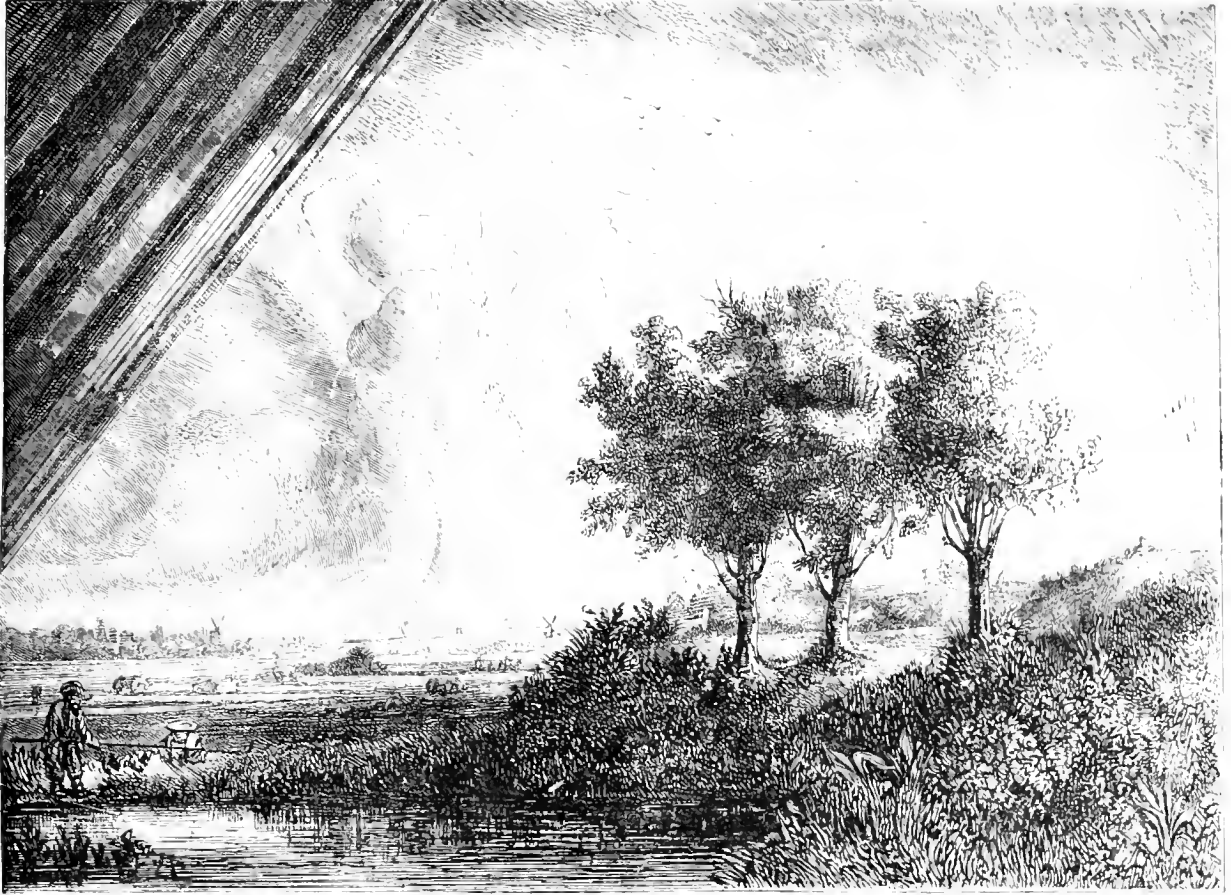
No city, not even Munich, says M. Viardot, can boast of having so numerous a collection of the works of Rembrandt as St. Petersburg; the Hermitage contains forty-three, and of

the greatest variety of style,—landscapes, sea-pieces, portraits, &c. The finest, perhaps, amongst the portraits, bears the great name of Jean Sobieski.

Among the subjects from Scripture history, are:—"The Sacrifice of Abraham;" "The Return of the Prodigal Son"

"Corporation of Merchant Drapers," a capital picture, and of astonishing power of execution; "The Beheading of St. John the Baptist;" and the "Portrait of a Man."

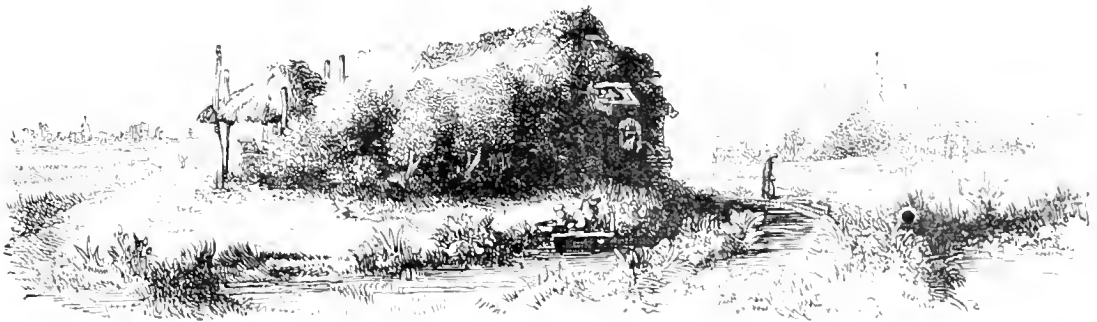
The Museum of the Hague may be proud of being able to show "The Anatomical Lecture of Professor Tulp," a serious



THE THREE TREES.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

(p. 400), a painting of powerful effect in spite of the strange drapery of the figures; "The Education of the Virgin by St. Anne;" a "Holy Family;" "St. Peter in the Judgment Hall," an absurd composition, but admirable for the colour

composition, equally well conceived and executed, an admirable easel-piece; "Simeon in the Temple," a composition of a magical effect, and finished like a Gerard Douw; "Susannah in the Bath;" and lastly, two portraits.



THE MILL.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

ing; and a "Descent from the Cross." The finest piece in this collection is "La Danaë."

The Museum at Amsterdam is not the worst provided; it possesses the famous "Night Patrol," the masterpiece of all Rembrandt's masterpieces; "The Syndics of the Ancient

The Gallery of the Louvre contains no less than seventeen pictures by Rembrandt; amongst others, four portraits of himself, admirable for touch and colour, especially that in which he is represented with a chain round his neck, the head bare, and the hair curled; two "Philosophers in Medi-

tation;" "The Household of the Carpenter," a perfect gem; and above all, that expressive sketch of "Tobias and his Family."

PRICES OF THE PICTURES.

The fine pictures of Rembrandt are, with the exception of a very small number, preserved in public galleries, or in the private collections of the rich, from which they never issue. It is therefore very rarely, especially at the present day, that important works by this master are met with at public sales. It is, however, interesting to know the prices of those which have been put up at such sales, as they have varied as much with the works of Rembrandt as with those of other masters.

At the sale of the Chevalier de la Roque, in 1745, directed by an excellent valuer (Gersaint), a very fine and picturesque landscape by Rembrandt, painted on wood, in a frame of carved wood (according to the catalogue), was sold for the small sum of £3 5s.

At the sale of the Duke de Tallard, in 1756, by Remy and Glomy, "A married Jewess, with dishevelled Hair, and a Crown of Flowers upon her Head," size of life, "and painted in that tone of vigorous colour which is so much admired in the works of Rembrandt," was sold for £25.

At the Julienne sale, in 1767, by Julliot, the portrait of Rembrandt's mother, seated, holding a closed book in her lap, dated 1613, fetched £141 10s.

"St. Anne seated in an Arm-chair, the Holy Virgin kneeling, her Hands joined in the Attitude of Prayer," fetched only £75. "The Good Samaritan," the same composition as the print No. 77, of the Gersaint catalogue, was sold for £64 10s. Two busts of women, one full face, and the other three-quarter face; on one of them may be read *Rembrandt Van Ryn*, 1632, sold at £52.

Sale of La Live de Jully, in 1770, by P. Remy. "A Portrait of a Woman;" size of life, half-length, £77.

At that of Blondel de Gagny, in 1776, by Remy, a picture representing "Mertumnus and Pomona," half-length, size of life, was carried up to £571. Rembrandt's servant-girl, known by the name of the "Sluttish Servant," only fetched £166 10s.

At that of Randon de Boisset (1777), by Julliot, the two pictures which are seen in the Louvre numbered respectively 661 and 662, and described in the catalogue under the title of "The Philosophers in Meditation," were knocked down at £454. The same, at the sale of the Duke de Choiseul, rose to £720.

The "Jesus at Emmaus," which is also in the Louvre, numbered 658, was sold for £420. "The Arquebusiers," a reduction of the "Night Patrol," rose to £293.

At the sale of M. de Calonne, in 1788, two portraits, oval form, one of a man three-quarter length, with a long beard, a black cap, and dressed in a cloak with gold clasps; the other, that of a young woman, also a three-quarter length, her hair dressed with two feathers, were sold at £136.

At the sale of the Duke de Choiseul-Praslin (Paris, 1792), a portrait of a man nearly half-length, the head three-quarters turned, and wearing a moustache, chestnut hair, and large slouched hat, was sold at the price of £208. "The Portrait of

a handsome Jewess," nearly full-face, the breast bare, and adorned with a necklace of pearls, £125.

A "Holy Family," the same that may be seen in the Gallery of the Louvre, and which has been placed in the catalogue with the number 663, and the title of "The Carpenter's Household," sold for £885.

"The Adoration of the Kings," a rich composition containing twenty-two figures, was bought at the sale of M. Vincent Donjeux for £268.

At Citizen Robit's sale, 1802, the "Caesar's Penny"—a composition of sixteen figures, the principal twelve of which form a group in the centre of the picture; a richly-dressed figure is seen presenting to Christ the piece of money—fetched £351. Portrait of Rembrandt, in a military costume, called "The Standard-bearer," £124.

At the Chevalier Erard's sale, 1832, the "Portrait of a Man and his Wife," No. 118 of the catalogue, was sold for £184.

The "Portrait of Martin Kappertz Tromp," the Dutch admiral; a three-quarters length, the countenance in half shade, and the left hand resting on a staff; his body is shown to the hips, and is dressed in a doublet with slashed sleeves; a scarf is slung over his shoulders: sold at £684. The portrait of Rembrandt's mother, half-length, almost full-face, wearing a cap of fine cambric, £160.

Heri's sale, 1841: "Bathsheba in the Bath." This picture formed part of Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection. Bathsheba, partly enveloped in linen, accompanied by her two attendants, has just issued from the bath; a magnificent Eastern carpet is at her feet; at her side a silver ewer and a golden vase are placed on a blue cloth; to the left there is another ewer in chased silver; and to the right a peacock is sitting: £315.

Two portraits of Rembrandt were sold in November, 1842, at Amsterdam, to M. Nieuwenhuys, a picture-dealer at Brussels, for upwards of 35,000 florins, with expenses (about £3,000).

At the Paul Perrier sale, 1843, portrait of Rembrandt's mother, £280. "Susannah in the Bath," £254.

The sale of Cardinal Fesch, Rome, 1844. "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist" was sold to the Prince Canino for the sum of £3,175 (14,700 Roman scudi, including sale fees). The prince has relinquished this picture to Lord Ward. "A Portrait of a Man," by the painter in his youth, rose to the sum of £682 10s., and was then knocked down to M. Artaria. A *chef-d'œuvre* of Rembrandt, "The Portrait of the Widow Lipsius," rose to the sum of £773. M. George, the learned director of the sale of this celebrated collection, purchased it himself. The other pictures of Rembrandt remained at the ordinary prices, owing to No. 193 being worn out and repainted; and two others, Nos. 194 and 195, portraits of Rembrandt and his wife, being executed by his pupils.

At the Durand Ducloux sale, 1847, "Portrait of an Old Man with a white Beard," £288.

Rembrandt painted both upon wood and upon canvas; and his paintings as well as his engravings are usually signed either with his name in full or his initials, of which specimens are subjoined.

Handwritten signatures and inscriptions:

- Rembrandt f 1633* (with initials *AL* and *AL. V. Ryn*)
- Rembrandt f 1691* (with *Abroad in 1840* and *1841*)
- Rembrandt* (large signature)
- Rembrandt* (signature with *Rembrandt* written below)

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.—II.

On a further examination into the Exhibition of the present year, we are still more struck with its general excellence. Seldom has it been our fortune to witness a more sterling year, or one more pregnant with actual accomplishment, as well as of promise for the future. The number of pictures is so large, and those capable of being well studied, from their position, in comparison so few, that the sooner the rooms are altered, or a new gallery raised, the better. The artists surely are now rich enough to do this themselves, the exhibition in a monetary point—if we judge from the crowds who flock thither—paying well.

We now, however, proceed with our notice, reserving what we have to say on this head till a future opportunity.

(No. 180), "Columbus, when a boy, instructed in geography," by T. A. Hart, R. A. Mr. Hart appears to have thought it necessary to give Columbus a most unnaturally-shaped head—probably to prove his claims to genius. There is no composition in this picture, which is as uninteresting as it could well be, and we think Mr. Hart has great cause to complain of the want of judgment of the hanging committee in putting this picture on the line, since there is nothing more disagreeable than to be stared in the face by heads as large as life, in which you can see little else but defects. Another act of flagrant injustice on the part of the committee is to be seen in the Octagon Room, in which they have placed one of the most promising productions in the exhibition; we allude to Mr. D. W. Deane's picture—

(No. 1304), "Van Dyck and Frank Hals." Here is life, expression, colour; certainly, three of the greatest requisites in the production of a fine picture. The surprise of Hals at seeing the effect of his sitter's attempt at portrait-painting, is well expressed, and the enjoyment of the joke expressed in the handsome countenance of Van Dyck is so genuine and natural, that it quite leads the spectator to laugh with him; moreover, the rich brown tone of the whole picture reminds us of one of the old masters, and leads us to expect in future great things of Mr. Deane.

(No. 200), "The Church of Santa Maria della Salute, Venice," D. Roberts, R. A. In saying that this picture is equal to any the artist has produced, we are passing the highest possible encomium on it, in merely stating the truth.

(No. 212), "An Old English Homestead," R. Redgrave, R. A. This is a thoroughly English scene, in which the greenness of the trees and the dewy freshness of the greenward are skilfully rendered; the trees appear to be of a gigantic order as compared with the farm buildings. Mr. Redgrave has most judiciously changed his style, as his landscapes far surpass his figure scenes.

"The Disobedient Prophet," J. Linnell (No. 234), is the grandest landscape in the Exhibition; the conception of the solitary road is poetical, and the foliage of the cedars executed with Mr. Linnell's accustomed skill. There is also—we grieve to say—his usual defect in the heavy lurid sky, which threatens the spectator no less than the prophet.

Mr. F. Stone has retrieved himself this year. His picture (No. 244), "The Mussel-gatherer," has a healthy rustic face of great beauty, glowing with life and innocence. (No. 258), "The Old, Old Story," by the same artist, represents a French peasant girl and boy leaning against the door of a cottage; the girl is listening with a bashful pleasure to the youth, who urges his suit with pertinacity and earnestness. The defect in the piece is that the figures are rather large for the canvas, and the colour, though very agreeable, might have been less florid with advantage.

(No. 314), "First Class—the Meeting," and (No. 361), "Second Class—the Parting," by A. Solomon. Here the Hanging Committee are to blame again in separating so far pictures painted as pendants, neither of which are in fact perfectly complete without the other. The same *judicious* treatment has been awarded to (Nos. 71 and 210), "Fuentes d'Onor," as we have before noticed. Those we are now criticising tell two simple tales. In the first class there is the

meeting for the first time of a young lady and gentleman in a railway carriage. All goes merry as a marriage bell. The stuffed seats and easy motion of the carriage have inclined the guardian of the lady, her old father, to fall asleep, leaving the young lover, who is so smitten with the beauty of the lady, to gaze his fill, "and sigh and wish and gaze again." The story is plain enough. In the "Second Class" it is as plain, but more painful. A widow of a gentleman—it might be the same lady who sits so happily in the other picture—young and beautiful, but full of sorrow, is conveying her son, a midshipman, to Portsmouth, there for the first time to enter the Queen's service. The sad face of the mother gazing on her boy will not soon be forgotten; whilst the bluff honest face of a sailor and his wife, inured to parting, add to the interest of the pictures. The faults, since we must mention them, of these paintings are that they are too literal. Mr. Meson's advertisements and the shirts (six for forty shillings) of European notoriety appearing in one picture, and the varied lights and colours in the other necessarily subtracting from its unity of purpose.

(No. 377), "The Awakening Conscience" is one of, if not the most, extraordinary picture in the academy. A girl, who sits with her seducer, wearing the livery and eating the bread of guilt—one, in fact, who bears the anomalous but expressive title of "mistress"—has, whilst turning over her music-book, fallen upon one of her old home songs. Starting almost from his very embraces, for his arm is round her, she starts out of the canvas right full upon the spectator, with a blank horror which is appalling. The trembling of the lips, the setting of the teeth, and the rising tears, all betoken an internal struggle, rendered the more bitter from the sneering laugh which proceeds from the lolling and vulgar debauchee who has ensnared her. Two mystical passages from the Bible, introduced on the frame of the picture, alone give the reader of this sad tale a hope that the victim will yet break through her toils. Nothing can be greater than the *mad* displayed in this picture. Some of the details are very finely painted; some, it appears to us, as badly as can be.

The other picture, by Mr. Hunt (No. 508), "The Light of the World," has been so prominently brought before the public by a somewhat egotistical letter in the *Times*, by the great high-priest of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, Mr. Ruskin, that we could not, even were we inclined, pass over it. It is a fine but peculiar and excessively symbolical picture. Our Saviour, represented by a tall and emaciated figure, with a most expressive and sorrowful countenance, in which pity is predominant, stands at a door typical of the human heart, and knocks for admission. In his hand he holds a lantern of antique shape; and in the strange twilight, and beneath the trees of an orchard bared by the autumnal blast, he waits for admission. Again he knocks, listens, and again knocks. The heart may revel within whilst the steady light falls upon the pure dew, the ripe fallen fruit, and the orchard grass, and the steady glow of the glow-worm burns without a twinkle, mystical and pure. Years of patient thought and quiet, yearning love—love not less intense because aware of the sinfulness of the beloved object—are painted in the look of the Saviour. Those who see beyond the surface will see all this; those who look only at a picture as a picture will think it a painful and dull affair. It is *not* by any means a Protestant composition, unless we class the Puritans and Oratorians with us; it is pre-eminently Catholic, and somewhat Byzantine in execution, fit only to be hung in some of those little chapels which are to be found in the side aisles of continental cathedrals, where conscience-stricken devotees might find a solace in the patient face, and burn their tapers whilst they prayed beneath it. Mr. Ruskin's exposition of the picture was clever and certainly full of mind; but we must say that his stricture, if applied to the ordinary mass of those who flock to the Academy merely as sight-seers, was ill-judged, since it is useless to

"Break a butterfly upon the wheel!"

and if to those who look at pictures as pictures should be

looked at, it was unjust. "The Light of the World" must, in our opinion, be looked at as another instance of great excellence amongst the Præ-Raphaelites.

(No. 379), "The Marriage of Strongbow and the Princess Eva," by Maclise, attracts perhaps as many earnest admirers as any. It is the largest and most populous picture we have seen for some time upon the walls. It is carefully painted, full of excellent drawing, finely finished accessories, and brilliant costume. It represents Strongbow claiming the hand of his youthful bride upon a battle-field, the foreground of the picture being filled with the wounded, mourners, and searchers for the dead. Yet, notwithstanding all its merit—shall we not rather say, because of its meritorious carefulness

us. With Hamlet, or with a scene from the life of Cromwell, or even Louis XVI., the event would have been different.

The last pictures which we shall notice in this room are (No. 403), "The Last Sleep of Argyle before his Execution, A.D. 1685," by E. M. Ward, forming the second of a series of eight pictures painted for the House of Commons, by order of the Royal Commission, and (No. 400), "Cupid Captive," by G. Patten, A. The first is already familiar, most probably, even to our country readers, from the engraving of it in the *Illustrated London News*. It represents the old Puritan lord calmly sleeping his last mortal sleep in this world, with his hand resting on a Bible, and with fetters upon his limbs. An enemy, one of the recreant lords of the council, has come



THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

—it is, to use the language of a contemporary, "loud." The amount of labour expended, the canvas, the expense gone to by the artist for costumes and models, must be all enormous, and the production is a fine one. The question therefore remains, Does the painting before us repay the labour, anxiety, expense, and genius expended on it? does it call up any grand emotions, or realise anything but a theatrical scene? Our answer must be in the negative. As a work of art it is meritorious; as a work of taste, or an historical composition, it is a failure. The scene is too remote, the personages too unknown, to give interest to the contorted or quiescent groups before us, nor has the painter been enabled to vivify them. The picture fails to interest, it only disturbs

to look upon him, and starts back awed at the calm majesty of Argyle. Mr. Ward last year exhibited the companion picture to this scene, "The Execution of Montrose;" and now, with a wide philosophy, to show that on both sides, in civil and religious struggles, good men fall, he gives us "The Last Sleep of Argyle." Let us hope that the lesson will not be lost upon those of her Majesty's subjects for whose corridor the picture is painted, and that they will seek to imitate the fiery earnestness of Montrose and the deep religious fervour of Argyle. The colouring of the picture is perhaps too deeply sombre, and wants relief. "Cupid Captive," by Patten, is a graceful picture from the pencil of one who once promised highly, but who has not yet redeemed that promise.

PAUL POTTER.



THE celebrated Abbé de Lammenais, recently dead, and whose death exhibits the bigotry of the irreligious classes of France in a strong light—they having prevented him even from seeing a minister of religion—sometimes wrote shrewd things on art, as he did on most other topics. He was a man of reflective



and expressive mind, and grasped all such subjects with a vigour which is ever the characteristic of genius. "Certain Dutch painters," he says, "have given to nature an undefinable language, a language which touches, which moves the heart; which leads it to reverie, and draws it gently on into infinite space. Can you tell me by what mysterious magic they keep us for ever in wrapt contemplation in presence of what is most

common and ordinary in nature? There is a prairie, with a stream and some old willows; a valley, crossed by a torrent swollen by the storm, the remains of which may be seen in the heated glow of the western sky, along the edge of which it vanishes and flies; upon a desert shore, a hut at the foot of a naked rock, the sea beyond, a tossing sea, and in the distance a sail, which falls down almost on the wave by the effect of the storm. If we reflect, however, we may see that it is the thought of the artist, his intimate and private life which is communicated to us, which absorbs us. It is art that carries us away on its mighty wings to regions loftier than the senses can reach. Do you not discern beneath the exterior form in the animals of Paul Potter, a kind of life which belongs to each of them, a manifestation of their nature, essential and typical? The manner, the position, the look, all speak in them."*

"A hundred years ago," observes a recent French critic, "such an appreciation would scarcely have been comprehended, and such ideas would have presented themselves to no man. Amateurs only saw in Paul Potter a faithful copyist of nature, a painter truthful unto *naveté*—to use a charming French word—and skilful in rendering that which he had carefully observed. It was reserved for our age, imbued so strongly with pantheism, to discover in the paintings of the Dutch masters that delicacy of sentiment which may be discovered in the smallest of their productions, and to find in the landscapes of Ruysdael, as in the animals of Paul Potter, something of a vague enchantment, which we may denominate by the name of poetry. All that has received the great gift of life, and is warmed in our sun, and breathes our air, has a right to interest us. But between interior natures and our own there must be an interpreter, a simple man, who approaches secondary beings by his *naveté*, and rises above his equals by his genius. A poet, a painter, living in the midst of this obscure world, must penetrate its unknown idioms, to

* Lammenais, "Eskizze d'un Philosophe."

translate them into the noble language of the mind, or better, into the language of the heart, to render them clear to us by colouring and pencil. Bernardin de St. Pierre must reveal unto us the secret harmonies of nature, Ruysdael must move us by the spectacle of a stormy sky and the shivering of great trees shaken by the wind, and Paul Potter must make us hear the complaint of the lamb and the lowing of the cattle. And the strange and surprising thing is, that this nature, which has spoken to us, which has been manifested by the representations of certain chosen men, teaches us to know their genius. It has become the expression of their sentiment, and by this means reaches our souls."

It appears to us, that Lammenais and his commentator, like very many critics on art, make a great deal more of the intentions of artists than ever the artists intended themselves. A cattle painter, certainly, never ought to introduce any other poetry into his humble landscape than that real poetry which exists in every representation of the verdant fields, the leafy forest, and the animals which give them life. Much astonished would some of the great artists be, if they were favoured with an opportunity of perusing the criticism of modern times.

That there is poetry in a cow, by Paul Potter, we readily agree; but it is the poetry that is found in every representation of fine animals in the open fields, quietly and calmly feeding beneath the balmy warm light of the sun, and not that far-fetched and fanciful poetry, "the inner life of the painter," who, when limning a cow, expounds his own character, just as Shakspeare, in his plays, is said by some to reveal himself and his individuality to us—Shakspeare, who is at times an Iago, an Othello, a Hamlet, a Richard III., and a Jack Falstaff.

Paul Potter, Descamps informs us, descended from the house of Egmond on his grandmother's side. His grandfather was receiver of Upper and Lower Swaluwe. His ancestors had filled with honour most of the high offices in the city of Enkuisen, where he was born in 1625, the son of Peter Potter, a mediocre artist, who soon after went to Amsterdam to acquire there the right of citizenship. Young Potter had never any other master than his father, whom he immediately surpassed as soon as he had learnt the first rudiments of his art. "He was," says Descamps, "a prodigy, of which there is, perhaps, no preceding example; he was at fourteen a skilful master. His works at that age figure amongst those of the greatest men."

After executing numerous studies at Amsterdam from the fine pictures which adorned that town even in that day, Paul Potter left his father, probably with a view to be more free to form himself; and he went and settled at the Hague, where chance made him a lodger near Nicolas Balkenende, who had a great reputation in that town.

Paul Potter was very young, and, it is said, that at that age he was very handsome. Be this as it may, he was very studious—but not so studious as to neglect remarking that in the same house with himself lived a young lady of great beauty. She was a young, merry, laughing creature, whom Paul sometimes met upon the stairs, and who, blushing, made way for him. Paul was so struck by her charms that he even painted her face and made it a continual study, without, however, neglecting his favourite animals. At first, Paul Potter was ignorant of the young lady's name, and remained so for some time. He at last, however, inquired, and found that she was the daughter of the comparatively wealthy architect, Nicolas Balkenende.

This startled him at first; and he accordingly determined to make himself as agreeable as possible to the young lady herself. He had not much difficulty in doing this, and found her as pleasant as she was handsome. Having for some time continued his addresses to her, he boldly ventured on a visit to the father.

"And pray, sir," said Nicolas Balkenende, "what may you be?"

"I am an animal painter," replied Paul Potter, proudly.

"I shall not allow my daughter to marry an animal painter," continued the purse-proud architect.

Paul Potter protested, but his neighbour would not listen to him, and the young man retired considerably damped in his hopes. The young girl, however, secretly gave him every encouragement. The Dutch Vitruvius, as Descamps calls him, endeavoured to check their intimacy, but in vain. The loving artist would not be kept down. He persevered in his art, and was soon encouraged by rich amateurs and connoisseurs, who appreciated his merit and began to buy his modest animals. The Dutch Vitruvius soon began to find that an architect, even of his rank, ought to be very glad to have such a son-in-law. He, accordingly, frankly owned his error, and repaired it with a good grace, by giving his daughter, Adrienne Balkenende, to Paul Potter. Paul was then twenty-five years old. He had scarcely married, when he established himself with his wife in a fine house, which soon became, as it were, the Academy of the Hague. The principal personages of Holland, foreign ministers, Maurice, Prince of Orange, the learned men and wits of the time, made it a rendezvous. Paul Potter attracted them to his workshop by his mind, his amiable character, and the charms of his conversation. Thus surrounded and well received in the world, the painter contributed at the same time to the reputation and fortune of his father-in-law, and thus nobly avenged the affronts he had put upon his love.

For an earnest lover of animal painting, there can be no country more favourable to the true study of this subject than Holland. It is fertile in rich models—to use an artistic expression—in picturesque models. The humidity and dampness of the soil makes it an immense prairie of a soft green, where numerous flocks wander about, with their gaudy colours, the robes spotted in contrasted and harmonious tones. Nowhere else are the colours of bulls and cows more varied and brilliant. If it be true, as Bernardin de St. Pierre says, that nature everywhere makes the animals which fill the background in strong contrast to surrounding nature, it is above all true in Holland. A monotonous country, crowned by a sky almost always gray and sad, the country of Paul Potter, charms and delights the eye by the vivacity and richness of tones remarked in the hair of the flocks. It seems that nature has kindly granted this compensation to the inhabitants of a country without light, without change, and without relief. What is certain is, that we have been much struck, during our journeys in Holland, with the spots which are found on the horned animals of that country. Now upon a gray ground are to be seen clear open-work mixed with red spots; sometimes light spots, which serve as a transition between the spots of fire, which are drawn upon a white ground, brought up here and there by some milk-white stains, that look like torn fragments of cloud. Often an animal, whose tones are discordant in themselves, plays its part in the harmony of a group; and while a black bull stands out the chief object in bold relief, the whole flock of varied hue creates the picture.

There are but two countries where, properly speaking, cattle painters could arise and take a commanding position, as we have had several occasions to remark; and these are Holland and England.

Paul Potter had nothing to do but to stroll about the neighbourhood of the Hague to find models; and the first he met with were sure to appear the finest, so that he could copy them in all their native simplicity, in the natural attitude of repose, or even in their sleep. Every phase of their existence created a group for the artist. Ardent in study, he never went out without taking with him a note-book with numerous spare leaves, on which he drew sketches of all that struck his imagination—a tree, a plant, a wooden fence, a quickset hedge, or a shepherd. As for animals, he always drew them with the most scrupulous care, in every imaginable attitude, from the most simple profile to the most difficult specimen of foreshortening. Though not so fond of motion as Berghem, he loved to draw cows three-fourths of their length, to diversify their lines by the projection of the bones; and he was always delighted to place in contrast the most tranquil outlines of an ox lying down to those square forms, infinitely pic-

turesque in their variety, which are furnished by the concavity of the flanks and the bony construction of the hind quarters. He was also very clever in mingling sheep and goats with ruminating animals, so as to obtain a whole of agreeable lines, always allowing some cow with black stripes to take up the prominent place, or some motionless bull that raised its huge horns over the flock, like the solemn but somewhat stupid king of the pasture. He was indeed remarkable for the intelligent attention, the patience, and the love, he brought to bear upon the least details of his picture. He loved to show the contrast between the rough parts and the even parts of the skin; not a shade or tint, however fine, ever escaped him; he studied in every animal the bending of the horns, that peculiar motion of the eyebrows on which depends the air of hardness or softness, the character of the ears, the movement of the hair which stands on end in tufts, and, in fine, the muddled clumps of hair, without forgetting the extremities, which were never drawn and painted with more precision or more correctness than by Paul Potter.

These admirable studies of which we speak, these outlines—or, to speak more correctly, these finished drawings, both in outline and filling up—were taken home by the artist, as the materials for his compositions; and in general his conceptions of these were so simple, that it was sufficient to add to them a background to change a study into a picture. Having returned home, he continued his work without ceasing. He placed upon the marked foreground of his composition large plants, which he had studied from nature; he finished his production with an old trunk of a willow, knotted, gnarled, and jagged, which he copied from his portfolio on to his canvas; and he gave as a background to his group a little house, faithfully copied, with its wild lizards and the smoke of its roof. It was thus that were finished in the studio, full of visitors and quite noisy with conversation, so many charming works, which for two hundred years have been the honour of the most illustrious galleries, the joy of amateurs who have possessed them or who have seen them, the reputation of the engravers who have engraved them, and the fortune of the picture-dealers who have bought them, to re-sell them to the noblemen of England, who have placed them beside the Ostades, the Metzus, the Cuyps, and the Rembrandts, to wander no more.

Perhaps nowhere else can be found such rich specimens of the art of the world as are to be found in the galleries of this country, where private individuals make up for the parsimony and niggardliness of the government.

It has often been a matter of surprise that an artist, whose works show us the character of a calm, thoughtful, homely man, could have worked amid men of the world, learned men, ambassadors, and princes, and this without ever departing from his precision, without ever giving up that tranquillity of soul which is breathed in all his pastorals. But when one has carefully studied the nature of true artists, one understands this seeming contradiction, and one can reconcile the fact that a being, melancholy in solitude, should be the gayest of men as soon as he is surrounded by sympathetic friends, and thus stimulated to expansion of his soul. Paul Potter was one of those mobile temperaments. His speech was fluent, and kept on a par and a level with any of those around him. He was even known to join with considerable energy in those somewhat rough jokes which are regarded as the jokes of the studio. If it must be allowed that he was not always in good taste in his jokes, it must be remembered that light wit and a keen epigrammatic style are not exactly the characteristics of the country where he lived. An anecdote is told of him, which we must relate with caution, but which is too much a part of his history to be forgotten wholly.

The Princess Dowager Emilia, Countess of Zolms, ordered of him a picture, to go over a chimney in the apartments of the old court.* Paul Potter wished to surpass himself. He painted a smiling landscape with cattle, but with one

* The palace of the States and Stadtholder. It is a vast building made of bricks, irregular but agreeable, near a large pool of water, called the *Veer*.

very objectionable feature in it. A courtier, who was indeed a model courtier for those days, very properly objected, that it was neither decent nor proper that this picture should be admitted into a lady's chamber. The criticism was accepted as decisive. The picture was quietly and politely got rid of.

This criticism and this decision was but a convincing proof, that art is not the imitation of nature taken at random and in the fact. The work of the painter should indeed be the mirror of creation, but an intelligent mirror, which should be ever pleasing and unobjectionable in its ugliness, and never ugly in its beauty. The *nauf* Paul Potter took away his picture, but the anecdote made a noise, and amateurs disputed for the picture for its weight in gold. The "Cow" was celebrated, and it passed into the finest cabinets of the Low Countries. It was long preserved by the family of Mussart, alderman of the city of Amsterdam, and fell at last into the hands of Van Biesum, who sold it for two thousand florins, or £120, to the Sieur Van Hock. This curious collector, Houbraken informs us, placed the "Cow" in his cabinet, opposite a celebrated picture of Gerard Douw, which had somewhat of a similar reputation. It may be amusing to follow its history. The masterpiece, rejected, and very properly rejected, by the princess Emilia, is now in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, after having passed through the collection of Josephine at Malmaison, where it was bought by the Emperor Alexander in 1815. The picture is valued at £10,000, in the collection of this gallery, composed of about thirty of the most remarkable masterpieces in the world.

In the neighbourhood of the Hague is a pretty wood, which almost touches the town by the northern gate. The Prince of Orange had a little palace there, called the Wooden House. In 1574, Philippe II. was so struck by the beauty of this wood, that he commanded his officers not to destroy it; and among the things which did not give him mere personal enjoyment, this is, perhaps, the only one of which this fanatical destroyer of the human race and his own family ever ordered the preservation. Louis XIV., who was a great and ponderous imitator of other men's actions, having somewhere read a high eulogium on this act of clemency, desired also to leave behind him a monument of his tenderness of soul; and during an invasion, which cost him the lives of 10,000 men, he spared the Mall of Utrecht. The wood of the Hague was one of the favourite walks of Paul Potter. He made it the subject-matter of many of his pictures, and especially of one of his most celebrated ones, which was sold for 27,000 livres, a little more than a thousand pounds, at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul. At the entrance you see a great pack of dogs led by huntsmen, and ready for the chase; behind the trees four horsemen, and some cows, which a herdsman drives before him.

The "View of the Wood of the Hague" is a perfect landscape, that is, the figures are not of such importance as they are elsewhere, if we compare them with the great trees beneath which they pass. Certain men of his day said very freely, that landscape was the weak point of Paul Potter, that his background was monotonous, and those who envied his talents and his genius tried thus to depreciate him. This reproach, however, addressed to an animal painter, was wanting in correctness. Doubtless, Paul Potter had not the fire, the wit, the imagination of Berghem. He knew not how, as that painter did, to throw capriciously over a landscape, where lay rustic ruins, little flakes of light; but he is more *nauf*, more true and really Dutch. Brought up in the humid and flat country, which he never left, Paul Potter has not borrowed from the sky of Italy the warm rays which often animate the noble country scenes of Berghem. He never saw anything but the gray and heavy sky of Holland, the horizon of flat plains extending far out of sight, and the line of which is only broken here and there by the summits of steeples; and that low horizon, that pale sky, he has reproduced faithfully, without any addition of his own, without any endeavour to make them striking by embellishment or addition. And nothing suited him better than such scenery. His heavy sky is a background every way suited to show the fleeces and the spotted skins of the animals which occupy a front

place in his composition, as in his artistic love. With the tact of a master who fears to divide the interest, and who perfectly understands the power of unity, Paul Potter takes care not to add to the value of the landscape; he makes it, in fact, as tranquil as possible; he lulls one to rest beneath a fleecy vapour, and is satisfied for the foreground of his picture with a thistle, a dead branch, or some common plants of the fields. With Berghem, the landscape has motion, it shines, it moves parallel with the animals which fill it; with Paul Potter the country is a secondary consideration, and the general appearance of nature is sacrificed to the grace of the flock. See the "Bull" in the Museum of the Hague (p. 106).

We must not, however, be understood to imply that the sun is always absent from the pictures of Paul Potter, nor that he utterly annuls the background to give all the relief desirable to his principal subject of attraction—the sheep and oxen. We mean only to convey the idea that he, in general, selects

bulls, or the curly wool of his sheep, and lustrous hair of his bounding goats.

Who does not feel that Paul Potter must have been an amiable and gentle man? "When one knew him thoroughly," says Argenville, "it was difficult to leave him." And yet, this painter of the quiet of the fields could not obtain domestic peace. "His wife, who had an unfortunate *penchant* for gallantry, was quite delighted with the crowd of visitors who frequented the studio of Paul Potter. She found among these visitors many an admirer. The artist, deeply occupied with his art, saw them with a tranquil eye, and she did not even attempt to save appearances. But one day, coming suddenly upon her, when listening with eager ear to the protestations of a tender lover, he grew furious, and taking them by surprise, cast round them a net-work which served to keep the flies off his horse, and tied them in with a strong cord. Then wishing to imitate the husband of Venus fully,



HORSES AT THE TROUGH.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

a certain hour of the day, not an arbitrary hour, for Paul Potter never gave way to mere fancy, but precisely the hour when the sun is to be seen in his country. In Holland the sun, in general, remains covered with clouds the whole day; it seems, as it were, only to rise about four o'clock in the afternoon, and then it enlivens the fields and meadows until the setting of the sun. At that hour, the light coming from the horizon gives a rosy tint to the country, enlivening all it meets, showing up all the rich colours of the animals, and detaching all objects by their lengthened shadows. But the upper part of the sky is at this time quiet and gray, and unless there is some cloud which catches the light, the background remains sufficiently tranquil to bring out the foreground plans. This is the hour of the day which Paul Potter has chosen to paint. But for fear the sky should spoil the effect and draw off attention from the animals, he paints it softly and even in the cottony style, rather than at all diminish the importance of the coloured robe of his

he called all his friends in—now quite satisfied that among them were many other rivals for his wife's affection—and showed the blushing and furious couple thus tied; thus avenging himself for his wife's and his pretended friend's treachery. The rivals of the unfortunate individual thus captured, went away. The house of the painter became less noisy; his wife, confused and sorrowful, begged his pardon. Potter thought: her sufficiently punished, and forgave her."

Still, after a misadventure of this kind, it was difficult to remain in a town where it had made much noise, and had formed the general topic of conversation for some time. It was in 1652. Paul Potter then quitted the Hague, and went back to Amsterdam, where his family resided. He had been, moreover, invited there by the burgomaster, Tulp, who was one of his friends, and who gave a high price for his pictures. The greater number of the works of Paul Potter became the property of this rich amateur.

The town of Amsterdam was then inhabited by severa

eminent artists. There can be little doubt that the examination of their great works filled our painter with the spirit of emulation. It is certain that from this moment Paul Potter endeavoured to enlarge his tone, to increase his proportions, and to elevate his charming pastorals to the dignity of historic pages. It was an error—a very great error. Animals the size of life in a picture fail to interest us; they cannot do so, because then they actually enter into competition with nature, which will not bear this kind of comparison. To render such colossal proportions tolerable with the subject, the charm of which consists in the truth of the character, of which the poetry is domestic and *naïve*, nothing less than the genius of Rembrandt would be required. There would be need of a kind of fantastic audacity, a strange light, and the interest of some unexpected drama. Unless with such additional arts as these, what illusion can there be about cows as large as life, with horns which touch the framework? In the presence of this enormous reality, the mind refuses to give way to the feeling of imagination, and cannot recall the idea of the country, and feed contemplatively on the beauties and glories of nature. Taste has laws which may be disputed, despite proverbs to the contrary; and yet, though they are unwritten, they are not less rigorous. Reason tells us that we must apportion the means to the end. If we cannot charm the spectator by showing him a little corner of sky about three inches square, three square yards will not enable us to take a hold of his mind.

Moreover, while forgetting these imperious rules, Paul Potter has not succeeded in making himself an excuse by the general success of his attempt; and here is the principal error. The great picture which is shown at the Hague as a marvel, and which represents a bull, with a cow lying down, a lamb, and a herdsman, all the size of life, does not come up to the immense celebrity which has been given to it by books of art, guide-books, and the hurried criticisms of picture-dealers and enthusiastic amateurs. The touch is fine, no doubt; the animals are truthful in the extreme; but the whole wants warmth, interest, and charm. The eye is shocked by the unexpected dimensions, and the precise manner of Paul Potter, so admirable in his smaller productions, is here unsatisfactory and cold. We want a broader brush, with more energy and fire, and some of the great *chiaroscuro* effects, by means of which Cuypp and Rembrandt would have saved the reputation of such a picture. These remarks apply still more to the great "Bear Hunt" of the Museum of Amsterdam, which is certainly the weakest of all the pictures by this master. Ruysdael knew how to express, within the limits of a small picture, the profundity of the infinite.

"These animals, of gigantic proportions," says Thoré, "were made by Albert Cuypp much more gigantic within the space of a foot square. Mathematical proportion does not necessarily decide size. The smallest figure of Michael Angelo is grander than the huge figures of certain artists. Benvenuto Cellini carved on the pommel of a sword, combats which were worth six miles of battle scenes to be found at Versailles, while the elephant of the Bastille was petty alongside the elephants carved on a ring in the time of the conquests of Alexander."

If, however, Paul Potter failed to elevate his talent to a level with the huge canvas on which he painted his humble models; on the other hand, what energy, what sentiment, what perfection is there in his smaller pictures, the dimensions of which, better suited to the simplicity of the subject, allowed him to display to advantage the perfection of his pencil, and even the softness and poetry of his heart. There is no one who has examined these productions of Paul Potter, during the two hundred years which have elapsed since he painted the portraits of the animals that serve man, without, at the very first glance of the eye, admiring the startling truth, the good humour, the happy light of his pictures, so softened and so gentle.

The soul of the painter was, as it were, presented in these peaceful compositions quite as much as have been the minds of others who have painted heroes. "I recollect, when I was at college," says an eminent French critic, "I spent a

whole day in visiting the portfolio of a rich amateur of engravings, who amongst other ancient productions, showed me some superb works by Paul Potter. I knew not even the name of this celebrated artist, and certainly I had no idea of what was meant by copper-plate, just proof, proof before letters, and so on. But glancing over the horses, I was much struck by the beautiful engraving known as the 'Friesland Horse.' It represents a powerful horse during a storm, on a vast prairie. In the distance, under the horse's feet, may be seen a village, and some trees bent by the wind, their black outline relieved on a dark sky. I know not why, but the sight of this horse, abandoned and alone, caused me profound emotion. I thought I then felt that nature had within it a hidden poetry, a mysterious essence, which at certain moments reveals itself to elevated minds, to predestined artists; that for them this moral essence is infused even into the breath of the air, and that there is the secret of that inexpressible charm which they knew how to give to the painting of the herbs of the field, as well as to the mute and sad attitude of the resigned animal."

A modern writer has said of the animals of Paul Potter: "Others have painted cows, oxen, well-drawn sheep, all well-coloured and painted. He, alone, has seized their expression, the physiognomy of their in *er* existence, of their instinct. We admire the flocks and herds of Berghem, of Van der Velde, of Karel Dujardin; we are touched by those of Paul Potter."

Even if we were to regard the paintings of the Dutch painter purely from a picturesque point of view, he would nevertheless take rank amongst the first artists of his country. And, placing him within the limits of his special subject, we may say that Paul Potter is truly and unaffectedly the master. Truly, no one has succeeded more than he has—scarcely as much. Not only does he thoroughly know his animals, their anatomy, their habits, their character; but no one has so carefully observed the gait which this character gives them, the movement or the posture which betrays either agitation or calmness in them. Never was there seen a more robust and simple way of showing the construction of his great oxen, or of his draught horses. And in no case is the triumph of the whole, of the mass, obtained at the expense of delicacy of detail. With the exception of the sky, which flies away gently to the horizon, dim and somewhat gloomy, nothing is sacrificed which may keep the flagging attention alive. The hair is collected and divided on the forehead of the cow, it is rounded where the horns arise, it is smooth on the ribs and ends in unequal tufts. It stands up on the shoulder, it is crisp as horsehair on the back-bone; it stands up again wherever the animal has licked it, or where he has rubbed himself against a tree.

The smallest accidents of the skin are expressed with scrupulous and unerring fidelity. The sheep's wool, the golden fleece of the lamb, are rendered with minute exactness. His pencil forgets not the scum which has stuck to them from crossing a pond, nor the mud which has bespattered them, nor the manure mixed with bits of straw attached to the haunches of the sheep which has been rolling in the yard. The painter is careful to observe the peculiar characteristics which belong to each race, the details of expression and the habits which characterise the individual. It is in this way that Paul Potter was above all the real and genuine animal painter.

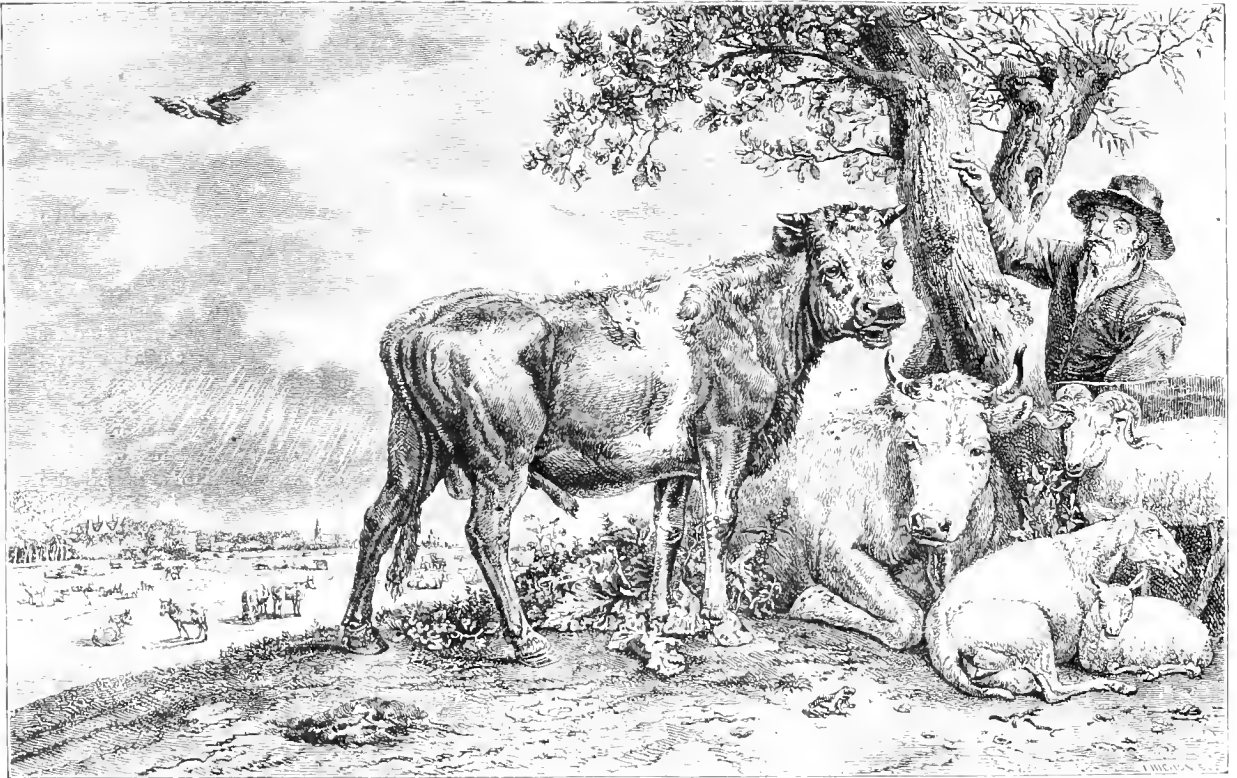
If we seek to find out what are the distinctive marks of this master, we must compare him with his rivals—with Berghem, with Van der Velde, Albert Cuypp, and Karel Dujardin. Berghem has more wit and ingenuity, and less nature. Van der Velde has not so much precision as Paul Potter, nor so

* Adam Bartsch thus describes this engraving: "A Friesland horse, of a mottled bay colour, seen from the profile, and turning towards the right of the engraving. His mane is divided into three parts and tied together by a knot of ribbon. He is standing in a large field, before a town, which is seen in the distance, and which crosses the whole back of the picture. The sky is gloomy and black. On the right may be read,—Paulus Potter, 1692."

much energy ; but he has occasionally more grace, and, as an instance, we may mention that his "Sheep with her young nestling in search of food" is inimitable. Albert Cuyp is gifted with superior genius ; he grasps nature in the varied phases of its history ; he is elegant in his luminous portraits and powerful in his landscapes ; he draws elegant horses coming out of the stables of gentlemen, as well as he does the horse that works at the plough ; he colours beautiful skies, paints the rolling of the sea and the ships which move upon it, passes from the hunting *rendezvous* to the rustic farm, and is, in fact, superior to Paul Potter in the universality of his genius ; but the latter, in his special subject of animals, surpasses his rival in the extraordinary truth and perfection with which he renders his models. Karel Dujardin is so amiable, and so charming, that it is impossible to place him anywhere but in the first line ; and yet, setting aside the rural savour of his golden landscapes, and only studying his successful animals, Karel must also yield the palm to Paul Potter as

senting the roughness of the skin of his animals, or when he is painting the minute details of uneven ground. In every other part it is, as it were, embroidered and minute. His skies are flaccid and cottony ; they have none of that rich tone which in Karel Dujardin makes the clouds so real and successful ; none of those open lurid places showing the storm, which Joseph Vernet so admirably rendered. Setting aside these defects, the landscape, considering the distance of the grounds, is dashed off correctly, and the manner of the painting is perfectly appropriate to the subject and the effect desired to be produced.

The love of nature is often found in men of delicate temperament, whose bodies are destined to die away before their time. Like Van der Velde, who loved the country so much and who painted animals so well, Paul Potter had within him the germs of premature death. The gradual weakening of his bodily health is attributed to excess of work. He laboured, says his chief historian, night and day. The lamp at mid-



THE BULL.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER

his master, because he is more profound, more true, more complete.

There are in nature many objects which can be successfully rendered by mere colour without the assistance of touch—that is to say, without the touch appearing. Great historical subjects, above all, when they are treated in the fresco style, show no trace of the touch. The elevation of the idea here diminishes the importance of the material part of art, and the coquetries and niceties of the profession. But it is not the same in fancy subjects, in which are presented animals, vegetables, terraces. These cannot do without visible touches, any more than metals or other shining bodies, on the clear parts. Not only is the touch necessary to express the character of these different objects, as well as to convey the sentiment of pride, of delicacy, or love, which animates painting, but because it is required to interest the eye more in proportion as the mind is less appealed to. It is for this reason that in Holland touch has always been held in such high esteem. That of Paul Potter is firm and decided, when he is repre-

senting the roughness of the skin of his animals, or when he is painting the minute details of uneven ground. In every other part it is, as it were, embroidered and minute. His skies are flaccid and cottony ; they have none of that rich tone which in Karel Dujardin makes the clouds so real and successful ; none of those open lurid places showing the storm, which Joseph Vernet so admirably rendered. Setting aside these defects, the landscape, considering the distance of the grounds, is dashed off correctly, and the manner of the painting is perfectly appropriate to the subject and the effect desired to be produced.

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night found him still painting. In the long winter evenings he would employ himself in engraving the studies which he had made for his painting, and he never went out without his pencil and his note-book. But this continual application, for which he was gently scolded, and which is looked upon as the cause of his death, was but an imperious requirement of his nature. It appears a kind of destiny of some, condemned to a short life. They devour hours to consume the life of several men in one ; and, as if they bore about them the presentiment of their fate, we see them hastening to live, to accomplish their task, and thus make their flame burn to the last. It was so with this great painter, the humble friend of the flocks and herds and fields. Paul Potter died of decline in 1654, not having completed his twenty-ninth year. He was buried in the great chapel of Amsterdam. He left behind him a little girl, three years old, and the wife he had so much loved that he even pardoned her levity.

Two centuries this very year have passed since his death, and the pictures of Paul Potter increase in price day by day.

Amateurs and connoisseurs also seek for his beautiful engravings, which have become very rare; indeed, so rare are they, that many are glad even to obtain the copies from them by the Chevalier de Claussin. But when speaking on this subject, we cannot do better than quote the most learned of critics. Adam Bartsch says: "Paul Potter engraved eighteen subjects, which are the delight of connoisseurs. When we recollect that he was only eighteen when he engraved 'The Cow-keeper,' and nineteen when he engraved

and his horses with little short dashes which he seldom lengthened, except when he wished to make large deep shadows, and he rendered the streaks of the hair in a most admirable manner. The work of his engraver's point is neat and close, so that we can scarcely recognise the burin with which he went over it in some places. The little backgrounds in his collections of animals are executed with lightness and delicacy, and the plants in front of the engraving No. 11, as well as the 'Zubacain,' No. 18, show a practice in the



PASTURAGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

'The Shepherd,' we are astonished at the extraordinary genius of this master, and we can scarcely comprehend how at this age he could have produced works which would be the glory of the most ingenious artist, of the most consummate master in the practice of his art. Perfect correctness in the drawing, striking truth in the character of the animals, remarkable intelligence in the composition, happy effect in the *chiaroscuro*, combined with a sure and soft point, all unite in his productions to raise him to a level with the authors of the greatest masterpieces. Potter engraved the skin of his

art of engraving such as is rarely met with in engravings by painters."

Though he has only engraved oxen, cows, horses, and some few sheep, Paul Potter studied and drew almost every kind of quadruped; those, at all events, which belong to the domain of art, and which do not interest the naturalist alone. The work of his contemporary, Marc de Bye, who was a pupil of Jacques van der Does, contains no less than sixty-one pieces engraved after Paul Potter. There are scenes of lions, of wolves, followed by packs of hounds, pigs, she-goats, and he-

goats. From the eighteen engravings from the hand of our excellent painter, one of the handsomest and one of the rarest is that which bears the name of "Zubacina." It is a great tree which fills the forests of Brazil. We see a superb branch of it covered with leaves and fruits projecting from the lower part of the trunk, and reaching to the very summit of the picture. At the foot of this tree, engraved with the finest and most intelligent of points, is a monkey sitting on the ground, holding in his fore paws a fruit of the same tree, like a nut. This monkey was the subject of a serious discussion among certain celebrated naturalists in France, during the last century. Marggrave gave a woodcut of it from the engraving of Potter, and called it the *equina* of Congo; but Buffon combatted this opinion and that of Linnæus, who called it *Diana*, and decided that the monkey of Paul Potter was the common Brazilian *sapajo*.

It may be readily imagined, familiar as most persons are with the impulses which generally guide fervent amateurs—these impulses being not always purely artistic—how severe have occasionally been the struggles to possess an engraving which had the honour of such a dispute.

It is when examining such works as the eighteen precious engravings of Paul Potter, that we recognise in the engraving all the merits of the artist: his profound knowledge, his love for truth and exactness, his search for truth of outline, his *naïf* character, his sentiment, and his tenderness of soul. How clearly is every shade distinguished! How admirably he renders all the differences of construction which exist in animals of the same race, as, for example, between the bull and the cow! The latter has in general a long face, an open forehead, and soft brows over the eyes; the bull, on the other hand, has a fierce and savage look, a short head, the neck tremendous in its thickness and convexity, thickset, heavy, the shoulders falling away, and the hind-quarters rather light. A treatise on anatomy would scarcely give you more information on these subjects than do the engravings of this master. As for horses, no one ever painted them better than he did. We do not here allude to those prancing steeds introduced by Wouvermans into his hunting halts, nor to the fierce Andalusian steeds which carry the heroes of Vandyck, nor to the heavy coursers which are found on the canvases of Lebrun and Van der Meulen, as in the carousals and festivities of Louis XIV., nor to that light, lean, and bounding horse of which Carlé Vernet was the excellent painter. The model which Paul Potter adopted was the working horse—the useful, patient, and robust horse—which has been so admirably understood by Géricault, to say nothing of living familiar artists.

There is a difference, however, between these two artists. One painted the horse of the town, vigorously drawing the heavy cart, or the loaded diligence. Paul Potter preferred to study the horse of the fields, the peaceful companion of rustic families, the animal that draws loads of hay to the grange, which takes the farmer's son to the haulet, which in the evening, harnessed with fatigue, fraternises with his comrade at the trough, and is satisfied with the bundle of straw and the pail of water which a serving-man brings him.

We have given an admirable and delicious specimen of this in the "Horses at the Trough" (p. 104). A man must have never felt the pleasure of country places, have never breathed the odour of the country, not to feel the charm of so simple a picture, so Dutch, with its humid sky, and not to guess every detail of it, and the feelings of the painter who produced it.

The latest of his engravings date from 1652. He was approaching his end, and he seemed almost conscious of what was coming, for his last works appear to bear the evidence of a sad and melancholy inspiration. There was even a dramatic reality about some of his productions. "I know nothing more touching," says Duménil Michelet, "than the dying horse, which is about to fall near the one that is already dead, and which the dogs are devouring."

The animals of the pen-ant, and the horse of the people, have given to Paul Potter an immortal fame. He has, on the other hand, taken these animals under the protection of his

genius. It was never before the good fortune of animals to play the principal part in creations of the painter, and to form of themselves a picture. Since the *Renaissance*, no one had dared to depart from rule, and give such importance to domestic animals. No one had ever introduced them so holdly into the domain of art. To the Dutch is due the honour of having first given to the inferior race of the world their share of light and human interest. The East had nursed the belief, that animals contained within them sleeping souls, perhaps souls humiliated and for a time captive. Antiquity had given to them the good sense of Æsop, and had ennobled them in the greatest works of sculpture. Virgil sang of the labouring ox, and of the sheep of Gallus. The middle age of Romanism proscribed animals as impure, and in connivance with the evil one. But popular tenderness restored them to a better position, until La Fontaine made them speak and Paul Potter painted them. Recently, an historian,†—a French historian of course—cried out in those phrenzied accents which belong only to his country: "The tree which has seen all time, the bird which has seen every place, have they nothing to teach us? Does not the eagle read the sun, and the owl the darkness. And did those great oxen, so solemn under that tree, never think while they were ruminating?"

Paul Potter engraved, we have said, eighteen engravings.

There are eight of cows and oxen:—

1. "The Bull," signed Paul Potter, 1650.
2. "The Cow standing, near one that is lying down."
3. "The Cow lying down by the Four-barred Gate."
4. "The Cow at Pasture."
5. "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn."
6. "A Cow."
7. "Two Oxen in a Field fighting."
8. "Two Cows," with their backs turned to the foreground.

At the Rigal sale, in 1817, these eight first proofs sold for £9. There are three different proofs of these eight engravings. The first are before the letters, and "Clement de Jonghe" is not on them; you simply read—"P. Potter inv. et excud." The second have the name of Clement de Jonghe, and the words "et excud." after "Potter," are taken out. The last proofs have the name of F. de Wit marked in the corner to the right.

There are several engravings of horses:—

1. (9) "The Horse of Friesland," signed Paul Potter, 1652.
2. (10) "The Horse neighing," same name and date.
3. (11) "The Horse-dealer," same name and date.
4. (12) "The Plough-horses," same name and date.
5. (13) "The Mazette," same name and date.

At the Rigal sale, above alluded to, these five pieces, fine proofs, fetched £14.

14. "The Cowherd." The author engraved this at eighteen. To the left you read—"Paulus Potter in. et fecit a° 1643." There are two proofs of this work. A first proof of this engraving, very rare, fetched at the Rigal sale, £16.

15. "The Shepherd," which Paul Potter engraved at seventeen, is marked 1616.

16. "The Head of a Cow," very beautifully executed.

17. "A Cow lying down near a Tree." A good specimen is worth £8 to £10.

18. "Zubacina." To the left of this engraving the word "Zubacina" may be read, and towards the right, "Paulus Potter fecit, 1650." This piece is very rare, and one of the best of Potter's works. At the Rigal sale it produced £6 10s.

Every museum, every cabinet, has vied one with another to obtain the productions of this great painter, who died at twenty nine.

The Louvre contains two: "Oxen and Sheep in a Prairie," from the Choiseul Gallery; "Two Horses at the Trough."

The Royal and Imperial Gallery of the Belvedere at Vienna only possesses two copies.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich possesses one: "A Landscape with figures and animals."

Dresden has three: "A Forest," with figures painted by A. Van der Velde.

† Michelet, "Origines du droit."

THE COLOURS OF LANDSCAPES.

MODERN artists are too home-bred to be true painters of beauty. Their Italian scenes are dimmed by the cold clouds of the North; their architecture is not the gleaming marble of Corinth, but the gray old ruin of the northern border. They mix their colours as though nature had no pure tints. Landscape-painters especially should visit the bright places of the world, if they would reflect the rich loveliness of the earth.

and all admirers of art, to consider how much would be gained if less cloud, less shadow, less dun heaviness of tone, were employed as the elements of landscape. Turner excelled most of his contemporaries, not only because his outlines were flowing, his touches graceful, his harmonies complete; but because his blue was real blue, his purple the very purple of kings, his green the tender tint of the untrod den earth. The desert scenes of David Roberts were successful, when he painted the red-yellow of the sand and the rosy blue of the



THE COW BY THE STREAM.—FROM A PAINTING BY POTTER.

But the untravelled public is perhaps to blame in this matter. It scarcely believes that in Tuscany and Egypt skies are so blue that not a speck of vapour is to be seen from zenith to horizon; that the Lybian sunset is a hemisphere of violet, gold, and vermilion; that the grass in Spain is not only as green as emerald, but as vivid. All this knowledge would enrich artists' pictures; for by such experience did Claude gain the power to paint that scenery which is irradiated with an unfading beauty.

It is worth the attention not only of painters, but of critics

heavens without shading them down into imitations of the beach and sky at Brighton. When he brings in a cloud, it seems permeated by fire; when he hangs a mist upon the horizon, it is luminous and rich; and if he ever neglected this rule, his composition was less grand and truthful.

It is not enough that the artist should determine to use bright colours. He must not be only brilliant, but brilliant as nature herself is brilliant. A sunset in the desert is not like a sunset on the sea, where the water gives as well as takes tints and hues as transitory as the changes in the sky.

The first light is of a pearly gray, very difficult to represent in painting, from the danger of its appearing cold. Then streaks of saffron and crimson shoot up, which become more delicate as the dawn breaks and faints into rose, into gold, into blue. The verdure of such scenes need not, however, be parched; for the mimosa spreads over the well which feeds its roots a foliage as green as the acacias among our villas, and the young palm is as fresh as the vine, though the leaves turn when the precious golden bunches are hanging under them. The turf, too, is often like our forest-moss, the rice-field like our sprouting corn.

Artists are becoming travellers, and a good many of them are learning these lessons for themselves on the banks of the Nile. They have discovered that it is not enough to study a few months at Florence, or pace up and down the frescoed galleries of Rome. Very much, however, would be gained for their art, if they were to extend their researches further, and visit the rich regions of the East, not to paint Asiatic scenery, but to impress upon their imagination the reality of the brightness and splendour which add such beauty to the creations of art. Perhaps no one has ever visited the Indian Islands with this object, yet no part of the world would afford better studies to the colourist. The moist climate keeps the verdure perpetually of a fresh, vivid green. The water is intensely blue, and bright as light itself; a rose-red glow inflames the mountain-peaks, and wreaths of golden vapour curl up from the summits of volcanic hills. The vegetation is like that of South America, brilliant, gaudy, and with an infinite variety of tints. The birds are in harmony with all this gorgeous ornament, gold, red, azure, with an intense metallic lustre, peculiarly dazzling to the eye. From the boughs hang snakes, green and velvety, or like rolls of coral. The very insects are of superb hues, bronze, green, or silver-winged beetles being abundant in the woods. But the birds are more brilliant than all the rest of the animal creation: the cream-coloured pigeons, the sunbirds, called "atoms of the rainbow," contrasting with the royally-plumaged birds of paradise. The tiger-lily, the scarlet lake-flower, with the bloom of immense trees, add touches to the scenery, as well as to the richly-tinted shells—some, like beautiful tulips, strewing the sea-shore. The rose is of a deeper crimson in the East than it is found in the North or South; and the jessamine is more white, for colours of all kinds are more perfect in Asia than in any other quarter of the world. Even the atmosphere has a peculiar tone. A fine purple haze is often perceived on the water; but on land, in spite of the prevailing moisture, the air is so transparent that objects appear more distinct than they would through a less rarefied medium. These peculiar effects, if they were added to the repertory of the artist's experience, would aid him considerably in giving to his landscapes a colouring at once natural and rich.

Still, the artist need go no further than the warm and glowing South for the true colours of poetical landscape. In the paintings of the best Italian masters an attention to truth, in this respect, is one of the principal qualities commanding our admiration; and in the works of Claude, who, in spirit, was quite a Tuscan, the reflex of nature is found in every tint, from the chilly green water rippling against the pier of a broken bridge, to the burning, rosy gleams of such a sunset as that with which *Boccaccio* brightens his meadows. And, in moonlight scenes, how do the southern artists excel, with the foam-like scatterings of pearl glistening on the sea; the pale, pure, soft light hallowing the trees and gardens and towers; the clouds with silver edges, or the sky unspotted, but still a dark, deep, hollow dome of purple blue. It is a mistake to mark the stars as points of intense, colourless light, for in warm regions they come into the sky like clusters of gold.

In historical groups how much of character and purpose is displayed in the choice of colours. Rubens, with his coarse conceptions and exaggerated outlines, still surprises us into admiration by his bold and truthful colouring. And *Raffaello*, who was the poet of painters, used only a few pure hues to express his ideal of beauty. He would not sacrifice fidelity to variety, or taste to meretricious effect. If he put a robe

on his Madonnas, it was of vermilion or bright blue; if he draped his virgins, it was in violet or scarlet, not in a fantastic assemblage of contrasting colours. It is true, that in landscapes another rule is observable, and that an infinity of tints may be found in a single spot. But this applies principally to the vegetation. The sky is not generally dark blue in the east, and pale blue in the west; cloudy in the north, and unstained in the south. Grass is usually of one colour, though different fields may vary, but to dissect a picture into plots, sown with wheat, barley, and clover, in their several tints, is to give an agricultural lesson, and not to idealise the living beauty of the earth. In all these matters an eclectic taste will choose, and combine, and harmonise the infinite varieties of nature; and thus the masters of great genius have invariably attended to it. It will be seen, from our observations on the principles of the chief painters of modern times, that they set the highest value on adequate colouring. Rembrandt valued himself on his lights and shades, which are, in fact, mere effects of colour; Correggio cared nothing for a perfect outline unless filled up with true natural tints. It was, he said, the human body without the divine soul. And Michael Angelo, when painting his masterpiece, "The Last Judgment," used simple colours, but colours like those of the earth and the heavens, declaring that there was no grace in a "painted form" unless it was "faithful in complexion." Of course, that noble artist, as well as the other great masters of the South, understood that it was possible to conceive beauty of form without beauty of colour. Did the Italian or the Greek ever think it necessary to paint his statues? Did he ever gild his architecture, or employ on it the pigments which the Egyptian, more gross and material, valued so highly? But in landscape, the form—that is, the outline—is intended to be a deception. It is the secondary object; for the ideas of roundness, dimensions, and distance, can only be conveyed through the means of delusion. But the colouring is real, and ought to be natural. The oak-leaf ought to be like the leaf of the oak in the meadow; the broken arch ought to shine in moonlight, as *Tintern* really shines; the sky over *Naples* ought to be as blue as the sky under which the genuine gondoliers are singing. Landscapes, therefore, since they must, if very poetical and rich, be taken in idea from the East or South, should be coloured in a southern or eastern tone; and when artists are bold, they will paint such scenes as the old masters of Italy conceived, and all the world has since admired.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE connexion between poetry and painting is so delicate and yet so strong, that our readers will, we are sure, thank us for introducing to their notice an exquisite sonnet from the Spanish of *Lope de Vega*, which illustrates, and at the same time is illustrated by, the fine picture of "The Light of the World," by Mr. *Holman Hunt*, noticed in our last critique. We return to our subject the more readily from the knowledge that the attentive study of one fine work of art will more abundantly instruct the art-student than the casual supervision of a thousand. The reader will also perceive that the religious feeling which we noticed in Mr. *Hunt's* picture is reflected very strongly in the devotional lines of the Spanish dramatist, wherein is embalmed, as in amber, the image of the patient Saviour, so pictured that we are almost persuaded that Mr. *Hunt* consulted them before he drew his picture.

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to heaven how lost,
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
"Soul, from thy easement look, and thou shalt see
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"

And, oh, how often to that voice of sorrow,

"To-morrow we will open," I replied,

And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

We now proceed with our notice.

(No. 40), "Bragela," by C. Landseer, R.A., represents a scene from "Ossian," painted with great care and finish, without loss of effect; the face of the female is very beautiful, but her feet are too large, the colouring is harmonious and the drawing forcible.

(No. 176) is a clever picture by Mr. H. Wallis, called, "Dr. Johnson at Cave's, the Publisher's." Johnson is seated behind a screen, near a window; a smart impertinent servant girl, who has not long left the parish school, is bringing him a plate of meat. Behind the screen we get a glimpse of the company with whom Johnson is too shabby to associate. The artist has made a mistake in representing Johnson so old; and the picture, though carefully painted, is not quite so harmonious in tone as it might have been.

(No. 216), "The Pet of the Common," J. C. Horsley, is deserving of notice for its truthfulness to nature and its careful finish.

(No. 227), "A Study," A. Egg, R.A.; a very clever bit of costume, but nothing more. (No. 461), "Dame Ursula and Margaret," from "The Fortunes of Nigel," in the West Room, is of more importance. The figure of Margaret is graceful, and the air of weariness with which she turns from the old woman is well expressed; but surely there is time in twelve months for an artist like Mr. Egg to produce something more worthy of his former reputation.

(No. 315), "View of the Pic du Midi D'Ossaid in the Pyrenees," by C. Hanfield, R.A., is a noble picture of mountain scenery, absolutely elevating for a lowland man to look at.

(No. 330), "Chastity," by Mr. Frost, is a picture somewhat departing from his usual style; all the figures are draped. It professes to be a commentary on, rather than an illustration of, the passage of Milton.

"So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,

That when a soul is found sincerely so,

A thousand liveried angels lackey her."

The figure of Chastity is weak, ill-drawn, and ungraceful, and it is of course the principal figure; the accessories, and especially the groups of angels, are well drawn. The colouring is less exceptional than Mr. Frost usually gives us, but as a whole the picture is far from that which we might expect from this artist's reputation.

(No. 344), "The Children of the Wood," by Sant, is a beautifully painted illustration of a story that never tires. The background is an example of the good effected by the Pre-Raphaelites; it is both beautifully and carefully painted. As a whole this is charming.

(No. 352), "The Song of the Troubadours," by Poole, is a very excellent composition, treated in the very original style of the artist of "Solomon Eagle," which is so well remembered. We cannot award any artist higher praise than we do to Mr. Poole, when we advise every visitor to mark his forcible drawing, his delicate touch, and the perfect originality of his treatment.

(No. 362), "The Chequered Shade," by Messrs. Lee and Sydney Cooper, is another triumph of these two artists, who have for so long a period achieved the foremost position in their art.

The West Room, at which we have arrived, contains many admirable pictures; of these, (No. 420) "Nature's Mirror," by Antony, is one which will attract notice, although the composition is by no means a pleasant one.

"The solitary pool fringed round with reeds"

is so adjusted as to be very objectionably placed as regards the line of sight. Otherwise the painting is true and forcible, and not unaccompanied with the quaint rendering of the artist.

(No. 426), "The Countess of Nithsdale petitioning George I. on behalf of her Husband," who was under sentence of death for rebellion, R. Hannah; a very carefully-painted pic-

ture, but which almost verges on caricature in the representation of the king. The screwed-up, wrinkled countenance, the awkward, stooping stride, and the manner in which he grasps his sword, remind one more of a frightened clown in a pantomime, than an angry king repulsing a suppliant. Ugly and ungraceful though he might have been, and violently as he treated the countess, dragging her across the ante-chamber on her knees, the artist has evidently mistaken extravagance of gesture for appropriate action. Besides this, there is a total want of relief in the picture. It is impossible to tell where one of the "blue ribbons" (of which the countess speaks, and who are disengaging the king from her grasp) ends, and where the other begins: all is confusion. And it would puzzle any one but this artist to discover in any human countenance the green tints of which he is so fond; otherwise, the picture has many meritorious points. The draperies are all carefully represented, especially the *Moire-antique* of the countess.

(No. 435), "Fruits," G. Lance. Mr. Lance is not equal to his previous reputation in this specimen of his pencil. The fruit may be as fine as usual, but it is completely overbalanced by a flaring blue sky, and an equally intense parrot. Indeed, Mr. Lance has not only extinguished his fruit by these violent accessories, but also by an unfortunate specimen of humanity in the background, whose pale, sentimental countenance, and costume *à la Robens*, appear quite out of character with the rest of the picture.

(No. 439), "Scene from Faust," H. O'Neil, finely finished, but by no means a good conception of the characters. Faust is here represented as a middle-aged dandy, whose silken and pointed beard destroys all expression. The flowers and turf borders of the garden are admirably represented. Margaret is hardly young enough, and her position is somewhat fantastical.

(No. 443), "The Entanglement," T. H. Maguire; a specimen of want of taste which is much to be deplored; the more so, as the draperies are represented and finished with a truthfulness we never saw surpassed. The colouring is too florid, harmony in colour not being produced by such violent contrasts, but by a judicious admixture of warm and cold tints.

(No. 447), "Fruit," Miss E. Rumley, is finely and forcibly painted, and true to nature, and may be pronounced the best production of the artist that has yet been exhibited, being more free from the faults of colour than those hitherto before the public.

(No. 455), "The Governess," by Miss Solomon, declines itself by the title. When will people have done bestowing their lackadaisical pity on a class of persons usefully and honourably employed, and as fairly dealt with as any other class? This production is as weak and sentimental as the quotation from "Tupper's Philosophy" which accompanies it.

(No. 490), "The Entrance to the Laguna of Venice," by Cooke, is, in every way, excellent. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this fully equal, if not superior, to any of the works of Stanfield.

(No. 470), "A Letter-writer, Seville," by Mr. Phillip, is one of the attractions of the Exhibition, and confirms the promise put forth in the artist's former pictures. A well-known letter-writer exercises his trade in an open but quiet street in Seville. A gaily-dressed lady whispers an invitation, which she wishes him to write; and a peasant mother waits patiently for him to read a letter received from her husband. The group is full of interest, and is excellently painted. Her Majesty has been fortunate enough to secure this admirable painting.

(No. 485), "The Poison Cup," by Frith, a scene from Kenilworth, will be sure to arrest the visitor.

(No. 499), "Peggy," from Ramsay's admirable poem of "The Gentle Shepherd," is an excellent study of a figure by Mr. East, which should make the reputation of the artist.

No. 492, "Guidrius and Avizagus," scene from *Cymbeline*, introducing the dead Imogen, by W. Galt, is an admirably-painted scene; but, unfortunately, the taste of the artist is not nearly so good as his execution. The positions are formal, theatrical, and unnatural.

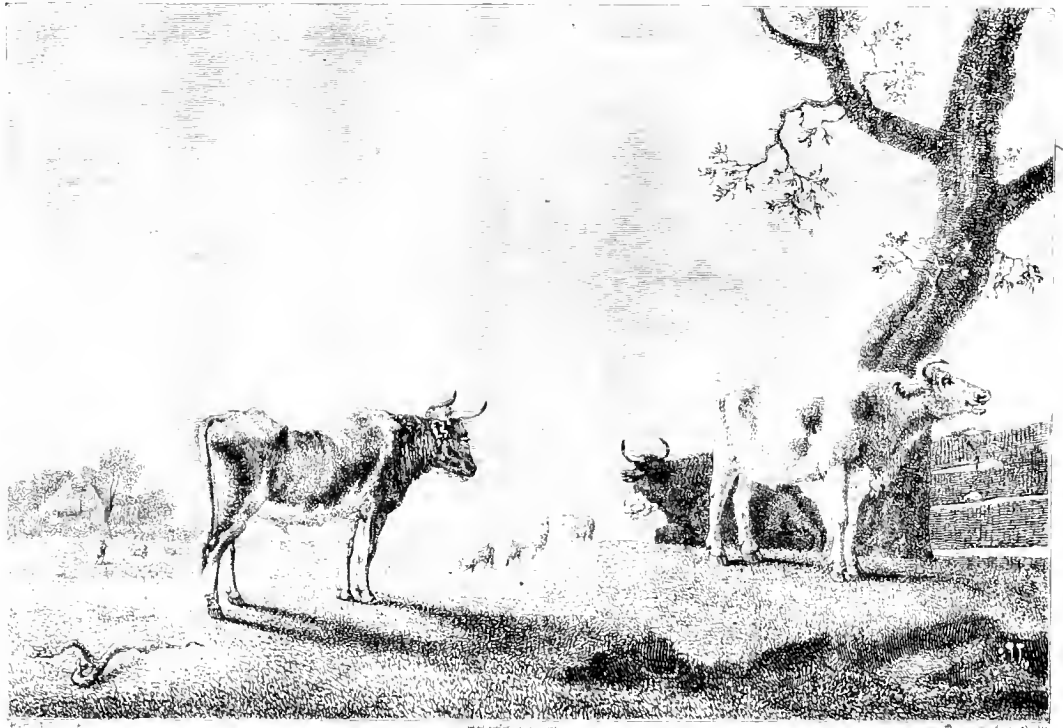
(No. 506), "Christopher Sly," by H. S. Marks, a name with which we have not met before, is a fine study of Shakespeare's drunken impersonation. We look forward to some great things from this artist.

(No. 520), "The Charity of Dorcas," by W. C. T. Dobson, is a very promising picture; and, as promise achieved, we may class pictures by those excellent artists, Sydney Cooper (No. 556), "Common Fare;" F. R. Lee and J. Hollins (No. 572), "Salmon Fishing on the River Aire;" (No. 581), "View of the Frith of Forth," by Roberts; (No. 586), "Traveller attacked by Wolves," by Ansdale; and many others. The object of our criticism being, generally, for the encouragement of the younger and less-known artists, and also for the elucidation of very great works, by men foremost in their art, our readers will forgive our doing anything further than calling attention to these pictures. Of the South Room drawings and miniatures we shall not speak; except to say, that there is general finish and excellence exhibited in this branch of the art. Two instances of bad taste are too glaring

1853;" where he has exhibited a sensual-looking widower in the newest black, stretched upon a sofa contemplating the bust of his departed wife, in a sprawling attitude of grief. His daughters, of all ages, surround him, dressed in the newest fashions from the mourning warehouse in Regent-street, and, with upturned eyes, assuming looks intended to be as deep as their crape. Nay, as Edmund, in "Lear," complains that even domestic animals shun him:—

"——— The little dogs all.

Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, they do bark at me." so Mr. Chalon, or the gentleman (?), has lugged in the pet dog, who, in a mourning suit of white, gazes with reverent wonder in his master's face. Grief more indecently exhibited we never saw—grief evidently, from the bereaved person's face, as constrained as his attitude, and a thousand times more transient than the water-colours of the fashionable artist. The effect of such a picture may be guessed; scarcely a single person passes it, but "*cheu tremet secur*" as he or she turns away in laughter or visible disgust.



THE MEADOW.—FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

to be passed over. Mr. Essex, to his excellent enamel portraits of "Byron, Scott, and Moore," has thought fit to append the following senseless and halting parody on Dryden's epigram—"Three poets in three distant ages born:—

"The Poets in one age were born,
England, Scotland, Ireland, did adorn:"

by which he disgusts more than he can charm by his painting; and Mr. Chalon has perpetrated a worse than senseless parody on the sacred character of grief, in his "In Memoriam,

Of the Octagon Room we have little to say; its one brilliant picture we have before noticed. An historical composition by S. Blackburn (No. 1,295) has much merit, and would be vastly improved by an addition of a few forcible touches. The Sculpture Room contains many repetitions of figures, some busts of merit, and two groups (Nos. 1,411 and 1,514) from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, "The Lamentations of Phaeton's Sisters," which exhibit grace, knowledge of anatomy, and merit.

END OF VOL. 1.

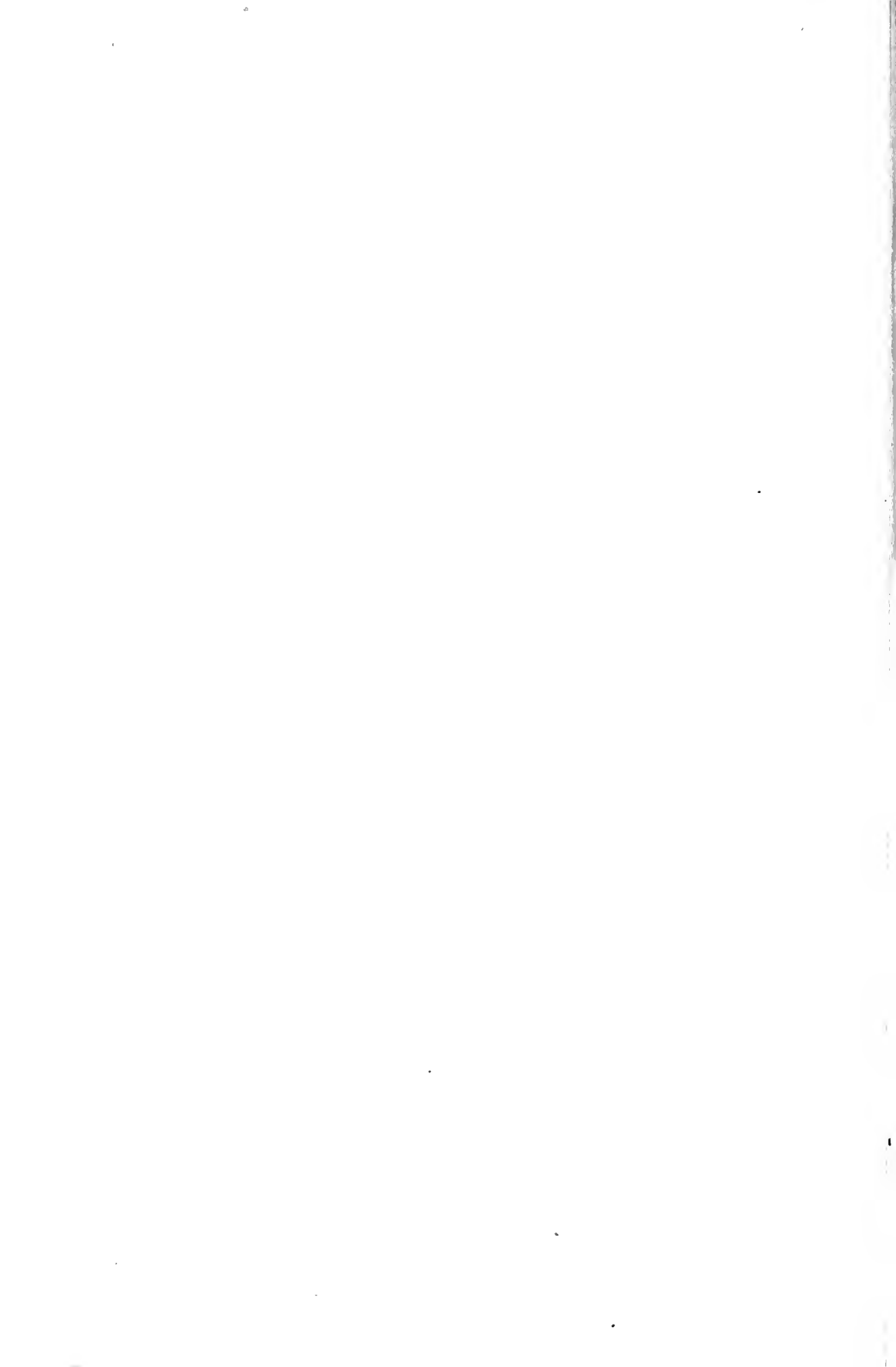
THE
WORKS
OF
EMINENT MASTERS,
IN
PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE,
AND
DECORATIVE ART.

VOL. II.

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THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS.

SEBASTIEN BOURDON.



We turn from the picturesque and cattle-loving Dutchman—the painter of animal life and scenery—to one of very different characteristics, whose subjects were, indeed, quite of another order, and owed their being to a very different taste and inspiration. The one was fitted, indeed, to represent the hour when

“Day dwindles to a span,
And silence spreads her meditative wing
Before the glimmering light—no straggling sound
Breaks o’er the deep uninterrupted gloom,
Save in the distant fold where cattle graze,
The sheep-bell breathes a moment through the calm;
Then all is hush’d in slumber soft again.
The evening zephyrs glide along the air,
Spreading their gauzy wings in playful sport,
And catch against these lofty elms below
Which tremble at the touch, so soft and pure.”

But the poetic and versatile, and, we must say it, rather feeble mind we have now to deal with was of another order. The above suggests calm home-scenery, the scenery of England or Holland; but now we are about to enter on

VOL. II.

“Thy sweets, oh, Palestine,”
where
“The rose that bloom’d on Sharon’s plain
Has withered and is gone again;
Tho’ gardens of the loveliest flowers
That ever bloom’d in Eden’s towers,
Glad the warm heart where’er we turn.”

We have to speak, we say, of that land

“Where the citron-trees are growing,
——— and the sunlight glowing
O’er a land of balm discloses
Its gardens and its beds of roses;
Where the palm-tree’s solemn shade
Spreads along the sultry plain,
Ere the clouds of evening fade,
Which shall never come again.”*

The author of these picturesque lines could scarcely have indicated better the subjects chosen by the two men of such different schools—Paul Potter and Sebastien Bourdon.

* “Hours of Recreation,” by Charles S. Middleton.

A man of easy and universal talent, Bourdon had his day of glory and fame, and, more fortunate than many equally clever men, he has preserved the reputation of the past, and descended with approbation and smiles to posterity. His southern impetuosity, the vivacity of his mind—which, however, penetrated no deeper than the surface of art—the suppleness, the liveliness, and the unprecedented good fortune of his pencil—all these characteristics are, in him, curious, eccentric, and as erratic as his wandering life; for this painter, who was to emulate so many masters, and reflect so many styles in his productions, was educated on the highway, and remained all his life a picker-up of trifles—a filcher from other men's brains. Like the celebrated *Gil Blas* of our early reading, he wandered much in search of truth, and did not appear ever to approach it very nearly. He, too, had to contend against many difficulties, like most men of genius, who only win fame and distinction at the price at which man has been destined to earn his bread. This, though inconvenient for the individual, has been useful to the world, which has owed its literary masterpieces to the humble in position, if not in spirit.

The career of many a poet and painter should well stir up the earnest spirit of youth to fight the battle of life, whatever their position, with energy and vigour. Milton was a schoolmaster, Shakspeare a player; Goldsmith wrote for bread at a guinea a letter—his "*Cræzus*" was thus published; and if we come down to the present day, which is not our province, we might tell of the humble walks from which rose almost every noted man of the hour, save only the leading statesmen, who have an hereditary fitness for legislation, which has never been satisfactorily explained, and therefore is not understood and appreciated.

Indeed, genius is seldom hereditary. Few instances are known of talent descending—except, be it marked, in aristocratic circles. There have been few sons of artists great painters; and, with rare exceptions indeed, no family has been distinguished for literary attainments, if we except the Roscoes, sons of the Roscoe, and one or two more such instances. But generally we have seen an Oliver Cromwell give us a Richard, a Milton but unknown children, and find imitators unknown to fame. Let, then, those who restly feel the sacred fire, have courage; the road is all before them, where to choose.

Bourdon had not much encouragement in early life to continue the profession of an artist. He was born at Montpellier in 1616,* in the house of an artist. His father was one of those painters on glass, that were still found in those days in the remote provinces of France; patient and laborious defenders of the *Renaissance*, that is, the style of the sixteenth century. The honest glazier and painter was himself his son's first master, until the day when he was taken away to Paris by one of his uncles. He worked in the capital under the guidance of an obscure artist, whose name has not descended to posterity, though he is very generally supposed to be an imitator of Simon Vouet. Soon, however, led away by the extreme fickleness and versatility of his nature, Sebastien Bourdon left Paris to run after *dome Fortune* in the southern provinces of France.

His biographers inform us that he was at Bordeaux in 1636, in the employment of a new master, and painting in fresco—it is the Abbé Lambert who gives us this minute detail—the roof of a great *salon* in a chateau in the neighbourhood of that town. Then we find him strolling for Toulouse, where, not finding it so easy to succeed as to doubt, he became thoroughly disgusted with his profession, and threw up painting. Led away by the impetuosity of his character to adopt the profession of all others least suited to his equivoque, volatile, and feeble nature, he became a soldier. The king's army gained by this freak but a poor, ill-disciplined soldier; while art lost an ardent mind, an impatient but clever hand; and Bourdon lost what he loved above everything—his personal liberty. Regrets soon began to assail him; and the young painter shouldered his musket with such a very ill grace, that his captain took pity

on him, and granted him some hours of relaxation and leisure. Powerful friends now interposed, and, after some difficulties and delays, they succeeded in liberating the soldier who had enlisted so imprudently.

Once free, Sebastien Bourdon never stopped until he found himself in Rome. At this moment he was but eighteen years of age. The sentiment of art, which for a moment had been dealened, but not killed within him, revived with fresh ardour and renewed energy. He was, indeed, destined to finish at Rome an education which had commenced under such strange auspices and in so turbulent a manner. It was in this city of art, where are piled up the monuments of gigantic men, men of old, men of renown, that the genius of the young disciple of painting was to make itself known to himself and to the world. At this early period, it may be said, Bourdon was guided by ill-regulated instincts, by inexplicable and somewhat foolish and inexcusable bursts of enthusiasm for some particular style. All kinds of paintings attracted him, every style pleased him alike. We may at once, however, remark, that the hesitation and fickleness of his early days continued all his life, it being, in fact, based on his character and instincts. It was, indeed, from this inconsistency, which sometimes descended to weakness, that Sebastien Bourdon, instead of becoming a grave and original painter, condemned himself always to be the brilliant reflection of contemporary styles.

Sebastien Bourdon was poor. His first duty was to find the means of existence, and, led away by the success then obtained in Italy, and soon to be obtained in France, by military scenes, by picturesque groups of Bohemians and beggars, by the interiors of guard-rooms and tap-rooms, which Pierre de Laer had made the fashion, he executed some of those pictures called *Bambochades*, and though his pencil was as yet inexperienced, and had not the true humour and coarse wit required by these somewhat eccentric scenes, still Bourdon had begun to succeed, and in the place of poverty saw a more golden and promising future before him, when an unfortunate adventure compelled him to leave Rome in all haste.

Sebastien Bourdon, as we should have intimated before, was a Protestant. This was quite sufficient for him to be viewed with an unfavourable eye in the land of intolerance. After a somewhat fierce quarrel with a French painter named Rioux, whose name but for this anecdote would be utterly unknown, the latter menaced him with his vengeance, and threatened to denounce him to the Holy Inquisition as a heretic. Very likely the danger was not so great as he apprehended; but Bourdon, who was seriously alarmed, thought proper to escape from the tortures of the castle of St. Angelo, and he took flight. Having escaped from the Papal territory, he took refuge in a more hospitable land, at Venice. He visited also several other Italian towns, and at length returned to France, after an absence of about three years.

It was a profitable voyage to the young artist in an artistic point of view. Bourdon had at all events learnt in Italy the rapid process of fashionable painting. He had watched the magic results of the labours of the great *improvisatori*, Andre Sacchi, and he returned to his native land with an ardent desire to do much, and that quickly, if even not well. The French school of painting, at the time when Bourdon once more saw his home, was ruled by the powerful and brilliant influence of Simon Vouet. The young painter was, therefore, without being quite prepared for it, perfectly in the fashion, and his successful productions soon proved this to be a fact. He halted first at Montpellier, where the chapter of the cathedral confided to him the execution of a vast picture, "*The Fall of Simon the Magician*." Bourdon painted on this canvas more than thirty figures, and only took three months to carry out his somewhat stupendous design. It was scarcely finished ere it was publicly exhibited in the church of St. Peter, and gave occasion to a very violent and somewhat disgraceful scene. Being severely criticised by a painter of Montpellier, whose name was Samuel Boissiere, Bourdon flew into a passion and boxed the critic's ears. The affair having assumed a very serious aspect, Bourdon, faithful to his habits of prudence, suddenly, and without warning, left the city of Montpellier.

He now came to Paris, where a more fortunate career was opened to him. He was scarcely twenty-seven years of age when the corporation of goldsmiths, who had adopted the custom of offering a

* Bryan says: "The French writers differ in their account of this artist. They place his birth in 1605, 1606, and 1619; and his death in 1662, 1671, and 1673."

† L'Abbé Lambert, "*Histoire Littéraire du Règne de Louis XIV.*," vol. iii. p. 167

picture to Notre Dame every year, employed our artist to execute for them a painting of "The Martyrdom of St. Peter." The opportunity thus offered was grasped manfully by Sebastien Bourdon, who now executed a masterpiece, or to speak more correctly, *his* masterpiece. This picture, which is now to be seen in the inimitable gallery of the Louvre—a place of itself worthy of a visit to Paris—is painted, as is generally allowed by all critics, with great care, freedom, and facility of pencil. The touch is broad, fully developed, and full of spirit; but the drawing is somewhat more loose than is allowable in a serious subject, while the colouring is, unfortunately, made up of warm and fiery tones, the excessive vulgarity of which surprises everybody. We are compelled to add that the scene is ill-lighted up, and while the secondary actors in the drama enmesh too much on the foreground, the chief actor is kept back in undue obscurity. The *furie*, or dash, and boldness of the brush caused this work to succeed immediately.

We are told of a strange specimen of painting where Bourdon represented "Mercury killing Argos," in relation to which a writer, who was seldom in the habit of adverting anything serious, wrote these lines:

"O, Bourdon! sur la peinture,
Dont tu charmes l'univers,
On voit autant d'yeux ouverts
Comme en a fermé Mercure."

What proves, however, more than the four verses of M. Soudry, the rapid and universal success of Sebastien Bourdon, is that, in the month of February, 1648, when the Royal Academy of Painting was instituted, he was admitted to the highly honourable position of one of the twelve academics, under whose patronage the learned society of artists was formed. Without recapitulating all the illustrious masters, who were the companions of Bourdon, in the list of founders of the world-renowned Academy, we may mention the Sieur Duguernier, an able miniature painter of that time, whose sister he afterwards married. Duguernier, who "was known at court and had many friends," says Felibien,† "became a powerful and influential supporter of his brother-in-law.

Strange caprice and freak of the fickle artist! At the very moment when fortune was at his door, in a rare and friendly humour, Bourdon, instead of opening it wide, closed it and thought of seeking it elsewhere. It was currently rumoured that the disturbances and civil tumults caused by the Fronde had deprived artists of the means of subsistence. But the truth is, that Queen Christina of Sweden, to civilise a little her more than semi-barbarous court, had already collected around her a group of learned men and poets, and sent for Bourdon to join them. This was in 1652. The adventurous Bourdon started for Stockholm, that beautiful northern Venice, and one of the most picturesque sites in the world, just as he would have set out for Versailles. The queen, who affected to protect the arts, and who really was possessed of talent and taste, received Bourdon with open arms, made him her first painter, and confided to him, it is said, the keepership of all the pictures she then possessed, and which with a view, it has been suggested, to their more perfect security, she allowed to sleep in the chests in which they had been packed to be sent to Sweden.

But as the office of keeper of the pictures of others was rather a dull one for an artist who had but one desire in life, and that to create, Bourdon was selected to paint the queen; and then it was that he executed that admirable portrait which Nanteuil and Michel Lasne have engraved, and which has ever since been the official, historical, and ever-interesting portrait of the famous queen of Sweden.

D'Arzenville relates a very creditable anecdote of Sebastien Bourdon, in connexion with the keepership of the pictures. While he was still engaged in painting the queen's portrait, Christina spoke to him of some of the pictures which her father, the king, had captured at the siege of Prague. We have already said that

* "Oh, Bourdon, we see as many eyes fixed on the painting with which you delight the world, as Mercury himself has closed." Le Cabinet, de M. Soudry, Gouverneur de Notre Dame de la Garde. Paris, in 1to, 1646, p. 199.

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres," iv, p. 241.

they were in the original packing-cases, and a fancy striking her, the queen requested the French artist to open the boxes and make a report as to their contents. Bourdon came back to her majesty with a very warm report of the pictures, particularly of one of Correggio. The good-natured princess requested him at once to accept this as a present from her. But the artist, more generous even than the queen, represented to her the fact that they were some of the finest paintings in Europe, and that she should not part with one of them. The queen, accordingly, acting on his advice, kept the pictures, and when she abdicated the throne took them with her to Rome, where she increased the value of the collection by judicious purchases. After her death, the heirs of Don Livio Odescalchi, who had bought them, sold them again to the Duke of Orleans, the prodigal regent of France, in whose house they remained until the Revolution. Most of them are now in London, in the Bridgewater Gallery, in the possession of the Earl of Ellesmere.

Felibien, already quoted, who was the intimate friend of Sebastien Bourdon, assures us that at Stockholm the worthy painter confined himself chiefly to the painting of portraits; and he mentions, among his most successful works, that of the Count Palatine, Charles Gustavus, cousin-german of the queen, the very prince, in whose favour she afterwards abdicated. The *mag* and *scribe* author of "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres" informs us also, that the queen of Sweden, wishing to erect a mausoleum to the memory of her father, Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at Lutzen in 1633, requested designs of the monument from Bourdon; and Felibien explains to us the strange and endless project which he, the learned and ingenious author, had devised—a project which the painter declined to present to the ill Queen Christina for good and sufficient reasons.

In truth, our artist was doomed to be the Wandering Jew of painting. The queen of Sweden, not satisfied with having her bust taken, had cherished the ambition to leave an equestrian portrait of herself, which she then requested Bourdon to take and present from her to the King of Spain. The French painter packed up the picture and put it on board a vessel which was about to set sail for the Peninsula, and personally disliking a long voyage, he merely crossed the Sound and made the best of his way to Paris. He could not have been more fortunate, had he been guided by some guardian angel; for, on his arrival in Paris, the prudent traveller learnt that the vessel laden with the equestrian statue of the queen had perished in a shipwreck. This was a singular coincidence, which made Bourdon all the more prudent and thoughtful of his personal safety. He learnt very soon afterwards that his protectress had abjured the Protestant religion and abdicated the throne. He at once gave up all idea of returning to Sweden, and resumed at Paris his functions of professor at the Academy of Painting, which named him rector on the 6th of July, 1655, in company with Surrain, Lebrun, and Enard.

Now began for our artist the epoch of extensive labours. Not to mention landscapes and *bambocchios*, which poured with extraordinary rapidity from his easy and inexhaustible pencil, he painted for the master-altar of the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict a "Christ dead at the Virgin's Feet," which was greatly admired; "The Woman taken in Adultery," for the Church of the Equites; a "Christ with Mary Magdalen," for the Church of the Comptes; "The Sacrifice of Solomon," at the Hotel of Toulouse; and a number of other paintings, the enumeration of which in this place would occupy too much space.

When speaking of the first "Christ" alluded to, that painted by Bourdon for the Collegiate Church of St. Benedict, M. de Witte praises it highly in his manuscript notes on the "Abbecharia" of P. Orlandi. "It is," he says, "this masterpiece he has caught with animation and power much of the style of Louis Caracci, who would not have been ashamed to have owned it." The opinion of so connoisseur and respectable an artist as Jean Pierre Mariette is here of great weight, and his opinion is also generally quoted as an authority of considerable importance, with regard to "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," which Bourdon painted for the May month of 1643.

Bourdon possessed two designs of this composition. They were both extremely rich, and were executed in the style of Paul Ver-

nese. They abounded in figures, but the painter was wise enough to simplify them. It appears to be a recognised fact in art, that while drawings admit of the introduction of a great many personages, the painter is wiser to lessen their number, as not in keeping with the sublimity and unity of high art. In a painting, too many figures create confusion, and destroy that repose so necessary to a historical picture. We may see from the information afforded us by Mariette, in relation to Bourdon, that instead of ripening and correcting his first thoughts as Poussin did, Sebastien threw his various projects on paper, and was quite satisfied, instead of any correction or search

into lodging-houses or factories. A Parisian of any note, even a clerk on £80 a year, would as soon live in the Marais, or the rocky fissure-looking lanes of the city, as the quondam fashionable island.

But in the days of Sebastien Bourdon, the island of St. Louis was in its glory. Its hotels were magnificent, and its inhabitants men of mark and likelihood. In the one mentioned above, he painted on a roof of nine compartments of unequal size, the fable of "Phœbus and Phaeton?" on the wainscot he ordered his pupils to execute, in fourteen little octagon squares, the allegorical figures of "Virtue and the Arts." The ornamenting and painting of this gallery, one



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD. — FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

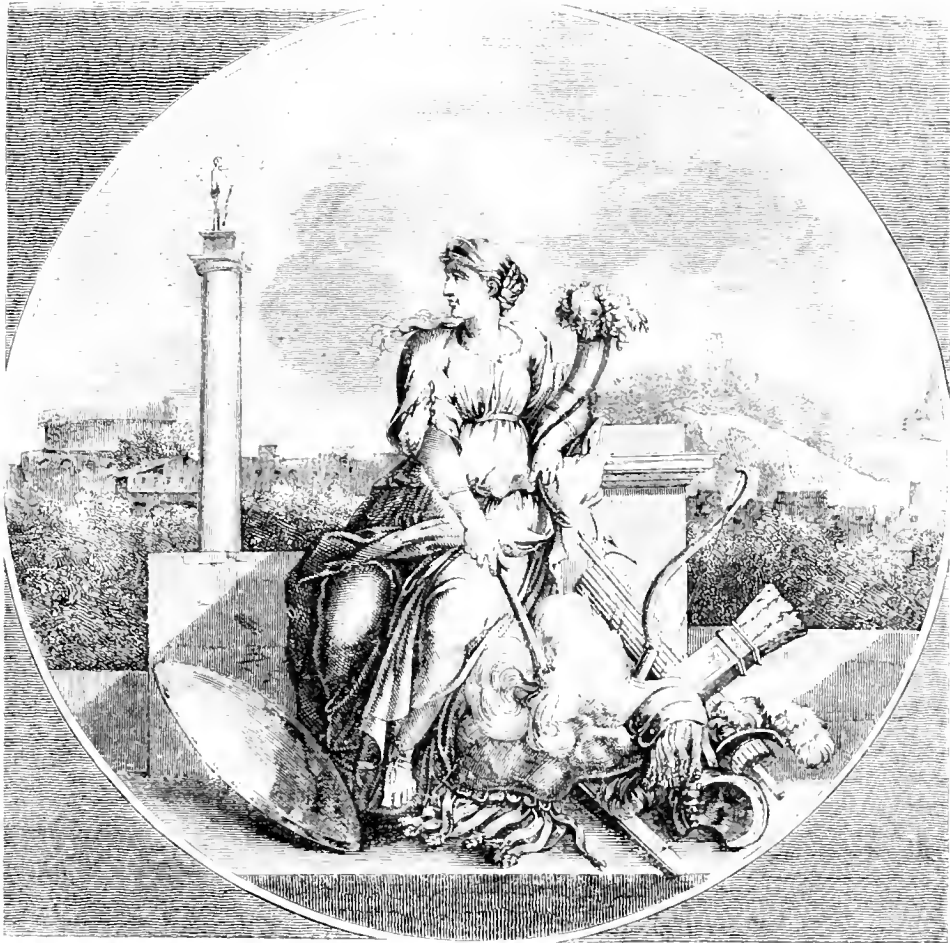
after improvement, to follow up his first effort of improvisation by a new improvisation.

His most important work was the decoration of the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, in the island of Saint Louis. This locality in the good city of Paris, so little known in the present day to tourists and explorers, is one of the most curious corners of that curious city. It is as yet quite sacred from any invasion of improvers. It was once a region of fashionable hotels, a perfect Belgravia on an island, all large houses, with courts and yards, and lofty arched entrances. It is now reduced to a very nucleated position. Many of its finest buildings have been pulled down, while the rest have been turned

of the richest monuments of the showy and fanciful elegance of the seventeenth century, was completed by architectural scrolls, garlands of flowers and fruits, painted by Charmeton and Mounoyer, the able *fleuriste*, as he was called in his day. Unfortunately, all those beautiful paintings have perished, and nothing could be said about them, beyond the mere record of their having existed, if we had not written descriptions, and better still, engravings of them by Friquet de Vaurose, the favourite pupil of Bourdon. When d'Argenville printed his "Voyage Pittoresque," the gallery of the Hotel Bretonvilliers was already spoilt. Now the hotel itself has utterly disappeared.

Those who instructed Sebastien Bourdon to paint and decorate the wainscoting of a sumptuous dwelling, were fully alive to the peculiarity and grandeur of his genius. No one, perhaps, in the whole French school, if we except Charles Lebrun, was better gifted by nature and by study for undertaking this very brilliant part of the painter's art. His inexhaustible imagination, his boldness, his independent humour, and with all this, a constant reflexion of the old style, combined to make him the decorator *par excellence*: that is, one of those prolific, proud artists, as prompt in execution as in conception, who are fully qualified to interest and amuse us without profundity of painting, but not without brilliancy, in productions which, although not wholly addressed to the mind, still take their impression from it. The decoration of the interior of a palace can, and ought to be only the means of striking the attention, of astonishing and flattering the looks. The

painter, for, to a certain extent, they are indeed his best productions. In these are displayed his most brilliant qualities, a surprising and wonderful fertility of invention, much movement and dramatic effect, a perfectly novel and curious art of arranging his drapery; in fine, a vivacity of execution and a warmth of pencil, which are to be seen even in the rendering of the ever. What can we imagine, for example, more odd than the subjects treated by Sebastien Bourdon in the octagonal, round, or oval compartments he had to paint? The Virtues and the Arts, with their usual attributes and their accustomed costume, or the somewhat dull subjects undertaken by this impetuous artist. And yet he has shown his vigour and his power by almost everywhere replacing a symbol by an action. He has represented "Music." He tells the charming fable of Arion, who, at the moment of being cast into the raging waves by a ship's crew, obtained leave to touch his



SECURITY. FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

artist who should attempt to elevate the mind to profound meditations would fail in his object, because the very existence of this elevated train of thought in the spectator, would draw his attention from the general magnificence of the whole. A painter, who is able, in a simple group of three figures, to concentrate the expression of the most elevated thoughts, the most secret impulses of the heart, and epitomise the human mind in a picture, is not the man to execute those paintings which are destined to dazzle the imagination and the eyes. Nicolas Poussin was gifted with too serious a genius to employ his time in decorating roofs and walls. Sebastien Bourdon, on the other hand, was sure to excel in it. The one only glided over the soul, the other dug to its very deepest foundations.

It is extremely fortunate for the glory and fame of the painter of Montpellier that his paintings in the Hotel de Bretonvilliers have been handed down to us in the admirable engravings of some of his

lyre, and thus attracted a dolphin, which took him on his back, and escaped with him to Cape Taurus. This is the way that Sebastien Bourdon celebrates the magic power of harmony, by means of an anecdote familiar to every student of that apocryphal lore of gods and goddesses which the ancients have handed down to us, in such very beautiful forms, that we forgive the absurdity which is the outward blemish. A French critic says, "Always occupied with the idea that he must make a picture, and being able to do everything as a painter, he substitutes for the monotony of traditional emblems in a drama full of life, of love, and poetry. Borne upon the back of the wondering dolphin, as upon a living bark, the musician of Lesbos, amidst all this, which has been overcome by his songs, and seems to listen to the sound of the murmuring waves more harmonious than his lyre. Again, if we see the ship, whence the poet has been cast into the waves, and we cannot help admiring

how ably the artist has managed to give an antique and noble character to the imaginary construction of the distant ship, which, without this heroic physiognomy, would at once have vulgarised the picture."

Again, he has to paint "Geometry." Instead of remaining chained to conventional tradition, he recollects the history of Archimedes, and seizes the occasion to represent a town on fire, and soldiers, whose unbridled ferocity and wild intoxication contrast in a most effective manner with the sublime tranquillity of the philosopher. All the heroes of classical antiquity are called upon to figure in person, in place of their wearisome attributes and emblematical nonentities, which were so repugnant to the boiling southern genius of our artist. We are indeed led to observe, that the more metaphysical his subject is, the more does he show his ingenuity in giving a striking and energetic form to his ideas. "Astronomy" serves as a pretext to Bourdon to tell us the story of the emperor Hadrian, who, preparing a sacrifice, is astounded to see the lightning strike the altar and cast to the ground the priest and the victim. It would have been hardly possible to invent better materials, to have found more happy and successful outlines, or to unite in a composition of such small size more life and a grander character. The proud, quick, and noble gesture of the emperor, the ball struck by the lightning, the foreshortened figure of the sacrificer—all this is in a savage style, and executed with a vigour which is not far short of genius.

The triumph of Pompey, drawn by Olympian horses, the liberalities of Augustus, casting heaps of sestercies to the Roman people, the celebrated act of Scævola burning the hand that had killed the guard of Porcena instead of Porcena himself, represent "Magnanimity," "Liberality," and "Constancy." All the active and familiar figures in fable and history are presented to us in the place of insipid abstractions, and most amateurs will allow, with considerable success. The allegorical subject of "Painting" is celebrated in a picture which reminds us of the story of Alexander presenting his favourite Campaspa to the great painter Apelles, who, while painting her for the king, has fallen in love with her. It will readily be allowed that the king, the artist, and the lovely heroine of the tale, whose beauty enhances the generosity of Alexander, satisfactorily replace the usual dry mementos (p. 13). In everything we find the subject speaking, animated, alive. Even the cold subject of "Grammar" is clothed in the form of a young woman watering plants, according to an ancient tradition of the imaginative Greeks.

The learned collectors of anecdotes pretend that the authorities of the Church of St. Gervais ordered from Bourdon six pictures destined for the ornament of the nave, which were to recount the history of the "blessed patron of the church and of its friend St. Protais." Bourdon accordingly set to work. But unfortunately for him, as regards the execution of this order, he could not get rid of his Calvinistic feelings; and not being able to abjure his religion, like the accommodating queen of Sweden, he was led, with regard to the pious martyrs whose apotheosis he was painting, to perpetrate certain jokes on their history, which were very offensive to the churchwardens. Bourdon was thanked, and dismissed, the more that his first picture, the "Beheading of St. Protais," did not receive the approbation of the chapter. This picture, which is to be found in the Louvre, is generally considered by Roman Catholics to be worthy of the blame which it received from the worshipful chapter of St. Gervais. The labours of Bourdon were continued by Philippe de Champagne, Lesueur, and Goulay; and on a candid examination of "St. Gervais refusing to sacrifice to False Gods," we are not led to regret the change from Bourdon to Lesueur, however much we may sympathise with, and comprehend, the very natural feelings of the Calvinist.

The landscapes of Bourdon are not the least important parts of his works. Everybody is familiar with them; everybody has seen a hundred times, in old books and albums, in shop windows and collections, his favourite subject, "The Flight into Egypt" (see p. 12), a landscape in which the grandeur of nature is almost on a par with the elevation of the subject. When we say *nature*, in the strict and philosophical sense of the word, we are wrong; nature certainly does not hold a very high place in these strange and savage compositions, which awaken in us neither the sentiment of

reality nor the image of the ideal. Sebastien Bourdon unfortunately lived at a time when the sentiment of nature had not developed itself in France, at all events in the arts, though it was soon to become the rage in painting, poetry, and prose—on the canvas of the fashionable artist, and in the pages of Florian and others, who, in the end, made nature appear ridiculous. The country, in the eyes of the artists of those days, was but accessory to the figures, the mere amusement of man, the frame in which their thoughts were developed. In those artificial times, certainly no member of the Academy, Lenoir excepted, would have ever thought it possible that a painter's landscape could be anything else but a scene wholly invented, composed to serve as the theatre of one of those fabulous or vulgar dramas which fill up the history of humanity. Less than any one else, could Bourdon escape the universal tendency of a school he, whose fancy always overpowered every other feeling. His landscapes are, therefore, wholly drawn from his extravagant and sombre imagination. There is none of that warmth which the subject demands, none of that golden eastern glow, to which we alluded in our last number.* We find violent and savage horses galloping along a vast plain; brigands dragging along the body of a man whom they have just slaughtered; warriors on the watch; travellers alarmed; or cavaliers galloping away from some startling danger. Sometimes we have Spanish muleteers making their way along difficult roads; but his favourite subject is the "Holy Family," Joseph and Mary flying with their precious burden from the wild rage of His enemies to the land distantly seen beyond the flowing waters. Moreover, despite the introduction of these figures, the landscapes of Sebastien Bourdon always represent uninhabited or uninhabitable countries, dotted here and there with ruins whose presence would be difficult to explain, did we not know what exists in European Turkey, where vast plains, deserted, uncultivated, and abandoned, yet teem with the ruined habitations, oftener with the crumbling tombs of the millions who once dwelt there. 'Twas such scenes Bourdon loved to paint—scenes which might once have been beautiful,

"Till, when the ruthless conqueror came
With vengeance sword and eyes of flame,
'Twas from its stately basis hurled,
Where the bulbul all day long
Charms the valley with her song;
And at evening's silent gloom
Sighs above Saadi's tomb.
Now he wanders wide and far,
Along the plains of Istakar,
Whose ruined temples and whose shrines
No longer give the voice of prayer,
But while the Day God brightly shines
His altars lie in ruins there!
Where palaces and tombs are spread,
Sad relics of the mighty dead!
And while he gazes on each scene,
Where pomp and power and wealth have been;
Where costly pearls and rubies shone
Upon the steps of Jemsheed's throne;
The owl within her lonely cell
Sits brooding o'er the pride of kings,
And watches like a sentinel
Above the wreck of human things."

He paints solitary scenes, it is true; but not the melancholy and silent and solemn solitudes of the tender Lesueur, but, on the contrary, savage, broken, terrible solitudes, rearing with all the noises of creation, the fall of heavy waters, the roaring of the bleak wind, the shuddering of the trees, as in the tempests of Guaspere, and now and then the unexpected rolling of chariot wheels over stony roads. And even when agricultural occupations, the labour of the fields, the harvest, and hay-making, became the subject-matter of his landscapes, the rustic figures introduced have a quaint gait, which carries us back to the rudeness of the middle ages, and reminds us neither of what we have seen in real nature, nor even what was painted in this style by the Venetian, Jacques Bassan.

Another remark, which it is essential to make with regard to the somewhat disorderly flights of Sebastien Bourdon's fancy is, that he often forgets the geographical fitness of the scenery, the *costume*

* WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, vol. i. p. 409.

locale—as our friends over the water say, as well as that strict fidelity to costume to which an artist should adhere when painting historical personages. He was not at all particular or careful in these things, would collect in the same country trees of widely different orders, introduce genuine Egyptian palm-trees amid Italian constructions, and even paint and engrave impossible trees, imaginary bushes, and absurd dwellings.

There are individuals to whom this eccentricity is a charm: it pleases certain artists, too, affording them novel and picturesque ideas; but it will only seriously seduce and captivate those who prefer the scenery of the stage to unadorned and real nature, the poetry of the reign of Charles II. to that of Milton and Shakspeare; the *Minerva* press to the healthy writings of Scott, Cooper, and Dickens; the ravings of a Reynolds to the truth and satire of a Ferrard; the false, untrue, and theatrical, to the beauty and loveliness of eternal truth.

Supple and varied in the style of his painting, seeking to imitate, now the colours of Lombard artists, now the grave rules of Poussin, now the pomp of Paul Veronese, or the easy elegance of Simon Vouet—doing over again, in fact, for a crowd of masters what, in the beginning, he had done for Claude Lorraine and Benedetto—Sebastien Bourdon naturally applied to various subjects the great diversity of his aptitudes and his characteristics. We find him descending with satisfaction to the interiors of guard houses in the style of Michael Angelo des Batailles or of John Miel, and to wild gipsy scenes in the style of the brothers Leinain and de Callot. It is quite useless to disguise a fact which any picture-dealer will be able to prove. These little pictures are much more sought after than many of his more ambitious works. The real fact is, that in these pretty and agreeable trifles—delicious little treasures at times—Bourdon is marvellously successful, without, however, having any of that style which, in the Dutch, is *naïveté*. He introduced an agreeable mode of colouring into them, a piquancy of style, the general base of which was that fine gray tone which colourists are so fond of—Velasquez, for instance, Simon Chardin, and Dandré Bardon, whose manner no one, according to a critic of the eighteenth century, understood better than Bourdon.

Upon this neutral and soft ground is admirably relieved the brilliant and gaudy rags of his Bohemians, the bright adjustments of his cavaliers, the yellow vests of his old soldiers, or the red feather of a beaver cast carelessly on the ground. The wide topped boots, the chamois leather gloves, and the buff jerkins also play their part, with drums which serve the soldiers to gamble on with dice. He is also very fond of introducing an old lean horse with outstretched neck, his dirty white crupper brought up by a warm ray of the sun. After carefully studying for so long a time, in antique bas-reliefs, that type of race-horses with swan-like necks that drew the triumphal chariots in ancient Rome, Bourdon suddenly catches a glimpse of a caravan of razzamuffins, and, forgetting all the subtleties of style, caught for a moment by a genuine bit of nature, he paints with energy the lean *Rozinante* mounted by a knight of sad and rueful countenance, or the injured steed of the company of comedians in the “Comte Romance” of Scarron.

Much is said in the books of art-critics of the engravings of Sebastien Bourdon; and some even go so far as to assert, that they are fit to rank alongside the productions of the best masters in the cabinets of amateurs. Thus carelessly is history written, above all, the history of art, which being on a subject with regard to which few understand much, every attempt at guiding men's minds in the right direction should be strictly correct and impartial. The error arises from the critics of one era copying word for word the ideas and thoughts of those who have preceded them, without ever taking the trouble to think or reflect for themselves in anything like an independent manner. The truth is, that the engravings of the artist of Montpellier are only worthy of being collected and preserved by artists, because they are able to draw from them happy ideas, inspirations, and thoughts; but as works of art to be kept in the portfolios of amateurs, they are very inferior. They are executed with extreme negligence, and could never please men whose taste had been formed by a study of beautiful Italian line engravings, particularly those of the Barocci, the Carracci, and the Benedetto. The coarseness of execution which is particularly remarked in the numerous compositions called “The Flight into

Egypt,” is not admissible in pieces of such dimensions. Scratchy lines, when they are done with proper spirit, are preferable, and are even charming, in little pieces; but plates of the size of a large quarto become dull and heavy when they appear to be scratched with a scribe, crudely, roughly, and tactlessly. The roughness, too, is not in keeping with the intention of the style which is visible in the figures. In a picture where the artist takes the trouble to select elegant form, a graceful gait and mien, it is not reasonable for the execution to be so much behind the thought. This is exactly the error of Bourdon. His heads are graceful and pleasing; his Madonnas are extremely pretty, a little in the taste of Parmesan; but their costume and other details display un pardonnable negligence. His draperies seem to convey the idea of his having studied them on a stiff by figure. They never clothed a human form. Let it be here remembered that we are speaking of his engravings—and it must be apparent that, without falling into the exaggerated cooking after effect which gives to drapery the appearance of wet linen, sticking here and there on the body, it is well that the form of the human figure be seen, and that the folds should have some object in view. With Bourdon the drapery is in general greatly of that metallic look, that stiff unalike conception so often found in the engravings of Albert Durer, without possessing at the same time any of his learned perfection. His Virgins are clothed in stiff rags, or in angular draks which are exceedingly displeasing to the eye, and which mar the effect of his general picture. His best effects in this line are his trees and his backgrounds, which at times are touched off with considerable delicacy and brightness.

The fine works of Bourdon are not, therefore, these hasty engravings, but rather those which he has touched up with the burin, or some few which he has devoted himself to with more attention, earnestness, and determination to do justice to his subject. His “Holt of the Holy Family” (p. 16) is one of the richest and noblest compositions of the French school. We find in it some of the sublimity of Nicolas Poussin. How admirably the verdure agrees with the buildings, and what an august character does the scene assume from the very solemnity of the landscape! We remark also the ineffable sadness of the Virgin, surrounded by the childish games over which she presides with so much grace; and we take the more notice of this, as it is not common in the work of the painter. The action of the washerwoman, so ardent at work, forms a great contrast with the tranquillity of the maternal group. Even the details of the donkey engaged in eating his thistles, and the ducks playing in the water, add languidly and harmoniously to the beauty of the picture, which is a mingling of sacred history with ordinary nature.

One characteristic feature in Bourdon, another of those things in which he resembles Poussin, is his taste for architecture. With him, as with the Norman painter, the buildings introduced into his compositions hold a very important place. But while, on the one hand, Poussin uses them soberly, and when it is for they should be used, Bourdon, on the other, abuses his love, and goes so far as to make it an habitual source of composition. Tailloussot has said, with considerable truth, “that one of the things which chiefly characterise the pictures of this master is—the same may be said of his engravings—the habit he has of placing in the foreground architectural remains, and always round forms opposed to square ones. We will suppose that he has too many straight lines in a picture; the broken remains of a column come to his relief. If he wants to bend or curve one of his figures, to make it assume an attitude at variance with those which are upright, immediately a piece of an old wall, a broken pedestal, starts from the ground at his command. He makes a very judicious use of the variety of these forms. But beside that the repetition is fatiguing, it takes away the illusion, because it is implied only.”

When going to the arbitrary productions of Bourdon, we find him an ardent student of antiquity. In his classical subjects may be recognised much, though irregular knowledge of his subject; and especially in his “Seven Charities” are we led to believe him cognizant of much that is described in the following

* This beautiful composition, engraved p. 17, is called by Robert Dumesnil the “Sainte Famille au Lavoir.”

† “Observations sur quelques Grands Peintres.” Paris, 1807.

passage from Heeren: "The house of the horses were large and spacious, and, at the same time, suited to the climate. The court was surrounded by a gallery, about which the bed-chambers were built. There was a direct entrance from the court to the hall, which was the common place of resort; moveable seats stood along the sides of the walls. Everything glistened with brass. On one side was a place of deposit, where the arms were kept. In the background was the hearth, and the seat for the lady of the mansion, when she made her appearance below. Several steps conducted from thence to a higher gallery, near which were the chambers of the women, where they were employed in household labours, especially in weaving. Several outhouses, for the purpose of grinding and leeking, were connected with the house; others for the common habitations of the male and female slaves;

all they used from that country." In his picture of "The Plague," much of this is visible.

There are occasions, however, when architecture is not simply, in the pictures of Bourdon, an expedient to produce contrast in outline, to balance the masses of colour, or to make the squared part appear less square by opposing them to round ones, and *vice versa*. When this is not the case, his palaces, almost wholly invented of a new and original style of architecture, have all the grand eccentricity of his landscapes and historical subjects. There is a composition by this master, one of those which perished with the Hotel de Bretonvilliers, and which the burin of Bourdon and his pupils has preserved, in which architecture is the object. It bears a singular title, "Magnificentia." Artemisia, surrounded by her women, contemplates the monument which she has erected to



WORKS OF MERCV. DEAVL. THE SICK FLOOR. A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

and also stables for the horses. The stalls for cattle were commonly in the fields. Astonishment is excited by the abundance of metals, both of the precious and baser ones, with which the mansions were adorned, and of which the household utensils were made. The walls glittered with them; the seats were made of them. Water for washing was presented in golden ewers on silver salvers; the benches, arms, utensils, were ornamented with them. Even if we suppose that much, called golden, was only gilded, we still have reason to ask, whence this wealth in precious metals? Homer gives us a hint respecting the silver, when he speaks of it as belonging to Aliba, in the land of the Halizones. Most of the gold probably came from Lydia, where this metal in later times was so abundant that the Greeks were, for the most part, supplied with

Mansias. Here the decorator has proved himself to be possessed of extraordinary invention. This monument, of which the model exists nowhere but in the brain of our artist, is composed of three orders of architecture piled one upon another, and is surmounted by a pyramid which, on all sides, presents a flight of steps running from the base to the summit. From the angles of the edifice dart forth four horses in a row, which prance and are kept down with difficulty by the groans. This immense tomb, which is opened in its lower part by a gallery of the Ionic order, shuts up and closes as it rises in elevation. The second story receives light by arches, which separate pilasters of the Doric order. The third story is without windows, and completely closed up, and it is pleasing to survey the steps ranging round the pyramid and reminding us of the great and majestic stairs which lead to the lower gallery.

The last days of the life of Sebastien Bourdon were absorbed

in ceaseless labour. According to a very excellent authority, the "Dictionnaire des Beaux Arts," he worked in a sort of garret, where he sometimes remained whole months without coming out. He covered his canvas with unexampled and unceasing activity. Though age had a little softened his natural fire, he preserved enough to have the decoration of a palace confided to him; a kind of painting which, as we have already remarked, so admirably suited his fertility of mind and the rapidity of his brush. Louis XIV., in fact, confided to him, in company with Nicholas Loir, his pupil, and already his rival, the task of decorating some halls of the palace of the Tuilleries, especially some of the lower halls. But Bourdon was unable to finish the task he had undertaken. A violent fever seized him in the month of May, 1671, and carried him off in a few days, at the early age of fifty-five. He died president of the Academy.

There was also a certain Guilletot, whose renown does not seem to have extended very far. Learned men alone are aware that he copied an unlimited the landscapes of Bourdon as well as he could.

Felibien, who was the friend of Sebastian Bourdon, speaks with interest of the prodigious facility of this master, whose error, however, he freely censures, while he is warmed and animated by the fire which animates his works, especially in his youth and riper age. But a writer who appears to have admired Bourdon very much, cannot help expressing his regret "that he did not finish his pictures a little more, and that he did not preserve that boldness and that courage of the mind which gives strength to perfect his invention by constant labour."* We may be allowed to suggest that, perhaps, a greater assiduity would not have corrected the defects of a too ardent imagination. "It is even true," says Felibien,† "that his first thoughts, and what he executed with



THE FLIGHT OF THE HOLY FAMILY. FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON.

Bourdon left behind him several daughters, who were very successful painters in the miniature style; and some pupils, who were rather too faithful to the frivolous traditions which he had brought from Italy and spread over France. We have mentioned Nicholas Loir, who was more of a colourist than Bourdon, and Fribquet de Vaurose, professor of anatomy in the Academy of Painting, who, more of an engraver than a painter, undertook the task of reproducing the works of his master in line engravings. To these names we must add that of Pierre Mosnier, who was only a heavy Academician, different in this respect from the wit Piron, who wrote his own epitaph:

Cy-gît Piron
Qui ne fut rien,
Pas même Academicien

the least finish, were the works which were then more successful than those which he tried to work up more completely; because at the first outset, the fire of his imagination supplied him with the power to satisfy the eyes; but when he tried to paint a subject completely, he stopped short, and could never successfully carry it to the point it should have reached. In this way, by too careful a work, he obscured his first ideas, rather than rendered them clear and beautiful. This has often been noticed with regard to portraits from his pencil. For whatever pains he took to complete a head, it was noticed that the more he sought to reach the

* Tullasson, "Observations sur quelques grands Peintres."

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres. Part V. Paris, 1688."

tural and the likeness, the more it fled before him, because he did not sufficiently comprehend the first principles of his art."

We are told, on the subject of this marvellous improvisatorial painter of Montpellier, that one day he laid a wager to finish, in a day's work, twelve heads of the size of life, and that he won his wager. We are credibly informed that they were by no means the worst heads produced by his fertile pencil. So much power of prompt conception and quick painting was partly owing to a very dangerous faculty for an artist to possess, memory. He seldom had seen a thing and forgotten nothing. His head was like one of those museums, in which are collected all the finest pieces of every school of painting. Hence his reminiscences, sometimes flagrant, sometimes faint, sometimes lumpy, sometimes disjointed, ineffectual, and discordant.

We could point out many of these evident and marked instances of memory, in a series otherwise so beautiful. "The Seven Deeds of Mercurius," the originals of which are in this country, the engravings everywhere, one of which we reproduce (p. 8), under the title of "Works of Mercurius." Raphael, Poussin, and Hannibal Carracci, are all held under contribution. Here we have a figure of the "Incendio del Borgo" taken wholesale; here a complete copy of the Germanicus of Poussin. The masterpieces of Bologna and those of Venice find in him to the caprices of the French painter. But we must be just. These diverse reminiscences Bourdon makes his own. Figures, gestures, attitudes, everything which from all sides comes to his memory, he unites, he "marries" together, and introduces them to his own canvases, which, after all, is improvisation—original creation, if we may associate these two words which have so little right to meet together. Sebastien Bourdon stamps with his *clix* the treasures he has pilfered here and there, and it may be said that his work is a melting down of Italian coins.

From Sebastien Bourdon to Nicolo' Poussin, there is apparently but a little interval; but that interval is the magic abyss of genius. Imagination, wit, memory—these are, doubtless, very fine qualities in a painter. But there must be added to them that profound sentiment, that sublime reason, that judgment, which Poussin calls *Le Rameau d'or de Virgile, qui est le port emillie, s'il n'est ex duit par le destin*.* The golden branch was what Sebastien Bourdon wanted, to take the very first rank in the French school. There are too many thoughts with a want of judgment, they become scattered and without guide, just as the Jewish multitude of whom Tacitus speaks, who finding themselves without masters, were struck with terror and alarm. *Vulgus sine rectore periculum, scena!*

Bourdon, as we have said, is not known by his pictures alone; painters of a certain class admire him also for etchings and engravings. D'Arzeville only attributes forty to him, but the number must be raised to forty-four, and the description of them may be found in the excellent work of M. Robert Dumesnil, "Le Peintre-Graveur français." To this the learned student is referred; we shall confine ourselves to the best of the pieces.

OLD TESTAMENT. "The Return of Jacob;" "The Seven Works of Pity," a continued series of pieces in Roman figures, with the following titles:—"Esurientes pascere;" "Potare sitientes;" "Hospitio capere (excipere) advena;" "Vestire nudos;" "Liberos curare;" "Liberare captivos;" "Sepelire mortuos." These seven works, engraved and known by the above names, were copies of seven pictures which are now in England. They are his finest productions. There is in them great nobility in the arrangement of the figures and in the lines, but the details are diminished and sacrificed to the dignity of the figures. The expression we should expect to meet, the evangelical tenderness of the sacred text which the painter has sought to translate, are replaced by a somewhat grand eccentricity, by a marked and striking style which astonishes and pleases. "The Works of Mercurius," allied as they are with reminiscences, have become a potent source of inspiration for subsequent artists; they have, in fact, been copied by L. Audran—a fact which demonstrates their success.

NEW TESTAMENT. "The Angelic Salutation;" "The Visitation;" "The Annunciation to the Shepherds;"

* That golden branch of Virgil, which nobody can pick, unless he is led on by destiny.

HOLY FAMILIES. Oval pieces. "The Virgin;" "The Virgin and the Christ;"

UNFINISHED PIECES.—"The Virgin and Book;" "The Virgin of 1649;" "The Infant Christ trampling on Sin;" "The Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt."

LARGE PIECES.—"The Holy Family and St. Catherine;" "The Virgin of the Terrace;" "The Virgin and the Bird;" "The Dream of Joseph;" "The Angel advising St. Joseph;" "Flight into Egypt;" another "Flight into Egypt;" "Halt in Egypt;" "Return from Egypt;" "The Holy Family and Angels;" "The Holy Family and the Washerwoman;" "The Baptism of the Eunuch."

SCENES. Two pieces in the style of Pierre de Laee, not numbered. "The Poor resting;" "The Child drinking."

LANDSCAPES, chiefly with subjects from the Old and New Testament. These form a series of twelve, not figured, and to which the catalogue of M. Robert Dumesnil gives no name, but of which there is a full description.

There are three apocryphal pieces attributed to Bourdon:—

1. "The Holy Family," in an octagon frame. This piece has been recognised to be the work of Jean Miel, in the excellent catalogue of Rossi, picture-dealer at Rome, in 1700, in which we find this line:—"*Intaglio d'argento forte di Giovanni Miele.*"

2. "The Holy Family," full length, which M. Robert Dumesnil supposes to be by Cars, who is simply called the publisher of it.

3. "The Virgin beneath an Arch," which is believed to have been executed by Mariette.

The engravings of Bourdon show the power of his talent in many respects; but, as we have had occasion to remark, they are rough, and want finish. The extremities of his figures want correctness and delicacy. His heads are marked by distinctness, and his Virgins are admirable in their attitudes.

With regard to the engravings which have been executed after Sebastien Bourdon, there are many of very mediocore character, and a few only that are worthy of being admired. Amongst these may be quoted those of Van Schuppen, Natalis, Bailly, Pitau, Boulanger, and Nanteuil.

The last-mentioned engraved one, admirably, as usual, of the Queen of Sweden, which is known by having the following verses at the bottom:

"Christine peut donner des lois,
Aux cœurs des vainqueurs les plus braves,
Mais la terre a-t-elle des rois,
Qui soient dignes d'en être esclaves?" *

The first proofs of this fine portrait have a full stop at the end of the verses; the second have a note of interrogation, in the form of an S; the third have the ordinary note of interrogation.

Natalis engraved, after Bourdon, some valuable plates; especially "A Holy Family with Angels;" "The Marriage of St. Catherine;" and "The Virgin, with the Infant Christ asleep." In the first proofs of this work the bosom of the Virgin is not covered.

Van Schuppen has engraved "The Virgin and Dove;" in brilliant style, the first proofs of which are before the drapery is made to cover the child. At public sales these fetch over £3.

Picard le Romain, Boydell, and Earlam, also engraved after Bourdon; and the enumeration of these engravings is to be found in the catalogue of Brondes.

Bryan mentioned among the celebrated prints, which "are esteemed by the judicious collector:"—

"Jacob returning to his country in the absence of Ladan."

"Rebecca meeting the servant of Abraham."

"The Ark sent back by the Philistines to the Bethshemites;" source.

The drawings of Bourdon, says D'Arzeville, are full of a delightful fire and freedom. The strokes are generally executed in lead pencil; sometimes in red chalk; and, on rare occasions, with a pen, and a slight wash of Indian ink, bistre, Indian blue, or red chalk, relieved with white; he has also, sometimes, watered the work with black lead and white chalk. He has left several

* This allusion by Senecey means: "Christina is able to rule the hearts of the bravest conquerors. But are there on earth kings worthy to be her slaves?"

landscapes in water body colour, very effective, though much injured. The drawings of this painter are recognised by his heads, their singular head-dresses, and the extremities, which are heavy and neglected.

As for the numerous paintings of Bourdon, they must be sought for rather in churches than in museums. We have been unable to find a trace of a picture by this master, which is mentioned in the abridgement of D'Argenville, and which it would be curious to find.

"Some business," says his biographer, "took him to Montpellier; and during the short stay he made, Bourdon executed several large pictures, and numerous family portraits. A tailor of this town, esteeming the artist, whom he knew not to be rich, sent him, by a painter named Francis, a complete suit of clothes, with a red cap and cloak. Bourdon made him a present in return of his own portrait, dressed in the same dress, with the same cap, and painted Francis alongside him. This painter looking upon it as a very fine production, made a copy, which he gave to the tailor, and kept the original."

It would be interesting if any tidings could be had of this picture, and we should be glad to learn that some of our learned readers are able to furnish the information.

The Museum of the Louvre has nine pictures by this master:—

1. "Noah offering a Sacrifice to God after leaving the Ark." Valued at £320.
2. "The Halt of the Holy Family." Valued at £320.
3. "Holy Family." Valued at £12.
4. "Christ and the little Children." Valued at £160.
5. "Christ taken down from the Cross." No value is set on this; at the time of the estimation being made, this picture was, doubtless, in some Paris church.
6. "The Crucifixion of St. Peter." Variouslly estimated at £400 and £300.
7. "Julius Caesar before the Tomb of Alexander," a picture in the style of Poussin. Valued at £110.
8. "A Halt of Gipsies." Valued at £140.
9. "The Portrait of Sebastien Bourdon." He is seated, and holds in his hands the head of Caracalla. Estimated at £80 and £100.

These are all that are found in the "Handbook of 1817." But in examining the new French galleries of the Louvre, we find another portrait, and two other Bambocchades of Bourdon, in the style of Jean Miel and also *Le Nain*, in a gray tone, which would be agreeable if it was not too uniform.

It appears to us that the connoisseurs, who in general underrated the real value, have here given it too high.

The Louvre also possesses some drawings of Bourdon, more precious even than his paintings.

We remark amongst these, studies for the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," and the repetition of the same subject with changes.

"Tobias burying one of the Children of Israel by Torchlight;" a drawing washed over pencil and touched up with white.

"The Apparition of the Saviour and the Père Éternel granting the prayers of St. Roch;" a drawing with the pen touched up with white.

The "Portrait of the Author," after that which he painted in the picture of "Simon the Magician."

The "Adoration of the Magi," drawn with a pen, coloured, in the collection of Mariette.

In the native town of Sebastien Bourdon, there are some fine works of this master. The following are contained in the Fabre Museum at Montpellier.

1. "The Portrait of a General."
2. "A Landscape," a very large composition, but not equal in conception to its size.
3. "Landscape crossed by a River."
4. "Discovery of the body of St. Theresa."

The three last pictures were given to the town by the founder of the museum, M. Fabre.

5. "A Halt of Gipsies," gift of M. Valadet, of Paris.
6. "A Descent from the Cross," a little picture, presented to the museum by the government.
7. "Portrait of a Spaniard." This was formerly in the mayor's house at Montpellier.

8. "Portrait of Bourdon which he painted of Caracalla." A copy from that of the Louvre, by M. F. de L., in a panel of the art academy of Montpellier.

In the Museum of Grenoble, is "The Continence of Scipio." This picture formerly formed a part of the gallery of the Hotel of Brestovilliers, of which we have already spoken. It was placed over one of the chimneys of that hotel. In 1811, it was given to the Museum of Grenoble by the imperial government. In that of Toulouse, "The Martyrdom of St. Aude." This picture is well painted, and is not wanting in style. In the Museum of Lille, "A Car supported by Angels."

The paintings of Sebastien Bourdon which are found in the Museum of the Louvre are not small. The signature, which is preserved of this painter, is taken from the record of the old academy of painting, of which he was the master.

ANTONIO SOLARIO, II. ZINGARO.*

THE BRIGAND-PAINTER OF NAPLES.

SALVATOR ROSA has accustomed the student of art to the wild scenes of those forest-clad mountains where lived, in days when the world had little else to do but fight, bands of lawless men, whose avocation, though not much worse than that of many a hired band of *condottieri* in the pay of the emperor, pope, or duke, was without the pale of the law, and subjected them when captured to most serious consequences. But here it was, amidst the rugged fastnesses and savage gorges, where pines and rough briars and the wild flower only grew, and where the foot of nothing but man or goat could make way, that Salvator drew his inspiration, and that many an artist before and since has sought that gift, which the outward world can never give, if the inner soul be not gifted with its burning light. Steady and observation never created poet or painter. It has finished and elevated both; it never made one.

There is a gorge which opens near the Mount Velino, on the road by which travellers sought some years ago many years, indeed, ago, the city of Naples. It is wilder and more striking, even, than any other around. The road, which has wound along the side of a hill for some time, suddenly becomes level for about a hundred feet, bordered on one side by a precipitous bank, which towers fifty feet

* The painting to which this episode in Italian art refers is now in Naples, in the Galleria de' Capri d'Opera, and divides audience with superb productions from the pencils of Titian, Spagnoletto, Sebastiano del Piombo, Raffaele, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Annibale Carraccio, Velasquez, Claude Lorraine, Domenichino, Correggio, and others. The Virgin is represented on a throne, surrounded with saints, and the Boy Jesus on those of Colantonio's daughter. The portrait of H. Zingaro and his father-in-law, we also introduce, the latter, even, the gentleman—says M. Lalry—"of a very ugly old man." There is, indeed, a strong and singular resemblance in the lives of the Brigand of Naples and the Blacksmith of Antwerp. Nor is there reason to doubt the truth of each account. All the biographers of the Italian painter relate the incidents connected with H. Zingaro, becoming an artist. They are related pretty fully in Count Orléans' "Essai sur l'Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," tom. ii., p. 330—345. The particulars relative to Quintin Matsys are more familiar to general readers. H. Zingaro was born in 1382, and died in 1455. Quintin Matsys, born in 1450, died in 1529. The inscription on his monument outside the Cathedral of Antwerp is: "Comitibus Amore Mulieribus fecit Apollonius."

above, before it slopes away, clad with trees, upwards to the mountain; on the other, by a fall of half as many feet down to where a small hollow, in which a spring nestled from the sun, precedes another hill-side, which falls away into a rich plain below. At the end of this level space, the road narrows, and is overhung by trees that border what, in heavy rains, is a mountain-torrent—in warm and dry weather, a stony and gloom-clad gorge.

It was along this somewhat picturesque bridle-path, for it was scarcely anything more, that, one summer afternoon, two men rode in grave discourse. They were men of different ages. The one was about five-and-twenty, the other about forty; and, from their

materials beneath. There were lace ruffles, too, a jaunty cap of dark velvet, a plume, a dagger, a sword, a short Spanish cloak, pistols—all, in fact, that belonged to a gay cavalier in a day when men were more mindful of their exterior than of the soul within, which, in the majority of instances, they left to its own impulsive culture.

The serving-man was a gaunt, tall fellow, with little eyes, a large mouth, low forehead, and an expression which seemed to convey much cunning and little confidence in his own physical powers. As he rode along, he appeared anxious to make as little of himself as possible; and, for this purpose, stooped low, and rode with his



THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BOURDON

dress, it was pretty evident they were master and man. The younger of the two wore a kind of semi-warlike costume, that left his profession in doubt. He was well-knit, of middle height, and not ill-looking. His features were marked, and a little coarse, though a thoughtful and somewhat intellectual expression softened the outline which otherwise would have been harsh. His hair was light; his nose thin, and rather aquiline; his mouth wearing an aspect of singular scornfulness; his eyes having a habit of searching beyond his age. He wore a fine tunic of cambric and lace, the collar of which showed his neck; and over this a doublet of dark cloth, which, though fastened at the waist, showed the rich

head projecting over that of his horse, only sorry that he could not wholly vanish and conceal himself from mortal eyes. He had by his side an armoury of weapons—a vast blunderbuss, two huge horse-pistols, a rapier that would have delighted the celebrated knight of La Mancha, and an old breastplate, that would equally have moved the heart of that worthy descendant of Amadis of Gaul.

“*Ma jök*,” said the serving-man, in tones of reproachful gravity; “why do you laugh, *maitre Louis*?”

“I never look at thee, worthy André of my heart, but I do laugh,” replied the other in the peculiar tones which immemorially belong to a genuine Parisian. “Thy armoury is worthy of the

most valiant Bayard, whom, doubtless, thou art anxious to rival."

"No—no!" cried the other in a deprecating tone, glancing hurriedly round at the road they had passed, and eyeing each bush and tree with uneasiness, speaking, meanwhile, for any lurking brigand who might overhear him. "I don't want to fight—I'm not a fighting man. I couldn't draw this sword—it's too long; the pistols are extracted from a collection of curiosities; and the

"Page—Dost thou call thyself a page? There's enough in thy carcass to make a dozen pages."

"I said nothing about my volume," resumed the other drily. "I was only observing that a more faithful friend and devoted servant the respected Chamoiné of St. Denis—Heaven bless him!—could not have found. I never leave you, sir; I never complain; you kick me—I say nothing; I am the dog obeying the dissatisfied master——"



PAINTING FROM A PAINTING BY B. BION.

gun has not been loaded these fifty years. Besides, I've a good respect for the gentlemen of these mountains."

"Silence, *radotte!*" said the other sternly. "I do believe my uncle gave me such a wretched serving-man to make me ludicrous. There's more valour in a vineyard scarecrow than in thy whole body, and more death in a jar of Falernian than in thy whole armoury."

"I don't know about what death there is in Falernian wine; I know there's more taste in it than in my master's head. Why, where could you get such another page?"

"André Mothe, haiker," said the Frenchman drily; "I took thee to please my uncle; I dislike thee not personally, but I have thee imposed on me."

"Sure I am, I never imposed upon any one."

"Name it thy dull jokes, knave. But mind you, André, I can bear thee very well, if thou art not, as I expect, a spy. My uncle sent thee to watch and send tales to him of my acts."

"No, sir," began the man; "I may retail some of your adventures by way of small talk, but I am incapable of reporting."

"How dost thou mean, insufferable *bandaud*?" asked the other fiercely.

"Why, sir, to retail a fact only requires a tongue, but to report requires a pen, and André Mothe never was suspected of writing before."

"So much the better, Monsieur André; that consoles me, because, when we return to France, I have but to cut thy throat to prevent thee telling any of thy long-winded stories to my uncle."

"Then take my word, sir, if you stick in that mind, I shall not stick to you."

"Be then on thy good behaviour (= oh! what have we here? soldiers of the emperor or bandits? Draw, maître André, and show thy valour."

"I'd rather show my heels," said maître André, trembling and falling off his horse as if shot; "now, my good gentlemen," he roared, "be merciful. I'm the father of seven children, entirely dependent on—"

"Silence, coward! What want ye? Why bar you the road? We are quiet travellers; but if you seek battle, we are ready. Up, André, and shoot the first man who—"

"No, I won't; I'll be shot myself first. Good messieurs, my name is André; I'm a poor serving-man."

"Get up," said a rough fellow, "get up; or, by our lady of Loreto, I'll give you more inches of my steel than ever you eat of macaroni. Signor Cavalier, resistance is useless. We are nine. Our orders are to use no unnecessary violence, but down with your sword, or—"

The young Frenchman surveyed his enemies. They were nine as ill-looking Abruzzi bandits as ever startled a quiet traveller, and all armed to the teeth, with odd-looking muskets, swords, pikes, and other weapons of the day. Their eyes were fierce and their gestures menacing. To fly was to ensure a dangerous volley, to advance was impossible.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the volatile Frenchman, taking off his velvet cap, after sheathing his sword, "your arguments are over-powering. I resign myself to their cogency."

The brigands smiled, and assisted the son of Gaul to alight, while one with a hearty kick induced André to rise. They then disarmed both, gave their horses to a lad of their party, and, placing their prisoners in their midst, moved up the gorge, which, rough as it was, appeared a familiar road to the whole of the band.

About half-a-mile higher up in the hills, where the rocks were nearly barren, was the place where the brigands were wont to encamp. A small ledge of rock, marked by many fires, lay before a cove of no very large dimensions—but still sufficient for the shelter of some dozen men accustomed to the rough life of the mountains. Within this cave, which was hung round by gay apparel, guns, swords, pistols, and the floor of which was covered by rude beds, sat a solitary man—scarcely a man either, but a beardless youth, of not more than nineteen summers. Rudely dressed in the gaudy attire of those mountains, he was, by the light of a torch of pine, a study for a painter. His face was very handsome. A lofty forehead, dark, curling hair, a mouth of wonderful expression, combined with marked though regular features, and a commanding form, to make him a perfect study. But it was his eye that attracted chief attention. It seemed to roll in an absolute frenzy, as he sat wrapped in thought, a book on his knee, a book which he had just abandoned—he, the runaway favourite of a convent to think, and that book, Dante. He had been poring over it for hours, until the light of day had faded, and then he had lit a torch and read, until the magic of the poet's lute had awakened in him ideas, thoughts, and feelings which, though already common, grew stronger and stronger every day.

Beneath the swarthy skin of that youth, there burned that restless, nameless fire, which impels to deeds of good and ill. A yearning for something beyond that rude life already overcame him. Already had its impetuous feelings driven him from the calm convent cell to a cavern in the Abruzzi. A student who devoured books, especially books of song, records of heroism, deeds that won for man and woman immortal fame, the lad had in the library of the abbot felt that uneasy craving for action which often pervades the being of the man born for a purpose, the man inspired by the intuitive desires of genius. Fired, inflamed, excited to a pitch of

frenzy, believing himself capable of anything, he had written verse, made drawings in charcoal in his cell, roused himself to fits of oratory, and then run away to seek fortune. This was at seventeen. At nineteen he was a brigand chief, the life and soul, by force of mere mind, of a band of lawless ruffians, who knew no law but their own passions. There was a wild excitement in the position, which pleased Antonio Solario, and yet he was not satisfied.

Suddenly he started, as the sound of footsteps caught his ear. He rose, took up his gun and went out into the open air, well aware that it must be some of his comrades and men returning, but yet using all the caution which was necessary in his position. If "uneasy is the head that wears a crown," how much more uneasy is the head of the man who seeks to live by rapine, whose hand is against every man, and against whom every man's hand is raised.

"Who comes?" he cried in the rich tones of his native land, with a slight guttural, which often belongs to men of mountain birth.

"It is the band, with prisoners," replied one; and the foremost came suddenly in sight, with the French cavalier and his somewhat prudent servant, the worthy, and in general, merry-tongued André.

"Welcome!" said the brigand chief. "Welcome! I was weary of being alone, and I should have joined you soon. Enter, strangers."

"Your politeness is too strong to be resisted," said the Frenchman, sarcastically.

"Be quiet," muttered André.

"Gentlemen," continued the youth, "sit down and tell me who and what you are. Believe me, we are not so bad as we are painted."

"I do not deny but you would make excellent studies for an artist, but I must say that I prefer those I am in search of in the good city of Naples."

"You are an artist," cried Antonio Solario, impetuously.

"I am," replied the other, "proceeding to Naples to study under Colantonio."

"Then you are welcome; he seated, I beg; your residence here will be less unpleasant than you expected."

The Frenchman smiled, the servant-man André looked agreeably surprised, and the robbers did not appear so gratified as might have been expected at this announcement of their chief, which seemed to convey the impression that he did not intend to pillage the travellers of every article of property they happened to have about them. Not being artists in practice or in ideas, they could not sympathise with the feeling which the announcement of De Rien had excited in Antonio Solario, who was said to be of gipsy origin, and hence was called Il Zingaro.

Of the consequences which ensued from this interview we must speak at a future period.

THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.

ONE of the effects of the present happy union between two nations which should have ever been joined happily in almost marital connexion, has been the foundation of "an Exhibition in London of the productions of the most popular artists of France," which it is hoped "must greatly contribute to augment the esteem of the British public for the French school."

Under the direction of a visiting committee, consisting of two celebrated English artists, Messrs. Stanfield and Maclise, and four other gentlemen more or less connected with art, this Exhibition, the first of its kind, has been opened at No. 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade. Had not our own Exhibition demanded the first place, we should most assuredly have directed the attention of our readers to this very interesting gallery of paintings, which we accept very heartily, but rather as a promise than as a performance.

The various specimens of the French masters here exhibited are not very numerous (there are but 195 pictures catalogued, a few

others appear since to have been added), nor do we believe them to form by any means a fair criterion of the power and ability of artistic France. Still they are decidedly worthy and interesting, and in a few cases, such as the "Delacroix and Ary Scheffer," works of genius which could not be surpassed by any other nation.

The most noticeable thing which strikes the visitor unaccustomed to French pictures, is the want of that glowing colour which peculiarly distinguishes the English, and also the excellent drawing almost everywhere prevalent, an excellence unfortunately not observable in every English picture. There is also, here, a large preponderance of conversational cabinet pictures, beautifully drawn, and imagined with great delicacy, but wanting in force and colour.

Another peculiarity is the arrangement of the numbers, which are not consecutive upon the walls, but stuck about in the oddest manner possible, No. 1 being next to 15, and the next to 102, and so on. Upon consulting the catalogue, the visitor finds that all pictures by the same artist have consecutive numbers; but the pictures being of various sizes, and thus requiring to be separated, the numbers attached thus appear as if they had come up in a lottery.

(No. 6), "Repose," by Henri Baron, is almost familiarised to the reader from his acquaintance with the artist's illustrations upon wood. It is a pleasing design, of good colour.

(No. 7), "The Rose-coloured Domino," by Joseph Beaume, an artist of standing, and celebrated in Paris, is the very best specimen of portrait painting, both as to finish, colour, and grace, in the exhibition. The work in question is, indeed, of very high-class merit.

(No. 7), "Madame Du Barry consulting Cagliostro on her Destiny," by François Bruid, is rather distinguished for its subject than for its treatment.

(No. 13), "Gulliver in the island of Brobdignag—microscopic studies of plants in the forest of Fontainebleau," by the same artist, is worthy to be classed with any eccentric absurdity ever perpetrated by a painter. It is absurd because it travels out of the region of art. An immense canvas is covered with gigantic leaves and flowers, insects, &c., which almost hide Gulliver, who in relation to them is a pigmy, and who seeks to escape from an immense hand, which, with part of a face, far bigger than that

"Of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestalled, haply, in some palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore,"

is shown in a corner of the picture ready to pounce upon him. Had this been the only picture by Bruid we should have been inclined to speak but slightly of him. (No. 14) however, "The Interior of a Custom-house," with an enraged lady, whose bonnet has been completely sacrificed by the douaniers, and several other victims of these intelligent officers, affords us one of the few pictures which are provocative of mirth, and at the same time artistic. The picture before us is full of very high comedy, and although hilarious in the highest degree, and perfectly true to nature, is by no means coarse.

(No. 43), "The Portrait of the Emperor on Horseback," by Alfred de Dreux, is admirable, not only as a portrait, but as a work of art. The position is spirited and free; the drawing of the horse might be improved.

(No. 46), "An Arab Woman," by Auguste Delacroix, is a fine study, remarkable for its colour.

Paul Delacroix, one of the greatest of French artists, not only of the present day, but also of all time, is represented here by four specimens from his pencil. (No. 49), "The Great Artists of the Revival," which seems to be a sketch of the composition painted in fresco in the hemicycle of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, and which is scarcely within our province; (No. 50), "The Death of the Duc de Guise;" (No. 50^b), "Napoleon at Fontainebleau;" and (No. 51), "The Burgomaster's Family," a sepia drawing. Of these "The Death of the Duc de Guise" is the chief. It is the property of the Duc d'Anmale, and is a work of art of the highest class, at the same time that it is of the most ambitious kind—the historical. The stiffening corpse of Guise, lying with glazed eyes and matted

hair; the whispering group of assassins, one of whom is sheathing his sword; the approach of the king, who draws back the arras with a guilty look, are all excellent. The grouping and attitudes are true to nature, and by no means exaggerated. The costume and details of the picture accurate and most carefully painted. The *chiaroscuro* is especially remarkable, everything being perfectly distinct in the darkened gleam of the vast chamber. This picture has been now painted some twenty years, and criticism on so well known and valued a work of art may, therefore, be somewhat supererogatory; but we would earnestly call the attention of all English artists to this picture, which they now have an opportunity of studying.

Louis Davidoux, pupil of Paul Delacroix, contributes two specimens of paintings, which are both excellent in colour, but which are destroyed by the subject; they are (No. 52), "The Chinese Guitarist," in which a not ungraceful Chinese woman is represented as playing upon that instrument, and (No. 53), a pendant to the foregoing. The high cheekbones, and the transverse position of the eye betokening the Mongolian race, render the pictures so opposite to ideas of beauty formed in an European school, that we look upon these rather as curiosities than works of art.

(No. 54) and (No. 56), "Cupid and the Graces," and the "Woodcutter's Family," quite stand out from amongst the surrounding pictures; the colour being remarkably beautiful, very much in the manner of the best productions of Titian. They are painted by Diaz, an artist who has studied much in Rome.

"The Widow's Mite" (No. 60), by Edouard Dubufe, is a production worthy of his father's pupil. Our readers will call to mind a pleasing example of the elder Dubufe, now in the Vernon Gallery.

Of (No. 67), "Cows and Landscape," and (No. 67^b), another "Landscape," by the same artist, Raymond Esbrau, we can say little favourably. In truth, the French do not by any means excel in landscape. Not so, however, in cabinet conversational pictures, of which the next thirteen pictures in the catalogue, from No. 68 to No. 80, are excellent examples. The four first, "Consulting Cards;" "A Young lady;" "Meditation;" and "A Page," are by Jean Fauvelet, a pupil of Lacour. The remainder are by Eugene Fichel, pupil of Drolling and Delacroix. Of his productions, "The Music Lesson," and "The Desert," are probably the best, but all are excellent. The drawing is capital, the accessories well managed, and the colour, which is the most faulty part of the pictures, is delicate. The great fault in these little gems is, that they want force; but a little varnish, for which the majority of the pictures in the exhibition are perishing, would add both brilliancy and force to them.

"A House in Cairo" (No. 84), and "A Street" in the same city, by Theodore Frere, are picturesque and interesting; both productions are well painted.

Edouard Frere, another of the pupils of Paul Delacroix, contributes five cabinet pictures of the class criticised above. Of these (No. 86), "La Blanchisseuse," and (No. 89), "The Prayer," are most excellent. They are distinguished by all the qualities which distinguish those before noticed.

(No. 90), "The Caravan," by Eugene Fromentin, is a desert scene, painted with great force and extraordinary knowledge of the subject.

Theodore Guclin, who, in common with the majority of artists noticed, has received both medals and honours, has sent to this exhibition no less than six sea-pieces; of these, none of which can bear comparison with our English masters. Cooke or Clarke or Stanfield, (No. 100), "Fishing Boats in a gulf," is perhaps the best. (No. 104), "Evening after a Week," is also highly meritorious.

(No. 105), "Virginia at the Bath," from St. Pierre's well-known romance, is a very nicely painted and drawn production by Oscar Guet.

C. Hoguet, contributes five landscapes and several sea-pieces, none of which are of a very high class. Eugene Isabay, a name well known from the fame of a former artist, is also represented by various sea-pieces of usual merit; and Charles Louis Legn has sent five sea-pieces, well painted, and excellent in finish and

colour. Still, it is neither in landscape or in sea-piece that the French, judging from this exhibition, excel.

(Nos. 126 and 127) are two "Portraits of parallel reformers, Calvin and Luther." They are undoubtedly well painted, but the flesh tints are somewhat dark. The portraits are at once recognised, being evident studies from known pictures of these great men.

So (No. 144), "The Right of Might," by Eugene Pottévin, is one of the finest and most originally-treated pictures in the exhibition. A camp-follower of the time of the Wars of the League, stripped to his waist, and infuriated by drink, is represented in a farm-yard, with his foot upon a pig which he has stuck; a naked sword in one hand and a pet rabbit hanging dead from the other. The farm buildings burst in flame around him, and in the distance a woman struggles in the arms of one of his comrades, whilst amidst the wreck, the principal figure roars out a drunken catch. Anything more finely conceived, or originally treated, it is hard to imagine. Its quaintness and truth are fully equal to any of the groups of "Les Misères de la Guerre," of the renowned Jacques Callot.

published of the "Francesca di Rimini of Dante." The entire devotion of love was never more thoroughly and chastely exhibited; Paolo, in pain and contrition, veils his face from Dante and Virgil, whilst around him Francesca clasps her arms, tears at the time starting from her eyes, as, thus embracing, the figures are borne onwards through the gloom of Hades.

"As doves

By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They through the ill air speeding."

Dante, Inf. Cant. v.

Her Majesty, we believe, commissioned the admirable artist to execute this duplicate, for which she has given £1,200. Ary Scheffer has five other productions in the gallery, but none of them are of equal interest with the one we have criticised, and all of them want the glow of colour which distinguishes Titian, Rubens, and our own Etty.

Last on the catalogue are two pictures by Horace Vernet, one of



GRAMMAR.—FROM A PAINTING BY LOUÏSON

(No. 155) "Greek Children," by J. de Moulignon, has the merit of excellent colour and drawing.

From No. 161 to No. 168, the productions of Antoine Emille Flassan, are cabinet pictures, so delicate in their finish, and chaste in their execution, that they have attracted universal attention and admiration; the best of this artist's productions (No. 162), "The Foot Bath," a little picture, which is perfect in every respect, has been, we hear, purchased by her Majesty, at a price which, for the size, is very high indeed. It does not measure more than ten or twelve inches, and has been sold for forty guineas.

(No. 170), "An Incident in the life of Peter the Great, wherein he attends Menzikoff upon his sick bed," by Robert Fleury, is an historical composition of great merit. It does not, however, from its size and the unpleasant nature of the composition, show to advantage in this gallery.

(No. 176) is an admirable drawing of a "Turkish Odalisque, laughing, as she indolently langes in the enjoyment of a Chibouque." The texture of the skin, the ease and grace of the figure, are beautifully rendered by the artist Schlesinger.

The great attraction of the room is the piece by Ary Scheffer, a reproduction of his picture so well known from the engravings

which only (No. 194), "Hunting the Mouton in Africa," is a fine specimen of his powers. The drawing of this is as spirited and excellent as Horace Vernet's productions usually are, the drawing is especially fine. In the second (No. 195), "Death Purifying the Soul," an allegory is attempted, which, in our opinion, as the majority of allegories do, signally fails. The arrangement is besides faulty, and the sky so intensely and deeply blue, as to be, to English eyes at least, unnatural.

There is one thing which the visitor will be struck with, not in the gallery but in the catalogue, where he will find that every artist, even of comparatively moderate capability, has had honours abundantly showered upon him, and everything has been done to elevate him in his art. He will contrast English encouragement to art most disadvantageously in this respect, and will involuntarily recall Mr. Thackeray's *dictum* in the last number of the *Newcome's*, "that a gentleman may be allowed to toy but not to marry with the Muse of Painting, and that an English gentleman would as soon think of bringing up his son as a confectioner or hairdresser as of placing him as a pupil to a painter."

If it only induces our "Society" to remedy this injustice, the French Exhibition will have done much for English art.

ADRIAN VANDERVELDE.



NATURE never showed herself to this painter but full of grace and sweetness, smiling and happy as youth. Bitten in her aspect to Ruysdael, arid and melancholy to Wynants, she appears to have

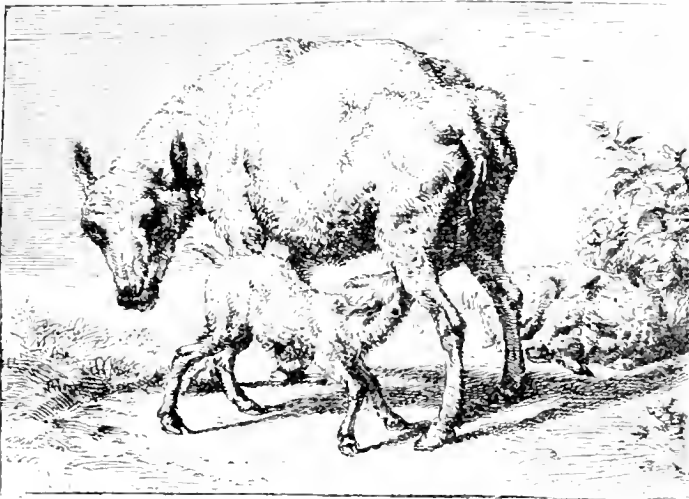
however perturbed, that will not catch a gleam of inward peace. By what miracle of art is it possible that, with a few colours spread over his canvas, the artist is enabled to awaken in us the same ineffable sentiment of repose, of abandonment, and happiness that the actual colour of the fields and the solitude of nature produce? To paint trees, animals, meadows, woods, and lakes, with a surprising fidelity to truth, is, without doubt, a rare merit, but may we not wonder that Nature should ever permit what a poet used to call the secret of her influence to be ravished from her?

Few men have attained celebrity in any intellectual pursuit without having, at a very early age, given striking proofs of the natural bent or their inclination for it. This is particularly true of poets and painters. Every one is aware of the truth contained in the well-known quotation,

“Poeta nascitur, non fit.”

and, however much a man may exert himself, however skilful he may become in the mere mechanical part of the art, in the nice appreciation of *lights* and *shades*, however great the praise he may possibly attain at Cambridge or Oxford, for a certain number of shining polished lines, dignified by the name of a prize poem, and destined, after no very long space of time, to be buried for ever in

oblivion, he will never be a poet unless Nature herself has implanted the sacred fire in his heart; if she has done so, that fire will give indications of its existence in the spring of life as certainly as that, in the spring of the year, the blossom will precede the fruit.



reserved for Vandervelde her loveliest pastorals, her most refreshing verdure, and her most invigorating brooks. In contemplating the meadows in which this master groups his goats, his sheep, and his ruminating cattle, there is no mind, however ill at ease, no spirit,

What is true of poetry, is true also of painting; and Vanderdelde is one of the very numerous examples in support of our assertion. Scarcely had he learnt to read, before he had learnt to paint. During the hours when he was not at school, he seized the brushes belonging to his brother, or his relation William, who was six years older than himself, and behaved with an indefatigable hand the walls and even the furniture of his paternal home.* The animals, the cows, the sheep, and the goats, whose peculiarities of form and feature he was subsequently desirous to reproduce in unequalled perfection, formed the subjects of his first essays. His father, who was a ship painter, saw with regret that his son preferred the more elegant and artistic pencil to the unwieldy brush which he himself had handled all his life. He was, therefore, but little inclined to admire the drawings and paintings with which the young Adrian covered the walls of his house. One day, however, Adrian dared even to paint a millmaid on the foot of his father's bed, and this painting so far exceeded any of his former attempts, that the old painter gave up all hope of conquering his son's evident vocation. He determined to take him to John Wynaerts, who at that time enjoyed a high reputation at Haarlem; and this great master, on seeing the child's sketches, was unable to conceal his surprise and admiration. It is related that Wynaerts' wife, who was present, exclaimed to her husband: "Wynaerts, you have found your master!" †

This happened at Amsterdam, where Vanderdelde was born in 1699. Entirely devoted to his art, he soon justified, if not the prediction, at least the enthusiasm, of the wife of Wynaerts. This, however, did not for a moment awaken the jealousy of the master, who only felt proud of having had such a pupil. A noble example, but one which is rarely met with in the history of art! It is said that his introduction to Wynaerts made him acquainted with Philip Wouwermans, who was his senior by some years, and who also was a pupil of Wynaerts. The intimacy of the two young students were very similar, and this circumstance caused a feeling of friendship to spring up between them, which was not without a beneficial influence upon Vanderdelde, whom Philip Wouwermans aided with the advice his greater experience enabled him to give.‡ He ever this may be, it was not long before Vanderdelde familiarised himself with every practical difficulty of his profession; and Wynaerts himself declared that he no longer needed any instruction, excepting from that great mistress—Nature,—who has always endless lessons in store for the man of genius. It may be said with truth, that no artist was ever a more studious observer of nature than Adrian Vanderdelde. He never permitted his imagination to supply the knowledge in which he was deficient, and it is easily perceived that he never painted a picture, or executed an etching, without having beforehand prepared himself by making patient studies of every object which he was desirous of representing.

That this is the only way in which a man, however gifted, is sure of becoming a great painter, we have the testimony of one of the greatest artists that England ever produced:—"I can repeat," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, addressing the students of the Royal Academy, "you are never to lose sight of nature: the instant you do, you are all abroad, at the mercy of every gust of fashion, without knowing or seeing the point to which you ought to steer. Whatever trip you make, you must still have nature in your eye. . . . Let me recommend to you not to have too great dependence on your pencil or memory, however strong those impressions may have been which are there deposited. They are for ever wearing out, and will be at last obliterated, unless they are continually freshened and revived." §

The qualities which strike us so forcibly in nature are her softness and repose. In the pictures of Vanderdelde the flocks feed in

* Houbracken. "Vie de Vanderdelde." Descamps. "Vie des Peintres Flamands, Allemands, et Hollandais," vol. iii. p. 87.

† Houbracken. Manuscript translation of Madame Bernard Picart.

‡ "A Catalogue raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters," by John Smith. London, 1841.

§ "The Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds." London: 1812.

rich pastures, beneath noble trees whose leaves are scarcely moved by a breath of air, with the pale azure skies above, in a sort of terrestrial paradise where the noise of the world does not penetrate, and the agitations of the heart are calmed. There is scarcely an amateur in Europe who has not viewed with delight his "Sunrise," in the Louvre, or at least the beautiful engraving of it which was executed during the last century. Who does not feel inclined to sit down for a few hours beside those careless herdsmen, who are fishing on the bank of the river? To the right, in the distant horizon, some light clouds, rose and amber-coloured, announce the rising sun. The earth is awaking gently, the water flows silently on, the foliage is almost motionless, and the pure invigorating air of daybreak braces the limbs that have been relaxed by sleep. The animals themselves appear to enjoy this refreshing coolness, which the sun's rays will soon disperse. The cattle bathe their feet in the waters of the river, which is so still that it might be mistaken for a lake. One of them breathes forth a suppressed and melancholy lowing, and then suddenly ceases, as if alarmed at having disturbed the surrounding silence; another, on a mound, which is sharply defined against the sky, illumined by the sunrise, stretches its powerful neck, and seems, with expanded nostrils, to be snuffing the fresh air.*

Rivalling Paul Potter in the art of representing animals, Vanderdelde is richer in accessories than his illustrious predecessor. Paul Potter concentrates his whole genius on the reproduction of the expression, the physiognomy of the soul—if we may use the expression—of animals. In his eyes the landscape is but an accessory; a scrap of green pasturage suffices him to make a picture, where two cows are lying down at the foot of an oak awaiting the time to return home. Vanderdelde, too, is a great animal painter, but this is not all; he possesses a true feeling for landscape as well. His flocks and herds feed in meadows dotted with bushy trees, and varied by lakes and rivers, beyond which the landscape stretches out until it is lost in the distance, while a gentle breeze slowly scatters across the sky fleecy clouds, such as Karel Dujardin delights to paint. In a word, every beauty of nature is enlisted to contribute to the effect which he desires to produce. The cows and the horses of Paul Potter are unambiguously univalved, and no other painter has been able to combine, in so great a degree, power of reproduction with accuracy of observation; but Vanderdelde, with a different feeling for nature, attained a perfection no less rare, for in his works gracefulness and truth are invariably found united to each other.

The mind of an artist is a mirror, endowed with the marvellous power of reflecting natural objects, and at the same time of communicating to them something, as it were, of human vitality. Nature, infinitely varied in her aspects, takes every form which genius is pleased to give her. Melancholy to poets who are gifted with a restless sensibility, tranquil to hearts that are at rest, strong to impassioned souls, her manifestations are as numerous as the phases of the human mind. To every different person nature wears a different aspect, but in her entirety she is invisible, like the Almighty Creator. A painted landscape is, therefore, not to be regarded as representing only a fragment of material creation, but also the impression produced by the subject of the picture on the mind of the painter. In viewing the paintings of Paul Potter and those of Vanderdelde, we are inclined to fancy one the very image of good-nature, and the other a mixture of gracefulness and simplicity.

The ancients used a sublime word to express their idea of nature; it was: *Alta Mater*—the kind mother. These words might be placed at the foot of every canvas signed by Vanderdelde, and little would remain to be said to characterise his peculiar spirit. We should err greatly in attributing any system or philosophical consciousness of his power to this simple Dutchman. He only endeavoured to prove himself a skilful and accurate imitator of the objects which he studied carefully in his long country walks. He saw animals, trees, meadows, and grassy hills, and painted them with delight. Animals, above everything else, attracted his attention; their structure, their physiognomy, the varied appearance of

* This picture is in the collection of the Louvre, and is known under the title of "A Sunrise."

their hair, from the fine and glossy coat of the horse, to the long and tangled covering of the goat, is represented in his paintings with the power of rare and pleasing truthfulness.

In the pictures of Vandervelde, the animals always occupy the foreground, and it is to this, no doubt, that we must attribute the pleasing impression which the works of this master produce. Wherever man appears, the repose of solitude takes flight. The silent flock form part of a landscape; they live the same life as the herbage which serves them for food and bed; and they in nowise disturb the sentiment which impresses the soul when viewing the silent landscape. Figures may animate the scene, but they disturb the mystery and destroy the air of peaceful repose. When ever Vandervelde introduces shepherds or shepherdesses into his paintings, he generally takes care to confine them to the middle distance. Thus, in the "Sunrise," the two careless herdsmen who are fishing are scarcely to be perceived; and the whole of the foreground is occupied by cattle, sheep, or goats. These domestic animals need no guardians to prevent their straying from the accustomed pastures, or the calm lake which is their watering-place. In another picture, a woman is conversing at the door of a cottage with two men. It is really a difficult task to discern them beneath the thick foliage of the shadowy oaks, while the eye is attracted by a white cow, painted with charming softness, descending the slope towards the spectators; by a sheep lying down, whose fleece, as seen from behind, is a miracle of execution, and by a cow, also lying down to the right in a half that, whose hind-quarters are modelled with a vision, and painted with a truth of colour, which is unsurpassable.

We may here remark the difference which separates the Dutch painters from the ideas and manner of the French school. "What is chiefly to be blamed in their figures," says de Piles, "is inaction, since this fault deprives them of every connexion with the surrounding landscape, and causes them to appear unreal. Without wishing, however, to shackle painters with any fixed rule, I am persuaded that the best method of causing figures to be appreciated is to arrange them so far in accordance with the character of the landscape as to make it seem as if the landscape had been created entirely for the figures. *I would not have them either lasipit or inactive.* They should tell some story to excite the interest of the observer, or at least to give a name to the painting, by which it might be distinguished from the mass of others by those who are judges of such matters." How strongly characteristic is it of the national spirit of the French school, that its disciples make the landscape subordinate to the figures, and not the figures to the landscape, never allotting to man a secondary place in nature. An *lasipit* or useless figure is a fault in the eyes of a French painter, while, on the contrary, the simple Vandervelde, in his love for the country, feared to make his figures play too prominent a part. To him the herdsmen is a part of his flocks, and he is satisfied with the great spirit of nature which seems to sigh in the breeze that moves the tree-tops, or to speak in the deep and solemn lowing of the cattle that crop the herbage in his meadows.

While Berghem delights in multiplying the figures in his paintings, exhausting his spirit and his genius in varying their attitudes, and attracting the eye by his rosy countrywomen with their brilliant skirts and scarlet bodices, Vandervelde leaves the foreground to his flocks, and does not find it necessary that the stillness of nature should be enlivened by the human voice. In his compositions nature preserves the deep poetry and silent happiness of her solitudes. Berghem, who looks at nature through the smiling atmosphere of his imagination, who often ornaments her with historical recollections and the reflection of the brilliant colours with which Italy impressed his imagination, fills his pictures with life and motion. Vandervelde, devoted entirely to his true and almost tender admiration for nature, draws with a more discreet hand. He is generally sparing in detail, and the simplicity of the composition heightens the grace and harmony of the whole.

But though Vandervelde showed such marked predilection for animals, it must not be imagined that he was made to ornament a landscape with graceful and lively animals. It is true, however, that he made less use of this talent for himself than for his friends, except in those pictures where the figures form the chief

subject, as in his "Winter," so beautifully engraved by Jacques Allamet.*

* One of those who have most successfully engraved from Adrian Vandervelde, is Jacques Allamet the Elder, who must not be confounded with his brother, François Allamet, an engraver of but little talent or industry. Jacques Allamet was born at Abbeville in 1727, and died at Paris in 1788. He therefore belongs entirely to the eighteenth century, which was a very brilliant period for engraving in France. During that period the French engravers proved themselves thoroughly national, in bringing to bear upon the practice of their art that critical spirit, that elegance and good taste, and that absence of all exaggeration, which characterise the Gaulic character. We shall have some what more to say hereafter respecting the revolution in art to which he contributed more than any other. We may mention here, however, that Jacques Allamet was his pupil. He commenced, says Watlet, by the execution of those small engravings which are introduced into books, and called *planches*. Huber and Rost have not mentioned these, although deserving of notice. Those which we have seen in the collected edition of his works in the print room of the National Library at Paris, are executed for the most part from the designs of Graylot, and some from those of Bouchard and Cochin. They accompany a very elegant edition of "The Decameron" of Boccaccio, which was published in London in 1755. Although these charming vignettes are small, they are treated broadly, and never slurred over, as often happens when the subjects are confined to such small dimensions.

Jacques Allamet soon attracted the attention of publishers. In fact, it was not difficult for a practical eye to perceive in the vignettes of "The Decameron" a talent which would rise without effort to greater productions, and which would lose nothing in being employed on more important labours. His first attempts were of the class in which he afterwards met with the greatest success, namely, landscapes and sea pieces. His beautiful engravings of "The Fire by Night," "Stormy Weather," and "The Fog," after Joseph Vermet, are the most highly-prized. These are all engraved in perfect accordance with the sentiment of the painter. The plate is full of work, and, like the original picture, presents a full-toned appearance. Deep, close, and bold lines present the effect produced by the brilliant and daring brush of the master. If Jacques Allamet was less successful than Bouchard in rendering the mountain-waves of a stormy sea and their foaming crests, which are so admirable in the celebrated "Tempest" of the latter engraver, yet, on the other hand, he has succeeded in representing with rare fidelity the clouds of mist which it is so difficult to render with the graver or the etching-needle. By mingling different methods of execution, and by lowering, or rather blending, all his lights, Jacques Allamet has imitated to a remarkable degree "The Fog" of Vermet. Following nature, the engraver has left his positive lights only on those objects which are nearest to the eye, while in the background and the sky he has produced the effect of having stippled his plate, and yet he has employed neither the needle to fill up the cross-hatching, nor the roulette, nor any of those processes by which the effect of stamping may be produced. He has thus obtained the soft effect of mezzotint with those tools which would appear most unlikely to produce such a result, the needle and the graver. Still the real merit and originality of Jacques Allamet are more distinctly visible in his landscapes after Berghem than in his sea pieces after Vermet. It is in the former that he has perfected the use of the dry-point, which was invented and first brought into repute by his master, Lebas. By this process he obtained the most varied and pleasing gray tints, and nowhere was he so successful as in the large folio engraving from a landscape by Berghem in the Dresden Gallery. The animals,—the dogs, sheep, goats, cattle, and asses,—though prepared with the etching-needle, were almost entirely finished with the dry-point, as well as the faces of the peasants, whose flesh was wholly executed in this manner; skilfully-applied touches of the graver completed and brought out the work. Opposed to the system of very dark engravings, Allamet is reported by a contemporary to have compared their effect to that produced by a torsion, departing from nature, and grimace on the stage to attract the pleasures of the multitude.

Allamet thoroughly appreciated his own talent. Notwithstanding his aversion to making his engravings black, he was always able to avoid monotony and coldness. This powerful effect arises from the fact that the master touches, the free handling of the brush, and the bits of brilliant colour, are rendered by abrupt transitions

Wynants, who had long availed himself of the pencil of Wouwermans, was not long in preferring that of Vandervelde—a fact that renders praise superfluous. To say that Vandervelde was in this branch of his art the rival of the most elegant painter in Holland, gives a sufficiently exalted idea of the powers of this charming master.

The celebrated landscape-painters of his day held in great esteem the little figures which he placed in their paintings with such grace and spirit, while his inexhaustible imagination varied to infinity their gestures and actions, according to the aspect of the scene which they were intended to enliven by their presence. Hobbema, Vanderheyden, Moncheron, Peter Neefs, Hackert, Ruysdael himself—the great and pathetic Ruysdael—whose genius might well have stood alone, all availed themselves of the pencil of Vandervelde, to give a greater value and charm to their paintings.

Vanderheyden, in particular, found the value of his somewhat frigid pictures doubled by the crowd of little figures with which the inventive spirit of his friend peopled them. In one of these pictures, where Vanderheyden has represented the square and Town

a man, who is sitting down, appears to search in a pocket for some article which a woman standing before him has just asked for; further on, two grave citizens of the capital of Holland are seated on a stone bench placed against the wall of the Town Hall, and are conversing about the events of the day; here a carman whips his horse, harnessed to a heavy dray loaded with wood; there a group of men, women, and children run after a kind of chair drawn by a horse, which appears to excite their curiosity; to the right, another horse of a dark bay colour, exquisitely painted, awaits his load, which a man is bringing in a basket. In the centre of the foreground, and in the middle of the picture, two gentlemen are bowing to each other with a truly aristocratic grace. May they not be two Frenchmen of the court of Louis XIV.—there were many in Holland at that period, and might we not expect to hear them use the words of Moliere? "*La place n'est le cause a coas y ren-coatre.*"

Thanks to Vandervelde, this picture of Vanderheyden's, which is in other respects so valuable for its finish of detail and skilful perspective, becomes an animated scene, displaying the activity of a



THE PASTURE. FROM A PICTURE BY A. VANDERVELDE.

Hall of Amsterdam, we may see clearly with what liberality Vandervelde lavished his talent. More than thirty figures, with horses and carriages, fill the space left vacant by Vanderheyden. The groups are arranged with great skill, concealed under the appearance of the most perfect observance of nature. At the left,

from light to shade, and that the local colours are in his engravings exceedingly well contrasted with clear and well-defined lights. In this manner, while the engraving remains light and airy, it is not tame, and preserves all its piquancy. We must add to this merit the power of execution, the delicacy of touch, and the lightness in the handling of the points employed to define the figures, darkening them when necessary, and expressing the exact qualities of the objects represented—whether they be the silky hair of the goats, the rough coats of the beasts of burthen, the fineness of linen, the coarseness of frieze, the cracked and parched earth, or the polished surface of fruits. All that we have here said respecting Aliamet, may be verified by examining his various engravings from Berghem:—"The Old Harbour of Genoa,"—"The Ransom of the Slave,"—"A Rustic Watering-place for Cattle,"

great city, peopled by men of every rank and every calling, from the beggar who awaits at the door the descent of the rich stranger in quest of local antiquities, to the lazy noble who rolls along, softly reclining in his carriage. To convey an idea of the spirit, of the artistic talent, which Vandervelde has manifested in these figures,

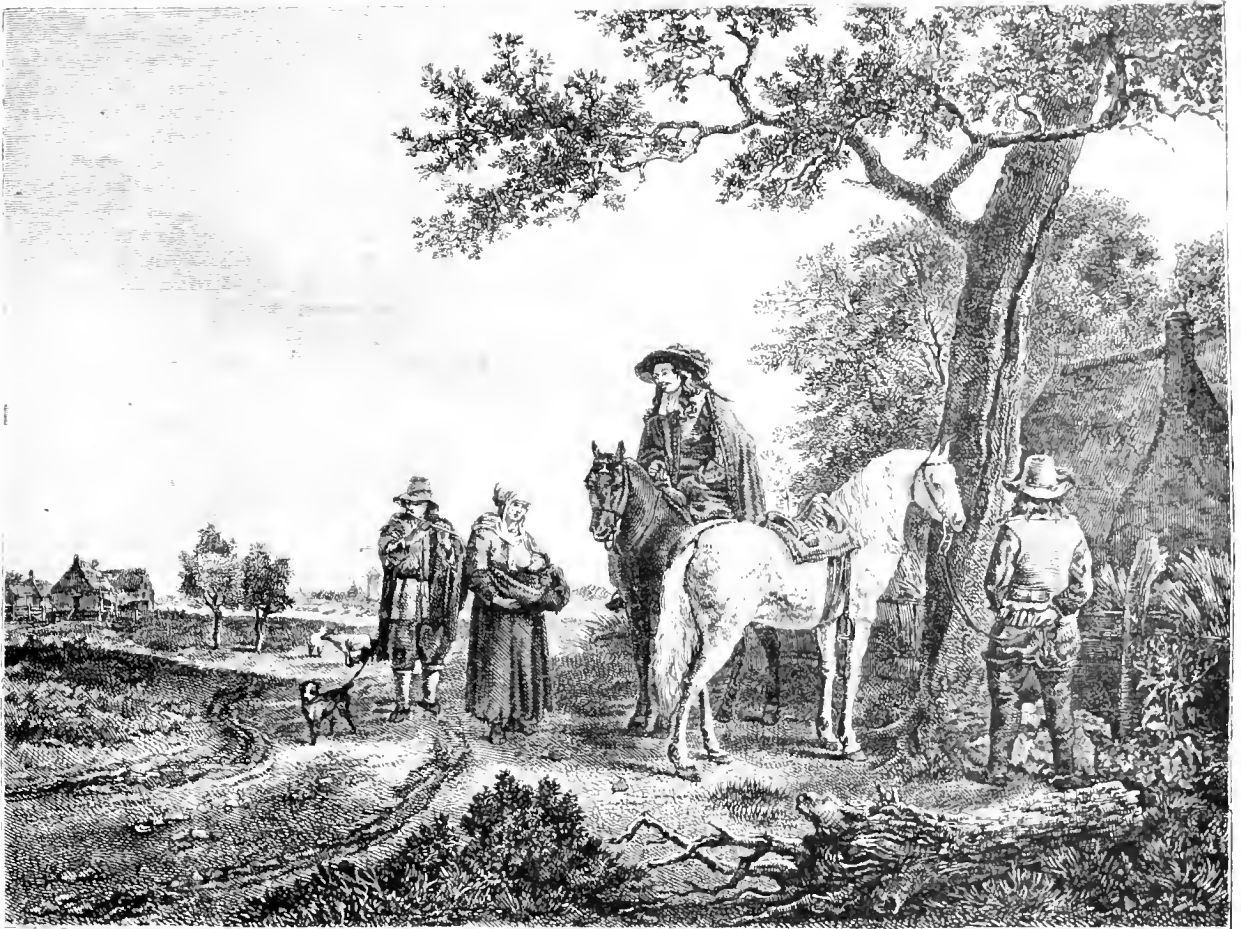
"The Meeting of the two Village Girls," and generally all that he has engraved from this master. His skies, but little burthened with work, are transparent. The lines seem readily to follow the forms of the clouds, or rather indicate the formation of them by their varied directions, which are happily contrasted with the smooth sky which is produced by horizontal and rather wide lines, ending in breaks and consecutive points. All this is full of feeling.

Wouwermans and Teniers have more than once given employment to the etching point of Aliamet. His two plates of "The Sabbath," after Teniers, are vigorous, brilliant, and held in great estimation by connoisseurs. But nothing is more delicious than his "Spanish Halt," and "The Advanced Guard of Hulans," after Philip Wouwermans. Even Moyreau, who so perfectly

of all the difficulties which he must have encountered, so that the interest of the spectator might be rivetted to his work, without detracting too much from the essential objects of the picture, it would be necessary for us to enter into a minute analysis of this view of Amsterdam. We must content ourselves with having pointed out what his imagination, seconded by a light and infallibly certain pencil, could produce. But how much shall we increase the surprise of the reader when we state that the largest of these life-like and truthful figures is only an inch and three-quarters in height, while the smallest are not more than from half to three-quarters of an inch high.

Sometimes, certainly, Vandervelde made use of that talent which

annals after the manner of Boucher, to may be observed in one of his principal works. "The Departure of Jacob from Lalem," Even in this case it may be said that the painter, in surrounding Jacob and his family with his imaginary flock, in a subject taken from Scripture, again betrays the invincible direction of his mind, which in this instance is in perfect accordance with the requirements of the subject. At other times he represents scenes where the landscape and the animals are confined to the middle distance; in examples of this description, it is the intricate manner which attracts and concentrates the spectator's eye. Such are his two "Views of the Beach at Schevling." Schevling is a little village on the sea-shore, where the inhabitants of the Heer are



THE BLIND MAN. — FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

he lavished for others in the embellishment of his own works. Occasionally he fills his composition with a number of men and

understood this painter, never did anything superior. Aliamet represented with no less success than the latter the vapours of the low lands and those stretches of country which so often have the fault of appearing like velvet. His choicest work is reserved for the coquetry of accessories and the expression of the figures. The handling of the master, his firm but softened touches, and the pithiness of his manner are charmingly transferred to the copper of the engraver. Horses' coats are expressed by great masses of dark touches without distinction of the hair, as it is right to represent it when the animals are not in the foreground, or of unusual size, for then the detail of their coats, of their manes and tails, are not supposed to be distinguishable.

"Winter Amusements," after Vandervelde, is another excellent engraving by Aliamet. The scene is made agreeable, which is not usually the case in such subjects. The French painters, Boucher,

Augustine Flourens, and Simon de St. Amand, Vandervelde, in one of these paintings, show us the state carriage of the Prince of Orange, which is preserved in the city of Leyden.

Gouze, Jeurin, severally employed the truly French talent of this artist. His representation of the deep effects and stippled manner of Boucher, as well as the broader handling of Gouze, was admirable, and he was even able to render their very faults without exaggeration, as, for instance, the coarseness of the draperies of Gouze; but the painter whose style he most admired most successfully was Jumeau, whose beautiful pictures, "Le plus Maubert," and "Le plus des Bains," he engraved. Aliamet was an engraver, what Charlin and Jeurin were as painters — a natural and simple artist, but at the same time clear and full of spirit and clearness. His brother Fran, is went to London, where he worked under Robert Straetz; but his engravings bore no resemblance to those of Jacques. They were always heavy, affected, tasteless, and uselessly overburdened with work.

The carriage, the running footmen who attend it, the postillions, the fish-boat who runs up, net in hand, to see the *catch*, the poor man who uncovers beforehand in expectation of alms, are the elements which form the painting, and yet the six noble horses of German race, which are so vigorous and elegant that we might fancy them sketched by the pencil of Vandermeulen, and touched up by Wouverman, contribute not a little to the charm of this courtly scene. The second "View" is peopled with figures only. The carriage and horses of the prince are seen, it is true, in the background, but the foreground is occupied by the fishermen of Schiedam, who are playing with their children in front of a tent. What a delicious *chef-d'œuvre* is this painting! The fishermen are true without being vulgar; for Vandervelde did not, like many other Dutch painters, believe himself called upon to sacrifice grace for the sake of simplicity. The calm and untroubled sea is of boundless expanse; the waves roll with a soft murmur upon the beach. How happy is the possessor of such a talent! to him even the waves of the ocean are without storms, to him peace smooths the waters of the sea just as she revels in the meadows of Holland.*

One of Adrian Vandervelde's master-pieces, to give it no higher title, is the picture in the Museum at Amsterdam. The view is very limited, and we might be induced to believe that when he painted the animals, he was lying on the grass beside them. After an hour spent in the admiration of this marvellous work of art, we arrive at some conclusions which it may not be out of place to mention here. "If it is desired that flocks or other animals represented in fields should attract the attention of the spectator," says Hazeborn, "the landscape itself should be composed of but few objects, bounded by mountains, or with a light and misty distance. Over the latter the eye should wander, on the former it should be made to dwell. If the artist intends to arrest the spectator's eye by the principal objects of the foreground, he must not attract it by a too varied distance, or impair the effect by bestowing too much labour on the foreground itself. He should rather contract the view and close in the pastoral scene by mountains or woods. The artist must, however, conceal this carefully, and so transform the necessity into a beauty. Thus Adrian Vandervelde often represents the shepherd, his dog, and his flock grouped around a spring, part of which is hidden by a coppice; the spectator who only sees the edge of the pleasant green wood enjoys, as it were, the freshness of the peaceful spot by the help of his imagination." These remarks upon the art of closing in a portion of a landscape, show great discrimination; they apply to Vandervelde as well as to Berchem. But, leaving out of the question all reference to what imagination may gain by one part of the landscape being closed, we may say that Vandervelde has made use of this artifice with much address to detach the different objects, and make each one relieve the other. If on one side of the picture there rises a hill which sharply breaks the line of the horizon (we refer to the picture of "The Rising Sun"), it is not only for the purpose of confining the attention of the observer, and preventing it from wandering into the distance, but also to form a kind of mound of a dark brown mass, by which the light colours of the most prominent cattle are clearly brought out, the object of the artist being to direct particular attention to their spotted coats and picturesque forms. But if the painter places animals upon the ground, whose brown mass throws back the horizon, he will take care to choose such as are of a sombre and uniform colour; he will place dark bay horses, black geese, or cows of a deep plum colour, so that they serve to relieve the eye. The light colour of light animals, which enliven the foreground of the picture, and the sun (find that their own outlines are sharply defined against the clear sky). Thus, we find that in the works of Vandermeulen, who are apparently so simple, and appear to have composed at hazard the flocks grazing in their meadows, the laws of distance are well observed, and the painters themselves, perhaps

unconsciously, so skilful, that their compositions are full of instruction. The laws of the distribution of light and shade are so clearly defined in Vandervelde's pictures, in which an amateur only perceives the charming and natural side, that a professor might readily make them the subjects of his discourse, and say with the learned Lairese: "When an object in a full light is to be relieved by a clear background, it is necessary that the object, having no shadow, should be of a sombre colour, in order to produce a good effect. For the great art consists in placing the objects of a sombre and warm colour upon a light, tender, and soft ground, as well as in relieving light and soft colours against dark and warm backgrounds; in the same way the most vigorous objects of the foreground may be relieved against the extreme distance, and the reverse."

The atmosphere is light and pure in the paintings of Vandervelde: we feel inclined to inhale the freshening breezes which sweep across the broad bosom of his lakes, whisper among the immitable foliage of his trees, and flood the spreading pastures in which he represents the cattle cropping the short thick grass, or contentedly ruminating as they slowly chew the cud. Through the fluid and transparent atmosphere we behold skies of a tender blue, where fleecy clouds float on in graceful and undulating lines; so light are they, too, that a breath of air would suffice to disperse them, but at the moment chosen by the painter the winds have left the ether undisturbed. The peaceful skies are reflected in unruffled lakes. The clouds, the animals, the trees, the shepherds, melt together in the reflection of the transparent waters. No landscape can be absolutely beautiful without a river, a lake, or a torrent. A poet who loved nature as one loves a mistress, has expressed this in some charming lines:—

"S'il n'a point de rive humide
Je fais un site admiré,
Comme un front pur et sans ride,
Mais dont l'œil serait aride
Et n'aurait jamais pleuré.
Otez les flots à la terre,
La terre sera sans yeux,
Et jamais sa face austère,
Plaine d'ombre et de mystère,
Ne réfléchira les cieux."†

The greatest landscape-painters of swampy Holland were all well aware of the indelible charm a landscape gains by the presence of water, whether it slumbers imprisoned by the shores of a lake, or glides murmuringly between the banks of a river. Vandervelde, following the example of Ruysdael, loves to lead us to the sea-beach, where the waves sport among the pebbles, or to the pond, whose freshness attracts the thirsty flocks towards midday. But nothing can be more dissimilar than the manner in which each of these two artists treats the same subject. While Ruysdael delights to contemplate the ocean when maddened by storms, and represent it to our astonished gaze stretching our into the distance, until it is confounded with the fearful masses of dark clouds that are seen booming dandy through the hazy atmosphere, and contrasting with the white-crested billows which rise upon the grand and threatening waves, and only serve to make the general darkness more awfully

* Gérard de Lairese, "Le Grand Livre des Peintres, ou l'Art de peindre considéré dans tout ses Parties et démontré par Principes, avec des Réflexions sur les Ouvrages de quelques bons Maîtres et des Défauts qui s'y trouvent," tome ii, page 11, Paris, 1787.

* Vandervelde also painted hunting-pieces much in the style of Wouverman. Sir Thomas Baring possesses, in his picture-gallery in London, a "Bédouins de Chasse," by this master, representing the moment when the huntsmen meet on a terrace adjoining a house. Among the figures may be distinguished an elegantly-dressed lady and gentleman, and two pilgrims who are demanding charity. Further on are pages, dogs, and hunting paraphernalia.

† If no stream the landscape grace,
Quickly from the spot I fly,
As I would some calm, pure face,
Where sad tears ne'er left a trace
In the cold and haughty eye.

Take the waters once away,
And the earth will have no eyes—
No more then its face shall play
With expression blithe and gay,
As it mirrors back the skies.

apparent, and lend a kind of savage sublimity to the whole scene. While Ruysdael, too, casts a gloomy shadow over his lakes, Vander-velde scarcely raises a ripple on the smooth, unruffled surface of the sea, and does not permit the polished mirror of his lakes to be ornamented or overcast by menacing masses of dark and gloomy clouds, which were so little in unison with his calm, loving disposition.

We once travelled through Holland with a friend of ours, who was a distinguished literary man, full of enthusiasm for painting, and who took a fancy to discover the points of resemblance existing between celebrated writers and the painters that we had come on purpose to see. If we are not mistaken, he asserted that Rembrandt, in his mind, corresponded to Holman, the author of the "Contes Fantastiques;" the melancholy Vandermeer was compared to Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts;" and, while Boucher called up to his recollection the Chevalier de Florian, he recognised a familiar kind of Theocritus in Berghem, and a Virgil in Vander-velde. "Do you not perceive," he said, "a singular resemblance between Vandervelde and Virgil?" On our smiling at the idea of these two names, one of which was so famous, and the other so modest and so little known to the world, being compared with each other, after the lapse of so many ages, he proceeded with his comparison, and, without allowing himself to be stopped by our smiles, gave us the proofs in favour of his theory. "Have they not both," said he, "exquisite grace and ideal beauty in place of that boldness and virility in which both are equally deficient? If I may use the expression, there is in their works the same *bucoolic* sentiment, the same talent of imparting a certain indescribable softness to the representation of pastoral scenes, the same sobriety, the same elegance of composition, and the same harmony. But it is in the finish, the soft and perfect style of their execution, that they particularly resemble each other. The pencil of Vander-velde is as delicate and mellow as the pen of Virgil is elegant and chaste. The style of Vander-velde, replete with studied transitions and gentle gradations of colour, contributes not a little to the soft and peaceful effect of his landscapes. With him we find none of those violently contrasted lights and shadows, none of those struggles between night and day, which many Dutch painters appear to have borrowed from the Persian theologians; if thick trees or rising ground intercept part of the light, enough remains for the broad half-tints to harmonise with the lighter portions of the picture. He does not, like Berghem, use those bold and brilliant touches which cannot be looked at closely without appearing somewhat coarse. So dashing a style does not suit his fancy; the use of half-tints, the softness of his touch, the peculiar truthfulness of his manner, distinguish him among all the great Dutch masters."

The trees, those stumbling-blocks to ordinary painters, are always treated by Vander-velde with singular felicity. Whether he paints a thick and branching chestnut, or the poplar with its straight and pliant branches, or the aspen with its trembling leaves, he succeeds with unvarying skill in giving the most agreeable form to the masses of foliage, and in making the breezes appear to blow round them, or in relieving the long and slender branches against the sky. The conscientious nature of his genius is exhibited in the care with which he obviates this most difficult portion of the landscape-painter's task.

To these general characteristics, which render the works of Adriaen Vander-velde unmistakable, we must add the preference which he always showed for young animals. The painter, full of admiration for the graceful, could not but be struck with the supple and sprightly movements of young animals in their sports. He often delights in painting the lambs of a young lamb, creeping itself beneath its mother in search of nutriment, while the patient ewe continues to crop the grass before her.

This familiar scene in pastoral life must have often attracted the artist's eye during his rambles in the beautiful meadows which surround Amsterdam. Among his sketches, that portion of his works in which an artist gives way to the caprices and originalities of his genius, he has reproduced it as in his larger works. The lamb is given with striking fidelity. Its limbs, though still clumsy, have yet that flexibility of articulation which characterises the young of all kinds of animals. The delicacy of touch, and the correctness of execution, give every characteristic of perfection to this composition.

There is one picture by the master, which has not escaped notice. We allude to the one in which he has represented himself in company with his wife and family. Not only is it rarely observed among his very best productions, for the artist is seated, with his easel and brush, at the very centre of the group, but the composition of his scene is singular, and extraordinary, which does not lead us to the fact of its giving us an idea of his own personal position. Vander-velde, dressed in brown, and holding in his hand a painter's stick, is seen strolling about a country seat, while his wife is walking with him on his left side. Her dress consists of a red gown, over which is thrown a black shawl. Before her, a child, also dressed in brown, who is holding in each hand a round wheel, is pulling at the cord, and revolving the motion of the wheel away. Sitting on the trunk of a tree, a young woman is nursing a baby, and amusing it with flowers. To the left of the picture, a meadow, in which some goats are seen grazing, is visible, and a cow stretched on the grass, with a pipe in his mouth, is watching them. On the right, a little further on than Vander-velde and his family, is seen a wagon drawn by two grey horses. The driver, engaged in doing something or other to their harness. The ground in the foreground consists of a large hill, with some tall, old-fashioned trees and old stumps of trees. Near the top of the hill, a number of young oaks, planted in the new, are visible in the distance. The figure appears so natural, that the spectator might almost fancy that he heard the leaves rustle as the breeze passed, and the crunch of them. Beyond these only is a line of thick, bushy trees, while on an eminence beyond is a small house partially embosomed in trees, with a river running, its calm waters before it. This picture is a perfect gem, and conveys an idea of quiet, rural repose, such as Vander-velde loved so much to depict. The light, warmer, vapoury clouds, which partially mask the blue expanse behind them, as they float lazily about in mid-air, give the finishing touch to this harmonious composition, and impart a most beautiful and soft effect of evening to the whole.

Vander-velde's designs are not all of equal merit. Bartsch, whose opinion on this subject is of great value, distinguishes three epochs in the works of this master, consisting of twenty-four subjects. In 1653, that is, at the age of fourteen, Vander-velde engraved five plates; in these we easily recognise the youth and inexperience of their author. The ton is too heavy, the cutting is too fine and close, the heritage is softened, the foliage unworked and devoid of taste; six years later, however, from 1657 to 1659, he is already in the full exercise of his talent. "Nothing can be suggested," says Bartsch, "to censure his drawing the truthfulness of the animals, their attitudes, the correctness of the models, and the perfect care with which every detail is rendered. The engraving discloses the practical part of the matter; it is to be seen in the plates dated 1653, and the lines are bold and more expressive." His last engravings, of the year 1679, two years before his death, are all master-pieces. The "Ewe suckling her Lamb," of which we have already spoken, is of this date. The "Two Lambs resting," of which the only one in the book is a copy, of truth, of knowledge, and good taste, bears the same date. We may form an idea of the path which the artist pursued, by viewing the more extreme points of his career, being, for example, "The Peasant on Horseback," one of his works which is not preserved, and with the "Two Lambs." Between these two, the engraving, composed of twelve years' intervals, is to be seen, and it is not a little remarkable, is well drawn, and the horse is skilfully and correctly drawn, its mane and tail never appears to be raised, and the ewe, who is the object of the artist's study, has a fine, well-defined line of character. In the latter on the contrary, there is no comparison, and there is not a single which has not been rendered with striking and faithful effect.

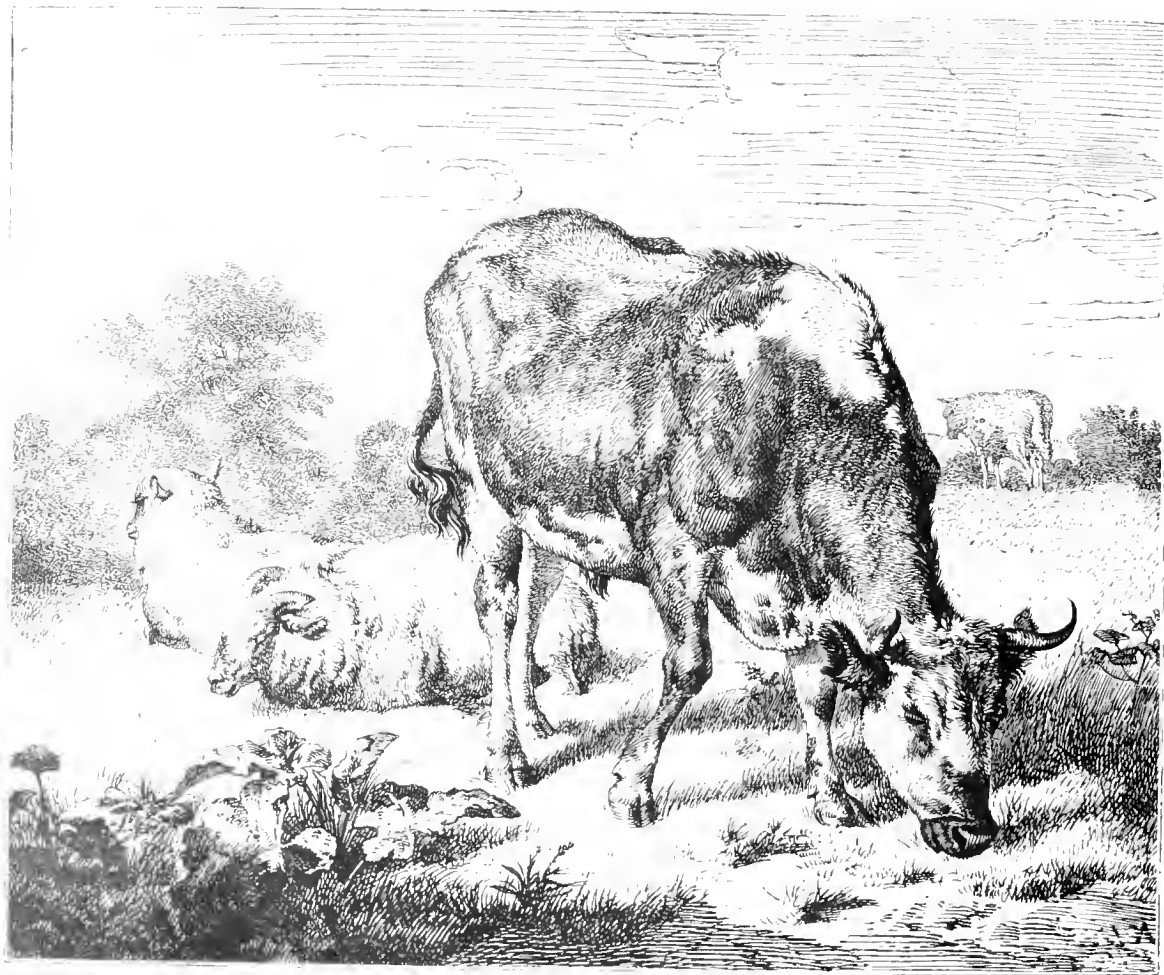
This picture is a work which is not only found in all the public collections of the works of Vander-velde, but also in the private collection of an Amsterdam merchant, who died in 1728. The picture is the number of the works which are certainly known, as well as of those in which he merely inserted figures, and it is not a little curious to observe that it almost certainly is not a work which would have found time to execute them, all parts being well

* Bartsch, *Die Kunst-Gravure, Adriaen Vander-velde*, vol. I.

we take into consideration the minute and exquisite delicacy of finish by which they are, with scarcely a single exception, distinguished. This fact has led some of the authors who have written on Vandervelde to suppose, that the dates which we have given as those of his birth and decease, respectively, are erroneous: but we know what seeming impossibilities may be effected by never-flagging perseverance: and we therefore see no reason why we should distrust the authorities to whom we are indebted for the facts of this notice. He left a daughter, who handed down verbally to Houbracken the few particulars which we know concerning the life of her father. He never left Amsterdam and its immediate neighbourhood. He was the painter of the rustic scenes of his

died, leaving behind him his great but unfinished opera of the "Zauberflöte."*

The illustrious amateur, Gersaint, who was a friend of Watteau, and the author of some of the most learned catalogues of the eighteenth century, has given an opinion of Vandervelde which must surprise us by its exaggeration, proceeding from a man usually so free from this fault. "This landscape-painter," says he, "has the most delicate pencil, and is the most mellow in his tones, of any artist I know. Even Corneille Poelenbourg appears dry, so to speak, in his touch compared to Vandervelde: his figures are generally simple and well-drawn; his colouring is rich and vigorous; and his paintings are perfectly harmonious. He is, in



THE OX AND THREE SHEEP. FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

native country; he found the materials for his pictures, with but few exceptions, in the broad, verdant meadows that surrounded the city of his birth, and had no need to seek for them in foreign lands. His works produce the impression that his life must have been full of peace, of private virtue, and unwearied labour. May he not have been, like Mozart, a victim of that affection of the chest with which so many great men have been afflicted from their birth, and which their excessive labour aggravates rapidly? Consumption, which develops in those whom it devours so many precocious powers and such melancholy grace, may have caused the premature death of this extraordinary artist, who, at the age of fourteen, was already a great master. At eight years of age, Mozart, who was till more remarkable, performed before the court of Louis XV. on the organ of the chapel at Versailles, and thenceforward ranked with the greatest composers of the age. At thirty-six years he

fact, the most interesting painter to those who value beautiful work and high finish."

* It may not be uninteresting to the reader, nor altogether misplaced, considering the affinity between all the arts, and the striking resemblance between Vandervelde and Mozart, both in their precocious talents and their early end, if we here give a few extracts from a curious paper, by the Hon. Daines Barrington, F.R.S., printed in the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1770—

"If I was to send you a well-attested account of a boy who measured seven feet in height, when he was not more than eight years of age, it might be considered as not undeserving the notice of the Royal Society.

"Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart, was born at Saltzbourg, in Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756.

To say that Poelenbourg is dry beside Vandervelde, is certainly going too far; and therefore this must probably be no more than a figure of speech. Poelenbourg is so melting that he gives inanimate objects the appearance of velvet; Vandervelde, on the contrary, having to paint animals, the forms of which are well defined, such as horses, cattle, and goats, takes especial care to avoid falling into the fault of Poelenbourg, and without making his outlines as strongly marked as Paul Potter, he finishes his figures with a light and delicate touch. In this respect he is more justly appreciated by Descamps, who in the two insignificant pages which, as usual, are all that he devotes to one of the most charming painters in his gallery, has only said a few words concerning the

sturdy, crisp and lively work of Poelenbourg, and that the silky shimmer through his trees points rather to the work of the too silky Poelenbourg.

After examining the immense labour of Vandervelde, we cannot doubt that he was possessed by that fever of never-ceasing activity which hastens the end of those who are destined to die young. Not only is he reckoned among the first Dutch landscape painters, but he also deserves to occupy a distinguished position among historical painters. There are several compositions by his hand, taken from the Passion of Christ, and which, in Heurdael's time, were in the Roman Catholic Church in the Spanduisweg at Amsterdam. There is also in the Church of the Appelmarkt a



WINTER AMUSEMENT. FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

style of this master, but his remarks in this case are more direct and pointed than usual. He even adds that the leaning of Van-

"I have been informed by a most able musician and composer, that he frequently saw him at Vienna when he was little more than four years old.

"By this time, he was not only capable of executing lessons on his favourite instrument the harpsichord, but composed some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved of.

"His extraordinary musical talents soon reached the ears of the present empress-dowager, who used to place him on her knees, while he played on the harpsichord.

"The notice taken of him by so great a personage, together with a certain consciousness of his most singular abilities, had much emboldened the little musician. Being, therefore, the next year at one of the German courts, where the Elector encouraged him, by saying he had nothing to fear from his august presence,

"Dissent from the Cross, but that he generally is, with the graceful painter of "The Rising Sun," his sketch of one of the most

little Mozart immediately sit down with great confidence to his harpsichord, informing His Highness that he had played before the empress.

"At seven years of age, his father carried him to Paris, where he so distinguished himself by his compositions, that an engraving was made of him.

"In this print, little Mozart is "Xlrd, Compositeur et Maître de Musique, âgé de sept ans."

"Upon leaving Paris, he came over to England, where he continued more than a year. As during this time, I was witness of his most extraordinary abilities as a musician, both at some public concerts, and, likewise, by having been alone with him for a considerable time at his father's house, I send you the following account, amazing and incredible as it may appear.

pathetic subjects of Christian art, that he was capable of representing the strong emotions of sacred subjects no less admirably than the joyous tranquillities of past and life. One of Vanderweide's most successful efforts, perhaps, in this peculiar branch of his profession, is a "Repose of the Holy Family," which is dated 1668. The Virgin is represented as supported by cushions, which are placed on the ground, and holding the Infant Jesus in her lap. Joseph is seated on the stone pedestal of a Fountain, some distance off. On the other side of the Virgin is an ass, while behind her is a sheep in the act of grazing. The figures of the two animals are in the master's best style. Had Vanderweide lived a few years longer, he might probably have gained further reputation by these works, and have given to the world his *Enoch* as a sequel to his *Benedics*. It was, however, determined otherwise. As we have seen, he was snatched away in the full vigour of his talent at an age when his contemporaries might naturally have expected a long series of fresh masterpieces from his prolific pencil.

In the present day the name of Vanderweide recalls only ideas of rustic scenes, of peaceful cattle ruminating in the midst of the artless sheep lying at their feet, and of rich pastures where the flocks are wandering listlessly about, while the shepherd is sleeping under the thick foliage of the beech-trees.

Adrian Vanderweide was one of the most skilful engravers of the Dutch school, as well as a correct, delicate, and harmonious painter.

The catalogues of Dutch sales do not mention more than twenty-two subjects engraved by this master. Adam Bartsch was acquainted with only twenty-one, and yet we have every reason to believe that the subjects engraved by Vanderweide were at least twenty-four in number. In the catalogue which we are about to give, we shall preserve the number and titles adopted by Adam Bartsch:—

1. "The Cowherd and the Bull." In the upper left-hand corner we find: *A. V. V. f.* 1659, and at the right: *Just. Dauck its, etc.*
2. "The Cow Lying down." On a rough stone to the left is written: *Adriaen Van de Velde, f.* 1657.

"I carried to him a manuscript duet, which was composed by an English gentleman to some favourite words in Metastasio's opera of *Demofonte*."

"The whole score was in five parts: viz. accompaniments for a first and second violin, the two vocal parts, and a bass.

"I shall here likewise mention that the parts for the first and second voices were written in what the Italians style the *contralto cello*. The reasons for taking notice of which particular will appear hereafter.

"My intention in carrying with me this manuscript composition was to have an irrefragable proof of his abilities as a player at sight, it being absolutely impossible that he could ever have seen the music before.

"The score was no sooner put upon his desk, than he began to play the symphony in a most masterly manner, as well as in the time and style which corresponded with the intention of the composer. I mention this circumstance, because the greatest masters often fail in these particulars on the first trial.

"The symphony ended, he took the upper part, leaving the under one to his father. . . . His father was once or twice out, though the passages were not more difficult than those in the upper part, on which occasions the son looked back with some anger, pointing out to him his mistakes and setting him right.

" Having been informed that he was often visited by musical ideas, to which, even in the middle of the night, he would give utterance on his harpsichord, I told his father that I should be glad to hear some of his extemporary compositions. . . . I said to the boy that I should be glad to hear an extemporary 'Love Song,' such as his friend Manzoli might choose in an opera. The boy on this (who continued to sit at his harpsichord) looked back with much archness, and immediately began five or six lines of a jargon recitative, proper to introduce a love song. He then played a symphony which might correspond with an air composed to the single word *Affetto*.

"It had a first and second part, which, together with the symphonies, was of the length that opera songs generally last. If this extemporary composition was not amazingly capital, yet it was really above mediocrity, and showed most extraordinary readiness of invention."

3. "The Three Oxen." Below, at the left near a stick: *A. V. V. f.*

4. "The Two Cows and the Sheep." Toward the bottom, on the right-hand, close to a stick, we read: *A. V. V. f.*

5. "The Three Cows." The letters *A. V. V. f.* are to be seen in the left-hand corner of the engraving.

6. "The Ox in the Water." At the top, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. f.*

7. "The Horse." We read at the bottom, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. f.*

8. "The Calf." At a little distance towards the right will be seen a prostrate tree, where, on the stump, may be observed in reversed letters: *A. V. V. f.* 1659.

9. "The Dogs." In the upper part, at the left, is written: *A. V. V. f.* 1657.

10. "The Goats." The name *A. V. V. f.* is inscribed in the upper right-hand corner.

These ten pieces were executed at the age of eighteen or twenty, and the engraving already shows the hand of a practised master. At the Rigal sale, in 1817, they were sold in one lot for the sum of £2.

11. "The Cow and the Two Sheep at the Foot of a Tree." In the centre, at the bottom, we read: 1670, *A. V. V. E.* This plate is the masterpiece of the artist.

12. "The Pied Bull and the Three Sheep." This piece is equally remarkable: at the bottom, on the left-hand side, is written: *A. V. V. E.*, and beneath it, 1670.

13. "The Two Cows at the Foot of a Tree." Below, on the left-hand side: *A. V. V. E.* This plate is executed in the same style as the former.

(These three plates fetched £16 at the Rigal sale.)

14. "The Sheep." Marked *A. V. V. E.* 1670, below, on the right side.

15. "The Two Sheep." Below, to the left, *A. V. V. E.* 1670. (These two plates, in superb proofs, were sold for £4 at the same sale.)

16. "The Goats." In the lower left-hand corner: *A. V. V.*

These six plates ordinarily go together as forming a series. They are very rare, particularly the last one. Adrian engraved them two years before his death. The drawing is admirable, the style is large, the landscape and the herbage are done with richness, and expression not laboured, and in excellent taste.

17. "The Shepherd and the Shepherdess with their Flock." We find, in the upper part, on the left-hand: *Adriaen Van de Velde, f.* 1653. This plate is very scarce. (It was sold at the Rigal sale for £8.)

18. "The Castle Gate." On the left-hand side, above: *A. V. V. f.* 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

19. "Hunters Resting." On the left-hand side, above: *A. V. V. f.* 1653. (This plate fetched the sum of £11.)

20. "Countryman and Countrywoman." This plate is extremely rare, and does not bear any date. Bartsch, who made a magnificent copy of it, believed the original to date from 1653.

21. "Peasant on Horseback." In the upper right hand corner is written *A. V. V. f.* 1653. This plate is the rarest of all: it has also been copied by Bartsch. (It was sold for £4.)

These five engravings are feeble, and executed in fine, but rather meagre, lines. Adrian engraved them when only fourteen years of age.

The following are the pieces which have not been described by Bartsch:—

22. "Landscape," partly bordered by a river. On the right-hand side two villagers standing; further on a cottage and an inn, with a carriage standing near one of them, the horses taken out; some travellers and a four-wheeled carriage are in front of the other; to the left, at the water's edge, a boat on the stocks; the spire of a village church appears on the horizon, on the other side a flight of birds; towards the right, and nearly over the inn, is inscribed: *A. V. V. f.* This plate is not highly-finished.

At present only two proofs of this plate are known to be in existence; one which, in the Rigal sale in 1817, sold for £16; the other in the collection of the King of the Netherlands.

23. "Girl Spinning," seated near a tent where a man is lying

down; she is speaking to a peasant who is in a hollow road, and leaning on the bank near her feet; beyond, on the left, an ass and two goats; on the same side, in the sky, *J. F. Vilde, f.*; below, 1653. The figure 3 is reversed.

This proof, the only one known, was bought at the Riga sale for £38, and was formerly in the collection of M. Van Leyden the younger, which was sold at Amsterdam in 1811.

21. "A Cavalier and Two Huntsmen." The cavalier, with his left-hand elevated, appears to be pointing out a place of meeting to one of the huntsmen, who is standing near him, with his hat in his hand and his gun on his shoulder; behind them is a large tree. The other huntsman is seated on the opposite side on some rising ground, with his hand resting on a gun; behind him are five dogs of different breeds; on the left-hand side, in the sky; *J. F. Vilde, f. 1653*; the whole traced in reversed characters.

This plate sold at the Riga sale for the same price as the preceding one, £38, and came originally from the same collection. These three pieces were engraved during Adrian's youth.

If the engravings of Adrian Vandervelde are the delight of amateurs, his pictures, not less sought after, are the ornament of many public galleries and private collections.

The Louvre possesses six valuable compositions by Vandervelde:—

"A Flock of Sheep and Cattle on the Banks of a River," also called "The Rising Sun," which those experienced in such matters valued at £1,440 at the time of the French Empire, and at £1,000 under the Restoration in 1816.

"A Pasturage with Flocks," valued at £480 under the Empire, and £600 after the Restoration.

"The Beach at Scheveling," valued at £720 and £480.

"A Shepherd and his Wife playing with their Child," valued at £240 and £400.

"Landscape and Animals," valued at £200 and £120.

"Winter Amusements," valued at £100 and £120.

The Belvedere Collection at Vienna contains only one painting by this master, signed and dated 1664. It represents "A Landscape," with a small flock near a stream.

In the Museum at Munich there are five or six charming paintings by Adrian, all representing, with some variations, his favourite subjects.

The Royal Gallery at Dresden only possesses one.

There are only two at Amsterdam, one representing "A Landscape," in which we see a woman seated upon a horse, a herdsman on an ass, some sheep, a dog, and in a river a boat bearing men and animals. This painting is carefully and delicately worked out. In the second, a peasant woman is seated before a cottage; there are several groups of cows and sheep, and a man riding on a white horse. This picture displays great delicacy of handling.

The Royal Museum at the Hague possesses two of minor importance.

The Collection at Dulwich College contains two very remarkable paintings by Vandervelde.

In the collection of Sir Robert Peel there are two specimens of this master's best style, a herdsman and a young milkmaid, five cows, two pigs, some poultry, and a frozen canal.

In the Bridge-water Gallery there is a picture of two cows and a sheep by Vandervelde. A small work, but most luminous in effect.

Lord Ashburton possesses "The Haymaking," a loaded wagon before a haystack, with four men and two women; and another picture representing a flock of sheep and two horses in a meadow.

In the well-known collection at Grosvenor House, belonging to the Marquis of Westminster, may be seen a delightful picture by Vandervelde, dated 1658, when the artist was scarcely nineteen years of age; it represents cows, pigs, sheep, some fowls, a man, and two women.

Among Mr. T. H. Hope's pictures there is a Vandervelde, representing "A Meadow," in which are cows and horses, with herdsmen.

In Pall-mall, in the private collection of George IV., we find "A Landscape," enriched with two cows, and a horse that is drinking; further on, a woman who is drawing water, and convers-

ing with a man on a white horse. The picture, which is delicately painted, is dated 1659.

In the collection of Earl Grey, there are two good pictures of cattle by Vandervelde.

At Sutton House, the property of the Marquis of Bute, there is a composition by this master of an old herd man, a shepherdess, and a flock reposing near a stream, a small painting of such delicate execution, that we think it preferable to many of the larger works.

It now only remains for us to mention the sales at which pictures of Adrian Vandervelde have been disposed of at public sales.

At the Julienne Sale, 1767. Two small pictures fetched 2,000 livres (£120). In the one there are two cows, one of them standing, the other lying down; three sheep near a large tree, watched by a young boy; to the left a cottage, to the right in the distance several animals. In the other, a horseman, and a woman standing, with two cows and two sheep.

A subject containing two cows, one lying down, the other standing, four sheep, a man, and a goat, with a shepherd and shepherdess in the background, 1,014 livres (£10).

Beve de Jully Sale, 1779. A group of three figures, a woman, sleeping, and two men, with three cows, goats, and sheep, 3,100 livres (£124).

Blondel de Geny Sale, 1776. Five pictures by Vandervelde, among which we must mention that which represents two men near a cottage; one, whose back is seen, holds a gray horse by the bridle; the other, on horseback, is seen in full face; a woman suckling a child, accompanied by a blind man who is playing on a flute and soliciting alms; his dog is held by a string. The celebrated picture, which we have engraved under the title of "The Blind Man," was sold for 14,981 livres (£599). The other four pieces fetched the sums of 2,000 livres (£80), and 1,000 livres (£40).

Prince de Conti's Sale, 1777.—Seven pictures by Vandervelde:—"The Beach at Scheveling," which is now in the Louvre, 5,972 livres (£203).

A frozen canal, engraved by Miamet, under the title of "Winter Amusements," from the Marietta collection, 4,000 livres (£160).

A man sleeping, and a woman sitting down speaking to a man on horseback, some sheep, goats, and cows, 2,610 livres (£104).

"A Landscape," cows and sheep; in the middle distance, a man near a cottage and a woman milking a cow, 2,450 livres (£98).

"The Forest of La Haine," in which are several animals, 990 livres (£36).

The others, which sold for about 500 livres (£20), were of minor importance.

Randon de Boissé's Sale, 1777.—Five pictures by Vandervelde; one, in particular, of considerable importance, containing four cows, one of which is drinking, and two men, one of them fishing with a rod and line. This picture is dated 1661, and is eighteen inches high, and two feet two inches wide, and sold for 20,000 livres (£800). It is in the Louvre, and is known under the title of "The Rising Sun." The four others reached the sums of 7,000 livres (£280), 5,000 livres (£200), and 1,800 livres (£72).

Robin Sale, 1801. "Haymaking," four figures, with a loaded wagon, drawn by two white horses. We have given this picture, which was engraved by Boissé, and fetched the price of 9,000 francs (£360).

The Cavalier Earl's Sale, 1802. Five pictures by Vandervelde. A peasant woman sitting by a brook in the middle of a landscape, suckling her child; at her feet is a pig, besides a dog; further on, cows, goats, and sheep, 8,850 francs (£354). The four others, 3,320 francs (£132), 7,000 francs (£280), 3,120 francs (£125), and 201 francs (£8).

Duke de Berri's Sale, 1807.—"Merry and Amus," a white cow, sheep and rams, 9,500 francs (£380). "The Pastoral Musician," 4,110 francs (£164 s. 4d.).

Comte Peregau's Sale, 1811.—"The Start for the Hunt," containing five hunters on two horses, pack of hounds, &c., a large and beautiful composition, 26,850 francs (£1,074).

Peel Barrié's Sale, 1843.—"Landscape," animals at the watering-place, 9,000 francs (£360).

Duval de Geneve's Sale, 1843.—Two Vanderveldes: first, "View

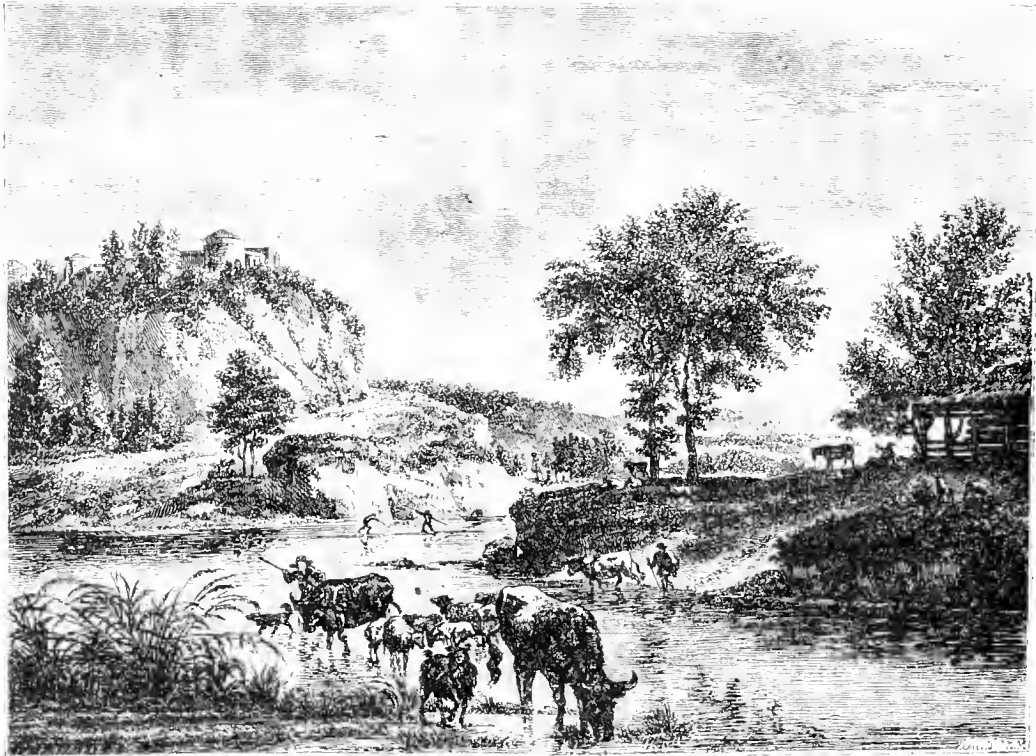
of Scheveling, a sandy beach, with a fisherman lying down, and another standing; a dog gnawing a bone; in the background some small figures and some vessels, 3,400 frames (£136); second, five beautiful cows, a peasant endeavouring to embrace a young girl without being aware that he is observed by a herdsman, 24,925 frames (£997).

Adriaen Vandervelde almost always signed his etchings and paintings as follows:—

A. V. V. De

A. V. V. 1610.

A., V. V.



THE WOBASS.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

ELIZABETH STIRLING, THE SCULPTOR.

BY SILVERPEN.

“Oh! weep for Adam—he is dead.”

Amongst the speculative thoughts incident to an event like the Great Exhibition, none was of more interest than that relating to the lives and labours of the individuals who contributed to so magnificent a result. From the poor Hindoo weaver, or the Tunician designer, to the artist-potter of Dresden and the scientific engineer or mechanic of our own country—what histories might have been written of patience, earnestness, endurance under countless difficulties, of noble motives, and exalted aspirations! There was not, we may be sure, one fragment of human labour there, however rude or simple, that had not called into action some of the best qualities of the human soul; and there were renunces of labour, that if written or known, would have enhanced the world's idea of human nature. Much as is necessarily unspoken and evanescent in the psychological progress of labour, some such histories might be imagined, some were known; and, here and there, a few brief words in the official catalogue, gave us glimpses that stimulated the purest curiosity. A simple history, so indicated, we now proceed to write. We do so with a faltering pen, for friendship and attachment had hitherto enriched that history to us; and now, alas! the world no longer holds a genius that, had life and maturity been

spared to it, might have excelled in the sculptor's art, and rivalled, indeed more than rivalled, the figures of Georgina Duchess of Devonshire, and the busts of the honourable Mrs. Dawer.

The visitor to the Fine Arts' Court of the Great Exhibition may have observed amongst the smaller, but not least beautiful objects of art, a little statuette of Waverley, exquisitely carved in ivory. It was but a few inches in height, stood beneath a glass shade on a small black pedestal, and arrested the attention of even the uncritical eye by the beauty of its proportions, the delicacy of the carving, and the spirit with which Scott's first prose hero had been conceived and represented. Turning to the catalogue, this brief notice, at page 151, added surprise and interest to the admiration elicited—“Class 30, No. 186, Stirling, Elizabeth, Mrs Pinn's, St. Thomas, Exeter. Des.—Statuette of Waverley, in ivory, carved by a

self-taught artist, twenty years of age, from her own conception of the character of Waverley, without the aid of any drawing or modelling.” Such was the truth; though richer facts lay hidden beneath.

If there be a characteristic more broad and marked than another between genius and talent, it is the universality of power in the former. This is Shakspeare's distinctive characteristic beyond that of all other men; it is Milton's; it is that of the greatest painters as well as the greatest musicians. Recollect Michael Angelo—recollect Mozart! and it is equally a characteristic of the higher degree of female intellect. This power would, perhaps, be better expressed by the word *comprehensiveness*, or the faculty of not so much doing many clever things, as the general perception of how they are done; though, at the same time, one faculty or power predominates above the rest. This, as in so many cases of real genius, was a distinctive feature of Miss Stirling's intellect. She wrote with facility in verse; often admirably in prose; and possessed a range of intellectual power rarely equalled; yet she was emphatically an artist in that highest of all departments—delineation of the human form.

Elizabeth Stirling, who was of Scottish extraction, was born at Newton Abbot, in the county of Devon, January 2nd, 1831, at which place her father kept a school. When she was three years old, he was appointed master to the Free School of Colyton in the

same county, whither she accompanied her parents. Here she remained till 1839. They were then so good as to entrust her to the tender care of the two excellent aunts, who were affectionately connected with her future history, and who resided at a pretty rustic cottage of their own at St. Thomas, near Exeter. But the child and parents saw each other at stated intervals; the summer months being always spent at Colyton by the aunts and their beloved charge.

Prodigies in childhood no more result in gifted men or women than a facile knack of rhyming constitutes a poet. Yet there is a certain degree of intelligence and comprehension in a child that indicates much; and it is a curious mental, as well as psychological fact, that where this intelligence is high in kind, its first spontaneous efforts at expression are usually in verse. We could give countless instances of this, were it worth while—and amongst men whose after intellectual excellences were of the severest and gravest character. An analogy in this case would seem to lie

she wrote some verses. "On being left alone on the Sabbath, which, though still childlike in rhyme and unpolished in diction, elucidate that most consoling of all mortal thoughts, that God is present with us everywhere; and show her devotional, as well as metaphysical, cast of ideas even whilst so young.

But it was towards art—the art of form—that the light of her genius began so rapidly to shine. It sought expression, and found the means where only genius would have found it. Bits of bone and ivory were searched for or begged from friends. From these, and with no better graver than a common penknife, exquisite things were fashioned as well as carved: paper knives, seals, figures, and other small objects. Parasol and umbrella handles were, as she once told us, her great resource at this period. "But how could you learn to cut a substance so very hard as bone or ivory?" we asked; "it must have hurt your fingers so." "No, the power came to me I don't know how; and aunts would be often surprised at the change I had made in one of her parasol tops." Yes! this



HAYMAKING. FROM A PAINTING BY A. VANDERVELDE.

between the first dawnings of creative power in the child, and the first intellectual tastes of vigorous, but rude, nations. Thus, this young child, whose love of art, as it related to form, was afterwards uncontrollably repeated little hymns at twenty months old with great distinctness; at eight years old she wrote them; and somewhat at the same date, or rather earlier, she began to draw figures of little men with a pen. Some of these latter are preserved, that were traced by her baby-hand at five years old. From her first verses, entitled "Morning Thoughts," and "Evening Thoughts," we extract a verse. The measure and ideas were undoubtedly caught up from the repetition of others' hymns, yet it is curious in a mental point of view.

"Father of light! the morning comes;
Praises and thanks we owe to Thee;
For Thou hast kept us through the night
In tranquil sleep, from labour free."

There was immense mental progression after this. At fourteen

is an eternal attribute of genius to lay the simplest, the useful, and impress a beauty of its own upon the simplest things. By degrees, as gifts from various friends, Miss Stirling became possessor of more appropriate tools, much to the benefit of her artistic labours. At this period, namely, her thirteenth year, she received lessons in landscape-drawing from Mr. Williams of Exeter, for about ten months; and this, be it recalled, was all the instruction she had, in any branch of art, previously to her conception and carving of the statuette of Wayrlay. At the close of this brief period, the lessons had to be given up owing to the state of her health, which, always delicate, now greatly declined. Writing was even prohibited, as well as any kind of work that caused her to lean forward. But this latter prohibition was of little use. She wrote abundantly, though secretly, for she knew it was against the wishes of those who loved her tenderly. Her habit was to take a pencil and scraps of paper to bed with her, and rise to write at the first dawn of day. Our talking, flogging, or scolding, was of no

service," writes her youngest aunt to us in her most affecting letter: "it only made her try to hide it from us. But I don't think she would have lived without it." Her artistic labours, thus temporarily stayed, took a new direction. She cut out in paper landscapes diversified with human figures, which she either painted or pencilled. Many of these were so beautiful as to be considered worthy of preservation and framing.

After the age of sixteen, the young artist's health improved, and she was allowed to follow her odd tastes without restriction. She drew, wrote, and carved by turns. A singular present now enriched her, and supplied the material for new and more elaborate carvings. This was a quantity of sea-horse teeth, such as are used by dentists. From these were produced brooches and other things of beautiful design.

In 1849, Miss Stirling commented her brief connexion with literature and literary people. Lured by the progressive spirit of a journal of the day, she forwarded articles of considerable merit, more particularly those in prose. They were received with overwhelming congratulations and promises the latter so golden and prolific, that the highest gifts of fortune seemed to have fallen at once, and without measure, at the young artist's feet. But these promises came to nothing. After three years' weary hopefulness, Miss Stirling found out her error; though at the same time newer and more sincere friends raised her drooping spirits by showing her, that disappointment in one literary quarter was not tantamount to all, that depression was unwise, and that all work must be accepted in noble faith, and with reference to its disappointments as well as to its triumphs. These friends at the same time pointed out to her, with judicious kindness, that with a faculty so great as hers, it was to the art of sculpture that her attention ought to be permanently directed.

In the year succeeding that in which the sea-horse teeth had so enriched her, the same friend presented Miss Stirling with two fine pieces of ivory. They were larger in size than any she had yet carved; and the subject of the Great Exhibition occupying at that time everybody's mind, the thought struck her that she would use her utmost skill, and prepare some piece of work for the Fine Arts' Court, which should exceed anything she had previously effected. Scott's novels had already supplied her with countless day-dreams, and she had little hesitation in choosing the character of Waverley for her imagined statuette. But there arose a point of difficulty as to what should be the attitude. "There is much hesitation in the character of Waverley," thought the young artist; "and this I must endeavour to express as the leading idea. But what would be the characteristic attitude of such doubt or vacillation?" By one of those intuitive flashes of thought that are the prerogative of all true creative power, it occurred to her that her own condition in asking herself such a question was itself one of hesitation. "Therefore my attitude at this moment will be the true one for Waverley. What is it?" Rousing herself to observant consciousness, she found it was one of thoughtful rest, with the index finger of her left hand to her lips. There was no longer a moment's delay—she saw Waverley prefigured in the ivory, and began her work, without design, drawing, or model, other than the conception in her own mind. In three weeks this elaborate work was finished, and Waverley stood revealed!

The influence of true genius is as beneficent as it is exacting. Of the homage paid to the productions of Scott, none was ever so truly more genuine than this dedication of the young artist's labours to the representation of one of his most delightful, if not greatest characters. His most humorous smile would have been her reward if he could have looked upon the handsome face of his hero, and the part-like life may be traced upon curls and ruffles, hat and sword! And what pity would have been his, had he at the same time read her early fate, and foreseen the return of this precious gift of genius to the Great Giver!

"The bloom, whose petals nip before they blow!"

By the aid of a friend, Waverley was mounted, and consigned to the Great Exhibition. Miss Stirling at the same time repaired to London, in pursuit of those literary illusions we have before referred to. Nothing but pre-conceived hopes was the result, and she returned to the country after a lengthened absence, all mind and unconquerably depressed. But the success of the little statuette—

valued at ten guinea—was decided. A bronze medal was awarded to her, and her further pursuit of art resolved upon. She returned to London, in the guardianship of her youngest aunt, who from this time watched her through her London life with anxious solicitude. In this duty she was after a while assisted by her sister, Mrs. Finn—who, giving up her cottage and the pleasures of a country life, came purposely to London to join in this pious care of their beloved child. No more than Milton can be separated from the image of his father, or Cowper from that of his mother—can Elizabeth Stirling from those of her incomparable aunts. Their little Islington parlour was a picture worth going far to see.

In February, 1852, Miss Stirling became a student in the Government School of Design, Gower-street, Bedford-square. With her usual enthusiasm she began and carried on her work, and, fertile in invention, countless other things besides. She was soon tacitly the leader of the junior room, though unconsciously to herself—and the post was resigned to her with inconceivable good-nature. If an eager discussion was being carried on, Elizabeth Stirling was at its head; if there was anything to be written, she was both author and scribe; if a grievance of that small republic of art had to be represented, hers was the voice—and the amount and kind of authorship and discussion that *was* carried on would startle many who have had no insight into these female republics. Art, politics, theology, anatomy, philosophy, and metaphysics, were in turn discussed—and that *one* voice, with but scanty scholarship, but commanding grasp of intellect which in a great degree supplied the deficiency, was certain to be at the head and have the best of every argument. Not content with this, private classes were organised among the pupils themselves, for all sorts and kinds of culture. Miss Stirling was as busy as a bee amidst these. A sketching class, an anatomy class, a class for drawing humorous figures, one for essay writing, and so on—in fact, the enthusiasm of knowledge could go no further—in each of these she had officiating duties. A curious fact was begotten by this intellectual ferment. As the reader may recollect, at the time when preparations were making for the Duke of Wellington's funeral, the task of embroidering the pall was consigned to a certain number of the young ladies belonging to the senior classes of the Female School of Design. This circumstance led to a general desire among the pupils to witness the forthcoming funeral procession from no less a place than Somerset House. How could this be accomplished? After much discussion, it was agreed that an address must be written, and presented to the gentlemen of the Department of Practical Art, or in other words, the Board of Trade! What sort of an address? A poetical one, suggested Elizabeth Stirling. The suggestion was enthusiastically received—and to Miss Stirling the task was, as a matter of course, consigned. Without premeditation she turned away to her pencils and scraps of paper, and wrote, as it were *impromptu*, what follows. It was among the best things she ever wrote.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL ART—FROM THE STUDENTS OF THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 37, GOWER STREET, LONDON.

Most Friendly, Practical, and Gallant,—

We ladies in due appeal to you,

Revering wisdom, valour, talent,

As earnest students ought to do,

This Nursery of Art expresses

Our Lady-Sovereign's love and taste—

Which, in confessing, thus confesses

By woman's progress she is grac'd.

We would—our loyal feelings showing

In more than 'broider'd ornament—

In more than form and colour glowing,

Ourselves to her design be lent.

We hold ourselves part of her glory,

As titled Lords and Captains be;

Ourselves would aid to trace the story,

Which crowns the grave of Victory.

Would join the acknowledgments of splendour

For warfare waged, that war may cease;

We ask to watch our Land's Defender

Pass, honour'd, to the Home of Peace.

With all our love of truth and beauty—

With train'd appreciating mind—

To contemplate the end of duty,

And, in the lesson, grow refind.

We would behold the Grand Procession—

The signal of a land's regret—

From that proud Hall of Art's profession,

The regal House of Somer set.

Never were the promptings of female curiosity more delicately veiled; and we can fancy the mirth of the grave gentlemen to whom this poetical address was written and sent—for sent it was—producing the result desired, with the exception that Marlborough House was substituted for that of Somerset.

Previously to this, Miss Stirling had been introduced to Mr. Bohnes, the eminent sculptor. He at once formed a high opinion of her capability, gave her lessons gratuitously whenever her time permitted, and allowed her to model under the care of his artists. Latterly—that is, through the spring and summer of 1853—she took these lessons frequently; and we, who often saw her on her way home from Mr. Bohnes' studio, can never forget the enthusiasm with which she would relate her progress, or talk over her future plans of work, nor her expressions of grateful pleasure at the kindness shown to her. In fact, no one with the least pretension to feeling or heart, could act otherwise than justly and kindly to her. Her simplicity of character, her entire and most touching innocence, her disregard of self, the generosity and truth that neither allowed her to think or speak evil of others, were the most perfect we ever knew. She was not without faults; but they arose from disease rather than nature. Age and more culture would have tempered her of them; and better health and stronger nerves added perseverance to a naturally great firmness of character.

With the judgment of a true master, Mr. Bohnes likewise supplied Miss Stirling with elementary works, as collateral to her modelling. This elementary knowledge was precisely what she needed, both as respected literature as well as art. Up to a certain age she had lived buried in the country, surrounded by no intelligence superior or equal to her own; and with the usual result, of leading the individual to aim at ends before means are effected. Quiet, judicious, dignified culture was what her mind required, as the means of tempering a somewhat exuberant enthusiasm, and justifying the possibility of expected results. This advantage, both as respected art and book-knowledge, was becoming hers, when her life so unexpectedly and prematurely closed.

Our first acquaintance with Miss Stirling began in November, 1852, when she paid us a visit. We talked of countless congenial subjects—of art and the spirit of our time—of literature and of the glory and dignity of all work. The history of the little statuette was related; with it, all the struggles of soul and genius; and we never can again listen to anything that is so deeply interested us. We listened quietly to the story of literary disappointment, and at once austere, negative depression on its account. There were other and noble sources of work; yet, at the same time, we gave it as our opinion that Art and Literature were jealous masters, and could not be efficiently served at one and the same time; and with genius so decided, and with sculpture so unbacked as a female pursuit, it might be well to direct attention to this, and this alone. But it was evident that the counter-current towards literature ran very strong. Her natural capacity was so excellent that she would have excelled in either—perhaps in both; and there can be no doubt that the intellectual end of her mind, her power of seizing remote analogies, would have led her to choose subjects for sculpture that might have assisted the progress, and enlarged the taste, or rather the spiritualism, of modern art. She might have seized the Spirit of her Time, and set it broadly in sculpture; thus realising Mackay's beautiful lines,

“And whatever thy medium be,

Canvas, stone, or printed sheet,

Fiction, or philosophy,

Or a ballad from the street.

Or, perchance, with passion fraught,

Spoken words, like lightning's hurra,

Tell the people all thy thought,

And the world shall be thy own.”

It would have been in some form of expression of this nature, that her genius would have found its vent. In writing fiction or narrative, formed, as we think, she felt to be no portion of her power. But in analogies, in inductions drawn from facts, in speculative trains of thinking, her genius excelled. A experience, and a command, that would have told in her sculptural productions. She might have placed, if it were, some of the ideas of the age in stone or marble, and thus benefited her captives way from its eternal copy at Glasgow, in sculpture. The simple, the ideal, the natural, exist now, as it did, for the Young Men of the Heronry, or the Lessons were drawn by a man whose genius which will attempt and succeed in doing as good as any pieces, conceived with reference to a form the spirit of it never ages. That a prolific age of art, so called, should not be characterized, will come, may, is rapidly approaching, as what we currently believe. It will be different from any former, and far more success; woman's labour and idealism will take their place; there are branches in all the arts which none but she can enter. Had Elizabeth Stirling survived, it might have been her duty to work to have anticipated, in some degree, the place of advancing time; or, at least, to show the capacities that she felt in it. But, even if she had not advanced so far, but only indicated woman's capacity for the sculptor's art, and her ability to assume it as a profession for bread—she would have done much. Each day only increases the degree in which woman is then a peculiar own resource for the whole with us. Teaching and literature are the only channels in which she can seek this object, and she do not afford remuneration for the half who seek it. Were this the place to discuss broadly the question of labour, we think we could place this relation of it in a different and more advanced light; namely, in a general division of the social idea of labour, and woman's own cheerful *desire* to many useful forms of it, which she now, if educated, thinks irrelevant to her position and intelligence. Leaving this point the enlargement of any profession to woman's capacity and duty would be a blessing. In sculpture there is a visible field for this, in our want of a more multiplied and advanced *household art*. Twenty or thirty years ago, the plaster casts, which replace the panels and cuts of a bygone time, were an immense advance, and certainly there can be no doubt, popular taste in an immeasurable degree. We need now to proceed onward. The public eye is at this date too well cultivated to tolerate one-sided *Varnishes* and *Marshall's Wellingtons*—though bought for sixpence. We advocate cheapness, for it is a necessary item in the cultivation of household adornment; but better things are at the present date needed for the money. Why cannot woman's taste and labour be directed towards the supply of this need; and her idealism, in both respects, in increasing the many kinds of all-sided *domestic art*. She could be the sculptress of the ordinary things, as well as the supplier of copies, this with reference, too, to more elegant subjects than Italian taste or prohibitions would or could give us. Do we wish our walls and our ideal. We best answer the accusation by mentioning Shakespeare, Burns, and Goldsmith; and of a few others, our various palaces of glass and iron, and the many things that are or a great approaching age of time into. There would be, too, in our history that would afford noble and valuable subjects, enough for this need, not to mention that our present art, lady never, tell of true idealism; and that the *British* the case of literature, is all a fall of the grand *Classical* age, and that the *poetry* of art which alone, shall exist now in the world, is done. Be this as it may, a necessity exists, mainly, and needed, and in behalf, for woman's *art*, to be given to the world.

Miss Stirling had already contributed to our present periodical *Erasmus*, and through this, besides of the course of her life, literary friends, and her efforts, by judging, and her assistance. Amongst these friends, we speak of Mrs. and Mr. Howitt, Miss Francis Brown, and others, who all alike warmly regarded her. Mr. Howitt, her old friend, and a fine artist, greatly appreciated her talents. Her time spent in her own home, was a happy one, and she had no fault to find with her life, as she spent the *Summer* of her early life, in the *Reading Room*, of the *British Museum*, and in the course of these elementary studies that she found would be of service to her. She also contributed two excellent papers, one on “*Shelley*”

of Design," the other entitled "Gold," to our pages. The latter, especially, is marked by great originality of thought.

As summer advanced, those self-instituted classes, to which we have before referred, were carried out still more effectively. There were sketching parties that visited, for pleasure and art, Hampstead and other places in the neighbourhood of London; books were sought at the British Museum for views of Alpine scenery; and the humorous style of drawing found time and place. To this latter class belonged a remarkable sketch Miss Stirling made of "Tam O'Shanter's encounter with the Witches on returning from the Fair." Their figure and attitude, as half-clothed in mist they gather round and assail Tam, his attitude and expression of face, and the terror exhibited in every muscle of his reined-in, snorting horse, form a most striking sketch, and evince power and humour of no common kind. For Tam, though wonder-stricken, looks more puzzled than terrified at the burly-burly that thus so suddenly encompasses him. In thus referring again to Miss Stirling's labours of love amidst her fellow students, mention must not be omitted of Mrs. McLan's unvarying kindness to her gifted pupil, or to the solicitude with which she watched her progress. As far as regarded drawing, there were undoubtedly some, even amongst the junior classes, superior to Miss Stirling; but in general gifts, and in the direction of her taste for form, there can be no doubt she was unequalled. To this predilection in her pupil, Mrs. McLan ministered, as did also her gifted eadjudtor and teacher, Miss Louisa Gann, whose name, as the reader may recollect, is connected with so many fine designs in art-manufacture. For Mrs. McLan Miss Stirling always expressed the greatest and most respectful admiration and gratitude; and her enthusiastic desire to please that lady, and give proof that she was a diligent and earnest pupil, was too affectingly connected with the last moments of her life, to be taken otherwise than at its full amount of entire sincerity and beauty. For Miss Gann there was equal admiration, mingled with the most touching affection; and were we at liberty to mention one lovely act of thoughtful generosity of this lady towards her pupil, it would render only what is due. Yet one thing is evident in this beautiful instance, as in many others, that with her better education, woman's moral nature is gaining strength and expansiveness; and that those whose genius is telling with most effect upon the age, even if silently, are characterised by a nobility and a beauty of self-sacrifice peculiarly and touchingly their own.

At the usual vacation of the Government Schools of Design, Miss Stirling, with her aunts, left London for Devonshire. The last time we saw her, though she was looking weak and ill, her old enthusiasm was in no way abated. "What do you think I am going to do?" were almost the first words she said to us. "Why, try for one of the prizes for sculpture at the next Exhibition of Art at Marlborough House. And oh! I will work so hard; for I should like to please Mrs. McLan and Mr. Behnes." We shook our head, and said she had better run about the fields, and get rest and air. "That I will do, and work too; for I've got such a capital subject!" It is no less than the old town-crier of Colyton. He is very deformed, but full of humour and character; and he will be patient whilst I work, for I have known him from the time I was a child; and he will be rather proud, I think, to see an imitation of his oddities."

A little circumstance occurred that same evening which was quite in keeping with our first interview, and our talk about sculpture and Waverley. We had bought in the street a little sixpenny cast of Power's Greek Slave, and had been trying to smooth some of its angularities with a penknife. The little artist's quick eye saw this, and said "Let me—I will finish it." As soon as tea was over, she brought out her working-apron from the old reticule, and some chisels, and began to smooth the excrescences which had pained our eye. This was a work of some time; and as she stood there in the waning light of that July evening, with her picturesque apron spotted with clay, and with her spiritual, earnest face bent over the tiny figure, she was herself a model for a sculptor. Not that she was beautiful in the ordinary sense of the term; but there was a vitality of intellect in every action and look that had a beauty and worth of their own. She was small and slight in her figure, but with a certain expression or air in both gait and movements that was rather masculine than feminine. This was in-

creased by the custom of wearing her hair in loose short curls round her head, by her close-fitting unadorned dress, and by a favourite way she had of resting her hand on her hip, or brushing back her hair with it, when, with upturned face, she stood or sat energetically talking. Her friends used to smile at these little mannish ways, and yet they dearly loved them. Her face and hands were both wonderfully full of expression. Brow and eyes, chin and mouth—the two latter especially—were full of the intensest expression of intellect, shadowed by a touch of melancholy that rather added to than detracted from it. Then her hands' never were any more fitted for the sculptor's art. Rather large, and of great strength, they seemed made to model and carve and form; and the fingers always looked as if they were in the very act of moulding and smoothing surfaces into roundness, and lines into curves of beauty. Then, as Keates' did, these hands looked so old, as if on them were written the first signs of premature decay!

Instead of resting when she reached Colyton, Miss Stirling proceeded with her model of the town-crier, and worked at it incessantly, in order to finish it by the time of her return to London. She succeeded in accomplishing her object; and the work, modelled in pipe-clay, and about a foot high, was a *perfect triumph*. It was her best and her last work! "People who knew the old man," wrote her aunt to us, "came from far and near to see it, and all pronounced the same judgment on it. The excitement, I fear, was as hurtful to her as the work had been; and her weakness brought on that insidious disease diabetes, which increased rapidly, and took a fatal direction towards the brain. Yet, whilst she continued sensible, her cheerfulness remained, and she had a smile and a kind look for all." Her love of writing was not extinguished till the end. The last time she sat up—four or five days before her death—she wrote these verses, so curious in a psychological point of view. They were found, after her death, amongst the leaves of a book she had been reading:

The universe, like a spirit bell,
Hung o'er my sleeping head;
Rolling its tones in solemn swell,
Thou' my dreaming ear was dead.

It seemed one fine and fading tone
That lived along the sky.—
As through the bell of time alone
Comes the peal of memory!

The sea was lit with a spirit blaze,
As the stars that live in light;
But before my eyes there stole a haze
Through which the stars took flight.

I cannot gaze on Nature's soul,
Nor form to me my own;
I cannot hear the tones that roll
From thought's commanding throne.

The string hangs slacken'd on the bow,
Its power and task unknown
The voice of Nature's harp is low,
Hath miss'd her master-tone.

I catch no sound of stream or rill,
No words of bird or bee;
The sunny sermons cease to thrill,
The gladsome visions flee.

Yet, I could sing in weakly tone,

* * * *

The song was for ever over—the voice was mute! Criticism has nothing to do with these visions of a soul ready to take its flight into the great mystery of Eternity—yet of which, we may have rightly abiding faith, is full of beneficence, progress, and glory. We stay our faltering pen!

Elizabeth Stirling died on the 26th of August, 1853, in the 23rd year of her age. Her simple history, revealing, as it does, so much real genius and admirable moral qualities, cannot be read, we think, without great interest; nor without a higher appreciation of those arts which humanise and exalt us all!

BREUGHEL DE VELOURS.



A CELEBRATED German Baron, who is considered an authority in art—we suppose, because his books are very dear—M. de Hüneke, pretends that John Breughel was surnamed De Velours (velvety), because of the delicacy of his pencil; but to say nothing of the little connexion there would be between the nickname given to Breughel and the delicacy of his pencil, rather dry than soft, it is well known that the habit this painter had of wearing velvet

which but offers no other example, except in the works of the *lady* Van Thullen, and the *admiral* Patenier, to use the words of the jolly curé of Meudon, Rabolais.

John Breughel was born at Brussels, in what year we cannot exactly say. Houbraken, in fixing the date in 1589, was undoubtedly mistaken, for we have in the archives of the Brotherhood of St. Luke d'Anvers, especially in the *Liggers*, where are inscribed the names of all the members of the corporation, the proof that John Breughel was received a free master in 1597. According to the date given by Houbraken, he would have then been only ten years old. Other biographers fix the birth of Breughel de Velours in 1575, and this date is, at all events, much more likely. According to Karel Van Mander, the son of Peter Breughel was educated in the house of Peter Koek d'Alst, his maternal grandfather; he there learnt to paint in miniature and by water colours, and became so clever in his first pictures, representing fruit and flowers, that they passed for prodigies. He then studied oil painting in the studio of Peter Goekindt, whose fine cabinet served him instead of a master. This is all we know of the early days of John Breughel. That he was the pupil of his father, as Houbraken pretends, is very improbable, when we examine into the difference of their styles.

Whatever the truth of this theory, it is certain that John Breughel soon felt the humour of a landscape painter awake within him, and that he wished to travel, and make, as others had done, the tour through Italy. He remained some time at Cologne; it was doubtless here that he was struck for the first time with those picturesque points of view presented by the borders of a river, and with the good effects that can be produced in a landscape by banks seen in foreshortening as they ascend the current under sail, or when they are moored to the bank, along which stand houses with roofs of different shapes and form. Breughel, whose soul was



dresser was the true cause of the surname given to him. He belonged to a family of peasants which came originally from the village of Breughel, near Breda, whence they took their name. His father was that Peter Breughel who was called *le Jeûne*, because he painted the manners of the village, and particularly their fêtes, with a certain joviality and a sentiment of the picturesque, of

* See the excellent "Catalogue du Musée d'Anvers," published by the Académie des Beaux Arts in that town.

wrapped up in the observation of nature, and who never ceased drawing provisionally all that appeared to him worthy of being painted, found on the borders of the Rhine subjects which subsequently became more familiar to him. What, however, appeared most seductive to him, was the occasion which presented itself of grouping a number of figures into little space; for no one excelled him in executing them, in preserving in the most minute proportions, correctness of motion, and perfect nature, without ever becoming vulgar. He was destined to lead the way in this style to the Abraham Storcks, the Francis de Paulo Fergs.

It was, however, by a picture of flowers that he established his reputation at Cologne, or at least by a picture in which shone above all a framework of fruits and flowers. It was "The Judgment of Solomon;" but not that by which the wise king discovered the good mother. The Queen of Sheba presented on day to the King of Israel six flowers of natural lilies and six flowers of artificial lilies; these latter so artistically imitated that it was very difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. The wise king causes a lie to decide the doubts of the spectators. Breughel has rendered this subject with affection, and we can easily see that flowers play as large a part in the painting as in the legend.

In the same way that Paul Brill, Cominloo, David Vickenbooms, and Roland Savery, studied, John Breughel saw the colours of nature in their very highest intensity; he employed the tones of his pallet in all their energy, without hesitation, without thinking of softening their dazzling character. His greens and his blues are dazzling, like all those which had been brought into use by the first painters in oil. Hubert and Jean van Eyck. It is an erroneous view, in our opinion, to attribute this crudity of tone to the disappearance of the layer of gum which toned them down, it is said, when the painter first finished them. If ignorant cleaners have sometimes destroyed the keeping of these old pictures, it is not the less certain that some have come down to us well preserved, and that these have a vivacity of colour which offends the eye, or, at all events, offends it. In Italy, as in the Low Countries, with the Germans as with the Spaniards, everywhere painting began by virgin tints and dazzling colours. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries presented to us the aspect of this phenomenon, which is easily to be explained by their near proximity to Gothic art, which had brought out the colours of the plain in sparkling splendour on the glass windows of churches and illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages with the most splendid tints.

From Cologne, Jean Breughel directed his steps towards Rome. His reputation, says DeArenville, had gone before him. Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, having made his acquaintance, protected him, and even took him for some time into his service to paint a number of little pictures, which were afterwards taken to Milan. There was, for example, "Daniel in the Lions' Den," "A perspective view of the Cathedral of Antwerp," "A St. Jerome in the Desert," of which the figure is by Crespi; and "The Four Elements," painted on copper, which passed for the masterpieces of the Flemish painter.

There is not a traveller, who goes to visit the Bibliotheca Ambrosiana of Milan, who has not been shown these marvellous pictures, of which the subject is so well chosen to show the qualities of Breughel de Velours; the richness of his imagination, capable of transforming earth into Paradise; his ability to render everything animated and lively figures as well as the least details of still nature; his knowledge of animals; and his pallet, which was a jewel-box. The artists who have painted the "Four Elements" are innumerable. But with Breughel it was not, as often happens, a series of cold allegories, or a representation of the pleasures which man may find in the earth, in the water, in the air, or near fire. No. Breughel went to work in a more original style, and aimed at resuscitating creation. On plates of copper, which were about two feet wide, he conceived the idea of putting a whole world—animals of all kinds, birds of the air, the fish of the ocean; and he gave to all these a freshness of tone, a light, a profusion of details which have never ceased delighting, during the course of two whole centuries, all the most tasteful and experienced amateurs and travellers who have seen them. "I know no painter," says Cambry, "whose colours sink deeper into the memory, if I may use such an expression."

In truth, Breughel dared to struggle against the beauties of nature. The earth is not with him a symbolical figure, a woman with her hair like a Sybil; it is the earth itself, that which we tread under foot, dressed in verdure, adorned with flowers, shaded by trees—the earth, with all the animals which inhabit it, from the most ferocious to the gentlest. It seems as if Breughel had transported himself in imagination to the fifth day of Genesis, and that he saw in the green plots of Eden, romping about in fraternal quarrels, all the wild beasts which ordinarily suggest to our minds carnage and blood, and whose mission appears to be that of devouring each other.

Fire is represented by a collection of all the instruments of alchemy, of all the tools manufactured on the anvil and in the forge, or that are made of glass; by a million of vases, of every variety of form, adorned, chiselled, sculptured in relief, finished by the brush of Breughel as they might have been by the chisel of Cellini. The air is peopled by birds, butterflies, beetles, flying insects, which a child with a glass watches as they fly through the clouds. Here are reproduced, in all their dazzling brightness, the beautiful plumage of the China pheasant, the pintado, the humming-bird, the kingfisher, which colours itself with all the tones of the rainbow, and shines with all the lustre of silk; the peacock with its splendid and harmonious tones, its wavy and fugitive shades, and its dazzling robe of rubies, emeralds, sapphire, gold, purple, and azure. Water shows us an innumerable quantity of fish and shells. But this time the history of creation is rendered complicated by mixing with it the fictions of the mythology. The humid element yields to the presence of an amorous naiad; carp are being wounded by Cupids; and, as if the painter was not satisfied with all the rich variety of colour which he was compelled to use when representing the finest products of the sea, he has dared, by a miracle of his palette, to imitate the luminous and celestial shadows of the belt of Iris. "Everything," says Cochin, in his "Voyage Pittoresque," "is represented so small that one is astonished that the pencil has been able to do it; but when we examine them with a magnifying-glass, our astonishment redoubles; for the animals and other objects are then found to be painted with the greatest truth of colour and form. They seem to move. They are drawn and touched up in the most admirable manner, and appear exquisitely finished, even with the magnifying-glass."

It is a remark useful to be recorded, that the Flemish painters who went to Rome in the sixteenth century, and even in the seventeenth, contracted, instead of a taste for religious subjects, a taste for mythological scenes. The Capital of Christianity, as it was called, had become the abode of paganism, and it was the divinities of Olympus that adorned the palaces of the princes of the church. The love of antiquity was then the mark of an elevated mind, and the gods of fable, of which the nineteenth century has become suddenly so tired, then filled the imaginations of poets and the compositions of painters. Breughel de Velours, who had found so much charm in painting naively a garland of flowers, then views of rivers, boats, mills, and peasants, now saw nothing else in nature but nymphs in the train of Diana. When he had to paint again and again his "Four Elements"—those little pictures of his being much esteemed, in which he elaborated, without confusion, a whole abridgment of the universe, and he was always being asked for copies and variations of them—Breughel borrowed his figures from the mythology. The sun crosses the sky in the car of Apollo; the nymphs of Permessus are called upon to figure as the elements; and there is to be seen in the Louvre the muse Urania seated in clouds, figuring as the air, and holding on her fingers an attribute of the invention of Breughel, a parrot.

In what year did John Breughel paint at Rome? We are not able to answer this question with anything like precision. Mariette supposes that Breughel must have been in this town about the year 1593. "I took this date," he says, "from a drawing in the Coliseum executed by him." It seems natural, indeed, to suppose that he did not pass free master in the brotherhood of St. Luke, until his return from Italy. What is certain is, that in the year 1597 he had returned to Antwerp. Rubens was not admitted into the corporation until the next year, and only left for Italy in 1600. We may therefore very reasonably suppose that Rubens and

Breughel commenced their acquaintance about this time, and began to combine their talents. We have often, indeed, seen the pieces painted in the youth of Rubens adorned with flowers by Breughel. In general, it was the Madonnas of Rubens which Breughel adorned so elegantly with his garlands of lilies, tulips, pinks, jessamines, roses, and marsh-mallows; amidst which flickered little insects, beetles, butterflies, and one of the favourite birds of the painter, the parrot. Sometimes, as if to amuse the infant Saviour, a little lion-monkey hangs from the garland, and makes an irreverent grimace, which may well shock the spectator who is ecstatically contemplating the Madonna of Rubens, but which does not shock the ingenious artist, devoutly prodigal of his fancies and his colours. The genius of the pencil and brush of Rubens would have crushed any other companion; Breughel alone was fit to shine alongside Rubens, and we may add, that Rubens alone could have attracted the eye to his human forms divine, amidst the dazzling bouquets of his friend.

Breughel de Velours often painted "A Terrestrial Paradise." He is accordingly sometimes called Breughel de Paradis, out of opposition to Breughel d'Enfer, as his brother, Peter Breughel, was called. All the figures of these pictures of Paradise are by Henri van Balen—this is the case with the picture in the Louvre—or by Henri de Klerck, as in the "Terrestrial Paradise" of the Bibliotheque Ambrosienne; or, on other occasions, they are by Rubens. Many persons have seen, in the museum of the Hague, the magnificent Paradise in which Rubens and Breughel have mingled their pencils. The great master has painted on the ground-plan the figures of Adam and Eve, and a superb brown horse, which occupies the corner of the picture. Adam is seated at the foot of a tree, Eve stands up in all the magnificent beauty of perfect womanhood, with its fresh complexion; and, as if to show the graceful roundness of the mother of the world, she raises her arm to pick an apple which the serpent, who is concealed in the tree, offers her. Rubens has executed these figures with admirable care, in a finished and graceful style, such as the harmony of the picture and the finished execution of Breughel required. Contrary to his usual custom, he has signed the picture in company with Breughel. Myriads of quadrupeds and birds people the enchanted spot where dwelt the first man, a place which none can hope to describe after Milton—garden of Eternal beauty, where

" Southward went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulf'd; for God had thrown
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united, fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now, divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrown'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view.
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
Others, whose fruit burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed;
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves

Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant; meanwhile, murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; aurs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, with universal Pan,
Knut with the Graces and the Hours' dance,
Led on the Eternal Spring."

The two artists have combined to render on canvas what Milton has so admirably conceived in verse. "This picture," says the old catalogue of the museum of the Hague, "came from the cabinet of M. Delaourt Van der Voort at Leyden. It was bought by the Stadtholder for 7,380 florins."

Breughel de Velours was married at Antwerp to a beautiful Flemish girl, whose charms and virtues have been sung in verse by the painter-poet Cornelius Schut. By this marriage he had a daughter, Anne Breughel, celebrated in the history of art for having had three illustrious masters, Cornelius Schut, Van Balen, and Rubens; but above all, for having been the first wife of David Teniers. Connected with all the great painters in his own country, John Breughel held a high position in Antwerp. When Van dyck began that magnificent collection of artistic portraits, which have been engraved for us by Lucas Wosterman, Pontius, Bils-wert, and Peter de Jode, he so far honoured Breughel de Velours, as to engrave his portrait in with his own hand. This is one of the most admirable works of Van dyck. The head alone is modelled, but it thinks and breathes. With a few dashes and some points, Van dyck has given to the face of Breughel life, expression, and character; and the character is, at the same time, full of nobility and good nature. The intimacy in which the painter enrolled in the Brotherhood of St. Luke lived, sufficiently explains why we so often meet with their names together in the same picture, when they could very well have done without one another. Assuredly Rubens, himself so great a landscape painter, had no need of any one to paint in the background of his historical pictures; but it was from taste that he asked from Willem, from Van Uden, from Breughel de Velours, a landscape to accompany his figures, a garland of flowers to encircle his "Madonna." On the other hand, if Breughel had recourse to the pencil of Rubens—if he selected Van Balen to paint the figures of his "Paradis," or Rottenhamer to insert the figures in his "Flight into Egypt," which is to be seen in the Museum of the Hague—it was not because he was incapable of painting them himself. Nobody, in fact, knew better how to draw a figure elegantly and well, with more correctness and more finish. Breughel proved this abundantly in his "Views of Flanders," in "The Fair of Bruges," which made a part of the collection of Appony at Vienna, of which M. de Martin speaks; and better still, in his famous little picture in the old gallery of Dusseldorf, afterwards transferred to Munich, which he made to hold the whole camp of Scipio Africanus before Carthage—a picture of marvellous finish—a fine miniature in oil, over which move an innumerable quantity of interesting figures, of which the principal group represents the eminence of Scipio.

The general ability of Breughel in this line was so thoroughly recognised that his assistance was asked in all quarters. While on the one hand, Van Balen, or Henri de Klerck, painted their pretty nymphs amid the verdant groves of Breughel, he took a flock to pasture in the pasture fields of the landscape painter. He often employed his time in ornamenting the mountain site of Josse de Momper with figures and animals; he was often engaged to fill in the crowd in the interior of churches by Peter Neefs and Henri Steenwyck. We say the crowd, advisedly, for Breughel was never so pleased as when he had to paint a crowd of many figures on a very small canvas. He was eminently successful when he represented a crowd of worshippers kneeling on the flags of the cathedral of Antwerp, when he painted thirty emons sitting in the choir, grouping the singers round the organ, or when he represented a whole family in holiday garb coming out of church, surrounded by beggars, after a baptismal ceremony. We have on this point some remarks by Mariette, in his oft-quoted manuscript, the

"Alphabetario?" "One of the finest Breughels I have seen is now in the cabinet of Prince Eugene, of Savoy. It represents the Procession of the Twelve Virgins, which takes place at Brussels on the Place du Sablon, according to the foundation made by the Princess Isabella. It contains a vast mass of figures, which are painted with all the art we could desire. The heads are so admirably touched off, that they appear to be Vandycks. Nevertheless, the works in which he was most successful were landscapes, animals, and flowers, which he painted in a very finished and delicate manner, though somewhat dry."

Felblen fixes the date of the death of John Breughel in 1642. The correctness of this date appears at first to be very doubtful, from an examination of the picture of "Scipio Africanus before Carthage," of which we have already spoken, in which we read, according to the catalogue:—"BREUGHEL, 1660. FRC. ANVERSA." But we must come to the conclusion, that the author of the catalogue of the gallery of Dusseldorf is incorrect; for in 1660, Breughel would have been eighty-five years of age, and it is hardly possible to conceive that at such an age such a picture would be executed with so much finish, so bold and sure a hand. Besides, it is not possible that this painter should have been alive in 1660, because

Lebas, where the point has corrected the faults in colour committed by Breughel, we shall find all the natural tone of Ostade, with the wit of a Teniers, and in his landscape the sentiment of Paul Brill, and his lovely, firm, and light touch. Some of our readers may be familiar with the level and monotonous plains of the province of Antwerp. From these Breughel draws his favourite subjects. He loves, doubtless, from memory of the canton of his fathers, to carry through the midst of his pictures the road of Breda, bordered by great trees; and he covers it with travellers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. The *coche*, as the old coach was called, of Antwerp, the chariot of the peasant, the carriage of the gentleman, escorted by his people, the car of the citizen, are all represented in the foreground of his compositions, and animate his roads. Sometimes this flat landscape is diversified by mills; sometimes it is enlivened by a family of barn-door fowls, at the entrance of a smiling village, divided by the sinuosities of a stream. Sometimes we gaze on a town on the borders of the Escant, up which the fishing-smacks ascend, with trading-vessels and shallops. All is in motion, all moves in the pictures of Breughel. Nature is not for him that unknown divinity which lives in the uneasy soul of Ruysdael. It is with him but the dwelling-place of man, the



THE ROADSIDE CHAPEL.—FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

his daughter had guardians when she married David Teniers, and this marriage took place, we have every reason to believe, long before this date. Teniers, born in 1610, scarcely waited until he was fifty to marry a first time. Of this we have pretty good evidence in the pictures in which he paints himself with his wife, under the figure of a young man of from thirty to thirty-five. We may therefore with certainty accept the date given by Felblen as the true date of the death of Breughel.

It is scarcely to be understood how amateurs should have attached so great a price at first to the works of this master, and then have gradually become disgusted with them. There can be no doubt that Breughel de Velours is not without his defects. He is very properly reproached with forestalling certain moderns in their utter disregard of aerial perspective, with painting his distances with too raw a blue, which gives them the appearance of being on the foreground; with sticking red coats on his men without mercy, which fatigues the eye the more, that his greens are as bright as the tones of enamel. But despite all these imperfections, Breughel is a painter full of charms, a delightful landscape-painter, who can give a picturesque and interesting tone to the most common and ordinary site. If we look at his Views in Flanders, which are the best-known of his works, in the pretty and pleasing engravings of

object of his labours, the scene of his agitations and his pains. It appears as if the painter attached an obstinate and fixed idea—perhaps, the thought and image of life—to that great road which flies far away in the distance, and finishes with a vague and dreamy figure towards which all travellers converge.

John Breughel etched four engravings, which are doubtless very rare, for they are not to be found in the rich cabinet of engravings of the National Library. M. de Heinecke, who has given the list of the engravings executed after Breughel, has lost a fine opportunity of describing those engraved by him. They are four landscapes, numbered 1 to 4, with the inscription—*Sabbler coeud*.

The drawings of Breughel are perhaps held in higher estimation than his pictures; at all events, they have not suffered any depreciation from fashion. The skies are coloured with Indian blue, as are the waters, and the distant parts of the foregrounds are washed with bistre. A slight dash of a pen, says D'Argenville, creates trees and terraces. Sometimes the trees are leaved with pencil, and mixed with red and yellow colours, which produce great effect.

To pass to an enumeration of his great pictures: the Louvre contains seven of them:—

1. "The Earth, or the Terrestrial Paradise," in which the figures are painted by Van Balen.

2. "The Air." Urania is seated on the clouds, holding on her hand a white parrot. Signed, "BREUGHEL, 1621." The figures also are by Van Balen. These two pictures form a part of a continuation called "The Four Elements."

3. "The Battle of Arbela." The field of battle is an immense valley surmounted by a wood. The number of figures is incalculable. The family of Darius are seen prisoners, and his wife is on her knees before Alexander on horseback.

4. "Vertumna and Pomona." This is a rich landscape, of which the front is covered by fruits of all kinds. The figures are attributed to one of the Francks. This picture was given in 1850 to the Museum of the Louvre, by M. Pierré.

There are Breughels in the Museum of the Hague, of Amsterdam, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, and Vienna. There are also some in the gallery of the king of Sardinia, in Turin. There are some very fine ones at Milan, amongst others two oval ones on ivory, let in a font. Florence possesses several, painted on marble or precious stones.

"The Four Elements" are all of and in the Museum of Madrid. We have already remarked that the pictures of Breughel have suffered considerable depreciation. From 2210 sterling, says Lebrun, they have come down to 2120.

The prices at the sales have been very varied.

Sale of the Prince of Charignan, 1742. Two pictures, nine inches high by thirteen wide, one on copper, representing a landscape in which there is painted in, a "Flight to Egypt," another on wood,



THE CATTLE CARriage. FROM A PAINTING BY BREUGHEL.

5. "View of Tavoli." In this picture, there is a large bridge, over which some cavaliers have passed, and near which rises on a rock a temple of the Sybil.

6. "A Landscape." There is a park to be seen in this, with several persons richly clothed.

7. "A Landscape." On a road passing before a mill, two cavaliers meet a chariot drawn by three horses.

These two last pictures were attributed to Paul Brill in the old catalogue.

There are no John Breughels in the Museum at Antwerp, and it certainly is somewhat surprising. The Museum of Brussels has only one: "Abundance and Love lavishing their Gifts on the Earth." The figures are by Van Balen.

representing a Temple, and a Temple of the Sybil, and several figures by Giulio. The other is of oval size. A very fine one on copper, fifty-four inches wide by twenty-eight high, representing "The Battle of the Arbela," 1620.

Sale of the Count of Ardenne, 1766. "A Sale of Fish at Scheyveling." This picture was etched by Goussier; its date is 1617; 10" x 14 1/2".

July 11th sale, 1767. "A Village Fair," and its fellow; the pair, 492. "View of the Temple of the Sybil," and a landscape of the same, attributed to Breughel d'Enter, 418.

Garzanti's, 1768. Two landscapes with figures, 4112 ls. 9d. a curious title for a picture.

Sale of the Duke de Choiseul, 1772. "Entrance to a Wood,"

of James Stella. His pastorals are of singular beauty. They are said to be *naïves*. They are so, in fact, from the choice of subjects, and the feeling of the artist as far as the familiar picture of an historical painter can be so. *Naïveté* is, to use an English expression, simplicity; at all events, that simplicity which pleases is rarely to be met with in those men who, instead of elevating their minds by their study of nature, have been carefully brought up

in a school, and this little bit of pedantry somewhat spoils the pleasure of pictures, which would be more agreeable if they were more simple. Reminiscences of historic scenes are to be detected in the attitude of his personages, in their gestures, and their very drapery. The reaper of Stella holds his scythe with all the pride of a hero of Julio Romano; his gleaner, in "The Return from Labour," (p. 11) walks with the majestic elegance of a moving caryatid;



VIEW NEAR BRUGES.—FROM A PICTURE BY BRUGHEL.

and a solemn conventionalities, using the words even in their best sense. Stella, when he descended to the cheerful representation of village scenes, never forgot altogether his Roman style; he always betrayed the elevated character of his education. Beneath the jacket of the Sabine peasant, you see the anatomy of an antique statue. Despite their glibness and fun and humour, his country scenes reveal the deltoids, the pectorals, the femur, and the knees

his farmer's wife and the workmen of the farm dance their rustic hop with a kind of heavy awkwardness which is not without its charm, but which reminds one of the ballet of the mopses half-way up the sacred mount. "The Game at Skittles," and "The Swing," are composed more naively, and yet with more grace, for it is graceful here to be *naïve*, and there is much picturesqueness and sentiment in the bird-shooting and in the

pretty landscape which surrounds it. Moreover, the figures of Stella affect short curt forms, which perfectly suit the pastoral style, and which seem consecrated by the tradition of the

hundred years later, one of our greatest painters, Le-pohl Robert, has sung these village songs in a graver tone still, and has painted hay-makers of the Sabine finer than the gods of Olympus."



JAMES STELLA.

schools. We find sometimes the masculine ease of the leonized rustics of the Bassan, now the step or action of the villagers of

When Stella turned back to devotional subjects, it was in the graceful style that he distinguished himself. To the cold learning of his compositions, grace served as a kind of seasoning. The picture which he painted for the church of the novitiate of the Jesuits, in the Faubourg St. Germain, "Jesus brought back from the Temple," a picture which figured in the famous sale of Cardinal Fesch; "The Virgin with the Sheep," which Stella painted with so much sweetness, and which Ronssleot engraved so admirably; "The Return from Egypt," of which Goyaud executed at Rome an admirable plate, are so many remarkable works; the two last, above all, remarkable for that poetry of sentiment which, in the action of figures, is called grace. "The Holy Family brought back from Egypt," *Le Egypto cocari illum meum*, has been a hundred and a hundred times over the subject of mysterious pictures and poetical night effects. In this particular picture, three little angels escort the sacred procession by the light of day, amidst a most delicious rural landscape most admirably disposed. One of the cherubim has taken care of the ass, and draws it gently by the bridle to lead it over a wooden bridge; the others, preceding the march of the youthful Saviour, strew flowers in his path, while the child raises its smiling face towards its mother, who looks sadly at her son. Children, so difficult to seize in the adorable and charming awkwardness of their movements, Stella would always draw marvellously well, without making them as robust as those of Poussin, still less with the Herculean forms of those of Michael Angelo, and without giving them any of those delicate carnations, those dimpled and incisive tones which François Flamand has modelled with a chased so true and charming. Keeping always a safe medium position between the great masters, Stella has executed an agreeable collection of children's games, which one of his nieces engraved; and we may say that, if he has not succeeded in being quite true, he is at all events



Annibale Carracci. One degree more, and these peasant subjects would rise from Flemish simplicity to the grandeur of the heroic style. A modern French critic says: "It will be seen that two

excellent, and much nearer the truth than most ordinary artists.

Cardinal Richelieu, the superintendent of buildings, De Noyers, M. de Chambray, made illustrations by the friendship of Poussin, the Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Jacques, the officers of the church of St. Germain le Vieux, the cordeliers of Provins, the nuns of St. Elizabeth-de-Bellecour at Lyons, occupied at different times the talent and pencil of Stella. As painter to the king, he was the first who painted the portrait of Louis XIV. then dauphin. The beautiful books printed in the Louvre—for instance, the prayer-book composed by Tristan l'Hermite and dedicated to the queen—Stella adorned with frontispieces, always admirably arranged; and he was unceasing in his supply of designs for the rising engravers of the day—the Rousselets, the Melans, and the Daretz. In recompense for his labour, and to mark the general appreciation of his merits, he was named Knight of the order of St. Michel. He kept his pencil or brush in hand until the latest moment of his life, which, to judge from his works, we should suppose had been very long. He lived, however, only sixty-one years, dying not in 1647, as is often said, but on the 29th of April, 1657. He was buried at St. Germain l'Auxerrois, before the chapel of St. Michel.

His was a splendid genius, says M. de Piles, fit to render all kinds of subjects, but leaning towards the pleasant rather than the grave and terrible; noble in his thoughts, moderate in his expressions, easy and natural in his attitudes, a little cold, but always agreeable. His colouring was sometimes as crude as that of François Perier—now as pale as that of Lesueur. His localities of tone were little marked; and his carnations, for which he rarely consulted nature, were inflamed with vermilion. To take him all in all, Stella is a very distinguished painter, who would not shine in the first rank, but who holds a very high position in the second. Engraved by Mellan, by Goyraud, by François Poilly—upheld, moreover, by the name of his brother, his nephew, his three nieces—the name of James Stella cannot perish. As many amateurs collect the works of all the Stellas in one portfolio, so it is right to speak of the illustrious family as one artist. All would otherwise be out of place.

James Stella himself engraved some pieces which M. Robert Duménil has described in the "Peintre-graveur Français."

1. "The Saviour taken down from the Cross." The Saviour is on the ground, supported by Nicodemus, kneeling on the left, where stands St. John crying. At his feet is the Virgin Mary, with two holy women and Mary Magdalene. On the terrace, to the left, is written *Jacobus fecit*.

2. "The Madonna." Half-length, with the child on her lap. Two angels hold up a veil behind, and two cherubim raise a curtain. At the bottom is an armorial scroll, with *Ritratto della Madonna di gatta di Joe*, with a long address.

3. "St. George." He is on horse-back overthrowing the dragon. The Virgin is seen to the right. On a stone is written, *Jacq. Stella fecit Rossone, 1623*.

4. "A Fancy Subject." Naked children are playing round an urn, and one is receiving in his cup the offering of a spectator. In the left corner is written: *Ja qu. Stella fecit*.

5. "Presenting Tribute to the Grand Duke of Tuscany." This is "The Festival of St. John the Baptist" we spoke of above. The artist is himself to the left, sitting on a roof, drawing beside a man who holds a parasol over his head. On a scroll is written: *Sce. nissimo Ferdinando II. mag. Etruscit. duci Jacobus Stella, etc.*

Two proofs of this are known. The second bears on it: *L. Paris, chez Nicolas Langlois, en St. Jacques, à la Victoire*.

Many engravers, and these some of the cleverest, have reproduced the paintings and drawings of Stella. We may as well mention some of the most curious.

A collection of pieces engraved on wood by Paul Mauvain. They are about one hundred in number. The first forty-five are on blue paper, and touched up in white; the others are only washed in bistre to show the half-tints.

A collection of several drawings of vases, coin-bottles, salt-cellsars, lamps, etc., in fifty plates, engraved by François Stella.

Another collection of several architectural ornaments, *ceux-ciils d'Espagne après l'antique*—par M. Stella, in sixty-seven plates, engraved *au burin* by Claudine Stella.

Four subjects from the life of St. Philippe de Neri, in forty-five plates, engraved by *Luc-Chamberlan*.

The twelve pieces of "The Passion," engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. These twelve pieces and others were to compose a collection, which the death of Mademoiselle Stella interrupted; and of the twelve subjects engraved by her there are several unfinished. The first edition of these plates bears the name of Stella, but the dealer substituted that of Poussin, thinking to sell them better. This collection of "The Passion," consequently, always passed for Poussin's, so much the more that the first proofs are exceedingly rare. "The plates," says Mariette, "perhaps scarcely ever drew two proofs, and I never saw them but this time in this work, which was that which Mademoiselle Stella made for it."

"The Pastorals," a collection of seventeen pieces in quarto, very well engraved by Claudine Stella after her uncle. It is one of the most charming things by the painter and the engraver both, as well as the "St. Louis giving Alms," a full-length piece touched up with much sentiment, dated from 1651, and dedicated to Charles Delorme, physician in ordinary to the king.

"Children's Games," in fifty pieces, by the same.

"The Marriage of St. Catherine," by the same.

Gerard Edelinck has engraved, after Stella, a Virgin with a Child, of which the first proofs are before the letter.

There is also "The Holy Family, with Sleep," engraved by Rousselet; "The Return from Egypt," engraved at Rome by Goyraud, with this inscription: *Ex Egypto cocchi illium venant*.

The Museum of the Louvre contains few pictures by Stella; a little one on marble, of which we have spoken; another representing Minerva and the Muses; and two pictures in the form of friezes, representing the education of Achilles.

The Museum of Lyons, the native town of Stella, only possesses one picture by this painter, "The Adoration of the Angels," which had belonged to the cordeliers of Lyons, who had given to the family of Stella the free right of sepulchre at the foot of the great altar. The picture is signed *Stella fecit haut*.

As for the drawings of Stella, they are generally very finished. There are five of them in the Louvre.

Pictures by this master have not reached high prices in sales. At the sale of Randon de Boisset, in 1777, a "Holy Family" the Virgin is upright near a tree, and Joseph, leaning against a column, holds a book open—fetched £37. At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, a "Holy Family, with Angels," was sold for £65. The usual price is £26.

"The Dance" (p. 45), is a very good specimen of his style. The figures are good, and the landscape finished and pleasing.

"Peter Denying Christ" (p. 48) is very fine. The woman who recognises him, the hesitating face of the apostle, the curious looks of the soldiers, the lights and shadows, the rich glare of the fire, are rendered with admirable fidelity. It is a fine picture well painted.

"The Return from Work" (p. 44), already alluded to, is a very pleasing picture. The style of the figures, though somewhat different from the peasant as given by more faithful students of life, is still not sufficiently exaggerated to be faulty. The two who are dancing, and the dog looking back, form a pleasing group.

Stella
faciebat
1635.

§ ★ ★ F. ROMÆ
.I. ★ FECIT.
1625.

ANTONIO SOLARIO, IL ZINGARO.

II.

In Naples lived Colantonio del Fiore, an artist of renown; a man proud, too, of his wealth and his noble ancestry, the usual advantages of which, however, he had resigned to follow the arts, which he did with a success of which those who have seen his "St. Jerome taking a thorn out of a Lion's Paw" may judge. To this man, a few days later, came De Rieux, nowise injured in purse or person; Il Zingaro having allowed him to depart as he came, on the single condition of his befriending him on any visit he might make to Naples. Colantonio received the Frenchman kindly, and admitted him at once as a pupil, though he forbore asking him to his house as a visitor.

This puzzled the traveller, who, with the ready perception of his nation, immediately laid it to Italian jealousy, and made inquiries accordingly. His surmise was right. There was a tinge of jealousy in the disposition of the noble artist. He was a widower with one child, and all the love which men sometimes lavish on many did Colantonio give with perfect devotion to his one daughter—the gentle and beautiful Claudia. No man had ever seen her save the attendants of the house, so jealous was the old man of his treasure, beside which his richest paintings were as dross. There is rich beauty in the love of the parent for her who reminds him of one not better cherished, but who, viewed through the mirror of time, appears dearer for the lovely reflection of the past. Colantonio scarce stirred from home, so watchful was he. It would not be wise to guard and enslave young beauty so now, or in our clime; but those were lawless days, when the fancy of a mightier man than himself might have left him childless, and in one day turned laughing joy to sobbing desolation.

De Rieux heard all this and smiled. He was young, thought himself handsome, and was a Parisian—what woman could resist him! The old artist was rich and noble, and then the mystery of the affair piqued his curiosity and excited emotion which the gaiety of Paris had temporarily killed. A marriage with the child of a man who was illustrious by rank and genius, would reconcile his uncle to him, that uncle who thought him now a hopeless scapgrace.

"André Mothe," said he, cutting his moustache at breakfast-time a few days later; "I'm thinking of marrying."

"Of what, sir?" exclaimed the worthy attendant holding up his hands.

"Of marrying, *with, vanilla!*" continued De Rieux sternly.

"Sir, I'll go and learn to write, or have one of the scribes to write home to your uncle again," exclaimed André.

"Thou shalt do so when I have settled the affair."

"Ah! you will be settled then," groaned André; "you never tried it, I hope!"

"No jokes against matrimony—it is a reflection on the beautiful Claudia."

"Eh! the veiled beauty men talk so much of, eh?" cried André; "it ain't then quite settled."

"As good as," said De Rieux. "See who it is, would be admitted."

"'Tis the brigand—what immodesty!" cried André, returning after an instant.

Il Zingaro stood behind him, looking curiously, but rather haughtily, at the artist's room. He was plainly, but simply dressed, and indeed looked a model for an artist.

"Welcome, terrible intruder," said De Rieux in a protective tone, which grated harshly on the ox-trail's ears; "welcome to Naples."

"Have you seen Colantonio?" asked Antonio Solario, somewhat abruptly.

"I have, worthy mountaineer," said he, "and I have the honour to be admitted among his pupils."

"Is that by him?" continued Solario, turning to a canvas which stood in a good light.

"It is," said De Rieux carelessly; "it is one he lent me to copy at home."

"I never saw a painting before," cried the youth with sudden admiration, "save those in the chapel of the convent. But this is beautiful; that man's eye looks out from the canvas, that

woman smiles—wetter than life itself. I would be six months upon the rack to be able to paint such a picture."

"So!" said a rich voice behind a young woman, though she was just reached by a train of people, "young man, you are rather rustic. But to paint such a picture, as that, you need torture your limbs no less, months, not as the production of my youth."

Il Zingaro turned, confused and yet pleased, and gazed with admiration and respect at Colantonio, who had come in unannounced, and leave the untrifling and untrifling exclamation:

"Per Bacco! a goodly head, with that countenance now to my studio, and I will paint it—what art thou?"

"I once a poor handi-craft, but I am I know not, I will come, signor."

And Antonio Solario left the room with a profound bow to the artist, without a look for De Rieux.

"The impertinent scoundrel," said the Frenchman; "I'll denounce that fellow to the police."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Colantonio drily. "In the first place he acted very nobly, according to your own account; in the second, your neck is not worth a sou, as you say, if you do."

"Why?" asked De Rieux.

"Because Il Zingaro's hand is protected—it exempts certain persons in high places from all attack, and is exempted in turn for all it does to others."

"What laws, what a country!" said De Rieux.

The artist made no reply; but informing the young Frenchman of a court reception and telling him he was invited, he went away, musing as to what character in a great historical picture he should ask Solario to sit for.

Next day Solario was in the painter's studio, and there sat patiently as long as the artist chose to employ him; then he went away without waiting for any reward. This lasted every day for about a week, the handsome, stalwart frame of the young hand serving Colantonio many purposes; he painted his face, his arms, his chest, his hair, his chin, and used him, in fact, as a general model.

"Solario," said he one day, "when you amuse do you expect?"

"Signor Colantonio," replied the young painter, "to a slight entertainment, and some Frenchmen, that is, a good deal of company."

"That's nothing, but, Solario, you must live."

"There is fun in Naples, and you may enjoy leave as much as would fool ten men," said Solario bluntly.

Colantonio took it curiously at him and took it away. From that hour the Zingaro was admitted into the kitchen of the artist, where he not only was well fed, but became almost a resident, being well beloved by all the menials for his wit, humour, and jollity of temper. He was quick at repartee, and small talk, enjoyed, without quite descending to it, the society of the domestics—and above all, sang with a richness and volume of voice which was irresistibly soothing and sweet.

One evening he stood with his back half turned to the door of the spacious hall below, his back against a pillar, surrounded by all the menials, who listened to him with open mouth and flashing eye, as he sang with even more spirit than usual, and of his no certain lays.

Scarcely his back was turned to him, his voice had become more rich and excellent—his manner, which had been the servants' most attentive and one of Il Zingaro's greater exertions. Near the door of the hall was Claudia. She had wanted a maid to wait on her, and had called on a man. Hearing the sound of song, and being, like most Italians, particularly fond of music, she descended stealthily to listen outside, but, completely captivated by the singer's power, she could not help peeping in to look at him. He saw her, and yet seemed not to notice her, and, curious to gaze upon her lovely form, will, even had his face been near than usual. When he had finished, she glided away, believing that her act had been unnoticed.

There is strange news, and the eyes of an Italian mountaineer, who is all the more curious in consequence of his own sex, Claudia and I will be with a person very young, tall, and a good deal above the ordinary young Frenchman, and I will tell you her name. De Rieux might know, but he is dead, and I do not know where he is.

And now Solario changed. He began to try and paint with the refuse canvas, old brushes, and paints of the studio, where he often returned to gaze his fill upon the great works of Colantonio. The great artist had given him a privilege and permission he would have accorded to few of higher rank and nobler blood. But at eventide he was heard no more in the kitchen; if he sang, it was beneath the window of his fair enslaver; and Claudia knew his voice well among all the serenaders attracted by the rumours of her beauty. At first she thought it mere chance; but when she met him continually at the church door, she knew that the charm of her extraordinary beauty had taken his heart by storm.

Claudia was little more than fifteen; an age when a girl may be forgiven for yielding to the influence of romance rather than of calm judgment. She saw that Solario was handsome, and she suspected that he was not so lowly in birth as he looked. She had dreams

and yet he strove not against it. And when Claudia listened without being angry, and even hinted that she did not dislike him, the passionate young mountaineer fell on his knees, and vowed to do something that should make him worthy of her.

Like many others in the history of the world, love kindled within him the sacred fire of genius, and impelled him to dare heights of ambition of which otherwise he had certainly never dreamed.

"Claudia," he said earnestly, "I would I were a rich noble!"

"I could not love you more," replied the warm-hearted Neapolitan girl.

"But I could claim you then with some hope. As it is, I must win a name and that power which wealth alone can give. I scarcely know how I shall succeed; but I do know, Claudia, that by some means or other I will make myself worthy of you."



THE RETURN FROM LABOUR.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES SULLIVAN.

of his being a prince in disguise—of his having heard of her seduction, and being determined to break through it; and, despite aged attendant and calm reason, she could not help accepting water from his fingers at the church door, and gently inclining her head to him, when he gave one of his profound and deeply respectful bows. It was not strange, then, that at the end of six months Solario should have actually spoken to Claudia del Fiore, and spoken, too, of his wild, his hopeless, and his unbounded passion. But it was only in a few hurried words; after uttering which he flew away amazed at his own insouciance. At the end of that time, however, he asked for and obtained a formal interview.

The interview was steady and long. Solario, much improved by six months of study and thought, discoursed with Claudia on many subjects, but chiefly with regard to himself. He upbraided himself for his passion, for which he said himself there was no

"I believe you," said the girl with all that mysterious confidence which a young girl feels in her first love.

They stood near a balcony, gazing

"O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea," speaking in low-whispered accents; and, while an aged attendant slept near them, were happy, because alone. Suddenly they started. A heavy foot-step was heard; they turned: Colantonio was before them.

"What does Antonio Solario here?" said the artist, bending his shaggy brows in anger.

They could not speak for a moment; but their attitude—they stood hand-in-hand, unconsciously, both blushing and trembling—sufficiently expressed their surprise and their love. Colantonio thought he had never seen a handsomer couple or a better subject for a picture.

"So," he continued, "Master Solario—you retain your benighted tastes, and would rob me of my daughter. But, though you may both love with the passion of a poet, it is in vain. My daughter must be the wife of an artist."

"My father," said Claudia gently,

"Nay; here not to move or change my resolution," resumed Colantonio.

"My master," said Solario passionately; "I do not desire you to change. Give me time, and I will be an artist. I was born for it. Already I feel the fire within me. But, oh, Colantonio, let me hope, that if I succeed, I may be rewarded."

"Do you know how long it will take to make you an artist?" replied Colantonio.

in company with the artist, she, though in reality angry, and chafing like a caged bird, was determined to give the young man every chance. He was about to undertake him at court, and thus add his views during his subsequent travels.

The artist and his pupil were admitted to the presence of the king, queen, and daughter. Colantonio led the way. The king frowned, not liking that nobility should take notice of him, but the queen and young prince heard it with pleasure, and smiled up on the undulous young husband and painter. He had to do. With this assurance, high hopes, and driving wind, he set out on his art, and was heard of no more for many a long day.

De Rioux had returned to France, that if Claudia, the king, and queen were dead, and the prince was wedded to the artist,



THE DANCE.—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES STEWART.

"Ten years," said Solario.

"And you expect me," replied Colantonio with a sneer, "to wait ten years on the chance of your becoming an artist—it cannot be."

"I will wait the ten years," said Claudia quickly. "I am sure Antonio will succeed."

"The stammering oath of love!" replied the father, shaking his head; "but since you are willing, Claudia, be it so. Claudia shall wait the ten years, Il Zingaro. But you must leave Naples. I will give you letters to artists over the whole world. You can travel, and pick up information as you go. If you return not in ten years, my daughter is free. Bid my child adieu; you will see her no more for the present."

Half an hour later, Solario was walking on towards the road

Colantonio was an old man, and Claudia a child. She never had regretted her contract with the burglar. But feelings had come of the wandering Colantonio, and he had now and then ways, and disapproved of the artist's conduct.

One day the queen sent for Claudia, and she had to bring she was called to them, and resolved the matter. They found her sitting in a private chamber, gazing at a portrait of her father, from the hands of an artist.

After the usual obeisance, Claudia looked up to the picture. "Your nobility has found some portrait," said the artist, "but my noble being is lost."

"It is not so all-out," exclaimed the young queen.

"It is fresh and full of genius," said the artist; "the coloring is rich and warm, the likeness perfect."

"And what say you to this?" exclaimed the queen, drawing a curtain and displaying a picture, the one alluded to in the opening of our narrative.

"Madam," cried Colantonio, "this is wonderful! In my wildest dreams I never hoped to realise such a picture. Ah! that portrait of myself of my daughter! What is the meaning of all this?"

"Come forth, H Zingaro," said the queen. "I think you have kept your promise."

The brigand-painter stepped from behind a screen, so handsome, so proud, so happy, that Claudia had good reason to be pleased at her own fidelity. Colantonio grasped his hand with rapture, and led him to his daughter, who fell into his arms. The old man was such a lover of art, that he considered he received dowry fit for a prince, when his daughter could lay claim to a husband who possessed such surpassing genius.

And H Zingaro and Claudia were married, and both continued to enjoy the protection and support of the queen. Colantonio died at a good old age, rejoicing in the fact that he had left his child under the protection and care of one who loved her so well, and who so thoroughly deserved her by the gentle care and affection with which he treated her. H Zingaro became a great artist, and his renown is not yet forgotten in the city of Naples.

FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

It is no longer fashionable to run down America as a matter of course, no longer in good taste to ridicule a country which contains so many of our off-shoots, and which has given such brilliant evidence of its capability for entering into honourable rivalry with us. The reading classes of the community are beginning to appreciate and admire the virgin Anglo-Saxon genius which has done so much to elevate and ennoble the paths of literature in the New World. This fact is owing a good deal to the circumstance that the prejudiced classes, the men of the war time, the rigid martinet of the beginning of the century are dying out. The very memory of a state of hostilities between England and her gigantic step-child is passing away; and though there is yet much ignorance on both sides of the Atlantic, a more generous and noble spirit is rising up on the eastern and on the western shores of that vast ocean, which in its eternal revolutions washes now the feet of England's chalky cliffs, and now the strand before the great ports of America. This is a mighty advance of the human mind.

For many years we have accepted and adopted American authors, and have found them capable of writing the mother tongue in a way which has quite astonished the critics of an antiquated date. We sorely recollect that Washington Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe are children of the transatlantic republic, so identified have these names been with our literature.

We are also rapidly appreciating the progress of our brothers over the sea in the arts. No finer spectacle can be imagined than two great nations, of the same origin, after terrible rivalry in arms, after the battle and the storm, calming down in their feelings, and entering upon the beautiful contest of truth and beauty.

This contest began even before the quarrel. A very acute and excellent writer, George Palmer Putnam, has given us some interesting facts on this subject, and he informs us that the names known in America, in painting, during the Colonial Period, were Watson, Smybert, West, Copley, Peale, and Stuart.

The first in this list is Watson, an artist who, though born in Scotland in 1685, gained his celebrity as a portrait-painter in America. He was a man of talent, whose works are still preserved and appreciated. He dwelt in New Jersey, and began his career in 1718. The next name of note, that of Nathaniel Smybert, is also Scotch, but his fame was made in Boston, where he began to paint soon after Watson. It will be remarked that very many of America's celebrities are of Scotch origin. This does not at all militate against the United States, as the encouragement must exist for men to distinguish themselves in any branch of human acquirements.

But the first American name, of which the children of the old colonists are truly proud, is that of Benjamin West. We are proud of him, but the Americans are not less so. It was in that country he first drew breath and felt the inspiration of genius. He was

born in Pennsylvania in 1708, and painted his first portrait there in 1753. But as in those days the materials for study were not sufficient, and West aimed at greatness, he came over to England, where he was received with a feeling which, had it been more general in high places, might have saved us a colony and, perhaps, spoilt a great nation. It is something for an American to have found in England the patronage of royalty and the presidency of the Royal Academy, to which rank he was elevated in 1792. We may probably have occasion to speak of him more fully, but the price of some of his pictures will show the estimation in which he was held. His "Christ Rejected" was purchased for £3,000; his "Death on the Pale Horse" for £2,000.

The father of the present Lord Lyndhurst is another instance well worthy of being quoted and remembered. His name was John Singleton Copley, and he was born in Boston in 1738. He painted the portraits of many distinguished Americans, but studied and carried on his profession with success in this country, where all members of his family and connexions now hold a deservedly high place.

A student of West attained to a very high position as a painter of portraits in America—Charles W. Peale of Maryland. Gilbert Charles Stuart also reached to eminence both in London and his native country, he having been born in Rhode Island in 1754. To him we owe the best portrait of that great and good man, Washington, of whom Lafayette so justly said, that scarcely any preceding man ever combined in himself so much of what was great and good in human nature. This portrait is one of the heirlooms of the great republic, and is highly valued and appreciated.

Since the Declaration of Independence, many painters, sculptors, and engravers, have arisen, of great talent—men who, in all probability, will hold a deservedly high position in the history of art. It is curious to notice, that many of them are of the good old Flemish stock—the Vanderlyn's, the Verbruyck's, and others—though the majority are of the Anglo Saxon race.

William Dunlop, born in New Jersey, 1766, who began to paint at a very early age, was the first secretary of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. He was a pupil of West's, and was an amusing and pleasing writer as well as an artist.

Trumbull combined the arts of war and peace; he was well used to the

" Shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

having been one of the aides-de-camp to Washington, at the beginning of the war of independence. After serving for some time, he quitted the arena of strife,

" To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fall

To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,

and succeeded very well as an artist. Several of his paintings on American historical subjects are now contained in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven. He painted four large pictures for Congress, receiving £1,600 for each of them. They are of a very high order of merit. Colonel Trumbull was a travelled man, and died in 1842 at the age of eighty-six.

Amongst the ablest of American artists, we must not fail to quote Vanderlyn, two of whose pictures are well known even in Europe. These are, "Ariadne," and "Marius amidst the ruins of Carthage." This artist has shown himself possessed of great grace and delicacy.

Mallbone is celebrated as a miniature-painter. He would bear favourable comparison with any modern artist in the same line. His merit is recognised by many on this side of the Atlantic.

Rembrandt Peale, who must have been intended for a painter from his boyhood, produced several very fine pictures; amongst which the best known are "The Roman Daughter," "The Court of Death," and "A Portrait of Washington."

Sargent, a Boston artist, born in 1797, produced many works of interest and talent. His best—at all events his most celebrated—is "Christ entering Jerusalem," which sold for 3,000 dollars.

Jarvis, born in England in 1789, was taken to America when five years old, and remained there the rest of his life. An able artist in many walks, he is chiefly known as a portrait-painter. Many of his pictures of public characters are to be seen in the City Hall of New York.

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

It may be that we owe the exhibition we are about to notice, more to the presence of Prince Albert, than to the general English patronage of foreign art. Not that the public who care about art in England, and who buy pictures, are at all blind to the merit of foreign artists; on the contrary, in this respect they offer a most gratifying contrast to their continental brethren, for some few years ago, when at the Exhibition of the Louvre, we well remember that there were then only two English pictures by a modern artist in that collection, and those pictures certainly were magnificent—they were interiors by Roberts. Now, not only are our galleries filled with the productions of the Italian and the Dutch schools, but 'tis not long since, when the Vernon collection was bequeathed to the nation, that the foreign productions predominated over those of native talent. The vigorous bearing of the modern English school; so rich in every variety of art; so transcendently excellent as to force itself, so to speak, into notice, has entirely remedied this; and art has been so well rewarded here, that even distinguished French and German painters have been attracted to our shores. The French exhibition may have been encouraged by the excellent feeling at present established between the two nations; the German, we take it, by the ties of consanguinity which subsist between the thrones as well as the people.

From whatever source it may arise, the result is most pleasurable. The exhibition is very creditable, and also curious as establishing an identity of feeling as regards art between the people of each country. This is especially remarkable in their landscapes, many of which are perfectly English in their treatment.

The size of the exhibition is too small, the number of pictures, with additions, only amounting to eighty-five! The price charged for admission being one shilling, the same as the Royal Academy and other exhibitions with three times the number of paintings, this present gallery stands at some disadvantage with regard to the pockets of those who are economical. In fact, it would be not only beneficial, but graceful on the part of the conductors, to open their gallery at half-price to their countrymen and the middle classes of the community.

The first painting in the gallery, "Where there is no Money, there is no Law," is a scene in a tavern, wherein an old cavalier, with a conical look of roguery upon his face, refuses to pay for his entertainment, and we presume quotes the German proverb which forms the title of the picture. The enraged countenance of the host and hostess is excellently contrasted by the calm look of the Dutch Macaire. The colour is very good, the *chiaroscuro* well kept, and the accessories remarkably well painted by A. Siezert.

(No. 4), Landscape, "Holland," by Stienecke, is a clever picture of flat scenery; the colour is, however, far from good.

(No. 6), "The Anxious Mother," by B. Vautier, is interesting in subject and clever in composition.

(No. 9), "The Andeck Mountain in Switzerland," is a grand scene, finely rendered by the artist, H. Baumgartner. The distance is especially fine.

(No. 12), "A Sketch—subject from the Peasants' War," by O. Knille, is very finely drawn and remarkably spirited. The positions are free, natural and unaffected. (13), "A Fruit piece," by A. W. Preyer, is worthy of the old Dutch artists of the same style. The composition is very simple; a bunch of grapes still attached to the stem, upon which is a leaf wonderfully painted, lies upon a slab of marble, and slightly in the background is a glass of Champagne, not long poured out, with the effervescence still rising in the glass. The effect of this is wonderful, the glass and wine are so painted as to make the visitor believe that they have never been excelled. The whole picture is sound in its finish, and so modestly painted as to put to shame the more glaring compositions of Lauce and Duffield, who would do well to take a lesson from it.

(No. 19), "Sketch—The Battle of Gross-bieren," is very spirited and remarkably accurate in costume; it is painted by G. Bliedtren.

(No. 22), "A Norwegian Landscape," by Andreas Achenbach, is well painted, but it is hard, gray and sordid; the peculiar colour may be, and probably is, entirely true to Norwegian nature, but is not very pleasant.

(No. 24), "A Scene in Norway," by A. Len, is very grand and imposing. On the top of a vast mountain, a lofty lake, probably formed by the water of one great volcano, reflects the sun-st. Deer and elk stretch out their antlers upon the mountain top, whilst wild flowers bloom in every crevice in the stone. Both colour and execution are good.

(No. 27), "Sketch—subject from the Thirty Years' War," by G. Sell, is a spirited scene of war and devastation. Some of Wallenstein's party are besieging a castle, and the painter has chosen the interior of a room wherein a party of defenders are about to fire from a window upon the besiegers. An old man, in instant danger of being struck by a ball, pees down into the court below, whilst another, presenting his piece, pulls him from the scene of danger. The chief centre figure upbraids and threatens two prisoners, one of whom is wounded and reclining on the floor of the apartment. The eagerness of the combatants, the determination and stern feeling of their countenances, and the perfect knowledge of anatomy shown by the artist, render this picture as fine and interesting as any in the gallery. The style is somewhat after that of Charles Landseer with us; but the German painter has signally triumphed.

(No. 37), "Little Miss Vanity," by Geselehap, is a picture which explains itself in its title. It is nicely painted.

(No. 38), "The Death of Louis IX. of France, A.D. 1279." A large historical picture by C. Bawoy, is the most ambitious picture in the room. On the coast of Africa, in an expedition against the kingdom of Tunis, Louis was attacked by a fatal malady. The artist has chosen the scene when upon a bed of ashes, raised in his tent, with the crucifix before him, and surrounded by his army, Louis yielded up his life to Him who gave it. A quotation from the "Biographie Universelle" explains the picture:—"The dying king, the kneeling priests, and devout soldiers, the glow of the sky, reddening with the declining day, all render this representation of a solemn scene, solemn and grand in itself." The armour and accessories are drawn with the same knowledge and minute attention as would be shown by Mielise, but the colour is exactly the reverse, being as much too red as his is too chalky.

(No. 43), "A Landscape," by Pierson, reminds one of Justin.

(No. 44), "A Sketch," by G. Sell, introduces "Laditti," is free and bold, and well drawn.

(No. 47), "The Middy's Lecture on Sobriety," by Henry Ritter, has been exhibited in the Royal Academy; it is now exhibited again, as the best work of the deceased artist. A midshipman, who has had charge of the boat whilst some of his men are on shore, is very properly indignant at finding two of them, in company with the black cook, walking down to the boat as drunk as they can, evidently can be without lying down. The consciousness of guilt, and the comic expression of the man at being checked by their young officer, the earnestness and grandeur of the latter combined with his youth, go far to render the picture one of the most pleasing of humorous productions, and make us lament the loss of the artist.

(No. 50), "Entrance to the Harbour of Chistina," by Muller, is a good sea-piece, freely dashed in; the water is motive and transparent.

(No. 51), "A Norwegian Fjord—Evening," is a beautiful landscape. We are ashamed to say that amid we read some of Miss Bremer's novels, and Miss Martineau's descriptions, we had little idea that scenery during the short Norwegian summer was so beautiful. The artist of this charming landscape is A. Lew.

(No. 56), "A Forest Scene," by A. Barrow, is a very large picture of great merit; the study of the trees and the attention paid to each production in the vegetation of England is certainly immense.

(No. 60), "The change of Fortune—The Deceitful Will," is a prettily painted, but not very meritorious illustration of one of Berger's romances, which are little known in this country.

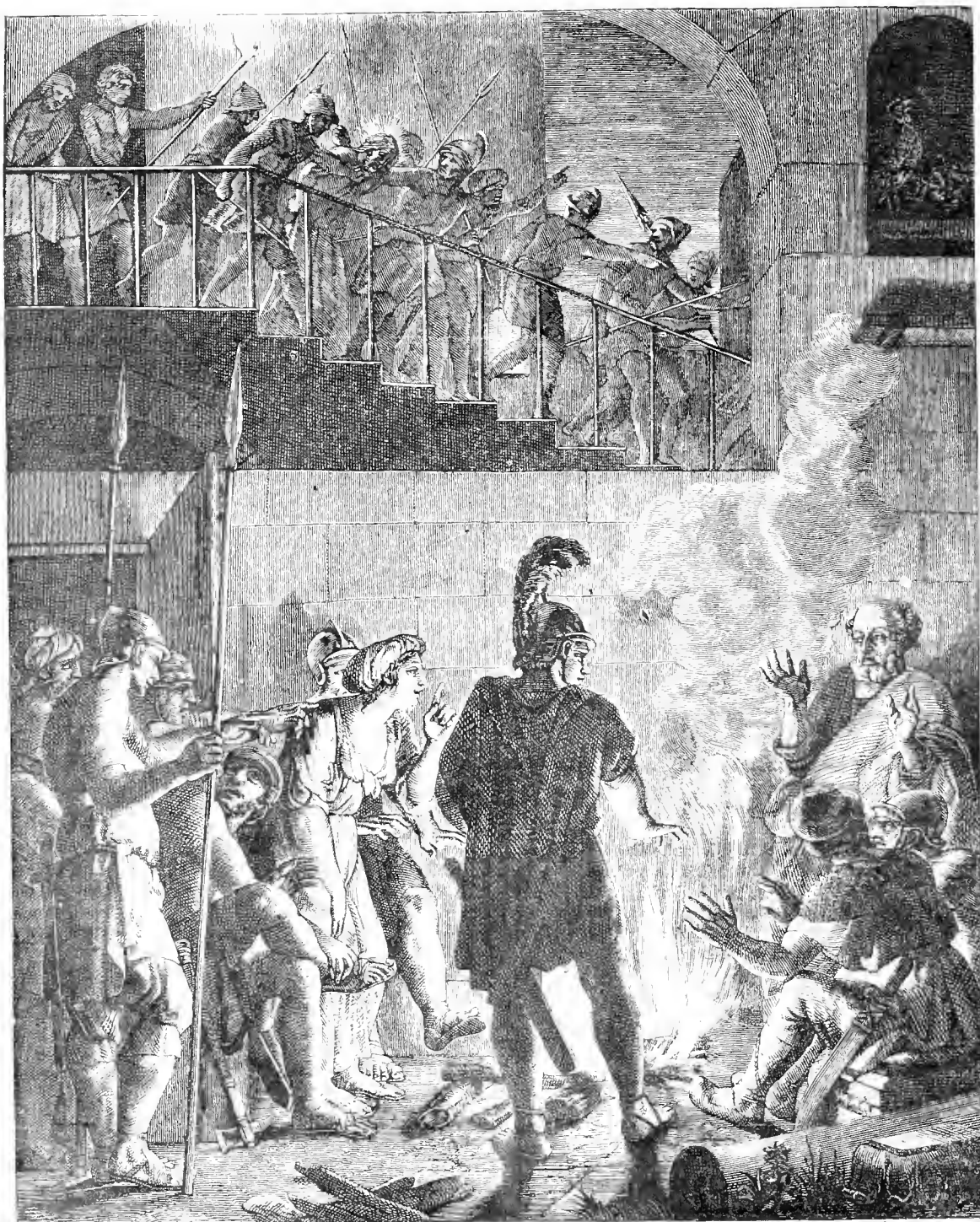
(No. 62), with the somewhat anomalous title of "Stop This!" is a large landscape by night, of great merit, painted by F. Schlessinger. A small figure, probably starting something from a cart, explains the title.

(No. 63), "Moonlight on the Sagen Fjords," is a landscape with a curious effect, by Larson.

(No. 71), "The Little Admiral," by W. Cordes, is a water scene, of a commander, who, in charge of a boat-load of various provisions for the ship's crew, is quietly floating down the stream. The execution is meritorious.

we find marked in our catalogue with approbation: the rush and foam of the water is especially good.

(No. 84), "A Rustic Ball," by T. Fay, is a very pleasing picture, not unlike in treatment to the productions of our own Wilkie.



THE FEAST OF SAINT MARTIN. PAINTING BY JAMES STELLA.

(No. 79), "A Coin Toss," by Neidenberg, in which several young fellows are making a glass of hot punch through the hot lips of the company above, is very well painted, and is a bona fide property of the Dutch School.

(No. 79), "Torrent in the Valley of Hardanger," by H. Gude,

In conclusion, we must congratulate the committee of this exhibition on the great promise and excellence of almost every picture in the room, one great merit being that there is not a thoroughly faulty production exhibited. To those fond of art we at once recommend a visit to 138, Bond street.

JOSEPH VERNET.



CLAUDE JOSEPH VERNET, father of Carl Vernet, and grandfather of Horace, was himself the son of a painter, and was endowed with a greater share than any one else of that genius for painting

drawings executed by him at the age of five, when he was rewarded by being allowed to use the pencil he had tried to parboil. Before he was fifteen years old, he adroitly painted frieze-panels, frescoes, sedan-chair panels, &c., and gave proof of that facility in conceiving and executing which was one of the characteristic marks of his genius.

It was not possible for Joseph Vernet, whose father dreamt of nothing but seeing him pursue the glorious career of the historical painter, to remain for ever at Avignon, his native place. It was, therefore, thought necessary to send him to Rome; consequently, his father one morning put a few *livres d'or* into his hand, and sent him off with a wazner, who undertook to take him to Marseilles. The journey took a long while to perform; for it was necessary to stop the horses every instant, so that the young painter might have time enough to sketch the landscapes of Provence, which are so different from those of Le Comtat, or to admire a range of mountains, the sterility of which formed a strong contrast with the verdure of the plains which stretched beneath, with the innumerable roads that covered them. But while Joseph Vernet was thus going to consult the great masters, he suddenly met with his real master—the sea.

When he saw it for the first time, from the top of a mountain called *Le Viste*, near Marseilles, it made so deep an impression upon him, that henceforth his vocation was decided on; he immediately felt that he was destined to be a painter of marine subjects. Before him stretched the Mediterranean as far as the eye could reach, while three islands, which lay at a few leagues from the shore, seemed to be chained there in order to break the uniformity of the immense lake; and to gratify the eye; on his right rose a sloping tower of country houses, intersected with trees; on his left was the little harbour of *Mastues*; in front, innumerable vessels rocked to and fro in the port of Marseilles, while the horizon was terminated by the tower of *Boue*, nearly lost in the distance. This spectacle was a suggestion to the genius of Vernet; nature, while



which has rendered his family illustrious as artists through four generations.

The wonderful stories told about most celebrated painters are really true with respect to Joseph Vernet. He has himself often related that, on his return from Italy, his mother gave him some

able to paint marine subjects, furnished him with mere elements of the picture—she furnished him with the picture itself. We meet, from time to time, with artists who find themselves, in the treasury of their meditations, in the regions of their imagination, forms and figures that they would in vain seek for whence from memory alone; they know how to represent, with colours such as Poussin would have used, not only wonderful phenomena, light, and the visible and palpable objects of creation, but also certain delicate things, the existence of which they have discovered by thought. There are, on the contrary, other artists whose minds are ever ready to receive all outward impressions, while they feel deeply enough to express them with truth and beauty; their eyes are like windows, through which ideas enter under the form of images, and their genius is like an Æolian harp, which, in order to produce a sound, waits for a breath of air. The first, among whom Joseph Vernet must be placed, belong to the class of painters. Until he saw a tempest, Joseph Vernet was nothing more than a painter of ships and harbours; but the day when he first listened to the roaring of the furious sea, while on board a ship that was beaten about by the wind, threatened by the lightning, and in danger of going down every instant, his mind was agitated on a level with the grandeur of the scene; he recollects to have seen the fright and gestures of the sailors, the discomposed manner of all on board, and the grand appearance of the swollen waves.

"It was on going from Marseilles to Rome," says one of his admirers, Monsieur Pitra, "that Joseph Vernet, on seeing a tempest coming, when they were off the island of Sardinia, was seized with a noble terror, but with admiration; in the midst of the general alarm, the painter seemed really to relish the peril; his only desire was to face the tempest, and to be, so to say, mixed up in it, in order that, some day or other, he might astonish and frighten his country by the terrible effects he would then learn to produce; his danger was, that he might lose the sight of a spectacle so new to him. He had himself lashed to the mainmast, and, while he was tossed about in every direction, saturated with sea-water, and engaged by this hand-to-hand struggle with his model, he forgot the tempest, not on his canvas, but in his memory, which he never forgot anything. He saw and remembered all,—clouds, waves, and rocks, lines and colours, with the motion of the boats and the rocking of the ship, and the accidental light which intermingled the slate-coloured sky, that served as a ground to the white foam of the sea foam."

When he arrived at Rome, in 1732, Joseph Vernet became a pupil of Bernardin Fergioni, a painter of marine pieces, whom, however, he soon surpassed. He was now eighteen years old, and had been born in 1714. Entirely unknown in Rome, the young painter lived on what he obtained by the sale of a few marine pictures; he found, however, but few buyers, and obtained but very little money for a kind of painting which, more than any other, is the absence of colour to be regretted; he, therefore, painted many small pieces of smaller dimensions, which he sold for one or two francs each, until a cardinal, one day, gave him four louis (or for 12 francs). The barber, at whose house he lodged at Rome, let several of these small pictures run on expressly with the intention of being eventually paid with a picture instead of money; and on the day when the painter owed four quarters' rent, the barber, who had continually contemplated him while painting, asked him for a picture which he represented day-break, and which had been ordered for the cardinal already mentioned. At this juncture the cardinal arrived, and the barber threw himself at the feet of his pupil, and with tears in his eyes, implored him to let him have the picture which the young artist had just finished.

The reputation of an artist is quickly made at Rome, provided the cardinal takes the slightest notice of him. It was thus that Vernet's name was made; but he thought less of making money by his art, than of improving himself. Every day he left Rome, to wander about the surrounding country, so that he might study at his leisure the different tones of the sky, as he always wished to paint nature herself. He watched for the various hues presented by the horizon at different hours of the day, and tried to imitate its tints; but he soon perceived that his power of observation, and his passion, though it was, could not keep pace with the

continued variation of the colours of the atmosphere; and he despaired of ever being able to represent on canvas the moving harmony of those pictures, which nature required so little time to execute in such perfection, and which so quickly passed away. He now invented an alphabet of tones, which is the more curious, because another painter has left us a description of it.²

The various characters of this alphabet were joined together and corresponded to an equal number of different tints. If Vernet saw the sun rise silvery and fresh, or set the colour of crimson, or if he saw a storm approaching or disappearing, he opened his tablets, and there set down the gradation of the tones he admired, as quickly as he would write ten or twelve letters on a piece of paper. After having thus noted down the beauties of the sky in short hand, so to speak, he returned to his studio, to transfer them to canvas, and to render stationary the moving picture he had just been contemplating. Effects, which had for a time disappeared, were thus re-annoyed in all their charming harmony, to delight the eye of every lover of painting.

Far from confining himself within the narrow limits of one branch of his profession, Joseph Vernet determined to take as wide a range as possible. At Rome, he had made the acquaintance of Leontelli, Paulini, and Salimene. Like them, he studied the splendid ruins of the architecture of ancient Rome, and the noble landscapes of its environs, together with the water-courses, the rocks, and the celebrated cascades of Tivoli. He also paid particular attention to the proportions and attitudes of his figures, as well as to the picturesque appearance of their costume, which were mostly those of fishermen or lazzaroni. Such love for nature and for art, such assiduous contemplation, at different hours of the day, of the phenomena of light, and such profound study of the numerous accessories whose importance he wished to raise, being joined to genius of the first order, made an excellent landscape-painter of Vernet; and though he was, undoubtedly, inferior to Claude Lorraine, in producing bold and luminous effects, he was quite equal to him in rendering the effects of vapour, and much superior, as Diderot remarked, in the invention of scenes, in designing figures, and in the variety of his incidents.

The French painter soon occupied a high position in Rome; he was universally sought after, and he now obtained high price for the same kind of landscapes and marine pieces which he had, at first, parted with to discharge his arrears of rent. He received orders from all quarters for *tempests*, *clouds*, *gales*, and *cascades*. He was also employed to decorate the Rondinini palace and the Borghese gallery with landscapes, which he executed in the elevated style of Salvator. He chose for his subjects the most terrible phenomena of nature, such as frightful ravines, down which rushed foaming torrents that bounded from rock to rock, and dragged along with them entire trunks of up-rooted trees. But the figures which he painted at the bottom of these abysses are far from being as sombre as the brigands of Salvator. On being relieved of their helmets and hauberts, they would still be the same *anchalotti* fishermen, whom Vernet knew so well how to place, in a sitting or recumbent position, on the foreground of his cabins. The study he made of Salvator was, however, so far beneficial to him, that it strengthened his colouring, gave firmness to his touch, and inspired him with those dark and bold tints by which those of his paintings that date from his stay in Italy are easily recognised.

Endowed with wonderful facility for properly understanding everything, and for painting all he undertook well and quickly, Joseph Vernet had identified himself, for a time, with the wild and rough manner of Salvator, and imitated his rigid foliage, his ragged rocks, and the mournful aspect of his ground-plots, cracked and edged by the sun; but this was not the proper field for the genius of Vernet to work in. He was, above all, a Frenchman, and penetrated, though with difficulty, into those dark regions of the imagination which were not known to French artists before the revolution that has taken place in painting during the present century. In spite of himself, Joseph Vernet always painted places that were inhabited, or at least habitable. Some indication of neighbouring civilisation, a dilapidated villa, or the fragment of an aqueduct, always appeared in the distance, between two mountains that ended

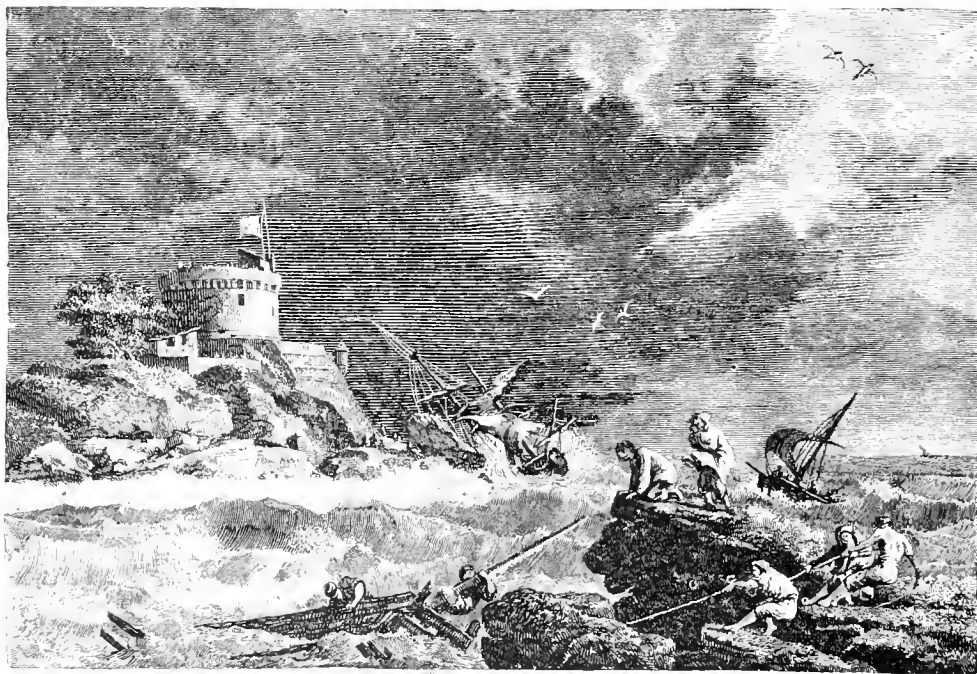
² Rouen, in the "Art de Peindre," translated into French verse, from the Latin Poem by Dufrenoy. Paris, Didot, 1780.

Whenever Vernet wished to represent a gale, he took care not to present the eye with the monotonous spectacle of a number of objects all inclining to the same side. By placing objects that resist the wind by the side of others that yield to it, he gave his scenes a variety of movement which imparted to them an appearance of life. With respect to accidental lights, "it must be observed," says Hermann, "that the greatest painters have seldom introduced them into their pictures. Claude Lorraine never employed them, though he painted both sunrise and sunset. The skies of the Flemish artists were generally overcast, with, here and there, a bluish space. But Vernet, I think, is the only one who, emboldened by the special study he had made of cloudy and stormy weather, ever succeeded in imitating the accidental lights of the sky."

It is also from the same artist that Hermann borrows his examples, when speaking of double lights. There are some landscapes, few in number, it is true, in which the daylight and the light of a fire are thrown upon the same objects. The first of these lights ought to be very faint, and then the effect of the second will be extraordinary. Shepherds or travellers seated, near nightfall, in the border of a forest, would form a very good subject for a

rock within sight, and could not invent these imposing, fantastic, severe, and picturesque forms of which nature alone furnishes the models, and which the most fertile imagination would never even dream of.

The spirited painter of tempestuous marine pieces was, as we have already said, a man of the most amiable manners. What he most loved, next to painting, was music. He had formed an intimate acquaintance with Pergolesi, the musician, who afterwards became so celebrated, and they lived almost continually together. Joseph Vernet had had a harpsichord placed in his studio for the express use of his friend, and while the painter, carried away by his imagination, put the waters of the mighty main into commotion, or suspended persons on the towering waves, the grave composer sought, with the tips of his fingers, for the rudiments of his immortal melodies. It was thus that the melancholy stanzas of that *ch. f. d'aure* of sadness and of sorrow, the *Stabat-Mater*, were composed for a little convent in which one of Pergolesi's sisters resided. It seems to us, that while listening to this plaintive music, Vernet must have given a more mellow tint to his painting; and it was, perhaps, while under its influence, that he worked at



A VIGILANT TOWER. — A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

landscape of this kind. Vernet has introduced such a contrast of a fire into several of his moonlight scenes; the fire, however, is too small to clash with the light of the moon. It is, in all cases, necessary for one or other of the lights to have a marked preponderance, for if they were nearly equal, the spectator would be left in suspense, and the effect would be lost. But it will always be a difficult thing to prevent discordance from arising, between the pale, feeble light of the moon, and the strong, red, and sonorous light of a fire. It is not given to every painter to produce a harmonious effect, under such circumstances, in spite even of a laborious effort. "There is," says Delacroix, "the point at which the two lights meet, run into one another, and form a peculiar tint, in representing which it is difficult not to be wrong."

With respect to waves and rocks, the French painter has proved that he did not uselessly visit the rugged coasts against which the white waves dash, as they roll upwards towards the sky, and seem to foam with fury. His success, in this respect forms one of the chief beauties of his marine pieces, a beauty that neither Backluy en nor the Vanbruggles have introduced into their paintings, since, as they lived or were brought up in Holland, they had no

his clouds and billows, or, making a truce with the roaring billows of the sea, painted it tranquil and smooth, and represented on the shore nothing but motionless fishermen, sailors seated between the carriages of two cannon, and whiling away the time by relating their travels to one another, or else stretched on the grass in so quiescent a state, that the spectator himself becomes motionless while gazing on them.

Pergolesi died in the arms of Joseph Vernet, who could never after hear the name of his friend pronounced without being moved to tears. He religiously preserved the scraps of paper on which he had seen the music of the *Stabat-Mater* dotted down beneath his eyes, and brought them with him to France in 1753, at which period he was sent for by Monsieur de Marigny, after an absence of twenty years. Vernet's love for music procured Grétry a hearty welcome, when the young composer came to Paris. Vernet discovered his talent, and predicted his success. Some of Grétry's features, his delicate constitution, and, above all, several of his simple and expressive airs, reminded the painter of the immortal man to whom music owes so large a portion of its present importance; for it was Pergolesi who first introduced in Italy the custom

Like his sister, Madame de Pompadour, the Marquis de Marigny loved and protected the arts. He was desirous of having all the seaports of France painted, and the artist he chose to paint them was Joseph Vernet, who, though he did not inhabit Paris, had never failed to exhibit his admirable marine-pieces there. No one, perhaps, could have been found more fitted than Vernet for this ungrateful task, which, though offering so few resources, required so much knowledge; but it evinced a very slight acquaintance with the genius of Vernet, for any one to give him a sort of didactic order for a series of paintings. Thus imprisoned in an official programme, Joseph Vernet must have felt ill at ease, at least if we may be allowed to judge from a letter which he wrote to Monsieur de Marigny, with respect to another order. This curious letter, which is dated May 6th, 1765, runs as follows:

"I am not accustomed to make sketches for my pictures. My general practice is to compose on the canvas of the picture I am about to execute, and to paint it immediately, while my imagination is still warm with conception: the size, too, of my canvas tells me at once what I have to do, and makes me compose accordingly. I am sure, if I made a sketch beforehand, that I should not only not put in it what might be in the picture, but that I should also throw into it all the fire I possess, and the larger picture would, in consequence, become cold. This would also be making a sort of copy, which it would annoy me to do. Thus, sir, after thoroughly weighing and examining everything, I think it best that I should be left free to act as I like. This is what I require from all those for whom I wish to do my best; and this is also what I beg your friend, towards whom I am desirous of acting conscientiously, to let me do. He can tell me what size he wishes the picture to be, with the general subject of it, such as calm, tempest, sun-rise, sun-set, moonlight, land cape, marine-piece, etc., but nothing more. Experience has taught me that when I am constrained by the least thing, I always succeed worse than usual.

"If you wish to know the usual prices of my pictures, they are as follow:—For every one four feet wide, and two and a half, or three high, £60; for every one three feet wide, and of a proportionate height, £48; for every one two feet and a half wide, £40; for every one two feet wide, £22; and for every one eighteen inches wide, £24, with larger or smaller ones as required; but it is as well to mention that I succeed much better with the larger ones."

When he wrote this letter, Vernet had already begun the "Ports of France." A member of the French Academy of Painting, as he had long been of the Roman Academy of St. Luke, he enjoyed the rare privilege of listening, while he yet lived, to the praises of posterity; for when the public were viewing, at the exhibition, some of these "Ports," to which he often joined shipwrecks, moonlights, or marine-pieces by sun-set, he could proudly read in Grimm's correspondence, the vivacious and witty pages which fell from Diderot's too facile pen, to pay just flattery to Vernet, and to gull all others. "Vernet," exclaimed Diderot, "is a great magician; it might be said that he commences by creating a country, that he has men, women, and children in reserve, with whom to people his canvas as they people a colony, and that he then presents them with what sky, what temperature, what seasons, what happiness, and what misfortunes he likes."

It would be necessary to remain whole hours before the "Ports" of Vernet, in order fully to understand all the labour, all the picturesque and imaginative power, and all the talent he has lavished on them. What is more difficult to paint than a seaport? If you raise the point of view, you obtain an hydrographical map; and if you lower it, you have nothing but a flat horizon, inelegant lines, and an immense sky to fill. The effect of these pictures, which are naturally cold, was greatly increased by Vernet's talent for drawing figures: he grouped them in great numbers under light skies, sometime gray and silvery, sometimes scorching hot, but always cloudy; and he varied the posture, the action, and the attitude of the figure in a thousand ways. Some are selling fish, mending nets, carrying coffee, and rolling barrels, while others are walking and talking in the sun. Here, some girls from Marseilles are stopping to listen to the gallant conversation of a dandy abbe; while at Bordeaux, some men are loading a cannon to return the salute of a frigate; here, a magazine is in course of construction, or a tartan is being unrolled; there, men are piling up cannon-

balls, or the soldiers of the watch are bringing along a quarrelsome sailor; while in another place, men engaged in fishing for tunny impart an unexpected and lively appearance to the "View of the Gulf of Boudol." Thus filled with animation, the "Ports" of France met with great success when they appeared; and this success was increased when Louis XV., after staking of them in terms of the highest praise, remarked with shameless *noachitance*, that "the only ships in France now, are those in Vernet's pictures."

On returning to his landscapes and marine-pieces, Vernet again found all the fire of his genius. His famous "Tempest" (p. 57), conveyed in so admirable and finished a manner by Rubens, spread his reputation through Europe. The Czarina wished for some of his pictures to decorate her private gallery of the Hermitage, into which the sensual Empress allowed nothing but paintings and love to enter. And when the prince of the Asturias was preparing for himself a mysterious retreat, beneath the shades of a valley in the environs of the Escorial, he wished to have the panels of his rooms painted by Vernet, and sent him the dimensions of them to enable him to execute them. The Marquis de Lansdowne purchased a "Shipwreck" by Vernet, which sold at the sale of his lordship's pictures for 145 guineas. But the most charming productions of Vernet were to be found in France, in the possession of Diderot and of Madame Geoffrin, and in the celebrated cabinet of the Duc de Choiseul. "The Bathers" (p. 59), which was sold at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul's pictures for £238, is a delicious painting, far superior to the sweetest productions of Puelandour. Some rocks which are kept upright by leaning against each other, have formed a natural grotto, which affords the women a retreat full of mystery and coolness. On seeing these voluptuous creatures, who, as they think they are unperceived, fearlessly abandon themselves to the caresses of the rippling waves, one would at first imagine it was Calypso surrounded in her grotto by her nymphs; but the female attendant, with a basket of wine and fruit, reminds you that it is a Calypso of every-day life, that her nymphs have come from the neighbouring town, and that they will soon be troubled, not by the arrival of Telemachus and Mentor, but by the deriding remarks of some young archins from Marseilles, who are perceived at a distance in boats and on the shore.

Vernet's figures may be blamed for one defect, and that is, their being generally lighted by a special light, narrow enough to allow of the model of the breast, the shoulders, and the naked legs being brought prominently out. It appears as if the general light of the picture was not sufficient for him, and that he kept in reserve a particular ray for the purpose of bringing out the figures of the ground; but the eye of the spectator, entirely taken up by the shipwreck, does not remark these *rusés* and imperfections, which, however, lend a great degree of piquancy to the work, and cause the figures to stand prominently forth, in a manner admirably in keeping with the place they occupy in the talent of the painter and the sympathies of the beholder. Sometimes, too, the never-varying costume of his fishermen is out of place; this is the case, for instance, when he represents the shores of Greece, and different views in the East, on which occasions Chardin's "Manon" and Greuze's "Loinette" are met, side by side, in the same scenes as the Sultana of the "Arabian Nights" and Louthembourg's "Armenian."

No one, we think, ever surpassed Vernet in the art of composition. At first sight, the spectator would be inclined to assert that, viewing by mere chance vessels, towers, old trees, and rocks, Vernet painted them in the same confusion in which they were presented to his gaze; but, if we analyse the composition, it is easy to see that the lines are perfectly balanced, that the groups answer to one another, that the masses are skillfully calculated, and that, in the midst of apparent disorder, the painter has assigned to each different object the most favourable position as regards the satisfaction of the spectator's eye and the general plan of the picture. How happy is he in the composition of his marine-pieces! See, for instance, in "The Tempest" (p. 57), immortalised by Rubens's graver, how well the strange-looking rocks on the left harmonise with the simple lines and the bold forms of the Roman buildings that extend into the sea itself! Is it not pleasing to behold the graceful manthus, in all its mild, soft elegance, springing up between the fantastic rocks and the angry waves? How great, too, is the effect

invariably produced by the old trees, with their knotty, twisted, and shaken trunks, and which are placed in the positions they occupy, simply to show the violence of the wind! These trees have no leaves, save at the extremity of some of the branches, whither the sap still mounts, while their other limbs have been carried away by the force of the storm, or hang down from the trunk, almost snapped off and dead.

A curious anecdote is told of Balechon in connexion with one of Vernet's pictures, called "The Storm," and which the former had engraved. This engraving was much admired for the ability of the water, and the spirit of the figures. One hundred of the prints were consigned to an engraver in London, and part of them sold; but some persons having objected to the very clumsy manner in which a long dedication inscribed under the print, was written, Balechon said he would soon remedy that, and with his graver drew a number of black lines over the dedication, on the copper, so as, in some degree, to obliterate the words, and then sent a hundred impressions to England. All connoisseurs, however, soon discovered these to be "second impressions," and eagerly bought up the first; but no man of taste would look at a print with the lines. This mortified the English printseller, who wrote to the French engraver, and complained that he could not sell the second set for half price. "Morbleu!" cried the Frenchman, "how whimsical these English *virtuosi* are! yet, they must be satisfied." He, therefore, set to work with his punch and hammer, and having repaired the letters, sent out the print with the inscription apparently in its first state. A few of these were sold; but the imposition was soon discovered by the faintness of the impressions; and then those who did not possess the first impressions were glad to have the plate in the second, rather than the third state; so that nearly all the third set lay upon the hands of the printseller. This produced a complaint; and the complaisant Frenchman, ever eager to satisfy his English customers, again punched out the lines, and brought the inscription to its second state.

Vernet has sometimes been reproached with certain inaccuracies in the disposition of his rigging. Even during his lifetime, the Abbé Leblanc, one of his great admirers, affecting, perhaps, a more profound knowledge of nautical matters than he really possessed, exposed some errors of this kind in the pictures which Joseph Vernet had just sent to the exhibition of 1748. "Words would not suffice us," says this keen critic, "if we endeavoured to bestow on the marine pieces of Monsieur Vernet all the praise which they deserve; of the four he exhibited, and which all are nearly equally fine, two in particular, the second of which represents a *moonlight*, in which the sea is covered with fishermen's boats, and which is rendered with great truth, have more especially attracted attention by their singular effects. Monsieur Vernet here shows in a very clear manner how different vessels may pursue different courses under the same wind; a circumstance which the spectator is enabled to comprehend very easily by noting how the sails are trimmed. However, there is one of the boats which he has not represented sufficiently inclined; I allude to that one which, in nautical phrase, is *hugging the wind*, and which does not *heel over* enough. However well a vessel may behave under sail, she is always more deeply immersed on the side to be wind than on the other." When persons speak of matters so important as the movements of a ship, it is doubtless allowable for them to avail themselves of all the knowledge they possess, and even to be a year in their judgment. But, although it may be true, that one great marine painter had himself sometimes open to criticisms of this description, it is certain that, by pushing this spirit of observation too far, the critic will become ridiculously injudicious. The end of the real painter is not this scrupulous exactness in the rig of a vessel. His object is to paint the terrible deep; and who, when contemplating a fine representation of a tempest, would ever think of the pulleys and gaskets? It Vernet now and then forgot some trifling details of the rigging, it was because his great wish, above every other, was not to sacrifice any of the boldness of his composition. In painting, truth in small things sometimes injures the effect of the great ones. The naval draughtsman, who draws the plan for a vessel about to be constructed on the stocks, is, doubtless, obliged to observe the necessary accuracy even in the smallest details, but the same obligation is not binding on the artist, whose object is to

move the human passion. Vernet comprehended the general features with sufficient accuracy for a sailor, who can perceive things at a glance, to see what name over the painter wished to depict; but he did not stop to count the nails, pegs, and other objects, which artists of small talent have such a notion to be painted, to the great detriment of the general effect of the whole scene.

Joseph Vernet deformed the *Deuxième* of 1752, at the Hague, where the King had assembled his apartments.

Towards the end of his life, and a very long, which he had ever spent in a manner that had become to himself and country, he began to fear that he would end in prison, as he had been oppressed by the troubles arising in France; and as a century, perhaps, of age is rather too late a period for a man to take any very active part in national disputes, he mediated a retreat to the country, where, as he was, however, prevented by his debt, he would have been forced to displease, Leveillé, and Voltaire, but the latter, who was a contemporary of Vernet, should have allowed him to share in the inordinate enthusiasm then universal for the marine pieces of this great painter, is easily comprehensible, especially when the writer is one so apt to become intoxicated with his own writings, and who criticises under the influence of passion, and makes reason subservient to poetry. But the feeling of admiration for Joseph Vernet which took such a hold on the eighteenth century, and which was expressed on every occasion by the great men of those times, from Voltaire to Ladoeur, has come down to us, and been sustained in our own age. In spite of the excessive variation that public opinion has and is prone with regard to painting, the school of David, which had a horror of every one who had ever held a pencil under Louis XV., and which included in its contempt even the indimitable Chardin, the school of David, we repeat, make an exception in favour of Vernet. Tullisson has written some eloquent pages, when speaking of this great artist. "He is represental," says Tullisson, "better than any other painter the beautiful form of the clouds, these immense, light, dazzling, or dark bodies, these floating mountains, raised, overthrown, and dispersed by the wind. No one expresses, as he does, the raging of the fearful storm, by a sublime distribution of light and shade. Who, we need but hint, like him, beauty, grace, energy, and, so to speak, expression to the waves of the deep? If others have drawn all the rig of a vessel, he alone has endowed them with soul. Their disordered rigging, their shattered masts, their torn sails, and their melancholy fragments, are full of the most powerful interest. What painter of this style of picture has displayed in his works so much of one truth and pathos? At one time painting the freshness and mild light of morning, he represents the sun starting from the bosom of the boundless sea; while at another he paints it descending into the waves, surrounded by gold and fire, and sending at once and the same time to kindle into flames the cork, the leaves, and the sea. Sometimes, again, he shows it almost invisible beneath a thick fog, which lends nature a new sort of interest by scarcely allowing her to be perceived. Fires in the middle of the night, these ravining, painful, and horrid, slight, especially in a tempest, have been rendered by him with faithful truth. Oftentimes he depicts the moon sliding up in the placid scene below, and the water, illuminated by the silvery, faint, sparkling, and celestial light, forming a beautiful and varied scene, the play of light and shadow, the reflection of the sky, the reflection of the clouds, the reflection of the waves, are all so full of spirit, and so much so, that the landscape, sometimes they present to the eye, is so full of life, by yes, it would have been impossible to see a more beautiful and shining view, and a more beautiful and more interesting landscape, so to speak, than the picture of a storm at sea. It was as if that Vernet, as if he had been a painter, had been a painter, and taken place in painting, as well as in politics. At the present day, all the foreign nations still place Vernet in the first rank. He him-

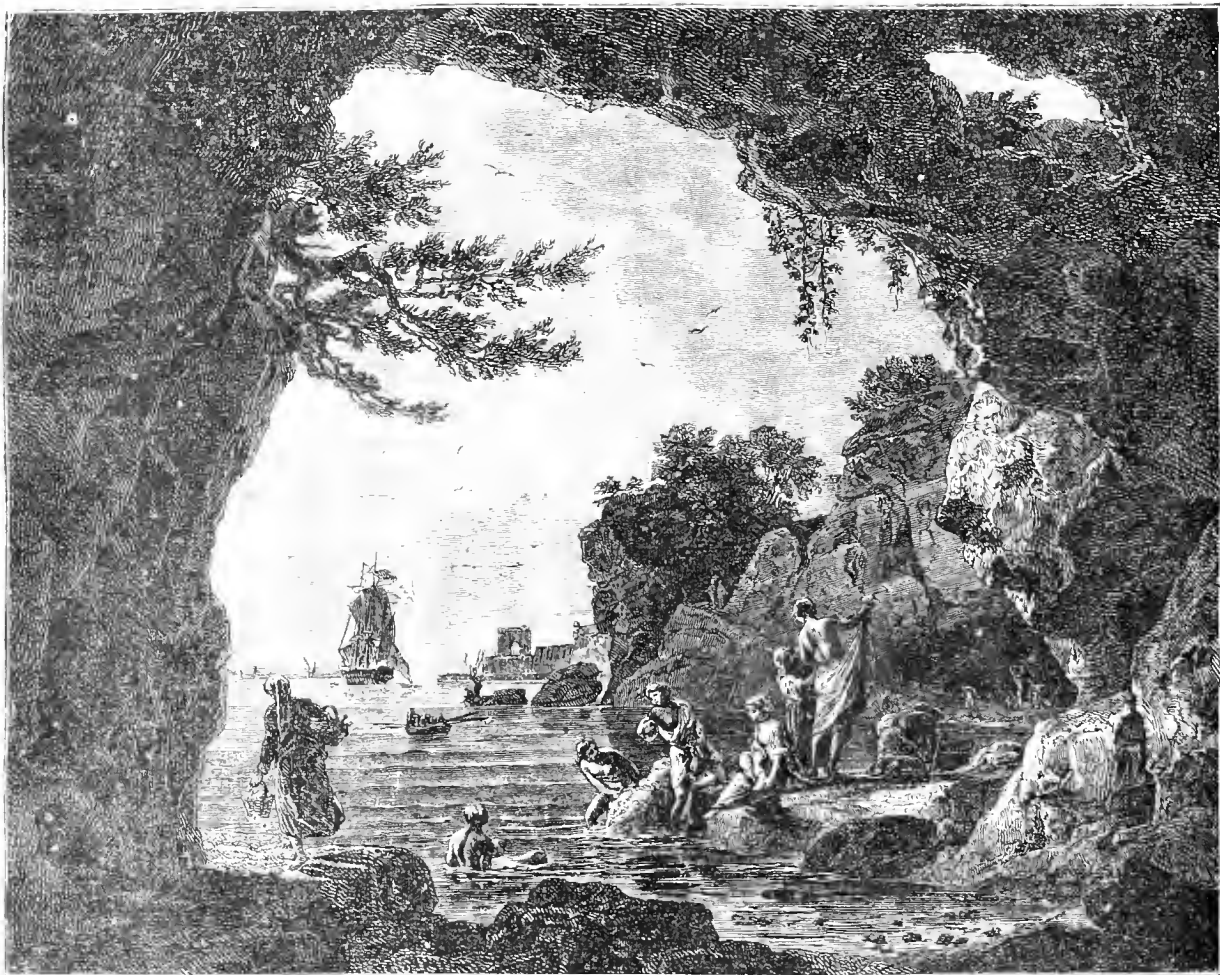
oh, how I have pronounced me myself. The sentence describes me as a fool, for it is a noble one. Comparing himself to the greatest artists he rivals, he says: "If you ask me whether I paint better than such and such an artist, I should answer 'No!'—but if you ask me whether I paint better than any one else, I should also say 'no!'—but if you ask me whether my Landscapes better than others, still I should answer 'no!'—of fogs, water, and vapours better than others, my answer would be still the same; but though *inferior to each of them I am superior of the rest, I surpass them in all the others.*"

In speaking of Joseph Vernet, Chelmers says: "His works will live as long as those of any artist of his day." For a light and airy management of his landscape, in a deep and tender diminution of his perspective; in the clear transparent line of the sky, liquid appearance of the water, and the buoyant air of the vessels which

Joseph Vernet is one of the most fertile painters of the French school. He enjoys, with his illustrious countryman, Claude Lorraine and Nicholas Poussin, the privilege of figuring on nearly all the public picture-galleries of Europe, and of there maintaining the brilliancy of French genius by the side of the greatest masters of Italy and of Holland.

Mention is made of more than 200 Landscapes or marine pieces in the "Cabinet du Cabinet du Cabinet d'Estampes de Brandes," compiled by Huber.

More than fifty engravers have been employed to reproduce with their burin the works of this painter. Among those who have understood and rendered his genius the best, are two female artists, Anne Coulet and Mademoiselle Lempereur; J. J. Avril, endued with superior talent for rendering the motion and waves of the sea;



THE BATHERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

he excelled, he had no superior. In small figures employed in danger, or the least, raising a ship, or carrying goods from the quay to a warehouse, or any other employment which required action, he displayed great uncommon knowledge, and gave them with such truth and life, sometimes a little in the French flattened style, as has never been equalled by any man except our most excellent Mortimer, and to be the fabricator to Mortimer in that line is no dishonour. It has been the fate of every painter who ever lived, and will probably be the lot of all who ever will live. He carried that French style to its highest degree of perfection. As a proof of it, we may mention that when it may be mentioned that most of his pictures were purchased by Madame du Barry for two thousand pieces sterling. It is a proof of him, that his genius has been so long and so highly

Bertrand, Veitroter, Dandei, W. Byrne and the elegant Jaquet, Alonnet, Langueil, Bernard, Le Gouz, Carheim, the skilled De Marengay, J. Ouvrier, Auler, Braun, Charry, Paribony, Maniet, Guyot, Lincan, Devilliers, Hermann, Fortier, Marchand, Cahan, and Belas, to whom we owe the attain "Sicaps of France," painted by Vernet, by order of Louis XV.; Belle, Flupart, whose noble talent is readily reproduced in a rich style by Vernet, as it did a tranquil scene by Grouze; Palumeu, Maspieller, the celebrated Wollert, Heban, Charpentier, Chereau, Nédet, De Flumet, N. Patou, and, perhaps before all, Babou, the celebrated engraver of "The Storm," "The Calm," and "The Bathers."

Like all great painters, Joseph Vernet did not entirely confine himself to painting; he has left a few etchings, executed with the same spirit and reality which he employed in his paintings; they

"A Marine Piece," a view between two rocks, in the style of Salvator Rosa; "A Gale;" "A View of a Port in the Mediterranean, by Sunset;" the same view, by sunrise; and a small marine piece.

In the Museum of Rouen there are three pictures, namely, "Stormy Weather;" "A Tranquil Landscape;" and "A Marine Piece."

The Museum of Lille contains "A Marine Piece, by Sunset."

The Museum of Montpellier contains "A Landscape," signed and dated 1774; "A Tempest;" and two marine pieces.

The Museum of Grenoble contains "A Marine Piece, representing the Effect of Fog," dated 1764.

The Museum of Lyons possesses "A View taken on the Shores of the Mediterranean."

Joseph Vernet's pictures are rare in private collections; we are, however, acquainted with five very remarkable ones in the possession of M. Deloison, the banker, at Paris. They are: "A Rainbow," from the Tolozan collection; "The Entrance to a Port," from the gallery of Comte Perregaux; "A Cascade, with an Aqueduct," signed 1759; and "A Cascade" and "A Landscape," both of which formerly belonged to the collection of M. Silvestre.

In the Borghese Palace at Rome there are eight landscapes, or marine pieces, by Vernet.

In the house of the Prince de Lichtenstein, at Vienna, there are also some fine compositions by the same artist.

Count Czernin, of the same city, likewise possesses a large marine piece.

We will now acquaint the reader with some of the prices fetched, at public sales, by Joseph Vernet's pictures.—

At the sale of M. de Julienne's pictures, in 1767, "A Seaport," engraved by J. Daullé, fetched £156 12s., and "A View of Tivoli," containing eight figures, was sold for £106.

At the sale of M. de Lulive de Jully's collection, in 1770, "The End of a Storm at Sea," and "The View of the Port of Civita Vecchia," fetched £200 0s. 10d.; and "A Moonlight," engraved by De Murenay de Ghuy, was knocked down for £29.

At the Duke de Choiseul's sale, in 1772, "The Bathers," which has been reproduced in this work, and which is one of the finest of Vernet's pictures, was sold for £238.

At the Leopereur sale, in 1773, "A Boisterous Sea," engraved by Le Veau, fetched £80; and a picture, representing "Mountains lighted up by the setting Sun," engraved by Dardet, was sold for a similar sum.

At M. de Blondel de Gagny's sale, in 1776, "A Marine Piece" was knocked down for £48 16s.

At the sale of the Prince de Conti, in 1777, "The Bathers," which came from the cabinet of the Duke de Choiseul, was sold for £204; "The Castle of St. Angelo," with two men in a boat in the foreground, and three others on a rock spreading nets; and "The View of the Porte Riatta," which contains several houses, and three men fishing with a line, and which is the companion to the preceding picture, fetched £208; two marine pieces, full of vessels, were sold for £236; "A Moonlight," engraved by De Murenay de Ghuy, fetched £29 6s.; two small marine pieces and landscapes, painted on copper, were sold for £84 0s. 10d.; and "A City on Fire, by Moonlight," fetched £64.

At M. Randon de Boisot's sale, in 1777, "A View of the City of Avignon, from the Rhone," was sold for £200 all but a son; "A Tempest," and "A Calm," both containing a great many figures, fetched £34 12s.; and "Morning" and "Noon," painted in very small dimensions on copper, and engraved by Allamet, were sold for £160.

Joseph Vernet has signed his paintings *Joseph Vernet, Peintre*; and almost all his paintings in the manner indicated by the *paraph* to the right. To the left, we reproduce his signature, as it appears on the books of the Academy of which he was a member.

Joseph Vernet
J. Vernet Sc

C A I N.

A TALE OF THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

I HAD already made some progress in the study of painting, when I went over, about sixteen years ago, to France, for the purpose of self-improvement amid the priceless treasures of art amassed in queenly Paris.

For some weeks after my arrival I rambled from gallery to gallery, from church to church—dreaming, hoping, worshipping. I spent long days in the Louvre. To me it was a sacred, almost an awful place; and I well remember how I often stood gazing into the golden glooms of a Rembrandt, or lost myself amid the classic groves and airy distances of a Claude, till the quick tears of boyish enthusiasm blinded the picture from my sight.

It was strange, but I allowed almost a month to pass away before I visited the collection at the Luxembourg. Many events combined to occasion this delay. My lodgings were situated in a street branching off the Boulevard Montmartre, quite at the north of Paris, and consequently distant enough from the palace of Marie de' Medici; I had seen the Louvre first, and there was a daily fascination in its portals that I could not resist; I was devoted to the old school of painting, and I knew that the Luxembourg was principally filled with the works of modern artists; in short, it was only by resolutely appointing a day in my own mind that I at last accomplished what I felt to be a visit of duty. I went to Paris with the intention of copying some of the masterpieces of ancient art there assembled; but as yet I had not touched a pencil. Oppressed with the splendour of the Grand Musée, I had wandered from painting to painting, unable to choose where everything was perfection. Now I resolved upon "La Belle Jardinière" of Raffaele; now I was tempted by the youthful beauty of the conquering David, and again by the marvellous grouping and the vivid life of the "Nessus and Dejanira" of Guido. Sometimes a painting of the Italian, and sometimes one of the Flemish school reigned paramount—but only for a day.

I was in this state of luxurious, indolent uncertainty, when one superb morning in June I visited the gallery of the Luxembourg. There had been rain, and the bright drops were yet glittering on the flowers and quivering on the broad leaves of the acacias. The sky was blue and sunny overhead; the dancing fountains, the graceful statues—white among the trees—the glass dome of the Observatoire, and the stately summit of the Invalides, all looked glad and golden in the radiant summer light, as I entered from the Rue de Vaugirard and turned reluctantly from the sight of so much joyousness and beauty into the low portal leading to the upper apartments of the palace. Listlessly I passed through the first of these, pausing but briefly now and then before some of the more striking works of Delaroche or Vernet. At last, in an obscure corner of a small and ill-lighted room, my eyes fell upon a picture that completely rivetted my attention. The subject was, "Cain after the Murder of Abel;" the artist's name, Camille Prévost. Never shall I forget the sensations with which I first beheld that dark and fearful painting, or the haunting expression stamped upon the haggard countenance of the world's first fratricide. He stood upon a bold massy rock forming the brink of a precipice. His head was partly turned, and his wild guilty stare fixed full upon me. The red sun was setting behind a gloomy forest on the horizon; the sky was blood-like, and its scorching hues were reflected in a coppered-ore glare upon the stagnant ocean far away; a glittering snake was gliding beneath a group of lonesome weeds in the foreground; and a distant vulture hovering in the air seemed to scent the first outpouring of human blood.

But the design, powerful as it was, formed the least part of the picture. There was a wondrous unity, an atmosphere of death and crime, about it that fascinated me with horror. There was a look, almost of madness, in the ghastly face of Cain, the drops of agony seemed starting on his brow, his tangled locks were knotted like the serpents of the Medusa, and an unearthly meaning in the dilated pupil of his eyes appeared to tell of some strange vision passing before them.

The very sea looked thick and lifeless—the distant trees were like funereal plumes.

How long I remained there I know not; but four o'clock came,

the notice for withdrawal was uttered by the guardians, and I was still standing before the picture.

When I went out, the bright glory of the summer afternoon offended my eyes: I chose a shady avenue amid the trees, and there paced to and fro, still thinking of it. Evening came; I went into a neighbouring restaurateur's, but I had no appetite for the dinner placed before me—I stepped into one of the theatres, but the laughter, the music, the lights, were all insupportable to me. I went home to my books, but I could not read, to bed, but sleep forsook me.

All night the picture was before me, and early the next morning I found myself again at the entrance to the palace. I came too early, and I paced about with feverish impatience till the hour of admittance. Once more I spent the entire day before the painting—I resolved to copy it. The next day was occupied in the particulars necessary for my task, and a week elapsed before I was able to commence; but in the meantime I had paid many visits to the gallery.

Once established there with my easel, I became utterly absorbed in the subject. I got the general effect in the first few days, but I longed to reach that point of finish when the nameless expression of the whole should be my employment.

Gradually, this picture acquired over me a strange mysterious power; I began to dread it, and yet I felt how impossible it would be for me to leave it. Weeks passed on, and I was sensible of a great alteration in myself. My youthful gaiety of heart, my ambition, my peace of mind was gone. My health suffered—I lost appetite and rest. My nerves were painfully overwrought; I started at the slightest sound, and trembled at the merest excitement. Excepting while in the very act of painting, my hand had lost its steadiness and my eye its certainty. I could not endure even the light of a candle unshaded, and was not able to pour out a glass of water without spilling it.

This was but the first stage of my disease. The second was still more distressing. A morbid fascination now seemed to bind me to the picture. My identity of being became merged in the canvas, and I felt as if I could no longer live away from it. Cain became to me as a living man, or something more than man, having possession of my will, and transfixing me with the bright horror of his eyes. At night, when the gallery was closed, I used to linger round the precincts of the palace; and when at last, worn with mental and physical fatigue, I went home and tried to sleep, I lay awake and restless all the long night; or, starting from visions of the picture, woke but to dream again.

Let it not be supposed that I yielded myself a willing victim to this mental suffering. Far from it. I strove to subdue, to fight against it. I wrestled with my delusion, I reasoned, I combated, but in vain. It was too strong for me alone, and I had no friend, not even an acquaintance in whom I could confide, in all that city. I was young—I was imaginative—I was impressionable—the place was new, and the language all around was foreign to my ears. I might die, and there would be none to weep for me. I might go mad—ah! that was the thing I dreaded—thither I was tending—what should I do? Write to my friends in England? Impossible, for of what disease could I complain? I might leave Paris? Alas! my power of volition was gone. I was the slave of the picture, and though it were death, I felt I must remain.

Matters were at this crisis—and I devoutly believe that my reason was tottering fast—when a young man, somewhat older than myself, took his station in the same room, and began copying an altar-piece at a short distance from me. His presence gave me great uneasiness; I was no longer alone with my task, and I dreaded interruption. At first he seemed disposed to open an acquaintance with me, but my evident disinclination repulsed his advances, and our civilities were soon limited to a bow of recognition on entering or leaving the room.

He was very quiet, and respected my taciturnity, so I shortly ceased even to remember that he was in the same apartment. I may observe that his name was M. Achille Désiré Leroy.

It were useless, as well as painful, for me to analyse more minutely the monomania that possessed me. Each day it became less endurable, and each day found me more than ever incapable of resistance. The whole thing wears now, in my memory, the aspect

of a dream—long, terrible, vivid, but still a dream. Even while subjected to it, I felt as one walking in sleep.

At last the time came when I could no longer bear it. It was a dark, oppressive day; and a tempest seemed brooding in the air. The atmosphere of the gallery was warm and close—the bright, bright eyes of Cain seemed to cut into my soul; I felt suffocating; my head swam; my brain was wildly throbbing; my fingers refused to obey, and my pencil fell upon the floor.

I staggered back, dropped into a chair, and, uttering a suppressed groan, covered my face with my hands.

A light touch on my shoulder arrested me. "It was M. Leroy."

"Come, mon ami," he said in a simple, but stern, "you are not well, and a turn in the garden below will restore you. Where is your hat; now take my arm, and let us go."

I was passive as a child, and did as he desired. He led me out among the trees, and I sought a bench in a retired spot, where we sat down. I had not yet spoken, and after a few moment's pause, he began.

"I have been observing you," he said, "for some days; and I see that you need a change of occupation. That picture of Provoost is not a very lively subject for a nervous man to work upon, and it has a bad effect upon you. Take my advice, Monsieur B—, and give it up."

"Alas," I said, hopelessly, "I cannot."

"Cannot? Ah, my dear sir, that is a delusion. A man can do anything he wills. There is nothing impossible in art or science. There is no difficulty, real or imaginary, physical or moral, which can long maintain its ground against *volonté*. A resolution, Monsieur, is the most powerful agent in the world."

"No," I said, "there is something more powerful still."

"And that is—"

"Fate."

My companion laughed aloud. A bright, cheery, ringing laugh, such as I used to utter myself two months previously.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand to me with an air of cordial kindness that was quite irresistible: "I will be your fate, and I will not lose my hold upon you till I accomplish your cure. It is of no avail to refuse the services of your doctor—remember, he is your fate; and against that, you confess, it is useless to strive."

He rose, and making me take his arm, walked briskly into a neighbouring thoroughfare. Then he called a fiacre, drove to the Boulevard des Italiens, and, taking me into one of the most brilliant *cafés* of that quarter, ordered a somewhat extravagant repast to be served.

"A generous diet is your best medicine," he said, gaily, as he filled the sparkling champagne, and nobled my health.

Well, he would not permit me to bear the least share of the expense; but when seven o'clock arrived, he insisted on my accompanying him to the Théâtre Gymnase; thence we returned to my apartments, where he left me, announcing his intention of visiting me early the next morning.

I slept better than I had done for many months, and had but just risen the following day when M. Leroy arrived. He had an overcoat on his arm and a small carpet bag in his hand.

"Good morning, M. B—," he said, as pleasantly as ever: "are you ready to start?"

"Perfectly," I replied: "but may I ask, where to?"

"Certainly. To M. Lunz, first of all, and then to Fontainebleau. We shall be absent about eight or ten days; and at the end of that time, Monsieur B—, — by the way, what is your Christian name?"

"Frank," I replied, without hesitation.

"By the end of that time," he was observing, Frank, we shall both be the better for our journey, as regards health and spirits."

"Upon my word, M. Leroy, I am able to do it."

"Come, now, Frank," interrupted M. Leroy, "not suffering me to remonstrate, we must needs be careful in talking. The train starts at ten o'clock, and you have only half an hour packed. Where is your carpet bag?"

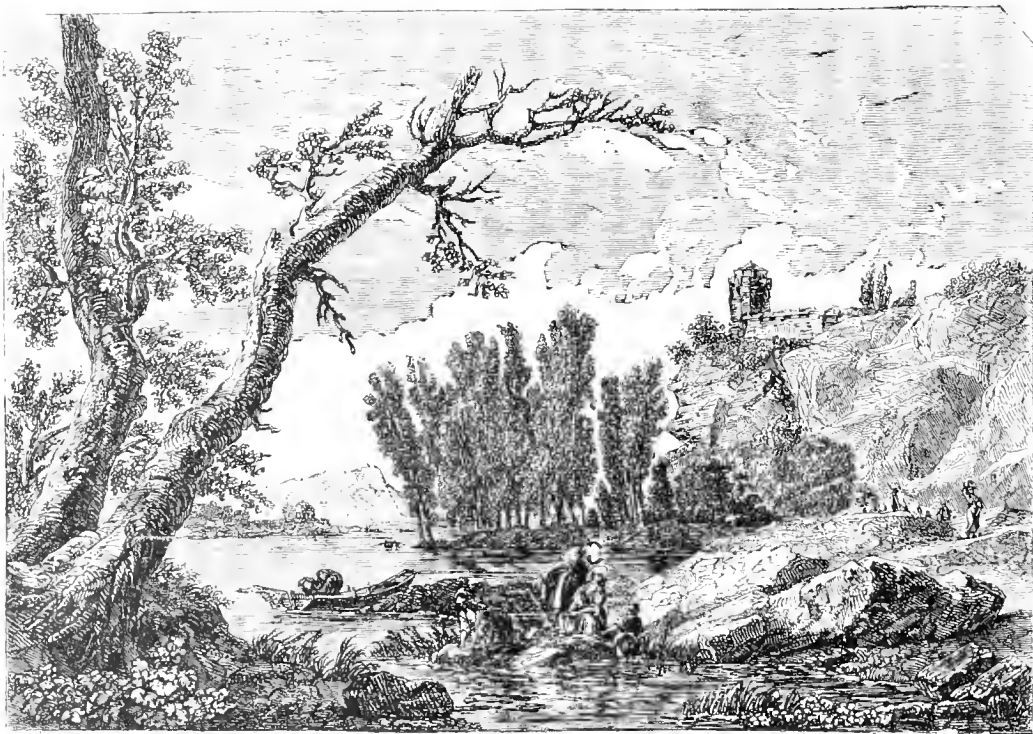
And thus, hurried on to my resolution, and self-possessed, I found myself in the arms of half a dozen in the road to Fontainebleau, and inextricably engaged by my "Fate."

We went, as he had proposed, to M. Lunz, and from thence proceeded on foot to Fontainebleau, where we remained for more than

a week, visiting the splendour of the palace; wandering for long days in the vast forest, and sketching the ravines, valleys, and wooded slopes, in which that most picturesque region is so abundant. Here we saw the Weeping Rock, and had a picnic at the Hermitage of Franchard. In short, at the end of ten days we turned towards home; and when we entered Paris, laden with plants, crystals, and sketches, I was perfectly recovered.

The next day we went to the Luxembourg together. The picture had lost its terrible fascination for me; but I shuddered once more as I stood before it.

"Decidedly, Frank, this 'Cain' is not good for you," said my companion, who was attentively regarding me. "Let us both go to the Louvre and copy Titian's 'Mistress.' Nothing could be a finer study. You shall entrust me with the sale of your copy from Prevost; and if you follow my advice, you will never look at either of them again. I will send a porter to-morrow for our property, and there will be an end of the whole." Now, come out with me into the gardens, and I will tell you something about this picture, and why I was so resolute to tear you away from it."



ITALIAN WORKWOMEN. — FROM A PAINTING BY JOSEPH VERNET.

"We went out. He chose a pleasant seat beneath the trees, in front of the principal fountain, and thus began:

"Camille Prévost was the younger of two brothers. I knew both intimately, and their father was a *gentilhomme* of moderate fortune. He died; and following the dictates of an unjust partiality, left everything in the hands of Hippolyte, the elder brother; so that Camille had to depend entirely upon his profession as an artist. Neither of them were amiable men. Hippolyte was an excellent man of business, prudent, cold, crafty. Camille was sullen, violent in temper, and somewhat of a misanthrope. After the death of old Prévost I seldom visited Hippolyte; and had I not met Camille almost daily in the Louvre and at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, I have little doubt that our acquaintance would altogether have ceased. Fickle as he was, Camille could love; and that passionately. Men of his disposition love but once; they are frequently jealous, exacting, even harsh to the objects of their attachment; but the feeling has its roots in the inmost depths of their being. The lady on whom Camille centered his affection was by birth a cousin, and by choice a neighbour. Mademoiselle Dumesnil was remarkably

beautiful, and possessed a considerable dowry. She was an orphan, and shared her home with an aunt, who was sufficiently advanced in life to act as her chaperone. Camille Prévost was a proud man, and one who could not endure to owe all to the bounty of a wife. He avowed his love, was favourably received, and resolving to make at least some name, and to render himself worthy of the lady's hand and fortune, he left Paris for Rome, and there applied himself assiduously to his art, that he carried off not only several prizes from the Italian academies, but, on forwarding to Paris a painting of especial merit, he obtained the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

"When he received intelligence of this distinction, he returned.

"Those who knew him in Rome said, that reserved and taciturn as he was, the arrival of this news seemed to overwhelm him with joy. He gave a farewell entertainment to his fellow-students, and was, for the first time in his life, hospitable, and almost cordial. Before a fortnight had elapsed he was in Paris; but if his absence had been fortunate in one way, it had been fatal in another: if he had gained fame, he had lost happiness.

"Mademoiselle Dumesnil was married to his brother.

"Totally unprepared for the blow, he had hastened to her *hôtel* immediately upon his arrival. He asked for Mademoiselle Dumesnil, and was told that Madame Prévost was within. He entered, and found her in her boudoir reading the last new novel by Dumas, with his brother, in his dressing-gown and slippers, sipping his morning chocolate at the opposite side of the table. Hippolyte had played his cards well, and while Camille was toiling day and night in his Roman *atelier*, the more fortunate and less scrupulous elder had stepped in, and borne away the bride and her twenty thousand livres of dowry.

"The lady received him as if there had never been any affection or understanding between them. Hippolyte affected to welcome his brother with delight, and pressed him to make the *Hôtel Prévost* his home whenever he was in Paris. Camille disguised his rage and disappointment under an impenetrable mask of silent politeness. He neither wept nor stormed. He was outwardly cold and cynical as ever, and did not betray by word or glance the passions that were boiling at his heart. When he withdrew, after

a brief stay of scarcely half an hour, Monsieur and Madame Prévost fluttered themselves that he had forgotten all the circumstances of his early passion.

"'Three years' travel and application, *ma chère,*," said the husband, as he put on his gloves for his daily ride in the Bois de Boulogne, "make wonderful havoc in a lover's memory."

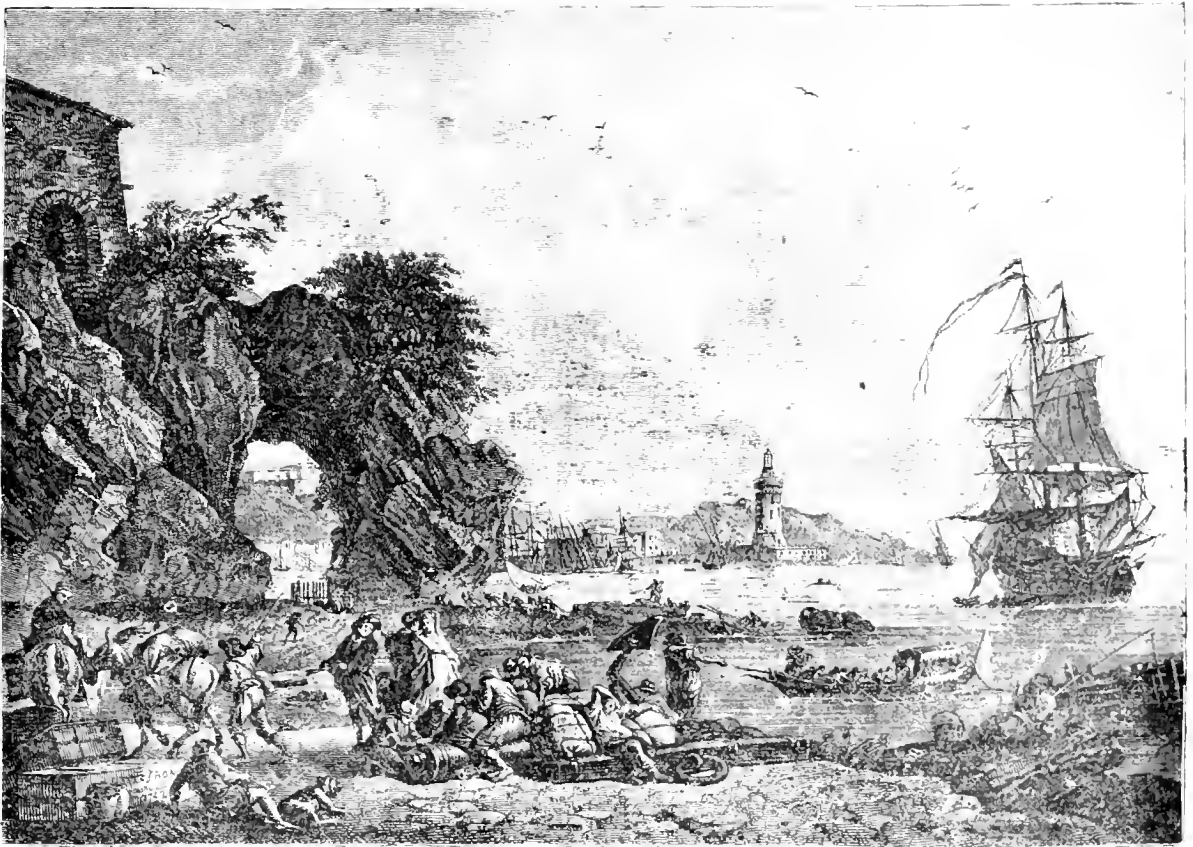
About a week afterwards the body of M. Prévost was found murdered in one of the retired *contrasallies* of the wood, with his horse standing beside him. He had been shot through the head.

No suspicion attached to any one: there were no traces of the assassin—the police were completely baffled in their investigations, and after a while the event was forgotten. Camille, who had inherited the bulk of his brother's property, continued to follow his profession with great industry, and many said that he would now, in all probability be united to the fair and wealthy widow; but no, he never re-entered the Hôtel Prévost, and it was at

last rumoured that he had married a young and handsome widow, and was now a wealthy man. He had, however, as it were, disappeared insensibly at the foot of the rock. He had, on one of the occasions, called in the assistance of a medical man, who, on the artist's recovery, endeavoured, but without avail, to induce him to desist from art for awhile, and try the effect of change of air and scene. Camille, with the fatal obstinacy of his disposition, refused to listen, and treated the doctor with such rudeness that the visit was repeated no more.

"At last the painting was finished, and he had now obtained a place on the walls of the Luxembourg. Death, it is said, only to use the words of the catologue—*meurtre*—and honourable asylum in the galleries of the Louvre, where it will take a place beside its illustrious predecessors, and continue the History of French Art."

"But the artist?" I exclaimed, when Leary had finished speaking; "what became of the artist?"



THE PAINTING OF PAUSANIAS. THE "CAIN." A PAINTING BY EPHI VERSET.

last rumoured that he had married a young and handsome widow, and was now a wealthy man. He had, however, as it were, disappeared insensibly at the foot of the rock.

"About this time I began his lecture on painting—Cain, after the murder of Abel." It is not necessary for me to describe to you the merits of this wonderful composition, for you, Frank, of all men, except the artist, can best appreciate them.

Ever since his return from Italy, Camille Prévost had sunk deeper and deeper into a dark and sullen morbidity. He had always been misanthropic, but now he seemed to shun all contact with his fellow-creatures. He shut himself up in the study behind his door, and it was not till that he would half-day and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually. People said that the murder of his brother had given a painful shock to his feelings; but whether it was so, or whether the fearful subject, as I still more fearful working up of the "Cain," dwelt too forcibly upon his imagination, as in your case, I cannot tell. At all events, he became subject to paroxysms

We had some bird's nest, and a few other things, and was now walking for a leisurely stroll in the old-fashioned park of the Luxembourg. It was a fine day, and we were away from the bustle of the city. The artist, however, was not in the mood to enjoy the scene. He was, as I have said, in a state of morbidity, and he was now in the study behind his door, and it was not till that he would half-day and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually.

Leary, however, was not at all affected by the artist's morbidity. He was, as I have said, a man of a cheerful and generous disposition, and he was now in the study behind his door, and it was not till that he would half-day and nearly all night upon his picture; and during this time his despondency increased continually.

Everything in this house seemed so silent and oppressive that

even Leroy's usual spirit had forsaken him. Since we had reached the door he had not addressed a single word to me, and something appeared to restrain me from even repeating my unanswered question.

The servant led us, silently and swiftly, through several long corridors, and stopped at first before a door thickly clamped with iron. I had observed, in this gallery that the doors were all secured in a similar manner.

He drew a key from his pocket, and unlocked it, and motioned us to enter. We were in a small sitting-room, neatly but plainly furnished. There was a bookcase at one end and an easel with a half-finished painting (a wretched fantastic dumb, by the way) at the other. The window, like the door, was secured with iron bars.

There were strange sounds in the inner room, I thought, as our guide, still proceeding, us, went on and entered.

A trace of light, though not my eye could follow him. A raving maniac stamped in and he, observing the attendant by his side, leaning, yellow, and crying aloud that *his brother* was Cain, and the murderer of his brother!

"There is the artist, Frank," said Leroy, pointing to the bed. "There is Camille Prévost. This is one of his violent moods. That fatal picture drove one painter mad, my poor boy, and I was determined that it should not do so by another."

"But did he really murder his brother?" I asked, as I turned away pale and shuddering.

"God only knows," said my friend, solemnly, "and He alone can judge the culprit now. Jealousy is a dreadful passion. Pray to Him that you may never know its misery."

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

Among the few honours which Mr. Baskin allows to his country but just amateurs on "Modern Painters," the painters in water-colours occupy a high place. As a body, he declares, they are truthful to nature, careful and loving in their treatment, and learned in their work; and few who have seen the exhibition this year will dissent from that great critic on art.

That which people under hand, even partially, will always be a favourite with them. "A little learning" is, to the public, by no means "a dangerous thing." The science of phrenology, the laws radiance of which are easy to comprehend, will always have its disciples and admirers, while the astronomy and useful sciences are neglected, and the objects of table-turning or spirit-rapping required to bring knowledge to them or up, that in every family a professor was found. Hence, without any disparagement to the general value of water-colour painting is more admired, because more understood, than that of the middle and upper classes, that the more it holds itself aloof, the more it is valued. Most young ladies, whether with taste or not, have completed at school some kind of acquaintance with the lithograph of Flaxman, or brilliant drawing, a few of the best names. The picture, our middle-class friends, and even the middle-class, find in the manner in which "art" is taught at schools, and in the exhibitions, the means a sufficient to light to make them admire those professors who are noted. Hence the number of school-boys, if one may call them so, in water-colour drawing, is considerably larger than in one devoted to oil painting; but the casual visitors and artists are proportionally less.

The Old Society of Artists in Water-colours, consists of twenty-seven, a combination of new names, who are members, and of twenty-five, who are honorary. The society was instituted in the year 1788, and has since that time, and thereon, the fifth day. At the number of members, exclusive of amount, to three hundred and fifty-six, we may infer, on any one day, many which are excellent and most worthy, but our readers will probably even be acquainted with some of the names of some.

(No. 10, "Bellevue," by John Constable, is one of the best oil paintings, and the only one which is not a study, but a picture, paying with the usual freedom of his subjects of the painter; the treatment is much, and very much, of Sir Joshua, and the touch is firm and bold, that one might mistake the picture for a study in oil rather than in water-colours.

(No. 11, "The Foxglove," by J. P. Naftel, is a careful study of the flower named, exceedingly true to nature.

(No. 12, "The Vicar, Nisold," by T. M. Richardson, is a very beautiful landscape. The middle distance is well managed, and the heads of the mountains lost in the sky are very finely painted.

(No. 16, "A Scene on the River Conway," by C. Branwhite, is a beautiful bit of scenery; pure English, and refreshing.

(No. 18, "Hudibras and Ralph in the Stocks," by John Gilbert, will have been made already familiar to the reader by the copy in oil, drawn by the same artist, and engraved for a pictorial companion copy. But the printing-ink and the burin of the engraver cannot render the exceeding beauty of colour, and the truth and feeling shown in the rendering of the ivy-covered wall and the foliage of the cross. The faces of Hudibras and Ralph are admirable; the depiction of knight and squire being, however, scarcely honest enough. Gilbert does not care to do much more.

(No. 19, "The Ours of Fallow-stone," by Gley Filding, is a fine picture, breezy, and full of air and atmosphere; the distance is especially natural. It, in common with all this artist's productions, is sold. The possessor of such a picture is to be congratulated.

(No. 23, "Scarborough," by C. Bentley, is an admirable sea-view. The water is motive, deep, and excellently rendered. The scene in the middle distance is, however, too crowded, without being sufficiently busy.

(No. 25, by the same artist as No. 18, previously noticed, is worthy of much praise.

(No. 31, "Evangeline at Prayer," by Joseph Jenkins, is a very pure and natural illustration of Longfellow's admirable pastoral. The figure of Evangeline, in a devotional attitude, is carefully studied and very finely painted.

(No. 34, "The Drug Bazaar, Constantinople," by John Gilbert, is the fruit of that artist's recent visit to the East. The picture bears the impress of being painted on the spot. Turkish women, merchants, and priests, wander through the sombre court. The dresses are accurate and well drawn, the feeling for the subject is very apparent, and the treatment in Gilbert's peculiar style.

Another sketch from Constantinople, by the same artist (No. 137), "A Turkish Water-carrier," is a fine study of a head in a green turban, very much resembling one of Rembrandt in its colour and treatment. The solid manner in which this artist paints, will be especially observable in the first picture, where the colour is laid on very thickly, so as to be perfectly opaque.

(No. 35, "Near Southend, Essex," and (No. 36, "Interior of a Barn, Kilsen, near Bath," respectively by George Frip and Mr. Remond, are not only pleasing, but excellent specimens of the art.

(No. 139, "Eastgate Street, Chertsey, Autumnal Evening," by William Callow, is a very fine view of part of the ancient town. The foreground is especially worthy of remark.

(No. 32, "Cutting Seaweed on the Coast of Guernsey," by E. Deacon, is a favourable specimen of an artist who has rendered himself famous for his marine pictures. The depth and motion in the water, and the colour in the sky, are very noticeable.

(No. 32, "An Interior of a Bathwater Churn, Sussex," by the celebrated artist of "The Masters of England," is painted with all his excellence, but also with all his conventionalities. The great fault with this artist is, it seems to us, that his smoothness and finish are such that he has no content, that his productions always remind one of lithographic drawings. Unfortunately, also, the peculiar brownish or bluish tints, says to keep up the idea.

(No. 50, "A Spanish Fairy," by Nancy Keyser, is so pure in tone and mild in colour, that it leaves little to be wished for, and that Filding might be expected on the drawing, the leg being too long from the hip to the patella. The face and bearing of the lady are, both undoubtedly different from those given us by Mr. Hunt, in his "Spanish Scenes," but yet bear evidence of equal truth.

(Nos. 49 and 50, "View of the South Downs, Sussex," and a View of the same of the Old Church over the World, are both very fine specimens of the master, Gley Filding. The air and breezy freshness of these are, in those peculiar English scenes, and which only a very great master in art could render as in these pictures.

(No. 61, "The Witch Actæa Charming her lover in the Bower of Bliss," is altogether weak in conception, and poor and purple in

Who do not also remember Rembrandt's sketches of poor families? It is well known that he was born at a mill, in the midst of rural scenery. His habit of studying and depicting men among the peasantry to whom he was surrounded, taught him not to despise the poorer classes, when, at a later period of his life, he settled in

best scenes. He paints the Holy Family in any poor hut, or cabin. He surrounds it with sunny splendour, and exalts the labour of the workman in such a manner as to awaken almost the envy of the favoured man of leisure, who pursues his studies in quiet retirement. Most of Rembrandt's models from the people



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN. FROM A PAINTING BY REMBRANDT.

Amsterdam. As he became more and more penetrating in his views, he showed a preference for the unfortunate and the miserable, whom others are disposed to shun. He took his models from life, which have not the refinement of superior cultivation; but he used a genius, with what a touch, with what charms of light and shade, to adorn and exalt his representations of the hum-

are not remarkable for physical beauty, but they are clothed with many moral attractions. They have a soul, and their soul is almost rendered visible by the hand of the great master.

* Further particulars with regard to Rembrandt, and other specimens of his works, may be found in vol. i. pp. 349 and 385-400.

ARENT, OR ARNOULD VAN DER NEER.



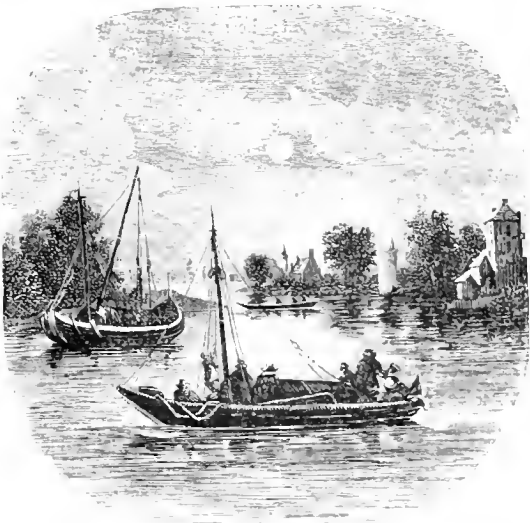
THERE is a constantly-recurring interest in an examination of the lives of Dutch painters. Apparently so similar, their diversity is

They please us in the same way that White, the historian of Selborne, delights us among writers. They are in general natural and true, even when their subjects are not always in good taste. In forming the artistic mind of modern times, it is to be wished that some of our painters would in this respect study the old men of Flanders, who sought to be true rather than brilliant. They idealised nature, they comprehended and rendered the poetry of landscape and still life, and yet they neither distorted it to serve a purpose, nor painted impossible oaks, nor trees which a naturalist would be puzzled to discover the name of.

The pictures of this school of artists have increased in value, and have been appreciated just in proportion as men have become observers of nature, and lovers of the simple and the beautiful. Mankind at first are dazzled by bright colours, an array of glitter and show quite foreign to reality; but as reason and sound conceptions make way, we are led to better notions of what is true and pure in art, as in other things.

This is pre-eminently true at the present time. Never, in the history of the world, was art more generally a favourite study. A taste for pictures, and pictures of a very high order of merit too, has penetrated to the ranks of the millions; but the painters of ordinary life are always more readily understood than those who take their subjects from past history. Mantegna is a painter whose name is familiar. His "Belsazzur's Feast" is looked upon with surprise, and almost with awe. But Landseer is understood, and more freely talked of.

The artist of whom we are about to treat is eminently calculated



real and marked. No two of them are exactly alike. They are all, however, pervaded by a quiet domesticity which has peculiar charms.

to be popular; and yet, though his pictures are in so many great galleries, the greatest uncertainty exists with regard to him. We have not his portrait, and we do not exactly know his name. Some call him Art; others Arthur; some say Arrould; and the learned M. de Burtin baptises him by the name of Arent Van der Neer. We do not know with any precision either the date of his birth, or that of his death, or by what magic in study he succeeded in the rare and difficult art of rendering night effects with so much poetry and truth.

The historians of the day do not condescend to speak of him; and Descamps himself, who wrote at a period when the paintings of Van der Neer were already celebrated, has only given him two or three lines in a short biography of Eglon Van der Neer, speaking of the father *à propos* of the son, as if so eminent a landscape-painter were not worthy of a frame to himself.

Van der Neer was the painter of winters and fires; but he was also the painter of the melancholy beauty of night. He loved and studied night, of which the poet, Young, thus says:—

“Night, sable goddess! from her chon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o’er a slumbering world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. ’Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause—
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.”

The life of this solitary and unknown artist was passed wholly in contemplating landscapes sleeping 'neath the moon, when it shows itself from behind a wooded hill, or when it rises behind a pool bordered by huts, or fired by a handlet. From the first sign of twilight to that undecided and mysterious hour, which the delicate La Fontaine has painted so pleasingly in one line:—

“Lorsque n’étant pas nuit, il n’est pas encore jour.”

when we observe passing before us, like a panorama in the sky, a slow and solemn succession of peaceful *tableaux*, which appear monotonous to the ordinary man who has only noticed them once, but which, to the judicious and romantic artist, present an infinite variety of effects and shades. We are familiar with artists who have improvised moonlight effects with ability, either by means of a few dashes of black and white pencil upon azure paper, or by some pencil-strokes learnt by heart, and cleverly dashed off upon a blue ground, with accessories of architecture, and some gently-rippling water. Those who have seen these rapid pencil sketches dashed off, will with difficulty be persuaded, at all events will scarcely understand, how Van der Neer has been able to see in the course of the night and in its aspects almost as much variety as Joseph Vernet in day effects—that he even noted the different hours of the night so distinctly, that on examination we can really recognise them. This is indeed what has made Van der Neer a painter of the very first order of merit in his peculiar way.

The study of the effects which are produced at night by lights and shadows has introduced into painting one of the great and successful charms of poetry, and that is mystery. Certain landscapes which, in the broad daylight, would have been completely wanting in interest, are wrapped at night in fantastic tints, are elevated to lofty proportions by the way in which the shadows stand and fall, and are idealised beneath the influence of these pale lights, which, no longer illumining and showing the ordinary life of man, make the earth appear more tranquil and great, and water more solemn and vast in its effect. What a picture does Shakespeare give us of moonlight:—

“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st,
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.”

We all know the effect of moonlight scenes upon our own individual emotions. If in the silence of the country we suddenly discover a little glimmer of light from the window of a hut; if presently, behind the distant trees of that sleeping landscape, we fancy we behold a cavalier gliding away like a ghost, how many emotions rise within us, and how ready are we to cry—

“What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit’st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?”

Such a picture, and such a subject, finds us prepared to be interested and attentive. Why does that lamp burn at such an hour? Is it that some terrible drama is being prepared; or is there sickness—a watching mother, a babe near to death? No matter what; we are interested. And then why is that man creeping along as if afraid to be seen? Imagination—which would have been quite tranquil had such a thing been noted in the day—when “the moon is up, and yet it is not night,” for “sunset divides the sky with her,” is moved and warmed directly there appears that veil of mystery which always attends the movements of night. All seems to become greater, to be poetised under the influence of the moon; and though the earth is still, there is yet sufficient motion and life in the quickly flying clouds, reflected on the surface of the river or in the deep bosom of the sea. What strange, majestic, and sublime spectacles do we sometimes see! Sometimes the moon advances, surrounded by a procession of light fleecy clouds, which shine as she borders them with a luminous fringe; at others, leaving her court far behind, like a saddened and deserted queen, she crosses the vast plain of the air alone; sometimes, clearing her red and sulphurous disk from the vapour of the horizon, she hangs for a time suspended over a dark brown mass, until by degrees her azure forehead is quite cleared up, and she stands out upon the firmament whose dark azure is slightly dashed with green.

The moon has ever been the favourite subject of poetry; and never has it been better described than by Milton and others, whose words have suggested many a brilliant and successful picture. The crescent moon has been a favourite phase, because it presents a singular appearance in the sky. Under favourable circumstances, the whole lunar circle may be seen, the dark part appearing of somewhat smaller dimensions, in proportion to the illuminated. The appearance is popularly described as that of the new moon with the old one in her arms. It arises from the light reflected from the earth to the lunar surface; hence called earthshine; and *lumière contrée* by the French, or ashy light, on account of its inferiority, in quantity and brightness, to that which is directly received from the sun. It only serves to render the unlightened portion of the moon very faintly visible; and the dark part of her body appears disproportionate to the size of the crescent, owing to the optical illusion which the presence of a strong light creates—that of apparently augmenting the magnitude of objects. Two causes contribute to render the dark portion of the lunar disk invisible in other stages of her progress: the increase of her directly-illuminated part diffusing a stronger light, which proportionably nullifies that which is reflected from the earth; and the actual diminution of the earth itself. When the moon is a crescent to us, the earth is about full to her; and, consequently, more light is then transmitted from the earth than in other circumstances, which has the effect of then bringing that portion of her disk not exposed to the solar rays into feeble visibility. The effect is not produced when the moon is half full, owing to the cause, for the reason stated, being less influential.

Arent Van der Neer did not live in a land which was of itself much suited to the poetry of grand effects. Had he exercised his art on the borders of the Rhine, amid the accidents of flood and field presented by a varied style of landscape, with ruined castles on mountain-tops, he might readily have found landscapes naturally accessible to the majesty of night. But in Holland, near Amsterdam, Van der Neer had only before his eyes long level plains, great lakes surrounded by huts on a level with the water, common trees, and a lowering sky. Nevertheless, to this flat country Van der Neer succeeded in giving an interest quite poetical, when he painted

his moonlights; and with no other resource than clumps of trees, thatched roofs, and marshes, he had the art to produce pictures full of charm and sentiment. The Dutch easily recognise the villages he has painted. They are nearly all situated between the city of Amsterdam and that of Utrecht. As you leave the borders of the sea and approach Utrecht, you see, it is true, the fertility of the country increase, the canals are bordered by gardens, which are a kind of framework of verdure for them, vegetation is more abundant and more lively, the trees send forth more vigorous shoots, the meadows are of a brighter green, and the trelliswork of the avenues disappears under the weight of foliage. But though nature becomes brighter here to the eyes of the traveller, it still offers to the painter nothing but perspectives without life and without grandeur; and it required all the genius of Arant Van der Neer to render for ever celebrated pictures where the beauty of the model is so little compared with the power of art. One of the most famous is that which is called "The Van der Neer of Zutputz." That is the German name of a Dutch family called Van de Putte, for a long time naturalised at Cologne, to whom the picture belonged. It passed to the gallery of M. de Burtin, who has given us the following description of it, which is worthy of being read carefully, and which gives a very good idea of the general style of Van der Neer.

"It represents," says the amateur, "the village of Brambrugge, traversed by the Vecht, whose limpid and transparent waters are bordered on both sides by houses mixed up with trees as far as Nieuwersluis, from which we can see land in the distance far away in the horizon. Amid the numerous barks which ornament the river, we notice two sail-boats, one of which is drawn by a white horse, the driver of which is on its back; the other, full of passengers, is stopped near a wooden bridge over a piece of water communicating between the village and the Vecht, and from which the men gaze at the boats. Two boats are placed conspicuously in front, one with fishermen in it, the other with a peasant, who is ferrying over some oxen. Several trunks of trees lying on the ground, reeds on the edge of the water, willows, fish reservoirs under the bridge, a stockade, and some trees which hide a part of the church and houses in the foreground, add beauty to this admirable composition, in which, despite the shades of night, nothing is black, nor cold, nor dry, as in many other works of this master; but, on the contrary, everything, even to the sky itself, is warm, clear, transparent, soft, harmonious, and of a charming velvety hue. The water reflects everything as in a mirror, and the light of the moon, shed upon the right of the river, produces a very pleasing and piquant contrast to the demi-tint of the left side."

This description, leaving out some details, is applicable to many pictures by Van der Neer. These landscapes have, in truth, a family likeness, from the elements of which they are composed. They are, in general, sheets of sleeping water gently rippled by the night wind, barks which serve as a set-off in the foreground, and villages, the streets of which are planted with trees, their tranquil and stumped masses being in contrast to the clearness of the star, which of itself makes up the drama of the picture. But if there is some monotony in the way in which Van der Neer composes his moonlights—we mean in the style of managing the lines, of distributing the masses of light and shade, and of arranging the different grounds—on the other hand, what variety is there in the tints, and how many shades delicately observed, distinguish landscapes so like one another at the first glance! Other painters have reproduced the same effects, while varying their models. Van der Neer, without scarcely changing his models, has infinitely varied the effects of his pencil, or rather his own impressions. Some particular village floating on the water, with its moored barks, fishermen's nets spread out in the foreground, and the wretched clothes which are drying on the bush, has often served as a subject for the landscape-painter. But, then, the village has been studied by the artist at different seasons of the year, and at different hours of the night. Sometimes the whole magic of his effects is concentrated in the west. While the earth, wrapped in deep shadows, is yet unable to participate in the light which is rising on the horizon, some few feeble rays, scarcely visible, escape from the upper part of the luminous disk, work their way between the boughs of the trees and the rustic boats, glide over the surface of the canal, and

break in sparkling pearls over every tiny wave raised by the motion of the wind. On other occasions, having attained its utmost height in the heavens, the moon looks down upon the prairies, the woods, and hamlets, of Van der Neer, and everywhere spreading its blue glimmer, forms a great layer of light over a similar layer of gloom. Often the same landscape passes through all the degrees of twilight, and appears indistinct and fantastic at that hour when, in the absence of the stars, a mysterious veil hangs over the country, and would make the dawn of day look like its setting, if a painter like Van der Neer did not know how to seize the exact shade which separates the fresh and silvery tones of morning from the golden and vigorous tones of evening—shades and tints which can be more readily recognised in his pictures than in the engravings, admirable as they are, of Jacques Philippe Lebas, of whom we shall speak more fully by-and-by.

Nature is, in some respects, like living beings. True painters readily represent her to themselves as a woman with passions, radiant joys, sorrows, and moments of calm and unexcitement. Sometimes smiling and agitated, tempestuous and serene, she pleases, by her rapidly-changing caprices, those who really love her. Some love her melancholy, like Ruysdael; others delight in her merry moods, like Berghem. Van der Neer, while yielding to varied impressions, has followed the bent of his character, which impelled him to seek in nature only the variations of his sadder moods. Not only did he in preference choose her night scenes, but in his day-scenes he preferred selecting the winter. Often to the melancholy of his moonlights he added the additional painted excitement of night fires. His finest picture of this kind—a picture which has made him illustrious—is that which is to be seen at Copenhagen, in the gallery of the King, representing a fire seen from the grand canal of Amsterdam. Nothing more solemn can well be conceived. Between the spectator and the fire are several bridges covered by people, and the agitated outline of the crowd is relieved admirably against the sinister light of the centre of the picture. The vague colours, the uncertainty of the distant masses, the indelision of forms—of those, at all events, which are not relieved with vigour upon the fire—and the depth of space—all contribute to make the picture seem larger than it is in reality. The houses of Amsterdam, arranged in perspective along the quays, and rendered with an exactness and a charm which are quite worthy of a Van der Heyden, give the idea of a considerable town, so that upon a small canvas the picture of the fire appears immense. On this occasion, the painter has cautiously refrained from attempting a struggle between two lights, by opposing a contrast between the vast blaze and the moon. To make a sublime picture, all he needs is the night and a fire. This is, then, truly the finest Van der Neer which can be seen. The fire effect is observed twice, in the town, and in the water of the canal, which ripples and shakes, resembling a running stream of hot lava. The flames sparkle, crackle, and produce a thousand piquant effects on the windows of the houses, and wherever the waters of the Amstel reflect the sparks; but all these brilliant details are admirably toned down, and the ensemble presents a spectacle so hap-sing, so dramatic, of such luxuriant beauty, so full of life, so full of grandeur and unity, that we are rarely more affected by any production in the history of art.

"Fire," says Valenciennes, "does very well by night, when its light contrasts with that of the moon; but what is essential to produce a good effect is to paint water at the same time. Without water a landscape is dead, especially at night. Great tranquil masses admirably bring out the reflection of the moon and that of the natural or accidental fires which are introduced into a picture, like volcanic eruptions, torches, and burning houses. Nevertheless, if the eruption or the fire is too great, the effect of the moon will disappear, and in this case its light will only be necessary to the light of the fire which is to be represented. There is more charm in allowing the moonlight to predominate, and leaving the fire to be but a secondary effect."

There is much sense in these reflections; and we could almost fancy that they were a kind of criticism on some works by Van

* "Elements de Perspective Pratique à l'usage des Artistes," with advice and reflections on painting and landscape. Paris, 1801.

der Neer, if the writer had not said a little before of this excellent and admirable landscape painter—"Van der Neer has scarcely painted anything but moonlights; and he has succeeded in rendering them with a charm, a transparency of tone and colour, and a warmth of tint, which give us great delight. His waters are limpid and deep, and of astonishing planimetry. In truth, we believe we can say that this painter has most fully succeeded in rendering such efforts as those to which we allude."

A man, who loved nothing but silence and night, and who delighted in painting elegies of the moon, and who preferred the country when it was covered by ice, or feebly lit by poetic glimmerings of light,—such a man, we say, must have lived and died obscure. It is, therefore, not surprising that we know nothing of his private life, of his habits, nor of how he began to be a painter. Some have thought that Albert Cuyp was his master; but this is scarcely likely, if we recollect that Albert Cuyp often painted in the figures of Van der Neer's landscapes. It is very unlikely that

and which bears as its title, "The Life and Works of Dutch and Flemish Painters," has little to say of Van der Neer. "Some foreign writers fix the date of his birth," he says, "in 1619; others in 1613; and that of his death in 1683. With Haber," we may allow that the time at which he flourished was 1660. These same writers, Pilkington and others, fancy that he was born at Amsterdam. It is beyond a doubt that he lived for a long time in this city—a great number of his landscapes, chiefly taken by moonlight, representing views of villages known to be in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, and between that city and Utrecht. We find also, some similar views by him taken at sunrise, and during the day. But, in general, his paintings are moonlight effects, this being the style in which he excels, and, indeed, in which he has no equal. His pictures are composed of villages built on the borders of the water and near river-banks, where the moon is reflected on the water, and the scene is animated by ships, boats, and numerous figures. His skies are the parts in which he shows most art and



EVENING.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

the master, instead of taking his pupil for assistant and comrade, should become the assistant of the pupil; that is, that he should consent to embellish—by painting in the accessories—the pictures of one of his disciples. However this may be, and without denying that Albert Cuyp was strictly the master of Van der Neer, we believe that this landscape painter was seduced by the works of Elzeimer, which had been brought into Holland by a gentleman of Utrecht, the Count Palatine, Henri de Gondt; that he adopted and continued the traditions of this unfortunate painter; that, in fine, the love of study, and a passionate love of nature, did the rest. It is remarkable, moreover, that the Dutch historians, living in the country where Van der Neer flourished, and writing in our day, have found nothing new during two centuries to tell us about their countryman. Since Houbraken, who assures us that Arnould Van der Neer, in his youth, was major in the house of the lords Van Arkel, we must accept the theory that no new fact has come to light relative to the life of a painter so well known by his works. In fact, M. Immerzell, in the book he published in 1843, in Dutch,

beauty. His winters are also admirable and excellent representations of nature. They are very rich in composition. His colours are varied, his touch easy and prompt; and in all his pictures there is a harmony of tone which enchants. In former times, his pictures were found in abundance in Holland; and that is what explains why his talents—less common than his pictures—were not appreciated at their full value. Foreigners, taking advantage of the low prices at which the pictures of Van der Neer were sold, have not failed to fill their cabinets with them, and his works have now become exceedingly rare in Holland. They are now, therefore, sold for very high prices when they appear in public sales. In 1825, 'A Winter,' from the cabinet of M. Vranken van Lokeren, was sold for €120; it is now in England, in the possession of Mr. Henry Bevan. But another picture by the same master, engraved in the gallery of Lucien Bonaparte, under the title of

* Author of "Notices on Engravers and Painters." Dresden, 1787.

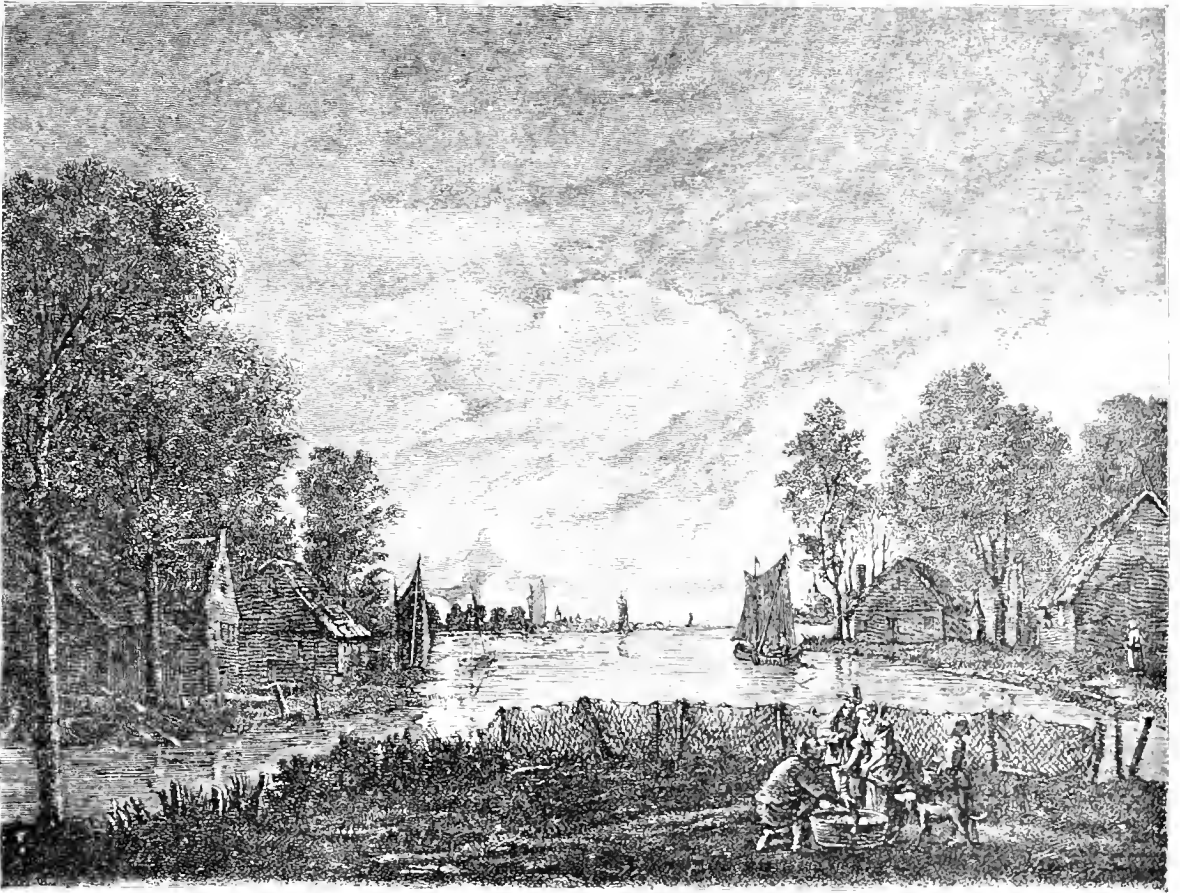
'Paese con Figure ed Animali' (Landscape with Figures and Animals), was sold by public auction at London, in 1837, for £808."

It is rather surprising that an Amsterdam writer, in order to trace the life of a Dutch painter, should be reduced to repeat what has been said about him by foreign writers. And what would have been the value of the memory of so many great painters, if they had not taken the trouble to raise monuments to themselves, and written their own history, in their masterpieces?

Winter and its icy plains, and its sad and dreary amusements, necessarily excited the attention of a painter who loved nature in her melancholy moods. But if Van der Neer is imitable in his fires and his moonlights, he is not without a rival when he represents frozen canals, covered by sledges and skaters (p. 76). He may then be readily confounded with Isaac Ostade, his contemporary. Some naked trees, with a foliage of snow, mills, boats fast in the ice,

and making it fall on the water, to the picture before and behind, and on the side, a little more faintly than in the representation of day: "in order that it may be taken for a true moonlight, and not for the light of the sun, which it greatly resembles in its sudden touches of light and its sharp shadows," with some stars shining in an azure sky, appearing here and there, even on the clouds. If we were to follow up the lessons of Nature, the moon would have to be supposed out of the picture, and would only be in the flat masses, the doubled and sharp outline of foliage, and the full colour of the local colours, that would be made to pass on, felt in the sky, without exposing it to the eye. We should then have to weaken the reflections, which are necessary to be by the soft light of the moon's rays as by the warm glow of the sun.

If beside these lessons of the learned painter, we place a fine night scene of Van der Neer, we shall see the difficulty of



THE RISING OF THE MOON. — FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

a crowd of skaters—some timid learners, motionless in their awkwardness, while others, launched out like arrows, cut the frozen mirror in straight lines, or turn in elegant and spiral curves on one foot. Such are nearly all his winters; and, if those of Arnold resemble those of Isaac, it is because the two masters, in their perfect *nature*, both resemble nature.

It is curious here to make a comparison—and perhaps we shall never find a better occasion for so doing—between the academic precepts of a professor and the examples furnished by an artist who allows himself simply to be guided by a sentiment of art. Gerard de Lairesse, in his "Grand Livre des Peintres," declares, that if he had to paint a moonlight, he would not be so naive that he departed from truth by following the principles which he has indicated in his representations of the sun: that is to say, never introducing into a picture the luminary itself, but only its light;

establish a date rule. In practice, however, it has occurred to Van der Neer to add the moon to his scenes of frost; but then we must say its effect is not so good. There he has endeavoured to render a bright night, and the moon is twilight spreading over the earth after the setting of the sun. As for things which possibly become indistinguishable to the eye, but the impression of the uncertainty is well expressed. The moon is not a phenomenon to be observed. When we have seen it, we are not its being merely perceived. It is not a thing which we can see in a building, as body, the first thing that we see, and which is immediately and fully perceived. It is a thing which we see in a picture, that is to say, that we see it as a picture, and not as a thing, and we are not indistinct about the nature of the thing, but we are indistinct about the nature of the picture, and we are not indistinct about the nature of the picture, as is often the case with those of Rembrandt. When

viewing a landscape like those of Van der Neer, the spectator who is not able to say whether he is gazing at the dawn or at twilight, whether it is the sun which has just finished shining, or the moon which is just beginning to shine, must be also unable to feel the proper emotions which the painter intended he should experience. Besides, what becomes of the scene if the principal actor is left out? If the star is not introduced into the picture, the artist loses all those resources which he can derive from the arrangement of the sky, when the moon plays the first part in it. For it is to the firmament that the attention is first drawn in pictures of the night. There the drama of light is going on, and there is seen the movement of the clouds which appear to carry on the life of the earth that sleeps.

"I should like," adds Lafrèze, "to render the lights more strong and the colours redder and yellower, to use torches, burning piles of wool, sacrifices, and other artificial lights, the shadows of which would be less defined than those of the moon. This, according to my view of things, would produce a very great effect, principally if these accidental lights were placed in obscure corners. But we must, above all, take care to throw over the whole more obscurity than light, and to introduce colours brighter than the sky."

To these observations of the learned professor, we prefer the simple piece of advice—to follow in all things the principles of unity. We may, doubtless, remain faithful to this principle, even if we introduce into a moonlight the fires of fishermen, the glare of torches, or any other artificial light, so that it be secondary and really subordinate, as is the case in many of the night efforts of Joseph Veret. But Van der Neer appears to us more expressive and more imposing, when, suppressing the contrasts which would attract the eye or occupy the mind, he brings down to us, in all their unity, the grand impressions produced by the spectacle of nature in the solemn hours of silence and of night.

There is in the feeling of melancholy a sweetness which appears, from their own confession, to have remained a long time unknown to the French. It is only of late years that the breath of the North has wafted to them its vague and romantic emotions. The consequence is, that the pictures of Ruysdael and of Van der Neer were never more highly appreciated, or better understood there, than they are now. Alfred Michiels thus speaks of them:—"What dreams, what wandering thoughts, rise in the mind when gazing on the canvases of Van der Neer. Above all, this painter loves the moonlight, and pictures it to us with magic ability. A slow, winding river flows through the picture. Tufts of reeds stick up along the banks; some buildings rise a little further off, and behind the huts we see the dejected line of the forest tops. The melancholy star silvers the surface of the wave; a brilliant train divides it; a pale light is reflected into the smallest creeks, now coating them with a light glazing of illumination, now giving them a tinge of white. The clouds which surround the radiant orb are touched by different shades, and a dim, religious light falls over the darkness. The queen of night is the centre and the divinity of this obscure world, the forms of which would disappear without her. The genius of Goethe could not have invented anything better."

At the time when Van der Neer painted his silent and nocturnal landscapes, nobody in France would have thought of discovering any sentiment which might have moved the heart of the painter in his productions; nobody would have written such a page. These poetic ideas were beyond the intelligence of the noble, profligate, and warlike men of those days. They were gross and profane in everything. They knew nothing of what old Martine so quaintly says, that to translate is to spoil: "J'imagine qu'il y a quelque ombre de triandise et de délicatesse au grain me-mé de la mélancholie!"

Bryan says—"Some place his birth in 1643, and it was said that he was living in 1691. The picture by Van der Neer and Cuyt, in the National Gallery, was offered for sale in London Bompard's collection, and bought in at 360 guineas; at Erard's sale, at Paris, it was purchased by Lord Pemborough for more than

double that sum, and bequeathed by him to the nation." The same writer gives an account of a son, Egzon Hendrick Van der Neer, born in Amsterdam in 1643, who received his first instruction from his father; but his taste leading him to a different branch of the art, he was placed under the care of Jacob Van Loon, a painter of history and portraits at Amsterdam. When he was twenty years of age he went to Paris, where he passed four years and painted some small portraits and domestic subjects, which are generally admired. On his return to Holland, he attempted some historical and fabulous subjects, which have little to recommend them but delicacy of colour and careful finishing. He was more successful in his pictures of conversation and gallant subjects, which are tastefully composed and carefully drawn, in which he appears to have imitated the style of Terburg and Netscher. His pictures of this description are justly held in high estimation; they are very highly finished, and though less mellow and harmonious than those of Metzù and Miéris, they are well coloured and touched with great delicacy.

Pictures by Van der Neer are very rare, and this necessarily adds to their value. Still there are some found in almost every museum in Europe, and in most of the celebrated private collections of France, England, and Germany.

The Louvre only possesses two pictures by this master:

1. "A Border of a Canal in Holland." This is an evening effect. On the right are three cows, of which two are lying down near a boat; to the left is a row of trees and houses along the canal. In the foreground is a man leaning on some wooden pilings. Further off, we see a man impelling a boat along with a pole, and, among the houses, the spire of a church. We read on a plank to the right the monogram of the artist, AV. 187. The animals, says the catalogue, are ascribed to Albert Cuyt.

2. "A Village on the Road-side." To the right are houses on the borders of a canal, and in the foreground we see the reflection of the moon and some ducks; on the road are some fallen trees, a dog, and some figures; further on, a peasant, and a cavalier followed by a footman. To the left are trees and houses, surrounded by an open fence. At the foot of a tree is the monogram of the painter, AV. 1818. This picture was bought for the Louvre at the sale of M. de Monay, the 24th May, 1852, for £270.

Dresden Museum. Three Van der Neers:—1. A little landscape, representing some buildings on a lake. It is painted on wood. 2. A Dutch landscape. The day is falling; it is already moonlight. A river, the banks of which are bordered by trees and buildings, cuts the country in two. In the distance, a large town. 3. The fellow to this. A plain, water, barks, clouds, very admirably executed. The whole makes a magical moonlight effect. Both these are also on wood.

Pinaothek Museum of Munich. A fine large picture, representing a lake in the midst of a forest, the trees of which are reflected in the water. This picture proves that the most celebrated of moonlight pictures was equally able to paint nature by daylight.

Bavliere Gallery at Vienna. "A Moonlight." We see a beautiful garden and a building on the banks of a river cut by dykes. In the distance is a town, near which some ships have cast anchor.

In the Copenhagen Gallery is "The Fire," to which we have already alluded.

Ducal Gallery of Götting. There are here six pictures by Van der Neer. In this number is one with the monogram of the artist, and the date 1643. This is also a moonlight. On the foreground is a river, with a bridge. The second is a country site, lit up by the light of the setting sun. Of the four other pictures, the majority are night effects, with the monogram M, composed of the letters AV. 18. Interwoven.

Her Majesty the Queen possesses a fine Van der Neer. It represents, as usual, the borders of a canal in Holland, with a slight effect. We see a carriage and horses; to the right, a *château* surrounded by trees; in the background, a city.

Bridge-water Gallery, belonging to the Earl of Ellesmere. 1. "A Dutch View by Moonlight." 2. "A Dutch Village and Neighbourhood by Moonlight."

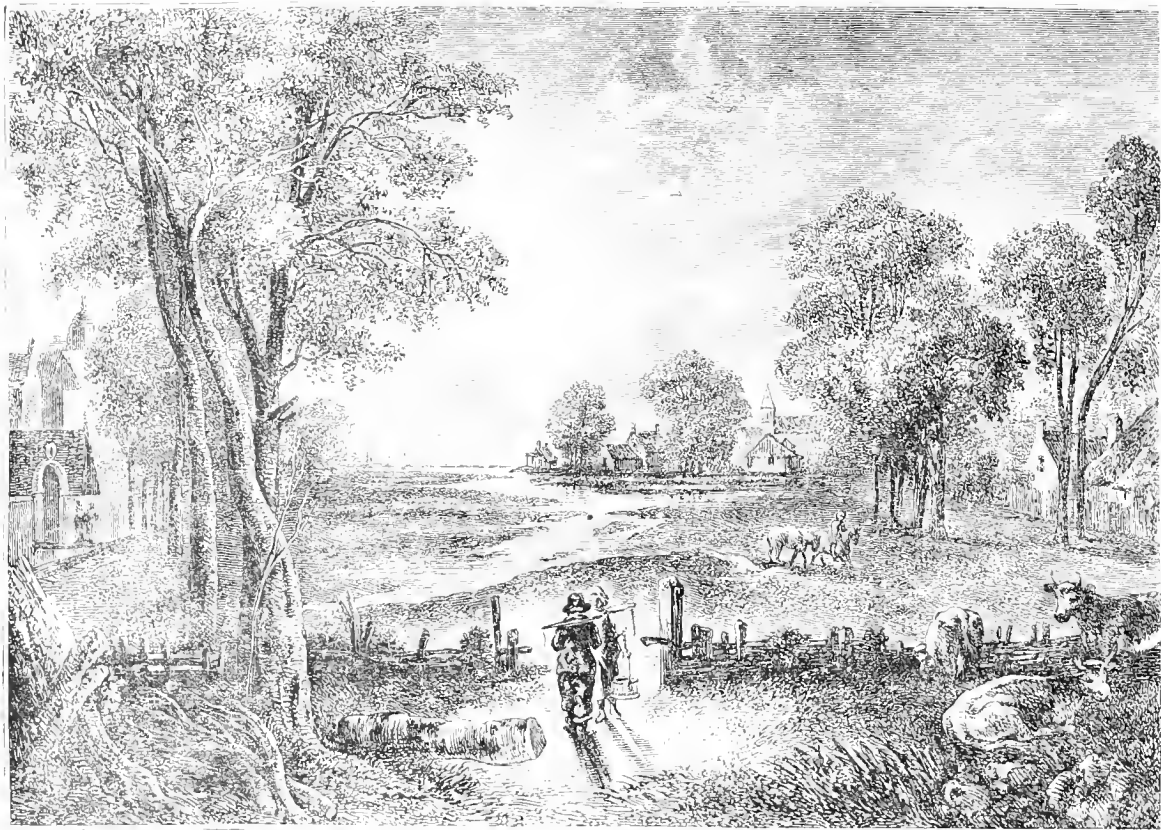
There are no Van der Neers, or very not recently, in either the collection of Sir Robert Peel, which is so rich in Dutch masters of the first class, or in the Grosvenor Gallery, or in the possession

* I fancy there is some shade of daintiness and delicacy beside the fir side of melancholy its self."

With an infinity of tact and judgment he soon saw what each one of his pupils was fit for. He employed them all, each in his peculiar way, and the best results ensued. He was an excellent master of a school. He encouraged some by steady and well-directed praise, others by ironical laudation, being a great master in the art of flattery and joking. If a young man showed any signs of being pleased with himself, Lebas complimented him, embraced him warmly, and sent him away overwhelmed with delight, until the moment when his comrades explained the true character of the perfidious flattery of Lebas. No pupil ever allowed Lebas to embrace him twice. The school was large and well attended. There were out-door scholars and boarders, that is, pupils whom Lebas fed, lodged, and taught gratuitously; they, however, giving him their time. While amusing the class by his fun and humour, he also set them an example of unwearied activity, worked every day until five or six o'clock in the evening,

the name of the master, and the usual address of the dealer. "A Paris, chez M. Lebas, Rue de la Harpe, Maison du Foyancier, à la Rose Rouge." "Lebas," says Watelet, "quite convinced that the number of connoisseurs is very small, thought that the artist whose name is oftener seen in print is the best, and the reputation he acquired proved that he was correct. But it would have been more solid had he acknowledged only those pieces which he engraved himself, or, at all events, which he had touched up after his best pupils." It must be allowed, however, that his *piquet* and delightful touch gave life, movement, and grace to even the worst productions of his pupils. At all events, such is the opinion of good judges, and especially of Watelet.

In art, as in everything else, reputation brings money. Mademoiselle Lebas saw the prediction of her husband verified. Opulence fell upon the house commenced under such humble auspices. But Lebas, a true artist, naturally disinterested and generous, used his



MORNING.—FROM A PAINTING BY A. AN. GERNEER.

without ever leaving, of those merry characteristics of mind and language, which were the most marked features of his character.

Assisted by so many arms, the impatient engraver was able to undertake and carry out many very vast operations, such as "The Ruins and Monuments of Greece," with the text of Leroi; the large view of Toulous after Toulous; the battles and camps of the Emperor of China; the festivals, rejoicings, and illuminations of the city of Havre, at the time of the visit which Louis XV. paid to it; the vignettes for the Paris Directory; and other series of engravings, some of which, it must be said, seemed rather publishers' speculations than works of art. These speculations succeeded. Lebas soon saw him self at the head of an extensive house, which had connections and correspondents all over Europe. The engraving trade was inundated by pictures bearing the name of Lebas. Landscapes and historical subjects, geographical charts, subjects from natural history, fire-works and public festivals, theatrical decorations, vignettes, frontispieces and tail-pieces for books, all coming out of the numerous school of Lebas, and bearing

fortune without precaution, without care, and without order, as many men do who have no children, and who believe themselves beyond the reach of want. Too witty, too impulsive to become a business man, Lebas, if he sold a picture or credit, took a note of it on a stray piece of paper, which he was sure to lose before the day was over. If he accepted a bill, he never thought of entering it in a book, and was in the habit of being startled by the sudden presentation of the forgotten document. One day, when, as usual, he had been surprised by one of these bills, he asked the bearer to give him till the next day. The creditor replied by a threat of protesting the bill. Lebas rose in a towering passion, seized the creditor, put him down by main force in an arm-chair, locked him in the room, and rushed out in slippers and dressing-gown. In half-an-hour he returned, having borrowed the money of a friend.

The liberality of Lebas was inexhaustible, and assumed various delicate forms. His generosity was shown particularly to artists. Having one day called to see a landscape-painter of some reputation, named Laeroix, he found him ill and short of money. Presently

thought fit to temper the habitual coquetry of his point, introduced much style into his manner, and reached a rich tone of harmony, if not the intensity of effect which Woollett had obtained.

The five hundred pieces engraved by Lebas—an enormous and almost incredible figure, when we reflect that they are pieces engraved with the burin and the sharp graving tool—did not prevent him giving himself to pleasure, to the cultivation of the world, nor from shining there by the liveliness of his fancy and the exuberance of his spirits. This amiable temperament was combined in him with a true sense of the dignity of the arts and his own self-respect. M. Hocquet, his friend, quotes many examples of this. A lady of the court, of distinguished rank, begged him to give lessons to her son, at the same time taking every due care for the young man. Lebas consented; but having perceived, from the very first lessons, that he was made to wait, and that the young nobleman often only came in to give his master a *cahnet*,* paid for very dearly, was by first refusal to receive money he did not earn. Having one day noticed in the ante-chamber a valet with a very pleasing countenance, he ordered him to announce him in the mother's apartment. "Madame," said he on entering, "I wish you to allow me, when Monsieur the — is not prepared or not inclined to take his lesson, to allow me to give it to this young man," pointing to the lackey; "I shall then not lose my time, nor will you, madame, lose your money; and as your lackey will take lessons much oftener than his master, he will derive more advantage than him, and will soon know enough for Monsieur the — to continue his studies under him, and learn all that you appear to wish he should learn." The proposition of Lebas was received as he anticipated, and the master took his leave of his noble pupil.

A few years before his death, a noble lord having lent him a picture to engrave, Lebas, when the plate was finished, asked permission of the proprietor of the original to dedicate the production to him as a testimony of his gratitude. The reply he received was, that permission was granted to him on condition that the affair cost nothing to the person who accepted the dedication. "I will make a present to Monsieur," said Lebas, "of the right to call himself the protector of artists; and will give him an engraving framed with his arms, and twelve copies as a proof of his title!" Haughty with the great, Lebas was delightful with his equals and with the humble. In their company, he laughed at his obscure birth; and if he took upon himself to criticise the wig of a visitor or the hair of a portrait, he would add in the simplest tone possible, "I know something about it; I am the son of a hairdresser."

Portraits were not in the style of Lebas. He was, in general, rather weak in them. That of the painter Chzes, which he executed for his reception to the Academy in 1750, did not merit the reception it met with. It was the custom at that time to require, that candidates who presented themselves to be received in the class of engravers, should execute the portraits of two academicians, the plates of those received being the property of the Academy. Lebas competed for the prize, and sent the two portraits of Jacques Chzes (after Avod) and of Robert Lemblin, after Drouais. But Lebas failed in his attempt, less from the error of his burin than from the imprudence of his tongue. Some words imprudently uttered by him with regard to an academy man, were repeated to this person by a called a friend, such as are always to be feared; so that on the day of admission our academicians made a bitter criticism on the work of Lebas, and by chance found in his pocket a letter, with which he had scribbled up and demonstrated the defects. According to this important critic, the engraving had too many faults; and it was really like the coquetry and impudence of M. Jacques Philippe Lebas to have said the day before to his pupils: "Tomorrow, gentlemen, you will be received at the Academy!" So Lebas was rejected, but not without violent protestations from the minority. Dumont le Romain went so far as to say, that he should like to see a pencil put into the hands of any of those gen-

tlemen and Lebas. He was certain that the engraver would beat them all.

It was thirteen years after this failure that our artist presented himself again. This time the Academy departed from its ordinary rules in favour of Lebas; and, instead of two portraits of academicians, they gave him as his trial-engraving the pretty picture of Lancret, known as "La Conversation Galante."† The picture is well known, and as much admired. What brightness, what freshness, what transparency! It seems to have been dashed off under an earnest impulse of enthusiasm, without hesitation, fatigue, or doubt—a very labour of love. The somewhat fantastic trees of Lancret, transported by him from the gardens of Watteau, were executed boldly by Lebas with his point, as the painter had grouped and massed them with his brush.

Received unanimously in 1743, Jacques Philippe Lebas obtained the following year the brevet of engraver to the king's cabinet. In 1771 he was elected "councillor of the king in his Academy," and also received, with the pension of 500 livres, granted by Louis XV. to Laurent Cars, who had not lived to enjoy it. Nothing was now wanting to raise the name of Lebas with foreigners. The reigning prince of Deux-Ponts and the king of Sweden attached him to their courts as engraver, and gave him the title.

Lebas was often accused, and not without propriety, of executing his plates in the same way that people painted fans—that is to say, with the assistance of several artists—fully up to each speciality of style. One did the heads, another the draperies, another the landscape. This was true in the case of a great many plates, to which Lebas put his double signature as an artist and as an engraver. He himself groaned over this custom, of which he regarded himself as by no means the inventor; and he sought to correct the evil effects of it by making his pupils apply to different branches of art. He had, moreover, quite sufficient tact to see their particular aptitude of style, and always showed them models of masters who could be imitated without peril, rounding them always of the words of the French fable-writer:

"L'exemple est un dangereux leurre:

Où la guêpe a passé, le moucheron demeure."‡

During his whole life, Lebas was on the best terms with artists, learned men, and men of letters. Voltaire, of whom Madame Lebas requested as a favour some pit tickets for the first representation of "Merope," sent her tickets for the best boxes, saying that he owed this mark of respect to a comrade. Lebas was intimately connected with many artists, especially with Chardin, after whom he engraved four pieces so much sought after now-a-days: "The Morning Toilet," "Good Education," "The Drawing Lesson," "Economy." One day, when he went to call on his friend Chardin, he found him in his workshop before the picture of a dead hare, which he had just finished painting. "I should like very much to have that picture," said Lebas; "but, then, I have got no money." "That can be arranged," said Chardin; "you have got a waistcoat on there that takes my fancy very much." "Done! Take the waistcoat!" (*Voilà pour la veste!*) cried Lebas. He immediately stripped off his coat, threw the waistcoat on a chair, and walked off with the picture under his arm.

We must not omit to quote, among the friends of the painter, Cochin, who, before being the friend of Lebas, had been his pupil, or at least his assistant. For a long time Cochin had gone to work every morning at Lebas's unknown to his father, whom he allowed to think that he had just begun his day, when he had already gained his *three francs* by two hours' early work. At a later period the younger Cochin made himself a name in literature, by writing on the subject of art. He had acquired great influence, and a powerful name. When it was determined to engrave "The Ports of France," which Vernet had painted for the king, Cochin was charged with the undertaking. He confided the whole of them to Lebas, reserving to himself the right of touching up the plates and sharing the profits. We read at the bottom of several of the plates, *Lebas et Cochin filius socii sculpsit aut!* But the most intimate friend of

† WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS, Vol. i. p. 161.

‡ Example is a dangerous lure: where the wasp has passed the great sticks.

* It is usual in France, when you take lessons at so much a lesson, to buy of the professor so many *cahnets* or medals, which you give to him one at a time. When you have no more, you renew the supply. The same is done in eating-houses, where a diminution in price is made on twenty dinners.

Lebas was Desamps, the author of "The Lives of Flemish Painters." A constant of the domestic quarrels, he was always the means of making peace in the family. Our readers should peruse in the *Memoirs of M. Hequet*, already alluded to, the acts and deeds of this jealous husband, who had no excuse to be so; and, above all, a certain adventure which amused the pupils of Lebas for a very long time. One day about some of his wife's walks and journeys in the town, our French husband rushed one day out into the street, called a cab, and dashed after his wife in his morning costume, which was none of the most complete. The cab, instead of following the carriage in which Madame was, followed another, which was taking a worthy abbe to the Marais. The coach stopped, the abbe got out, the jealous husband rushed furiously into the house which he believed his wife to have entered, abused the *coac'opp*, made a horrible noise, called for his wife, burst open a door and fell upon the unfortunate abbe, who, seeing the angry artist in a very simple *nightgown*, burst out laughing in his face.

The admirable woman and devoted wife, Madame Lebas, died in 1781. Her husband, who was then seventy-four years of age, was profoundly affected by her death. At an age when one wants repose, he for the first time felt annoyances, afflictions, disarrangements, and distress. His undertaking, the figures of "The History of France," which required considerable advances of money, had placed him in great pecuniary difficulties. The wretched slowness of Moreau the younger, with whom he was on odd terms, in giving him drawings for this work, which was brought down only to Louis IX.; the necessity he was under of leaving the house where his wife had just died, after living there forty-five years; all combined to overthrow the courageous old man, and he died. This event took place in 1783, just as it became evident that his "History of France" was a great success.

Amid all the annoyances of his last days, he still had some remnant of his old fun and humour. "In 1782," says Hequet, "we were at the Trianon. We were in the apartment of Madame the Princess of Montbazou, whose windows opened upon a little garden with water and fountains, where the dauphin was walking, or rather carried about, by his attendants." The little prince having stopped before the window, Lebas began, by making faces, swelling out his cheeks, and striking them with his hands, to make the child laugh. It was hinted to him that these demonstrations were not respectful, considering the rank of the child! Lebas immediately checked himself, and, turning round, addressed the heir-presumptive to the throne, who was but one year old. "I am Jacques Philippe Lebas, engraver and pensioner of your grandfather. I am delighted to have been the means of making his grands-uncle laugh." More natural than those who were silly enough to take him away from the contamination of laughter, the child showed, by its cries and lamentations, its regret at being taken away from such joyous company!"

On the 9th Thermidor, in the year IV. (1796), the National Library purchased the collection of the works of Lebas, made by Hequet, for the sum of 4120. It is a very valuable part of the riches of that great and admirable institution, which, with many defects, is so superior in many other things to our British Museum. We have the more readily told the story of Lebas's life, the whose name is put to so many engravings, with which millions are familiar—because his life has scarcely ever been written. In fact, the materials have only recently been discovered to exist, since the revolution of 1848, when some of the eminent literary men who took a part in that demonstration obtained access to certain of the archives which had been buried and lost to the world from the carelessness and negligence of certain parties. Brevet, of Jéhu, a celebrated French engraver, who has left a considerable number of pieces, executed in an excellent manner. He was born at Paris in 1708, was instructed in the art of engraving by N. Tardieu, and was one of the most ingenious artists of his time. He excelled in landscapes and small figures, which he treated with infinite spirit and neatness. He availed himself much of the freedom and facility of etching, which he harmonised in an admirable manner with the graver and dry point. The popularity of his works procured him a number of s-holders, whose talents were employed in advancing the plates which he afterwards finished and polished

with his own hand. His prints after Titians are more than a hundred.

It was a very good man in his way, and deserves a national medal; the many who have a claim to a place in the wide world history of art, which is of all sciences, even more than literature, because art requires no translation. The eye and the heart are alone required for its true appreciation and full estimate. It is an excellent and notable sign of the times that art is much valued and appreciated."

A PICTURE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, *Journ.* 1854.

PERUZZO, to whom, in this city, about which cling such memories of the past, memories of a superstitious, of a terrible, struggle for the world's mastery, and which is yet the centre of so much that is important, I have become acquainted with very many facts which, if all recorded, would be worthy of a volume. "I am fond of wandering about into the dark alleys of this 'city of the soul,' this 'mother of dead empires,' this 'Noble of nations,' which stands

"Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe!"

and, though glad at times to mix with the gay throng that crowded the halls of princes, prelates, and bankers, I have sought, according to my usual characteristics, as much as possible to initiate myself into the mysteries of humble life. I have never neglected art, that study, which, of all others, repays so well the labour and time bestowed on it; and though I have not, with Clodion, experienced "an acute feeling of pain on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo," because they owe their preservation solely to the durable material on which they are painted, I have studied them with earnest love. In fact, my days have been spent, and would be still, but that I am about to leave for Florence, in marvelling at the beauties of painting and sculpture I see around me—my evenings in wandering in Rome and the outskirts in search of studies of manners. I am, in my artistic productions, at the style of Ostade or Gyp, rather than that of our Titian. It was in consequence of this feeling of mine that I met with an adventure which I purpose recording at a future time on my canvas—the note, that it has a connexion with a countryman, and is, therefore, interesting.

I had extended my walk to some distance one evening. The night came on sadly while I was wrapped in contemplation; and, turning round, I scarcely knew where I was. I saw distinctly before me the ruins of an old tower, which told me about what distance I was from Rome; and yet I felt little certainty of finding my way. I was not sufficiently familiar with the road to trust to my guide, but after a few minutes' hesitation I set off, as I thought, along the path which I had followed in the light. In ten minutes I had lost my way. I could speak Italian, and could have asked the road, but there was nobody to ask. This made me reflect on the sage remark, that a man may be a fool in many languages, and I said many things to myself which were of a nature scarcely worthy remembering. I endeavoured to persuade myself that I was on the right road, but it was of no avail; so at last I stood still and looked around. I was near a ruin, which

"Broke upches, black as a night."

just alluded to, and I was on the point of turning back, and showing a little of the signs of my mind.

It soon found that I was alone in a little stream, as I heard, not by the noise of waters from the headlong height, but by the gentle rippling of the tiny waves. I began to suspect that I really did not know where I was. I stood still. The scene was new to me; and yet, at sight of that pile of ages long ago, as the light began to stream from our mid planet on rich business, and soil, I suspected I had seen the place before from a distance. My eyes began to assist me to resolve the doubt, and presently I distinctly saw a kind of rude hut, such as are commonly built in our districts by the peasantry.

I had now felt that I was in Rome. I had a very thought of it, but not a longer, this, and was, as usual, walking up and down on

The hut was below me in a kind of hole, and I had to descend our rude steps to this dwelling, perhaps purposely concealed, for what I knew, and I conjectured hardly safe for any one who had with him ought to lose. But I had nothing to lose, and on that score was easy. My dress was plain. I wore a blouse and cap, and my shoes were heavy and rudely fashioned. Still I clutched my stick as I turned to the hut, and approached a side whence came a light.

"Is there any one at home?" said I, in a loud and, I hope, cheerful tone.

"Si, signor," cried a rough and rather harsh voice. "What do you want? Who are you?"

"I am hungry, tired, and thirsty; and I am an English traveller and artist, studying nature, who has lost his way."

There was a dead silence for a moment—a silence I could feel, but not understand.

head, and altogether a pretty simple face that might have been little noticed but for her eyes. They were of that deep, dreamy cast which strikes the painter because they tell a tale of sorrow, or regret, or hope; at all events, always indicate some passion which it is useful for him to study.

My attention, however, was called away by my supper, of which I partook freely, all the while, however, casting glances towards the young woman, who was absorbed, I began to fancy, by some memory of the past.

"You seem partial to Englishmen," I said at last, addressing the old man.

"We have no cause to be," grumbled he in a half good-natured tone.

"Hush!" said the girl, rising and standing erect, her right hand held out;—this is the instant I hope to seize in my picture.—
"Hush, father! Do you not remember it was thus *he came!*"



THE SKATER.—FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

"Welcome!" then exclaimed a voice—a voice of touching sadness and melancholy. "Welcome, stranger: no Englishman was ever turned from this door."

I was, I confess, a little startled by this reply, but certainly not qualified than startled; and I advanced to the open door and entered the hut. It was only a hut, a poor mean building with one room, as I at first thought, and three occupants. There was an aged pair, still active and healthy, in the dress of peasants, and a young woman, not far from thirty, of handsome, yet melancholy mien, on whom my eyes were the more fixed, that she examined me with a curiosity and anxiety quite painful to behold. She then sat down by a table, and gazed with a vacant look at the wall, as I thought, it being dark, and the place illumined faintly by a sorry lamp.

The old people gave me a stool, and I had leisure to examine the young woman while they prepared a frugal meal of bread and cheese and wine, with some grapes, always welcome. She was dark, with black hair, black eyes, a small but well-shaped fore-

It was a dark and gloomy night, and he had lost his way; do you not remember?"

"Well, *cavissima*, I think I should remember it," replied the father.

"To what does your daughter allude?" said I; "if I may be so indiscreet as to ask."

The young woman seized the lamp, and holding it close to the wall, bade me look. I rose quickly and gazed at the place on the wall indicated by her, and there I saw, to my utter amazement, a delicious little oil painting, representing a young man of fair and delicate features, beside a dark-eyed beauty, which I easily recognised as the holder of the lamp in her younger days. It was a perfect little gem, and astonished me so much I could not at first speak; but presently the peasant girl calming down, I resumed my seat and entered into conversation with her. And she told me her story, I suppose, because my lips had imparted to her the secret of my birth in the land of his origin.

It was about ten years before that a youthful traveller lost his

way under somewhat similar circumstances to my own, and sought shelter in the same hut, where then dwelt Francisca Patrana and her parents. He was a gentle but enthusiastic youth, who felt grateful at once for the hospitality offered and accepted. He spent the evening in conversation, chiefly with the young girl, and went away next day, promising to return. He did return, though they did not expect it, and so often that it soon became clear he was smitten with the charms of the young girl. His visits were discouraged. He cared not. He painted the hut at first, and then, after some coaxing, the young girl, who began to take a deep interest in him.

At last he offered his hand and his heart. A romantic and fervent spirit, he knew only that she was beautiful and good. She was uneducated, but that was a delightful thing for young love to remedy. He was refused at first, because of the difference of religion; but his earnest and sincere eloquence overcame all difficulties, and it was finally settled that the whole party should at an

them, and not a single stumbling-block stood in the way of their great happiness. How she longed to see the happy land he painted in such glowing colours! and how he too desired, with pride and joy, to be the being who should open up to her its beauties and its new graces!

To marry in Rome was difficult, if not impossible. Every preparation was then made for their departure. At last the letter came, and all was ready. Just then he died. He was of a delicate, frail nature, and caught a fever, against which youth laboured in vain. He died, and left behind him one who, though not his widow, because she had not been his wife, yet was determined to be in everything his heir on this earth. She saw him to his lonely grave, and returned to her hut—saddened, blighted, hopeless, and yet—for he had conquered all her prejudices—hopeful of another world, where they must meet again.

She kept his picture, *that one*, and the lesson books he had given her; but she touched them no more: the chord was snapped that



A SEA-PIECE. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

early period emigrate to England, and there the young couple should be united. The old people heard the plan at length with complacency, and the youthful artist wrote over to his home for money to return.

All went well. He painted and taught. The young girl was apt and willing, and she learnt to read and write, and imbibed much knowledge from her enthusiastic lover. His studies were now confined to nature. He was always near the ruin, and it was in the hut in which I was listening to the tale that he painted his picture, which gave unbounded delight to all parties. And there it was, too, that she combed over her books, her grammar, and her little elementary works—a very school-girl in earnestness and devotion.

And he was never tired of teaching, nor she of learning. It must have been a pleasant and cheerful thing to see that couple, so attached, so earnest, so single-minded, pursuing their mutual tasks; he, yearning and battling for fame, she, for simple knowledge. And the time passed so pleasantly all the while, for all smiled on

made them musical. And yet I saw with what veneration she still regarded them. All efforts to make her change, to induce her to wed, were useless; she was the bride of the departed, and as such she solemnly announced herself to her parents. They combated her will in vain. She would not be comforted, and would not be left.

And thus I found her and a subject for my pencil, which, if I can ever replace, I am sure will find my name in some little niche where the smaller specimens find a fitting shelter. And then I left her next day, much moved by meeting with one to whom she could speak unreservedly of the lover who had been dead ten years, and yet whom she looked on with such freshness of memory. I saw her no more, my stay in Rome being but short; but I write this hurried letter to record the deep impression the scene made on me.

Perhaps I should have rather told of the seven-hilled city's pride, of what remains besides the cypress and the wrecked broken thrones and temples; but thus is it ever with me; the little bit of nature

makes me forget all the glories of the greatest art, because it moves my heart. Not that I despise the mighty monuments of times past, but that real life moves me more deeply when it presents itself to me in such a form, and especially—egotist that I am!—when it comes wrapped round in the enchanting witchery of a subject for a picture.

AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF CONSTANTINOPLE AND ENVIRONS.

THE East has always been the peculiar ground of the artist. Thence he has drawn his most rich materials. Martin, and Turner, and many others have made us familiar with much that is great and splendid in the fields and hills of Orient, now to be made further familiar as the scene of military operations. It is pleasing, however, to turn from the terrible stories of "our own correspondent," narrating all the horrors of war, starvation, and cholera, to the views of an artist. Mr. F. Hervé visited the land some time back as a portrait painter, and brought back, not only rich sketches of the country, but communicated much pleasing information.

He visits the place to paint; and hence it is natural that he should tell us, that though there are few spots in Europe which have called forth more panegyrics than the charms of the Bosphorus, yet the reality far surpasses all preconceived ideas. The position, the very sensation that you are between the extreme points of the great divisions of the globe known as Asia and Europe, is enough to rouse the mind to a certain degree of enthusiasm. It is hard to say on which side most beauty lies.

You gaze on palaces of the purest white marble, with doors of bronze and gilded cornices, tall minarets, rising with chaste and taper elegance beside the round and massive tower, light trellises, shaded terraces, latticed windows, all savouring of mystery and romance. Then you turn from the present to the past, as your eye catches a sight of the heavy castles of other times, with their gloomy turrets frowning on each other from the opposite banks as they peer up in solitary grandeur—here a fantastic and ephemeral style of architecture, there a heavy massive line of solid walls and lofty towers, which raise their proud heads on high.

Every form of habitation is to be found in the Bosphorus, from the habitation of the peasant to the palace of the monarch. There is the lowly fisherman's shed, formed of a few planks, pitched up and plastered together with mud and clay, with a hole to creep in and a hole to look out from, the waves oft dashing against its base, and the rain entering its roof; whilst not far off stands the Sultan's gorgeous palace, where the sculptor's art is profusely displayed, where gaudy painting and the richest carved work unite their powers to adorn the splendid monument of Ottoman pride, and its polished marble walls, its granite balustrades, its porphyry columns, are crowned by a resplendent crescent of gold. All this may outrage the pure and classic eye of the chaste architect, for we know that it is in bad taste; but the effect is most brilliant and imposing; and as there is a succession of these palaces on either shore, when the sun shines upon them, it produces one dazzling blaze of eastern magnificence.

But art alone has not lent enchantment to the view. It is not possible for us to comprehend, here at home, what nature is under the

"Blest power of sun-shine!"

in a land where it may be truly said, on many occasions:

"There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Caredred, shining in his fields of light,
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave!—one glowing green expanse;
Save where, along the bending line of shore,
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst
Embathed in emerald glory."

And all this lights up a place gifted by nature with almost sublime charms. It is nature that has given the bold and varied outline,

the rocky mazes and the myrtle bowers; she it is that gives us that gigantic and overshadowing plane-tree, the growth of centuries, and the shelter of thousands of men and herds, to gaze at and admire. See the rugged oak, the spreading elm, the weeping ash, the bright sycamore, the dark-green fig, the stately cedar, the orange, the lemon, the soft acacia, the trembling aspen, the drooping willow, the sable yew, the tall poplar, and, the loftiest of all, leaving every other far beneath, the sombre cypress, rears its aspiring stem. And then, above, there is the almost bare rock, clad at times by the hardy pine of the North.

And then, besides these and many other trees, there are fruit-trees innumerable. The mulberry and the vine are the most frequent. The latter climbs about the awnings and palisades in all directions, and producing, in almost all parts of the East, a vile compound, has been the fertile source of death in our army. The shrubs are endless and innumerable; the laurel, the myrtle, the box, the arbutus, and laurustinus are everywhere to be seen. Of the flowers it would be in vain to attempt to speak.

The palaces, harems, and villas of the rich Turk—less frequent now than in Hervé's time—and the foreign merchants, are a graceful and pleasing addition to the beauties of nature. Their gardens are perfectly fairy-like in many instances. They surround the dwellings, and then go back, getting wilder as they ascend, until they, too, reach the barren crag. There they rise, terrace after terrace, communicating by winding steps, often of marble, with beds of flowers and dark-green shrubs rising on all hands; and then the bowers, arbour, alcoves, obelisks, kiosks, pagodas, fountains, temples, awnings, lattice-worked screens and trellises.

Elsewhere upstart the blue cupolas of a mosque, very much like the Panopticon in Leicester-square, half hid by an umbrageous curtain of trees, except where the fluted minarets rise alongside the dark trees. And then from some window peers a dark-eyed Greek girl, watching the boats as they pass; or an Armenian or Turkish lady darts a modest look and drops her eyes; while Turks smoke lazily near the water, boats richly carved and gilt float by, filled by men in embroidered costumes, though now, in general, the European garb is alone seen. The boatmen alone preserve their old dress.

Well, and with all this beauty of scenery, with such a sky, and such temptations, neither Turks, nor Greeks, nor Armenians, nor Jews, nor any other of the mixed and nondescript dwellers in Turkey have the slightest conception of art, or the slightest leaning towards a study of it. The Greeks are very behindhand. They neither comprehend music nor painting, as the daubs in the inside of their churches will readily show. As to music, some Souliots were once singing very sweetly the air of "Il Pescator," and an Englishman remarked to a Greek friend how well they did it. His reply was curious. "They sing well indeed! they have some knowledge as to using their mouth, but they have no idea whatever of using their noses!" It is through the nose that the Greeks usually sing.

There have been many young Greeks sent to Europe to learn various accomplishments. Singing and painting they could never compass. We have heard Greek singing enough, and the less we hear for the future the better. What half a century of civilisation may do we know not, but the arts are nowhere in so deplorable a state as amid the ruins of temples and monuments in Greece, in Athens itself, and in the country of the Turk, where religion sets its face against every form of the art of painting and sculpture.

The prejudice is wearing away, however, and this—like everything else—denotes that there is a crisis of civilisation about to take place. The presence of the allied armies may be the cause of Turkey awaking to real civilisation, literature, and the arts, and finally to Christianity—not the Christianity of Greeks and others in Turkey, but to the purer Christianity of countries where civilisation has gone hand-in-hand with religion. Then may we hope to see even high art taking root in a country formed by nature for all that is lovely and great, and they too may produce works from which

"We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart
Reels with its fulness: there—for ever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captive, and would not depart."

As one indication of the approach of a better state of things, we may mention that, as the French army in the East is accompanied by Horace Vernet—whose business it is to produce worthy pictorial representations of any striking scenes, any remarkable objects, and any brilliant exploits that may meet his view—so Omar Pasha has an artist in attendance upon him for a similar purpose, who is said to be engaged upon a painting of the siege of Silistria, that glorious struggle in which Turkish valour, assisted and directed by the English skill of the gallant Lieutenant Butler and his friend, effectually repelled all the attacks of a Russian host, in spite of a great disparity in numbers. It may, perhaps, be some time before Omar Pasha's enlightened views on general subjects and just appreciation of the value of art are shared by the mass of the subjects of the Sultan; but the influence of his example, seconded by the high position he deservedly holds in the estimation of all, must, sooner or later, bring about this desirable result.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ART UNION.

SOME of our readers may smile at the fact of an exhibition of the Art Union of London being included in matter, great part of which relates to the works of ENGLISH MASTERS. But the article will not be so irrelevant as it might upon the first blush appear.

The object of our work is to cultivate amongst all classes in England a taste for the beautiful, and the beautiful includes, according to the sententious German, the good! It is not unnatural, therefore, that any glaring departure from the rules of Taste and of True Art should be noticed and reproved, for it is by reproof that education is promoted, and by the example of the bad that the good is inculcated.

Very few people are ignorant of the constitution of the Art Union. It is a society, instituted in 1837, and incorporated in 1846, having for its object a promotion of the knowledge "and love of the fine arts, and their general advancement in the British Empire by a wide diffusion of the works of native artists," and also "the elevation of art and the encouragement of its professors, by creating an increased demand for their works, and an improved taste on the part of the public."

That an institution having so generous and so great an aim, should have so signally failed, as this and other exhibitions will show, is more to be deplored than to be wondered at. Taste requires education, and is by no means a mere natural production. It requires also time to grow. It is not to be presumed, that because a man or a woman wins a prize at the Art Union, they should be sufficiently judges of pictures, to select the most meritorious out of so many galleries; and the fortunate prizeholder has the Royal Academy, the British Institution, the Society of British Artists, the National Institution, the Water Colour Society, and the New Association of Painters in Water Colours, to select from. It might probably happen that if the fortunate or unfortunate prizeholder had only one gallery to choose from, something like a good selection might be made; but under the present system the body of prizeholders, with a perverseness which is puzzling, clear the whole of the galleries of their dross and refuse.

It is another unfortunate circumstance that the drawing of the Art Union takes place very late in the year. Therefore, if there be a good picture by a rising artist, prizeholders are pretty sure not to get it, because buyers of taste and of art education have had the run of the galleries before them; and, moreover, to render, we suppose, any collusion between the buyer and the seller impossible, the committee of the institute have framed their by-laws in such a manner that one may be construed into a direct prohibition of the prizeholder's using any judgment other than his own—a good rule in some respects, but exceedingly injurious in others.

Thus it is, that the result is frequently very seriously injurious and noxious to British art. Those who have to choose the pictures are of all classes, and the sellers of the pictures are as various. Some there are who get a pretty good painting; but the majority are so bad, that the effect of the gallery to an eye accustomed to good art, is really very sad indeed. But, besides this evil, the Art Union has another effect. It discourages the artist who may be

very clever, but may not have sold his picture, when he sees, one with not a tithe of the talent which he has, get for his production a price which is preposterously high. But it has a worse effect upon the artist who sells his painting. Having an eye to the Art Union prizeholders, he has put an enormous price on his production, because he is just as likely to get it as a smaller one. Judges do not buy his pictures; but others do; and the prizeholder must give the full price, or else return part of it into the reserve fund of the society. We happen to know a case, when a young artist asked £200 for a picture exhibited in the Royal Academy, purposely to catch the Art Union prizeholder—a work to which, had a dealer bought it, he would gladly have taken £50. He sold his picture; and it so elated him, that his works had such prices put on them that he never sold any more. He is now in one of our colonies, taking portraits, and earning a very fair living; but a great or even a talented artist he never will be.

The pictures, also, on account of the advertisement which their exhibition affords, are obliged to be exhibited, and therefore to be chosen from exhibitions of the current year. Artists are not, consequently, allowed to paint upon commission; but, if they were permitted to do so, surely something more creditable might be obtained. In a word, as a purpose of art education for the spread of taste, this society is a dead failure; and, although it undoubtedly gets rid of a great many pictures, still there is not one out of the one hundred and ninety nine exhibited, for which we would give—and we believe there is no professional person in London would—half the price which the artist has obtained for it. From this censure we may, however, except three; and also the lithograph by Maguire; and the whole of the terracotta models, from 175 to 199, both inclusive.

A hasty run through the gallery will, we have no doubt, convince the reader of the truth of remarks which, however harsh, have for their aim the advancement of art and the improvement of taste. The society ought, without any hesitation, to remodel their rules; so that it might be an honour, instead of the reverse, to be selected by a prizeholder of the Art Union.

The present exhibition is held in the rooms of the Suffolk Street Gallery. In the great room the first picture which attracts the visitor will be, in all probability (No. 1), "Common Fare," painted by Mr. Sidney Cooper, and selected from the Royal Academy at the very large price of £367 10s. Mr. Cooper is a first-rate artist when combined with Mr. Leas as a landscape painter; but in "Common Fare," which represents a group of the poor, a half-starved donkey on a common, he, to a certain extent, fails. The landscape is unpleasant; the position of the donkey, on the apex of a hillcock in the centre of the picture, being to prominence; and the effect is, on the whole, unpleasant. Parts of the picture are unexceptionable; the sheep are excellently painted. The amount of the prize is £250, the prizeholder having added the remainder.

(No. 13), "Hippo's leaving the Common," by E. Williams, s. p., for which a gentleman has given £200, is a very common specimen of a picture manufactured without the slightest attention to nature; vivid colours and lurid greens being the staple commodity.

(No. 19), "A Scene from the Play of the Hambleback," by A. J. Simons, has, luckily for the artist, fetched £40. Had it to be sold in any sale to-morrow, it might not rise £10.

(No. 21), "The Lady of Sador," by R. S. Lander, R.S.A., has been chosen from the new institution at a price of £50. It bears the quotation from Tennyson:

"But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights."

But it is in reality a thing, but a very ill-drawn one, of homogeneity, with a pretty but unnecessary, to be sure, first mirror. What relation it bears to Tennyson's *May Queen* we cannot say.

No. 22, which hangs just below, is a contrast in every particular. It is a sweet landscape, "Evening on the Merston, North Wales," with a wild duck lying pickly over the still waters of a lake. The colour and the feeling are both good. The taste exhibited in the choice of this deserves honour to Mr. Allen. The price offered by the artist, Mr. Deane, is twenty pounds.

No. 26, "Gone and Fought," by Dunfield, is a very fine picture, which we noticed when first exhibited. We will particularly

call attention to the painting of the blackcock and the partridge. Mr. Cooper, a prizewinner of one hundred pounds, has selected it.

(No. 28), "A Fishing Village," from the coast of Normandy, by J. Wilson, jun., for which Mrs. Saunders has given one hundred and fifty pounds, is a meritorious but by no means a first-class painting.

(No. 31), "The Siesta," by C. Landseer, exhibits a girl lying upon two antique chairs. The position is awkward, and the drawing, especially the foreshortening, not well managed; but on the whole, the picture is more worthy than nine-tenths of the others.

(No. 34), "The Young Boat-builder," is so bad, that it should be gibbeted, not exhibited.

(No. 36), "The Rehearsal of the Village Choir," by F. Underhill, is the production of one, who, with more time and finish, may do much better. The faces of the young girls, whom the music-master is drilling, are very sweet and arch.

(No. 37), exhibits the sort of picture which is likely to be bought by prizeholders. It is of the genteelly pious order. Not that we quarrel with simple piety, but with its theatrical exhibition. It is called the "Mother's Prayer." A lady with a doll-like face, without one atom of devotion in it, watches over her child in bed. It

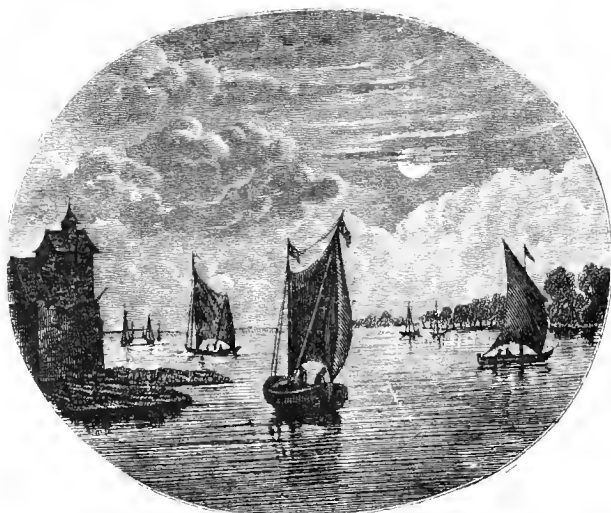
(No. 68), "The Youthful Hairdresser," exhibits quite as simple an incident; but, from the nature of its treatment, is very much better. A little girl is nailing the wig on a wooden doll, the stolid look of which gives the piece a very comical air. The dress and face of the girl are well painted by the artist, Miss M. A. Cole.

(No. 76), "Keeping Guard," by J. Hardy, jun., is interesting and well painted, with the exception of the sky, which is exceedingly murky and heavy. A dog is watching by some game, which his master has deposited near him.

(No. 84), "The Monastic Life of the Emperor Charles V.," exhibits great knowledge of drawing and a good eye for colour and arrangement. The present little picture is but a sketch, and some crudeness must therefore be pardoned. The picture is decidedly the best ten-guinea prize in the exhibition.

(No. 90), "The Brunette and the Blonde," of course being the portraits of a pale young lady, and of another with a Spanish chocolate complexion, is a work by Mr. R. S. Lander, for which he has been lucky enough to get sixty guineas.

(No. 103), "A Bible Class in a Scotch Parish School examined by a Committee of Presbytery," is one of those pictures which strike you with two subjects for wonder—the one, that it ever got hung in any gallery; the other, and the greater, that having been hung, it ever got sold; the artist mistaking coarse caricature for character,



MOONLIGHT ON THE WATER. FROM A PAINTING BY VAN DER NEER.

is calculated to touch maternal hearts, and we have no doubt that Mr. Fisher, in selecting it, was guided by his female friends.

(No. 46), "Isola die Pescatori," an Italian landscape, by G. E. Hering, is very meritorious. With the exception of a certain harshness in the shadows, it leaves little to be wished for.

(No. 54), "A Cabin in a Vineyard," has at least a great name to help it, that of Mr. Uwins. We criticised it in our notice of the Royal Academy. A mother who has left her children asleep in the *cabane* of the garde de vigne, returns to look at them. The figure of the mother is somewhat graceful, but beyond that the picture is nameless and hackadaisical.

(No. 61), "Evening," by E. Williams, sen., is excessively after the manner of a tea-board in its finish and treatment. It bears a great many more marks of manufacture than of study from nature.

(No. 66), "What shall I sing?" instances one of those prettinesses with little meaning and small skill in execution, which, nevertheless, captivate the many. A young lady in a curious dress, a mixture of modern and fancy costume, holds a guitar in her hands, and seems to ask the beholder the question which gives its title. It is perfectly unworthy both of the artist and purchaser.

and being content to exhibit a picture without tone, or finish, or colour, properly so termed, in it.

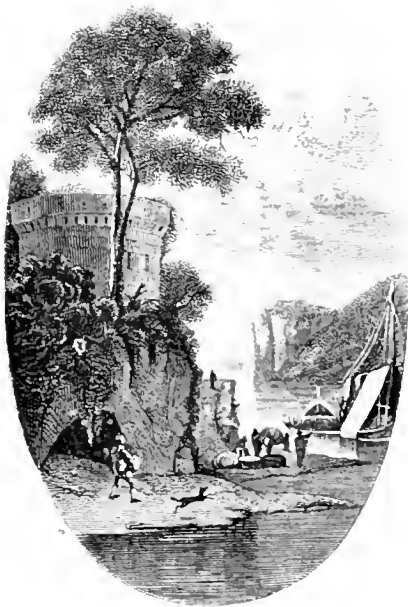
But we will not detain the reader any longer. The water-colour department of the exhibition is perhaps a little better than that of the oil paintings; the best amongst them being "A Head of a Roman Monk" (No. 186), by Carl Haag, to which we called attention in our notice of the Water-colour Society. The statuettes are much more creditable, especially "The Dancing Girl reposing" (198), and (199) "Innocence," after an original by Foley.

The print, to which subscribers are entitled next year, is not worthy even of the Art Union; the artist, Mr. J. J. Chalon, seldom producing anything worthy of engraving, and, in this instance, Mr. Willmore, the engraver, by no means doing what he should have done. Any one familiar with the works of Woollett will at once see what a tremendous distance there is between the water which he represented, buoyant, sparkling, and deep, and the heavy graver and point lines of Mr. Willmore, which look like nothing in nature and little in art. The thirty wood engravings, illustrative of "Childe Harold," promise much better; but we must decidedly register our opinion, that the Art Union is every year less worthy of its position and of the patronage it obtains. Unless the council makes some very great efforts towards improvement, the sooner it gets replaced, or extinct, the better for British art.

JOHN ASSELYN.



THERE is in Switzerland a charming writer, whose productions have all the perfume of the land in which he dwells, and all the suavity and *bombance* of the simple and good pastor of his flock.



His leisure hours are not spent in contriving gross satires, written with a pen dipped in Egyptian darkness, in the style of the bitter old monk of Meudon. No! he is no modern Rabelais. His gray

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goose-quill, or, haply now, his steel-substitute, appears dipped in the milk of human kindness, so gently, so soothing, so pleasing are his words. Excellent Topffer! may your name be more widely known, and your books be everywhere appreciated? This observing man has spoken sometimes of art; and thus does he tell of his humours and fancies.

"I select a Landscape by Asselyn. A matter of taste. This master is so sweet, so amiable, so redolent of all that is smiling and peaceful in country life. In the foreground we have a miniature strand, and some cattle drinking in the waters of a river. Goats, mares, even donkeys, are covered by the shadow of a bridge, the unequal arches of which support layers, now of blocks, now of hewn stone, some covered by plaster or cement, some concealed under tufts of grass. On the edge of the horizon the sky shines with all the temperate brightness of a beautiful evening; above, clouds fringed with gold float in a calm and deep azure. This picture has been really painted; and it is a masterpiece. Does the place it represents exist? I know not, and I do not care; for if it does not exist entire, every one of its lovely details are real and true copies of nature in her sunniest moods."

The writer of the above passage, which in the original is charming, has himself painted a picture in so many words. In so doing, he has not sought to make the painter subordinate to nature; he has rather given the man a power over nature. If it is this great power which furnishes the subject, and even more than the subject—the inspiration, still the artist must have felt and understood the inspiration. "Without Asselyn," he tells us, "nature would display her whole store of beauties, would look indeed in the warm and genial sun; but all this would be neither felt nor expressed. Without Asselyn it exists; but the peaceful, the gentle, the amiable—who will impregnate us with it?—With it him the canvas may be a view, but not a picture."

* Topffer, "Reflexions et Menus propos d'un Peintre Genevois, précédées d'une notice par Albert Aubert." Paris, 1848.

Topler loved nature; he, like the poet would cry

"I care not, Fortune, what you may deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The wood and lawn, by living streams at eye
To health my nerves and limber fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave,
Of fancy, reason, virtue thought can ne'er deprave."

None but masters ever inspire in the refined the thoughts which we have noted above, or raise any question important or interesting to art. Asselyn was a master—decidedly not of the first order of merit—but so pleasant, so agreeable, as Topler says, so lively in love with rural beauties, so luminous in his execution, that we must give him a place in the history of landscape between Claude Lorraine and Both, of Italy; and, in the history of animal painting, between Karel Dujardin and Bandoche. It will scarcely be credited by those who have at all extended their researches in art, that the name of Asselyn is not even mentioned in Descamps. Houbraken just alludes to him, and that is all. As for the other biographers, they have fallen into innumerable errors on the point. Some say that he is a pupil of Jehu Miel, some of Israh Vander-yelde. Hauns, in his chronological table of painters, fixes his birth in the year 1567; D'Argenville makes him born in Holland, about 1610. In the midst of all these uncertainties, what appears to those who have examined into the matter in modern times most likely and reasonable, from every indication and known fact, is, that he was born in Holland, about 1610, and that he was the pupil of Israh Vander-yelde, who doubtless taught him to paint battles, which, as we shall see, was one of his peculiarities. This inference we are led to draw from a passage of Sandrart, who knew Asselyn personally, and whose testimony appears to be incontestable. His words are: "Inter Amstelredamensis sublimium pictores valde celebris erat tunc quondam episcopus, quoniam admodum animalium hominumque figuras et *quodlibet* pictor. Disipulis enim fuit Isaac de Velde, artifex in hoc pingendi genere opti. Hinc comitis habebat?"* Elsewhere Sandrart speaks of Amsterdam as the country of Asselyn: *In urbe patris Amstelredamensis*†.

We are able to say with tolerable certainty, that Asselyn started at a very early age for Italy, that he travelled much, and lived for a long time at Rome, where the community of painters of his own country gave him the surname of *Crabbi* (which in Dutch means little crab), because he had a twisted hand and crooked fingers. It is a remarkable fact that this minced dwarf had an easy and ready touch—a pencil remarkable for its lightness and elegance. But, surrounded by so many masters, he fell upon two whose manner seduced him at once. These were Claude Lorraine and Bandoche. The mixture is singular; and it is rather difficult to conceive of the man who could have a passion for any two artists so dissimilar. One, grave and solemn, devoted to the study of light, and the more solemn phases of landscape; the other, from taste, a student of the crooked and the tapering—a painter who dashed upon the canvases of the humour of a tavern with a post beside a buffoon. But so it was with Asselyn. He was thus able to satisfy at the same time the impulse he felt for representing Italian nature and the natural taste which, as a Dutchman, he had for the ordinary things of life; especially

"The parlor splendours of that festive place,
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sandal floor,
The varnish'd clock that creak'd behind the door;

* "Among Amsterdam painters of out-door scenes he was very celebrated for his figures of horses as well as of other animals and men, and for battle. He was a pupil of Isaac De Velde, an artist in this style of painting, who lived at the Hague."

† "Academia nobilissima artis pictoriæ, Norimbergæ, 1685." Florent Levoite says that Asselyn was surnamed *Petits-Jean*, because of his small stature. Hence many writers have confounded Asselyn with Petit-Jean of Holland, an artist who also painted landscapes with very minute figures. But D'Argenville observes that this painter, whose surname was Bellon, died at Rome before the year 1651. He must, then, be confounded with Asselyn.

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goos,
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged on the chimney, glisten'd in a row."

Following in this respect the example of Claude, Asselyn spent much of his time wandering about the environs of Rome; not so much to study and note the objects or the sun upon the country, as to draw some of the noble ruins he met with at every step, and which he laid by as subjects to be introduced at a future time into his landscapes. Whether it was that he possessed a more intuitive and grand conception of nature—one more elevated and sublime than belongs in general to the artists of the Low Countries—or whether it was that association with Claude Lorraine had elevated his ideas, Asselyn at once showed himself possessed of a style which did not wholly prevent him from retaining his Dutch *manière*. These ruined monuments of Roman power were observed and studied by him under every phase and intonation of light, at every hour of the day; but in preference, when the sun shone in all its brilliancy. He knew them by heart. Opening his mind to the poetry of ruins, he attached himself from choice to those which remind us of the great deeds of history—the events of the heroic era. Here he would find a vestige of the home of Cæsar's venerable ruins—where trees have taken root and have spread their green boughs over the disjointed stones. There he would fall upon some arches of the ancient aqueduct of Frascati, which conducted water to the palace of Augustus. Further on, he would discover and sit for hours before the temple of the Tiburtine Sybil at Tivoli—a circular temple, still supported by mutilated columns, the Corinthian capitals of which have lost their acanthus.

The ruins of the Amphitheatre of Marcellus, known familiarly as the Coliseum, and which the Frenchman, Jacques Gillot, was then engaged in engraving with his learned and admirable point, were portrayed by Asselyn many times in all their majesty—that is to say, with their decorations of verdure, with those thousand flowers and shrubs which have started up on the steps of the amphitheatre, there, where once a gladiator expired and the roars of the brutal populace. When examining with an artistic eye the representations of the artist, we feel that poetry alone can render the beauty either of the reality or the copy. Both in presence of the picture and the ruins, who would fail to recollect the oft-quoted lines of Byron, which we scarcely make any apology for transcribing, so wonderful is the affinity between the Dutch artist's melody tints and the noble author's suggestive words!

"But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses here;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The gordian forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurel on the bald first Cæsar's head,
When the light shines serene, but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle rise the dead!
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.

A ruin—yet what ruin? From its mass
Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or been cleared?
Alas! developed, open to decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is marred,
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all your ruin have reit away."

Chateaubriand appears to have before him a picture of Asselyn, when he says, in his "Travels in Italy," "I took refuge in the Hall of the Baths, near the Pæstus, under a fig-tree which had overthrown a wall by its growth. In a little octagonal hall a vine pierced the vault of the ceiling, and its great, smooth, red, and crooked stem, climbed along the wall like a huge serpent. Around me everywhere, through these avenues of ruins, I saw beautiful

all Upper Italy. We, however, have no precise information as to the time when he visited Venice, but it appears likely that it was about 1643 or 1644. As he was proceeding on his way towards his own country, he passed through Lyons, which was then a city that abounded in painters and amateurs. The eagerness of the latter to pay their court to him, and also to buy his numerous pictures and drawings, kept him a long time in that celebrated city. Luckily for him, the innumerable treasures of his portfolio, the studies he had confided to his memory and his talent, gave him every opportunity of satisfying his admirers without copying himself.

Here it was that Asselyn felt the power of love, of true love

“Founded on reason, loyal, just and pure;”

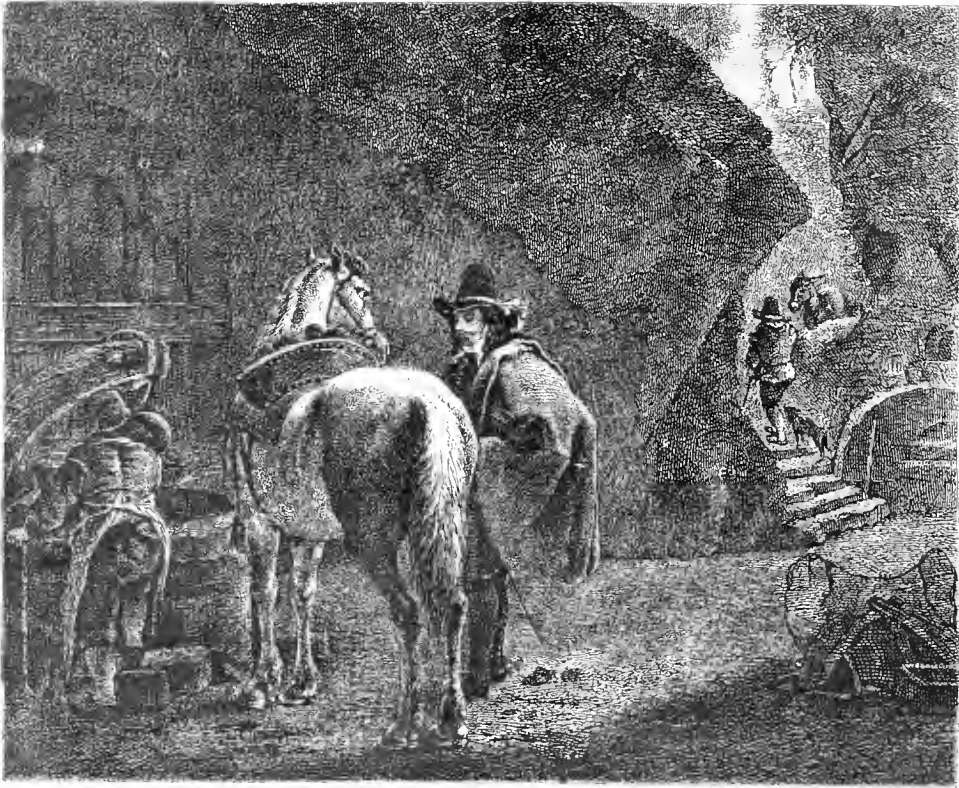
he had been tempted to yield to the blandishments of the young German nymphs, but this passion

“Swift as a shadow, short as a dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,”

passed away. Not so in Lyons. Here he met with one Houwart Koorman, a merchant of Antwerp, who had two pretty daughters.

blue tones of Breughel* and Roland Savery. Jacques Pinas, the master of Rembrandt, and Rembrandt himself, had accustomed the Dutch to effects of landscape which were rather fantastical. The manner of Asselyn, which was that of Claude, must have necessarily surprised and delighted the schools of Holland, that had never seen so much light either in nature or in pictures. They were in utter darkness as to the lands where were to be seen—

“Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling,
There poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murderous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.”



THE CAVALIER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

More fortunate than the pilgrims of the Venetian plains, the daughters of Koorman, who had placed themselves under the protection of Lucina, both found husbands. The elder had already married a painter of the Low Countries, Nicolas of Helbt-Stocade, whom Asselyn had known at Venice. He himself married the younger daughter in 1645, and the two brothers-in-law returned together to Holland with their pretty wives. “This is what Genoels tells me,” says Houbraken, “having himself heard it from the lips of Laurent Franck, an historical painter, who lodged at that time in the house of the said Houwart at Lyons, with Artus Ludinne, who was the author of the admirable sculptures so much admired at the Maison de Ville of Amsterdam.”

The productions of Jean Asselyn made a very great impression on the general world of amateurs. Their novelty pleased them. Their clear and fresh tints appeared all the more charming because they contrasted in a most unexpected manner with the crude and wild green of Paul Brill, with the no less crude and no less wild

And as at the same time, Herman Swanevelt and Jean Both returned from Italy, the rays of the great sun of Claude Lorraine illumined all the painting of the North, until the great and excellent Ruysdael, casting over the fields and meadows the melancholy and sombre veil of his genius, made them feel what hidden poetry there was in the absence of the sun and in nature covered as by a funeral pall. Ruysdael was the opposite of Claude, and with Young could cry

“Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore;
Darkness has more divinity for me!
It strikes thought inward, it drives back the soul
To settle on herself our point supreme;
Here lies our theatre; there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;

* “THE WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS,” vol. ii. p. 33.

'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out,
 'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis reason's reign,
 And virtue's too; these tutelary shades
 Are man's asylum from the tainted throng."

What proves, in a very marked manner, the pitch of fashion and favoritism to which Asselyn had reached in Amsterdam, to use the florid expression of D'Argenville, we may mention, that Rembrandt, who was either painting or engraving the portraits of all the celebrated men of his country, executed an etching of Asselyn, which has come down to posterity as one of the best and most precious productions of that great master. Asselyn is represented in the bust, one hand on his hip, the other clenched, and leaning on a table, where are placed his palette and his books. He wears a high hat, pointed and peculiar, which by no means resembles those of Clement de Jonghe, of Anslou, and the other portraits of Rembrandt—an Italian hat, of which, doubtless, our

by titles and claims never to be forgotten. Without any very striking originality, his landscapes are yet to be distinguished at the first glance from all the masters whose influence he felt, or whose manners he voluntarily imitated. If he is compared with Claude Lorraine, whom he almost directly copies, we see at once that he differs from him in style while even copying the same effects of light, the same sites. Claude copies everything that he touches; he interprets nature, giving it at the same time some of his own personal grandeur. His trees are not only those oaks and elms and larches which he may have drawn in the gardens of some picturesque villa; they become rounded, are contrasted, wavy in outline, not exactly as they are seen in nature, but as the painter would have planted and disposed them. Imagine the gardens of a Crystal Palace, with trees planted and fixed in positions by the hand of Claude Lorraine. Edifices, terraces, figures, sky, the heaven—there is nothing in Claude but what recall-



THE WATERING-PLACE. — FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

artist had adopted the fashion of Rome. While at the same time giving his model a free-and-easy air, Rembrandt has very cleverly contrived to disguise the deformed hands and crooked fingers of *Craquelin*, so that he has made very good use of a defect which would have puzzled many other painters. The background of the picture represents an easel, on which rests a landscape with some buildings worked in. This easel serves to show us which are the original proofs—that is, the proofs before letters. They are very rare.

To return to our landscape painter, we cannot but believe that it was a piece of good fortune for him to have his portrait painted by the hand of Rembrandt. It was the province and the peculiar glory of that great man, to immortalise those whose portraits he either engraved or painted. Who would have ever heard, in these utilitarian days, even of Abraham France, of the burgomaster Six, or of Coppel, if they had not been the friends of Rembrandt? Asselyn, however, made himself better remembered by posterity

at antique times—the days of Saturn and of Rhea. Asselyn, on the other hand, accepted naively the great impression produced by Italian landscape; and he, too, produced in his pictures the lovely and luminous effects. Incapable of rising to the ideal conceptions of the French painter, the reality sufficed to him; he simply admired the beauty of those Roman solitudes, where ruins cluster in every corner; he allowed those eloquent ruins to speak for themselves; and finding them, doubtless, poetical enough, he did not need to add to them the poetry of his own mind. How would it be possible to gaze with a calm and indifferent eye upon those distant remains, crowned with wild flowers, and wrapped in the mists of evening, if you could believe that you were gazing at the roof of Cleopatra's house, or the remains of the baths of Messalina at Tivoli? If never this may be, it is, above all, in the figures introduced into his pictures that Asselyn differs from his master. Those that fill his landscapes are, above all, modern, and like those we see peopling the rugged roads of Bath or Italy, or the works of Bam-

boche, and in some of the engravings of Berghem. Here it is a peasant in his sheep-skin cloak—like some Greek or Hungarian shepherd—driving an ass before him; a traveller on horseback hurrying on to reach the distant inn; or a herdsman crossing a ford with his flock, and about to seek the pasturage which may be seen at the foot of yon pretty hills, of which the wavy lines are lost in the distant horizon. And, while speaking of the figures of Asselyn, we may be allowed to reproduce the singular remark of a French critic, to the effect that, when they do not play the principal part in his picture, they may almost always be seen turning their backs to the painter, as if they were about to fly into the recesses of the picture, to hide themselves in its far-distant gloom.

We have already remarked, in an early paragraph of our present notice, that Asselyn painted battle-scenes in the style of Isaiah Vandervele, his first master. When he came back from Italy, he brought with him the rough and merry manner of Bamboche, which was so well adapted to this style of subject. It appears from a passage in Sandrart, that the amateurs of Venice, Lyons, and Amsterdam, asked him on several occasions to paint battle-pieces, doubtless with a view to combine in one picture all the excellences of so able an artist. Sandrart himself possessed one of these pictures, representing the Solaris bridge, near Rome, attacked by the Croats, and defended by horsemen covered by steel armour. Sandrart speaks highly of this picture, full of life and motion and truth. D'Argenville adds that we may readily accept the criticism of a man who was himself a distinguished painter.

If we compare Asselyn to Karel Dujardin, whom he resembles very much, we shall discover, on critical examination, that the sentiment of Asselyn is less profound, less intimate. Asselyn rarely goes beyond the exterior of things, and sticks to the taste for surface, and to varied effect, and this is the reason why he is so struck with the appearances of light. Actually burning under the heat of the sun, the country appears to him magnificent, imposing, but utterly devoid of mystery. Less grand in the whole, Karel Dujardin is more complete and admirable in his details. He allures us for whole hours by useless, but charming and seductive, nothings. He interests us in a thistle, which a little donkey is enjoying with supreme delight; and sometimes we find quite unexpectedly that he has thrown his whole soul into some at first unnoticed corner of his picture. There are, however, certain points in which the two masters resemble one another very much, which only proves with irresistible force how true both are to nature. We allude more particularly to those representations of the picturesque scenes which may be noted at the entrance of Italian inns. The stone staircase is on the outside, as often happens in hot countries; down these steps we see a Maritonne descending with refreshments for the travellers, who are cracking their rude jokes with the chamber-girl. One has remained in the saddle, and is drinking out of a pitcher; the other is arranging or plaiting the bridle of his horse, while waiting for the wine which is being fetched. The children of the house stare with open eyes at the fine gentlemen and their handsome steeds. Add to this a vine which runs up over the stairs, and then an Italian sky, and you will have a delicious picture, which might be signed either by Karel or Asselyn.

How at home Asselyn would then have been, had he visited the sunny lands of the East; and what a picture he would have made of such a scene as may be daily gazed at in some of the outskirts of certain Turkish cities, where "a large gateway," says a recent traveller, "generally forms the entrance to the gardens of these dwellings, having on each side of it stone seats capable of containing, perhaps, a dozen persons; and here the family sit at sunset regularly every evening, if the weather permit. I was much struck with this custom the first time I visited the village, as, in riding through its whole range, I saw on either side, at every gate, groups of well-dressed people, of which the greater proportion were females, and who greeted us as we passed, as Mr. Whitthall, an English merchant, to whose house I was proceeding, was known to all; therefore, salutations of recognition were exchanged with every

family from each side of the road, as we continued our course toward our destination. From the balconies of some of these agreeable country seats, the view is exquisite; beneath you lies the garden, consisting of plants of the most varied and richest foliage that fancy could have flung together; some they have whose leaves are of the deepest crimson, which contrasts beautifully with the pale-yellow and light-green, which twine themselves together and climb up the trellises, which form a sort of awning round the lower parts of the mansion; masses of beds of flowers display a bright variegated carpet, which compose a groundwork from which rise, somewhat higher, the rich and spreading vine, with its purple, clustering treasures, which, in big profusion, are seen reeling to the earth; then the dark-green orange and lemon trees, with their bright fruit, looking like spots of sunshine glittering amongst the shade; above, in broad clumps, the timber-trees extend their round masses, occasionally broken by the dark, melancholy cypress rearing their pyramidal heads, sometimes, in the distance even to the clouds."

Bryan says of Asselyn, that his pictures were in the style of Berghem. "His pencil is remarkably firm and neat, and the trees and plants are touched with great sharpness and spirit. His pictures are highly esteemed, and are worthy a place in the choicest collections."

Asselyn, despite the charm and grace of his pictures, is not counted in the list of precious masters. We mean that he is not one of those painters whose productions go on always increasing in price, such as Vandervele, Wouvermans, Both, Ruysdael, Claude Lorraine; but he holds an honourable position in museums and in private collections.

In the Museum of the Louvre are the following works of his:

1. "View of the Lamentoso Bridge, on the Teverone." A woman mounted on an ox, conversing with another woman, is about to ford the river. Several animals are also crossing.

2. "A Landscape" (p. 81); a tower, surrounded by trees and built on a rock, overlooks a river. At the foot of the rock is a muleteer discharging two mules; near him is a galley-slave pointing to two barks. In the foreground a man with a dog, carrying a packet. An excellent effect of the setting sun.

3. "View on the Tiber" (p. 92). To the left (reversed in the engraving), a mass of rocks. In the background a bridge with four arches, protected by a tower, and ending in an eminence with buildings on the summit. Herdsmen mounted, one upon an ox, another on an ass, pass the river. The effects of light and shade in this picture are excellent.

4. "A Ruin in the neighbourhood of Rome." Two herdsmen are seated by the side of a hut, erected at the foot of an aqueduct in ruins. Near them are some goats and sheep.

This picture and the preceding were in "the Cabinet of Love," painted by Lesueur, at the hotel Lambert, says the catalogue of the Louvre, prepared by the conservator Villet.

In the museum of Amsterdam is to be seen a very singular picture, painted by Asselyn. It is an emblematical composition, intended to immortalise the zeal and vigilance of the great pensioner John de Witt. It represents a swan defending her nest against the approach of a great dog; an allusion to the person and name of De Witt.

The museum of Brussels has an "Italian Landscape." This is a very fine picture, full of light and richly adorned by the human figure.

The Pinacothek Museum of Munich has a "Landscape with Figures." It represents an Italian view with buildings. Some travellers on horseback enjoy this excellent picture.

Berlin Museum. "A Seaport," signed J. A.

In the Bridgewater Gallery is "A View on the Tiber, with a lofty bridge." Herdsmen and flocks are about to pass the river by the ford.

Neither the National Gallery nor Hampton Court contains any pictures by Asselyn. They are rare also in the rich collections which exist in this country.

Asselyn never engraved himself, and it is to be regretted. But he has been successfully engraved by several, and especially by Perelle, who has given us the following subjects.

"Remains of the Aqueduct of Frascati, which carried water to

* "In pinacotheca mea ipsius manu elaboratum habet potent Solarium, prope Romam, qui a cataphractis custodibus equitibus, a Croatis oppugnatur, ubi velutatio quam proximè ad veritatem accedens summam curam exhibita est."

the Palace of Augustus?" "The Grotto of Aqueductelle, where Charles V. erected a table?" "A View of the Coliseum or Amphitheatre of Marcellus?" "Ruins of the Temples of Marius?" "Temple of the Tiburtine Sybil at Tivoli." "Remains of the House of Cicero?" "View on the Tiber (remains of the Sabine bridge and the Santo Paulo gate)."

Claessens engraved the "Horseman in the Cave," already alluded to in this notice.

Weisbrod engraved a piece representing "Travellers passing under a Roof of Masonry."

The pictures of Asselyn are very seldom to be found in public sales. The prices they have fetched in public and celebrated sales in times past are worth recording.

At the sale Blondel de Gagny, in 1776. "A Landscape." To the right and the left are to be seen houses and rocks. In the foreground is a woman dressed in blue, mounted on a white horse, with eight other figures. £98.

Neyman sale in 1776. Two fine pictures by Asselyn. "The Remains of the Temple of Peace at Rome," and its fellow picture, drawn in Indian ink, with elegant figures. £116.

Sale of the Prince de Conti, 1777. "A Landscape." In the foreground is to be seen a woman, who pours water out of a wooden bowl. She is on horseback, and the horse is drinking out of a trough. £48.

"A Landscape" and "A Seaport," with figures and animals. These pictures, according to the catalogue, were richly composed and very fine in colour. £36 4s.

Two "Landscapes," on copper; one of them representing Tobias and the Angel. £36.

The sale of Randon de Boisset, 1777. Two "Landscapes." In

one, a woman on a mule holding a bird. Next to her, a woman who is pulling on his stocking. To the right, cows and sheep in the water. In the other, two oxen, a bull, and a dog on the banks of a stream. £189.

The Sale Laperriere, 1817. "A Seaport." To the right an arched door in ruins. In the centre, the figures of several figures coloured in an agreeable manner. £44. "A Country Scene," in which a lady and cavalier, seated on the ground, are introduced. The latter held his horse by the bridle. Behind them is a servant with a loaded ass. £16.

Sale of the Duchess de Berry, 1837. "Ruins of an ancient bath, seen from an arch, under which is passing a peasant leading a horse and an ass. A young girl is leading a river, led by a little boy by the hand." £44.

Sale of Cardinal Fesch, 1845. "The Baths of Mæcenas at Tivoli." The spectator sees a covered path, a little fountain falling in a cascade into an antique sarcophagus. £33.

"The Road across the Rock." Under a spacious vault, a rick, a peasant drives before him a loaded horse and ass, to load them to a ford, which a herdsmen and two cows are already crossing. £65.

"The Watering place" (p. 85), is an excellent specimen of the style of this painter. The scene is on the Tiber.

Asselyn seldom signed his name to his pictures.

A J. A. A

HERCULES BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE.

FROM A PAINTING BY LAIRESSE, IN THE GALLERY.

We have already spoken of Gerard de Lairese, who was surnamed the Dutch Poëssin. The picture we now present by this artist is a very excellent specimen of his style. It is a familiar subject, and one which tells its own story. The fable, as given by Xenophon and Cicero from Prodicus, a disciple of Protagoras and native of Ceos, who lived about 400 B.C., runs thus:—Hercules, the celebrated hero of antiquity, when still young, and but newly his own master, lay recumbent in a solitary position, musing on the prospect of life which lay before him. Suddenly, while his thoughts were thus bent upon his fortune, two women of majestic mien presented themselves before him. One, who combined noble simplicity of manners with beauty, struck him almost with awe. She had no tricks of ornament about her. She was simply clothed in white. The other wore all the appearance of one accustomed to luxury and ease, while her face was covered with paint, and her hair full of perfume. With a proud and haughty walk, with impudent looks, and adorned by every art of the toilette, she seemed bent on admiring her own person, and gazed upon herself in the water as in a mirror. When they both came to within a short distance of Hercules, the first advanced towards him with a grave and solemn step, but was quickly passed by the other.

"Hercules," said she, "you do not seem to know what road to take. Make me your friend, and I will lead you by a gentle and easy road. You shall want no pleasures and know no pain."

"And what is your name?" said Hercules.

"My friends," replied the beautiful temptress, "call me Pleasure. My enemies, who calumniate me, call me Vice."

"Listen to me, Hercules," said the other woman. "I know whence you come, and who you are. Your education has revealed your character. I hope, then, if you follow my road, that you may shine among great men by your virtues and your mighty deeds, and that by so doing you will give renewed brightness to my name. It is labour, industry, and self-denial that make life happy and bright. If you would have the gods propitious, bow to the gods. If you wish to be loved by your friends, be generous and noble. If you ask for honours, be useful to your fellow-citizens.

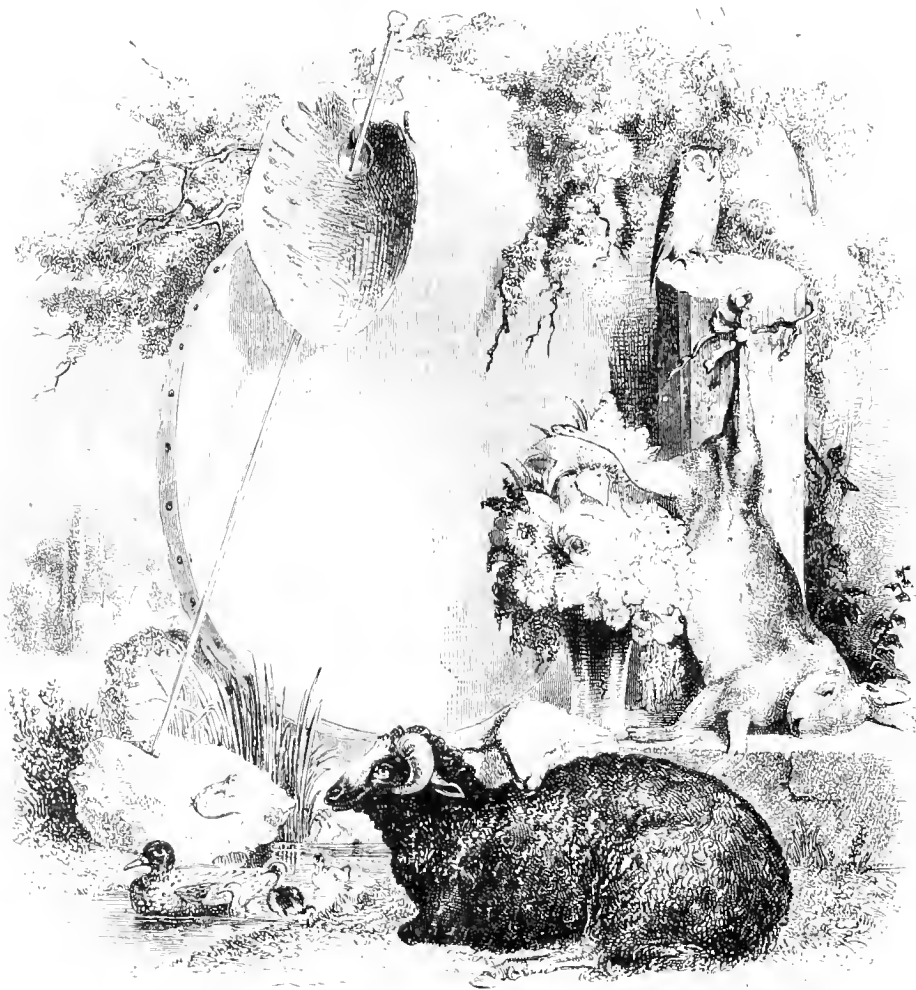
If you wish all Greece to admire you, be useful to all Greece. If you would have the earth bring you forth good fruit, cultivate it. If you would increase your flocks, watch them carefully. If you desire a robust and vigorous frame, practise temperance and habituate yourself to fatigue. If you a pine to rule your fellow men, obtain the mastery over your own passion."

"See you not," said Pleasure, "how difficult is this road? That by which I would lead you through life is smooth and strewn with flowers. Follow me to happiness."

"Be silent, wretch!" cried Virtue. "Of what happiness do you speak? What pleasures are known to you other than to eat before hunger is felt, to drink before thirst is known, to seek the couch of luxury, not for repose, but for the indulgence of illness? These are pleasures of the senses only, indulgence in which sinks man below the level of the brute creation. Your votaries, instructed by your pernicious lessons, pass their days in sloth and inactivity, and their nights in guilty pleasures, which enervate alike the mind and body. A youth of voluptuous illness is succeeded by a painful and premature old age, when palsied limbs, bleared eyes, weakened brain, and the stings of unavailing remorse, show the fearful price at which your boasted pleasures are purchased by your deluded followers. Those who know you avoid your society; while mine is sought by all the good and great, by all who wish to live and die happy and respected. The humblest of my followers is happier than the most elevated of yours. It is I who give happiness to the domestic circle; true nobility to the humble; to the great their most meritorious distinction; to friendship a true more search. It is I who cause youth to be regarded with pleasure by old age, and old age to receive the respect of youth. Those who take me for their guide never fail to obtain the favour of the gods, the affection of their friends, and the homage of their fellow-citizens; and when at last the period arrives when the soul must leave its mortal tenement, they surrender life with calmness and resignation, looking to their reward in everlasting felicity."

Hercules listened attentively, and his decision was then made. He rejected Pleasure, and followed in the track of Virtue.

FRANCIS DE PAULA FERG.*



"You are aware, sir," says Hagedorn, in his letter to an amateur of painting, "of the talents of this famous painter, of his power of

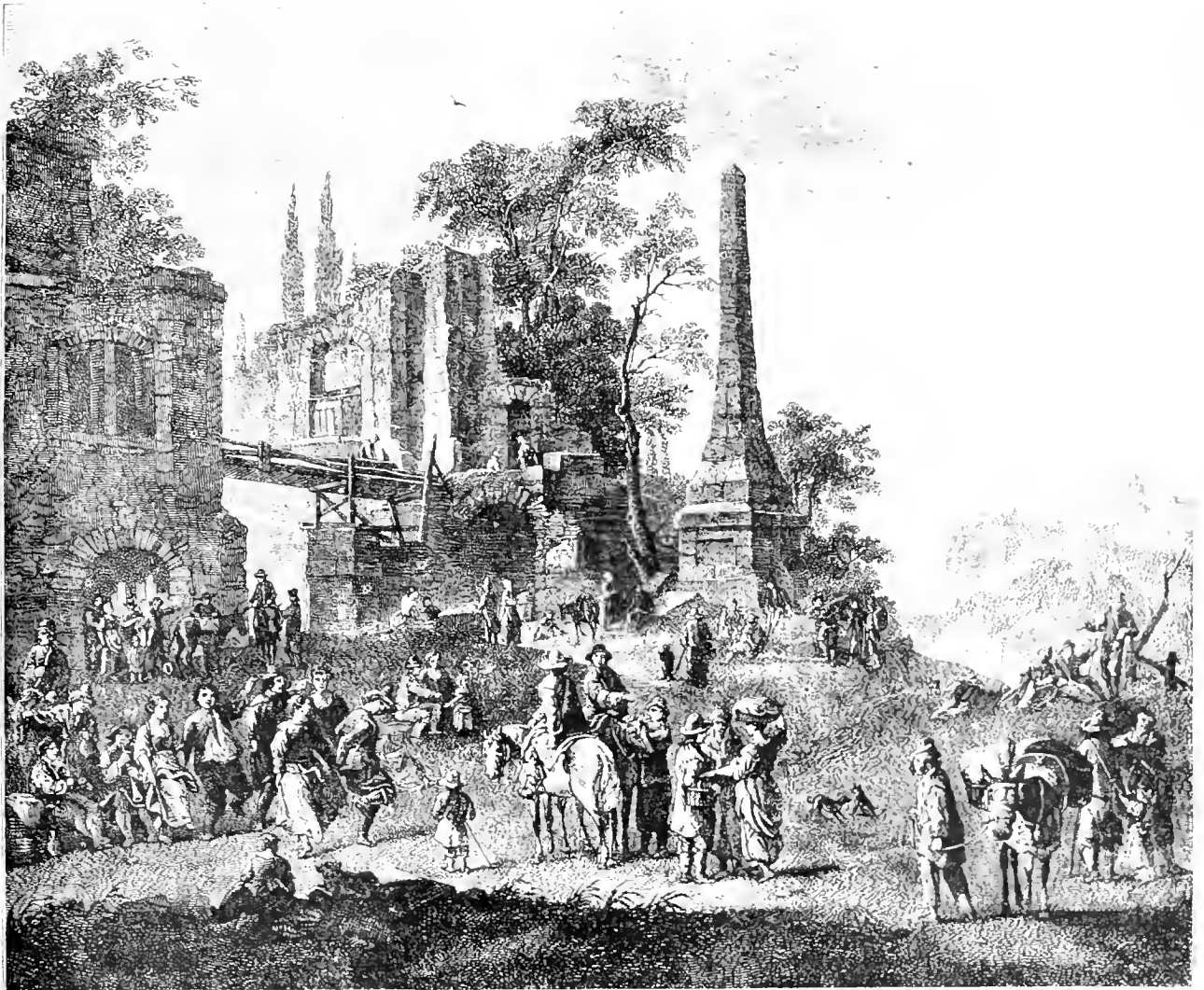
representing figures of a small size, those German dancing-pieces, where a multitude of people occupy themselves in gazing on a quack mounted upon the platform of a theatre. Sometimes the painter represents, just as you may have noticed in the pieces of this cabinet, some architectural ruin, white marble and its crevices expressed with extreme delicacy; sometimes a pyramid and neighbouring wall, with a door leading to a long arcade. Here, again, is a fountain surrounded by muleteers, who lead their mules and their horses to the water; one restive or kicking, the other trotting gently along with a village girl on the saddle, who presses her child in her arms, and chats familiarly with her travelling companions; there, in a corner of the foreground of the picture, a young shepherd chats with a shepherdess, who has left her sheep to their own guidance, or to that of a mischievous little wren, who torments a dog; and, as if to prove that there are troublesome people everywhere, even in pictures, the village lovers are disturbed by a passer-by, who asks the way."

From this animated and living description, a very tolerable idea may be formed of the talent and manner of Francis de Paula Ferg, a clever painter, very little known in France, and not even very popular in England, but very much esteemed in Germany. He was born at Vienna, the 2nd of May, 1689, and received the ordinary college education. He had almost concluded his studies when his father, Panerace Ferg, a very mediocre painter, placed him in the hands of one of his colleagues, named Baschnaber, at

* There is no known portrait of this master. The authenticity of that engraved in 1767 by J. P. Baase is contested, though it bears on it "Franciscus Ferg, se ipse pinxit Dresdae."

Wienerish-Neustadt. The selection of the father did not prove of very great service to the son, and it is really wonderful that the natural and rising talent of Francis de Paula was not wholly stifled; for his master turned out to be but a dauber, who employed him only in rough and coarse work, and taught him rather to sneer than to paint. Ferg accordingly wasted four years in the house of the painter of Neustadt; but his father, having his eyes opened, at last recalled him. It is rare that the education of artists has not been interfered with or falsified by their parents. Though a painter himself, Pamerace Ferg did not comprehend the natural taste of his son, and destined him for the higher branch of historic

Sometimes he delighted in introducing peckey, horses, and sumpter animals into the centre of a back yard full of fowls. Landscape, with him, was in general the accessory. Ferg, who was very fond of this style, and did not consider it secondary to that which he adopted, went to one of the most celebrated landscape painters in Germany, Joseph Orient, took him for a master, and, in order the better to profit by his lessons, dwelt in his house. No one could have gone to a better school. Joseph Orient combined with a lively sentiment of nature a poetical invention, which remains one sometimes of Hermann Zalt Leven, and a liking for a style which led him turn towards the heroic landscapes of Goussier. However the



THE VILLAGE FAIR. FROM A PAINTING BY FERG.

painting. This was in exact opposition to the inclinations and aptitudes of Francis de Paula. He had a natural leaning to familiar subjects and small figures. The studies he liked best were the engravings of Chollot and Sébastien Leclerc, who inspired him, moreover, with a taste for line engraving, in which he was destined to excel. But as he must first learn to paint, he entered the studio of a master well known in Vienna for his little figures, named Hans Graf, whose influence over his new pupil was decisive.

Hans Graf succeeded very well in faithful pictures. He was admirable for representing great tails in little pictures. He could people a public place, and express the moving humour of a crowd.

may be, his studies in the mountains of Tyrol had imbued him with a certain savage taste and an original grandeur, which may be up in some measure for what he afterwards learned the conventions of the schools. Orient himself painted the same little figures in his landscapes; but as he was so fond that he took a great deal of time with it, so he was so fond that he wished he had recourse to the pencil of his pupil, that by an unexpected interchange of services between the pupil and his master, Ferg painted figures in the pictures of Orient, while Orient taught him how to frame his little personages in a landscape, but it is a mere select character and not a

After living three years in the house of Joseph Orient, Ferg was

take with a fancy for travelling. He started from Vienna at the age of thirty-one, and his master, from whom Hagedorn derived all the preceding information, brought him along with him. It appears that he travelled through Germany, and stopped at the court of Bamberg, in Franconia, where his work found many admirers. Ferg, passing through Leipzig, met with a painter of Brühl, Alexander Thiele, a well-known landscape-painter, who had had to retire from nature the finest views in Saxony. Thiele was painter to the court of Dresden. He invited his comrade to come and live at Dresden with him; and, in order to induce him to do so, offered him half his salary. Ferg accepted this proposition, the more readily because Thiele could teach, and this was a bond of union between them; while the landscape painter of Brühl doubtless saw an advantage in associating himself with a comrade from whom he could pick figures with which to enrich his landscapes.

Ferg lived seven years at Dresden with Thiele; and, in fact, he often painted animals and figures on the canvases of his friends. The consequence has been, that the landscapes of Thiele—those at all events that he painted at that time, though somewhat too brown—are more sought after than those of his comrade, because of the traces which are given of the assistance of Paul Ferg. After a residence of five or six years at Dresden and in Lower Saxony, Ferg started for England, and established himself in London, and there entered into the bonds of marriage, without deriving any happiness therefrom. At first fortune appeared to be favourable to him, and amateurs, on account of the extreme finish which characterised his works, paid him a price in proportion to the time he had spent over his work. But no sooner did his domestic affairs turn out unfortunate, and the marriages of foreigners to English women, and *the cause*, generally do, than he became the prey of that race of false amateurs who, taking advantage of the distress of an artist, give themselves very cheaply the airs of a Macanus, and crush under their pretended protection, the wretch who believes himself bound to give them gratitude and thanks, despite their meanness.

The painter, discouraged, painted very little or very slowly. Ferg became at last invisible even to the amateur, whose sincere generosity might have drawn him from the sad situation in which he lived. We are told that he was found dead one morning, sitting before the door of the house in which he lived, to which he returned, it appeared, on the eve, so weak and exhausted, that he had not the strength to strike or to cry loud enough to make himself heard. The date of his death is not exactly known. It is fixed by some about 1740.

Ferg lived about fifteen years in London; and so long a residence in a country, and among a people so different from all others," says one of his biographers, could not but have much effect in mollifying his manner. Curious critics have certainly discovered this distinction, which is not wholly arbitrary. He became transparent, clear, and fair. There were some of the engravings of Ferg in his English style, in a famous cabinet, probably that of the Count of Brühl—the description of which gave rise to the "Historic Elucidations" of Hagedorn. These pictures were on copper, and had on the back the mark of the painter.

Bayan says: "He visited England in 1718, where his pleasing style, and the agreeable subject of his pictures, brought him into immediate employment. Ferg passed twenty years in this country, and might have lived in affluence and respectability; but an imprudent marriage involved him in difficulties, and kept him in continual indigence. He is reported to have been found dead in the street, near the door of his lodging, according to the anecdote, about the year 1738." M. Dechamps, in 1740, says: "The landscape of Ferg are of very agreeable scenery, enriched with architectural ruins in a very picturesque style, and bear some resemblance to the works of Berghem. His small figures are carefully drawn, and very delicately touched." Other critics say:

It would be difficult to point out, in what respect his pictures resemble Berghem."

Alexander Thiele, having executed some engravings at Dresden, after the departure of Ferg, sent the proofs to him in London, and asked him his opinion of them. Ferg replied, under the date of the 21st of August, 1725—a precious day, because it fixes a time when

Ferg was no longer in Germany—that he found the pictures very good, for a beginning, and added that he had serious intentions of executing eight engravings himself the next winter. He kept his word. These eight pieces were engraved with much spirit, and an agreeable and fine point. The frontispiece bears the name of the painter, with this inscription, on a stone: "Capiteci di Fr. Ferg." The little figures are admirably drawn; that is to say, with that clever illuiveness which was needed for such small proportions.

As for his paintings, Ferg certainly merits the first place among artists who have represented a multitude of figures in small pictures. Berni, the well-known fellow-workman of Poussin, and old Mehuert, may be compared to him, but take a position below him. Ferg has the advantage of avoiding, or, at all events, making up for the vulgarity of his subjects by some accessory in good taste. He crowns his ships by excellent buildings, by ruins in an elevated style of art; and his colours, admirably prepared, add to an idea which is not probably poetical, the charm of that velvety brightness which was so much sought after by Wouvermans and Pouchberg. He neither omitted nor neglected any of the happy accidents supplied him by nature. His fountains, his arcades, his remains of columns, are reproduced in his paintings with shades of marble, the transparency of alabaster, the rough solidity of freestone. His touch is substantial, and yet we notice sky lights which bring up the figures and detach the groups one from the other. Hagedorn, who studied Francis Ferg well, observes, that his animals are executed with less finish and ability than his little personages—particularly in an anatomical point of view. "I could wish," he says, "that when representing white horses, he could have studied the variety of Philippe Wouvermans, rather than the evenness of Brouchelet."

There is no doubt that any man who had shown in great things as much talent as Ferg did in little ones, would have taken his position among the distinguished artists of history.

THE VATICAN AND THE ARTISTIC TREASURES OF ITALY.

"Italia! O Italia! thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty, which became
A funeral dower, of present woes, and past,
On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
And annals grav'd in characters of flame.
Would that thou wert in this thy nakedness
Less lovely, or more powerful, and couldst claim
Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress;
Then might'st thou more appall; or, less desired,
Be homely, and be peaceful, undeplored
For thy destructive charms."—Byron.

Tim, clever author of "The Real and the Ideal,"* a work full of information and valuable matter for reflection, says: "We must feel conscious of some degradation in taste, when we go from the majestic immutability of the Egyptian school, the tranquil, the reposeful, and the simply beautiful of Grecian sculpture, to the roughly attacking and savagely ferocious exhibitions of modern art in painting." There is much truth in this, and the author has so well justified his remarks, that we must feel degraded when he adds: "The fall wing are the subjects which succeed almost continuously in the present small picture-gallery of the Vatican: a woman showing a bloody handkerchief; the burial of a corpse; tearing the entrails out of a man and winding them round a roller; two men beaten to death with sticks; a dying man receiving the sacrament; and the possessed in 'The Transfiguration' of Raffaelle, which Matthew of the Diary says is disgusting."

The fact of such pictures being selected for the adorning of the walls of a gallery, which must necessarily be visited by a large portion of the educated in Europe, involves the existence of an amount of bad taste which it is painful to realise to the mind. Art must have indeed fallen low, when such are its modern masterpieces. We are told that the "St. Jerome" of Domenichino,

* "The Real and the Ideal in Florence and Rome."

serve his sacred and profane dispensation, his twin directors, who showed such taste for human slaughter, than by the erection of the Coliseum."

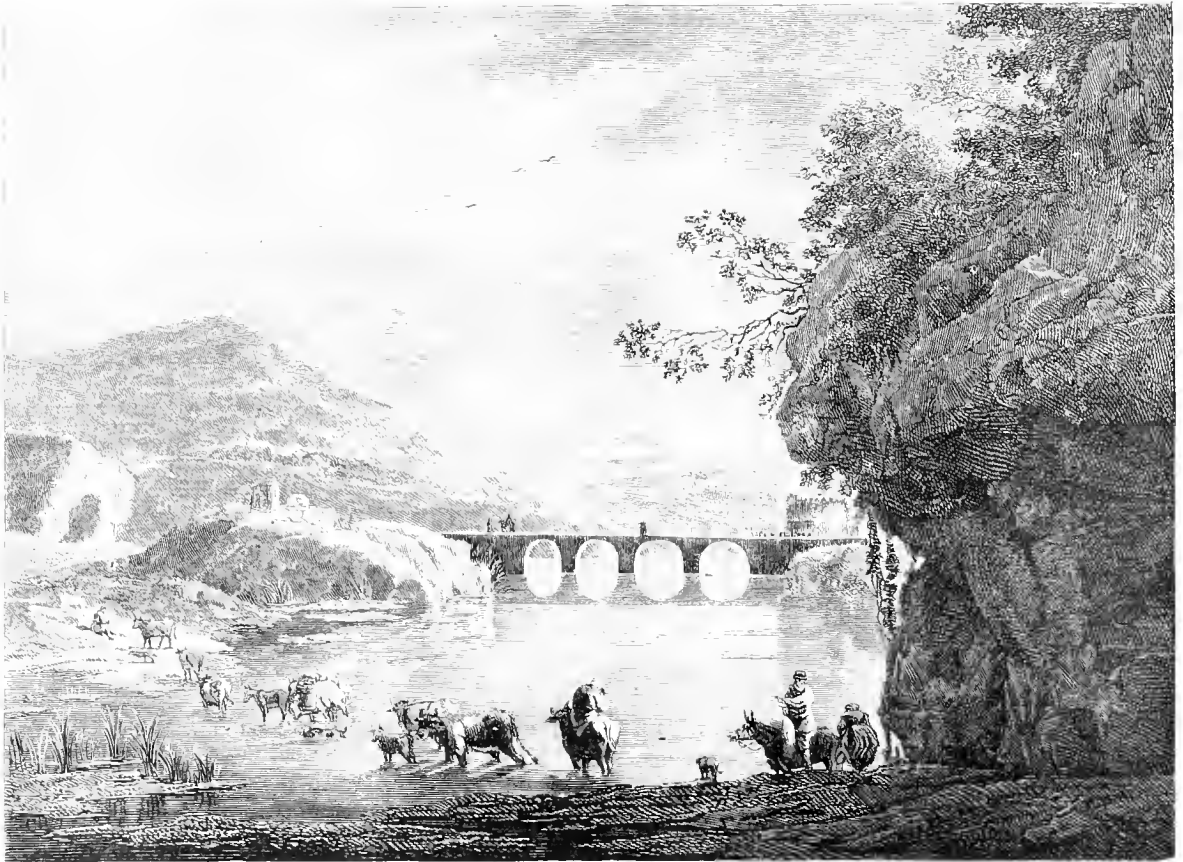
According to Winkelman, this group of a father and his two sons was executed by a father and his two sons. If this be correct, it would explain what otherwise appears inexplicable, its incongruity and disproportion of size. There have not been wanting critics who have asserted that the head of "The Venus de Medici" was the work of a distinct sculptor. We cannot accept this idea.

The *Laocoon* group was found during the pontificate of Julius II., though it was adopted as his own by Leo. The *Laocoon* and the *Egolino* are very alike in subject, and are, as it were, the poetry of the terrible. They have fed the imaginations of many, artists and poets—Agesande, Virgil, Dante, and Reynolds. But the best

stands for beauty. The only portrait of Caesar, in the form of a statue, stands beside the wolf.

"The Dying Gladiator" tells better in Rome than any other subject. It is suited to the place. The gentler subjects around are merely Grecian. Who could believe the soft and gentle "Psyche and Cupid," typifying eternal youth and beauty, to be Roman; or the matured charms of a Venus to be like a Roman matron; or an Apollo to be of the same race as the tyrant lords of the world? No! the savage faces of the brutal men of the circus better suit Rome.

The statues of the new chamber of Pius VII. are interesting, though not of the first order in fame. In gazing at the "Apollo" we admire while we are excited; the "Torso," "Laocoon," and "Gladiator," make us suffer. But when we gaze on the "Minerva Medica," to which Canova has given the name of the



A VIEW ON THE TIBER.—FROM A PAINTING BY ASSELYN.

statues are not Roman, but Grecian. We wonder when we think what Greek art might have done, had the Greeks but had a country. They invented these subjects when Athens was no longer free.

Ease, poetry, the arts, were the resources of the Greeks against despotism. When the Romans lost their liberty, they flew to the circus, to combats of wild beasts. Their arts, statuary, manners, poetry, all came from the Greeks. There was no royal road to success in the pursuit of the beautiful. When the Romans brought a statue of Hercules from Carthage, they prostrated it on the ground, so little had they the sentiment of even nobility of soul.

The Romans have had virtues given to them to which they never were entitled. They were coarse and savage barbarians until, conquering Greece, they adopted the civilisation of the captives. Their barbarism is shown in their own original sculptures, where size

draped Apollo, our mind is attuned to gentle harmonies. It is the symbol of wisdom at rest. The intellect is carried back to its sublimest heights when we admire Demosthenes, and remember how he poured forth in the forum the floodgates of his eloquence. All the statues of this room are pleasing and agreeable.

While we are on the subject of Rome, we may allude, as the opportunity may not occur again, to "the modern dead" there; all subjects for the poet, painter, and sculptor, as interesting, at least, as those of the room of Pius VII., as it is called. Rome, indeed, is boundless in its stores of wealth, intellectual and moral. What thoughts of poetry and art rise before us, when we think of the tomb of Tasso on the retired height of St. Onofrio's monastery. The words of the poet can so little be disassociated from art, of which it is a branch, that Tasso appears to be but another Michael Angelo or Raffaele, though the poet belongs to a higher dispensation, because he is a beggar and poor.

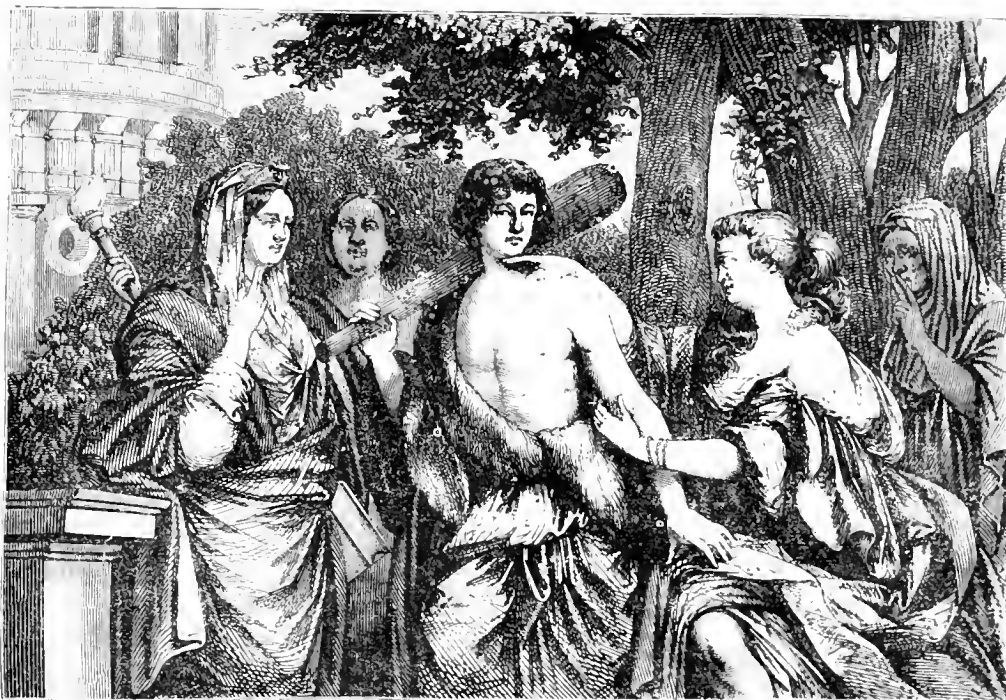
The greatest names of the world's history are its beggars. Genius has been generous to the lowly. Homer was but a galley-boy; Virgil a hanger-on of courts; Milton a poor schoolmaster; Dante and Ariosto poor; Tasso a prisoner and a beggar; and William Shakespeare worked hard for a living. And yet there are no names in history, not one, of the rich and great shall live beside them. Who is there in Rome that will have his name remembered with that of Tasso? He sang, as it were, on the wings of his soul, in his dungeon: "I weep my death, and not my death alone, but the manner in which I die: my renown is only a funeral sound, and appears to me buried with my name; I should not be consoled to have for a tomb pyramids or brilliant mausoleums—I who thought to elevate to myself the most noble monument by my verses."

And he succeeded. No monarch who lies crushed beneath a pyramid, no statuary who lives in his marble, no artist who depends on his canvas, has for his memory so secure a hold as Tasso. His name is eternal; and there is his tomb on one of the highest hills of Rome. He ever loved the beautiful. He was born

blind like a map under our feet; but, when we recollect how many students of art have gazed at that central attraction with burning hopes of fame, we cannot but be carried away by our emotions and love Rome. Soon we came to the river, which less, perhaps, than any other has felt the revolution of time.

The Tiber waters no other town. It flows dark and secret until it reaches the city, and then, having washed the walls of Rome, wends its way, desolate and unknown, to the sea. The Arno, on the other hand, which rises on the other side of the same hill in the Apennines, considering the short length of its course, flows through a populous territory, and two as glorious towns as any in Italy—Florence and Pisa.

Away we go to the Ponte Mole, by which Constantine entered Rome, and before which the road to the Vatican, the Emilian, and the Cassian, meeting before the bridge, make a wide area, where there is a house of entertainment, much frequented by the Romans in the summer. The triumphal arch and statue were only erected in 1805, as if commemorative of the Pope's struggle over Napoleon.



HERCULE BETWEEN VIRTUE AND VICE. FROM A PAINTING BY LAIPSE.

at Sorrento. He died at Rome. His name is as eternal as that of the city. It is not the few words on his paving-stone—"Here lie the bones of Tasso, lest the convent host may be ignorant,"—that ensure him remembrance, but the fragrant force of genius which never dies.

It is strange to turn from Tasso to another forgotten name—we need not linger on Poussin, which is ever remembered by the visitor to Rome. At no great distance, in the English burial-ground, is the tomb of Shelley, who lies within ground consecrated by that religion he unfortunately knew not. His ashes lie beneath a wall, underneath the ruins of a broken tower; there is a chapel formed by two broken buttresses, and there are cypresses waving over his grave. Peace be to his restless spirit!

There is an interesting monument to Rosa Bathurst, who perished in the Tiber. It is by Westmacott. Her fate is familiar to the visitor to Italy.

Everything is artistic in Rome, even the approach by Acquedante. The name is musical and poetical. Hence do we catch a glimpse of St. Peter's, letting us know that we are in sight of Rome. It is not so beautiful as the sudden appearance of Switzer-

land like a map under our feet; but, when we recollect how many students of art have gazed at that central attraction with burning hopes of fame, we cannot but be carried away by our emotions and love Rome. Soon we came to the river, which less, perhaps, than any other has felt the revolution of time.

The *classe visite*, entering the Piazza del Popolo, finds all vulgarised, tawdry ornaments, with crowds in the costume of modern times. There is an Egyptian obelisk, reminding one of the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It is dedicated to the sun, and three streets strike off from it like rays. They take you in straight and regular lines of buildings along the valleys. The buildings are not what they were. Go along the Corso to the Capitol; you will see the palace of the Austrian ambassador; imagine it, gentle reader, built from the bricks of the Coliseum. It is the largest in Rome, and fitly represents the power which has crushed Italy under the leaden influence of German sin. An interesting monument is the house of Madame Letitia, Napoleon's mother, who resided there the dead empire of France, so inexplicably revived. It is scarcely, however, so interesting as the house of Ricci, near the river, which Balzer has so admirably made us familiar with.

It is a ruin now, and was once the abode of Crescentius, a gentler reformer than Ricci, who pulled down the old without being able to reconstruct the new, no fault of his, but of the slaves he vainly tried to make into freemen.

It was the mistake of all the reformers and friends of the Roman

people to believe, that because they were born in Rome, they must necessarily be the descendants of the sterling old stock. They were nothing of the kind. They were a hybrid mixture of slaves and barbarians, unfitted by long oppression and mental bondage to comprehend even the name of liberty.

What meaning could art have for the mental? He gazed around stupidly at the statues and works of genius which had been collected by the will of tyrants, from vanity more than from taste; and they were to him no more than the riegel mill-stones of the quarries he lived in. Debased and degraded by long years of suffering, nothing but a remedy impossible in Rome could elevate him to a fitness for freedom.

Many a time before now have careless observers envied the fate of the millions born beneath the happy climate of the South, surrounded by the miracles of nature and the wonders of art, and compared them with the millions of the North, who have a more uncertain climate, and less beauty, both natural and created, to survey. It is a great mistake. Art, literature, science, everything useful and agreeable, has followed in the footsteps of liberty. In this country, the treasures of ancient art collected in palaces are innumerable. This is laying the foundation of an artistic greatness equal to any dreamt of in past days.

Debarred by climate of the rich scenery and the warm atmosphere which is the natural hotbed of taste, we northerners, by bringing around us the treasures of Greece, and Rome, and modern Italy, are elevating the taste of the millions, and exciting that public appreciation which is necessary to success. The difference between the past and the present is very great.

In past times painters owed their success to the good-will of princes. When there sat upon a throne a man of taste, able to appreciate talent and genius, there was an opportunity for art to develop itself. There was no widely-spread and discerning public to continually cherish and support a long and steady series of artists. That is what we are doing. We are educating a people; and there can be little doubt that the ultimate consequence will be, that none but really good artists will be successful. The influence of Rome, however, upon art is still mighty indeed. There, and at Florence, we must always feel that we are at least on classic ground—ground which should be visited by every one aiming at excellence in his profession.

To return to the monuments of Rome. In Thorwaldsen's monument to Pius VII. we have an admirable specimen of the statue portrait. It has been placed beside the production of David and Lawrence. Some have imagined that the angels are too much lost in the height, and are thus crushed by the much greater size of the figures below. The design, however, is simple, ingenious, and beautiful. In the one, Time is represented looking upwards, and seeking, as it were, to dive into eternity. The other represents the genius of history. The idea of the sculptor relative to religion is truly magnificent. It is a figure standing with arms bled, and a foot upon a club. Near this is Wisdom, drawing counsel from the Bible in its hand; the owl at its feet. Various have been the criticisms on this work. Volery only approves of the sleeping lion. "The lion roaring," says Rezzonico, "is not natural; the figure of religion, in stiff drapery, is feeble; and the genii appear rather enervated than afflicted."

The author of "Statues in the Vatican" says: "Bell ends fault with the lack of the 'Venus Canova,' and the slightness of the limbs. Matthews, the author of the 'Diary,' says the head is too large. The legs of his 'Perseus' are said to be too short; this is a avoiding imitation or error, as the 'Belvedere's' are objected to as being too long; and the 'Medici's' head is pronounced too small, and her make throughout is large. The acknowledged copyist of the antique, he sometimes ventures a contradiction. Thorwaldsen, without being called upon to supply an Apollo or Venus to the world, has been more lucky in challenging antiquity; his 'Venus Victrix' is superior to Canova's 'Goddess of Beauty'; his 'Jascon' certainly to the 'Perseus'; and though not aiming at immortality, not a rival of the 'Apollo' in beauty and human proportion; the 'Psyche and Cupid' of Canova are a pendant to the 'Kissing Pair' in the Capitol; but the 'Day and Night' of Thorwaldsen is an effort of poetry, which leaves behind the modern and much of antiquity."

Doubtless, the gem of Rome, the pearl of great price in statuary, the divinity of the Museum of Art in the Vatican, is the "Apollo Belvedere."

"The lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poetry, and light—
The sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal vengeance; in his eye
And nostril be titiful disdain, and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing, in that one glance, the Deity.
But in his delicate form a dream of love
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Long'd for a deathless lover from above;
And, madden'd with that vision, art express'd
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality— and stood
Star-like, around, until they gathered to a god."

There is no conception in the mythology more admirable in ideality than Apollo, the perfection of manly beauty, as Aphrodite is of womanly loveliness. Apollo is music, made a being too. When the mind fixes itself intently upon this production, when we view it seriously from an artistic point of view, nothing looks well beside it. It casts a shade of melancholy over the soul, which is wrapt in a kind of dream of admiration. The descriptions of Byron—given above—and of Winkelman burst upon our memory, and though neither conveys all we feel ourselves, they still aid us in realising its true character.

As a pagan representation of the divinity, as they understood him, this statue realises the idea to the mind better than any poetical description—better than a picture. The German critic says: "The spectator must first fly with his soul to the regions of incorporated beauty, and become the creator of a celestial nature, to fill him with an idea of a beautiful supernatural; because, as he views it, there is nothing mortal in that figure—no sign of the wants of humanity; "there are neither tendons nor veins, to move or kindle the body;" it is true that he admits disdain upon the lips. Byron describes him as "incarnate vengeance" and while Winkelman tells us that his eyes "are full of that sweetness which they are wont to display when the Muses surround and caress him," he assures us that "might and majesty flash their full lightnings" from his glance.

The very difference of opinion which has made itself manifest upon so many occasions with regard to this statue only proves its power. Its name has gone to the very ends of the earth as the incarnation of beauty. Michael Angelo and Raffaele have been the artist's disciples. Byron, De Staël, Milman, Winkelman, and others have been his high priests and expounders.

When we turn from the records of the past to the reality of the present, everything in Rome and the Roman states is study—matter for the painter. Leaving ruins, statues, temples, and palaces, and turning to the living, we find as much worthy of careful examination as ever. It is true it is a kind of idleness and oppression. But the very poorest priest is picturesque, while what can be more so than the one-horse cart of the wine carrier, with his barrels behind and his cabulet in front, made of skins, of the same skins that clad the him and made him look like a satyr? Then come strings of horses and donkeys, a very caravan, with tinkling bells, fit subject for an Asselyn; or a drover urging on his cattle to the tune of his screeching bagpipes, just like a picture by Chryp. Swine, black as Erebus, and bulls with enormous horns, complete the scene. Next, here comes a Roman nation of capacious form, and looking like a true descendant of the old stock. Tall jines, and plains, ruins, and their quailed and stunted vines, peasants living in holes like Irish cabins or red-skin wigwams, beggars in swarms, serve as subjects for the pencil of the British islanders, descendant of those men whom the Romans despised as the most savage of barbarians. Shepherds' dogs, white as Polar bears, vultures and hawks brightening the timid land, give a little animation to this land of the bygone, where the past is living and the present is dead.

NATIONAL PICTURES.

The chief means of exalting the taste of the people and giving them a thorough knowledge of the end and purpose of art, is the formation of galleries destined to receive the pictures of a nation. Nor do galleries serve that purpose only—although that were indeed a great one; they stimulate artists who behold their treasures, with the hope of having some day their works classed amongst those they behold, and of their being cherished as some of the treasures of the country.

It frequently happens, however, that the country most rich in pecuniary wealth, most capable of forming fine collections of pictures and works of art, either awakes at too late a period to the necessity of their possession, or is gifted with so little taste, that although the selection may have cost an immense sum, yet the pictures may be totally unworthy the wealth given for them, or of the honour of being placed in a national collection; and this, we take it, is unfortunately the case with England. It is only lately, indeed, by the publication of the work of a foreigner—of “Dr. Waagen’s Treasures of Art”—that the people are made aware of the immense quantity of pictures, the treasures, the superabundant wealth of art which exists in England, but of which there is as yet no worthy collection in one place.

True it is, that although many of the pictures may be worthy, the English have a knack of making a government “job” of the building, whereby the architect raises an immense fortune, and the so-called gallery is, like that of Trafalgar square, totally unworthy the name. It, on the contrary, any chance may render the place of exhibition passable; yet the pictures are for the most part so ignorantly arranged, that effect is spoilt, and the possibility of education on the progress of art entirely cut away. But as if these accidents were not enough, we find the government lavishing thousands of pounds upon a baby-house—and worse than a baby-house—for George the Fourth; and yet refusing to make room for a fine collection of pictures bequeathed to them for national purposes, which therefore fly off at a tangent, and at Dulwich form a gallery of themselves. Such, indeed, is the fact with the Bourgeois collection.

The faults of public people do not, however, excuse our own; and the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, to which we purpose a short visit, notwithstanding its total inadequacy on the score of a “National” gallery, its architectural enormities, and the faults of its conservators, is still—on account of the many very beautiful pictures which it contains—worthy of a visit, and a visit not only of curiosity, but for the purpose of serious and attentive study.

We shall not, we may premise, in our short review follow the numbers given in the catalogue, *sold, by permission of the trustees*, outside the gallery, as that catalogue contains pictures, for instance, those by Hogarth, which have for these two or three years past been moved away to Marlborough House, and there exhibited in what is called the “Vernon Gallery.”

The pictures which belong to the nation form an altogether imperfect collection, and our notice will be but piecemeal and cursory. In some masters we are comparatively rich; of others we have none; and of some but one, and that a poor specimen. Thus, of Claude we have no less than ten pictures; of Bartolomeo none; and of Salvator Rosa but one; and so on. Of our modern, and as a school by far most meritorious, English artists, we had, before Mr. Vernon made his magnificent bequest, absolutely nothing.

Of the Claudes, that known as “The Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba,” and marked 14 in the catalogue, will attract some notice. A picture of a seaport, with the sun in the midst of the sky, with about two feet of very brilliant colouring on each side of it; ruins, a sea-tower, an archway, rocks, and trees; riggings of ships, and ships themselves; all form accessories of the picture, and all are painted with but one idea—that of scenic effect. There is an utter want of learning or care in this picture. The trees are of no class or kind in nature; the rocks are such as are never seen by the seaside; the ships are carelessly drawn, etc.; but the great reparation made by this master for such carelessness lies in the colour and pleasing arrangement. The picture is nothing less than an illusive fiction.

A Correggio, marked 10, of “Mercury and Venus instructing Cupid,” has for some years been the admiration of all critics. The reason of this is sufficiently evident; for although the figure of Venus is not beautiful, and Mercury, instead of being all light and vivacity, is dull and heavy, yet the beauty of the Cupid, the excellent drawing in the form, and, above all, the prodigious beauty of colour, must win our admiration. This picture was once in the possession of Charles I. The colouring contrasts especially with that of Rubens, but is in its nature equally fine.

“The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca,” either a duplicate or copy of the picture by Claude in the Doria Palace, known as “Claude’s Mill,” is one of those hasty compositions of the artist which have called down the anger of Mr. Ruskin. People are dancing near some water, which is a lake formed by an impetuous torrent, but which runs nowhere. In order not to break the repose of the scene, the very water into which a cascade falls has no motion in it. The only beauties in the picture are the sky and the colour.

“Christ disputing with the Doctors” (No. 18), is a very weak composition, put down with much effrontery to Leonardo da Vinci. The celebrated John Hunter used to extol the deep anatomical studies of this artist; yet the figure of Christ in this picture is badly drawn, the head unnaturally weak, and the hand drawn without the slightest knowledge of anatomy.

“Adonis quitting Venus for the Chase,” said to be by Titian, is another pretended original, but also a very popular picture. The display of form in the Venus is very graceful; but the Adonis is heavy, ill drawn, and deficient in elegance and dignity. The colour and mode of painting are both good; the former, especially, rich, harmonious, and, in the flesh, soft and fleshy. There is another copy of this picture at Dulwich.

“The Sabine Women,” by Rubens (No. 30), is a fine specimen of force in a painter, accompanied by knowledge of drawing and colour. Beyond this, the Romans are not Romans, the ladies are those of the seventeenth century, and the architecture of the same period. Yet with all these anomalies, the picture is free, bold, and fine; the colour so bright and glorious, that it forces one to admire it.

“Portrait of Cornelius Van der Geest,” life-size, by Vandyck, ignorantly called “The Head of Gervinus,” is one of those pictures of which the nation may indeed be proud. The sentiment and thought, the feeling and refinement, in this face, it is impossible to surpass. One can linger over it for hours. The painting of the mouth and beard, if shut out from the rest of the picture, are alone worthy of the most minute attention; the delicacy and truth of detail, and the breadth of light, are also beyond praise. The interest attached to this portrait of a person almost unknown is to be attributed to the genius of Vandyck alone.

(No. 59), “The Brazen Serpent,” by Rubens, is another triumph of power. The agonised expression of the women, the pallid countenances of the dead, the majesty on the face of Moses, and the wonderful knowledge of anatomy in the drawing, are equally to be admired. A critic, Mr. George Fogg, has objected to the fat and burly persons of those stricken with the plague. He should have recollected that the plague was sudden, and that no previous sickness could have emaciated the forms of the sinful Israelites.

(No. 184), “The Murder of the Innocents,” called a Raffaele, is the largest picture in the Academy. The board under it informs us, that it is the property of the governors of the Foundling Hospital, and that it is by them deposited in this gallery.

The outline alone has any similarity to the works of Raffaele. The murderers are remorseless brutes; the mothers are fighting mad women. There is no delicacy in the painting, which, besides these defects, cannot be seen to any advantage, from any point of view, being covered with a glass, which catches the light, and entirely destroys the picture.

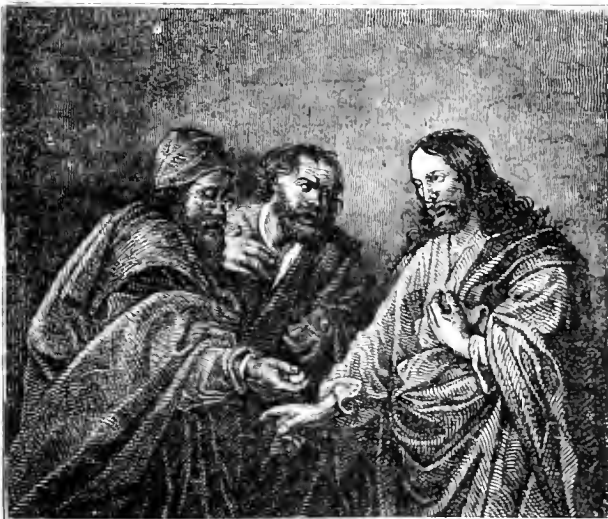
Our space forbids us at this time to say more. We purpose, however, returning to the subject, and going through, during the time that new pictures are not to be seen, some of those of eminent masters which are the property of the nation, or of those noblemen and gentlemen whose liberality enables the public to become acquainted with their galleries. By so doing, we believe that we shall be doing good service to art.

VALENTIN.



There exists among painters a race of rough, haughty men, always ready to fall back and take their stand upon mere matter, immediate

between the double row of *chefs d'œuvre*; you will see them look with an eye of indifference at those mystic compositions where the expression of the faith of former times is concealed beneath spare wan forms and sometimes faded colouring; they will scarcely stop before those sublime works of Lesueur, where the pious personages of past ages appear to the spectator as mere shadows, so timid, so humble, and so subordinate to the ideal is the actual execution; but if they meet with some vulgar scene, where the palpitating flesh stands out boldly from the obscurity of the ground, they want no more to induce them to give way to their feelings and launch out into enthusiasm.



What they admire and hold up to your admiration is the energy of the action, the expression of the gesture, and the success of the foreshortening in a picture. "Look!" they exclaim, "how well those muscles are attached, and how freely they act! how naturally the shoulders are joined on! how forcibly you are impressed with the presence of the veins and the solidity of the tendons! The eyes are brilliant, the nostrils are full of breath, and the blood flows beneath that flesh!" But not one word do they say of the painter's intention, or of the thought that should pervade his work. What matters to them the value of the principal idea and the choice of the subject? A band of brigands, seated round a table in some cavern, and singing over their liquor with courtizans, interests them far more than the "Christ on the Mount of Olives," or "The Tables of Artillery."

directly there is any question of acknowledging the influence of mind. Follow them as they walk down the gallery of the Louvre,

They are enamoured of mere matter. They look upon it as a portion of divinity itself, and cannot understand that there is the least preference to be given to any one of the different parts of which it is composed. In their eyes, all forms in nature possess the same charm, all members of humanity are of equal value, each one being endowed with some peculiar beauty, which the spectator must discover for himself. Thus being the case, the less trouble a painter has taken to choose his subject, the greater is their preference for him, and as mere imitation is quite sufficient to satisfy their ardent love of form, they do not require matter to think, but merely to exist. It is especially among these youth that the admirers of Valentin are to be found.

Valentin, one of the most celebrated French painters, was born in the little town of Coulommiers, in Brie, the 8th June, 1661, in the Rue du Montel-Sainte-Foy, at the corner of the Impasse des Remparts. We do not know why some authors have chosen to consider him as belonging to the Roman school, for if France can claim him as one of her children, it is not only because she witnessed his birth, but because his taste for painting manifested itself long before he went to Rome, to seek inspiration among the marvels of the Vatican.

It always struck us as an extraordinary circumstance that the Christian name of a French painter, and especially of one born in the province of Brie, should be Moïse, according, as it did, but little with the genius of the French nation, which, especially in the seventeenth century, was greatly prejudiced against the Jews and their customs. However, as a considerable number of authors always called him Moïse Valentin, and as there were no documents to clear up our doubts on the subject, we at last believed, as all other persons had done, that Valentin's Christian name was really Moïse. Since then, we have received some curious information from a distinguished painter and author, Monsieur Anatole Dauvoigne, and we crave the reader's permission to transcribe at full length the notes which he has furnished—notes which are the more interesting as they prove the necessity of always going back to the fountain-head, historical errors most frequently proceeding from historians of the second or third generation.

The following is an extract from the genealogical table of the family of Boullongne de Coulommiers, drawn up, about 1780, expressly for the family, by Michel Martial Cordier, Juge de Paix at Coulommiers previous to 1789, and a Member of the Convention, who died in exile, at Brussels, in 1821.

This table was drawn up from documents which are at present dispersed, but which were then accessible to Monsieur Cordier. Eighteen of these dates are given as corroborative proofs. The Boullongne family still flourishes at Coulommiers, and has preserved from father to son a certain pride in its relationship with the painter, who is known by the name of Valentin alone.

I. Stock. Jean de Boullongne, called Rasset, in 1495, born at Bologna in Italy, lived at Coulommiers, at the corner of the Cul-de-Sac, near the church of Sainte Foy. This Cul-de-Sac now bears the name of Boullongne. Title-dieds in 1549.

II. He had issue: in 1538, Denis de Boullongne; II. Jean de Boullongne.

III. Jean de Boullongne, 2nd of the name, married at Coulommiers. He had issue (1576):—

1. Perrin de Boullongne, plumber and glazier.
2. Simon de Boullongne.
3. Jacques de Boullongne, carrier.

4. Valentin de Boullongne, painter on glass.

IV. Valentin de Boullongne, 1st of the name; died in 1618. He had, by Jeanne de Monthyon, his wife, three children viz. —

1. Marie de Boullongne, born the 28th August 1599.
2. Jean de Boullongne, born the 8th June, 1601.
3. Jacques de Boullongne, born the 15th October, 1603.

Monsieur Cordier did not take the trouble to look for these three certificates of baptism of the children of Valentin de Boullongne, father of the celebrated painter. Monsieur Dauvoigne found them after a long search, but the name of Valentin does not exist in any one of them. No gap occurs in the parish registers of Saint-Denis de Coulommiers, during the period in which it is probable that the painter was born; and yet, from 1544 to 1777, we very frequently find the Christian name of Valentin. Valentin Pidoux, uncle of La Fontaine, the author of the Fables, was baptised in 1614.

Monsieur Aubert de Eghny, who was bailli of Coulommiers, speaking of the painter Valentin, writes as follows, about 1770:—

If it is true that he made a journey to Paris, it was not, at any rate, to become a pupil of Simon Vouet, as some of his biographers have asserted: a mere comparison of dates is sufficient to refute this error. Simon Vouet left for Constantinople, with Monsieur de Saucy, in 1612, at which time Valentin was only eleven years old. Vouet, according to the testimony of Félibien, did not return and found his school in Paris before the year 1627, at which period Valentin already enjoyed a high reputation as a painter in Rome. He had resided in that city for a considerable time, and was doomed to end his days there. D'Argenville contradicts himself, when, after having asserted that Valentin began his studies under Vouet, he affirms, in another portion of his work, that Vouet's taste had something of Valentin's in it. This would be to suppose that the master had subsequently taken lessons of his pupil, which is not likely. We are inclined to believe, with some more recent writers, that the two painters were in Rome at the same epoch, and that they studied Caravaggio's manner together.

However this may be, when Valentin arrived in Italy, Caravaggio was just dead, and painters were beginning to free themselves from the influence which he had exerted during his lifetime. Like many other reformers, he had led away his contemporaries by supplanting

“I believe that his name was Valentin de Boullongne, and that he was son and grandson respectively of two painters on glass, who both resided at Coulommiers, and who painted the fine windows, most of which still exist, in the parish church there. His father's name, like his own, was Valentin, and his grandfather's Jacques.”

These two written traditions, as well as the tradition preserved in the Boullongne family, prove most satisfactorily that the painter belonged to this family, which was founded by Jean de Bologne, called Rasset, who came from Italy, and was probably a painter on glass.

We have still to explain the name of Valentin. The eldest of Valentin de Boullongne's children married Jean d'Alençon. We lose sight of the two sons.

Monsieur Cordier proves that Valentin de Boullongne's second son is the painter. The following is the boy's certificate of baptism:—“Die Veneris, octava Junii, 1601. Joannes filius Valentini de Boullongne et Joannæ de Monthyon ejus uxoris, fuit baptisatus. Patrimus dominus Joannes de Boullongne, pictor, et Petrus Lud-tazar-Matrima-Ludŏica, Francisci Rebolé, procuratoris fiscalis.”

The absence of the name of Valentin proves nothing against the fact of this certificate of baptism being that of the painter. At Coulommiers, it is the practice to call the son by his father's Christian name. We have met with twenty examples of the custom. Le petit Valentin ended by retaining the name Valentin.

There now remains the Christian name. As regards that of Moïse, it is simply absurd. It was D'Argenville who misread the manuscript in his possession, and mistook Monsieur Moïse — *Vide* Lanzi, Mariette, Victor Schoelcher, Brulliot (p. 369, Biographie de Caravage, 1845), Beyle, etc.

Trozzi (Milan, 1832), calls him Pietro.

Félibien, who wrote about 1670, thirty years after Valentin's decease, does not give him the name of Moïse, which is first found in D'Argenville's book, whence, since 1787, it has been copied by a great number of the painter's biographers. The following writers call him Valentin—Le Valentin—Mr. or Mousi Valentino:—

Anonymous	1679	Roland Le Virloys . . .	1771
Félibien	1688	L. Abbé De Fontenay . .	1786
Florent Le Comte	1702	Huber	1787
Dépiles	1715	Lanzi	1795
Dabois De Saint-Gelais . .	1727	Henry Laurent	1818
Lepicq̄	1752	Beyle	1826
Dom Uernety	1757	Brulliot	1833
Dandré Bardon	1765	Catalogue of the Vatican	1840
Coelin	1769	Schoelcher	1845

The following writers call him Moïse Valentin:—

D'Argenville	1787	Viardot	1812
Gault De-Saint-Germain . .	1808	Catalogue des Musées . .	1817
Benard	1810	Ch. De Pointel	
Michaud	1827	Duchesse Aëni	1828
Weiss	1833	Feller	1827
Robert-Dumouil	1842	Hagedorn	1762

The family name De Boullongne, is written indifferently Debolongne, De boullongne, de Boullongne, de Bologne; but it is still the same DE BOULONGNE, and depends upon the whim of the writer. In the books of the last century, do we not also meet with the town of Bologne (Bologna), written Boullongne, Boulogne?

lines, but the form of the first-comer, and the arms and legs of the passers-by. No more gods or demigods, but itinerant musicians, soldiers, tapers, smokers, and beggars with garments full of holes and patches; the most ordinary scenes chosen by mere chance; the strange, motley, disorderly, but always harmonious and always poetic prism of extreme reality.*

This opinion is exceedingly just and well expressed, but we must not believe that Valentin painted only rags, or always took pleasure in the contemplation of ignoble, wild, and deformed nature. Although his arrangement possesses less grandeur than that of Caravaggio, and his manner is neither as broad nor as imposing as that of the Lombard painter, he succeeded in imparting a certain air of distinction to the most trivial scenes; but, as if fearful that he should not obtain sufficient effect by the mere contrast of light and shade, he sought for additional effect by the juxtaposition of the draperies,

poor servant, whose hands are red with washing dishes, a simple girl of the lower classes, coarse and harsh in her charms, modest without affectation or coquetry, hardly understanding what is required of her, and not believing that her beauty is capable of reanimating the ardour of old age.

The two elders who have cast upon this woman the eyes of concupiscence, are men in whose breasts passion is still struggling with age, still vigorous and well preserved in spite of the innumerable wrinkles which furrow their foreheads. One of them, dissimulating his embarrassment and shame under an appearance of rage, endeavours to justify himself by accusing her; there is a tolerable degree of nobleness in his face, and energy in his gesture, while the drapery falls in graceful folds; he is one of Poussin's models rendered with Manfredi's pencil. The other elder, forgetful of the soldiers who have led him to the tribunal, and of the judge who is about to



FIVE SOLDIERS QUARRELLING OVER DICE.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

invariably painting the satins and velvets of the rich side by side with the woollen garments of the poor.

The works of Valentin in the Louvre, however, are more than sufficient to enable us to appreciate the vigour and originality of his talent; for they contain all his distinctive qualities, and may therefore be taken as the basis of an exact definition of his style. Among these pictures, there are some, it is true, which are drawn from sacred history, but they are really connected with it merely by the nature of the subject and the complaisance of the spectator. With Valentin, the "Chaste Susannah" (p. 109), is not one of those timid women whose modesty is enhanced by their beauty, and whose charms leave a feeling of regret in the breasts of those who have been unable to triumph over them; such women, in a word, as the skilful and gracious Sauterre loved to paint a hundred years later; no, she is a

condemned man, is solely occupied with the young girl, the sight of whom still excites his desires; his glance is humid and dimmed, his mouth gives him the appearance of a satyr, and his head is covered with hair that is turning gray, but which is still thick and well set. It is a common head, treated in the manner of Espagnolet, with some light dryness in the folds of the skin, but unexampled for the vigour of its model, the justness of its tone, and the accent of truth pervading it. In the notices in the *Musée Français*, Eméric David has very successfully criticised the remarkable error committed by Hagedorn concerning Valentin, when he says: "It is not so much for the choice of his subjects as for the weakness of his execution that this painter is to be blamed; we should be more indulgent towards him, had he been able to attain vigour of touch, and express the roundness of form belonging to his model." This error is such an inexplicable one in so enlightened an appreciator as Hagedorn, that we cannot help thinking that he never saw a single

* "Revue Britannique," Library of the Fine Arts, May, 1837.

picture by Valentin, or that the painter of whom he speaks is not ours." Monsieur Levesque, on the contrary, says: "Valentin possessed the faculty of passing artistically, by gentle and transparent tints, from the brightest light to the very strongest shade."[†]

The Italian writers have confirmed this last opinion. Not only do they place Valentin above all the imitators of Caravaggio for the art of composition, but they reckon him, although a Frenchman, among the disciples of the Roman school, and look upon him as one of the greatest colourists that this school ever produced.[‡]

Valentin was unskilful in expression, unless he had to depict the most vulgar emotions of the soul. So far from appreciating the shades of sentiment, and the varied language of the passions, he could only seize their coarsest and most simple forms; and, with him, the word expression may be taken to mean not only the contraction of the face, but also historical and philosophical propriety, and a number of circumstances inseparable from the subject.

that the knowledge of the value of costume and the power of painter-mimic expression ought to belong to a painter who confines himself altogether to reality; and yet these qualities are only possessed by the philosophical artist, by him who is content with observing the external signs of the various passions, endeavour to discover that which causes them to spring up in men's hearts. In order to become well acquainted with the effects of the passions, it is necessary to know exactly their origin.

In his "Judgment of Solomon" (p. 195) the truth that is characteristic of a beautiful woman, whose black hair causes her large white shoulder to stand out in bold relief. She is turning round, in order to put her child from the soldier who appears about to eat it in view, and the movement of hers allows us to perceive the type of the Roman face in the severe lines of her profile. It is by this that she is distinguished from the false mother, whose gesture is full of hypocrisy, and whose physiognomy is stamped with a character of baseness.



THE CONCERT. FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

In order to obtain a correct idea of what he wants in this respect, it is not even necessary to compare him to Poussin. It would, without doubt, be unjust to place Valentin's Solomon, a beardless young man, badly clad, of a lymphatic temperament and clumsy joints, without dignity or grace, by the side of the other Solomon, so majestically draped, and yet so simple, calm and impassive, seated with an air of grandeur, expressing his impartiality by his attitude, and pointing out with his finger the true mother, almost without a movement. It would at first appear

if the painter, in his ignorance of the play of the nature, could find no other means of characterising the good and the bad mother, than by giving beauty to the one and ugliness to the other.

In this work of Valentin, we may notice one of his most frequent defects, which consists in giving the flesh a metallic appearance. On the second ground, we perceive some old man's nose which glisten like bronze; and as for the dead child that is strolled out at Solomon's feet, and which, as a model, is a *chef-d'œuvre*, it resembles far too much a brazen statue. This defect of execution, in a painter who has so few, is not altogether excused by his putting in the light portions of his pictures with leaden half tints, while he exaggerates, in certain cases, the transparency of the colours, by which means he gives a body that is naturally dull, an appearance belonging only to hard and polished surfaces; for light has not merely the effect of giving different objects the colour which is peculiar to them,

* "Réflexions sur la Peinture," vol. i. p. 389.

† Monsieur Levesque, "Dictionnaire des Arts," vol. iv. p. 386.

‡ Bellori, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 216. — Baglioni, "Vit. de Pitt.," p. 221. — Lanzi, "Stor. Pitt.," vol. i. p. 187.

but it also possesses the wonderful power of enabling us to distinguish their nature by the manner in which they reflect or absorb it. However great the intensity of the light may be, when it comes in contact with flesh, its rays are slightly doctored by the surface of the epidermis, exactly as in a landscape they glide gently over the ploughed land and green hills, while they shine fiercely upon the rocks. With regard to the "Judgment of Solomon," we will again quote Monsieur Eméric David, who has perfectly appreciated Valentin's merit, and the peculiar character of his talent.

"When Poussin painted 'The Judgment of Solomon,' the principal object he had in view was the king's profound wisdom, and this is what he wished to represent; no other painter has ever composed Solomon's face as he did. Valentin was moved by other feelings. He saw a mother—a mother whose child had been torn from her; the child is on the point of being killed, of being cut in twain; and one-half of the bleeding body is to be delivered over to the mother. Such was the subject as he saw it. Poussin, acting in consonance with his feelings, directed the attention to the head of the king, and left that of the real mother in half-light. The principal objects for Valentin were the child and its mother; he was daring enough to attempt the portrayal of maternal love, and he succeeded. On the woman's face, love, terror, and especially innocence, are depicted. Her breast is exposed. She is not looking at the king, but at the child, for whose possession she is praying. All these circumstances reveal a mild disposition and a soul incapable of deceit. The false mother, on the contrary, is seen from behind, which is an ingenious arrangement. In that portion of her face which is exposed to view, the spectator is sensible of a certain harshness inherent to her disposition. The body of the dead child, placed upon the steps of the throne, possesses in this picture an amount of merit in the drawing which is but rarely met with. The tones of the flesh are different in all the figures. The breasts, necks, and shoulders of the two women are endowed with a vitality and warmth which has rarely been attained by the colourist's art. The head of the good mother is a *chef-d'œuvre* of colour and expression. These two personages stand out boldly from the canvas in spite of the heaviness and uniformity of the ground. The heads of the two old men, placed in half-light, are energetic and perfectly transparent."

If we allow Valentin to be an admirable painter, it is especially on account of the truthfulness and force of his execution, and whenever the subject does not require those qualities of mind in which he is deficient. To understand and admire him more at our ease, we ought to study him when he represents the picturesque episodes of that life of reality which he has chosen for his epic. We ought to follow him into the thick and smoky atmosphere of the guard-room, where soldiers are playing at cards, having their fortune told them, or scraping on a fiddle.

Behold us in a retreat of gypsies. A dirty and sallow-faced creature, with a napkin bound around her head, like the women of Frascati, and hiding her countenance in the shade, is examining the hand of a kind of militiaman, who is having his fortune told. The tranquillity of this low witch forms a striking contrast with the lively emotion that is visible in the soldier's features; and, as if the strangeness of the figures about him, and the appearance of the cavern, into which only a mysterious light finds its way through an archway, were not sufficient to trouble his thoughts, the companions of the prophet's success in exciting his imagination still more effectually by the noisy music which they are playing close to his ears. To the left, in the obscurity, is seen a man putting his hand into the gypsy's pocket, from which he draws forth a living cock, a sort of symbolical animal, such as the old sylvans usually possess. In truth, it is not merely impossible to paint with a more vigorous and masterly touch; but, what is more, to initiate the spectator with greater success into the mysteries of the life led by the gypsies of those days—by that proscribed and vagabond race, with their eccentric costume and copper-coloured complexion, who lived by raving, or on the credulity of the public, who covered themselves with garments of glaring hues, and found in every town some dark retreat or other, unknown to justice, and offering a place of refuge to every adventurer without length or home.

As we have already remarked, the substance of Valentin's pictures is the same as that of Callot's engravings. The former, as well as

the latter, offer us a lively representation of the manners of a certain period; but, although the epoch of Valentin's works is the same as that of Callot's, there is a marked difference in their manner of seeing things. The reason that this brilliant arabesque did not unfold itself before the eyes of the printer of Calanmiers, as it did before those of the engraver of Nancy, is, that each of them gave the fruits of his observations the tinge of his own disposition, and stamped them with the impression of his own mind. The one chose the burlesque, the other the poetic side of the subject. Callot was more particularly struck with the air of the praiser-by, the easy swagger of the cavalier, and that kind of misery which, in his day, was crested with a varnish of elegance. He represented the agitated and wandering episodes of outdoor life, which he had seen defiling before him, those joyous caravans of tatterdemalions who used to feast upon the sward, share their booty under the vault of heaven, and gild their rags in the sun. Valentin, on the contrary, devoted his attention to the in-door life of this wandering race; he entered with them the unknown retreats where they reposed themselves from their fatigues, or where, during the night, and by the light of their torches, they indulged in all kinds of pleasure; he entered with them into those places whose sorry aspect was redeemed by the brilliancy of the varied drapery, the poetry of mystery, and the exhibition of false luxury.

Callot worked with a smile upon his lips; he studied this mode of life, which had long ceased to be his own, without deranging his ruff, or losing aught of the spirit of a philosopher or the manners of a man of birth. Valentin mixed with his models. He shared their habits; he thought these beings were grand, and copied them seriously and passionately. Callot conveyed a moral with aqua-fortis; Valentin made use of his pencil to portray vagabonds of good family, the *Don Quixotes* of his day.

What, in fact, are the so-called "Family Concerts," which figure in the galleries of the Louvre, and which are admired there under that title? What name can we give to the personages executing a concerted piece, and ranged round a table covered with a rich cloth? Would not any one take them for amateurs of the highest rank in society? All their costumes are perfect; some wear superb breast-plates, which the spectator thinks he hears resound—so true to nature are they; others have magnificent doublets, with a plumed hat, and a dagger in their girdle; the stout and haughty woman who beats time upon a spinet is a common type, but she is well-dressed and worthy of those around her. The party is brilliant and complete; there is a violoncello, a guitar, a violin, and a cornet. Nothing is wanting. Each of these instruments adds to the general harmony of the colouring by the beauty of its tones; you think, in a word, that you are in good and honest society; but, if you look more closely, you perceive sinister faces, you behold glistening, in the background of the picture, a certain countenance with a gallows-look, which warns you that the place is a suspicious one; you feel that these pompous garments resemble those which have been stripped from the back of some traveller, and that all these fine gentlemen may possibly be nothing but highway robbers.

In order to be certain that we are not mistaken, we will stop before another of Valentin's pictures, which also represents "A Concert." Is it not rather a wine-shop, where the quartett merely serves as an interlude previous to the different personages proceeding to other amusements? Would you ever take for honest *citizens* those young men with their illuminated faces, who are accompanying on the violin and mandolin the lady who is singing, while their companions are cutting themselves slices from a pasty, or placing their lips to demijohns, surrounded by wicker-work? In sober truth, this concert is one which, in the eyes of an observer, cannot appear aught but the most decent portion of an orgy; and in the songstress, with the dishevelled locks, who is conducting the orchestra, we can only see the mistress of a low den of iniquity. But, after all, what vigour! what animation! how the picture captivates you by the magic of the *chiaroscuro* and the unexpectedness of its contrasts! Who would expect to see by the side of a Signor Cavaliere, of such a graceful appearance, a thick-set, fleshy courtesan, exposing her breast to view, and with a skin which shows no sign either of the colour or the circulation of the blood under its coarse exterior?

But there is another point to which we would call the reader's

nature can never produce anything great; can never raise and enlarge the conceptions, or warm the heart of the spectator.

"The wish of the genuine painter must be more extensive; instead of endeavouring to amuse mankind with the minute neatness of his imitations, he must endeavour to improve them by the grandeur of his ideas; instead of seeking praise by deceiving the superficial sense of the spectator, he must strive for fame by captivating the imagination.

"The principle now laid down, that the perfection of art does not consist in mere imitation, is far from being new or singular. It is, indeed, supported by the general opinion of the enlightened part of mankind. The poets, orators, and rhetoricians of antiquity

true standard of beauty. So that Phidias, when he formed his Jupiter, did not copy any object ever presented to his sight, but contemplated only that image which he had conceived in his mind from Homer's description.* And thus Cicero, speaking of the same Phidias: 'Neither did the artist,' says he, 'when he carved the image of Jupiter or Minerva, set before him any one human figure as a pattern which he was to copy; but having a more perfect idea of beauty fixed in his mind, this he steadily contemplated, and to the imitation of this all his skill and labour were directed!'

"The moderns are not less convinced than the ancients of this superior power existing in the art, nor less sensible of its effects. Every language has adopted terms expressive of this excellence,



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are continually enforcing this position; that all the arts receive their perfection from an ideal beauty, superior to what is to be found in individual nature. They are ever referring to the painters and sculptors of their times, particularly Phidias (the favourite artist of antiquity), to illustrate their assertions. As if they could not sufficiently express their admiration of his genius by what they knew, they have recourse to poetical enthusiasm; they call it inspiration—a gift from heaven. The artist is supposed to have ascended the celestial regions to furnish his mind with this perfect idea of beauty. 'He,' says Proclus, 'who takes for his model such forms as nature produces, and confines himself to an exact imitation of them, will never attain to what is perfectly beautiful. For the works of nature are full of disproportion, and fall very short of the

The *gusto grande* of the Italians, the *beau idéal* of the French, and the great style, genius, and taste among the English, are but different appellations of the same thing. It is this intellectual dignity, they say, that ennobles the painter's art, that lays the line between him and the mere mechanic, and produces those great effects in an instant, which eloquence and poetry, by slow and repeated efforts, are scarcely able to attain."

There is a singular circumstance connected with Valentin's fate, or rather with that of his pictures. They were greatly admired by Louis David, the restorer of classical art in France; yet they contained the first germs of that Romanticism whose advocates were destined,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds: "Discourses."

at a subsequent period, to decri the works of David and his school. Compared with Nicholas Poussin and Lesueur, Valentin played a part nearly similar to that which, two centuries later, was reserved for Géricault with regard to David and Prudhon. The Greek and Roman traditions, which, since the time of the Renaissance, ruled the art and literature of France, had not succeeded in completely obliterating all traces of the energetic instinct of reality which formed the foundation of the Gallic mind, and which had manifested itself in Poussin himself, through all his aspirations towards the Ideal. Valentin was, in France, the grandest example of that materialism, which was so striking and robust in the pictures of Le Nain, and which subsequently assumed so pleasing and manly elegant a cha-

genious Pymandre, do not fail to remark to the latter that Valentin's manner would have been less black if he had not imitated Carravaggio. This profound reflection turns the extent of the appreciation felt for Valentin by one of our masters in the famous "Entretiens," of which many people are in the habit of talking without having read them. It is only in our own time that literary amateurs, belonging to the new school, have written some few pages filled with sympathy for Valentin, because they truly perceived that if Valentin confined himself to the march of an arm, to say others lost in places of equivocal reputation, to dark complexioned mendicants, to bravi and to hoidiques, it was because, in their garments and cuirasses, he perceived the elements of a school of



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.—FR. M. A. PAINTING BY VALÉNTIN.

raeter in the compositions of Chardin, down to the time when the disciples of the so-called Romantic School added the charms of a new species of poetry to this sentiment of the Real, this passionate love of Nature. As a necessary consequence of this, we find that the first persons to praise Valentin with any degree of warmth were the writers of the present school. In the books that were published on Painting during the last two centuries, Valentin is treated as a skilful artist who misapplied his talent. He is reproached with having produced low and vulgar types, and chosen subjects deficient in natural dignity. Felibien, in his endless dialogue with the in-

painting which possessed of an immense and rich variety, and because, in the wandering and irregular manner of the persons, he had the faculty of drawing the most interesting which was that of a more powerful. It is true that Valentin was in part led by his admirers, who then considered him as one of their deities. It was not, however, the reason that they praised him, but because, in the ordinary, they would find it a strong and beautiful and useful thing.

rendered. But you will everywhere find the most noble examples of nature, and that very frequently in subjects which require more dignity.

* "You admire in Valentin," says Cochin, "a vigour of colouring, a projection and roundness of the different objects, which is produced by half-tints highly coloured, and a truth of detail boldly

† "Entretiens sur la Vie et les Ouvrages des plus excellents Peintres," p. 183, vol. iv. (small edition).

Valentin was the representative of this modern pantheism, and, in our own time, his admirers should be none numerous than ever. Nevertheless, no one copies his pictures in the Louvre. This is either because our young painters do not care to attain such skill in execution, or because they have the good sense to understand that they should not imitate those men whose genius is only an excuse. In spite of this, Valentin, who is now deserted, is a master possessing every requisite to charm the spectator, namely, the poetry of colour, the artifice of exaggerated shade, the relief of the flesh, and those striking beauties, in a word, which move us at first sight, and prevent us from discerning those portions of the picture which the artist has sacrificed for the general effect; for it was only by these means that he was enabled, in so short a period, to command our admiration.

One day, when some person was showing Poussin Caravaggio's picture of "The Death of the Virgin," as the very finest production of art, Poussin replied, "It is an assemblage of servants." This opinion of a great man should have decided for ever this much-contested question. It is a crushing argument against all those who deny the intervention of judgment in the choice of forms, and who acknowledge neither the importance of the principal idea, the value of the subject, nor the preponderating influence of thought.

Dying at the age of thirty-one, Valentin left but few pictures and a very small number of sketches behind him: his productions, prized as highly as those of the very first masters, have always been sought after for public collections, which their merit, still more than their size, pointed out as their proper place.

As is natural, the French museums are those which contain the greatest number. There are eleven of his works in the Louvre.

"Susannah's Innocence acknowledged" (p. 109), of which there is an engraving in this account; "The Judgment of Solomon," which we have also given (p. 105); "Cæsar's Penny," otherwise called "Le Christ à la Monnaie," which is placed as a head-piece to this chapter; "A Concert," which we have given (p. 104); "Two Soldiers accompanied by two Women," one of the women has put a soldier's hand in hers, and is telling him his fortune; another "Concert," which we have also engraved (p. 101).

In the Palace of Versailles are the four Evangelists: "St. Matthew," "St. Mark," "St. Luke," and "St. John." We have engraved the one which is considered the finest, namely, "St. Matthew" (p. 108).

Previously to 1789, this ancient abode of royalty contained a composition representing "St. Francis kneeling;" also previously to this period there was a "Christ's Descent from the Cross," at Combonniers, Valentin's birth-place.

In the Palais Royal, previous to 1789, there were three of Valentin's pictures: "The Four Ages;" "A Woman playing the Guitar;" "Music."

In the Museum of Toulouse there is a "Judith." Landon describes this picture in the "Annales du Musée," vol. xiv. p. 87; it once formed part of the collection in the Louvre.

In the Museum of Lille, "Soldiers casting Lots for Christ's Garment."

In the Museum of Valenciennes, "A Concert;" a young man is singing, while three other persons are accompanying him on different instruments: in the background there is a man lighting his pipe.

In the Museum of Nantes, "Supper of the Pilgrims of Emmaus;" one of this master's most splendid pictures, and one of the most remarkable in the collection.

In the Museum at Rome, "The Conversion of St. Matthew."

In the Museum at Tours, a "St. Anthony."

In the Museum at Dijon, "St. John, St. Peter, and the Angel;" "A Recluse in Meditation."

In the Vatican at Rome, "The Martyrdom of St. Procopius and St. Martinian." In the Capitol, "Jesus before the Doctors." In the Sésiana Palace, in the same Capitol, "Rome Triumphant;" "The Decollation of St. John;" "A Copy of 'The Transfiguration' by Raffaele." In the Donia Palace, also at Rome, "Roman Charity;" "St. John," an academical study. In the Corsini Palace, "St. Peter denying Christ." In the Justiniani Palace, also at Rome, "Jesus washing the Apostles' Feet."

In the Museum at Florence, "A Guitar-player."

In the Palais Malakane at Turin, the "Christ with the Column."

In the Pinacotheca at Munich, "Christ Reviled," or "Christ in the Praetorium," the figures half-length; "Queen Artemesia visiting the Basket-maker," figures half-length and size of life.

In the Dresden Museum there is a picture by Valentin, representing Homer: an old blind man is playing the violoncello, while a young boy is accompanying him with his voice.

In the Old Gallery at Düsseldorf, there was formerly "The Game of Morra," painted by Valentin; five armed soldiers are seated round a table, in a guard-room, playing at the Italian game called *Morra*.

In the Imperial Museum of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg are two admirable pictures by Valentin. The one is "St. Peter denying Christ." It is described in the catalogue in the following terms:—"Four soldiers, amusing themselves at play, are seated in the vestibule of the palace of the high-priest; as the apostle is approaching them in order to warn himself, a daemoniac accosts him and questions him on his connexion with Jesus. Her questions excite the attention of one of the soldiers, who comes up to her. St. Peter yields to the weakness of human nature, and, raising his two hands, obstinately denies the truth of the accusation brought against him, while, at the same time, his looks betray him."

The other picture is entitled, "Jesus driving the Money-changers out of the Temple" (*Jésus vengeant la Sainteté du Temple profané*). This picture possesses less merit than the preceding one, but still redounds to the glory of the painter.

There are two pictures of this celebrated artist in the Royal Museum at Berlin.

The only specimen of Valentin's talent in the Museum at Madrid is a "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence."

In the Belvedere at Vienna is a picture by Valentin, representing "Moses with the Tables of the Law and the Rod." In Prince Esterhazy's Gallery there is "A Requist."

In London, in the Earl of Ellesmere's Gallery, in Belgrave-square, there is a picture by Valentin, representing "A Concert;" the figures are half-lengths. In Lord Northwick's Gallery there is a composition by Valentin, representing "The Heads of two Angels smiling."

Almost all Valentin's pictures, as the preceding nomenclature proves, are to be found in the various public galleries of Europe; the number of those which have remained in the hands of amateurs and been sold by auction is too inconsiderable to enable us to form a decided opinion on the commercial value of this master's works. We will, however, notice the few whose price is stated in the catalogues.

At the sale of the Duke de Tallard's collection, in 1756, under the direction of Romy and Gilouy, two pictures by Valentin, one of which represents "Soldiers playing at Backgammon," and the other, "Soldiers playing at Cards," were knocked down to the Baron de Thiers for £16.

At M. de Julienne's sale, in 1767, a picture by Valentin, representing "A Roman Soldier," more than half-length, size of life, was sold for £20.

In 1802, at M. Robit's sale, a picture, painted by Valentin on copper, and representing "Susanna brought before the young Samuel," fetched £33.

These are all Valentin's pictures which we found mentioned; but when, on running through the various catalogues, we saw that the works of this master, as well as of Lemain, Charlin, and so many other illustrious artists of the French school, fetched nothing, while the most ordinary productions obtained the high price of £200, or £250, we felt justified in thinking that it was time for amateurs to devote their attention to a more profound study of the art, and learn to distinguish good from bad painting; by so doing, they would avoid throwing away large sums, and subjecting themselves to gross imposition.

With regard to Valentin, more especially, we shall conclude by observing, that he left no pupil, if we except a certain Tournier, a painter of Toulouse, who, according to D'Argenville, painted the "Chapel of the Black Penitents" in that city, as well as a "Descent from the Cross," at Saint-Etienne, and a picture at the Mausoleum of St. Thomas.

Gilles Rousselet engraved the four plates of "The Evangelists," which are at Versailles; Cochin, a "St. Sebastian;" Goussier,

two subjects of "Goulders: Boulanger, "The Accusation of Susannah," Baudet engraved "Cæsar's Penny." Four pictures in the cabinet of the Archduke Leopold were engraved by Lisibetion, N. Soutter, Q. Boel, and Vansteen. Subsequently to this, Kauger of Dresden engraved for the Musée Français, "Susannah's Innocence Acknowledged," drawn by Fragonard; Brouillard, "The Judgment of Solomon," also drawn by Fragonard; and Claessens, "Cæsar's Penny."

This last picture was also engraved by Et. Boudet. "Two Soldiers playing at Cards" was engraved by Cl. Donat Jardinier. "Five Soldiers quarrelling over Dice," a composition full of energy, and which we have given (p. 199), was engraved by W. Baillie.

To Valentin, as an etcher, we owe the engraving which we are about to describe. It does not bear his name, but François Lanzi, called Cartes, is reported to have brought the plate from Italy, as having been really engraved by Valentin, after one of his own compositions. It is executed with tolerable care, and is not common.

"Fortune-telling;" a soldier between two women appears to be asking them to tell his fortune, which they are doing. A man seen to the left is picking the pocket of the woman near him, while he is making a sign of intelligence to the soldier with his left hand. The figures are half-length. On the right-hand side, in the margin, is the inscription, "F. L. D. Cartes exculit."

The National Library of Paris, so poor in specimens of the masters of the French school, possesses only one very small volume dedicated to Valentin's works. This volume contains a few bad engravings of his, and a large number of blank leaves, discoloured by smoke, and which time will destroy before any one thinks of collecting the compositions of this great painter.

Not only is Valentin's portrait wanting in the National Library and the Musée, but also in every other collection. It was first engraved from an artistic sketch, by M. Anatole Dauvergne, after the original painting now at Conlonniers.

Valentin put neither his signature nor any peculiar mark at the bottom of his pictures. Brouillot, however, in his "Dictionnaire des Monogrammes" (Munich, 1832), notices the fact of the letters "V B pinx." on the portrait of Nicolas Poussin, engraved by Louis Ferdinand, being attributed to Valentin. This is too vague to inspire us with much confidence; besides, the inscription in question is one found on an engraving executed by another artist, and not by Valentin.

NATIONAL PICTURES.

THE specimens of Guido—a name famous in the history of art—are in our collection by no means favourable; yet there are no less than eight of his pictures in the National Gallery. Two of them are to be found in the small room on the left hand as you enter, and are pendants to each other, and illustrate in a remarkable degree either the bad taste of Guido or that of his age, or perhaps of both conjoined.

(No. 87), "Persons and Andromeda," is an illustration of Ovid's fable. Andromeda, chained to the rock, is standing in an execrably false attitude. Her grief is ridiculous, and her manner in the highest degree fantastical; but the method of painting in some measure atones for this, being fleshy and masterly. The colour, too, is very good; but the picture is deplorably dirty, and is nearly by any means lost to advantage. The bad taste of Guido is further shown in the figure of the approaching Persons upon a perfect rocking-horse, presumed to be Pegasus. This caricature Guido would have us accept as the

"Gorgonis anguicome Perseus superator."

of Ovid. The taste is execrable.

(No. 90), "Venus attired by the Graces," is an equally celebrated, but equally faulty picture. The ladies who attend Venus, as well as her goldship herself, are to the most extraordinary

extent. No—Venus, behind and. The legs which are of her nighly 3s add but rather than yep. I put out in an unready 500 age of gratitude the head, which Empress is dressing, is shown back with a fine lady like air, which would speak rather of the nature of a specimen of the nature than that of a picture. The very Cupid was the first to see, and also he looks up to the Venus, at which, by the way, her ladyship does not look and that of it nothing more than a handsome. The picture is of a fine but, and to be in by a certain amount of a picture. The picture is of half. The colours than a few feet three inches by six feet two inches. It was presented to the nation by E. M. King William IV. It has been engraved many times, the best engraving of it is by Strang.

The colour is, like Guido's general style, such; but, with that exception, were the picture a modern one, and exhibited, say by Frost, in the Royal Academy, it would be treated very roughly by critics who are able to judge. As it is, it has the prestige of the name of an old master.

Another of this master's works (No. 177), "The Madonna," was purchased by the government from Sir Simon Clarke's collection, for £2,100. It is a half-length figure, life size, and is about as far from illustrating the subject the name of which it bears as anything possibly can be. Instead of a face full of repentant grief and holy rapture, mislabbing its own worthiness, yet full of faith, worn by watching and prayer, and with its eyes cast rather upon the ground than raised confidently to heaven, Guido has given us, as his idea of the Magdalen, a fat woman, looking boldly up to heaven, in an attitude struck for the occasion, and which begs the on-looker to admire it for its trick. Add to this that any sympathy for this unskillful mode of treatment, not appealed to; that the touch is out of drawing, and the handling hard and colouring by no means brilliant; and then let any one ask why "a government," or the person who at that time patronized the gallery, could give so great a sum for so weak a picture.

(No. 193), "Old Man and his Daughters," is another of Guido's pictures, which, from the subject, does not admit of criticism. The old man is of a brick-dirt colour; and the subject wants refinement, and is thoroughly coarse and vulgar.

(No. 196), "Susanna and the Elders," by the same master, is another purchase of the government for £1,260. We doubt whether, if brought to the hammer again, it would fetch half the price. The figure of Susanna is graceful, but that is all that can be said in praise of it. It is careless in execution. The two elders are placed in the background, and entirely neglected, there being no variation whatever in their faces or attitudes.

The last and best of Guido's productions in this gallery is another sacred subject, one strange to Protestant ears—"The Coronation of the Virgin." It is a kind of apotheosis of St. Mary; angels surround her, and place a crown of lilies on her head. To keep the principal figure very prominent, the angels and cherubs are, as it were, flattened; but the arrangement is graceful, the drawing is not very faulty, and the colour is vivid and brilliant. The picture, on the whole, is a very pleasing one, and gives a more favourable idea of the powers of Guido than those previously noticed. There is, however, a great want of mind in the picture, and, reviewing the specimens of Guido which we have gone through, one rather wonders at the price his pictures were formerly valued at, than that they have ever been the subject

The master of Titian, Giorgione, was contemporary, his day, and is not a water, as it is, but it is a very good picture in a gallery. It is No. 115, "The Death of Peter Martyr." It is sketchy, well drawn, and terrible; but the hard, black shadows give no idea of the lofty boldness of this master. The painting, however, is very interesting, and is a fine example of exhibiting the progress of a martyr's death.

Titian, the best of the Venetian school, and the painter who shines with Raphael, and is the greatest artist the world has seen, has two pictures in our collection, in Titian's speciality. The first is called "St. Mark Preaching in the Desert." It is a half-length figure, and is a very good picture of Titian. It is badly drawn, but the colouring is excellent. It is quite good, which is a very good thing. The figure is a good one, and

* "Le Peintre Gouzer Français, a Catherine Raouzeau de Estampes gravées par les Peintres et le Dessinateurs de l'Ecole Française," par Robert Dumesnil. Paris, 1834.

(No. 4), "The Holy Family," is a very agreeable picture, also by Titian, and in this case a genuine one. The infant Saviour is very excellent, but the St. Joseph stern, undignified, and forbidding. The colour is admirable, and this praise also applies to the handling.

(No. 32), "The Rape of Ganymede," a life-size composition of a boy carried off by Jupiter's eagle, is a picture worthy of Titian. The action of the boy, carried off without a chance of escape, yet looking backwards to the earth from which he came, is fine; the eagle and the sky well coloured; but, from the fact of the fable forming no point of credence amongst Christians, as well as the impossibility of the action, the picture loses its interest to an uneducated, nay, even to an educated mind. In shape this picture is an octagon, and fitted for the centre decoration of a ceiling, for which it was no doubt painted.

his countryman Dante fills in poetry—of Michael Angelo, we have in the National Gallery but one specimen, and that is, unfortunately, a very inferior copy. It is in the catalogue (No 8), "A Dream—the Vices disclosed at the Last Judgment." It represents a man roused by the angel of futurity to look upon a retributive punishment, supposed to grow out of the vices of man. It is very grand in conception, and the figure of the man is one of the finest of modern conceptions, and will bear comparison with the antique, which Michael Angelo is known to have studied. The fact of imagining so great a picture shows how far superior was this painter to all others in mind. Of his power of drawing and finish, this gives little idea. The original, from which this picture is painted, is considerably larger—more than twice the size—and forms a portion of the royal collection of Spain.

Of the Claudes we have already spoken; those that the national



ST. MATTHEW.—FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

Of (No. 34), "Adonis and Venus," we have already spoken. The present picture is a copy.

(No. 35), "Bacchus and Ariadne," is the finest specimen of this master which is in this country. Yet to us the action of Bacchus alighting from his car seems awkward and ugly, and such as should not have been attempted; the figure of Ariadne also seems to be destitute of grace. Yet of this picture Mrs. Jameson says, that it "presents on a small scale an epitome of all the beauties which characterise Titian, in the rich, picturesque, animated composition, in the ardour of Bacchus, who flings himself from his car to pursue Ariadne, the dancing bacchantes, the frantic grace of the bacchante, and the little joyous satyr in front, hailing the head of the sacrifice." It cannot be denied, indeed, that this is a very fine picture, deserving of much study, full of excellent drawing, graceful composition, and rich colouring; and that it is one of the pictures well worthy of a national collection.

Of the great rival of Raffaele, the chief of the Florentine school, and the most epic of all artists, filling in painting the place which

collection possesses are very fine specimens, nor have they, whatever may be said to the contrary, suffered by their being cleaned.

Of the two Caraccis, Agostino and Annibale, who both adorned the same school, the Bolognese, and flourished contemporaneously, we are not without specimens, nor are those without worth. Of Agostino, the younger Caracci, we have but two specimens (Nos. 147 and 148), and these are cartoons, both of them, however, of a very fine order, beautifully drawn. The first is "Cephalus and Aurora," and can scarcely be too much admired, for its delicacy of conception and its grace of drawing. The arrangement of the picture, the clouds, and the Cupids, are very beautiful; and, as a cartoon, this may be deemed a very excellent specimen, and one worthy every consideration on the part of the student.

In (No. 148) "The Triumph of Galatea," the artist has been indelicate; but the composition, grace, and harmony of the piece can scarcely be surpassed. Had Agostino Caracci lived longer,

he would undoubtedly have been the first of the Bolognese school.

No less than eight pictures bear witness to the style and mind of the elder Caracci, Annibale. Of these (No. 9), "Christ appearing to Peter after his Resurrection" is unworthy of its high reputation, although it expresses strong devotional feeling and has about it some excellent colour. The blue draperies stand in curiously affected and sharp folds, devoid of much grace.

(No. 25), "St. John in the Wilderness," is open to much the same objection, and is besides monotonous.

(No. 56), "Landscape with Figures," and (No. 63), "Prince Guistiniani and his Suite returning from the Chase," are landscapes and favourable specimens of this style of painting by Caracci. The latter is a fine landscape; the sky is light, loose, and airy; the trees in the distance well painted; and the gay dresses of the

expression, so devout in the faith of the saint, so chaste in character and solemn in tone, that it should perhaps be attributed to Agostino Caracci rather than to Annibale. The reader will do well to study this picture, as a very excellent specimen of the old masters.

Of Raffaele, by many thought to be the prince of painters, we have four specimens, or *soi-disant* specimens. One we have already noticed. Another (No. 168), "St. Catherine of Alexandria," is quite unworthy of his name, and gives us but an indifferent idea of the painter of the Hampton Court cartoons.

(No. 213), "The Vision of St. George," a sleeping knight visited by an angel, is very good indeed for what it was originally intended for, the illustration of a book. The landscape at the back is what he might have caught from one of his master Perugino's pictures, and in composition is exactly one of those to which we now apply the term Pre-Raphaelite. The colour of this little picture is very



SUSANNA'S INNOCENCE ACKNOWLEDGED. FROM A PAINTING BY VALENTIN.

courtiers of the prince light up a landscape which would otherwise be dull and sombre. This picture is one of those bequeathed by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

(Nos. 93 and 94), "Silenus gathering Grapes" and "Silenus teaching Apollo to play upon the Reed-pipe," though both small pictures, are both excellent. The latter is especially so; the grace and youth of Apollo, and the timid yet intelligent expression with which he glances at his old master, have never been surpassed. The attitude of jovial carelessness and the connoisseur look of Silenus are also very excellent; whilst the perfect animal nature of the head, in contrast with the quick intelligence of that of Apollo, is both excellent and remarkable.

(No. 198), "The Temptation of St. Anthony in the Desert," is one of the finest pictures in the gallery; but it is very different from any of the specimens of Annibale Caracci. It is so refined in

bright and pleasing, and cannot but give delight to those who look upon it as an early specimen of the great Italian master. Beneath it, in the same frame, hangs an outline—no doubt, the original drawing—which the artist has punctured, so as, by powdered plumbago or other means, to get the outline down upon the surface on which he painted the picture. The whole contents of the frame are very interesting, and so valuable, that although the panel only measures seven inches square, the British government, in 1847, gave the executors of Sir Mark Sykes £1,000 for it.

We shall again, and in our third paper, for the last time visit this gallery, in conjunction with another near London; and in the meantime we recommend those of our readers who are interested in art to pay another visit to the national collection in Trafalgar-square.

DISCOVERY OF OIL-PAINTING.

PREVIOUSLY to the commencement of the fifteenth century, the colours used by artists were mixed with a solution of fine gums, the yolks and whites of eggs, or with dissolved wax: and the manner in which the paintings executed in that style have preserved their colouring is surprising. It has, indeed, been asserted by some writers, that oil-painting was known in Italy so early as the thirteenth century; but some Tuscan pictures of that period were analysed by Bianchi, an able chemist of Pisa, and though apparently done in oil, the vehicle used proved to be wax, which served to protect the picture from damp, as well as to give a brightness and gloss to the colours. But all the oil discoverable in any picture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries which has been experimented upon, is a very small quantity of some essential oil, which appears to have been used in dissolving the wax. When eggs were used, the canvas had to be prepared with a coating of lime or gypsum, which acted as an absorbent; and gum-water required each covering of paint to be dried in the sun before a fresh colour was added, a process which, besides being very tedious, interfered with the harmony of the colouring.

John Van Eyck, an artist of Bruges, experienced the inconvenience of this process in a painful manner by the splitting of a panel he was painting by the heat of the sun, to which it had been exposed to harden the first coat of colour. This accident led him to turn his attention to the task of discovering a substitute for the vehicles then in use, which would acquire a proper consistency and hardness without the aid of the sun. After many experiments, he discovered that boiled linseed-oil and nut-oil were the most drying; and by mixing these with other articles he produced, says Vasari, "a varnish which, dried, was waterproof, and gave a clearness and brilliancy, while it added to the harmony of his colours." This discovery was made about the year 1410, and appears to have soon become known to the artists of Flanders and Germany: for there is a "Holy Family," by Aeyck, in the Dresden Gallery, creditably painted in oil, with the date of 1416.

The artists of Italy, admiring the harmony and brilliancy which colours received under the new method, sighed to possess a secret so valuable to their art. Antonello da Messina made a journey to Bruges to obtain it from the discoverer, and having succeeded, returned to Italy, and communicated it to Domenico, a Venetian artist. The latter, after practising his art at Loretto and Perugia, where he enjoyed a high reputation in 1454, went to Florence, where the success which he obtained excited the envy of Andrea de Castagno, who was the first artist of the day, as regards vigour, design, and perspective. Jealous of the fame of Domenico as a colourist, he obtained the secret from him by pretending the warmest friendship, and then assassinated him, in order that he might be without a rival in the art. The mystery in which the deed was shrouded caused a number of innocent persons to be suspected and imprisoned; but Castagno, on his death-bed, disclosed his guilt, which has rendered his name infamous in the annals of

art. His finest works have perished; but there remain a "Crucifixion," painted on a wall of the Monastery of the Angeli, and another picture in the Church of Santa Lucia della Magnuoli. After the death of Castagno, the secret of painting in oil became generally known, and its superiority was so apparent that it soon became generally practised.

The chief painters of Italy, previously to the introduction of the method discovered by Van Eyck, were Cimabue and Giotto, whom Lanzi calls the Michael Angelo and Raffaele of their period. Some of the works of Cimabue are still preserved, as relics of art, in the Cathedral of Santa Croce at Florence. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he greatly excelled. There are several of his frescoes in a chapel at Padua, among which a "Crucifixion" and the "Casting Lots for the Vesture of Christ" have been much admired.

Few of the works of Van Eyck are now in existence. A picture containing the Virgin and Child, with St. George, St. Donatus, and other saints, is in the Cathedral of Bruges: this is in oil, and the colours are still fresh; but it has little of the boldness of composition, vigour of drawing, and brightness of colouring, which characterise the productions of later Flemish artists, of which school this painter and his brother Hubert were the founders. The Pembroke collection contains a small picture of "The Nativity," which is the best of Van Eyck's existing works; it is in oil, and the colours are, for the most part, very pure and fresh. The red garment of Joseph looks as fresh as if painted recently, and the same may be said of all the draperies, except that of the Virgin, which has changed from blue to dark-green.

The new style of painting did not make its way, and achieve a triumph over the old methods, without encountering some prejudices, as seems to be the fate of every discovery, whether in science or art. Even the mighty genius of Michael Angelo did not appreciate it; when requested by the reigning pontiff, Paul III., to paint the ceiling and walls of the Sistine Chapel in oil-colours, he replied that painting in oil was fit only for women, and that if he worked at all it should be in fresco. He did so, and admirably as he succeeded, some connoisseurs have thought that the brightness of the colouring of his "Last Judgment" might have been improved. Leonardo da Vinci did not succeed in this style; the cartoon of the battle of Niccolò Piccinino, executed in rivalry with Michael Angelo, was never finished, on this account. Mecheirno, a painter of the Siennese school, was another who succeeded better in distemper than in oil.

The first of this school who adopted the new method of preparing colours was Matteo di Giovanni, whom some writers on art have designated the Siennese Masaccio; but he is far behind the old Florentine master, though he gave more variety of expression to his heads, more grace to his draperies, and more correctness to the human form, than the school of Siena had before exhibited. The first of the Venetian school who painted in oils was Bartolomeo, whose last picture, an "Ascension," will bear comparison with the best works of the period in which he flourished—the beginning of the fifteenth century.

THEODORE GÉRICAULT.

THEODORE GÉRICAULT, of whose biography we gave some particulars in presenting an engraving of his masterly picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa," was a pupil of Guérin: the representative of pure classic art saw grow up in the bosom of his own school the beginning of that violent reaction in favour of the romantic style which became in Géricault a powerful reality. Strange, that the first who protested against the Greek idities and all the race of Agamemnon should proceed from the studio of him who painted "Phœdra," "Clytemnestra," and the "Sacrifice to Esculapins!"

Gras had imparted an heroic sentiment to matters that were really commonplace; Géricault continued the movement, but with more boldness, casting off the traditional rules of the antique school, in all that was antagonistic to the French character, and revealing the poetry of art in a very high degree.

Two passions revealed themselves in Géricault at a very early age, and remained undiminished during the whole of his brief existence; these were a love of the arts and a love of horses. The delight which he took as a boy in being among horses, and witnessing the hippodramatic spectacles and feats of equestrianism at Franconi's have been noticed in the article to which we have directed the reader's attention; and this love of horses he carried with him into the studio. To be a great horse-painter was his earliest ambition, and his first studies were the inimitable horses of Rubens; how far he attained the first, and the results of the latter, may be seen in the illustration which accompanies this notice of his works (p. 112).

Before he obtained a studio of his own, which he was for some time prevented from doing by his father, who disliked the avocation he had selected, he worked in those of his friends, usually in that of M. Dorey. In 1712 he rented an empty shop on the Boulevard Montmartre, where he painted his first picture, an equestrian por-

trait, in full regimentals, of Lieutenant Diénonne, of the corps of Guides, generally known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard." The fierce-looking officer, who has his face turned towards the spectator, holds a curved sabre in his right hand, and seems to be ordering a charge. The ground is difficult, being broken and craggy, but the attitude of the horse is at once bold and natural. The plume of the rider's military cap is agitated by the wind, which also spreads out the short Hussar's pelisse. The horse is gray; the head is full of fire and expression; and the finely developed limbs show how well the painter had studied the motions of the animal. The filling up of the picture is in harmony with the principal figures. On the right is seen a field-gun, to which two horses are attached, but of which the drivers and gunners have disappeared. Through the thick cloud of smoke which the fire of the artillery has rolled over the field of battle, several Hussars are seen charging, but only imperfectly, for they are partially veiled by the smoke. On the left, a trumpeter is sounding the charge, while about to plunge into the smoke which as yet conceals the enemy. The sky is dark and stormy, according well with the character and tone of the whole picture.

The exhibition of this picture was Géricault's *debut* as a painter. Among artists of the old school it excited more astonishment than admiration: it was like nothing they had ever seen before, and the boldness of the young painter was not appreciated. Guérin had assured him that he would never become a great painter, and advised him to give up painting altogether. We are here reminded of the advice given by Sir Walter Scott to the Ettrick Shepherd, that he should abandon poetry, in which he would never succeed, and give his undivided attention to his shop and his pastures. Hogg thought differently from Scott, and Géricault differed from Guérin; the result in both cases proved that the pupil had a more correct perception of his own powers than the master.

Géricault was satisfied with his success, and was not long in producing a companion-picture to the "Chasseur." This was the "Wounded Cuirassier," which was exhibited in 1814. It represents a dismounted cuirassier, standing upon a sloping ground, and holding his horse by the bridle. The horse is a dark-bay, and his head recalls those of Gros. The unfortunate cuirassier raises his eyes to heaven, and sees only dark clouds—heavy, metallic, and bordered with a lurid and sinister light. Weakened by his wound, he seems about to sink under the weight of his distress. With one hand he holds the bridle of his horse; the other rests upon his sabre. The expression of his countenance is sad, yet energetic—such as characterises some of the soldiers in "The Battle of Eylau," by David. The sombre and desolate scene seems to imply that the picture represents an episode in the memorable and disastrous retreat from Russia, when the French soldiers were nightly raised from their bivouac fires by the attacks of the Cossacks, and so many thousands of brave men found their graves among the deep snow-drifts.

It was in the interval between the two exhibitions, in 1813, that Géricault produced his two superb studies of the fore and hind quarters of horses, now in the cabinet of Lord Seymour. The former is a series of seven figures in an oblong frame, and is much admired for the fire and grace developed in the attitudes. The study of hind-quarters is a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind. The various attitudes of the animals are portrayed with a fidelity to nature which has never been surpassed; the action of scrapping the ground with the feet, the inquiet movement of the tail, all are represented. The horses are of all colours—gray, white, chestnut, and black. These were subjects which few artists would have chosen; but Géricault took a peculiar delight in the representation of horses under every variety of aspect, and he produced them without any apparent effort. Every one saw that the painter had studied the nature and habits of the animal.

Returning to his studio after his brief period of service in the *gardes du corps*, his admiration of the pictures of Gros became more exalted every day, and he passed whole hours in their contemplation. It is said that he even paid nearly forty pounds for the privilege of executing a copy of "The Bottle of Nazareth." He always pronounced the name of Gros with great respect, and spoke of his work in a tone of the most elevated enthusiasm. Though he had not concurred in the opinion of Guérin respecting

his own abilities, he could not despair of ever attaining the eminence of Gros. Yet, in the representation of horses, he excelled that painter. He was the best painter who, after having studied the different varieties of the horse, had portrayed them all with equal spirit and fidelity. Horace Vernet painted only troop-horses; Gros the Arab of pure blood; Vandoumonen the heavy-built Danish horse; Andrye the Spanish pinto. Géricault is, perhaps, the only artist who has painted the horse in all its varieties. The free admiration which he professed for the works of others is honourable to his character, provided it does not his soul was incapable of jealousy. When he discovered a fault in the work of an artist, he pointed it out with pleasure that was evidently sincere, and seemed to feel a much gratification in contemplating it as he would have done had the work been his own.

His visit to Italy had little or no effect upon his style, beyond increasing his contempt of the Low. Returning home a painter of horses, what, in fact, led Italy to show him up even to the horses of Rubens, which he had studied in the Museum? It was after his return from Italy that he produced his striking picture of the "Wreck of the Medusa," which now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre. This fine picture, one of the finest productions of the modern French school, which delimits in the portrayal of misery and horrible scenes of pain and suffering, has been so fully described in the notice referred to at the beginning of this article, that we need not dwell upon it here. It was exhibited in 1819, and occupied the painter six months in the execution.

This fine composition is almost the only one in which Géricault has departed from the representation of his equine favourites. In the "Horse Dealer" (p. 112), five cart-horses, of various colours, are represented, with humpen halters on their head and tails tied up, indicating that they are on their way to some fair or market. The muscular limbs of the ponderous animals are well portrayed, and the artist has thrown into their heads some of the fire which distinguishes his war-horses. The foremost is be-tridder by a rustic, who leads another by the halter, and an old man trundles behind. In his "Coal-Wagon" the horses are of the same kind—fine, powerful animals, five of whom are drawing a waggon, laden with coals, down a hill so steep and uneven, that they have evidently some difficulty in keeping their footing. The attitude of the trace-horse behind the leader, with his extended fore-leg firmly planted upon the ground, and his body thrown back, as if making an effort to save himself from falling, is excellent. One of the coachmen is seated on some sacks on the fore part of the waggon, in a position of easy indifference, while his comrade is holding the head of the shaft horse nearest the spectator, to prevent the waggon from acquiring too great an impetus. The sea is seen in the distance, with a couple of fishing-boats gliding over the rippled surface. "The Flying Trot" is a picture of a different character, and yet revealing the same traits; two race-horses career over a wide plain, one rody, the other black, in a groom; the head and slightly-curved neck of the mounted courier are very fine.

The accident which led to the death of this talented artist, at the age of thirty-three, was an incident in accordance with his whole life. Thrown from a fiery horse on the heights of Montmartre, he received injuries from which he never recovered, aggravated as they were, by his rising from his bed before he had regained strength, and attending the races on the Champ de Mars, when he received a violent shock in a gentleman riding just behind him at full speed. Painting horses, and especially the mounted courier and full speed, being his special avocations, he executed some of his sketches of Oriental animals, in 1817, which are now in the possession of M. François Arago, brother of the noble and astronomer of that name. He even meditated the execution of two grand pictures, the subject of which were to have been "The Arab on Slaves' heads," and "The Opening of the Doors of the Inquisition." From the evidence he has given of his powers in the "Wreck of the Medusa" there can be no doubt that the contemplated work would have added largely to his reputation had he lived to execute them. We can imagine the low show of Géricault, the tall palm-tree, the fish-belly horse, the dog lying on the ground, the still and solitary, the red horse of the Arabian, and the black and white of the slaves, like the black eagle on the rock, the black and white of the eagle, the red horse of the Arabian, and the dog lying on the ground, which Géricault has given such striking evidence of his ability to portray. And then the painting of the

Inquisition, the liberation of the victims of the Dominican brotherhood—what scope would have been there afforded for the representation of the same strong emotions! But a renewed attack of the malady carried off the artist, whose remains repose beneath a marble monument, the work of M. Etex, adorned with bronze relief, copied from his principal works.

Two pictures by Géricault, called "The Village Smithy," and "A Child Feeding a Horse," were exhibited by his friends shortly after his death. He also left a magnificent design of a man holding a horse, several studies for a picture of "Mazeppa" (a fine subject in the hands of such an artist), a pen-and-ink sketch of a mounted negro, and a design, executed in the same manner, for his contemplated picture of "The African Slave-trade." "A Brigand Scene," which he also left in his studio, is a grand composition, containing a number of spirited figures.

victims of shipwreck being represented much nearer to the raft than the painter finally decided upon depicting it. Another design for the same picture, in the possession of M. Ary Scheffer, presents a still wider departure from that which he transferred to the canvas; it represents the mutiny and bloodshed by which additional horrors were added to those of shipwreck and famine.

In the collection of M. Collet is a painting by Géricault called "The Sèvres Diligence;" and the gallery of M. Delessert contains a very fine one, representing a brewer's dray, loaded with beer-barrels, and drawn by two stout horses; in the foreground is a black dog. The lithographs which he executed are very numerous, and in the first style of the art. The Bibliothèque Royale at Paris possesses ninety-six subjects; and since the principles upon which Géricault worked have been better understood and appreciated than they were during his life, they have been several times repro-



THE HORSE DEALER.—FROM A PAINTING BY GÉRICAUT.

Some of the most striking productions of Géricault are to be seen in the gallery of the Palais Royal. Besides the equestrian portrait of Lieutenant Diendoné, commonly known as "The Chasseur of the Imperial Guard," that collection contains his "Exercising on the Plain of Grenelle," his "Hussar in a Charge," and his "Wounded Cuirassier," already noticed. "The Wreck of the Medusa," as already stated, adorns the walls of the Louvre Gallery. Many of his drawings are comprised in the collections of MM. Scheffer, Collet, Baroilhet, Eugene Delacroix, and others. The cabinet of M. Marcille contains a small, but very beautiful painting, in a style which Géricault seldom attempted; the subject is the mythological fable of Leda and the swan. In the same collection is a very fine study of a flute-player, and two pen-and-ink designs for the "Wreck of the Medusa," differing from the picture and from each other; the ship which bore down to the relief of the famishe

duced. The celebrated engraver, Reynolds, who assisted to make Géricault known in this country by his engraving of "The Wreck of the Medusa," executed several other plates after his compositions, in the dark and striking style which characterises his works.

The pictures of this master are seldom met with at public sales. In 1837, however, a racing-piece, from the cabinet of M. Ducos, representing three horses, mounted by the jockeys who are to contend for the prize, and pushed to a gallop, was sold for £14. Another racing-scene, finished by Géricault, produced £22. A picture of a jockey holding a race-horse was sold for £16, and a study of one of the horses of Napoleon, £36.

Géricault seldom affixed his signature to his pictures; the "Wreck of the Medusa" is not signed; the "Chasseur" in the Palais Royal, however, bears a signature.

JACOB RUYSDAEL.



The father of this eminent landscape painter, exercised a profession which brought him into constant communication with artists. He was a manufacturer of those fine ebony frames which were then in such great repute in the Netherlands, and the simplicity of which accorded so well with the tastes and habits of the people. Having acquired a certain degree of competence, he had given his son a



liberal education; and Jacob, after a rapid progress in classical studies, took a degree in medicine, which he is said by Houbraken to have practised with success before he became a painter. We know that Ruysdael learnt to draw, and even to paint, in early youth, his father's shop being frequented daily by the great artists of the day; but we are ignorant of the epoch at which he abandoned medicine and surgery for painting. Descamps asserts, that at the

age of twelve he had painted pictures which astonished every artist; but we may be allowed to suppose that the desire of adding to the glory of this great painter the merit of a marvellous precocity, has led his admirers to attribute to him some pictures of his brother Solomon, who was twenty years older than himself.

It often happens that, in strong and impassioned natures like that of Ruysdael, the ruling passion does not reveal itself until it has been a long time buried in the deep recesses of the mind. It is, therefore, more prudent to rely on the testimony of Houbraken, without heeding the assertions of Descamps, whose notice of Ruysdael contains almost as many errors as words. For instance, this very artist, who is represented as having produced masterpieces at the age of twelve, is described by the biographer at a later period as going to acquaint Berghem with the ardent passion he felt for painting. At what age could he have conceived that passion, if he had practised the art so successfully at the age of twelve? But this is not the only error which this writer has committed. "The works of Berghem," says he, "pleas'd Ruysdael very much; it even seem'd as if there was some resemblance between the genius of both; he paid him a visit at Amsterdam, and acquainted him with his great passion for the art of painting. It is not said that Berghem was his master, but we are assur'd that they were closely united in friendship. This is enough to make us believe that, to intimate a union contributed to the advancement of Ruysdael. Summerson's certainty when, on examining his work, we recognise the touch and colour of him who had been his guide." This passage is a curiosity in its way, for if there ever existed two men of a genius not merely different, but diametrically opposite, these certainly were Ruysdael and Berghem. Grace, spirit, gaiety, were the attributes of the latter; grave sensibility and deep emotion constitute the soul and strength of Ruysdael, and therein lies his greatness. At no period of his life can we discover in his touch the resemblance of which Descamps speak. As to his colour, it is altogether different from that of Berghem; the gay and bright tones are rigo-

rously banished; and red, for instance, never appears in his pictures at all. The probability is, that Jacob Ruysdael, who lived at Haarlem with his brother Solomon, yielded, on seeing him paint, to the promptings of his own genius, and formed his first style upon that of his brother. The works which he first executed are easily distinguished by the hardness of the touch, and the colour and composition of the skies.

An engraving, after Ruysdael, entitled "A View in the Environs of Rome," is sometimes met with in the windows of print-shops, which has led some writers to conclude that he had travelled in Italy. But inscriptions under prints are not always to be depended upon; and in the present instance there is nothing to justify the title that has been given to it. It is a gloomy landscape, under a northern sky, covered with rain-charged clouds. No splendid ruin indicates the vicinity of the Eternal City. Some gentlemen are boating on a canal; but their costume is not very characteristic, and no more Italian than the landscape itself. There is no proof, therefore, that Ruysdael was ever in Italy; not one of his works bears a trace of it—on the contrary, they are all of a sombre green, invariably opposed to a sky of slaty gray. The gleams of light which sometimes illumine his melancholy pictures, are nothing more than the rays of that sun which, rending its misty veil, warms up from time to time the marshes of the Drenthe, or the moist plains of the Zuyderzee. It is impossible, however, to believe that Ruysdael ever quitted Holland, though it is asserted by Descamps, "Ruysdael and Berghem," says he, "only copied the environs of Amsterdam and never quitted their country." With respect to Berghem, we look upon it as certain that he went to Rome, and brought from thence the Greek architecture and ruins which enhance the charm and the value of his pastoral pictures. With respect to Ruysdael, it would be difficult for him to discover, in the environs of Amsterdam, mountains so high that their summits tower above the clouds, lakes surrounded by elevated peaks, and waterfalls, such as are seen in the mountain regions, whence spring the sources of great rivers. Amsterdam is situated in a country presenting the fewest inequalities of any upon earth. Meadows, canals, and the sea, are the chief objects to be seen around the Dutch capital; and an author, who was, doubtless, acquainted with the works of Ruysdael, must have carried his ignorance or simplicity very far when he wrote that their master copied only the environs of that city.

The landscapes of Ruysdael are evidently from nature, and it is equally evident that he could not have found these romantic and picturesque subjects in his own country. It is probable that he resided some time on the borders of Westphalia, and there found those wild and sombre scenes, the aspect of which agreed with the sadness of his own heart.

Though a restless and unsociable poet, a lover of solitude, fond of wandering in the woods in reverie, and soothing his melancholy by the roar of torrents, Ruysdael was linked in friendship with a painter whose character and genius were totally different from his own—Berghem. So true is it that sympathy of minds does not always depend on their resemblance. Berghem was a man of a lively and gay disposition. Being ten years older than Ruysdael, he could give him advice with the authority to which his works, his reputation, and his school entitled him; but there was between these artists a diversity of genius which, though the men were united, must have separated the painters. Ruysdael was little understood by Berghem, and thus the union of their talents generally produced nothing but incongruities. They were as dissimilar as the song and the elegy. Upon the verge of the sombre forest of Ruysdael, or on the banks of his foaming torrents, Berghem would paint gay and lively villagers, careless shepherds driving their flocks to pasture, or a peasant carrying the farmer's young wife in his arms, while his companion pulls an obstinate little donkey along by the tail. Who can be blind to such discordance, or ignorant how grievously the unity of sentiment which reigns in the landscapes of Ruysdael must be broken by the presence of those obtrusive figures, which break the solitude of scenes whose solemn silence enchants the pensive dreamer? The intervention of any strange hand in a painting almost invariably spoils the unity of the first impression, that is to say, its grandeur. For our own part, we would prefer meeting in the forest solitudes of Ruysdael only those small figures, awkwardly drawn perhaps, that

pass indistinctly in the distance, and, by simply realising the image of man, allow the thoughts of the spectator to flow freely, and make no noise in the picture.

Houbraken informs us that Ruysdael had resolved to lead a life of celibacy; and adds that he sacrificed the pleasures of the marriage state to the desire of assisting his aged father, and of never quitting him. Ruysdael had espoused nature, as it were, and this mysterious love was sufficient for his heart. His poverty may have been another reason for this abnegation. Ruysdael continued poor all his life. How could he pursue fortune, who followed poetry alone? Such fine natures are generally all of a piece, and Ruysdael's disinterestedness might be conjectured, even if it had never been proved. He whose works have enriched so many speculators, lived poor, and died young, on the 16th of November, 1681.

That ineffable melancholy, which art has never fully expressed, and which seems peculiar to a few sensitive minds, tormented this great landscape painter to his dying day. While so many artists looked on the country, like Berghem, only in a picturesque point of view, in its happy aspects, its harmonious colouring and its brilliant light, Ruysdael, a prey to this indescribable feeling, pursued, in the bosom of nature, the imperceptible and unknown ideal. Along the monotonous heaths of Keramer, in the marshy meadows of Haarlem, in the forests and at the foot of the mountains of Westphalia, he aspired to penetrate the all-pervading soul which the pantheists ascribe to the world. And as a proof that the real torment of this great painter was an aspiration beyond the invisible world towards that infinity which seems to be represented by the undecided lines on the horizon of his landscapes, he abandoned an honourable profession, the exercise of which he had successfully commenced, to seek by painting to give expression to his secret thoughts and the mysterious effusions of his melancholy.

Ruysdael is the painter of nature's elegies, and the poet of souls tried by sorrow. He seeks out the most mysterious solitudes, the most hidden recesses; he reclines at the base of a ruin, he wanders amid forsaken tombs, he walks in melancholy mood on the banks of torrents, whose murmuring fall hurls suffering humanity to rest, contemplating at times the creeping ivy as it embraces the stems of giant trees, or is reflected in the inundations of the plains. If there be a corner of the earth forgotten by human-kind, where mourning nature seems to bewail her isolation, it is there he stops. He seems in fact, to have enjoyed that voluptuousness which Montaigne had vaguely divined, without having felt it, when he wrote: "I fancy there must be some relish of epicurism and delicacy even in the lap of melancholy." It often sufficed him, to inspire this feeling, to represent a lofty pine, whose foliage spreads out at the summit of a tall and naked stem. The background of the landscape, ornamented with wood, mingles with the vapours of the horizon: the tree rises, isolated and detached from all surrounding objects, into the deep cerulean sky. Its immovable shadow darkens the waters of the lake which surrounds the narrow promontory where its roots are imbedded. A few cows are enjoying the refreshing fluid a little farther on, and the gurgling of the water against their sides is the only sound that disturbs the solemn silence of the retreat. The idea, the arrangement, and the composition of this picture are all of the greatest simplicity, but the effect is nevertheless great.

But if we would fully comprehend the pathetic beauties which Ruysdael knows how to spread over his works, even the most simple in appearance, we must pause with deep respect before that celebrated picture, which represents the "Cemetery of the Jews at Amsterdam." Three or four tombs, composed of large stones, hewn in a rude and simple style, lie scattered in disorder at the foot of a great elm-tree. The uneven and stony ground, rarely pressed by the foot of man, is covered with a rank growth of weeds and long grass. In the background is seen a clump of trees, above which rises the spire of a church. The sky is dark, but a bright sunbeam breaks between the clouds, and falls upon this field of death. The light of this sunbeam is dazzling; and the whiteness of the gravestones, which are vividly illuminated, is enhanced by the strong shadows which cover the other objects. There is something in the very brightness of this light which it is impossible to define—something which seems to remind us that it falls in vain on the tombs of the departed, that—

"The sun of life can warm the dead no more!"

The sky, too, has a character mournful beyond the power of language to express. It is veiled, like the earth, in a funereal hue. What solemn thoughts must fill the minds of those three Jews, clothed in long robes, who are threading the narrow path between the tombs! How touchingly suggestive! The great painter has represented soaring above those men, so faithful to those who are no more, a flock of swallows, birds of remembrance, whose nests may be found every summer in the same place.

Every one who walks through the Dresden Gallery, where this picture hangs, is struck with its melancholy aspect, which so eloquently reminds the spectator of the dark history of a race everywhere anathematised and proscribed. In the midst of those landscapes of the Dutch school, of those smiling past-lands of Karel and Van der Does, this sublime picture imparts a shock to the mind. By the side of those pale Dutch skies, we are only the more forcibly struck by the sunbeam which falls upon those tombs, and brightens a large broken stone, on which are cut certain illegible characters. There is nothing more solemn than such a spectacle, and nothing more sad. The epitaphs become green under the weeping willow. A dead and naked trunk elevates its leafless head near the tombs, which are already themselves in a state of ruin, offering a strong contrast to the fine group of trees which rise vigorous and verdant, as if to remind us, in the very bosom of death, of the ever-springing youth of nature. There is in this picture an abyss of melancholy, and to render it still more overpowering, the painter has introduced into it the fall of a torrent, which disturbs the silence of the tombs with the dashing of its waters.

A modern critic tells us that, in gazing upon this picture, he found it impossible to shake off the thought that Ruysdael might have himself belonged to that persecuted race, which, at that time sheltered in Holland, produced so many illustrious men. There appeared to him, in this pathetic picture, something more than the feeling of a great artist, and he was impressed with the idea that so fine a work must have been inspired by the sensibility of one of the faithful over the tombs of his brethren. We know to what an extent the Jews carry their respect for the graves of the departed, and that this feeling is amongst the number of their most cherished traditions. Mourning amongst them was always excessively rigid; they beat their breasts, rent their clothes, covered their heads with ashes; and, mingled as they are with the Christian nations of the West, they still preserve among them the vivacity of manifestation peculiar to the Oriental races. Whether Ruysdael really belonged to the Hebrew nation, whose burial-place he has so devotedly painted so often and with such a marked predilection, is a point which must still continue in obscurity, since this conjecture of the critic is based upon no other data than that afforded by this picture. The lives of painters, however, are often written more truthfully in their works than in books; and how are we to explain the frequency and the evident pleasure with which Ruysdael reproduced this picture, if he was not led into such scenes by some impulse of religion and of the heart?

It is a remarkable circumstance, that Ruysdael excited the same thoughts and produced the same emotions at different epochs, and that Taillisson, a writer of the time of Napoleon I., who belonged by education to another class of literature, and had different ideas from our own, criticised Ruysdael, and comprehended him as he is comprehended and criticised by the present generation, and with precisely the same feeling. He speaks of those sylvan retreats, "those wild heaths surrounded by sombre woods, where, separated from the rest of mankind, far from the fatigues of pomp, in the midst of silence and repose, one listens with respect to the sublime voice of nature. The landscapes of Ruysdael frequently offer similar retreats, in which very few figures are seen; the imagination delights to roam there, peopling them at will. He was fond of painting those rocks and corners of woods, mysteriously illuminated—favourable retreats for dreaming lovers and philosophers, where we seat ourselves with a book, which we soon neglect for thoughts we delight to indulge in; these spots are almost always divided and enriched by limpid brooks, which, in their tardy progress, are embellished by the reflection of the sky that illumines them, and of the banks and trees whose freshness they nourish, while the latter in return shelter them from the all-absorbing heat of the sun. Sometimes ducks, geese, and silvery swans are seen

upon the peaceful waters, undertaking voyage, which are not of long duration.

We cannot find in the works of the painter of his country such touching poetry as he has imparted to his own, which inspire a tender melancholy; this, doubtless, arises from the sensibility of his mind, from his choice of subjects, and from the depth of all his groans. He has often painted the tombs of the Jews at Amsterdam. The so silent resting-place, surrounded by trees, while moulding the mind to sadness, please the eye by their unity, by the simplicity of their forms, and by the harmony of their colour. We do not see in his pictures the proud and terrible sites of a mountainous country; nor do we see in them pompous edifices, or the noble ruins of splendid architecture, no broken pillars or overturned capitals—the sorrowful remains of faded grandeur; but we see a rich soil, covered with abundant vegetation, the strong and harmonious colouring of nature, the airy vapour, the brilliancy of light, and the modest habitations of a prudent people enriched by their own industry."

There exist some very fine marine views by this painter, the more precious because they are rare. He had not far to go to seek his subjects and his inspiration. At two leagues from Amsterdam, where he had established himself, he found the Zuyderzee; and not far from that all the coast of Holland lashed by the ocean. The Dutch school boasts many painters who have shone in the representation of maritime scenery; but those of Ruysdael are easily distinguishable from others of the same description; like all the rest of his works, they bear the stamp of his genius. His is not the smooth and transparent sea of Van Goyen, the foamy, billowy ocean of Bakhuysen, nor the blue and rippling water of Vandervelde. Ruysdael's waves are deep and sombre; his tempests have an indescribable distraction, and recall the genius of Rembrandt. The Louvre possesses a marine picture by its master, in which are seen some vessels in a small, deserted beach offers no other object than a wooden jetty, shaken by collision with the waves. The colour of the water, which becomes yellow at the approach of the hurricane, is admirable for its truthfulness. The waves, in breaking, bend the long rocks, which have taken root in the mud round the jetty. They are in writhing and mixing with the swelling flood, still transparent, though stirred up. Lead-coloured clouds hide the day; it is so presentment rather than the spectacle of a storm; we do not see the danger of those at sea, but we can divine it, and the imagination magnifies it, struck by the powerful emotion imparted by the genius of the painter.

We have dwelt thus long on the peculiar and, as German critics would call it, the *subjective* character of the works of Ruysdael, because it is that which essentially constitutes the originality and genius of his works. It is in *poetry* that the superiority of this great painter consists; and it may be said, that he felt nature even more than he studied it. Valenciennes accuses him of having made use of the means which certain artists employ, who take as models small branches of trees and small stones, in order to draw whole trees and large rocks from them. "These artists," says he, "believe they are painting their pictures from nature, while they are only deceiving themselves; for the more correctly they copy the models, the more they increase the falsity of their painting. And, in fact, for the same reason that the proportion of a child do not resemble those of a man, the formation of a branch is of quite a different character from the construction of a tree. The texture of the bark is very different; and on this point the humblest *amateur* cannot be deceived." It is not impossible that Ruysdael may, now and then, have employed this convenient method, which rendered it unnecessary for him to leave his studio in order to consult nature; but to say that the majority of his trees are pieced from pieces of wood found in nature, is quite untrue. Ruysdael has been cited at all times for the truthfulness of his trees, and especially of the foliage, which enables us to distinguish one from another; and also for that sharp and firm touch which determines the profile of the masses, and colours the silvery fur of the trunks by the vigorous tone of the foliage; for example, the smooth white bark of the birch and the beech, which shines through the thickest verdure.

If Ruysdael has at times fallen into the fault of which Valen-

ciennes accuses him, it is in his etchings rather than in his paintings. It may be observed, in fact, in the print known as "The Cottage on the top of the Hill," that the fallen tree which leans towards the right does not appear in proportion with the rest of the objects, and may have been sketched from a small bough. Such a liberty may be pardonable in an etching, in which the artist wished to express for his own use the sentiment, or the recollection which occurred to him at the moment, rather than to draw a correct and precise study; but it would be inexcusable in a finished picture, and this fault Ruysdael never committed. While upon the subject of this master's etchings, we may here give the critique of Bartsch: "His prints," says he, "denote the extreme rapidity and light hand of their author. One might say, they are rather written than drawn. The foliage is a spirited and confused scratching, composed of a series of zig-zags, which serve in a wonderful manner to represent real nature, every form of which should not be too clearly determined, if one wishes to avoid falling into mannerism. There is nothing of what is called method, but a rare taste, and the greatest truth reigns over all."

Ruysdael was the painter of melancholy. His pictures were but the reflex of the workings of his own sombre and moody spirit; and doubtless they owe much of their impressiveness to the awe

was one of those upon whom the burden sat more heavily, and who never sought to cast it off. Those who possessed some buoyancy of spirit, whose attention was more easily diverted, saw in his works the truthful expression of phases of their own inner life. They saw that he had achieved on canvas what the pen could never accomplish - the expression of the sorrows and aspirations of the soul, by depicting the lonely and terrible in nature. What in them was the result of passing caprice or disappointment, was in him an abiding principle. It was in nature, and in nature only, that he found something to sympathise with every phase of his enduring melancholy; in the waterfall there was the monotonous but soothing evidence, sweeter to him than the voices of a choir, or the sound of stringed instruments; and in the hollow moaning of the winds through the pine forests he uttered his own griefs, in accents that none might hear and mock at. The woes of Electra, the "Sorrows of Werter," and the gloom of Manfred, are combined on his canvas in another form, but expressed no less solemnly and mournfully than in the airy fancies of the poets. No other exponent of this morbid sentimentality has ever met with so much success. The language in which he speaks is that of the eye, the same in all countries; and the idiom he uses is of nature's own devising, everywhere alike, and understood by all.



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

with which the world ever looks upon complete isolation from itself and its pursuit. It has little sympathy with those who seek it; but if a man seeks to nurse a great sorrow, and let it feel for ever on his own life, nourishing it with the daily contemplation of what ever is gloomy in nature, without seeking relief from his fellows, it watches his proceedings and chronicles his utterances with absorbing interest. The shade of melancholy, remorse, sadness, or despair, which has lent to the genius of Byron so much of its gloomy charm in the eyes of the public, and which has shed interest upon the story of the "Wandering Jew," is seen more distinctly in the paintings of Ruysdael than in either the poetry or the tale. He is the only artist who has fully embodied that passionate longing for rest and solitude, which, though it may be less active or recur less frequently in the lives of some than of others, exists in all. Who is there who cannot recall some hours of satiety or weariness, when the dark glen, the secluded waterfall, the gloomy forest, the stormy sky, the deep mist on the mountain top, or the hoarse dash of the surge on the lonely sea-shore, were sounds and scenes more welcome than any he could find in the busy haunts of men? This gloomy mood in most men passes away like a morning cloud, and they rouse themselves, return to society, and are happy; but Ruysdael

A gallery of paintings is not complete unless it contains some by Ruysdael, who, although he died young, left a great number.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses six, the most remarkable of which are: "A Forest crossed by a River," an admirable picture, with figures and cattle by Berghem; "A Thicket," with fine effect of light, which rivets the attention of all who look upon it; "A Windmill," with effect of the sun; and "A Tempest."

The Polydore Gallery at Vienna possesses two of Ruysdael's pictures: "A Forest crossed by a Brook," and "A Woodland Scene."

The Pinacothek at Munich has no less than nine, among which are "A Cascade," "A Steep Road," covered with trees and brushwood, and "A Snow Scene."

The Gallery at Dresden has seven, of which the most remarkable are "A Village in a Wood," "The Château de Bentheim," and "A Landscape," with figures by Adriaen Vanderveke, whose additions are more in harmony with Ruysdael's pictures than those of Berghem.

The Museum at Amsterdam possesses only two of his: a magnificent "Cascade," and "A Hilly Landscape."

The Museum at the Hague contains three: "A Cascade," "A Sea-shore," and "A View of the Environs of Haarlem."

The Museum at Berlin contains two, and that of Madrid the same number, all forest scenes.

The Hermitage at St. Petersburg is very rich in Ruysdaels, and some of them are of the first order. We may mention "A Sandy Road," with a peasant followed by his dog; "A Pathway in a Wood," on the verge of a stagnant pool; "A Landscape," in which the principal object is an old beech tree, struck by lightning, and fallen into the waters of a torrent; and "An Oak Tree blown down by the Winds."

The Bourgeois Gallery at Dulwich College, a few miles from London, contains five pictures by this master: 1. "A Landscape," a blasted tree in the foreground, and a single figure coming along the road. 2. "A Waterfall," with a hill in the distance. 3. "A Landscape," with two mills. 4. "A Landscape." 5. "A View near the Hague"—very fine.

The private galleries of England contain many of this artist's pictures; that of Sir Robert Peel possesses two, which are thus described by Waagen—1. "A Grand Waterfall," of such truth

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Flood-gate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their net; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Laperiere collection.

In the collection of Sir Abraham Hume is Ruysdael's "Corn-field" (p. 117), a nearly flat country, with a number of cows and sheep, admirably executed by Adrian Vandervelde.

There are five Ruysdaels in Lord Ashburton's collection, one of which, representing a village, is of great merit; the others are genuine and pleasing pictures, but not of the first class.

In Mr. Hope's collection there is only one, which represents a stream rushing between two pine-clad hills. In the foreground a



A CORN-FIELD.—FROM A PAINTING BY RUYSDAEL.

that you could fancy you heard it roar; of a force and freshness in the tone, and care in the execution, as we very rarely meet with in such subjects by this master. His model of such scenes was evidently Everdingen, who was rather older, and, during a residence in Norway, drew from the fountain of nature. This picture, which came originally from the celebrated Brentano collection in Amsterdam, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel from the collection of Lord Charles Townshend. 2. "A Winter Landscape," with a view of a canal, along which runs a road. The feeling of winter is here expressed with more truth than I have hitherto seen; at the same time, the drawing, light and shade, and gradation are masterly, and the touch wonderfully light and free.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Ruysdaels—1. "View on the plain near Haarlem," which is covered with trees; a ray of light falls between dark shadows of clouds. The picture, which is extremely well executed, inspires a feeling of deep melancholy. 2. "A Wood," through which a road leads to a village, the church of which appears. The numerous figures of horsemen, a cart, and other figures, are by Philip Wouvermann. This fine picture, in which the feelings of country life are vividly expressed, is remark-

able, because it shows the influence which Hobbema sometimes had over Ruysdael. In the intention and treatment it so much resembles him, that it is ascribed to him in the catalogue. 3. "A Flood-gate," with a windmill and other buildings; a picture which is particularly pleasing by the brilliant sunlight, the clear water, and the powerful colouring. 4. By the side of a wooded hill a stream flows, in which two fishermen are drawing their net; the coolness of the wood and water is particularly attractive in this picture, the tone of which is dark. 5. A rapid stream rushes through a dark forest. Some charcoal burners and wood-cutters heighten the feeling and solitude which predominate in this dark toned picture, which was formerly an ornament of the Laperiere collection.

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There are two Ruysdaels in Mr. Sanderson's collection—1. In the foreground of an extensive, rich plain, where villages, groves, meadows, and cornfields alternate, the ruins of a castle are reflected in a piece of still water, the surface of which is partially covered with leaves. A bright sunbeam from the cloudy, stormy sky—one of the finest, perhaps, that Ruysdael ever painted, falls in the middle distance. A profound, serious, and unholy feeling powerfully impresses the beholder of this picture, which is the finest of the kind by Ruysdael. The figures are by Adrian Vandervelde. 2. A grand waterfall rushes between rocks in a wild country, equally distinguished by its noble composition, and careful execution.

In Mr. Hays's collection there are two Ruysdaels—1. A woody and well-watered country, with a dark, cloudy sky, and a

• For engravings of this and another excellent work of Ruysdael, see vol. i. pp. 14-16, and pp. 248-250.

illuminated by the beams of the evening sun. A very poetical, carefully executed picture, in the style of his etchings. 2. A wood on the water-side, with a small fall; the figures by Adrian Vander-velde.

There is a small and very pretty landscape by Ruysdael in Sir John Soane's Museum; and one in the collection of the late Lord Dudley, which represents an extensive plain, with all the attractions which this artist knew how to give to such subjects, by correctness of drawing, delicate gradation, and striking lights. It is marked with the name of Ruysdael, and the year 1660.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, at Bowood, a magnificent "Tempest," by Ruysdael, for which he paid £557 5s. We also find pictures by this master in the possession of Mr. Beckford, Lord Searsdale, and the Marquis of Bute; the latter possesses, at Luton, the "Interior of the New Church at Amsterdam," with figures by Wouvermann. This unique painting comes from the Bramcamp collection, and deserves particular notice, as differing from all the other known productions of the artist. Waagen remarks, that as this great master in his few sea-pieces rivals the best pictures of the greatest marine painters, so in this he equals the most celebrated painters of architectural subjects. The perspective and *chiaroscuro* are admirable.

There is a very fine Ruysdael in the collection of Mr. Wells. "Few landscapes," says Waagen, "so thoroughly express the peculiar turn of mind of this master. A still, dark piece of water, on the surface of which the lotus, with its broad leaves and yellow flowers, flourishes in the refreshing coolness, is overshadowed by the gigantic trees of a forest; in particular, an already-decayed and dying beech leans its white stem far over it. On the right side of the picture are some hills in the distance; the bright daylight of the scarcely clouded sky cannot penetrate into the mysterious gloom of the water protected by its trees. The artist has felt, and represented with rare perfection, the sense of solitude and quiet repose, which at times so refreshes the human mind in nature itself."

Ruysdael left a great number of drawings in crayon and Indian

ink; the Museum of the Louvre possesses three—"An Effect of the Sun;" a "Landscape," and a view of a "Road crossed by a Brook." In 1775, at the sale of the rich cabinet of Mariette, the celebrated amateur, a "Landscape," in the foreground a trunk of a tree, and in the background a village spire, sold for £187 19s. Two other drawings, one representing a "Cottage," the other a "Mill," sold for £400.

At the sale of Count Rigal's remarkable cabinet of prints, which took place in 1817, ten etchings by Ruysdael—all that are known to exist—were sold for £97 1s. 8d.

Of all the great Dutch masters, Ruysdael was one whose talent was the slowest in being appreciated by amateurs; it is but very lately that his pictures have begun to command a price worthy of them. In 1745, at the sale of the Chevalier de la Roque's collection, directed by the celebrated valuer, Gersaint, two "Landscapes" by this master were sold at £120 5s. Another, like the preceding two, in a carved and gilded frame, produced only £37 2s. A fourth, with figures by Wouvermann, rose to £72 18s. Twenty-five years later, at the sale of the Duke of Choiseul's collection, the "Entrance to the Wood" was sold at £900; a "View of the Sea-coast of Schevelingue," and a "Sea-shore bordered with Downs," brought £70 17s. Five years afterwards, at the sale of the Prince de Conti's collection, in 1777, these same pictures were sold at £2,401. In 1801, at the Robit sale, a "Cascade," by Ruysdael, rose to £133 6s.; but at the Rouge sale, in 1818, a "Landscape," with figures by Vander-velde, was pushed up to £1,208 6s.; and another, equally admirable, with figures by the same talented ally, to £520. In 1823, at M. Lapérière's sale, a "Marshy Forest" obtained £304 3s.; and a "Snow Scene," £181 9s. At the Duchess of Berri's sale, in 1837, the "Great Oak" was sold at £152 10s.; and a "Wooded Landscape" at the same price. When the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, was sold, in 1845, the "Torrent" was sold for £145 5s.; a "Cascade" for £208 6s., and the "Entrance to a Wood" for £291 13s.

Ruysdael almost always signed his etchings and his paintings in the manner represented below.

Ruysdael R. 1661. R.F. = J.R. Ruysdael L.
 Ruysdael in p. 1679. Ruysdael. S.

PICTURE CLEANING.

Of all the vexed questions upon art, that of cleaning and restoring pictures is the most vexed. Of other *questions ecclésiastiques* some get a solution, or are pushed from public notice; but every now and then this again arises. When the pictures of the National Galleries are nearly spoilt through dirt and neglect, they get removed and undergo the process of cleaning. Then it is that the smouldering vengeance and anger abounding against picture-dealers and cleaners burst forth. The "Claude" has been, not cleaned, but "skinned;" such was the name invented some few years ago. "The beautiful middle tone, the divine aerial perspective, has been entirely destroyed by the ignorant and bungling persons employed upon it."

The unfortunate person who gave the very necessary order for cleaning the "Claude" was of course assailed as much, or more, than the unknown operator. The leading journal contains, day after day, oblongations upon him; the other papers take up the subject; the monthlies, which should know, if we believe their professions, something about art, revile him; and the comic journals, not wishing to lose so good an opportunity, bring ridicule at last to overwhelm him.

We propose, in a short paper, to consider, therefore, what this picture-cleaning is, upon which so much has been said, without producing at all a clear idea in the minds of any.

The non-education of the general public in matters of taste led, some fifty years ago, or perhaps earlier than that, some hundred years ago, to a state of things very hurtful both to the artist and

the buyer, and eventually to the seller also. A class of rich people, much ridiculed by caricaturists, sprang up, who called themselves connoisseurs. We need not say that these people had no canons of art, had no taste, and that they were very sorry and silly people. They perpetrated the most egregious blunders, as all people will who pretend to know that which they do not know. They filled their country mansions with great rubbish, and made the name of a rich Englishman synonymous with that of a gull throughout Italy. Their rage was to buy up Italian masters. Age seemed to them to confer every merit; and next to age, foreign extraction seemed to please them. Hence meritorious artists of our own country starved. Vile copies of "Claude" were passed off as originals, whilst Richard Wilson, for his daily bread, was compelled to paint picture after picture, and take it to the pawnbroker, till, indeed, that constant friend failed him, and took him to a room where lay piled his unsold works.

We have seen what effect the connoisseurs had upon the country; their taste led to some mistakes in our own national collection, but it did worse than this—it created that pest of art, the dishonest and ignorant picture-dealer, who joined to his vocation that of "picture-cleaner." The false glows which the manufacturers of Italy had spread upon their Claudes were liable to fade; the very excellent laking which produced the curious and antique cracks—marks of antiquity looked for so earnestly by the connoisseur—were apt to make, after a time, the paint fall off entirely, and leave a great hiatus, alas!—*marime deficiente*—which the restorer's art alone could re-patch. The branch of trade was lucrative; when the restorer

once got into a gentleman's gallery, he seldom went out without cleaning the whole lot, and perhaps taking the order for a few other pictures which he had by him, perfectly genuine.

Well might honest William Hogarth, compelled to rattle his immortal works, rave at such a fate. Connoisseurs could see no merit in William, and he hit them too hard with his pen and pencil for them to relish his productions. Yet he had hopes of some day seeing the ancients defeated, and his "Battle of the Pictures," wherein the "Modern Midnight Conversation" had worsted an old master's group of bacchanals, gives a shrewd hint of what he would like to have seen.

William Hogarth died, however, long before the reign of Madonnas, saints, St. Sebastians, and Magdalens, and the thousand classical pendants which accompanied them did not out. Apollo never flayed Marsyas with more perseverance than did the connoisseurs the moderns. The school also of the moderns was a bad one. There was little or no study in it. What cared Barry or Northcote about costume? What cared Sir George Beaumont about truth in landscape, so long as he could stick in his inevitable "brown tree?" Looking at a green and fresh study of a landscape of early summer, by a rising artist, the illustrious amateur, Sir George, makes this immortal query: "Ah, it is all very well, young man—very pretty, very pretty; but where do you put your 'brown tree?'"

These dark days were glorious times for picture-dealers, and even later than that many have made fortunes. Latterly they have been driven from town, but seem, for some time, to have gained a standing in provincial towns. Manchester was once a glorious place for them. The mill-owners, immersed in business, had not the slightest idea about pictures; and these gentry "worked" the town. It is upon record that one of them, in the course of a fortnight, sold more than twenty thousand pounds' worth of pictures—we should word the phrase differently—pictures the price of which amounted to that sum; not one of which pictures was genuine! Now, indeed, honest sellers find a difficulty in getting rid of their paintings in that town. The cotton lords have been once bitten and are twice shy.

It was to the interest of such sellers to cry up the old masters. Upon the works of modern artists they could not get so great a profit, nor could they sell fictitious pictures if the artist was alive to deny it. They, therefore, still kept to the old masters, and to cleaning.

The latter art, which, if properly carried out and taken at a proper time, is one of the easiest and simplest imaginable, they made into a mystery. A portrait of a lady—generally, it would seem, by Lely, or some copyist—hung up at their door, divided with much precision in two halves, whereof one is white and the other black, or nearly so. The light half represents that cleaned by an "entirely new" process; it is generally of brilliant colour, and frequently by no means badly painted; so well done, indeed, that people are rather apt to wish that the whole of the picture were cleaned.

The art of cleaning has been termed by some of its professors a "mystery;" and a professor of the art, who has published a very insufficient and puffing pamphlet upon it, has told us that "a picture-dealer remarked the other day, that an artist could not restore a painting; and this has been carefully instilled into the minds of the public." We will not follow Mr. Watkins any further in the half-dozen pages which form the pamphlet, but we must remark that Mr. Watkins gives not the slightest solution of the difficulty. The mystery, which he tells us truly enough is no mystery, merely consists in the common fear of fools having rushed in.

"Where angels fear to tread."

The artist has been too timid to attempt to restore the work of a great master; the dealer, therefore, has boldly offered to do his work, and has carried off the job and has spoilt the picture.

The dirt which collects upon the face of a picture and which obscures the subject, arises from various causes. If it be only

simple dirt, the best way to clean it is to wash it with clean water, rubbing it with a soft piece of leather. The picture ought then to be rubbed in a circular manner with the fingers of the hand, to get the dirt off in small patches, and thereby to render visible the contrast between the true colour and the dirt. If it has been varnished with resin, which has hardened and thus has become dirt and mixed with it, the surface of the picture will be covered with a white resinous dirt, and a new oil varnish may be used. This process is a very delicate but a very safe one, and is most judiciously proceeding in the manner described, the light and delicate touch of the master need not be interfered with.

Opal varnish, which is often used, and is so named as to have absolutely used ophthalmic varnish, is not a better kind. It requires a very different treatment. It is removed by rubbing with India-rubber or with sea or river sand, the particles of which are round, and which do not scratch. Sometimes this even fails to remove the opal; the method then employed is to use spirits of wine, which, being applied lightly to the picture, in a short time softens the varnish, so that it can then be removed. Oil, also, is used in softening the varnish; but the methods of cleaning are almost as numerous as the professors of the art. Two certain results arise from any picture that is cleaned.

Firstly, the contrast will generally be so great upon the immediate exhibition of the picture to the owner's eyes, that the colours will look raw, and the picture will appear crude, as is the case with the Claudes which have been cleaned scientifically.

Secondly, if the artist has, as Sir Joshua Reynolds did, painted with bad colours, or has himself produced unfair effect with resinous gums and varnish, the spirits of wine will, with the varnish, remove these effects also, and the picture will be, so far, spoilt. The injurious effects of tampering with colours is seen in Hilton's picture of "Sir Calphurn rescuing Scruan," formerly in the National Gallery; but the eye of the lady and part of the face having given way, and absolutely moved, the picture was removed for repair; since which, we believe, the public has not seen any more of it.

In restoring a picture, the surface must first be rendered flat, the inequalities ironed or pressed down, and the cracks and injuries filled up. This is generally done with立德石 and flake-white in powder, which, when dry, is rubbed even with the surface with pumice-stone. The next process is to restore the parts by painting over them, which requires, of course, an artist of ability to match the colour and to catch the tone.

Such are a few of the difficulties of picture-cleaning, which, on consideration, resolve themselves into those easily got over by care, knowledge, and industry, and which art has about it none of the mystery, only solved by cabalistic performances, with which its ignorant professors have hitherto, to the detriment of art, surrounded it.

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS IN BRUSSELS.

THE first exhibition of the works of the fine arts in the Belgian capital will, we trust, live in the memories of the people of the fine arts in a country which has not at all forgotten the principles of its traditional glory, as yet, and which has not, as at the present day, as regards the production of works of art and their appreciation, seen the close of the eighteenth century. Belgium has produced several very superior painters of colour. During the first half of the eighteenth century Belgian artists followed the bold mannerism which prevailed in France at the same period, and in the latter half they followed David with equal docility, and with no better success. The romantic school of France still influences Belgian art to a considerable extent, though some of the pictures recently exhibited show a tendency to "strike into" new paths in the same land, and to revert to the style of the old Flemish school on the other. One of the most striking pictures in the recent exhibition was a very fine one by M. Alexandre Lamens, who is distinguished known by his pictures of "Judith" and "Hagar in the Wilderness." In every review of the exhibition, a notice of this picture occupies the first place, and the admiring allusions are everywhere made of the artist's previous labours. The subject is one of the grandest that

* The "Mystery of Picture Restoring Unveiled," by W. W. Watkins. London, 1854.

ever occurred to the imagination of painter or poet: it is "Judas wandering by night, after the Condemnation of Christ." The evangelists tell us in a few words that the apostate who betrayed the Saviour was struck with remorse when his Master was condemned to the cross, and going to the temple, cast down the thirty pieces of silver—the reward of his treachery—at the feet of the high priest, and went out and hanged himself. The choice of the subject, no less than the manner in which it is executed, shows that the artist possesses genius of no common order. M. Thomas has selected an incident marking a moment of time during the agony of remorse and despair which drove the wretched apostate to fill up the measure of his guilt with the crime of suicide. He has placed the horror-stricken and despairing wretch on the summit of Golgotha, in presence of the cross on which his Master has yielded up

catastrophe recorded by the evangelists; for the state of mind so forcibly depicted on that haggard countenance there can be no rest—annihilation would be preferable. The thought which inspired this picture is just and profound, and the execution is equal to the conception. Brute strength in repose has never been represented in a more masterly manner than in the figures of the two sleeping carpenters. The entire picture is conceived in that style of blended simplicity and grandeur, which belongs to the narrative from which its subject is taken. The effects of the two lights, the clear and silvery moonbeams and the red glare of the fire, are managed with great skill, and notwithstanding the contrast, a profound harmony reigns over the whole picture.

A picture of totally different character, and of much smaller dimensions, is "The Imprisoned Family" of M. Gallait, which



THE BEACH.—FROM A PAINTING BY LUIS DAEL.

his soul in form at. At the foot of the cross, two men, the builders of the horrible apparatus of death, are sleeping near a fire made on the ground, which throws a red and sinister light over the scene. It is night, and the clear moonlight falls on other parts, and brings into relief the figure of Judas, whose pale and haggard countenance, disordered hair, and wild eyes indicate a soul rent with anguish and borne down by the weight of an intolerable remorse. With his left hand he supports himself against a rock; in his right he holds the thirty pieces of silver for which he rendered his name for ever infamous. The extremity of remorse and despair have never been depicted with greater power than by M. Thomas in the countenance of Judas. All around him is the tranquillity of nature; he is alone on the scene of his crime's sad result, for the two workmen of Pilate sleep, and profound silence reigns around. It is easy to foresee the

exhibits a considerable improvement on that artist's former efforts. It contains three figures, a young man, a woman, and an infant, who are placed in the light which falls up in the centre of the picture from the grated window of the prison. To soothe their depressed spirits and troubled minds, the prisoner is playing on his violin a favourite air of their happier days. The sentiment is good, but critics discern in the picture some of those defects of execution which M. Gallait has displayed before. The same artist also exhibits a "Croatian Sentinel," which is a fine study, but has no pretension to be called a picture.

The most prolific artist of the modern school of Belgium, if such can be said to exist, is undoubtedly M. Slingsmeier. Arrived at an early age at those distinctions which are ordinarily accorded to the veterans of the art, he has not slept under his laurels, but

produced a constant succession of works. Andacity and perseverance are qualities which he possesses largely, and which are important elements of success. He is not uniformly happy in his attempts, but all his works show that he possesses the chief qualifications which constitute the master—genius, enthusiasm, and boldness. M. Slingeneyer exhibits this year a picture of the insane mother of Charles V. holding in her arms the corpse of her husband. History affords some curious details bearing upon this not very pleasing subject. Joanna of Spain was the victim of a monomaniacal passion, a fever of the senses and the brain, which displayed itself during the life of her husband, the Archduke Philip of Austria, in alternations of frenzied ardour, devouring melancholy, and causeless jealousy. When he died, this diseased amativeness, as the phrenologists would call it, was displayed in manifestations of the same wild passion that had preyed upon her while he lived. The painter has depicted one of the melancholy scenes which

and prostitutes drink brandy, and the man who has been in the street, but Hogarth's picture conveys an impressive moral, while M. Slingeneyer only ministers to a morbid taste. Next year we hope to see a more pleasing subject, treated with equal skill. His "Zaunikin," the heroic fisherman of Flanders, who fell in the war between Flanders and France, is a very fine study, somewhat monotonous in colour, perhaps, but drawn with the energy and vigour which characterize all his production.

M. Hamaun exhibits several pictures, of which the principal is "The Mass of Adriaen Villart," which possesses all the qualities that have distinguished the artist of this name. Adriaen Villart, a musician of Bruges, composed at the Academy of St. Mark, in Venice, a grand mass, which he performed and conducted. The artist has represented the scene of the solemn inspiration of genius as seen in the face of the saint, who finger-touch the keys with the grace and energy of a genius. Near him



THE LAKE.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. J. VAN

followed; Joanna is seated on the foot of the bed, holding in her arms her husband's corpse, on which she lavishes the caresses that were his in life. The infant Charles is present, whose innocent face contrasts strongly with the horror of the scene; one of his hands caresses the livid hand of his father, the other plays with the crown, under which he was destined to domineer over Europe. This picture elicits expressions of opinion the most conflicting; some praising it with as much vehemence as others condemn it. The execution is of the finest order: the head of Joanna is happily conceived, the body of Philip is vigorously painted, and all the accessories are traced with the hand of a master; but the taste which led to the selection of such a subject is very questionable. We are forcibly reminded, in looking at it, of the last picture of that pictorial comedy of Hogarth's—the "Harlot's Progress;" in which the innocent child of shame is winding up his top, while courtizans

sit three monks, who are engaged in the same occupation, and the third is playing a flute. In the foreground, a man is seated in a chair of state, surrounded by the members of the Council of Ten, and on the left are two figures, one of whom listens to the demonstration of the operation, while the other, in a glance that the performer seems to feel, looks on. All the actors are interested in the act, and the man in the chair is listening evidently able to the whole, and not very much. The heads of the two singers are especially good. The colouring of this picture is more beautiful than usual, and the use of the gray tone which characterizes some of the artist's best productions. "The First of June," a miniature of the "Family of the Executive Council," is a very interesting picture of the nautic school, is a very fine piece of drawing.

We find in the exhibition the works of three young men distinguished by very diverse qualities, but all affording promise of a brilliant career. The first, M. Verlat, has already achieved no small success in Paris; the second, M. Cermak, announced himself by a very remarkable work in the exhibition of 1851; the third, whose genius has now for the first time revealed itself, is M. Jules Pecher. M. Verlat made his *début* in Paris three years ago, when he produced "Pepin the Short overcoming a Lion in the Circus," a remarkable work for so young an artist; but his subsequent works have less of the style and manner of the modern French or romantic school, and approach more to the old Flemish school. The picture in the exhibition is a commission from the Belgian government; the subject, "Godfrey of Bouillon at the Assault of Jerusalem." It is a fine composition, treated with boldness and vigour; the figures evince the hand of a master. The present production of M. Cermak is "The Propagation of the Roman Catholic Faith in Bohemia," an interesting phase of the history of his country; for this young artist, though long resident in Brussels, and a pupil of Gallait, belongs to the heroic race which produced John Huss, Procopius, and Ziska. The incident is taken from the period when Austria was engaged in purifying Bohemia from the taint of heresy, giving her for apostles the monk and the soldier. The artist has represented the interior of a miserable hut, at the moment that the missionary monk is leaving it, after exchanging the images of orthodoxy for the symbols of the Hussite heresy, leaving the inmates plunged in gloomy reflections. The eyes of the old man, whose gray beard falls upon his broad chest, are fixed upon the ground; the countenance of his son has a menacing expression, though he plays with a noble-looking dog, as if to hide his feelings. The little children play joyously with the images which remind their elders of the martyrdom of Jerome and Huss, and the persecution of their disciples. There are in this picture a profound philosophy and a maturity of thought and execution, which place the artist in the first rank among living painters. The third of the constellation, M. Jules Pecher, exhibits a "Christ bearing his Cross," which reminds the spectator of the manner of Crayer and the pupils of Rubens. The suffering expressed in the attitude of the principal figure, and the serene majesty which beams from his countenance, are conceived and executed in a manner beyond all praise.

There are in the exhibition a number of very large pictures, many of which are not above mediocrity, and may therefore be well passed over without notice. "The Battle of Gravelines," by M. Van Severlenek, is one of these vast compositions; but, unlike many of this class, it is drawn with vigour, and though, perhaps, too full of details, is a work which will repay the time spent in examining it. "Christ calling little Children," by M. Dellaqua, is not without some good points, but rather monotonous in colour, and inferior, on the whole, to his "Christ on the Mount;" but the best picture by this artist is undoubtedly "Mary Stuart insulted by the Populace of Edinburgh." The unfortunate queen is on horseback, surrounded by an angry and menacing mob, whose aspect fills her soul with terror. The cavalier near her is drawn with a masterly hand, and the architecture is treated with remarkable skill; altogether, it is one of the best historical paintings which have been exhibited in Brussels for some years. M. Stalheert, the present director of the Academy of Tournay, also exhibits a commendable historical painting, representing the death of the popular hero, Everard de R'sserelens.

That strange phantasy of the last days of Charles V., when, after having resigned the imperial crown, and lived for years in the solitude of a cloister, he celebrated his own obsequies, lying down

in his coffin, and joining in the penitential hymns of the monks, has found a pictorial record in the studio of M. Robert. But it is not the funeral which the artist has depicted: when that solemnity was concluded, Charles sat long before the "Last Judgment" of Titian, and then was carried to his bed, which he never quitted till the day he was finally carried to his last resting-place. M. Robert, who has executed this picture for the Belgian government, has adopted the idea that the feeling which influenced Charles, in his abjection and retirement into solitude, was remorse; he has represented him, not as the man of suffering, devoured by religious melancholy, but as the tyrant trembling at the admonitions of conscience. Apart from the interest given to it by this new idea, the picture is a very creditable one; the artist likewise exhibits a well-executed portrait of the Prince of Ligny.

"The Virgin of the Afflicted" is the title of a grand picture by M. Dobbelaere, the harmony and brightness of the colours in which remind us of the old masters of the Venetian school. "The Confederates of the Compromised Nobles" is a composition full of merit, from the studio of M. Huysmans, the subject being taken from an episode of the revolution in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. M. Gerard exhibits an episode of the Belgic conquests of Julius Caesar, "The Hostages," in which the two oxen attached to the car containing the hostages are remarkably well drawn, and the whole picture marks M. Gerard as an artist of considerable promise.

M. Leys, one of the most poetic of modern painters, has sent to the exhibition four pictures, all possessing great merit, though the most beautiful is indubitably his "Faust and Wagner," in which he has thoroughly identified himself with the genius of the immortal Goethe. It is the scene before the gate of Nuremberg, the festival of Easter, which M. Leys has chosen for his subject; and one more pleasing could scarcely have been selected. Faust and Wagner are seated on a bench, and before them pass the burghers and artisans of the city, with their wives and sweethearts, clad in their holiday attire.

"Forth from the arched and gloomy gate,
The multitudes, in bright array,
Stream forth, and seek the sun's warm ray!
Their risen Lord they celebrate,
For they themselves have also risen to day!
From the mean tenement, the sordid room,
From manual craft, from toil's imperious sway,
From roofs' and gables' overhanging gloom,
From the close pressure of the narrow street,
And from the churches' venerable night,
They've issued now from darkness into light."

A middle-aged burgher and his wife, with their two children, and a pair of lovers, are the principal figures in the foreground of the picture; the young girl with the book under her arm, and the poet cross on her bosom, is much more like the Marguerite of the *læta* than was the ideal creation of M. Ary Scheffer. The Faust, too, differs from the common type; there is an air of deep thought in the countenance which accords with the character of the daring student at that period of its development. The sentiment and colouring of the picture are equally good, and the character given to the figures shows that the artist has well studied the poem from which the subject is taken.

We have now passed in review the principal works of Belgian artists in the departments of history and poetry, and must reserve our notice of the *genre* painters, and also of the French, Dutch, and German artists, for a future occasion.

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE early history of this eminent artist is mingled with the varied fortunes of his father, who had been educated for the law, but, from a fatal unsteadiness of character, became successively an attorney, a dabbler in literature, a counsellor, an excise officer, a farmer, and an innkeeper, without prospering in either of these various vocations. The future court painter was the youngest of

sixteen children, most of whom had died in infancy, and was born on the 4th of May, 1769, at Bristol, within a few doors of the birthplace of Southey. Shortly afterwards his parents removed to Devizes, where for several years they kept the Black Bear public-house. Being a fine child, with full dark eyes and a very melodious voice, his father taught him to recite passages from Shakespeare

and Milton for the entertainment of his customers; and his talent for declamation won praises from such competent judges as Garrick and Mrs. Siddons.

At the age of seven, young Lawrence began to sketch portraits with singular fidelity, and two years later, having read Rogers's "Lives of Foreign Painters," and seen the paintings at Corsham House, the seat of the Methuens, he produced some pictures which, together with his portraits, were thus spoken of at the time by the Hon. Daines Barrington: "As I have mentioned so many proofs of early genius in children, I cannot pass unnoticed a Master Lawrence, son of an innkeeper, at Devizes, in Wiltshire. At the age of nine, without the least instruction from any one, he was capable of copying historical pictures in a masterly style, and also succeeded amazingly in compositions of his own, particularly that of 'Peter denying Christ.' In about seven minutes he scarcely ever failed of drawing a strong likeness of any person present, which had generally much freedom and grace, if the subject permitted."

When young Lawrence was ten years old, his father, having failed in business once more, removed to Oxford, where the juvenile artist was announced as a portrait-painter. His fame had gone before him, and there was a rush to his studio; though of course his sitters must have been actuated only by the same curiosity and love of novelty that prompted so many persons to run after Tom Thumb. He was an infant prodigy, and therefore the rank and fashion of the place looked *to see him*. When the excitement was over, and no more money was to be made in Oxford, the Lawrences removed to Bath, where they hired a large house, sent the sisters of the young artist to boarding-school, and raised his price from a guinea to a guinea and a half. His portrait of Mrs. Siddons, as Zara, was admired and engraved; and his fame spread far and wide. His studio, before he was twelve years old, was the favourite resort of the rank, fashion, and beauty of Bath; young ladies loved to converse with the handsome prodigy, and men of taste purchased his crayon heads, which he produced in great numbers, and circulated them all over the country, and even the continent.

He was seventeen years of age when he first dipped his brush in oil colours, and began to free himself from the captivating facilities of crayons. He aspired to become a great painter, and studied in succession the works of Rembrandt, Reynolds, and Titian; but in the meantime it was necessary to live, and this he accomplished satisfactorily by painting portraits. His fame had hitherto been wholly provincial, and he longed to obtain distinction in the metropolis. A copy of "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, painted on glass at the age of fifteen, was sent to the Society of Arts, who awarded the young artist a gilt silver palette and five guineas; and shortly afterwards he came to London, and opened an exhibition of his works in Leicester Fields, a situation which had been rendered popular by the fame of Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the attraction of juvenility was gone, and money came slowly in at first. Fortunately, he had stopped at Salisbury on his way to the metropolis, and had there reaped a harvest by no means insignificant, so that he could afford to wait. After a time, he removed his studio to Jernyn-street, and entered himself at the Royal Academy, where his drawings of the "Fighting Gladiator" and the "Belvedere Apollo" surpassed all competition.

Satisfied with his success in this instance, he was now desirous of being introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds, a pleasure which was procured for him by Prince Hoare, one of his earliest patrons. The great artist spoke encouragingly to him, and young Lawrence was much pleased with the interview. Persons who had heard of his fame at Bath now began to employ him, and in a short time, though he lived expensively and was very charitable, he was able to allow his parents the sum of three hundred a year. He spent much of his leisure, at this time, in the society of Smicke, the architect, and Fuseli, the great painter; and when the conversation flagged, he would jump up and recite passages from Milton, with a softness of voice and gentleness of manner, "very much," as Fuseli said, "like Bial, but decidedly unlike Bezelub."

One of the first works he executed in London was "Homer Reciting the Iliad to the Greeks," a command from Payne Knight; the picture was well drawn, and had considerable display of colour, but it was wholly deficient in sentiment. Indeed, the whole strength of his genius lay in portrait-painting; and though

he seems to have been impressed with the idea that he would have become a great historical painter, his studio prove that he had not the genius necessary to succeed in that lofty branch of the art. His next picture, however, was in his own field, and laid the foundation of his fame; this was the portrait of the beautiful and fascinating Miss Farnon, afterwards countess of Derby. The resemblance was striking; and Fuseli pronounced the eye copied to any painted by Titian, than which there could be any other present; but by a strange sort of fate and caprice, the charming subject was repugnant to, though not in a bad character, with unranked names. This cut of the picture to be severely criticised, but the public received it with freedom, and Lawrence's portrait, in oil of the queen and the prince of Anhalt, which appeared at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1783, secured that he had won royal patronage and favour.

George III. having been obliged to recommend to the Academy, conveyed the strongest idea that he had the right to nominate its associates, and proposed Lawrence; but the latter was only twenty-one years of age, and the Academy had hitherto approved and sanctioned the rule that no candidate should be admitted until he had attained his twenty-fifth year. The difficulty was met by the suggestion that Lawrence should be made a sort of supplementary associate until he had attained the necessary years; and this proposition was supported by Reynolds and West; but the majority opposed it, and elected an artist. Wholly, in spite of the royal recommendation, Lawrence was again proposed on the occasion of another vacancy; and, notwithstanding the opposition of several members, who pronounced the election of their laws a subversion of order and an attack on their independence, he was elected a supplementary associate, a favour which no one has enjoyed either before or since.

In the following year, 1792, on the death of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Lawrence received the appointment of Painter in Ordinary to the king. The portrait of Miss Farnon had done much for his fame, but this mark of royal distinction did more. His preference excited some envious murmurings; for Opie, Hoppner, and Romney were then in the zenith of their reputation, and nothing but the gentle and conciliatory nature of the young artist prevented him from making many enemies. He had now become a person of a rank and consideration, took splendid apartments in Old Bond street, and made his friend Farinon, the artist, his secretary and chamberlain, all which led him to charge twenty pounds per week for domestic expenses. His usual price at this period was a half-length, and for a full-length, fifty for a half-length, and twenty two for the head only. His first commission from royalty was to whole-lengths of his Majesty and the Queen, to be presented by Lord Macartney to the Emperor of China; and many persons of distinction were led by this circumstance to have their portraits painted by him.

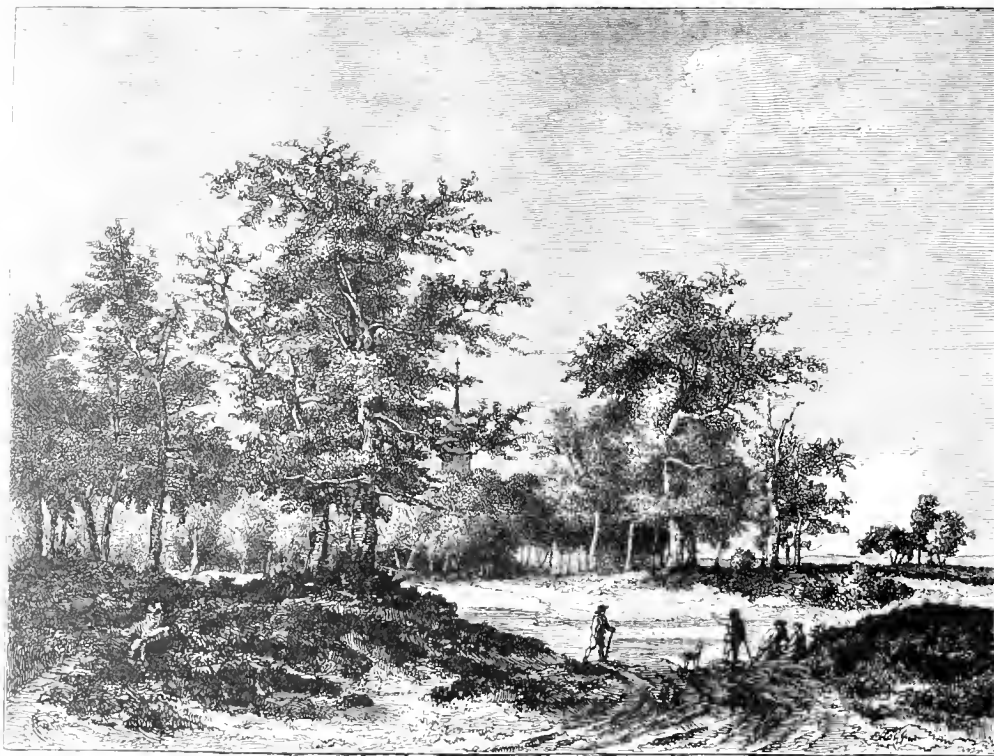
The envy which his success had excited now found vent in an audible whisper; artists were not wanting who insinuated that he could copy, but not create, that it was well for his time that the Follies of England were flying, and that other great painters were annoyed by these remarks; but when he had taken to his powers as a painter of his own, he was sensible that the artist who paints from his imagination, or paints by conjecture, will, those who minister to man's vanity, by flattery and flattery, receive a reward more substantial. He therefore engaged himself with renewed diligence to painting portraits of poets and historic subjects in the manner of the long detested and detestable monuments. At length, however, it began to be generally reported that he was engaged on a grand poetic composition, which only his intimate friends were permitted to see during its progress. The solemnity of the conception, the grandeur of the outlines, and the splendour of the colouring, were all but of a nature of the highest praise. The subject, however, remained a secret until the exhibition of 1797, when it proved to be "The Landing of the Fallen Angels."

"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

Fuseli, who was so successful in attacking and ridiculing him to think the picture an intrusion on a much more popular subject, complained that the figure of Satan, which was that Lawrence had copied some one of his designs. The following account of the

matter, however, was given by Lawrence in a conversation with Cunningham, and seems a sufficient explanation. "Fuseli, sir, was the most satirical of human beings; he had also the greatest genius for art, of any man I ever knew. His mind was so essentially poetic, that he was incapable of succeeding in any ordinary subject. That figure of Satan, now before you, occasioned the only interruption which our friendship, of many years' standing, ever experienced. He was, you know, a great admirer of Milton, from whom he had made many sketches. When he first saw my Satan, he was nettled, and said, "You borrowed the idea from me." "I did take the idea from you," I said; "but it was from your person, not from your painting." When we were together at Stackpole Court, in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on your high rock which overlooks the bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in raptures; and while you were crying,—"Grand! grand! Jesu Christ, how grand! how terrific!" you put yourself in a wild posture; I thought of the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the moment: here it is. My Satan's posture now, was yours then."

rival. Owing to his gentleness of disposition, the rivalry continued for a time in good temper; but when the tide of public opinion turned in favour of Lawrence, his rival vented his envy in spiteful remarks. "The ladies of Lawrence," said he, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity." That there was some truth in the remark must be allowed; and it was observed by the poet Rogers, who said, "Phillips shall paint my wife, and Lawrence my mistress." These comments were repeated in fashionable coteries, and proved more injurious to Hoppner than to his rival. "All men laughed," says Cunningham, in his biography of the former, "and then began to wonder how Lawrence, hinner to perhaps the purest court in Europe, came to bestow lascivious looks on the meek and sedate ladies of quality about St. James's and Windsor, while Hoppner, hinner to the court of a gallant young prince, who loved mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of ladies' feet in the dance, should, to some of its gayest and giddiest ornaments, give the simplicity of manner and purity of style which pertained to the Quaker-like sobriety of the other. Nor is it the least curious part



ENTRANCE TO A FOREST. — FROM A PAINTING BY RIJSDAEL.

The sublime conceptions of Milton, however, required for their embodiment a degree of talent in the upper walks of art which Lawrence did not possess. His "Satan" wants the majesty and stern defiance, the mingled pride, bitterness, and melancholy of the fallen archangel. But Lawrence was satisfied with his picture, as he usually was; for perhaps no artist was ever better disposed to be on civil terms with himself. But he did not trust his fame for the season to "Satan." He exhibited a very fine portrait of Mrs. Siddons, which excited the admiration of all who saw it. About this time, in the midst of the vexations caused by the criticisms on his Miltonic picture, he lost his mother, whom he dearly loved, and shortly afterwards his father, who, with all his faults, was never unamiable of the blessing he enjoyed in such a son.

A rivalry had sprung up between Lawrence and Hoppner; the latter was portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales, a circumstance which led all the court beauties of the day to flock to his easel. Lawrence turned his attention to the alluring graces and gentle delicacies of his art, and at length began to gain ground upon his

of the story, that the ladies, from the moment of the sarcasm of Hoppner, instead of crowding to the easel of him who dealt in the loveliness of virtue, showed a growing preference for the rival who "trespassed on moral as well as professional chastity."

Lawrence's next exhibition picture was "Coriolanus at the hearth of Aufidius," in which John Kemble sat for the stern Roman soldier. This picture was more successful than the "Satan;" the fine figure and posture of Coriolanus, and the magnificence of the colouring, charmed the public, and nearly disarmed criticism. His "Chief of Kintail," for which Lord Seaforth sat, was less happy; the costume displayed some errors in the details, and the Highland bonnet seemed out of place on a powdered head. These deficiencies of taste and propriety show that Lawrence's true walk was portraiture, and the portraits of Mrs. Angerstein and other ladies, exhibited at the same time, were deservedly admired on that simplicity of style which is the most difficult to attain of all the charms of art.

"Coriolanus" was the first of a series of what Lawrence called

"half-history" pieces, and was followed by "Rolla," "Cato," and "Hamlet," John Kemble sitting for the whole series. Of these pictures "Cato" is the weakest, and "Hamlet" decidedly the best. "Rolla" is a splendid picture, almost faultlessly drawn, and finely coloured; but "Hamlet" is a work of the highest order—sad, thoughtful, melancholy—a perfect realisation of the finest of the great dramatist's conceptions. This picture, which most of our readers have probably seen in the National Gallery, the artist himself placed above all his works, except the "Satan;" but it far surpasses the latter in propriety of action, truthfulness of expression, and grandeur of colouring. The light touches the head and breast, and falls on

Among the ladies of distinguished beauty or of high rank, whom he painted at this period, were the Princess of Wales, the Princess Charlotte, the Marchioness of Exeter, Lady Gunningham, Lady Claude Hamilton, Lady Templeton, Mrs. Byng, Mrs. Thellusson, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Lauder. Of the male portraits of this time, the most remarkable was that of Curran, the story of which is thus told by Cunningham: "Under mean and harsh features, a genius of the highest order lay concealed, like a sweet kernel in a rough husk; and so little of the true man did Lawrence perceive in his first sittings, that he almost laid down his palette in despair, in belief that he could make nothing but a common or vulgar work,



SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

the skull of Yorick, which the prince holds in his hand. It is a noble picture, and many have wished that Lawrence had painted more of the kind; but it is very doubtful whether he would uniformly, or even in a majority of instances, have been as successful as in this.

Portraits continued, however, to employ most of his time, and constituted the main source of his fortune, if not even of his popular fame. He excelled in female portraits, which is saying not a little for his ability in this branch of art, the softness and delicacy of woman's lineaments being no difficult to catch and transfer to canvas than the bolder expression of a masculine countenance.

The portrait, however, and with it one great Irishman burst out in all his strength. He discoursed on poetry, on Ireland, his eyes flashed and his colour heightened, and his rough and swartly visage seemed, in the sight of the astonished painter, too meagrely within his own narrowest neatly beauty. "I never saw you till now," said the artist, in his softest tone of voice; "you have at to me in a mask; do give me a sitting of Curran the orator, Curran completed, and a fine portrait of Curran on its brow, was the consequence." About the same time, Lawrence painted portraits of Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Erskine, Lord Thurlow, Mr. Wynnham, and Sir William Grant.

While in the height of his professional reputation, a charge was made against him which moved him deeply, and seriously affected his practice. For some time he had been a frequent guest at Montague House, Blackheath, the residence of the Princess of Wales, and as he continued his visits to that unfortunate lady after he had completed her portrait, scandal soon began to be busy with their names. Lawrence was a very handsome man, and possessed a considerable share of vanity; but that he was either a libertine or a male flirt has never been proved, though the charge of being the latter was more than once brought against him.

This foolish affair injured Lawrence considerably for the time; probably no one believed the calumny that had been spread about, but it left its reptile trail behind, and there was a falling off of lady visitors to the painter's studio. The only female portraits which he exhibited for four years after the "delicate investigation" of 1806, were those of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, in the character of a Sybil among the ruins of the temple at Tivoli; and Lady Hood, afterwards Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, of Seaforth. But the number of his male sitters increased, and among them were Lord Amherst, Sir Joseph Banks, William Pitt, Lord Melville, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Castlereagh, George Canning, Earl Grey, and the Earl of Aberdeen. In all these he has displayed considerable talent, but the last-named is perhaps the best.

As he advanced in fame he had gradually raised his prices. In 1802 his charge for a quarter-size was thirty guineas, for a half-length sixty guineas, and for a whole-length one hundred and twenty guineas; in 1806 his prices were respectively fifty, one hundred, and two hundred guineas; in 1808 they rose to eighty, one hundred and sixty, and three hundred and twenty guineas; and in 1810, when the death of Hoppner removed all rivalry out of the way, to one hundred, two hundred, and four hundred guineas. The opulent love to possess what is rare and beyond the means of the less fortunate to purchase, and the increased number of his sitters justified his advances. Yet these high prices, and the crowd who resorted to his easel, failed to enrich him; improvidence, prodigality, and generosity combined to keep him poor all his life. One of his intimate friends, who possessed largely the faculty of observation, and had abundant opportunities for its exercise, said of him: "With wealth and honours flowing in upon him, he was, during the last years of his life, a depressed, a saddened, and a failing man. His talent brightened, indeed, and his honours increased to the last hour; but the wealth, great as it was, was too little to meet the claims he had allowed himself to be involved in, and inadequate to afford his benevolence all his heart desired; and—it is a pain to know—too scanty to extricate him, at times, from an immediate pressure for money. He had many friends, and no real enemies; but it was his misfortune to have no confidential friend, with ability and influence enough to do that for him which incessant occupation deprived him of all courage to attempt."

On the restoration of peace in 1814, Lawrence visited Paris, and explored the treasures of art in the Louvre; but he was soon recalled to London to paint the portraits of the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Marshal Blücher, and the Hettman Platoff. These pictures were exhibited in the following year, together with portraits of Prince Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, the latter holding the sword of state, as he appeared on the day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. The portraits which he produced about this time are almost too many for enumeration; we can only mention the most remarkable:—The Duchesses of Gloucester, Leinster, and Sutherland; the Countesses of Charlemont, Grantham, Grey, and Auckland; Ladies Ellenborough and Wigram, Lady Emily Cowper, Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, Lady Selina Meade, Lady Mary Oglander, and Mrs. Arbutnot; the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, the Bishops of London and Durham; the Marquises of Londonderry, Wellesley, Anglesea, and Abercorn; the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Lynedoch, Sir Henry Englefield, Sir Henry Poteris, James Watt, and Canova, the sculptor.

The public honours which began to shower upon Lawrence, after he had painted the heroes of the war, increased until he had as many titles as the great champion of England himself. He received the honour of knighthood from the Prince Regent in 1815, and shortly afterwards was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome. Two years later, he was enrolled in the

American Academy of the Fine Arts, an honour which he repaid by sending the society a full-length portrait of Benjamin West. The Academy of Florence thought a picture by Lawrence a prize worth angling for, and instantly elected him a member of the first class; but Lawrence saw through the motive, and sent nothing. The Academies of Venice, Bologna, and Turin accorded him a like honour; he was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Vienna; and got the diploma of the Royal Academy of Copenhagen, through the personal recommendation of the Danish monarch. Finally, he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by Louis XVIII. of France.

The European reputation which Lawrence had achieved by his portraits of the personages who had figured so prominently in the long war, caused his talents to be called into requisition when the rulers of the destinies of Europe assembled at Aix-la-Chapelle to parcel out territories according to their sovereign will and pleasure. The Prince Regent was desirous of decorating his gallery at Windsor Castle with portraits of those royal and illustrious personages, and Lawrence was commissioned to paint them. The portraits were to be painted at the usual price, and a thousand a-year was allowed him, in addition, for contingent expenses. Advances were made with magnificent liberality; and when the painter's commission was finished at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was to go to Rome, on the same terms, and paint the pope and two or three cardinals. The first-fruits of this splendid commission were portraits of Louis XVIII. and the Count of Artois, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Archduke Charles, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Londonderry, the Earls of Liverpool and Bathurst, Prince Metternich, Barons Hardenburg and Gentz, Count Nesselrode, Generals Chernicheff and Oubaroff, and George Canning. The Emperor of Austria presented the painter with a superb diamond ring, and he received a similar present from the King of Prussia.

From Aix-la-Chapelle he went to Vienna, to paint the portrait of Marshal Schwartzberg, and while there he painted those of the Duke of Reichstadt, Count Capo d'Istria, and some other celebrities. He worked very hard at this period, and was often exhausted by his unremitting labours and late hours. His portraits gave great satisfaction, and the artist himself was popular. From Vienna he proceeded to Rome, where he visited the Vatican Palace and the Sistine Chapel, and mused over the glories of Michael Angelo and Raffaele. His continental letters had hitherto been filled more with descriptions of *fêtes* and balls than with notices of the fine arts; but at Rome he was warmed into enthusiasm. In comparing the two great Italian masters, he awarded the palm of excellence to Michael Angelo. "Truth and elegance," said he, "cannot withstand the sublime. There is something so lofty and abstracted in those deities of intellect with which Angelo has peopled the Sistine Chapel, which converts the noblest personages of Raffaele's drama into an audience, silent and awestruck. Raffaele never produced aught equal to the "Adam and Eve" of Michael Angelo. Though the latter is the mother of mankind, there is nothing heavy or masculine—all is elegant as the lines of the finest flower."

Lawrence was introduced to Pius VII. at the Quirinal Palace, and produced a very fine portrait of that pontiff; but that of Cardinal Gonsalvi is considered to surpass all that he painted during his continental tour. While at Rome, he repainted the portrait of Canova, which he presented to the pope; it was a striking likeness of the great sculptor, as well as a magnificent piece of colouring, and thousands flocked to the artist's studio to see it. He was as favourably received in the papal capital as he had been in Vienna, and remained longer than he had intended; his continental tour extended over eighteen months, and wherever he went he inspired admiration of his talents and respect for his character.

During his absence from England, the Royal Academy had lost its president, Benjamin West; and Lawrence was proposed for his successor. George IV., who had succeeded to the throne in the interim, in confirming the election, presented Lawrence with a gold chain and medal, the latter bearing his portrait, and the inscription—"From his Majesty, George IV., to the President of the Royal Academy." His elevation gave general satisfaction; for his munificence and conciliatory manners were equal to his genius; and

he was ever ready to assist the poor artist, or the youthful aspirant, with his advice, his patronage, or his purse. His generosity, indeed, often compelled him to be importunate in money-matters himself, and having received one moiety of his price for a portrait with the commission, he was often obliged to ask for the other before the work was done.

"I may say with safety," wrote one who afterwards became famous as an artist, "that Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the best friends I ever had. I found him at all times most ready and liberal in his advice and visits; and when the oppressive number of his engagements would not allow him to go out of the house, he would always see the humblest student at home. I had the pleasure of making him a great number of drawings in water-colours, always sketches done on the spot; and I know he frequently conferred this honour upon me, more to assist and encourage my exertions than from any wish to possess the drawings themselves; and for all I did for him in this way he paid me at the moment, and always handsomely; generally more than any one else who encouraged me. He never lost an opportunity of recommending my drawings and paintings among his distinguished friends; and I am even now feeling the effects of this generosity."

It was at this time, while he was at the full height of his professional and personal reputation, that Lord Byron thus notices him in his diary: "Jan. 5, 1821. The same evening I met Lawrence, the painter, and heard one of Lord Grey's daughters play on the harp so modestly and ingeniously, that she looked music. I would rather have had my talk with Lawrence, who talked delightfully, and heard the girl, than have had all the fame of Moore and me put together." Lawrence was engaged at this time in painting a series of portraits of eminent men for the gallery of the late Sir Robert Peel. Of this series the finest is unquestionably that of Lady Peel; for Lawrence always succeeded best with the fair sex; and Cunningham relates that, looking on this portrait, and then on those of Canning, Huskisson, &c., he could not help thus adapting the words of Burns:

"His 'prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lasses!"

Among the portraits of fair and noble women which he painted during the last ten years of his life, we find the late Queen of Portugal, the Princess Sophia; the Duchesses of Gloucester and Richmond; the Marchionesses of Lansdowne, Londonderry, Stafford, and Salisbury; the Countesses of Durham, Mexborough, Blessington, and Jersey; Ladies Vallecourt, Bereford, McVillo, Lyndhurst, Dover, and Belfast; Mesdames Baring, Barrow, Harford, and Locke; and Misses Peel, Macdonald, and Murray. All are in his best style; but the most exquisitely beautiful are those of the Countess of Blessington and Mrs. Barrow. Notwithstanding the much greater success of the painter in female portraits, the number of his male sitters was very great, and among them were some of the most illustrious men of the three kingdoms, both in rank and genius. The list of those which he exhibited is alone very great, and comprises the eminent names of the warrior Wellington; the statesmen Aberdeen, Liverpool, Canning, Durham, Brougham, and Grey; the lawyers Stowell and Eldon; the surgeons Abernethy and Astley Cooper; the philosopher Pavy; the novelist Scott; the architect Nash; the poets Moore and Campbell; and the painters Fuseli and himself. Of this list, those of Scott, Campbell, and Moore are considered the finest pictures; the last-named was executed for Murray, the publisher, and was his latest finished production. Brougham was a difficult subject, the expression of his countenance is so strange; but Lawrence succeeded in producing a portrait which has been admired for its fidelity. The portraits of Fuseli and himself were left unfinished; and the latter, though inferior to most of his works, was purchased after his death by the Earl of Chesterfield for 170 guineas. It is worthy of remark, that at the time of his death he had commissions for his own portrait from George IV., Sir Robert Peel, Lord Francis Leveson Gower, and the municipality of Bristol.

During this latter period of the artist's life, he supplied the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy with a number of fine portraits, including those of William IV.; the Dukes of York,

Bedford, and Devonshire; the Archbishops of York and Armagh; the Earls of Harewood, Clanwilliam, and Hardwicke; Count Woronzow; Lords Bexley, Francis Claydonham, Robert Manners, and Francis Leveson Gower; Sir William Knighton, Sir William Curtis, Sir Ralph James Woodford; Mr. Anson, and Mr. Clarke, chamberlain of the city of London. Sir Thomas was now nearly sixty years of age, and in addition to the satisfaction with which he could look back on his long professional career, no man ever received a larger share of the world's favour and rewards. The King of France sent him a present of magnificent porcelain; the Irish Academy elected him an honorary member; and his native city conferred upon him its freedom. But so true is it that perfect happiness is unattainable in this world, that from this almost unexampled felicity there were many and sad drawbacks. His brothers, to whom he was much attached, were dead; he was Flaxman, the sculptor, whom he loved for the fine genius and gentle disposition that harmonised so well with his own; so also was Fuseli, in whose society Lawrence delighted, notwithstanding his roughness. Mrs. Wolfe, a Danish lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments, between whom and the painter a warm friendship existed for many years, had also departed this life; and so affected was he by her death that he did not paint for a month after he received the news. His pecuniary difficulties were increasing, and to sum up the sad catalogue of his infelicities, his health began visibly to decline. Such is the balance of human happiness and woe, even among mortals the most happily favoured.

Sir Thomas was sensible of his decline, and with it increased the religious feeling which he had always possessed in a certain degree, and which displayed itself even in his correspondence with Mrs. Wolfe. During the autumn of 1829 his health failed rapidly, and he declined many invitations; on the 2nd of January, 1830, however, he dined at the house of Sir Robert Peel, where he felt himself at home. "I sat opposite to him at the table," says Washington Irving. "He seemed uneasy and restless; his eyes were wandering; he was pale as marble; the stamp of death seemed on him. He told me he felt ill; but he wished to bear himself up in the presence of those whom he so much esteemed as his entertainers. He went away early." He had medical aid on reaching home, and recovered so far as to be able to paint for an hour on the 5th, and attend a committee at the Athenæum club-house; but on the following day he experienced another attack, and had to be bled and bled. On the morning of the 7th he seemed better, but his physicians did not consider him out of danger; and in the evening, when only his manservant was with him, he slipped suddenly from his chair, stretched himself out on the floor, and died without a groan.

The funeral procession of this eminent painter was an imposing one. The pall was held by the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl Gower, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Dufferin, Sir George Murray, the Right Hon. J. W. Croker, Mr. Hart Davis, and Earl Clanwilliam; the carriages of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriff preceded the hearse; all the members of the Royal Academy accompanied it; and sixty-four carriages of the nobility and gentry—friends of the deceased artist and patrons of the arts—closed the mournful cortege. In this manner were his remains borne to St. Paul's cathedral, and there laid in the vaults, beside those of his predecessors in the Academic chair—Reynolds, Barry, and West.

As a portrait-painter, Lawrence possessed all the merits of the highest order. In the exquisite grace and loveliness of his female portraits—in the rare skill with which he represented the expression of human thought and feeling, and in the freedom and elegance of his attitudes—he has never been surpassed. A generation of the great men, and the courtly beauties of England, live to posterity on the canvases to which he has given all but life. There is vigour and often dignity in his male heads, but his women seem about to burst into glowing vitality; the eyes ray forth tenderness and love, and the mouths want only the Prometheus touch. His pictures are to be found in every private gallery; there are forty in the royal collection, and fourteen in that of Sir Robert Peel. The National Gallery contains only four—John Kneller, as Quaker, Beaumont Newhall, Mr. Anson, and Mrs. Robertson of Brighthelm. The first three are in Lawrence's best style; the last is one of his earlier productions, and is very inferior.

THE ÆNEAS GROUP, BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

THE group of Æneas and Anchises is placed at the entrance of the Grand Walk at the Tuileries, at the side of the chateau. It is a piece of sculpture which attracts universal attention, not only from its admirable execution, but for the subject which it represents. Æneas is armed, and clothed with the skin of a lion; he bears his father in his arms, and treads upon the ruins of a temple. Anchises

faithfully represented. But the principal merit of the group consists in the general effect of the whole. If the spectator stands on one side, the composition concentrates all his interest on the figures of Æneas and Anchises, and one feels the filial tenderness of the warrior as he embraces the feeble frame of the old man. On the other side, the effect is completely changed: the attention is concentrated on



ÆNEAS CARRYING HIS FATHER ANCHISES. A MARBLE GROUP BY PIERRE LEPAUTRE.

wears the Phrygian bonnet, indicative of his Trojan origin, and carries in his left hand the sacred Palladium, or image of Minerva; his right arm is thrown over the shoulder of Æneas, and he holds the boy Ascanius by the hand. The feebleness of the old man, his relaxed frame, his venerable appearance, contrast strikingly with the strength and vigour of Æneas, and with the infantine and delicate beauty of the child. Childhood, maturity, decrepitude are

the form of the boy, as with a wild and terrified expression he looks about him; one hand is stretched out as in surprise, and the other is clasped by the old man, Anchises. It is impossible to convey an accurate idea of this piece of sculpture without representing the effect produced by both sides. We have, therefore, given the general appearance in the forms of the warrior and the old man, and presented a sketch of the boy separately.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.



In passing through a gallery of the Dutch masters, the landscapes of Berghem may be recognised at a glance. Among these pictures of villages, and of marine and canal scenery, under the cold, gray sky of the North, those of this master may be distinguished by the poetic character with which his genius has invested them, the truthfulness of his foliage, the brightness of his skies, and the lightness of his clouds, which seem to be really floating through the atmosphere. While Everdingen, Ruysdael, Isaac Ostade, Hobbema,



and Van Goyen, are sparing of their light, and paint their dark pines and oaks against a sombre and gloom-inspiring sky, such as characterises the cold regions of the North, Berghem has striven to make his gray tints more warm and his bright ones more vivid. A sombre sky did not accord with the gaiety of his disposition; the scenes of wildness and gloom, which had such an attraction for the melancholy nature of his friend and associate, Ruysdael, had no charm for one of so cheerful a temperament as Berghem. Melan-

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choly was unknown to him, and he has imbued his landscapes with the joyousness and warmth of his own nature.

Few painters have had more masters than Berghem. He received his first lessons in the art from his father, an artist of mediocre ability, who chiefly painted fish, fruit, silver vases, and similar objects of still life. This was a poor school for an artist of such intelligence and genius; but he acquired under his father only the first rudiments of the art. The various masters under whom he afterwards studied perfected his knowledge of painting and developed his talent. From Van Goyen he learnt to paint marine scenery; Peter Grebber, a good painter of history and portraits, taught him how to group his figures and give expression to their countenances; under Nicholas Moyaert and John Wils he acquired proficiency in landscape painting; and the example of John Baptist Weenix, his uncle, inspired him with the taste for painting the ships and boats, the merchandise, and the Oriental figures that are shown in his views of seaports.

With regard to the right name of this artist, the opinions of authors who have treated of art are much divided. Descamps says that the family name was Van Haarlem, but the assertions of this writer are little to be depended upon. The Chevalier Karel de Moor gives the same name, however, and relates the circumstance from which he received the name of Berghem, by which he is commonly known. During the time he studied under Van Goyen, his father, irritated by some juvenile indiscretion, pursued him into the house of his master, with the purpose of chastising him; Van Goyen, perceiving his father's purpose, and being desirous of screening his favourite pupil, called out to his other scholars, "*Berg hem! Berg hem!*" which signifies "Hide him! hide him!" This is, according to the Chevalier, the origin of the name by which he was afterwards known. Stanley, in his additions to Bryan, says that the family name was Claas or Klaas, and that his father was called Peter Claas Van Haarlem, probably to distinguish him from another painter of the same name.

Born at Haarlem, in 1621, Berghem had for contemporaries the most eminent landscape-painters of Holland—Ruysdael, Barth, Everdingen, Wouvermans, and Weenix. He lived on terms of

intimate friendship with all of them, and married the daughter of Weenix, but without adding thereby to his happiness. His wife was imperious in her manners, avicious and niggardly in her disposition; and the artist's character was so different, that harmony was impossible between them. Berghem passed his time before his easel, or in the society of his friends. Pastoral subjects were those which he most frequently painted, because they harmonised with the tendency of his genius to the ideal and the poetic. Some of his pictures represent shepherdesses with their flocks reposing among ruins, or wading through shallow streams, or dancing to the music of the flute; in others he painted travellers in some wild country, struggling with dangers, or alighting at houses of entertainment; occasionally, too, his figures are taken from the higher kind of poetry, or from scenes in the Old Testament. As a rule, his paintings are composed of forms derived from southern nature, and are rarely based upon the scenery of his own country: in all of them, however, these forms are treated in that ideal and brilliant style which we have described: the eye rejoices in the harmony of his lights, and in the richness and power of his pencil; yet his compositions seldom possess the freedom and simplicity which might be desired in such scenes: they are frequently sensible that the artist has desigingly contrasted the pastoral feeling of his scenery with the prosaic circumstances of ordinary life.

Less natural than Paul Potter, he is more spiritual, more varied, and more rich. He has imbedded common objects with the poetry which he felt in his soul, and yet painted them with a truthfulness to nature which has seldom been surpassed. His animals—oxen, asses, sheep, goats, dogs—are painted with remarkable fidelity. He had a clearness and strength of judgment which, combined with his appreciation of the poetic in nature, led to a judicious selection of subjects; and he possessed remarkable power and ease in expressing the ideas which he wished to transfer to the canvas. His manner of painting was easy and rapid, and he gave to all his works as much of beauty and gracefulness as the subject would admit. Elegance of composition, correctness of design and perspective, just gradation of distances, brilliancy and harmony of colour, nice distribution of the lights, are the characteristics by which the works of this master may be recognised. Though he painted with such ease and rapidity, every part of his pictures is so well done that it is difficult to say in which of the details he chiefly excelled. The truth and beauty of his foliage, each tree having that which is proper to it, and of the clouds that seem to move slowly across his bright skies, have never been excelled.

If the world picturesque had not previously existed, it would have been necessary to have invented it to characterise the genius of Berghem. There is not a picture of this master, heroic or familiar, which does not charm the eye by an agreeable disproportion, more pleasing in a landscape than perfect symmetry. Berghem avoided with care, perhaps only with the instinct of his genius, the parallel figures, the continuation of the same lines, the equal contours, which are seen in the works of some of the older painters. For example, if a drove of oxen are crossing a river, as in the charming little "Ford" in the gallery of the Louvre, their uniformity is broken by a herdsmen astride on one of them, and by the capricious course which two or three have taken towards the other bank. The smaller compositions of Berghem, those which his brush or his etching-point dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration, bear the impression of an exquisite sense of the picturesque. When he would express the heat of the summer sun, the cattle are stretched upon the grass, but the monotony of the horizontal lines presented by their crunched forms is interrupted by an ass, standing up and erecting his ears. In colouring, too, he always kept in view the effect to be produced; thus, in a drove or group of cattle, he opposed the black-and-white sides of one to the fawn-coloured coat of a neighbouring animal, or to the lighter-coloured wool of a sheep. It was not without reason that Berghem manifested so marked a predilection for the oak in his landscapes. "The bark of the oak," says M. Lemonnier, on the subject of this painter, in his "*Essai sur le Paysage*," is rough to the sight; it is dark gray, wine-coloured, or brown, according to the nature of the soil in which it is planted. Its surface is furrowed in the form of interlaced coils, which gives it a rough and hard character. Very often a hoary appearance relieves the sad colour of the bark, and is sometimes extended over

the outstretched branches, which, little resembling those of other trees, are nearly always fancifully twisted and distorted."

In the management of light and shade, the delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and the treatment of water, Berghem was eminently happy. His masses of rocks and trees are skilfully arranged with a view to scenic effect, in the production of which he never fails. The grouping of his cattle, the contrast of their colours, the manner in which the lights are made to fall on them, have all the same object. His water has the transparency which is so hard to obtain in painting, and the manner in which the waving trees and the passing clouds are reflected on its surface has a degree of reality which nearly approaches that of nature.

That this eminent landscape-painter visited Italy in his youth, there can be little doubt, though Descamps claims for him the merit of never having been out of Holland. It is scarcely conceivable that Berghem, if he had seen only the level meadows, low sand-hills, flat marshes, and sluggish canals of his native country, could have painted his pastoral and heroic scenes, aided only by his imagination and engravings of the scenery of more southern lands. Where could he have found in Holland the noble architecture, the imposing ruins, the blue mountains, that he has represented in his pictures? Instead of the sand-hills of the environs of Haarlem, which give such a dreary aspect to the landscapes of Wynants, Berghem borders his seas with green terraces; and his clear skies and pellucid waters have more of Italy in them than of the more northern clime of his birth. It is scarcely credible that his "Ancient Harbour of Genoa," his "View of the Coast of Nice," and his "Gulf of Tarento," were painted from engravings, or from the descriptions of travellers. Those bright skies and sun-dyed clouds must have been seen before the artist could have represented them with such marvellous truthfulness. Under the title of "The Labours of the Sheepfold," who would expect more than humble cottages and a wild country? Berghem gives us a picture of a lofty promontory, on the summit of which are the pillars of a circular temple, dedicated to Venus, surmounted by mutilated statues; under the ruined peristyle some figures promenade, while the wild rustics pursue their pastoral labours in the foreground. The colouring is warm, and a bright light is diffused over the picture. It has all the characteristics of Berghem's style, its poetry, its brilliance, and its warmth.

In the grand style, Berghem did not attain pre-eminence in his figures. One day, he wished to paint the "Rape of Europa." But the lady had more the air of a Dutch farmer's wife, than of a nymph whom Jupiter had thought worthy of his love. The buskin in vain replaced the shoe; the drapery, raised by the wind, showed the familiar bodice of a Zeeland village girl. This is only another instance of the difficulty of achieving distinction in two separate branches of the art. It has happened that historical painters of the highest eminence have produced landscapes of the first order of excellence, as Amalbate Caracci, Domenichino, Rubens, and Nicholas Poussin did; but to arrive at eminence in historical painting, a considerable degree of ability in both landscape and portrait painting is necessary, and thus the fact is accounted for. But for an artist possessing an admirable genius for landscape painting to obtain equal renown as a painter of history is a very different matter, and Berghem was no exception to the general rule.

There is at the bottom of the human soul a sentiment, which certain aspects of nature have the power of evoking from the depths in which it dwells; it is melancholy. Under the sun of Italy, for example, this sentiment is never developed, and we find no trace of it in the great masters of that country. The landscapes of St. Ivo Rosa are frightfully rude and savage, conveying the idea of wildness and desolation; but they are never melancholy. Those of Claude Lorraine have the sunshine which belongs to the land of the artist, and, however various in their subjects and the aerial gradations of their tints, have, as Mrs. Jameson has remarked, "something almost cloying in its perpetual and delicious beauty, 'breathing on earth the air of Paradise.'" Melancholy is the fruit of the North—of lead-coloured skies, and fogs and mists which the sun does not penetrate. Though no painter of the northern schools has expressed this feeling so largely as Ruysdael, the works of most of them bear traces of the influences of those sombre skies. The exceptions are those who travelled and resided some time in

Italy: as Berghem, Karel Dujardin, and John Both. The soul of Berghem was never agitated by those profound reveries into which we are plunged by gazing on the dark groves of Hobbema, the rushing floods of Ruysdael, or the wild torrents and sombre pines of Everdingen. Even the season of darkness and sleep is invested in his pictures with an air of gaiety and cheerfulness. Under light fleecy clouds, which half hide the moon, whose beams silver and enliven their edges, travellers journey through a woody country, or cattle ruminant and rest. Or it is a coast scene which is thus partially illumined, and two peasants have kindled a fire of brush-wood to catch crabs or lobsters by its light. Sometimes the moon shines feebly; and while the summits of the distant mountains reflect its pale light, the red glare of a fire in the foreground or the middle distance is thrown upon the waters of a river or marsh. This contrast of two lights, so difficult to treat with success, is seen in several of the works of this master. The silvery radiance of the moon is diffused over the distant scenery, while the red light of the fire is confined to some of the details of the foreground. In one of the pictures in which Berghem has exhibited these double effects of light, a lady and gentleman advance on horseback from a mass of trees, touched by the moonbeams, while the light of a torch is thrown upon an ass loaded with paniers, and a dog playing with his shadow. Here we have the deep tranquillity of Elshout, united with the agreeable lightness of Van Lair.

Berghem has displayed his peculiar turn of mind in the vigorous-ly painted picture, so full of beautiful effects, which one of the brothers Wischer has engraved under the name of "Night." Other painters, in representing the season of repose, have displayed the sleep of nature. Their moonlit lakes and rivers, half-shaded by trees, their humble cottages by the side of silvery streams, just touched by the beams of the orb of night, convey the idea of solitude and profound stillness. Of this character are some of the landscapes of Van der Neer, which represent a lonely canal, whose tranquil surface reflects the light of the moon; or a city in repose, steeped in the quiet moonlight. Berghem, on the contrary, has given animation to his picture of night, and diffused over it an air of gaiety; a belated herdsmen plays cheerfully on his pipe of reeds, and awakens the echoes of the rocks, and cattle and horses give the scene the life and animation which is wanting in the still moonlight of Van der Neer.

The pictures which Berghem produced in the early part of his life have some resemblance to those of his master Weenix, but are touched with more delicacy. Most of these represent seaports and embarkations. His later manner—that which may more properly be called his own—was different and more interesting: it is to this period that those delightful landscapes belong, which present us with classical ruins and charming groups of figures and cattle. The landscapes which he painted in this manner are superior to those of any other painter of the Dutch school, except, perhaps, those of his contemporary, John Both, between whom and Berghem there appears to have been a certain degree of rivalry, which did not interrupt the friendship in which they lived.

Concerning this rivalry, it is related that M. Vanderhulck, the burgomaster of Port, who was a munificent patron of the arts, engaged Berghem and Both to paint each a picture, for which he gave them a liberal remuneration, and stipulated at the same time to award a handsome premium to the artist whose picture should seem to him the most worthy of it. Animated by a spirit of friendly emulation, both the great painters exerted themselves to the utmost. Berghem produced a picture of great beauty, representing a grand mountainous landscape, with a great many figures, oxen, sheep, and goats, drawn in his best manner and beautifully coloured. His rival painted a charming Italian scene, glowing under the clear, warm sky of that sunny land, and painted with that brightness for which he was so distinguished. Berghem had produced a masterpiece, and the effort of Both was no less successful. When the two artists submitted their works to their patron, he pronounced his judgment upon them in terms as honourable to himself as they were creditable to the talents of the artists. After an attentive examination of both pictures, and praising them in terms of the warmest admiration, he assured the two painters that the display of talent on both sides was so equal as to deprive him of the possibility of preference, without being unduly partial; and that, as they had both exhibited a degree of eminence which he regarded as

the perfection of the art, they were both entitled to the premium, the reward of genius.

In the retirement of the seaport of Bredam, the eminent painter lived peacefully and happily, for the continual activity of his disposition and a philosophic serenity of temper enabled him to triumph over the ill of life, to which he felt happily and contentedly exempt. From the window of his studio he had an extensive view of the green meadows, in the midst of which the chateau was situated, which afforded him, did not on the other hand, afford an opportunity of watching the groups of cattle which he had introduced into a variety of all of his landscape, as they lay or waded in the by-lanes, or stood in the shade of the projecting eaves, or drank at the stream that sparkled in the sunlight.

His pictures were so well received that he was continually paid for them before he could finish them, and though he was conscientious that very often in the evening he would be obliged to go to bed, in the morning he could not sleep, his pictures were seldom to be met with, and always commanded high prices. His wife, whose avocations have not been known, but who painted old prints, would not allow him to retain the money he received for his pictures, and aware of the fidelity with which he painted, whether the subject was a woodland scene, a marine view, the passage of a ford, a seaport, or a skirmish of cavalry, she allowed him an instant of undisturbed relaxation. Sated in a chamber adjoining his studio, he was in the habit of striding against the wall to create this most industrious and prolific of artists to renewed exertions. Tranquil and resigned, Berghem laboured on, single and solitary at his easel the long day through, and often when his wife thought he was sleeping, he was doubtless occupied in describing the changing forms of the clouds, as they floated over the radiant meadows outspread before him, and the varied effects of light and shade which they produced in the landscape, as they intercepted in their course the beams of the sun.

Berghem purchased a great number of the finest prints and designs of the Italian masters, as a means of improving his taste; and after his death the rich collection which he had formed was sold by his wife, and realised a considerable sum. Among the prints in this sale was a proof of the "Massacre of the Innocents," engraved by Mark Antoine, after the picture by Raffaele, and for which Berghem had given sixty florins.

Although the manner of Berghem is easily recognised, he could imitate that of other artists, as well as to deceive even connoisseurs, and sometimes made a free excursion in the manner of Philip Wouwermans. For example, the "Surprise of a Convoy by the Cavalier," which is now in the museum at the Hague, and which was sold for £555 10s. 8d., can only be recognised as the work of Berghem by the lightness of the touch and the manner in which the light is thrown in broken masses over the scene of combat.

Berghem had a great many pupils, of whom the most distinguished were Peter de Hooch, J. de Ghaen, Abraham Bova, Dick Maas, who engraved some of his pictures; S. Leender, and Carver, who have imitated him; Theodore Visscher, John Suckert, Van der Meer, and probably also the great painter, Karel Dujardin. In the number of his pupils, and singing cheerfully as he worked, the great landscape painter lived till 1683, having attained the age of eighty-nine. The ingenious Haerlem has called him the Titian of the Netherlands, and with no doubt, if we may ascribe to painting with poetry, another artist of the Dutch school has imitated as successfully the style of the Greek poet.

It was not only an admirable painter, but possessed considerable skill and ability as an engraver. The name of his prints is therefore to be found engraved in a number of the best American libraries, many presented by the gift of a painter, and, with his name as engraver, he has amply contributed to the reputation of a Dutch artist. There is a list of his engraved works in the "Bibliographie de la France," published at Amsterdam in 1762. The following is a list of the most celebrated.

Scapulars of a woman with two milkmaids, called "The Milkmaid of Berghem," engraved, 1681 & 1684.

Scapulars of a woman with two milkmaids, engraved, 1681 & 1684.

Scapulars of a woman with two milkmaids, engraved, 1681 & 1684.

Eight of sheep in the water, engraved, near a rock.

Eight of sheep and goats; in the title print, a man.

Five larger plates upright, one dated 1652; all marked "Berghem fec."

Four smaller plates of different animals, lengthways; marked "N. B."

Six heads of sheep, goats, etc., small; scarce.

"A Cow Drinking: Berghem fec., 1680."

"A Cow: C. P. Berghem inv. et fec.;" fine and rare.

"A Landscape," with two cows lying, and one standing: "Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with cows, and a man riding on an ass: "N. Berghem fec."

"A Landscape," with a woman bathing her feet in a brook, and a man behind leaning on a stick; with animals and figures, and a ruin in the distance.

"A Boy riding on an Ass, speaking to another Boy, who is playing on the Bagpipes;" called "The Bagpiper;" fine.

"A Landscape," with a man playing on the flute, and a woman sitting; without a mark; scarce.

"A Landscape," with a man standing, and a woman seated, suckling a child; without a mark; very scarce.

There is a picture by this master in the Royal Council-Chamber at Windsor Castle, representing a landscape, with figures and cattle. In the foreground, near the centre of the picture, two men, one of whom is mounted on an ass, are driving four cows and six sheep over a road. Blue mountains are seen in the distance, and light fleecy vapours rest in their hollows, conveying the effect of early morning.

There is another in the Royal Gallery at Hampton Court; the subject—"A Woman Milking a Goat."

The Dulwich Gallery contains five Berghems:—1. "A Farrier Shoeing an Ass." A woman mounted on a mule, and a ruined building in the background: a very brilliant picture. 2. "A Wood Scene;" very rich and beautiful. 3. "A Landscape," with figures. A woman milking a red cow, and another washing linen in a stream; a small picture, which has become very dark and dingy. 4. "A Landscape." A woman crossing a brook, with a child at her back; a woman on an ass, with a man near her; and a group of cattle. 5. "A Landscape." A woman washing linen at a stone fountain; in the foreground are two other women, one of whom is milking a goat; two cows, three



CONVERSATION ON A JOURNEY.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

The designs left by Berghem are done in Indian ink or in bistre, and display remarkable vigour and a fine taste. He painted both on canvas and wood, and sometimes, though rarely, on copper; his works are oftener of small than of large dimensions.

The pictures of Berghem are to be found in all the principal galleries of Europe; but no collection has a great number of them—a circumstance which shows the high estimation in which they are held. The gallery of the Hermitage, an imperial palace at St. Petersburg, contains the greatest number—eighteen, which are all hung in one room, called by the painter's name. Among them are "The Rape of Europa," some fine Italian landscapes, and the picture which, according to Descamps, is the *chef-d'œuvre* of Berghem—"A Halt of Chasseurs."

Some of the finest pictures of this master are contained in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna; and the Royal Galleries of Berlin, Munich, and Dresden, also possess a number of his beautiful pastoral subjects and views of the scenery of Italy.

The Gallery of the Louvre contains twelve, among which are "The Ferry," which has been valued at £960; "The Ford;" and "The Return to the Farm;" all veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*.

sheep, two goats, a kid, and a dog, complete the composition: a brilliant and beautiful little picture. The last two have been engraved by Dequevauviller.

Six pictures by this master, which, we believe, have since been removed to Buckingham Palace, are thus described by Dr. Waagen, as forming part of the collection of George IV.:—1. A group of peasants with cattle, among whom a woman on a gray horse is the most conspicuous, cross the foreground of an extensive landscape, traversed by a river. The impression of evening distance is admirably expressed in this bright, clear picture, which is subdued in the colours, and lightly, yet carefully executed. 2. A hilly landscape, enlivened in the foreground by animals and figures; three women with rushes, and two cows, particularly attract notice. A carefully-finished, pretty picture, in a warm evening light. 3. A very mountainous landscape, with a stream. In the foreground, three shepherds, one of whom is on horseback, with their flock. A carefully-executed picture, of brilliant colouring and clear gradations of the mountains. 4. A bare country, with an extensive prospect. In the foreground, a herd of four cows, an ass, and a sheep, with a herdsman on horseback and two on

foot; groups of cattle also in the middle distance. A picture of his later period; the animals admirably coloured. 5. In a very mountainous landscape, a shepherdless, accompanied by a goat and a dog, wades through a piece of water, in which two cows are standing. A picture of striking effect; more true to nature than usual, and great elegance of execution. 6. A landscape of beautiful leading lines; the distance closed by blue mountains. In the foreground, a peasant woman on horseback, a drover, and some cows. An elegant little picture, charmingly fresh, clear, and cool.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses four Bergheims, two of which are at Devonshire House:—1. "A Landscape." A river flows at the foot of mountains; the setting sun produces very defined lights and shades. Among the numerous figures which adorn the picture the most striking are two gentlemen on horseback, and a girl on an ass. The design is remarkably rich and poetical, and the *impasto* admirable; the shadows have become dark. 2. "A Scape." In the foreground, a gentleman and a lady on horseback, with falcons on their hands; in elegance of form approaching Wouvermans. It is admirably touched, and of brilliant effect. A duplicate of this

three cows. Singularly clear and brilliant, in a glowing evening light. 3. By the side of a cool piece of water, which runs along wooded rocks, are a satyr and two nymphs; near them two cows, and goats, which are more true to nature than is often the case. Very delicate in the execution—the distance in particular softly mellowed off. 4. In a landscape with rich, verdant rocks, herdsmen with their cattle, among whom a woman riding on an ass is the principal figure, are returning home along a road. The picture is admirably impasted in a warm evening light, the effect of which, however, is rather injured by the too dark mass in the foreground. 5. A river runs along a range of lofty, rocky mountains. Among the numerous figures, are returning home along a road, a woman riding on an ass. In this picture, the cold, blue, and heavy tone, which is no favourite, and the motley effect, predominate.

The collection of the Marquis of Westminster contains only a single specimen of this master, a rich, rocky landscape, with a meadow in the foreground, in which two women and a man are dancing to the tambourine. Though the execution is very careful for the size (for this is one of Bergheim's largest compositions), it is,



RURAL EMPLOYMENT.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

picture is in the collection of M. Steengracht, at the Hague. The other two are at the duke's villa at Chiswick:—1. "A Ferry." Cattle about to pass a river, which winds through a landscape, where a ruin is seen. This is thought to be one of the artist's finest productions, but, unfortunately, it is much damaged. 2. "A Landscape." Cattle by the water-side; the time evening; painted with great care in a blueish tone.

The Bridgewater Gallery contains five Bergheims, which are thus described by Dr. Waagen:—1. A long bridge is thrown over a piece of water which traverses a flat country, with an extensive distance. A hawking party, and country people animate the landscape, illumined with the warm glow of evening, and all nature sunk into a calm. The cleanness and force of this effect, the delicacy of the touch, admirably impasted, the refined taste in the disposition, the correct drawing, show the master in the highest perfection of the qualities for which he is so greatly esteemed. This gem formerly adorned the Slingelandt and Colonna collections. 2. In a bare landscape, in which rises a mass of rocks, there is in front a woman upon an ass, with its foal, and a herdsmen with

both in tone and feeling, one of his oddest pictures. It was formerly in the collection of W. A. Ellis, Esq.

Mr. Hope also possesses a single Bergheim, a waterfall between high rocks, on which stands the temple of the Soly. Among the figures in the foreground, a woman, a cow, and some sheep, are the most striking. The execution is particularly careful and elegant, but it is rather complicated in the composition, and cold and heavy in the tone.

Lord Ashburn's collection, at his mansion in Finsbury, contains three Bergheims:—1. At the feet of the ruins of a stately edifice, a herdsmen with cows, by the side of a piece of water, in which a woman is engaged in washing. The warm evening sun fills all with its rays. In the glow and depths of the colouring, and in elegance of treatment, this is one of the artist's finest productions, and excites in the beholder the poetic feeling of a warm evening. Purchased from the Dijon collection for £397 10s. 2. "The lobster-catchers." Four men are engaged in the lobster-fishery on a sea-coast, surrounded by lofty rocks; the beams of the rising sun give a warm tinge to the vapours rising from the waters against the

rocks; the foreground breathes the freshness of early morning. The delicacy of the execution, and the magical effects of light in this picture, are indescribable. Purchased at the Tallyrand sale for £262 10s. 3. In the foreground of a bare country, the remote distance of which is closed by blue mountains, a man is carrying a bundle of wood; at his side is a woman on horseback, driving some cows. The time of day is a cool afternoon. Few pictures excite, like this, the yearning after distance, and are at the same time so attractive by the energy of the colouring, and the spirit and precision of the touch. It is in pictures such as this, that we see what Berghem was capable of doing. It was purchased at the Tallyrand sale for £600.

The Marquis of But's collection, at Luton House, contains three pictures by this master—1. A very rich landscape, with steep rocks and lofty trees, beneath which a woman is riding on a mule. Though the sun is already low, and forms large masses of shade, the general tone of the picture is cool. It is a large picture, but superior to most of the artist's productions of similar dimensions in cleanness and careful execution of all the parts. 2. In a mountainous landscape, animated with numerous figures of men and cattle, a stream rushes between broken rocks. A warm, harmonious, evening tone is diffused over every object. This rich picture is very carefully finished in all its parts. 3. A winter landscape. Many figures and two horses are on a frozen river, over which there is a rustic bridge. The cold wintry tone is as admirably carried through as in Berghem's "Winter Landscape," in the Royal Gallery at Berlin.

The pictures of Berghem have been engraved by Lebas, Allinot, the brothers Wischer, Danckers, Laurent, Martenasi, &c. The prices which they have obtained, in every instance when they have been submitted to public competition, affords a good criterion of the estimation in which they are held. It will be seen that their value is increasing in proportion as they are less frequently brought to auction.

At the sale of the collection of M. de Lorangère, directed by Gersaint, in 1744, a very fine landscape, on panel, by Berghem, was sold for £24; while another produced only £6. At that of the Chevalier la Roque, in 1745, a very beautiful landscape, with figures and animals, in the best style of Berghem, was sold for £7; another for £10 10s.; and a third for £12. It was not only the pictures of Berghem which were sold at such low prices at that period; the works of other masters of the Dutch school obtained only proportionate amounts. But as the taste of amateurs underwent a change, Berghem's pictures commanded prices commensurate with their merits. The charm of their composition, the brightness of the colouring, and their usually small dimensions, now cause them to be much sought after by wealthy amateurs.

At the sale of M. de la Live de Jolly, in 1770, a picture of this master, representing a woman riding on a horse, a man on a mule,

and another woman with a child, was sold for £442 10s. Another, engraved by Allinot under the title of "The Travellers," obtained £85.

At the sale of the Lempereur collection in 1773, a Berghem, representing a man playing on a guitar, to which two women are listening, was sold for £275. At that of the Marquis of Brunoy, in 1776, a landscape by Berghem, engraved by Lebas under the title of a "View in the Environs of Siena," was sold for £100.

When the rich collection of M. Blondel de Gagny was brought to the hammer in 1776, "The Château of Bentheim," which Gersaint recorded as one of Berghem's finest productions, realised £575. At the sale of the Prince of Conti's collection, in 1777, two views of seaports, enriched with figures, ships, and animals, which have been engraved by Lebas, were sold for £150 each. Another landscape, of the richest composition, formerly in the cabinet of the Duke of Choiseul, sold for £74 10s. A fourth, "The Bird-catcher," engraved by one of the brothers Wischer, was sold for £75.

At the Tallyrand sale, in 1817, a picture by Berghem, representing a peasant accompanied by his dog, bending under the weight of a large faggot, followed by a villager on horseback driving two cows, was pushed up to £600. At that of M. Lapeyrière, in 1823, "A View of a Village in Holland," a beautiful landscape, formerly in the cabinet of M. de Tolazan, obtained the still higher price of £800. "The Passage of the Mountains" reached £570, and "Morning," a landscape, enriched with figures, £605.

When the Duke of Choiseul's rich collection was sold, in 1823, a marine view by Berghem was purchased by Mr. Beckford, of "Vatic" and Fonthill celebrity, for £813 15s. This picture, which has been engraved by Lebas, is thus described by Dr. Waagen:—"Several persons are engaged on a sea-coast in embarking fish, while others are variously employed. A bay is animated with vessels of different sizes. In the background a chain of mountains. In richness, precise and spirited touch, and carrying through of the warm tone of a summer evening, this is one of the finest works of Berghem."

"The Ancient Harbour of Genoa," which we have reproduced in one of our illustrations, was formerly in the same collection, and was sold for £880. It was purchased for the Duke of Berri, and resold, in 1837, at the reduced price of £600.

At the sale of the Chevalier Erard's collection in 1832, "A Stag Hunt" was sold for £750; and "A Seaport" for £330 10s. At that of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome, in 1844, "The Passage of the Mountains," a landscape of beautiful execution, was sold for £450. A pastoral landscape, a very admirable specimen of this master, produced £328; a winter scene, somewhat feeble in effect, £325; and a "View in the Mountains," in Berghem's best manner, £312.

Berghem always signed his pictures, and nearly always his plates, sometimes *Berghem* and sometimes *Berchem*. His various signatures and monograms are faithfully represented below.

Berghem f 1680. NB = B

Berchem f Berchem f

Berchem Fec:

Ⓕ Berghem f

EXHIBITION OF THE FINE ARTS AT BRUSSELS.

WE cannot take leave of the Belgian artists without noticing a very fine historical picture by M. Lies, called "The Court of Margaret of Austria," a composition full of talent, spirit, and brilliant local colouring. It is a good specimen of what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the composite style, in which a certain elegance and grace are blended with grandeur, rather than of the grand style proper, the aim of which is to act on the mind, through the eye, by simplicity and completeness—by the uniformity of the leading lines and soberness of colouring, rather than by ornament and brilliancy.

"The Willow," painted by M. Willems, appeared last year in the Paris exhibition. It is a small composition, revealing the poetry of art, and nicely executed. It is destined, we understand, to adorn a gallery which is already one of the finest in Brussels, that of M. Van Praet, who holds an important appointment in the royal household.

M. Madon contributes one of the most amusing pictures in the exhibition; it is called "The Trouble-Fêtes." Two young men, very poor, if we may judge from their appearance, have arrived at a village during the celebration of a *fête*, and have the temerity to

ing the tangled path a long time without finding its termination, or seeing the sky, except by snatches, we reach an opening on the borders of the forest, where the light breaks through the trees, producing varied effects, and behold a stream rushing swiftly along the bottom of a wild ravine, while the distance discloses a varied panorama of blue hills and wooded valleys, we behold such a scene as this master has often painted. Most of his landscapes, indeed, are of this character: dark streams rushing between rocky banks, venerable oaks and beeches bending over them, with cattle grazing or wading in the stream, at spots where the banks are shelving. Sometimes he presents us with sombre ravines, across which lie the trunks of trees, torn from their foundations by the force of a torrent; at others, with a lonely mountain pass, with the distant country seen through the opening.

The scenery which Huysmans has represented is more Italian in its character than Flemish; his ravines and mountain passes resemble those of the Apennines, rather than anything which can

and Claude, of Weynants and Poussin. The feeling for ideal beauty, which had been developed by Claude, had called forth many imitators, and excited many similar efforts on the part of the artists of the Netherlands. By the full effect of light, by the brilliancy of the air, and the liquid mistiness of the distance, they endeavoured in a similar manner to produce a higher tone, and to embody those forms of nature which they saw around them. By adhering partly to the clearness and freedom of Claude's compositions, and partly to the more elevated forms of Poussin's style, they succeeded in producing works of very great beauty. It may be regarded as a distinctive mark of these imitators, that some trace of that feeling for the individual realities of nature which characterised Flemish art, and which was developed in the landscapes of Rubens, is always more or less perceptible in the single features of their works.

The landscapes of Van Artois were in high estimation at that time, and Huysmans went to Brussels for the purpose of studying



THE ANCIENT HARBOUR OF GENOA.—FROM A PAINTING BY BERGHEM.

be discovered in the level and comparatively tame scenery of Belgium. They have, generally, a striking effect of light on the foreground, where the artist has introduced various wild plants, pencilled with remarkable correctness and elegance of form. The foliage of his trees is light and spirited, and the colouring rich and harmonious.

This painter is commonly called Huysmans of Malines, not having been born there, for he was a native of Antwerp, but because he resided in that town during the greater part of his life. He was born in 1648, and was the son of an eminent architect, who intended to bring him up to his own profession; but having the misfortune to lose his father while very young, the responsibility of his education devolved on one of his uncles, who placed him under the tuition of Gaspar de Witte, a landscape-painter of some eminence, though not of the degree subsequently attained by his pupil. The period in which he was born, the middle of the seventeenth century, was a brilliant epoch in the history of landscape-painting—the epoch of Ruysdael and Berghem, of Everdingen

under that master. The fine forest of Soignies, which is in the neighbourhood of that city, afforded him opportunities of studying the features of woodland scenery, and the designs for his finest landscapes were made on its borders. Van Artois imitated the manners and deportment of a gentleman with the enthusiasm of an admirer of the picturesque and a lover of his art; he received young Huysmans very graciously, gave him an apartment in his own house, and employed him in drawing from nature the most picturesque spots in the neighbourhood. These drawings were doubtless very useful to Van Artois, and served to improve the style of his pupil, whose boldly-drawn landscapes soon surpassed those of his master.

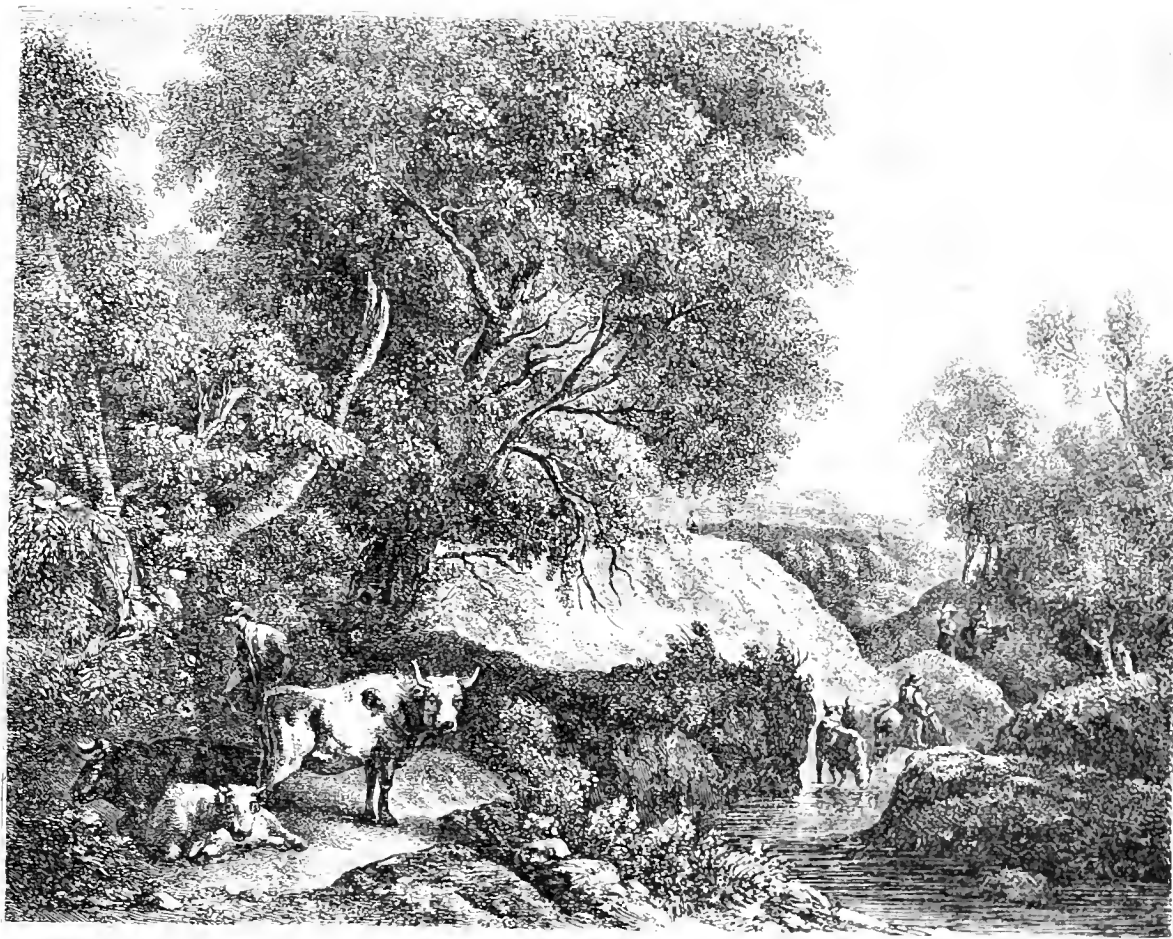
On leaving Brussels, Huysmans took up his abode at Malines, where he continued to reside the remainder of his life.

The great merit of the landscapes of this master, as of those of Van Artois, and those also of Louis de Waddler, is the sentiment of grandeur he has infused into them. His spreading oaks, with their masses of dark foliage, have an air of majesty; and his rocks

have the aspect of mementoes of the antediluvian epoch. What separates this master from Berghem and Claude is the manner in which he has treated his skies. Claude paints the forms of earth, indeed, but he veils them in an ethereal drapery, such as is only at moments visible to our eyes; he paints that worship of the Creator which nature solemnises, and in which man and his work are only included as accessories. Hills, trees, ruins are but the external features of his pictures, and they form only the framework by means of which he sets before us the true creative power of nature, shown in the effects of air, and in the brilliant and vivid workings of light. In the landscapes of Huismans, the sky and the clouds are made subordinate to the rocks and trees, and are painted so as to increase the effect of the latter. The delicate shades which distinguish the hours of the day, the silent sweep of clouds along the clear sky, the soft mists of evening, and the phenomena of solar light, were

on his landscapes, in spite of the beautiful form of his trees, and the grandeur of the scenery amid which they are represented. They have a character which resembles neither the joyousness of Berghem, the melancholy of Ruysdael, nor the solemn grandeur of John Bull. At the first glance, we may believe that his rustic and sombre woods conceal in their deep shades one of those temples of the olden times from which the inspired priests have gathered their mysterious oracles; but, instead of the circular edifice, and the fountain which invites to repose the nymphs of the train of Diana, we discover only a rude and simple hut, the lonely dwelling of a hermit.

The figures of Huismans, though all of this rustic character, were drawn so naturally, and with such facility and ability, that the other landscape-painters of his country had recourse to him for the figures with which they animated their woods and heaths.



THE RAVINE.—FROM A PAINTING BY HUISMANS.

not, in the mind of this master, essential to the production of a grand and striking picture. He relied for effect on the boldness of his masses of foliage, the deep shadows of his forests, and the strong light which he throws on his foregrounds. Yet we have in his ravines and forest-glades abundant evidence of his powers of managing light and shade, of which the picture we have engraved above is an admirable example.

One of the characteristics of Huismans, which distinguishes him from nearly all other painters, is the entire absence of other than rustic figures in his landscapes. Under the spreading boughs of his majestic oaks, he has introduced only the herdsmen who drive their cattle through the glen, and the labourers who rest or pursue their rustic occupations on the borders of the forest. His figures and cattle are well drawn and pleasingly grouped. The prevailing rusticity of the former impresses their peculiar character

Anthony Van der Meulen, the celebrated painter of the battles and sieges of the reign of Louis XIV., was introduced to Huismans while on a visit to Brussels, his native city. Seeing that the landscapes of Huismans were characterised by an air of grandeur, he thought that the talent of the artist could not fail to be appreciated at the court of Versailles, and proposed to introduce him there, that he might paint the landscape portion of the more extensive of battles, sieges, encampments, and other similar scenes, which they were then engaged in executing. But the artist, probably thinking that such an arrangement would place him in an unobtrusive position, declined the offer, alleging as his motive that he was ignorant of the French language, and did not wish to leave Meuse. However, at the request of Van der Meulen, he painted the castles, with astonishing freedom and vigour, the views of Luxembourg and Beaumont, and the environs of those places. Being taken from an

elevated position, these views spread out like a panorama, and the charm of art has not robbed them of their topographical accuracy. These pictures, which now adorn the gallery of the Louvre, have been much admired; and so perfect is the harmony between the landscapes of Huysmans and the charging squadrons and opposing battalions of Van der Meulen, that it is difficult to believe that both were not painted by the same hand.

The pictures of this master are not numerous, and unfortunately they have become very dark, and now exhibit a reddish brown appearance, which has considerably diminished their value. Otherwise they are masterly productions. On this account it is difficult, at the present day, to form an estimate of his merits as a colourist, though he has been praised for them by writers who had seen his pictures in their pristine condition. Their *chiaroscuro* recalls productions of Rembrandt, and the effect of his landscapes is imposing, owing to their boldness and grandeur. He has shown that the perfection of the art is the correct representation of the forms of nature, however great may be the differences of manner resulting from the individual temperaments of different masters.

Huysmans died at Malines in 1727, having attained the venerable age of seventy-nine.

As already stated, the pictures of this master are not numerous, either in public galleries, or in the collections of private individuals. There are several of his compositions in the museum and the churches of Malines; and the Royal Gallery at Brussels possesses a landscape, enriched with figures. The Munich Gallery contains a seaport and several landscapes, and the Louvre possesses four fine landscapes, in addition to the pictures which he painted in conjunction with Van der Meulen.

There is a small landscape by this master in the writing-closet at Hampton Court, and another in the collection of the Duke of Bridgewater; but neither of them can be considered as a favourable specimen of his style and manner.

The pictures of Huysmans have seldom commanded a high price; while they preserved their original beauty, works of that character were not appreciated as their merits entitled them to be, and now their value is depreciated by the darkening of the colours. At the sale of the Chevalier Laroque, at Paris, in 1745, two landscapes by Huysmans, in frames elaborately carved and richly gilt, were sold for £3; and two others, in the same style, produced only eighteen shillings. Two landscapes, enriched with figures and animals, from the cabinet of M. de Mesnard, were sold for the sum of £4 the pair.

Justice was rendered to Huysmans, however, at the sale of M. de Calonne, in 1788, when a landscape, enriched with figures and animals, realised the sum of £120. His pictures did not long retain the favour of amateurs, however; for in 1823, at the sale of M. de St. Victor, a landscape of warm tone, with figures and animals, was sold for £2. At that of M. Brun, in 1841, a magnificent landscape by this master, considered one of the best he ever painted, was sold for £9. In the following year, one of his landscapes was sold for £6, at the sale of M. Etienne Leroy; and in 1845, at the sale of M. Meffre, two others were sold for £6 10s.

The works of Huysmans have never been engraved. None of them have either signature or mark.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ART.

To find the rude beginnings of the arts of design, we must go back to a very early age, to the monuments of Assyria and Egypt—so soon did the human mind aspire to the representation of the things which occupied it, and which excited the imagination into action. The faculty of imitation is evidenced remarkably in those arts, in which the images that fill the mind are exhibited to the eye in all the reality of form and colour. While society was yet in the pastoral stage, Adam had his sculptured god; and the walls of the buried palaces of Nineveh, the oldest city of the world, show that the arts of design were known and practised at a very early period. The researches of Botta and Layard have made us acquainted with the degree of proficiency attained by the Assyrian artists, which all who have seen the reproduction of a portion of the palace of Sennacherib in the Sydenham Palace, or the original

bas-reliefs in the British Museum, must acknowledge to have been remarkable for the period.

The human-headed bulls which adorned the portals of the Ninevite palaces, the statues of their gods and departed kings, and the bas-reliefs which covered the interior walls of the royal chambers, were all coloured; and this with pigments so bright and enduring, as to be perceptible after the lapse of more than three thousand years. We find mention also, in profane history, of colossal statues of Nimus and Sardanais, in gold and brass; and in sacred history of the golden statue, sixty cubits high, which Nebuchadnezzar set up in the plain of Dura, to compel the captive Jews to bow down before and worship it. The walls of Babylon appear also to have been decorated with bas-reliefs, representing hunting scenes, which were executed and painted on the surfaces of the bricks before they were burnt, and consequently must have been vitrified—the earliest approach which we can trace to enamelling.

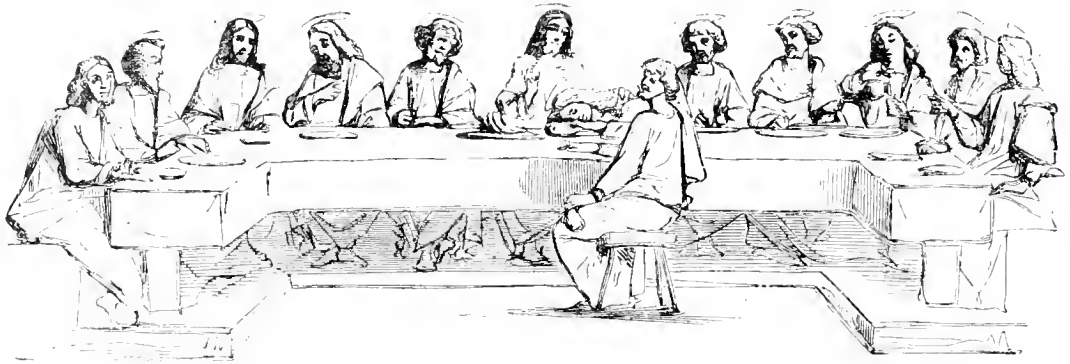
The ancient Egyptians practised the sculptor's art extensively, and in a style similar to that of the Assyrians, which shows the first rude efforts of man to embody his feeling of the beautiful and sublime. The works of art belonging to the earliest ages are analogous to the first attempts of children—inperfect in conception, rude in execution, without any attention to perspective, and appealing to the eye by bright and strongly-contrasted colours. The constant aspiration to represent the human form, and the use of colours before the art of tracing with correctness any of the forms of nature has been acquired, also remind us of our own juvenile attempts. The general proportions of the human form are roughly given; but there is no attempt at elegance, or to portray individual differences of character. An evidence of their ignorance of the true principles of drawing may be seen in the kneeling figure of the large Egyptian fragment in the British Museum, where, amongst other errors, the eye, but half of which can be seen in profile, is shown in full, the same as it would appear in a front view. As a general rule, it may be observed, that their animals are more correctly represented than their human figures, and that, among the latter, their female forms are superior to those of the other sex. The most comprehensive view of Egyptian art is seen in the plates to Rosellini's great work on the monuments of Egypt and Nubia; but the collection of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum is now quite adequate to convey a correct idea of its style and characteristics.

The Greeks, who received their first ideas of painting and sculpture from the Egyptians, attained the greatest proficiency in the latter art, as a walk through the Greek court of the Sydenham Palace, where the finest emanations of the sculptor's genius are reproduced in plaster, will convince every observer. But their first attempts were as crude and imperfect as those of their teachers. The figures on the early Grecian vases are characterised by the same stiffness and conventionality as those which appear in the Nineveh bas-reliefs and the sculptured obelisks of Egypt. The first essays of the artist were simple outlines, such as are now known as *silhouettes*; the next step was to add the parts within the outline, but still without light or shade, which Pliny says was first done by Cleophrastus of Corinth; and from this an advance was made to monochromatic painting, such as may be seen on the vases in the British Museum. Eumarus was, according to Pliny, the first who gave to each sex its characteristic style of design, so as to illustrate the attributes of each by the figure and complexion, giving a robust and vigorous form to the males, and making the females lighter and more delicate.

Cimon of Cleone, whose period was anterior to that of Polygnotus by at least a century, improved upon the method of Eumarus by giving variety to the attitudes of his figures, and exhibiting the muscular articulations, the veins, and the folds of the drapery. The most ancient paintings extant are the four on marble tablets discovered at Herculaneum, and now in the museum at Naples; the designs are defaced in some parts, and the colours have been nearly destroyed by heat. The same museum contains two other pictures from Herculaneum, two from Stabia, and one from Pompeii, but these are of later date; the subjects are all taken from the Greek mythology. The Vatican contains a stucco painting, discovered on the Esquiline mound; this is a work of considerable

immediately opposite to St. John. That apostle is Judas Iscariot. The figure of this man is boldly relieved, and separated from the rest of the group; one of his hands rests on the table, and with the

of the intensest malignity, baseness, and disquietude, exhibited in the features of this betrayer. The contrast of these two principal figures is peculiarly striking; and the faces brought thus



THE LAST SUPPER.



OUR SAVIOUR.



JUDAS.



ST. JOHN.

other he holds the bag of money--the means of his temptation. His head is averted from the penetrating glance of the Master, and is turned fully towards the spectators. There is an expression

of the intensest malignity, baseness, and disquietude, exhibited in the features of this betrayer. The contrast of these two principal figures is peculiarly striking; and the faces brought thus

close together—one so full of highest virtue, the other so vicious and depraved—demand particular attention. The figures of the other apostles are all boldly designed, and are thoroughly charac-

teristic of the men. St. Peter sits to the right of the Saviour; St. Andrew, St. James the Greater, and St. Bartholomew, have their glances fixed upon Judas. St. Peter holds a knife in his hand, and the strongest indignation is written on his countenance; the expression of St. Andrew is severe, of St. James melancholy, St. Bartholomew resentful yet full of pity. The rest of the apostles are, for the most part, calm and indifferent; two, however, should be carefully regarded. The first, St. James the Less, sits at the extreme

engraved by Perugino upon the folds of the gown of the Madonna, in the picture painted for Lorenzo Neri, upon the robes of "The Holy Family," in the Piles, Kimbolton; and also upon various frescoes. In the last year of his life, Raffaele signed his name in full. The figure of St. James the Less is said to be a portrait of Raffaele, and the same as that in the celebrated picture called "The Contest at the Holy Sacrament."

In 1505 Raffaele was at Florence. At that time he painted



ST. PETER.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW OR ST. JAMES.

left of the table; his profile is gracefully turned towards the spectator, and is remarkably beautiful in its design: the other, St. Thomas, is not less fine; he is represented pouring wine into a cup or glass.

A vast number of connoisseurs were admitted to view the fresco, and, for the most part, they agreed with Zotti and Della Porta, as to the picture being the production of Raffaele himself. Some of

portraits of Angelo and Madeline Poul. A member of this family, early in that year, became superior of the Convent of St. Onofre. This circumstance explains how the young painter obtained the commission to paint "The Last Supper" on the convent walls.

Among the heads of the saints represented on the moulds which adorn the foliage is to be noticed a portrait of St. Bernard, for whom Raffaele professed particular devotion.



ST. THOMAS.



ST. JAMES THE LESS.

the reasons which led them to this conclusion may not be uninteresting.

On the collar of the tunic of St. Thomas are the following letters in gold:—R A, P and L united, V, N and S, O a little effaced, A M M D V. This is translated: "Raphael Urbinas, Anno Domini 1505."

Raffaele was, it is well known, in the habit of thus signing many of his pictures. It is thus written on the robe of the Virgin,

The names of the artists, placed by the painter under the figures of the apostles, are written in the dialect of Urbino, where Raffaele was born.

The foliage and other ornaments which surround the picture resemble those to be met with in other works of the same master; and the delicate painting of Onofre and Gheris name, together with the figures which are introduced, render the spectator of those

beautiful compositions of Raffaele which adorn the walls of the Vatican.

A painter, M. Giulio Patti, and the sculptor Emilio Santarelli, possessed for a long time designs which were always attributed to Raffaele, and which represented several of the figures—St. Peter with a knife in his hand, St. James the Less, and St. Andrew—the same in every particular as they appear in the fresco.

Upon these proofs, it has been generally concluded that "The Last Supper" of St. Onofre is the undoubted work of Raffaele. But, as we have presented our readers with the evidence in favour of its authenticity, it is but fair to represent the other side of the question.

An Italian writer, named Gargani, believed that he had discovered the author of the painting to be none other than Neri di Bicci, on account of a manuscript, bearing date 1461, declaring that a picture of "The Last Supper" was painted on the walls of the refectory of St. Onofre by that artist. On further examination, however, it appears that there were two refectories, the old and the new, and that the one in which the fresco was discovered is certainly more modern than the other. Besides this, there is evidence of the other painting having been destroyed. But, if no other evidence existed but the painting itself, the grouping of the design, the style of the whole, the delicacy of finish, would be enough to prove that it was not painted at the period of Neri di Bicci—there being a vast difference between pictures of 1461 and 1505. In the interval between those two epochs, painting made immense progress, and a complete revolution in art took place; and a more positive contrast can scarcely be imagined than exists between the productions of those two ages.

A celebrated German artist, having seen and greatly admired the picture, wrote to MM. Della Porta and Zotti, assuring them that he had no doubt of the authenticity of the painting; that the construction of the piece, the expression of the various faces, all pointed out Raffaele as their author. The objection urged on the ground of its not being mentioned in any of the catalogues of Raffaele's works was easily met by the fact, that many well-attested works of that master were omitted in these lists; that at the period when Raffaele must have executed this work, he was a young and comparatively unknown man; and that the silence of his biographers on this particular work was not to be taken into account.

A great deal of controversy was originated by the discovery of the picture; but at length the critics came to an almost unanimous conclusion that the painting was the work of the great Raffaele. However plain and simple the sketches may be, this fact is, we think, enough to warrant us in presenting our readers with the designs.

The picture was with great difficulty removed from the convent wall. It was sold to the Tuscan government for £13,000.

FINE ART EXHIBITION AT GENEVA.

THE biennial exhibition of works of art at Geneva was established, some years ago, by a society of artists and amateurs, whose efforts to promote the study of the fine arts, and to encourage and reward those devoted to them, have caused the subject to be taken into the serious consideration of the government. Pleased, as it is, amid the romantic scenery which has given birth to one of the most celebrated schools of landscape-painting, represented by such able artists as MM. Diday and Calame, Geneva, so famous for the intelligence and commercial activity of its citizens, promises to become one of the centres of art. In the sublime scenery of their fatherland, and no less in the heroic achievements of their forefathers, the artists of Switzerland have a fertile and, indeed, inexhaustible field for the exercise of their talents. Among the most promising artists of the Genevese school, we may enumerate M. Gleyre, the painter of that poetical composition, "The Night of Life," which has been so much admired in the Luxembourg Gallery; M. Lugardon, the interpreter of Swiss history; and Leopold Robert, one of the meditative school of landscape-painters, which had its best exponent in Ruysdael. But what has been wanting to Swiss art has been appreciation and encouragement, for

want of which the beautiful and the picturesque have to be pursued amid difficulties, and fame alone has rewarded the success that has been attained by self-denial. The times are past when such munificence was displayed as that of the senate of Basle, which offered Holbein an annual pension of 1,200 florins to induce him to fix his residence in his native town. Yet, with all these discouraging circumstances, we feel assured that, one day or another, the landscape school of Geneva will acquire renown; and, with this feeling, it was not without disappointment and regret that we walked through the saloon of the exhibition without observing a single picture by Calame—an artist too enthusiastic, and too truly Swiss in his nature, not to have contributed, with all the force of his genius, to the honour of his country.

M. Diday, however, has the honour of giving to the exhibition the *écot* of his great talent and high reputation as a landscape-painter, by sending two pictures of the highest merit. "The Aur at Handeck" is a beautiful view, full of grandeur, and drawn with truthfulness and vigour. The foaming torrent bounds from rock to rock, and rushes angrily through the sombre valley; the dark branches of the tall pines are shaken and distorted by the wind; and the clouds, black and heavy, cast their shadows on the sides of the mountain. It is a grand picture, showing nature in a wild and stormy mood, and bears internal evidence of having been sketched on the spot, when dark clouds have rolled over the mountain, and the stream has been swelled by rain into a torrent. The other picture, "Lake Lemán," is of a character entirely different. In this the calmness and serenity of nature are depicted, and the artist has shown great ability in producing two pictures of such diverse character, and at the same time of so much truthfulness and beauty. It is a rich composition, drawn with equal freedom and vigour, and evincing a profound study of nature, and knowledge of her varied forms. The brushwood and wild plants growing on the borders of the lake are drawn with wonderful fidelity to nature. The colouring is clear, but somewhat deficient in warmth; otherwise it is a masterly composition.

Near these two pictures we perceive several landscapes by M. Saltzman, a young artist of Absacc, who has acquired in Italy, where he resided some time, a manner of composition and execution full of boldness and vigour. "A Souvenir of Provence," the best of the three pictures which he exhibits, is marked by those qualities in a high degree, and the clearness and harmony of the colouring deserve the praise which is freely bestowed. The composition is simple: a heath, a rocky bank, and some fine trees, form the landscape, which is animated by some figures evincing a taste for the antique, and drawn with the freedom and vigour which are characteristic of the whole design. The other two productions of this artist are of inferior merit, and have a reddishness of tone which gives them an unpleasant effect.

M. Humbert contributes to the exhibition a series of landscapes, with figures of animals, which do credit to himself and to the school to which he belongs. Lightness and beauty, truthfulness to nature, and splendour of colouring, are their characteristics. His skies are bright and clear, recalling those of Claude; his distances correct; and his animals richly coloured, and grouped in a picturesque and effective manner. His best picture represents "A Mountain Pasturage," with a goat and several cows; it is of large dimensions, and characterised by all the qualities we have ascribed to him. The light clouds which sweep slowly across the sky, the cool misty air of early morning, and the glistening dew upon the herbage, are finely represented. The picture derives a grand effect from the transparency of the shadows; and nothing can be better than the grouping and colours of the cattle, by which the effect of contrast is obtained, without injury to the harmony of the composition. "A Landscape" with animals, is somewhat similar in design, and resembles it in the transparency of the veil of mist and the truthfulness to nature of the animals.

M. Thuiller, a distinguished landscape-painter, contributes a grand view of the "Lake of Annay." This picture has a pleasing effect at first sight, but on a more attentive view, the spectator is struck by a peculiarity in the treatment of the sky. It is possible that the scene represented, may, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, present a similar aspect, but its representation evinces a want of taste on the part of the artist. The effect produced is

far from good; and the figures and animal, moreover, are executed with reprehensible negligence.

M. Albert Langeron, a young Genevese artist, in his "Corman of Verrier," has made his *debut* as a painter of animals, in which class he is fairly entitled to a place in the first rank, by the vigour and truthfulness of his delineations. The subject is a simple one: one of the hardy and adventurous cormorans of Verrier, near Geneva, is leading down a very steep path two oxen attached to a loaded stone-car, used to convey stone from the quarry. The chained wheel, the attitudes of the oxen and of the man, who looks anxiously down the steep path before him, show the difficulties and dangers of the descent. In the background, a man is seen at work with a pick-axe, and masses of rock rise on both sides. The same artist exhibits several other pictures of animals, all displaying the same truthfulness and vigour.

The exhibition is particularly rich in landscapes, and few of them are without merit; but we are compelled to confine our notice to the best, and we must pass on to the painters of history and *genre*. We ought not, however, to pass over "A Torment in the Upper Alps," by M. Cusan, an agreeable picture, painted with great care.

The historical pictures are comparatively few in number, and none of them display a high order of talent. M. Fluman exhibits a scene from "The Martyrs" of Charlembriand. "Velloha and Eudora," a picture harmonious in design and colouring, but with many defects. In the figure of Velloha there is a want of taste in the proportions, and the posture of Eudora has too much *anachronisme*; neither does the countenance sufficiently reflect the feelings that should be inspired by affection for Velloha.

In passing through the saloon, the attention of the spectator cannot fail to be arrested by a charming little composition of M. Gleyre; it is called "A Bacchante;" but the artist has used mythological forms to convey a moral. His conceptions are always happy, and in the present instance he is particularly so. The picture represents a beautiful female riding on a goat, which is led by a faun bearing a torch, while Cupid flies from her, covering his face with his hands. The meaning which is intended to be thus allegorically conveyed is, that when the fair sex suffer themselves to be carried away by bad passions, they repel love, and the better feelings of our nature lose their empire over their hearts. The idea is well carried out, and, both in composition and execution, the picture merits the admiration it elicits. Another production of this artist, "Ruth the Moabitte," though not without merit, is scarcely equal to the little circular composition we have described.

M. Favas exhibits a portrait of General Dufour, which is a striking likeness of that officer, but not remarkable as a work of art. Its defects in this respect, however, are amply compensated in the portrait of an old man, by the same artist—a vigorous and striking picture, deserving the highest encomiums. Before passing from portrait to *genre* painting, justice and gallantry alike require us to notice a beautiful portrait of a lady, executed in pastel, by Madame Archinard; and another by Mademoiselle Durand, a very tasteful and praiseworthy production.

A PORTRAIT, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THIS magnificent portrait hangs in the gallery appropriated to the works of the Italian masters in that unrivalled collection, the Louvre at Paris. Its beauty as a work of art is not seen at the first glance; it is a picture which requires to be surveyed with attention. It is not by the grandeur of the outlines, nor by the beauty of the colouring, nor by the elegance of the costume, that this head fixes the attention of the spectator. It is by the expression of deep thought which is read in those delicate features, and which Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest of the producers of Raffaele, was the first to excel in representing.

It is uncertain whether this portrait is that of Charles VIII. or of his successor, Louis XII. The artist did not take up his residence in France, at the invitation of Francis I., until 1515, and only survived the change of able five years, during which he suffered almost continually from ill health. Both the monarchs,

M. Hebert is known here as the painter of several pictures, which may be described as holding an intermediate place between history and *genre*. He has in the exhibition "The Family of a Condottiero," one of those hardy soldiers of fortune who figure so conspicuously in the history of Italy during the middle ages; the composition of the picture is good, but in the article of colour it is very deficient. In the same category with M. Hebert we may place M. Gaudry, who exhibits a charming military scene; and M. Zuber Buhler, who has sent a picture called "First Education," which marks him as an artist of considerable promise.

"The Separation," by M. Kunkler, is a sweet and pleasing picture, representing a butcher offering to purchase of a peasant the pet sheep of his little daughter, who implores her father not to deprive her of her favourite. The innocent face of the child, full of solicitude and apprehension, is exquisite; and all that the picture requires to render it perfect is a little more vividity in the lights.

Among other pictures of this class, we must not forget "The Love of Study," one of several beautiful compositions by M. Paget; "The Indigent Family," by M. Gressbach, a picture full of sentiment and interest; and "The Prisoner's Wife," a beautiful conception of M. Van Muyden, painted with extreme care. Nor must we pass over in silence the beautiful specimens of painting in enamel, which the watch and jewellery trade of Geneva has fostered and encouraged, and for which that city has become as famous as Lyons is for its fruit and flower painters. M. Baud exhibit a copy of "The Sirens" of M. Meun, of the highest finish; and his miniature portraits are remarkable for the truth and vigour displayed in their microscopic proportions. The beautiful landscape designs of MM. Delapleine, Fontanesi, and Prévost, attract attention by their fidelity to nature and delicacy of finish. The fine groups of fruit and flowers, done in water-colours by M. Lays, a Lyonsese artist, are also deserving of notice.

Sculpture forms a comparatively small portion of the exhibition, and there are only a few contributions which call for special notice. M. Dorcière exhibits three groups in marble: "Hagar and Ishmael," "Maternity," and "Confidence," in all of which the sentiment is good, and evinces considerable knowledge of human nature, and ability in representing the softer feelings of the heart. "A Bacchante," by M. Fitting, is conceived with taste; but designs of this kind do not appeal to the heart, like the productions of M. Dorcière, though the eye is gratified by their ideal beauty. Among a series of Swiss subjects in terra-cotta, we observed "A Chamois Hunter," full of character, and executed in a very good style.

The Genevese exhibition has this year created considerable interest, both in and out of Switzerland; and its effect in promoting and encouraging the study of the fine arts cannot fail to be proportionately felt. Swiss artists need not leave their own country in search of the picturesque; on the shores of their own lakes, in the valleys which resound with the roar of the torrent, and in the passes of their mountains, they will always find both subjects and inspiration.

When it has been supposed this portrait may represent a Sardinian, but in the character of hostile invader, Charles VIII. was at Florence, where Leonardo da Vinci then resided, in 1494, and at which period the artist may have painted his portrait. Charles died in 1498, and though his success rivalled Italy, in order to carry out his ambitious designs in the kingdom of Naples, it does not appear that he ever resided at Florence. Moreover, he was held in excommunication by the Italians, on account of the calamities which he brought upon that country, the horrors of the storming of Brescia, the cruel execution of Count Arcofieri, and his two sons for their patriotic resistance to the invader, and other atrocities. For all these reasons, it is much more probable that the portrait is that of Charles VIII. than of his cruel and ambitious successor.

Leonardo da Vinci may be regarded as the first painter who attempted to reconcile minute and elaborate finish with grandeur

of idea and dignity of form. In the expression of character, and the just delineation of the affections and emotions, he surpassed every painter who had preceded him; and it detracts nothing from his merit to acknowledge, that he was excelled in this sublime department of art by Raffaele, who rose into celebrity as Leonardo disappeared from the stage which he had trod so worthily.

The story of this great artist having died in the arms of Francis I. is now discredited. He died at the Château of Cloux, near Amboise, on the 2nd of May, 1519; and, according to the journal of Francis, preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, the court was

effectually to court the various graces he pursued. His line was free from meagreness, and his forms presented volume; but he appears not to have ever been much acquainted, or to have sedulously sought much acquaintance, with the antique. Character was his favourite study; and character he has often raised from an individual to a species, and as often depressed to caricature. The strength of his execution lay in the delineation of male heads; those of his females owe nearly all their charms to *chiaroscuro*, of which he is the supposed inventor; they are seldom more discriminated than the children they fondle; they are sisters of one family." Some of the best works of this master were executed



PORTRAIT BY LEONARDO DA VINCI; SUPPOSED TO BE OF CHARLES VIII. OR LOUIS XII.

at that day at St. Germain-en-Laye. His intimate friend and former pupil, Francesco Melzi, to whom he bequeathed his drawings and manuscripts, wrote a letter to Leonardo's relations immediately after his death, in which he makes no mention of the circumstance, as he would assuredly have done, if it had occurred; and Lomazzo distinctly says, that it was from Melzi the king first learnt that the artist was dead.

Fuseli thus sums up the character of Leonardo as a painter:—"The universality of Leonardo da Vinci is become proverbial; but though possessed of every element, he rather gave glimpses than a standard of form; though full of energy, he had not powers

during his second residence in Florence, which was probably the period when he painted the portrait we have engraved. His execution is elaborate and careful; and he left many of his works in what he considered an unfinished state, though others could see no defect in them. In subjects which he undertook to complete, he not only imitated the brightness of the eyes, the roots of the hair, the pores of the skin, and even the beating of the arteries, but portrayed each separate garment and every accessory with the same minuteness. At the same time he led the way to a more enlarged and dignified style, and smoothed the path, so to speak, for the appearance of Raffaele.

SIMON MATHURIN LANTARA.



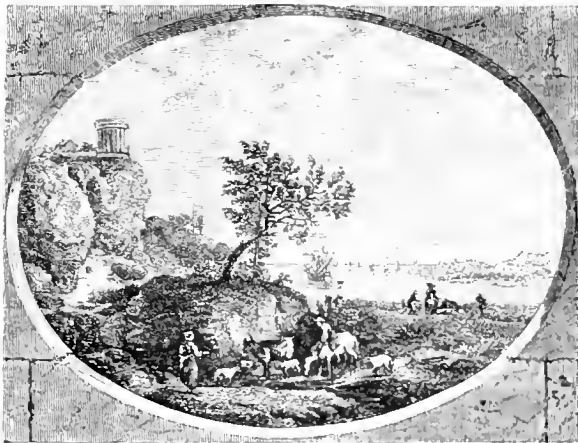
LANTARA has acquired a certain name in France, through the notoriety of having passed his life in a tavern and died in a hospital. Men of his stamp, the Bohemians of art, experience the frowns of society while living, but posterity accords its pardon to all their faults, except that of indolence, and their genius obtains for them the respect and sympathy of the critics.

In this little group of improvident artists, however, there have been some who, more than others, perhaps because more largely

like the Iazzaroni of Naples, he yet retained unimpaired, throughout his life, the love of nature and the sentiment of art.

Simon Mathurin Lantara was born in 1745, in the environs of Montargis, or more probably at Fontainebleau. His father was a sign-painter, perfectly incapable of giving him lessons in the higher branches of art. Animated by an ardent admiration of the sublime phenomena of the universe, Lantara passed the greater part of his youth in wandering about the forest of Fontainebleau, following one path or another as fancy dictated, and sleeping on the moss and soft herbage, to contemplate the glorious spectacle of the rising sun, and the warm perspectives of the evening twilight. Those promenades, teeming with inspiration, which Claude Lorraine had enjoyed before him in the environs of Rome, Lantara imitated, but under a sky less epic; and between his works and those of the great master whom he unconsciously took for his model, there is all the distance which separates the romantic Campagna of Rome from the familiar neighbourhood of Paris. Lantara was a dreamer, a man afflicted with that restlessness of spirit, that vague disquietude agitating the mind without ceasing, which we find revealed in the life and in the works of Rousseau. Men of this temperament pursue all their life's the happiness which flies before them. Some seek it in love, others in work. Lantara sought it in the tavern.

Lodged in the garret of a miserable inn in the Rue du Chantre, Lantara sometimes went out in the morning to walk about in the fields, far from the noise and confusion of Paris, and breathe a freer and purer atmosphere. When night came, he carried back his hunger to the city, and, returning to his wretched lodging, sat down to drink, to cease drinking only when he became thoroughly intoxicated. At other times, shut up in his garret, he remained the whole week without going out. This was the life of Lantara; when he worked, and how he worked, are among its undivulged mysteries. One thing is certain, for the rarity of his works proves it—that he worked no more than he was obliged to do. He had to get a living, however; and pressed by necessity, sold landscapes to greedy dealers, to amateurs, and to some shopkeepers of the neighbourhood in which he lived.



gifted by nature, retain the poetry of their art amid privations and misery, and the scintillations of whose genius are not extinguished even by the gross pleasures of the debauch. Lantara, who is the type of the painters of the tavern, and whose improvidence and misery have become proverbial among the artists of his country, was one of these favoured children of nature. Steeped in poverty, addicted to the degrading vice of intoxication, and idle by nature,

"Lantara," says Alexander Lenoir, "was always poor, yet happy in his poverty; his crayons, his palette, his brushes, and a favourite bird comprised all his moveables. The pet bird was the charm of his miserable habitation." M. Lenoir attributes to Lantara a mixture of good and evil qualities, and thus apologises for the latter: "He had vices, but it is to his want of education, rather than to an inherently evil nature, that we must attribute them; with goodness of heart he combined a simplicity of soul which induces us to pardon all, even his indolence and his epicurism."

An artist so organised ought to be a good landscape painter. For artists who are without care, whether for glory, for fortune, or for honours, are more likely than others to be influenced by that ardent love of nature which is the true inspiration of their profession. The scenery of the woods, the hills, and the heaths, is to them in the place of family and possession. They live in the rays of the sun, and comprehend the glory and the poetry of its rising and its setting. For them the radiance of the sunbeams is gold, and the moon-tinted edges of the white clouds are silver. They love the splendour of the stars, the mysteries of twilight, and the silence of night; they are enraptured with the beauty of the skies. Thus it was with poor Lantara. Thus he often stood at night, immovable, on the Pont Neuf, contemplating in a holy ecstacy the sun sinking behind the other bridges, and reddening with its slanting beams the waters of the Seine. Afterwards, in a coffee-house, or in his miserable lodging, he painted from memory the effects which had excited his admiration, portraying on blue paper, with the lightest touches of a white crayon, sometimes the tranquil and mysterious effects of moonlight, sometimes those of the sun, the tints, the contrast, and the accidents with which he had made himself familiar in his ramblings.

The name of Lantara is not to be found in the dictionaries of Bryan and Pilkington, nor in any of the French works on art, with one single exception. But in the month of October, 1899, a one-act drama was produced at the Theatre du Vaudeville, having for its title "Lantara, or the Painter of the Tavern." As the character of the artist is very ably treated, an analysis of the piece will not be out of place here, and may interest our readers.

Like some of the sages of Greece, Lantara carries all his wealth about him. He is first introduced at a suburban tavern, to which is attached one of those numerous tea-gardens still so much frequented by the working classes of Paris, as in the days of Louis XV. The scene changes to a *restaurant* kept by the porter of the Jardin des Plantes, where the painter has an appointment with a picture-dealer named Jacob. The simple artist has always thought that to effect a marriage it is sufficient for the parties to love each other, and hopes for the union of his daughter Therese with Victor, the son of Jacob. But the rich picture-dealer is indignant at the idea of such a *mesalliance*, and thinks it beneath his dignity even to dine with one so wretchedly poor as Lantara; so he goes off, to dine with some other picture-dealers, leaving the angry and humiliated artist alone. To dissipate his vexation and disappointment, he sits down to dinner, and commences by drinking to the health of all mankind. Having thus raised his spirits, he gives them vent in a Bacchanalian song, in the midst of which a model named Belletête enters. Lantara makes him sit down, and dine with him; and here the authors have well marked the difference which separates the gluttonous model from the artist, who maintains even in the tavern some sparks of politeness and good taste. On the second course being called for, the *restaurant* brings in the bill, and refuses to serve the roast fowl that should form it until his demand has been liquidated, for he has formed a shrewd guess that Lantara is entirely without resources.

The artist, upon this, calls for paper, and makes a crayon drawing of the head of Belletête, in the character of Silenus; during the execution of which he sings a song on the variety and opposite characters of the heads which his crayon has at different times produced. He sends the drawing to Jacob, and fixes the price at twenty francs. The picture-dealer offers twelve, which Lantara, who, in the meantime, has added by sundry potatoes to the length of the bill, angrily refuses to accept. He now makes a spirited drawing of his daughter and Victor, holding each other by the hand, and looking on each other with eyes beaming with love. This he also sends to Jacob, requiring for it forty francs. The

picture-dealer is willing to purchase; but his friends admire the drawing so much, that they bid against each other until the price rises to fifty crowns. But Lantara declares that Jacob alone shall have it at the price he himself fixed upon it. Vanquished by this noble trait of character, the picture-dealer consents to the marriage, and Lantara assigns to his daughter the sum of twenty thousand francs, the price of a beautiful moonlight picture.

The character of Lantara seems to be correctly drawn in this *vaudeville*. Simplicity, frankness, and disinterestedness, form his moral portrait. Respecting the artist's love of wine, the picture drawn by its authors is not in accordance with the brief notice of M. Alexander Lenoir, who says, "Lantara has been reproached with drunkenness; the charge is false; he loved a cup of *biere* (an infusion of tea and *capillaire*) or chocolate better than a bottle of wine. His pictures were obtained at a low price by practising on his simplicity and good nature. He would paint a landscape for an almond-cake, a tart, or any other kind of pastry. Dabot, the keeper of a *café* near the Louvre, obtained a number of the finest drawings of Lantara by supplying him with *biere* and coffee."

But what was the character of the pictures and drawings which the artist exchanged so freely for tarts and coffee? It might be expected that they were tavern-scenes—card-players and brawlers—sketches made in the low haunts of vice and dissipation. But not the most beautiful aspects of nature—luminous horizons, moonlit waters, skies empurpled by the sun—these were what Lantara painted in preference. The obscure frequenter of Dabot's *café* took nature for his model, and had all the poetry of nature in his soul. Lantara is the Claude of a more temperate climate. It is not on the banks of the Seine that we meet with grand ruins, colonnades of circular temples dedicated to Venus, and marble tombs tinged with roseate hues by the declining orb of day; but, in default of these august souvenirs, which fill up the landscapes of Claude, and impress them with a character of solemn poetry, our poor Bohemian of the Rue du Chantre drew from his poetic temperament and his observant love of nature those purple sunsets, those silver-edged clouds, which seem to float across his moonlights, and those magical effects of light, in the representation of which he is inferior only to the great landscape painter whom we have named. "It would be difficult," says a most competent judge, "to carry skill in aerial perspective further than Lantara has done. All his pictures and drawings are characterised by the same pure and refined taste; and if, upon a close examination, disproportion may be observed in some of his compositions, it is a fault which takes nothing from his merits as a colourist. The careful study of his works will singularly facilitate the imitation of the grand and beautiful effects of nature."*

It was from the ingenuousness of his nature that Lantara drew the sentiment of harmony. Of colour and simplicity he possessed as much as it is possible to imagine. M. Lenoir relates that Lantara, having borrowed four-and-twenty shillings, was not ashamed to offer four shillings on account. In his dealings with amateurs he was as simple and as scrupulously honest as in settling with his creditors. An amateur had ordered of the artist a landscape, in which there should be a church and figures. Lantara finished the picture, but introduced no figures, which he was not skilful in drawing. On his taking home the picture, the amateur was struck with its truthfulness, with the brilliancy of the colours, and with the lightness of the touch; but when the first transports of admiration had subsided, he perceived that the artist had not introduced the desired figures.

"Monsieur Lantara," said he, "you have omitted the figures in your picture."

"Sir," replied the artist with an air of simplicity, "they are at mass."

"Ah, well," returned the amateur; "wish the picture when they come out."

The awkwardness of the artist in drawing figures led him to avail himself of the brush of some obliging brother of the art. Among the pictures of this master in the gallery of M. Delorsart, there are three in which the figures are by Nicholas Tannay and Demarne. In the figures which enrich other landscapes by

* "Deperthes, *Théorie du Paysage, ou Considérations générales sur les beautés de la Nature que l'art peut imiter*. Paris, 1818."

Market," which we have engraved (p. 152), is the property of Dr. Ronx.

M. Didot is the possessor of three pictures by Lantara:—"A Water-mill," with animals by Berré; a "Sunset," and a "Rising of the Moon," with figures by Nicholas Taunay.

Lantara left a great number of drawings, executed with ease and sentiment: they are done with crayons, in black and white. Some of the moonlight scenes are described by those who have seen them as exquisitely beautiful. The effects of mist, and of the moon shining through a haze, are portrayed with wonderful correctness. There is one of these beautiful designs in the gallery of the Louvre.

In the cabinet of engravings belonging to the National Library, at Paris, there are preserved, between two sheets of paper, some indifferent lithographs, two or three engravings by Mouchy, Née, Beaugeon, Madame Massard, and Couché; and a landscape, with a bridge, etched with aquafortis by Lantara himself.

was valued at his sale, in 1817, at £32; the two others, both representing landscapes with figures, at £23.

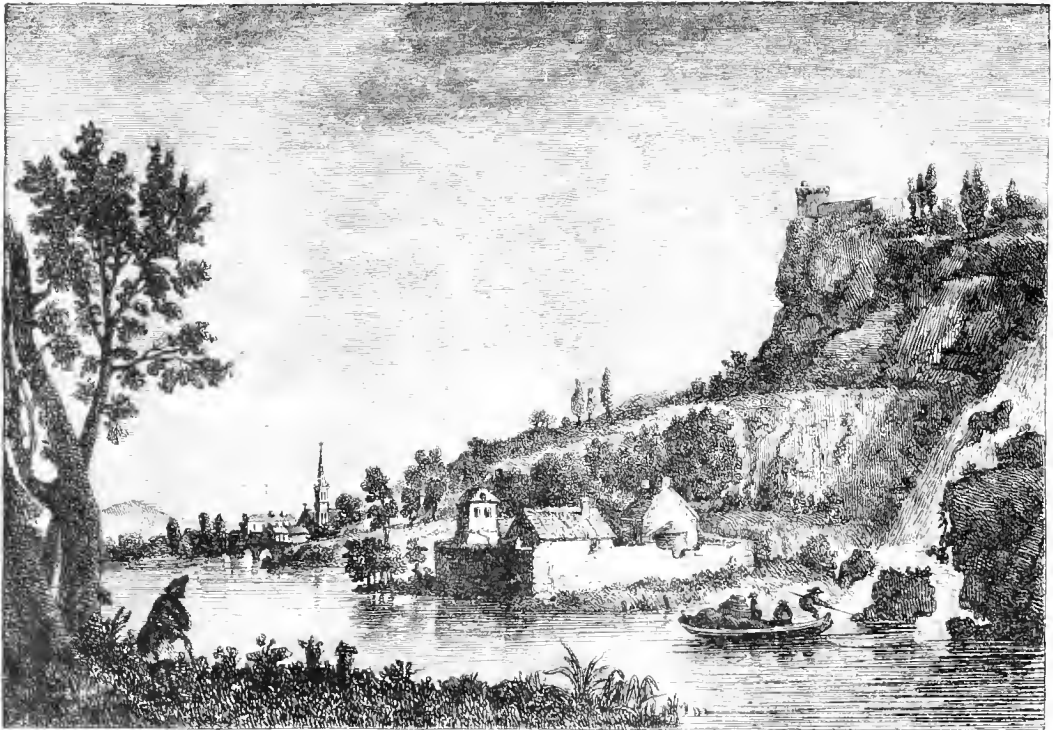
At the St. Victor sale, in 1823, "A Tempest," by this master, produced £35, and "A Moonlight" £7. "A Landscape," representing the sun breaking through the haze of early morning, with three figures by Bernard, was sold for £25.

At the Vignerot sale, in 1829, a landscape by Lantara produced the comparatively large sum of £120.

M. Alphonse Giroux formerly possessed a landscape by Lantara, representing a sheet of water; on the sale of this gentleman's collection, which took place in 1851, this picture was valued at £16.

Lantara signed all his pictures and drawings; we annex a fac-simile of his signature.

S Lantara



VIEW OF PECQ, NEAR ST. GERMAIN.—FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

At the sale of the collection of Count de Dubary, in 1774, four years before the death of Lantara, a beautiful landscape by this master, with figures, was sold for £2. Two others, enriched with figures by Casanova, rose by competition to £15.

In 1776, at the sale of M. Blondel de Gagny, treasurer-general to the sinking-fund office, two pictures by Lantara were sold for £5.

The Prince of Conti had four pictures by this master, of very small dimensions, which were sold, in 1777, for £22.

At the sale of the Castelmoré collection, in 1791, a fine landscape by Lantara, with some figures and a cow by Casanova, was sold for £15.

A picture by this master, representing a rocky coast, and ornamented with figures by Nicholas Taunay, was sold by the Duke of Choiseul-Praslin, in 1809, for £13.

At the Solirène sale, in 1812, a snuff-box, ornamented with two miniature landscapes by Lantara—one representing daybreak, the other sunset—was sold for £7.

M. Laperrière, receiver of the finances of the department of the Seine, had three pictures by Lantara; one, with figures by Taunay,

PICTURES IN SPAIN.

THE unfortunate civil dissensions to which Spain has been a prey for so many years have not only, by impoverishing the country, deprived the arts of the patronage necessary to their progress, but diverted the attention of the people from the elegancies and refinements of life to the means of preserving their lives and property. Owing mainly to these causes, Spain has produced no great artist since the death of Velasquez and Murillo, with whom the glory of Spanish art may be said to have departed. The efforts of the academies, and the patronage of Charles III., who had acquired a taste for the fine arts while reigning at Naples, were insufficient to rekindle the light that had once shed splendour on the schools of Seville and Valencia. The later artists of the Spanish school degenerated into feebleness and mannerism, and foreign invasions and intestine wars at length caused even imitators and copyists to be without patronage, and the works of the old masters to be neglected and forgotten.

Notwithstanding the abstraction of a great number of pictures from the churches and monasteries during the French occupation,

it is known that there must be an immense number of good pictures still in the country, which would furnish materials for valuable national collections, could they be discovered. But public as well as private property has been subjected to such repeated outrages in the course of the wars and revolutions that have so long distracted the country, that every picture of value has been secreted to await the restoration of tranquillity. A great number of private families are known to possess pictures which have been handed down as heirlooms, and are hidden to prevent their loss in the political convulsions that have been of such frequent occurrence. Whenever a brief period of tranquillity has supervened, a number of paintings have been brought from their hiding-places in vaults and closets, and exposed for sale at the shops of the brokers and picture-dealers of Madrid. All are declared to be by Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, or some other great artist of European reputation; but the majority

check existed upon the destruction or abstraction of pictures to any extent. In nearly every place the local authorities threw obstacles in the way of the commissioners, sometimes, no doubt, from jealousy of interference, but often, it is feared, in order to conceal their population, or the loss of their properties in other ways.

At Albuera, for instance, the existence of any local collection was denied, but a catalogue was accidentally discovered containing a list of 193 pictures, which had been collected in 1807, and had unaccountably disappeared. At Ciudad Real, again, the commissioners could get no account of the works of art which were known to have existed, especially in the neighbouring monastery of the Hieronymites, at Gaudalope, near Bejaran. On proceeding to a certain what still remained within the walls of the monastery, they were refused by the local authorities, who pretended that everything there belonged to the public, and not to the state. At Cordiz, though a



VIEW ON THE SEISL. FROM A PAINTING BY LANTARA.

have been ascertained to be the works of the copyists of the 18th century.

Nothing can be more melancholy than the account presented in the report of the commission appointed by royal ordinance in 1844 to make inquiries relative to the works of art contained in the suppressed monasteries. A hope had been entertained of finding a gallery of painting and sculpture in the principal town of each province, but the royal commissioners, Don Jose Madrazo and Don Valentin Carderera, were soon convinced of the hopelessness of such an undertaking. In some provinces the pictures had found their way into the possession of foreign dealers and amateurs; in others, "many of the most esteemed works of art, the glory and ornament of the most sumptuous churches, had perished in their application to the vilest uses; in others, scarcely any record was preserved of what had been in existence at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and no inventory or catalogue of any kind had been made." It must be evident that, under such circumstances, no

catalogue had been made, prints had been mixed up with pictures, so that it was found impossible to detect those, though many were gravely misquoted. Plunder had been carried on to a most disgraceful extent at Ciudad Real, and the investigations of the commissioners were resisted by the supporters of the party of Sr. Jacinto Flores. At Valencia, several pictures had disappeared within the last three years. A number of paintings had been abstracted from the museum of Orihuela within a short period, and the collector could tell what had become of them. In the Kingdom of Valencia many pictures were missing, which was ascribed to the depredations of the Carlist insurrection. The report says, "it would be very difficult to destroy in the present hands, on the other the state of affairs has thrown a small over the sea, who have printed and are refusing, and have unjustly appropriated to the property of the state. Exact portraits of kings were known to exist in the Benedictine monastery of Leriz, near Pontevedra, but the authorities asserted positively that no works of art whatever existed there." At Seville, during the night

pictures which, according to a catalogue made in 1835, had then existed, had since disappeared, and no explanation could be obtained from the authorities.

In some other towns the commissioners were more successful. At Alava eighty-six pictures were collected, but there was no place for their reception. At Alabaete forty-six pictures, mostly by native artists, with a few specimens of the Italian masters, had been preserved. At Barcelona some pictures were obtained, and placed in the museum; and some by Vandyck, Zurbaran, and other celebrated masters, were found in the Carmelite convent, near Castellon. Twenty pictures of the Italian schools had been rescued from the Benedictine convent at Cornuba; and no less than 180, among which were works of Ribera and Zurbaran, were collected at Guadaluara. Eighteen were collected at Lerida, twenty-nine at Teruel, and a few others at Zamora and Huelva.

In some places museums have been established, where the pictures were numerous enough, and local funds existed, which were available for the purpose; in others the pictures have been placed in convents still existing, or other public buildings. A museum, containing 200 pictures, was opened at Orilueka in January, 1845, and the work of collecting was still going on. At Badajoz a museum was about to be formed in the old Franciscan convent. A collection of 252 pictures, mostly of the Spanish schools, had been deposited in the College of the Assumption, at Cordova. At Huesca 120 pictures had been collected, and placed in the building belonging to the Economical Society. At Jaen 238, including some by Murillo, Zurbaran, Cano, Titian, and Albano, had been placed in the old Jesuit convent. The local commission of Orseze had succeeded in securing as many as 120 pictures and some pieces of sculpture, and it was intended to establish a museum. Fifteen pictures were placed in the university of Oviedo; and thirty-six were collected at Palencia, including some attributed to Vandyck, Carlo Maratti, and Guido, which were to form the nucleus of a local museum. In Salamanca as many as 1,061 pictures were ascertained to exist as public property, which were in various convents and other buildings until a proper place for a local museum could be obtained. This object has not, however, been yet attained, owing to the want of funds, which, in Spain, cripples every undertaking. At Sevelia 186 pictures were deposited in the episcopal palace.

The Seville museum is without doubt the richest in Spain, for there Murillo shines in all his glory; but the commissioners were unable to obtain a complete and satisfactory catalogue, of which they complain bitterly in their report. Some of the pictures from the suppressed convents and churches of Toledo had been transferred to Madrid, and an accurate inventory of these, or of the pictures originally in those buildings, could not be procured; such as remained were deposited in the old convent of St. Pedro Martir. The rich museum of Valencia is established in the old Carmelite convent, and contains as many as 600 pictures, mostly by native artists. The collection of portraits of celebrated Spanish poets, which was formerly in the monastery of Murta, was transferred to the academy of St. Carlos. The works of art existing in the suppressed convents of St. Benito el Real, the Merced Calzada, and St. Diego, at Valladolid, have been removed to the museum of that city, which already contained 947 pictures and 229 pieces of sculpture, and is one of the most important in Spain. The little museum of Vizcaya contains thirty pictures, the catalogue of which is mentioned in the report as the only one which fulfilled all the conditions required by the commission—that is to say, it set forth the subjects, the schools, and the names of the artists, the supposed merits of the pictures, their state of preservation, and the convent whence each came. A few pictures were collected at Saragossa, and it was proposed to establish a museum in the old convent of Santa Fé; but the want of funds and the indifference of the local authorities have hitherto prevented the proposition from being carried out.

Of the neglect which works of art have long experienced in Spain, and the manner in which so many of the best have disappeared, a striking picture has been presented by Madame Hahn-Hahn. "It is wretched," she says, speaking of the museum of Seville, and the custody of pictures there in 1841, "to see how these invaluable jewels of pictures are preserved! Uncleaned,

without the necessary varnish, sometimes without frames, they lean against the walls, or stand unprotected in the passages where they are copied. Every dauber may mark his squares upon them, to facilitate his drawing; and since these squares are permanent in some pictures, in order to spare these admirable artists the trouble of renewing them, the threads have, in certain cases, begun to leave their impression on the picture. The proof of this negligence is the fact, that we found to-day the mark of a finger-nail on the St. Augustine, which was not there on the first day that we saw it. We can only thank God if nothing worse than a finger-nail make a mark on the picture. It stands there on the ground, without a frame, leaning against the walls. One might knock it over or kick one's foot through it. There is to be sure a kind of ragged custole sitting by, but if one were to give him a couple of dollars he would hold his tongue; he is, moreover, always sleeping, and yawns as if he would put his jaws out. He does not forget, however, on these occasions to make the sign of the cross with his thumb opposite his open mouth, for fear the devils should fly in—such is the common belief. You see clearly that, with this amount of neglect and want of order, the fate awaits all the Murillos here which has already befallen the Leonardo's "Last Supper," at Milan. These are all collected in two public buildings, in the church of the Ciudad, and in the Museum.

"The Ciudad was a hospital or charitable institution. The pictures were brought hither from Murillo's own studio; there are five—'Moses,' 'the Freeing of the Five Thousand,' the 'St. Juan de Dios,' a little 'Salvator Mundi,' and a small 'John the Baptist;' the sixth, the pendant to the 'St. Juan de Dios,' the 'St. Elizabeth with the Sick,' has been carried to the Museum at Madrid. It is very questionable whether these five pictures will be still in the Ciudad in ten years time. Nothing would be easier than to smuggle out the two small pictures. A painter comes—copies them—does not stand upon a few dollars more or less—takes off the originals, and leaves the copies behind in their places, which are high up and badly lighted—the pictures are gone for ever! This sort of proceeding is not impossible here, and Baron Taylor's purchases for Paris prove the fact. It cannot of course be done without corruption and connivance on the part of the official guardians; and, after all, one has hardly the courage to lament it. The pictures are, in fact, saved—they are protected and duly valued."

Seville was formerly renowned for its riches in private collections of works of art: these have all disappeared, but the influence of the clergy has been sufficient to preserve such a number of fine pictures in their splendid cathedral that it forms one of the best collections in Spain. It possesses twelve Murillos, and many of the best productions of Ribera, Zurbaran, Cano, and Henera. At Madrid the royal gallery contains a greater number of *chefs-d'œuvre*, with a smaller proportion of inferior works, than any similar collection in Europe. It contains some of the finest productions of Titian, Rubens, and other artists who visited Madrid in the reign of Charles V. and his successors; and since the suppression of the monasteries, it has been further enriched by the addition of the splendid collection so long the boast of the Escorial, including some of the best works of Raffaele. There are also some fine specimens of Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, the Bassanos, and all the celebrated masters of the Roman, Florentine, and Bolognese schools. Its specimens of Claude and Poussin are both numerous and excellent; and the productions of the Dutch and Flemish schools are also of the first order. With respect to the Spanish schools, the collection is not so complete as it might be, which, considering the number of pictures by native artists that exist throughout Spain, is somewhat surprising. The best Spanish painters are well represented, however, and Velasquez, in particular, can there alone be truly appreciated.

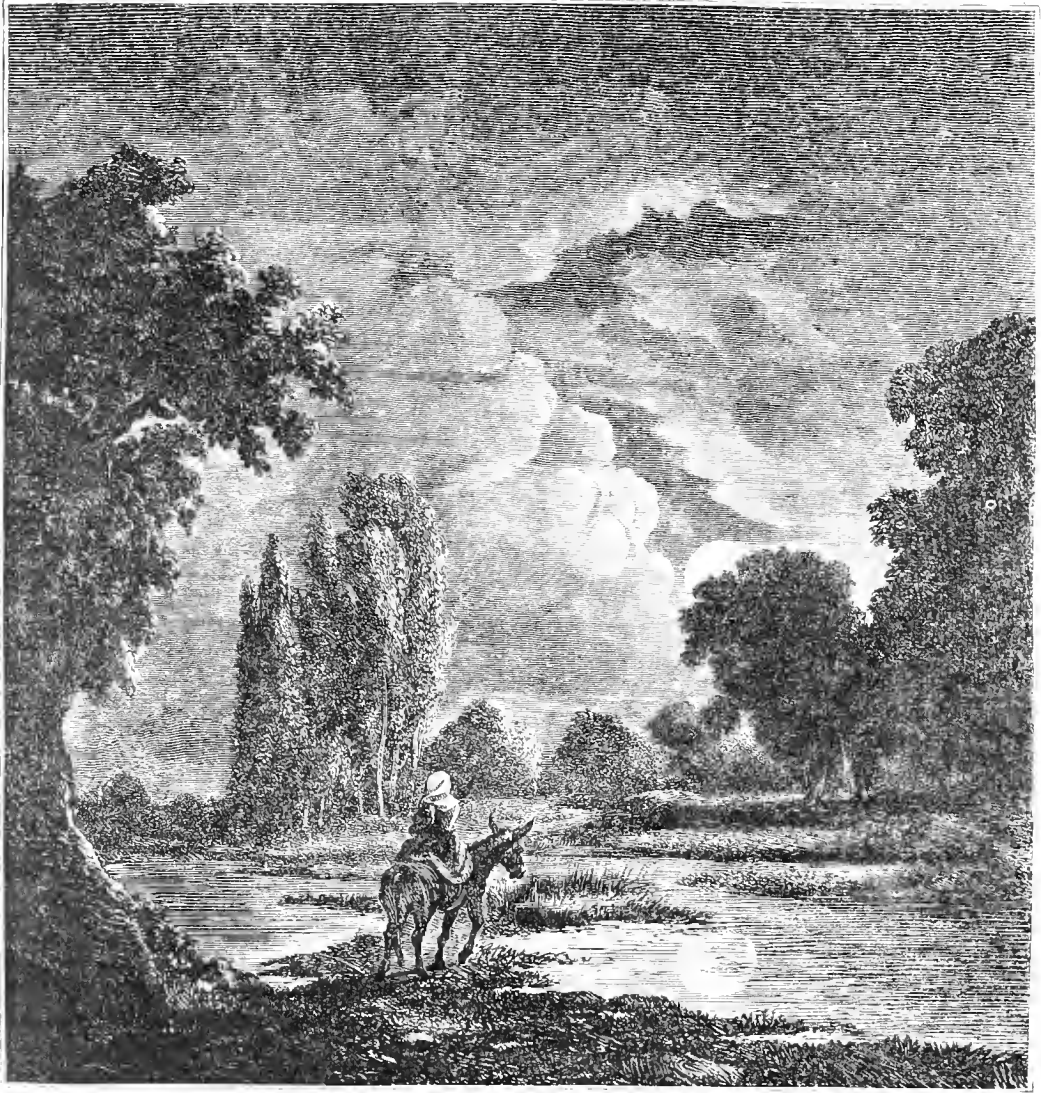
The qualities which chiefly distinguish the works of the Spanish masters are correctness of design and beauty of colouring; a rich, dark tone and strong contrast of light and shade characterise nearly all their great works. But in composition they are not equal to the great Italian masters, nor are their figures equal to those of the latter in ideal grace and beauty. The early painters seem to have taken those of Italy for their models, but under Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran the Spanish school acquired a national character, the

and that there are few collections in Paris in which a specimen of his style is not to be found. The same writer says that he had seen a picture by Kalf which would bear comparison with the finest productions of Adrian Van Ostade.

Kalf united much amiability of disposition and kindness of heart with an expanded and cultivated mind and no ordinary ability in his profession. He was equally estimable as a man and admirable as an artist. He was always willing to render a friend or neighbour any service in his power. He possessed a fine figure; and his deportment and manners were refined and dignified,—a rare circumstance in an epoch and a country the artists of which passed the greater part of their time in the noise and smoke of taverns.

poet, wrote an epitaph for his monument, warmly eulogising his talent as an artist and his amiability as a man. It records that Kalf was an admirable painter of golden cups and silver vases, and all the treasures of opulence, but that earth had no treasure sufficient for the reward of his virtues.

Descamps says that the *chef-d'œuvre* of this master is to be seen at Leyden, in the cabinet of M. de la Court. It represents a melon cut in two, and behind it a handsome vase. How great is the power of art! The travelling amateur, who has surveyed the galleries and museums of Europe, stops at Leyden on his return through Holland, and is shown the *chef-d'œuvre* of Kalf. He gazes upon it with admiration; the more he looks at it the more he becomes



THE RETURN FROM MARKET. FROM A PAINTING BY KALF.

Kalf died on the 31st of May, 1693, his death being the result of a deplorable accident. Houbracken and Weyerman relate that the artist went to the house of one Cornelius Hellemans, a dealer in objects of art, for the purpose of offering for sale a series of engravings; the bargain was concluded, the dealer agreeing to give the artist the price which he had asked, and the money was to be paid on the following day. With the morrow, however, the news was brought to Hellemans that Kalf was dead. After leaving the house of the dealer, he had fallen over the bridge of Bantem; he was taken out of the water and carried to his own abode, where he died in a few hours afterwards. William Van der Heeven, a Dutch

enraptured with the truthfulness of the execution and the brilliancy and harmony of the colouring. Yet the object which the brush of Kalf has rendered so admirable is only the representation of what he has a hundred times seen upon his own table without surprise and without rapture—a melon cut in two!

If we except the gallery of the Louvre, which contains an admirable picture by this master, and those of Amsterdam, Dresden, and Copenhagen, the vases and brass pots of Kalf are not met with in the royal galleries of Europe. Artists and amateurs, however, have rendered ample justice to him, and his works occupy a prominent place in their collections.

Descamps speaks of a great number of pictures by this master in private collections in Holland and Belgium. Lebrun states that the country are, a large picture of dead game and still life in the apartment called Queen Mary's Closet, at Hampton Court; and



WILLIAM KALF.

works of Kalf were to be found in most good collections in Paris, but that they were rare in other countries. This celebrated amateur remarks that the pictures of this master have been often



copied, and with considerable success, but rarely with that delicate and elaborate finish which gives such an appearance of reality to the originals.

The only specimens of this master in the public galleries of this

an "Interior of a Dutch Cottage," in Dublin, the genuineness of which cannot, on any account, be attributed to Kalf in the original, however it may be by him. It represents a woman preparing coffee, and the accessories and objects of still life are painted with

A few of the works of William Kalf have been engraved; thus by F. Rasin, "The Chamber," "The Breakfast," and an "Interior of a Cottage." Velbrud has engraved, in a similar manner, an "Interior of a Kitchen," formerly in the collection of Lebrun. The "Interior of a Kitchen," which we have engraved, formerly adorned the Pezain collection.

By a contradiction which seems inexplicable, the works of this artist, notwithstanding their insupportable merit, have not, at any epoch, been much in favour at public sales. Lebrun, whom we have so frequently quoted, estimated the value of a Kalf, in 1791, at from £50 to £60. This sum, however, has very rarely been obtained.

In 1715, at the sale of the Chevalier de Lutzel, two beautiful pictures by Kalf, representing fish, vegetables, and kitchen utensils, were sold for 47; at that of M. de Julienne, in 1797, two other pictures, of similar composition, but enriched with figures, realised only £4; and at the sale of the collection of M. Randon de Boissat, in 1777, an "Interior of a Kitchen," by Kalf, was sold for 100, and another picture of still life for 120.

The value of this master's productions has not undergone much modification. At the sale of Cardinal Feltre, at Rome, in 1815, an "Interior of a Rustic Chamber" was sold for 150; an "Interior of a Cellar" for the same price; and a picture, representing a mark in a dish for 41.

Kalf painted both on canvas and on panel, but most frequently in the latter. None of his pictures bear his signature. Others are hea

on this point agree in their results with those of Brulliot, the compiler of "The Dictionary of Monograms." He points out, however, some catalogues in which it is stated that Kalf has traced, at the bottom of his pictures, his name and the year in which it was painted. We annex the mark indicated by Brulliot, but without vouching for its correctness.

W. KALF.
1659.

ARTISTS AND THEIR PATRONS.

IN these days of art, anything relating to it is received with interest. Now-a-days every one has a taste for painting, and can criticise more or less correctly the works of our eminent masters. Every house is in some degree adorned with them; cheap engravings have educated all of us to some degree of taste.

It is only latterly that art has been thus developed. Naturally we were not an artistic race. In the good old times but few cared for pictures, and few, indeed, in our humble opinion, were worth caring for. The oldest description of an English work of art is by Sir Thomas More. Describing a portrait he had seen of Jane Shore, he says: "Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eyes grey; delicate harmony being between each part's proportion and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth; her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. The picture which I have seen of her was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle cast under one arm and over her shoulder, and sitting on a chair on which one arm did lie." This description, however, must be received with caution. Taste was not then in a very advanced state; and yet the reign of Henry VIII. was auspicious for English art. The artist was painter, carpenter, carver, and did everything, as appears by the following memorandum from a book belonging to the Church of St. Mary, Bristol.

"Memorandum, that Master Cumings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to Mr. Nicholas Betties, Vicar of Rodehille, Moses Conteryn, Phillip Bartholomew, and John Brown, Procurators of Rodehille before-said, a new sepulchre, well carved, and cover thereto; an image of God rising out of the said sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say: Item: A bath made of Barber and ironwork thereto. Item: Thereto longeth Heaven, made of timber and stained cloth. Item: Hell, made of timber and ironwork, with devils, in number thirteon. Item: Four knights armed, keeping the sepulchre with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two axes and two spears. Item: Three pairs of angels' wings; four angels, made of timber and well painted. Item: The Father; the crown and visage, the hall with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold. Item: The Holy Ghost coming out of heaven into the sepulchre. Item: Longeth to the angels four chevaliers." Scarcely less ludicrous are the instructions which Henry VIII. left for his own monument, but which was never completed, owing to the parsimony of his celebrated daughter. He writes: "The king shall appear on horseback, of the stature of a goodly man; while over him shall appear the image of God the Father, holding the king's soul in his left hand, and his right hand extended in the act of benediction." Yet that the bluff monarch had some appreciation of art appears in the well-known anecdote of Holbein, who, when painting the portrait of a lady, threw a lord, who had found his way into her chamber, down stairs. The courtier, of course, made a complaint. "By God's splendour!" exclaimed the monarch, "you have not to do with Hans, but with me. Of seven peasants I can make seven birds, but I cannot make one Hans Holbein."

Queen Elizabeth had not her father's appreciation of art. Walpole sarcastically observes: "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 one can call beautiful. The profusion of ornaments with which they are loaded are marks of her continual fondness for dress; while they entirely exclude all grace, and leave no more room for a painter's genius than if he had been employed to copy an Indian idol, totally composed of hands and necklaces. A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a water farthingale, and a basket of pearls, are the features by which everybody knows at once the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

Charles I. was the first kingly patron of art. His gallery in Whitehall contained four hundred and thirty-seven pictures, by thirty-seven different artists. Under his patronage Rubens came over, and Vandyck took up his residence here. Mr. Cunningham tells the following anecdote in connexion with Charles and the arts. The king wished to employ Bernini, the sculptor, and tried in vain to allure him to England. Not succeeding in doing this, and still desirous to have one of his works, he employed Vandyck to draw those inimitable profiles and full-face portraits now in the royal gallery, to enable the sculptor to make his majesty's bust. Bernini surveyed these materials with an anxious eye, and exclaimed: "Something evil will befall this man; he carries misfortune on his face." Tradition has added, in the same spirit, that a hawk pursued a dove into the sculptor's study, and rending its victim in the air, sprinkled with its blood the finished bust of King Charles. Mr. Cunningham adds: "I have also heard it asserted that stains of blood were still visible on the marble when it was lost in the fire which consumed Vauxhall."

Lely painted the gay beauties of the Restoration, but he had a different class to do with at one time. Cromwell said to him: "I desire you will use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all those roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me; otherwise I will never pay one farthing for it." Poor Lely was eclipsed by the vainest and wittiest of painters, Kneller. Many of Sir Godfrey's good things have been preserved. "Dost thou think, man," said he to his tailor, who proposed his son for a pupil—"dost thou think, man, I can make thy son a painter? No; God Almighty only makes painters." Kneller's servants once quarrelled with those of Dr. Ratcliffe about a door. Kneller sent word that he must have the door shut up. "Tell him," replied the doctor, "that he may do anything but paint it." "Never mind what he says," retorted Sir Godfrey; "I can take anything from him but physic." His reason for preferring portraiture was a good one. "Painters of history," said he, "make the dead live, and do not begin to live themselves till they are dead." Arguing with an Oxford doctor about the legitimacy of the unfortunate son of James II., he exclaimed, with much warmth: "Mein Gott! I could paint King James *now* by memory. I say the child is so like both, that there is not a feature in his face but what belongs either to father or mother. This I am sure of, and cannot be mistaken: nay, the nails of his fingers are his mother's—the queen's that was. Doctor, you may be out in your letters, but I cannot be out in my lines." Yet all these men were foreigners. Sir James Thornhill, born at Weymouth, knighted by George I., and M.P. for his native town, was our first English artist. His chief works are—the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton Court, the altar-piece of the Chapel of All Souls at Oxford, another for Weymouth, the hall at Blenheim, the Chapel at Lord Orford's, Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, the saloon of More Park, and the great hall at Greenwich Hospital.

The English school of art is remarkable for drawings in water colours. It is quite of recent growth. The founders of the school were Alexandre Cozius, by birth a Russian, his son John Cozius, Edwards Dayes, the pupil of Moonlight Peter, and Thomas Girtin, the pupil of Dayes. These men flourished between 1780 and 1804. The elder Cozius followed a mode of composing his landscapes which Turner imitated on many occasions. His process was to dash out in dark brown or bistre, and on several pieces of paper, large blots and loose flourishes of effects, such as may or may not be seen in nature. From them he would select certain forms and combinations which led at times to very grand ideas, though it is said that his

"cursed tree, with the strange superscription still upon it; and at the front are the nails and the crown of thorns.

Eustre Lesueur studied under Vernet. He was born in 1627, and died in 1655. He was never out of France. The story of his life has been already told in these pages (vol. i. p. 16): how he was the son of a sculptor; how he exhibited precocious talent; how the world applauded his illustrations of "The Dreams of Poliphilus;" how, like a dark cloud over a beautiful summer sky, a settled melancholy cast its shadow over the artist's life; how he loved where love was vain, but kept his secret close and hid it in the tomb. This event has thrown around him an air of romance, and furnished a

style of Guido and Caravaggio. Lesueur, however, lost much of the style of his master in a careful study of that far more illustrious man, Nicholas Poussin, whose compositions he imitated and whose friendship he gained. But throughout his works there is that steady, calm, melancholy character, that sober gloom, which tells so unmistakably the working of the man's mind. No matter whatever the subject may be, the man of blighted hopes paints his own sad imaginings on the canvas; and Lesueur is fully entitled, if indeed he has not a superior claim, to be called, like Ruysdael, the painter of melancholy. It tinges every composition; is seen in the face of the reclusive beggard with age and austerity, and in the



INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN. FROM A PAINTING BY CALP.

rich tone of the French novelist. Schlegel says: "We find in his works neither the howling ostentation of Lebrun, nor the affected pomposity of Poussin. He has a feeling even for colour, and there is generally something tall of mind about his works." There is throughout them all an intense melancholy, a solemnity, and a repose, that his own calm but gloomy thoughts most naturally suggested.

Vernet, under whom Lesueur studied, is generally regarded as the father of French art, as he was indeed the founder of a new school. He had passed fourteen years in Italy, and, having his mind strongly imbued with the peculiarities of Italian art, he produced pictures of great force and vigour, but strongly influenced by the

blooming beauty of womanhood; it marks every picture—stamps it with a sorrowful stamp.

Moreover, in the mind of Lesueur there was a fixed and steady faith. He was a man of deep feeling, a man of a thoroughly devotional mind, and the religious sentiments of his heart are seen in all his varied productions. He paints monks, but they are men of abstinence and prayer, not monks of Melrose. He could understand the simple piety and sincerity of those who, right or wrong, quitted the Vanity Fair of the world and devoted themselves to works of faith and love; and never was he more happy in the style and composition of his paintings than when he set himself to portray these men—men of the cowl—in acts of devotion or in works of

mercy. One of his finest productions represents a number of people listening to a sermon; and the interest thrown into every face, the deep feeling exhibited by every figure in the group—from the beautiful woman who listens as though the words of the preacher were vital breath to her, to the young man in a half negligent attitude, missal in hand, whose glance is still fastened on the monk—there is the greatest harmony, both in expression and general design; and both in preacher and in auditory there is something

an ambassador from the One who preaches for all. There is the eagerness of the crowd is seen, the words of the apostle are falling like sparks on gunpowder, and the passions of the people are blazing heaven-high. And the result is seen in the heeds of sorcery cast away, in volumes upon volumes committed to the flame, the peevish catchers catching nothing of the excitement of the scene, and coming to hear the mighty voice of God's messenger.

In the accessories of his picture, Lesueur was a careful painter



THE RESURRECTION. (From the "Works of Eminent Masters," vol. i. p. 48.)

that engages and fixes the attention. So it is in the picture which in a former volume we presented to our reader, "The Preaching of Paul at Ephesus." The attitude of the preacher stands out boldly, clearly, majestically as Michael Angelo's "Moses;" the calm, determined expression of countenance, the fall of the drapery, the uplifted hand—all command respect; we feel the presence of

the great and potent and pure taste which is in the mind of detail of his composition. He was not content with a good picture; he knew that there was no such thing as a fine true art; that success depended upon the most scrupulous care. He adapted the scenery of his pictures to the subject which they represented, with great energy and skill.

The four-and-twenty pictures representing the life of St. Brigid constitute his great works. Of these compositions Professor

Wagon remarks: "The single pictures vary very much in merit; as the most remarkable, I will cite the following:—(No. 125), 'Raymond, a Canon of Notre Dame, preaches before St. Bruno,' full of meaning and dignity, quiet in its motion and expression, and with a softness in the keeping and *chiaroscuro*, the tone, like that of the rest, is yellowish and transparent. (No. 127), 'The Hypocrite Raymond raises himself from his Coffin during the Masses for his Soul, to the terror of Bruno and the other Persons present.' The expression and attitudes are forcible without being exaggerated, and the whole is transparent and sunny, whilst it is effective and in good keeping. (No. 129), 'St. Bruno teaches Theology in the Schools of Rheims.' The light in this picture again is bright, and the effect striking; the action is true and expressive. (No. 137), 'Pope Victor III. confirms the Foundation of the Carthusian Order.' The tone of light and of colour especially warm and powerful; the story is well told. (No. 138), 'St. Bruno receives a number of Novices into the Order.' This is one of the best of the whole series with reference to composition, dignity in the heads, depth and clearness of tone, and variety of colour. (No. 141), 'St. Bruno refuses the Archbishop's Mitre offered him by Pope Urban II.' This is the best of all the set in respect of the depth and judiciousness of its colour and *chiaroscuro*, as well as the transparency and softness of its execution. The attitude of the pope is dignified; that of St. Bruno is rather theatrical. (No. 145), 'St. Bruno, having confessed, dies in his Cell, surrounded by the Monks of the Order.' The expression of the heads, which are fine in themselves, and have much variety, is full of feeling and pathos; the figures are well arranged, but the candle-light effect is not true to nature, and the shadows and background are too black. (No. 146), 'St. Bruno departs to Heaven.' The lines are not pleasing, but the heads have dignity and expression; the colouring is especially golden in tone; the keeping is good, and the execution careful. One cannot overlook certain recollections of Raphael."

The works of Lejeune, unlike those of most other painters, are not scattered all over Europe, France containing the greatest number and the best. Besides the paintings at the Louvre, there are to be found a very considerable number, nearly 170, of the drawings of this master. They are traced with a bold and skilful hand in blue chalk, lightened here and there with white, upon coloured paper; sometimes, however, pen and ink have been employed. There are twelve very beautiful allegorical subjects. The original design for the life of St. Bruno may also be found there, forming a very extensive collection. Three of them are signed in the hand-writing of this master, two with the Christian name Eustache preceding that of Lejeune.

ART-EDUCATION.

IN the recent Educational Exhibition at St. Martin's Hall, a department was appropriated to works of art in connexion with education, the specimens consisting chiefly of engravings, drawings, and models, mechanical contrivances to aid the practice of drawing, and books of instruction for the same purpose. As illustrating the progress made in art-education by the various European states, this part of the exhibition was highly interesting; and, in offering a few remarks upon the subject, we shall avail ourselves largely of the report of the committee to whom the duty of examining the works of art in the exhibition was referred.

Works of the description indicated above were contributed by France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, and the United States. Italy, so long the principal seat of the fine arts, was not represented in this department—a circumstance the more to be regretted, as we believe that the methods of instruction in some of the Italian schools for drawing could be found worthy of notice. In the drawing academy of Venice, the students, after having completed a copy of an object, are required to draw the same subject again entirely from memory; and the utility of this system, in promoting a knowledge of form, together with facility of hand, has been demonstrated by experience.

Institutions for the study of the higher branches of design were very sparingly represented, and the few foreign examples of the

kind cannot be cited as very remarkable. On the other hand, some establishments in this country and in France, while professing only to impart such a knowledge of design as may be useful in the industrial arts, have promoted the cultivation of drawing to an extent which would do honour to academies for the study of the fine arts. We allude more particularly to the contributions from Paris. Various works produced under the direction of the Department of Art at Marlborough House might be placed in the same class; but, with regard to these, it must be observed, that the specimens exhibited appear to have been selected rather with the view of showing the methods and varieties of art-instruction sanctioned by the department, than of displaying the proficiency attained by the students. Having had some opportunities of knowing what the department has produced, we are decidedly of opinion that, had the object been to exhibit the attainments of the students as well as the nature of their studies, the result would have placed this portion of the exhibition in a much higher position than it actually held. Judging solely from what was exhibited, we must agree with the committee in awarding the palm of excellence to the Municipal School of Paris, directed by M. Lejeune. There were contributions from other French schools of the same kind, but those referred to were the best.

"So satisfactory a result," says the report, "induces a wish to be acquainted with the methods of instruction; on this point, however, the materials are scanty. The communications from M. Lejeune contain a few general regulations, and a notice of the description of artisans who frequent the school, or for whom it is intended; but the system of teaching can only be gathered from the examples exhibited. Among those for whom the school is intended, and who, it seems, attend in the evening, are mentioned bronze-chasers, designers for paper-hangings, designers for textile fabrics, porcelain painters, wood-carvers for furniture, sculptors for buildings, engravers, jewellers, lithographers, and decorative painters. The age at which students are admitted is twelve. This appears to be a more judicious regulation than that adopted in some other continental schools. Among the contributions from the communal schools at Brussels and other parts of Belgium, are some drawings of architectural foliage, from the inscriptions on which it appears that the students began at the age of seven. It must be confessed that, judging from the specimens, the progress, after several years, is not remarkable."

The directors of schools for drawing appear to be agreed as to the expediency of teaching the beginner first to copy simple forms from a flat surface, then to copy from intricate objects in relief, and lastly to copy from the life. In general, however, the system of copying from drawings or engravings appears to be carried too far, not only in this country, but in some of the industrial schools on the continent. "In better-conducted schools," says the report, "the copying from the flat is limited to the acquisition of a due flexibility of hand, and what may be called elementary habits, analogous to those formed in the first lessons in writing. But the exercise of the eye cannot be too clearly taught by the observation and comparison of the forms of simple real objects. In this practice again the ingenuity of teachers, as exemplified in the present exhibition, appears to be sometimes too refined. The best authorities agree in recommending that simple geometrical solids should be first placed before the beginner, and when a certain power of seeing and imitating them is acquired, the pupil will feel a satisfaction in copying any ordinary objects that have some analogy with the forms which he has previously learnt to copy. Such real objects, if not too complicated, are preferable to elaborate toys, representing ivy-grown castles and towers, such as are sometimes constituted as aids for teaching drawing. Any artificial varieties from the plain geometrical solids should be of the simplest description, since natural objects of the requisite size, equally applicable, and more interesting to the student, because they are real, can be readily found. Among some useful contrivances, specimens of which have been sent from Marlborough House, may be mentioned some skeleton squares, circles, and cubes, made of metal rods or tubes. These, placed in different views, are calculated to familiarise the eye with perspective appearances, and to render the study of perspective itself more intelligible."

With regard to the execution of chalk drawings, we observe that

great faults of costume, and as regards the hands, etc., some few in the drawing. But in fine, free, dashing execution, in broad daylight effect, and in colour, the picture is worthy of the name of the artist. The heads are also finely painted.

No. 156, the last of Vanlyck's in the collection, is a subject scarcely to be expected from him, being but a "Study of Horses." The chief is a white horse, finely, freely and boldly painted. The colour rich and clear, the action and drawing very good.

Of Chyp we have but one specimen, a landscape with horses, cattle, and figures, but the picture is in itself, perhaps, as noticeable as any picture in the gallery, from the contrast of the red coat of the man with the sunny sky against which it stands out. The sunny sky, the reflection in the water, the calmness of the scene, and the repose of the animals, make it a delightful and calm picture, and one also which has a great and soothing effect on the mind. But it is perhaps overrated. It is one of those pictures which have been cleaned by the authorities in the National Gallery, and it is doubtful whether the sunny effect has not suffered in the process.

Of Paul Potter, who would at once rival and surpass Chyp, we have not a single picture.

Of Both we have two, Nos. 71 and 209; of Backhuysen but one, 204; of Breenberg but one, 208.

The Backhuysen, a picture of Dutch shipping, has motion and air, but is heavy, and compared with his other productions, the water is very inferior.

Of Breenberg, the "Finding of Moses," called in the catalogue "A Landscape with figures," must perforce satisfy the visitor. The picture is third-rate, and hurt by affectation and a bad manner. The execution is soft, and the colour by no means bad.

Both, than whom, in conjunction with Poelenberg, no master of his school has produced finer pictures, has one called "The Judgment of Paris." The figures, which, by the way, are entirely subservient to the landscape, but, at the same time, are most skilfully painted, are by Poelenberg. The sky and every part of the picture is finely painted, the execution very skilful, the arrangement such as only a most practised artist would effect. This picture, the bequest of Richard Simmons, Esq., is of its kind one of the most valuable pictures in the kingdom.

We must here bring our short notices of this gallery to an end. The few criticisms which we have given are offered with the hope that our readers will judge for themselves, and will, when the proper time comes, use their influence on the government both for a finer gallery, and for a fuller and more brilliant collection of pictures. There is not the slightest reason, for instance, why pictures already belonging to the nation should not be collected in one gallery, and so classified as to form not only a gallery but a school of art. The pictures, for instance, at present in the British Museum cannot be seen, and are thrown away where they are. At present, as a gallery, the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square is below that of any other kingdom in Europe.

THE VERNON COLLECTION.

The space usually occupied by this article will not allow us to say much upon this latter subject. Till Mr. Vernon bequeathed his pictures to the nation, the government, which had been so lavish upon their houses of parliament and upon other conveniences belonging to themselves, as it were, or purposely constructed for their own ease, had been ever chary of purchasing pictures for the nation. Those so purchased were, of course, of foreign masters, and in many instances, as we have shown, of very doubtful origin. The bequests of different individuals were very churlishly received; that forming the Dulwich Gallery, to which we shall ere long repair, entirely lost to London, because government were not wisely generous enough to build a proper receptacle for the pictures. The very splendid collection of Mr. Vernon, which will form the nucleus of the best collection of artists of the English school, was so churlishly received, that Mr. Vernon more than once repented of his gift, and was, as all know, at first exhibited in the cellars of the National Gallery, at the same time that the Royal Academicians were enjoying perfectly gratis the other wing of the building, and charging people for admission to see their pictures.

From the cellars of the gallery in Trafalgar-square, after afford-

ing innumerable jests to the comic writers of the day, the Vernon collection migrated to Marlborough House, whence it will most probably not remove till the new gallery is built for the nation at Kensington Gore. We purpose hastily to run through it.

The two first rooms of Marlborough House are occupied by English pictures removed from the National Gallery, and ranging from Nos. 78 to 220. They are by Wilson, West, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, etc.; and amongst them are those celebrated paintings of the "Marriage à la Mode," by Hogarth, together with his portrait.

The Vernon collection, then, as bequeathed by Mr. Vernon, commences in the third room, and is, almost without an exception, formed from the pictures by modern artists, and is extensively known, both by those who have and those who have not visited it, by the engravings of the gallery which have been published.

The first picture, the "Study of a Greek Girl," by Sir Charles Eastlake, the president of the Royal Academy, is a very fine study, much superior to his present productions. "The Wooden Bridge," by Calcott (No. 5), is also a beautiful landscape, full of repose, worthy of any master and of any school.

(No. 6), "The Dangerous Playmate," by Etty, a girl playing with a Cupid, is one of eleven pictures by Etty, none of which perhaps rank amongst his best productions, and some of which are very inferior works of art. These are the conversational pieces, scenes in Venice, "The Lutist," etc., which appear to have been studies by the artist, merely done to exhibit a variety and contrast in colour. (No. 12), "Bathers surprised," exhibited in 1841, and (No. 94), "Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm," are perhaps the best specimens of Etty in the collection.

Of J. W. M. Turner, of whom our notice in the National Gallery will preclude any notice here, we have two very fine pictures, (No. 54), "A View of the Grand Canal, Venice," and (No. 71), "The Landing of the Prince of Orange at Terbay." Both of these are very fine productions.

Of Maclise, there are two very fine pictures—(No. 9), "Malvolio and the Countess," exhibited in 1840, and (No. 135), "The Play Scene in Hamlet," from the Academy in 1842. The latter picture is one of the best, if not the very best, of Maclise's productions. Shakspeare has had the misfortune to suffer very severely at the hands of his illustrators. What, for instance, can be much worse than the pictures by the Rev. W. Peters, by Opie, and by Northcote, which profess to illustrate him? Nor, it must be confessed, are modern illustrators more successful. The play scene before us is the most worthy of all, and its highest praise is, that it is a worthy illustration of one of the finest plays of Shakspeare. The weak points are—the colour, the figure of Ophelia, although repainted from the lady as originally exhibited, and the figure of Horatio. The face of Hamlet, the disturbed guilt of the king, and the arrangement of the whole, are worthy of every praise. This picture has not been worthily engraved.

Of Sir Edward Landseer five specimens are here presented to the visitor, and each of them is worthy of the artist. Nos. 17 and 21, are "War" and "Peace," two pendants, which, by their genius, preach deep morality to the beholder. The taste of the artist is shown in the method of treatment in these pictures. Peace represents a quiet coast scene, where a lamb is cropping the grass, which has grown about the muzzle of a rusty and dismounted cannon; War, the still smouldering ruins of a cottage, the roses and flowers of which are torn and trodden down, whilst a dying and dead soldier with their horses form the foreground of the picture. These scenes are in the simplest and best forms of the allegory, and their execution is as admirable as their conception.

No. 28, by the same artist, "a Highland Piper and Dog," is admirable, but has not the high qualities of the preceding.

No. 92, "King Charles's Spaniels," represents two dogs of this kind curled up on a table, near a cavalier's hat, the whole forming a picture wonderful for its colour and execution, but wanting the mind displayed in

No. 145, "High and Low Life," which, although only the portrait of two dogs, a butcher's dog and a Scotch deer-hound, is something Hogarthian in the social satire which it conveys.

We may at an early period have to return to the consideration of the magnificent bequest of Mr. Vernon.

SIR DAVID WILKIE.



On the 1st of June, 1841, the steamer "Oriental" was in sight of Gibraltar, when, at half-past eight in the morning, orders were given to stop the engine, and muster the crew on the deck for the burial of the dead. The impressive service of the English liturgy was read by the Rev. James Vaughan, and under a splendid sun, tempered by the sea breeze, and amid profound stillness both of the winds and of men, a corpse was dropped solemnly into the sea, there to await the resurrection of the dead.

It was that of Sir David Wilkie. The man whose inanimate remains were thus consigned to the keeping of the Hebrides of the Mediterranean had been the most popular and celebrated painter of his country. The son of a humble Presbyterian minister, the painter of humble incidents in Scottish life, his career had been one long study, a continued and modest progress. And he had had his reward; he died full of honours, a member of the baronetage, painter to the king, and the friend of Sir Robert Peel, and his death caused a greater sensation than that of many a royal reign has done.

He was born on the 18th of November, 1785, in a quiet Scottish manse, on the banks of the Eden-water, and was the third son of the minister of the small parish of Cults, in Fifeshire. The stipend of the worthy minister was small, and his family large; there were

five children, and he had to support his aged father. The Wilkie family was one of the best in the parish, having tilled the same fields for more than two centuries, during which their possessions had not diminished in an inch. A simplicity almost unparalleled marked the domestic arrangements of the manse and the manners of its inmates; but the most integrity, an exemplary industry, energy, and diligence, and industry, were the traits which distinguished the father and son, and indeed all the family. To these was added a perseverance and strength of devotion that few of his contemporaries of the 18th century possessed, and to which the high moral and stern morality gave birth. It should be noted, however, that the education of David Wilkie was not a very liberal one, and the most favourable opinion that can be held in behalf of his talents and piety are inculcated by a fatal example that too often the faults of our nature are not so readily overcome. The talents of this superior moral man were checked and ruined by Wilkie were never effaced; we regret that any public notice was given to his life.

The death of the artist was a great loss to the world by a possible first-class and accomplished painter, but the opportunity for learning anything else. But all laws of probability will be in a cold road, and in the five years preceding his twelfth birthday, during which time he

attended a school in the neighbourhood of his father's manse, he learnt nothing. He was then removed to the grammar school at Kettle, of which Dr. Stoneham, afterwards Bishop of Toronto, was then master; but here, also, neither threats nor entreaties could win his attention to anything but drawing. His father and grandfather saw this strong predilection with much regret and many fears. Mingled with a strong dash of disdain for everything that partook of worldly vanity, was a feeling of solicitude arising from a knowledge of the straits to which the artists of that period were often reduced. They knew that Wilson, one of the best landscape painters of his time, had lived and died in obscurity, indigence, and dejection, sometimes wanting money to purchase canvas and colours, and often reduced to consigning his finest works, fresh from the easel, to the keeping of the pawnbroker. Pictures were a luxury restricted to the nobility, and they were neither very discriminating nor very generous in their patronage. There was not then, as there is now, a numerous middle class, wealthy and educated, and as distinguished for its encouragement of the beautiful as for its devotion to the useful. There is little room for wonder, therefore, that the father and grandfather of Wilkie should have suffered much anxiety and mental inquietude through his desire to be a painter, and have urged him, by all the arguments at their command, to devote himself to the church as the surest means of earning a comfortable and respectable livelihood. But arguments and remonstrances were all unavailing, and his mother at length won a reluctant consent from his father for him to be allowed to follow the bent of his genius.

Wilkie was fourteen years of age when he went to Edinburgh, and presented himself before the trustees of the Academy for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thomson, the secretary. The drawings were not considered satisfactory, and it was only at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven that he was admitted. He now made great progress in acquiring a knowledge of drawing and the principles of composition. Everything he attempted was executed with the greatest correctness and fidelity to leading principles. He showed himself a keen observer of nature, and gave early indication of the excellence he displayed in after years as a painter of *tableaux de genre*. He was a constant frequenter of scenes likely to furnish subjects for pictures of this kind, such as the markets of Edinburgh and the fairs and trysts of the neighbouring villages. Sometimes he went out in the dusk of the evening, and looked through the windows of the humble abodes of the labouring classes, to observe how the inmates grouped themselves around the fire, and in what way they were engaged.

Those singularities and accidents of human life which had awakened and nourished the genius of Hogarth were also the secret aliment of that of Wilkie; but the genius of the one differed greatly from that of the other. Both stand prominently forward as the representatives of English life and manners, but Hogarth loved to lash the vices and follies of the age, and has truthfully and forcibly portrayed the passions that debase mankind, dwelling upon the details with a minuteness which sometimes looks like an inclination to exaggerate; while Wilkie chose subjects of a more pleasing character, and delighted to portray the virtues of humble domesticity and the manners and customs of rural life. His pictures are no less truthful than those of Hogarth, and much more pleasing; the style of the latter displays the cynicism of art, while in that of the Scottish painter we recognise the philanthropist and the Christian.

Of the two great subdivisions in the history of the art of design, one comprehends beauty of form and colouring, the other character and expression. The first is represented by the schools of Italy; the second, which displays less of beauty and voluptuousness than of observation and philosophy, belongs to the North. These two domains are not, however, separated by insurmountable barriers; there is a neutral ground between them which exhibits modifications and minglings of both. Leonardo da Vinci had power over expression and character; Rembrandt joined colour to expression; Hogarth was a master of expression without excelling as a colourist.

Owing to a complication of causes which philosophers have

essayed to analyse, the intellectual independence and profound respect for the individuality of mankind which formed the original character of the nations of the Teutonic race have never been effaced, but are still preserved in their manners and modes of thought. Among the masters of the northern schools two tendencies dominate—to sacrifice beauty to expression, and to reproduce individuals rather than types.

While the men of regions more favoured by nature fix their eyes on a supreme type of ideal beauty, the profound observation of human character, and of the accidents and caprices of human life, constitutes for the men of the North a second species of ideal. Rembrandt, Rubens, Albert Durer, Hogarth, are the representatives of the latter school, in which Wilkie took an important place as the exponent of a more modern phase. Depth of feeling and a pure morality are the characteristics of his style; and it is these qualities which distinguish him from Brauer and Jan Steen.

At the Edinburgh academy Wilkie was a most diligent student. He was always one of the earliest in attendance, and invariably the last to depart: his assiduity, in fact, sometimes drew upon him the ridicule of his fellow students, who would amuse themselves by pelting him with pellets of bread. When the hours of study were over, he returned to his lodgings, and there laboured during the remainder of the day to carry out what he had commenced in the forenoon, by sitting before a looking-glass and copying his own face and hands, and thus endeavouring to blend the impression drawn from the antique with those derived from the earnest study of nature. He understood at an early period of his academic studies the importance of the action of the hands in telling a story, and whenever he was unable to obtain a model which pleased him, he invariably introduced his own.

In 1803, being then in his eighteenth year, Wilkie won the ten guinea prize which had been offered for the best picture of "Callisto in the Bath of Diana," which, at the sale of his effects after his decease, was sold for £48 6s. In the same year he made his first sketch of "The Village Politicians," which excited a great sensation among the students, and called forth the warm commendations of Mr. Graham, the teacher of the academy; but it differed materially, in many respects, from the well-known picture which he afterwards executed (p. 169). Another production of this early period was a "Scene from Macbeth," in which the murderers sent by the usurper to the house of Macduff encounter his wife and child. The expression of the latter's countenance was so excellent, that Mr. Graham, on its being shown to him, predicted that his pupil would one day attain the highest eminence in his profession.

In 1804, Wilkie left the academy and returned to the venerable manse at Cults. At the neighbouring village of Pitlessie an annual fair is held, to which resort all the dwellers within ten miles, old and young, for business or for pleasure. The young artist thought this a good subject for his peculiar genius, and reproduced the scene in a masterly manner, introducing no less than one hundred and forty figures, all of which are portraits of the villagers and residents in the neighbourhood. Some of these were sketched in the village street, and some in the parish church, without any of the persons being aware of his intention. The portrait of the elder was thus taken with a red crayon on a fly-leaf of the artist's Bible, during a sleep in which the elder indulged in the course of the service. The rigid piety of the elders was much shocked, for the stratagem which Wilkie had employed to obtain the portrait was discovered, and only the high character of his father and grandfather for piety saved him from disgrace. His venerable grandfather succeeding in proving that all painters are not necessarily lost; and that while the eye and the hand may be engaged in tracing a design, the ear and the mind may be none the less attentive to the preacher; a subtle distinction, with which the minister and elders of Pitlessie were content. As for Wilkie, he avenged himself in artist's fashion, by making a general sketch of the sleeping congregation, in which the various degrees of sleepiness were represented with remarkable skill and knowledge of human nature. One was snoring, another yawning, a third taking a pinch of snuff to keep himself awake, and a fourth leaning over his open Bible to conceal the fact of sleeping under the appearance of devotion. It is singular that Hogarth, who differed from Wilkie in being more satirical and less tender, should have had the same idea; but his

picture of "The Sleeping Congregation" made him many enemies, while Wilkie had the prudence to consign his sketch to the flames.

"Pitless Fair" was sold to a gentleman named Kimour for £25. Wilkie also painted several portraits of the neighbouring gentry, at five guineas each; but none of his productions of this kind evince a very high order of excellence. A friend of the family, struck with the promise displayed in the artist's first productions, purchased for him, in London, a lay-figure; and another lent him some pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Allan Ramsay. His picture of "The Village Recruit," which was his next production, was defective in colouring, but in the composition and grouping he greatly excelled his former efforts; and the encomiums which were bestowed upon it by his friends induced him to proceed to London, and enter upon the race of which the prizes (gained by few) are fame, wealth, and distinction.

On his arrival in London, he took lodgings at St. Norton street, and immediately obtained admission as a student in the Royal Academy. He does not appear to have been very much struck on entering with the proficiency or taste of his fellow-students; for he remarked, in a letter to a friend in Scotland, that they knew a good deal of the art of criticism, and were very seldom disposed to regard as meritorious any picture which was not at least two hundred years old. He had brought with him his picture of "The Village Recruit," and had it exhibited in a window at Charing Cross, where it was soon sold for £6, the price marked upon it.

Wilkie was at this time a tall young man, somewhat pale, with light hair, and keen blue eyes; mild and gentlemanly in his manners, peaceful and quiet in his actions, immovable in his resolutions, and of a delicate sensibility of temperament. His patience in striving after excellence was equal to his diligence in studying and working. When he was unsuccessful in the treatment of a subject, he painted it again. He did not believe himself a genius, nor did he experience those vigorous and passionate flights which carry men of vivid imagination beyond the earth. He did not, in fact, possess a large share of that faculty; but he made up the deficiency by observation, study, and diligence. He was content to treasure up his souvenirs; and it was thus that his maturity was more prolific than his youth. As slow to create as Salvator Rosa and Spagnoletto were ardent and quick, he recovered in his thirtieth year the image, the attitude, the position, or the profile, the special character of which he had observed in his twentieth. Every recollection of the past returned and took its place in his mind,—the blind man's violin, the old family trunk, the cock's feathers in the hut of the rustic Adonis. He had in reserve a multitude of little details of this kind impressed upon his mind with vividness and precision, and treasured up, as it were, for future use. The infinite variety and dramatic interest of his compositions arose in a great measure from this faculty of observation and retentiveness of memory. His mind, stored with the recollections of Scottish rural life, furnished him in after-years with a kaleidoscopic variety of pictures of rustic manners. The same chamber displays many various scenes: the fire sparkles, the infant cries, the father does not return, the mother is anxious, the old uncle moralises or sleeps, the young man thinks of his amours or his pursuits, the hope of supper calls the old dog toward the hearth, and the servant who has opened the window to fasten the shutter, resigns her hand to the boldness of a rustic gallant. The genius of Wilkie was not contented with the souvenirs which sufficed for Van Ostade and Bega; he rose to the comedy and the domestic tragedy. The humble furniture is seized, the bed is about to be carried off, the labourer stands opposite the bailiffs like a figure of stone; this picture tells a tale replete with dramatic interest; and the same may be said of "Dance in Gray," (p. 115), and most of his earlier compositions.

In order to investigate more deeply the phenomena of real life, Wilkie was indefatigable in his researches. At the same time he worked hard, going to his task every day with imperturbable patience and the monotonous exactitude of a workman. He retouched, listened to all opinions, and called all his tools to his aid to the aid of his personal sagacity. He had the slow penetration, philosophic rather than brilliant, which characterises the Scottish genius. If there is one quality peculiar to his countrymen, it is

that "the evening" blends its "morning" into a continuous stream of bitumens, which we find in the works of the Scotch House, in the elegiac lines of Burns, and even in the poetry of James Watt.

Soon after his arrival in the metropolis, Wilkie was fortunate enough to obtain the patronage of a lady, the celebrated porcelain manufacturer, who had married a relative of the artist, and ever afterwards proved his fast friend. He sent her a picture, and ordered two pictures of him, and introduced him to the Earl of Mansfield, who examined him in a particular picture which he had made at Edinburgh of "The Village Politician" (p. 107). The artist required fifteen guineas for the price of his work, but the earl desired him to consult his friends on this subject. When finished, the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and excited such general admiration, that George David, Esq. had studied it, called him, determined to raise the price of that picture. Lord Mansfield remonstrated, upon which Wilkie remained true to his promise, and said that he was now writing upon it. This circumstance established the reputation of Wilkie as an artist of colour. It was impossible not to recognise in him the legitimate descendant of Van Ostade and Melow, of Terborch and Bauldwinck, of Heilbrun and Heilbrun.

England was well disposed at that time to receive such an artist with favour; the pictures of rural life presented to the eyes of Crabbe, and still more in the novels of Sir Walter Scott, had raised the public taste to gravitate towards that region of art. Wilkie's pictures of rustic manners in the North coincided with the feelings and sentiments of that generation, which was led by the patriotic exclusiveness engendered by the war with France, to regard the beauty and the classical school of David with a scornful contempt.

At the time when "The Village Politician" was exhibited, there was a prepossession in favour of pictures of domestic manners, which amounted almost to a passion. Wilkie's humble and indifferently-furnished studio was thronged every evening with amateurs. Commissions came pouring in upon him in a deluging profusion, and he now determined upon definitively taking up his residence in London. The aristocracy accorded their patronage to the humble adventurer who had created a new order of art, the elegiac satire, and become to painting what Burns had been to poetry. Sir George Beaumont gave him more than patronage—friendship, regard, and the assistance of his cultivated taste. There is something extremely beautiful in the long friendship of Wilkie and Sir George Beaumont. Their correspondence is characterised by a tone of perfect equality; the picture of the baronet is without assumption, and the dignity of the artist without pride. Sir George offered the advice which he was so well qualified to give in the kindest manner, and Wilkie received it with attention, examined it, and profited by it. His introduction into high quarters, in which favoured artists made an easy fortune, was the work of Sir George; and it was for this excellent friend that Wilkie painted his "Blind Fiddler," which is now in the National Gallery. Sir George lent him a very fine specimen of Teniers, which he kept before him the whole time he was engaged on the work, that he might acquire the softness of touch which distinguishes the Flemish master.

A number of other pictures of the same kind followed in rapid succession. "Alfred in the Herdman's Cottage" was a commission from Mr. David; "The Circus Players" was painted for the Duke of Gloucester; and "The Boat Day" for the Earl of Melburn. "The Sick Lady" and "The Old House" picture was also painted in the period. The picture now commemorated had already taken its position. "The Old House" and "The Jew's Harp," and "The Circus Players" pictures were the principal works of this period, and formed the chief of Wilkie's early success. The picture of "The Old House" is a fine allegorical but representative picture. The old man and the young man are the artist and the patron, the old woman and the young woman are the artist's wife and the artist's daughter, the old dog and the young dog are the artist's dog and the artist's cat, the old man and the young man are the artist and the patron, the old woman and the young woman are the artist's wife and the artist's daughter, the old dog and the young dog are the artist's dog and the artist's cat.

* "Christ's Kirk on the Green" is an example.

of a blind fiddler, to whom they have given hospitality, and whose wife and child sit near the cheerful fire; or a doleful-looking urchin, whose mind is evidently seaward, if we may judge from the tiny vessel he has launched on a pan of water, has cut his finger while engaged in his ship-building essays, and regards the bleeding limb most lugubriously, while his grandmother applies some simple remedy. In painting these pictures, Wilkie had no other inspiration than his knowledge of rustic life, and his experience of a morality purified by labour and ennobled by independence. Voluptuous grace seldom occupied him; even when he addresses himself to the senses, he neither excites like Boucher nor offends like Brauer. His works are the offspring of a sound and healthy

air of touching poverty pervades the little group, though attempted to be concealed by the decent pride of the mother.

In 1809, Wilkie was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1811 he became a member. He continued the same humble and laborious life, and his close application at length had a visible effect on his health. At this time he received a strong proof of the friendship and generosity of Sir George Bannant, which constitutes a noble trait in the character of the latter. The state of the artist's health requiring relaxation and change of air, the baronet, thinking that, under such circumstances, a supply of money would be very acceptable, sent him a draft for £100, delicately taking from the act the character of a gift by representing that, as



THE JEW'S HARP.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

state of society. He belongs to the eighteenth century by his love of his kind, by that calm and enthusiastic devotion to humanity—a devotion sincere and involuntary—which is evinced in his works. If he loved to paint interiors, and has seldom ventured into the open air, it is in order to portray the incidents of domestic life more completely, to exhibit man at home, where he is less under the influence of nature, less absorbed in her vast bosom.

In "The Sick Lady," a poor dog, with an expression of sadness in its eyes, which are fixed on its bedridden mistress, awaits with drooping ears the judgment of the physician, who is feeling her pulse. In "The Rent Day," a veritable *chef-d'œuvre* of the artist, a young widow brings her two children, the youngest of whom, seated in her lap, nibbles a key in lieu of a coral garnisher; and

he had paid only £100 for a picture, "The Blind Fiddler," which, now that the artist's reputation was established, was worth at least £200, it was only the difference between the real value of the picture and the price which he had paid. Wilkie accepted the welcome offering, not, he said, as a remuneration to which he had a just claim, but as a touching proof of Sir George's friendship and regard. After the death of Sir George, the late Sir Robert Peel patronised Wilkie with the same noble generosity and equal delicacy.

The artist determined to seek health by a short sojourn in his native country, and remained there from August to October. Upon his return to the metropolis he took apartments at Kensington. In the following May he opened an exhibition of his pictures, twenty-

nine in number, in Pall Mall, a speculation which extended his reputation, but caused him a pecuniary loss of £114. His father died in December, and he then took a house at Kensington, and invited his mother and sister to take up their abode with him. Previously to this period he had painted "The Village Festival" for Mr. Angerstein, and received for it the munificent sum of £840. In 1813 he painted "Blind Man's Buff" for the Prince Regent, and two small pictures, "The Letter of Introduction" (p. 172), and "The Refusal," for which he received £272 10s., and £315 respectively.

The success which had rewarded Wilkie's labours, and the style of his works, excited some envy among less fortunate artists, and

attention to the Dutch and Flemish schools, and was much struck with the works of Ostade and Terburg. Of the French painters, he admired only Poussin and Claude. His ideas of art were confined to the truthful expression of character; the ideal and classical did not come within the circle of his appreciative powers. He confessed himself unable to comprehend the works of David, whom the Parisians held in such high esteem. The distance between them was too great; it was Turner examining the works of Charles Lebrun.

Upon his return to England his style became somewhat altered, and was evidently modified by that of the models which he had been examining. In "Peppercorn's Rent," purchased by the



DUNCAN GRAY. FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

criticisms and epigrams were numerous and sometimes severe. "You have made a perilous step into the vulgar, my dear friend," said Fuseli; "either your fortune is assured, or you are ruined." Northcote observed that he had created a new school—the school of beggary. Hazlitt, who was a great admirer of Northcote, repeated his words, and enlarged upon them. Wilkie heard these remarks without anger or anxiety, and public opinion justified his confidence, and gave him its support. The beggars of Wilkie live, while the gods of Northcote and Fuseli are forgotten.

In 1814, during the brief interval of peace, he accompanied his friend Baydon to Paris, for the purpose of studying the works of the great masters in the gallery of the Louvre. He paid particular

attention to the Dutch and Flemish schools, and was much struck with the works of Ostade and Terburg. Of the French painters, he admired only Poussin and Claude. His ideas of art were confined to the truthful expression of character; the ideal and classical did not come within the circle of his appreciative powers. He confessed himself unable to comprehend the works of David, whom the Parisians held in such high esteem. The distance between them was too great; it was Turner examining the works of Charles Lebrun.

Upon his return to England his style became somewhat altered, and was evidently modified by that of the models which he had been examining. In "Peppercorn's Rent," purchased by the

British Institution for six hundred pounds, "The Peppercorn," and the "Rabbit on the Wall," carried away the trophies of the sharp eyes and precision of Turners and Mitford. In 1816 he paid a visit to Holland, accompanied by Rindby, the engraver. He visited the mansion at the Hague, which he called the Dutch paradise in English; the artist's article. The works of Turners and Van Ostade excited his special admiration. It is said that the trustees of England refused to purchase the early French paintings had been copied from Paul Peter, rejoicing that the painter had copied them from nature. While viewing the pictures so wonderfully idealized by Ribbels and Karl Dürer, he became sensible of all that he was deficient in himself.

In 1817, Wilkie once more visited his native land, where he painted a large picture of Sir Walter Scott and his family. The artist was much less successful in his portraits than in his admired *tableaux de genre*, upon which alone his fame must always rest. The severity and minuteness of his style became a defect when applied to portrait-painting. Not only was the sharpness of his manner apt to displease his sitters—especially ladies whose charms were on the wane—but he represented all the accessories with a fidelity that was not always agreeable. Instead of imitating the flattering manner of Lawrence, whose women are always beautiful, he followed the example of certain German masters of the fourteenth century, and his portraits, though carefully finished and exceedingly truthful, have not the elegance and grace which is generally desired.

Shortly after his return to London, he painted "The Reading of the Will," for the late King of Bavaria, for which he received £417 10s., and which, on the death of its possessor, was purchased by his successor for £1,000. He next received a commission from the Duke of Wellington for "The Chelsea Pensioners," which is considered the masterpiece of Wilkie, and the last of his really great works. It represents a group of Chelsea pensioners reading the *Gazette*, containing the duke's despatches after the battle of Waterloo, and is carefully and elaborately finished. The duke himself furnished the necessary particulars, approved or modified the arrangement of the groups, and remunerated the artist with almost unexampled liberality; the sum which Wilkie received for this great national picture being no less than twelve hundred guineas.

Laboriously, without interruption, in a continued progress from his fifteenth year, Wilkie had advanced from study to study, from masterpiece to masterpiece, from success to success; and fame and easy circumstances had been the reward of his industry. The happiness arising from the contemplation of a life passed so honourably was all at once interrupted by a series of domestic misfortunes. His sister Helen, a very beautiful girl, was on the point of marriage, when her intended husband died suddenly under their roof; and scarcely had they recovered from this shock when they lost their mother, that amiable woman whose example had been so useful to them in early life. In the same month they lost two of their brothers, one in the East Indies, the other on his return from Canada; and, in the latter case, the artist suffered, as the responsible agent of his brother, a further loss of a thousand pounds, payable by the deceased. The third brother of Wilkie, established in business in the metropolis, fell into difficulties, and became insolvent; and, at the same time, the bankruptcy of Messrs. Hurst and Robins, the booksellers, which sapped the fortunes of his friend and compatriot, Scott, carried off from Wilkie £1,700, the fruits of his labours. He received this last stroke of adverse fortune with the same serenity as Sir Walter Scott; but these calamities, following so closely upon each other, brought on a nervous disorder which rendered him unable to work.

Struck in his health, his fortune, and his affections, the artist, by the advice of his friends and medical advisers, determined upon making a lengthened tour on the continent. He travelled over southern and central Europe, seeking health and peace, receiving new lessons in his art, finding new objects of study, observing points of comparison, and acquiring information on the aesthetics of painting and the processes of the great masters. His correspondence and the journal of his travels were written in a vigorous and expressive style; his notes on subjects connected with art are judicious and useful, and his general remarks are equally agreeable and instructive, and evince habits of close observation and a love of art, only equalled by that which he felt for mankind. His remarks on the great masters show that his life was one continued study, and also reveal the springs of his talent and of the two manners which characterize his works.

Passing through France and Switzerland, he reached Italy, where he remained eight months, engaged in the study of the great masters. At Rome, Raffaele and Michael Angelo attracted his observation without winning his admiration; at Venice he studied the works of Titian and Giorgione. In writing from the former place he gives the result of his observations in a sentence deserving

of deep consideration. "From Giotto to Michael Angelo," says he, "expression and sentiment seem the first thing thought of, while those who followed seem to have allowed technicalities to get the better of them, simplicity giving way to intricacy; they seem to have painted more for the artist and connoisseur than for the untutored apprehensions of ordinary men." On leaving Italy he travelled into Germany by Innsbruck, and was much pleased with the scenery through which he passed, and the character and manners of the people. Tyrol reminded him forcibly of his beloved Scotland, and he was delighted to discover a similarity between the languages of the two countries. On inquiring his way in the mountains, the response was, "*Der recht*," the word for *right* being pronounced in the same manner as in the Lowlands of Scotland. Among the Tyrolean peasants, too, he was pleased to find the same strict propriety of morals, the same cheerfulness and frugality, and the same grave and dignified hospitality as in his own country.

Having surveyed the treasures of art in the galleries of Dresden, and visited Toplitz, Carlsbad, and Prague, he at length arrived in Vienna, where he had the somewhat dubious honour of dining with that arch-plotter against the liberties of nations, Prince Metternich. From thence he set out to return to Italy, and, on arriving in Rome, was invited to a banquet given in his honour by the British artists resident in that city, at which the Marquis of Hamilton presided. His health was now considerably improved, and he forthwith began to paint. He finished three pictures in Rome and a fourth at Genoa; and, travelling through the South of France, crossed the Pyrenees into Spain. He arrived at Madrid in 1827, painted four pictures while residing there, and in the following summer set out for Paris, and from thence returned to England. To the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1829 he sent eight pictures, five of which were purchased by George IV. These pictures indicated a total alteration in his style; and those painted in Spain differed very materially from those painted in Italy. The former possess much less serenity of composition than the others, but all have great breadth of colour and largeness of composition.

In the earlier part of his career, while he made the Flemish and Dutch masters his models, most of the figures were too small for the interiors, as in the "Blind Fiddler" and "Blind Man's Buff;" but in his later works they fill up the canvases. The difference between his style before leaving England and after he had studied the Italian and Spanish masters, is clearly shown in his "Entry of George IV. into Edinburgh," which was begun before he left England and was finished after his return. No one would imagine from looking at it that one artist had painted the whole. The first part has all the minuteness of finish and detail of the Dutch school, while the latter is painted in the full, flowing style of the Spanish masters. In a letter to one of his friends in England, he speaks of having acquired a bolder and more effective style, and that the result was rapidity of execution. Titian and Correggio were his great authorities for colouring, and he seems to have aimed at combining in his own pictures the softness of the latter with the strength and serenity of Raffaele.

The picture which we have just noticed was a work of great labour, and caused the artist much vexation. It was a commission from royalty, and not a subject of his own choosing. The first design which he submitted to the king did not receive the royal approbation; the attitude of George IV., who is represented receiving the keys of the palace of Holyrood, had to be altered; and when he had succeeded in pleasing the monarch, he had to encounter numerous vexations arising out of the rivalries and egotism of the noblemen who had to be represented in the procession. Each one claimed the most honourable place—one on account of his ancestry, another because of his high position at court—and he found it impossible to please one without offending some other one. To a truthful and independent spirit like Wilkie, all this was very annoying; but his patience and assiduity enabled him to triumph over every difficulty, and the picturesque effect of the old palace pleased even those who were not satisfied with their own portraits or their situation in the procession.

In 1830, after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, he was appointed Painter in Ordinary to his Majesty,—an appointment with which his native pride was considerably gratified. At the same time he became a candidate for the presidency of the Royal Aca-

deny, but had only one vote in his favour, the successful candidate being Sir M. A. Stoe. In 1831 he exhibited portraits of Lady Lyndhurst and Lord Melville; and soon afterwards commenced his great national work, "John Knox preaching the Reformation in St. Andrew's." George IV., who had seen his drawing of the subject, had disapproved of it; and Wilkie, in a letter to the Earl of Liverpool, begged that he would not mention the work to his majesty. He painted it with great care, and sought on all sides for the historical evidences necessary to the development of the subject. The discovery, in a cellar at Edinburgh, of the old and worm-eaten chair from which Knox fulminated his anathemas against Romanism, had just been made as the subject of Wilkie's picture transpired; and the popularity of the latter among the Scottish presbyterians caused the artist to receive from all sides drawings and engravings, portraits of the old puritans, and portions of their wardrobes, which had been preserved as heirlooms by their descendants. The pride and pleasure with which Wilkie painted this picture were a gratifying contrast to the vexations he had encountered in the production of the picture executed for the king, and the success which he attained was proportionately great. The picture was exhibited in 1832, and was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel for twelve hundred guineas. It remains, we believe, in the possession of the present baronet.

After this he painted several portraits, among others those of William IV. and Queen Adelaide; and in 1835 he exhibited his grandly coloured picture of "Columbus explaining his plan for the Discovery of America," and portraits of the late Duke of Wellington and Sir James Macgregor. Dr. Waagen, who was in England at the time, thus speaks of these works: "Of the higher class of historical painting there is nothing here. Among the pictures which approach that department, however, some are distinguished much to their advantage. Among these is Wilkie's Columbus, who explains to a monk in the Spanish convent of Santa Maria de Rabida his plan of discovery on a chart. This is not a happy subject for painting, which is not able to represent the demonstration itself, in which the interest properly lies. In the execution, the decisive influence appears which the pictures of the great Spanish masters, Velasquez and Murillo, had upon Wilkie during his residence in Spain. By the deep masses of *chiaroscuro*, the full colours of the dark red and purple draperies, contrasted with the bright lights, the effect of the picture, painted with great breadth and mastery, is very striking. The heads, about two-thirds the size of life, are indeed dignified and animated, but have not the refinement and decided character of his earlier pictures. . . . The Duke of Wellington, a whole-length by Wilkie, is distinguished by able conception, powerful colouring and masterly keeping. I was, however, more pleased with the portrait of Sir James Macgregor. The head is admirably modelled in the details, in a broad and free manner; the deep, full colouring is of great elegance and peculiarly attractive."

The artist's sister, who had never recovered from the shock of her lover's sudden death sufficiently to form another engagement, still kept his house; and he enjoyed the friendship of his brother artists, Eastlake, Eddy, Calvert, &c., as well as that of some of the most illustrious men of the day, including the Duke of Sussex and Sir Robert Peel. Dr. Waagen thus speaks of him, on his first introduction to the artist, at Kensington Palace, where the royal duke just named entertained a distinguished party of artists and literary men: "He is a fine looking man, and has such frankness of expression in his countenance, and such openness and simplicity of manner, that I was quite taken with him at the first sight. There is no trace in his features of that refined humour which gives us so much pleasure in most of his works, which is frequently the case with such humorists of the first rank, in whom the fundamental tone of their character is pure benevolence and real love of mankind. This fundamental tone alone manifests itself externally, while the requizit spirit within is hidden in the recesses of the bosom. It is not needful to converse long with Wilkie to discover that he is not one of that numerous class of artists who only put in their art, as a foreign element, for a season, for his whole delight seems to be in the arts. He expresses himself in a very plain manner, and with great propriety, on all their important problems; and his genius, as an artist, shows itself in the manner in which he takes an interest in

other things. Thus when he looks at the foot of an remarkable foot immanently assumes a form in his fancy."

The pleasure which Wilkie had experienced in finding so many points of resemblance between the national character of the Germans and that of his own countrymen, and the feelings of respect and admiration for him with which Dr. Waagen had been inspired at this first meeting, seem to have combined to form a bond of sympathy between them which results in a close friendship while the latter remained in London. On a dinner at the artist's house for this purpose, I found myself surrounded by congenial elements. Besides Calvert and Eastlake, I there met with Mr. Eddy, the painter, who, by the genuine spirit of an artist, attracted me; Mrs. Wilkie, the artist's sister, favoured me with some Scotch songs, which she sang with much taste, in the simple manner adapted to them. Wilkie's unobtrusive conversation, and his good nature and humorous subjects, that he has hardly a moment for his go-cart and humorous subjects. He showed me a picture of a school which he has begun, where the mischievous try play sad tricks with the pedantic pedagogue; full of ingenious, merry conceits, stolen from nature herself. I am sorry to say that it has already remained a long time in this unfinished state. When I saw the masterly engravings of his most celebrated works, the choicest impressions of which grace the walls of his apartment, I felt a great desire to see the originals. He told me that very few of them were in London, but promised to show me the most considerable of those that are in the capital. Accordingly, in a few days he called for me, and we drove to St. James's, where, in an apartment belonging to the queen, there are six pictures which he painted for his great patron, George IV. The oldest was painted in 1827, at Rome, and was his first production after he had been prevented by sickness from working for two whole years. The conception is very spirited, the colouring warm and harmonious, but the execution slight. A picture painted in the same year at Genoa is more important. A Princess Doria washes the feet of some female pilgrims. The noble gracefulness of one who has just received this benefit, the beautiful attitude of another who is putting on her shoes, something affecting in the whole scene, make this picture very pleasing. To this must be added the deep, full harmony of the colouring, of which this picture is the first example that I am acquainted with in Wilkie's career.

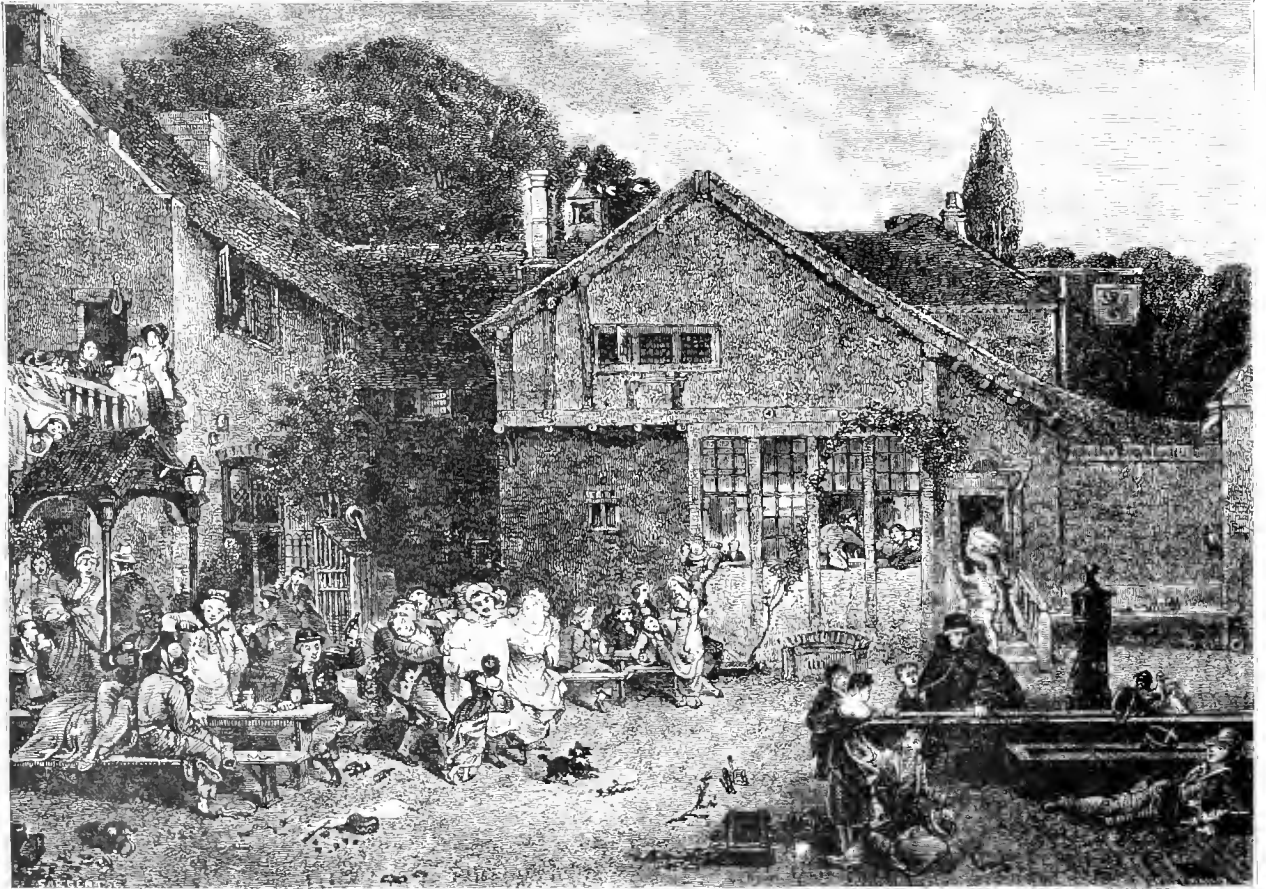
The next two pictures, likewise of the year 1827, but painted at Madrid, are proofs of the great impression which the picturespe- sible of the character, and the self content of the Spaniards, the heroic defence against the French invasion under Napoleon, and the astonishing force and glow of the colouring of their old masters, made on Wilkie. One of them represents the Abad of Saragossa, who, during the siege of that city, when her liver had fallen at her side near the cannon which he served, fired it off herself. The conception is very expressive and dramatic, the colouring glowing, the *impeto* admirable. In the other is a guerilla fighting a gladiator from a priest before setting out on an expedition. A boy calls to mind those of Murillo, and the whole is of great truth, force, and harmony. "The Visit of George IV. to Blythe House," painted in London in 1829, is one of the great public transactions in which we are attracted rather by the skillful arrangement, the powerful effect, the careful execution, the many portraits, than by their intellectual interest. The principal Scotch peers, the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyll in their original costume, the former presenting to the king the Cross of Edinburgh, have a very stately appearance. "The Return of the Wounded Guerilla," painted in London in 1829, is another of his masterpieces. In Scotland, true in the characters, powerful in the colouring, but the woman in the foreground is not so carefully modelled.

From St. James's we drove to the celebrated engraver, D. G. who is now engaged in engraving the last capital work of Wilkie, the "Summit of the Scotch Pever," John Knox, before the House of Lords in 1560. In this picture, which he finished and the initials of the composition, is one of Wilkie's greatest works, I fancied that I could have found some thing of the kind in Walter Scott's admirably described, and was again aaving of the equality between him and Wilkie. It is not only the deep feeling, the vessel of living truth, which the preacher pours forth in full measure, the enthusiasm of the scholars, the resigned devotion of the women,

the suppressed rage of the Catholic clergy, and of an opponent who lays his hand on his sword, that attract us in this picture; but likewise the accuracy with which the whole transaction, even to the details of the costume of that remote period, is placed before our eyes. The keeping, too, is admirable, and the effect, by the contrast of great masses of light and shade, striking. The engraving, which is already pretty far advanced, promises to be extremely fine. It seems to me, that no painter has hitherto had the good fortune to see his works engraved with so much delicacy and fidelity as Wilkie, for even Marcantonio does not so nearly approach Raffaele, and Vostermann and Bolsworth Rubens. This picture is the property of Sir Robert Peel. Lastly, we visited Apsley House, the palace of the Duke of Wellington, where there are several of Wilkie's works. . . . The capital work among the pictures by Wilkie in this place relates to the final, hardly-earned victory over

and vigorous, painted in 1833; and a 'Bust of Lady Lyndhurst, a charming picture, in the full deep tone of the Spanish school.'

In 1836, in which year he received the honour of knighthood from William IV., the artist visited Ireland, and after his return painted "The Peep-o'-day Boy's Cabin," and "Napoleon and the Pope in conference at Fontainebleau." In the following year appeared his "Mary Queen of Scots escaping from Loch Leven Castle;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night," the subject of which is taken from Burns, a poet whose genius was so near akin to that of the artist; and "The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-teller," which represents the well-known story of Josephine, when in her fifteenth year, and residing with her father in the West Indies, having had a crown predicted for her by a fortune-telling negress. In 1838 he painted the "First Council of Queen Victoria," and a portrait of "Daniel O'Connell," who was then in the zenith of his fame and



THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.—FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

the Titan, when he, for the last time, had displayed his prodigious strength in all its terrors. 'The Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette containing the description of the Battle of Waterloo.' The impression made on the aged veterans is expressed with great variety, spirit, and humour, in this rich composition; the execution is careful, but the effort is not so great as in his other works, because the general tone is very light, and in parts weak. It was painted in the year 1822, and is known to amateurs from the engraving by John Burnett. Here, too, are three portraits by Wilkie; 'George IV.,' whole length, the size of life, in the magnificent Scotch national costume; a very stately figure; the colouring of astonishing force and effect. It was a present from that king to the duke. 'William IV.,' likewise whole length, very animated

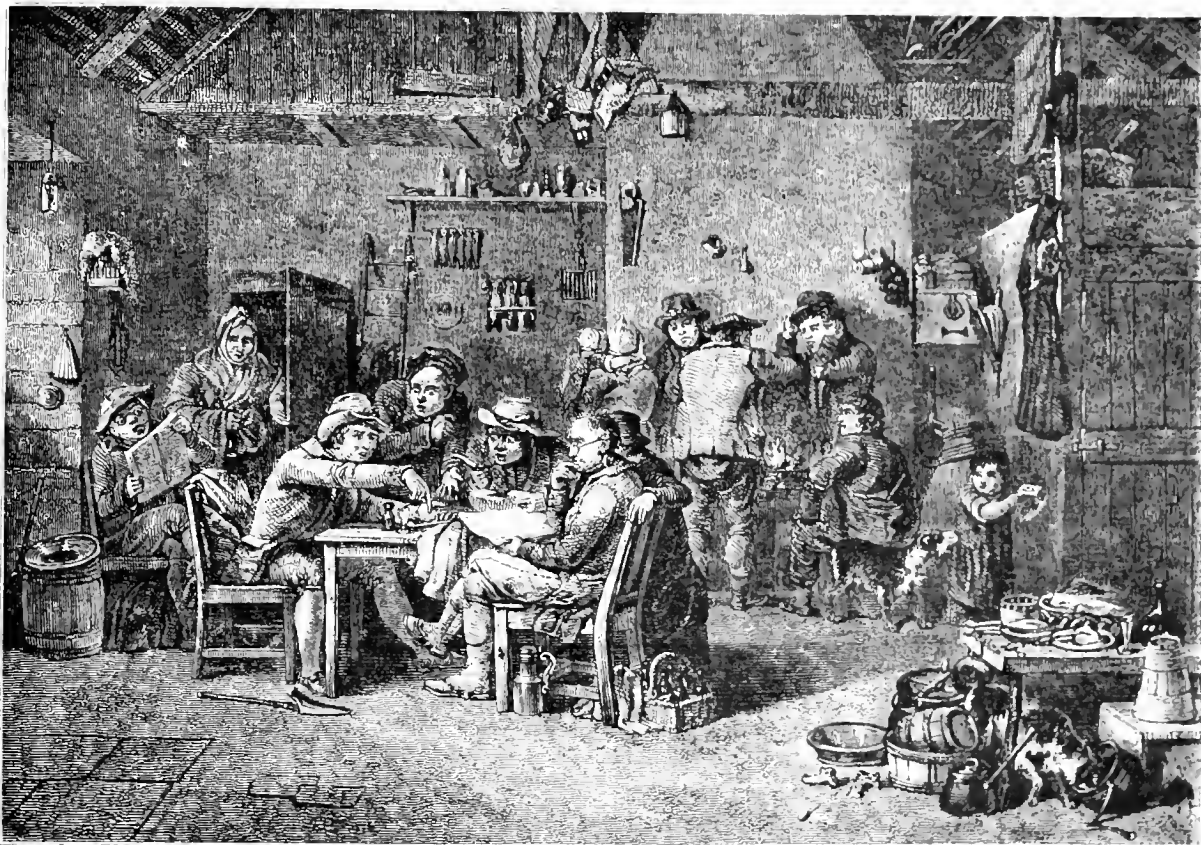
* Napoleon.

popularity. The great work of the following year, was "Sir David Baird discovering the body of Tippoo Saib, after the storming of Seringapatam," which was purchased by Lady Baird for fifteen hundred guineas, and is regarded by some as the greatest of Wilkie's historical works. In 1840 he exhibited eight pictures, the most remarkable of which was "Benvenuto Cellini presenting a silver vase of his own workmanship to Pope Paul III."

Wilkie had long had a desire to visit the East, and in the autumn of the same year he set out on his pilgrimage, accompanied by Mr. Woolburn. They travelled through Holland and Germany, and descended the Danube, from which river they proceeded to Constantinople, where the artist painted a portrait of Sultan Abdul Medjid, and two other pictures: "A Public Writer of Constantinople," and a "Tartar bringing the news of the capture of Acre." The travellers left the Turkish capital in the beginning of 1841, and journeyed

by way of Smyrna and Beyrout to the ancient city of Jerusalem, which, he says, "struck me as unlike all other cities; it recalled the imaginations of Nicholas Poussin—a city not for every day, not for the present, but for all time." In the middle of April they left Jerusalem, and journeyed by the sea-coast of Syria into Egypt. At Alexandria the artist complained of ill health, but he commenced a portrait of Mehmet Ali, and towards the end of May embarked on board the "Oriental" for England. While at Malta he imprudently ate a large quantity of fruit and indulged freely in iced lemonade, which increased his illness; and on the 1st of June he died. His body was committed to the deep the same evening, as related at the commencement of this article. The sale of his effects, among which were many unfinished works, realised a very considerable sum. An unfinished sketch of "The School," mentioned by Dr. Waagen in the passage we have quoted, was sold for £750.

have in common that genuine, refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt of man; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, social happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of home life, and understand how, with masterly skill, by the mixture of delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes; and at the same time should be able to do both in language and colour, they show a man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, affections, and distresses, yet their humour is of such a kind that it never excites our feeling. Wilkie is especially to be commended that, in such scenes, "The Distress for Rent," he never falls into caricature, a vice often happened to Hogarth, but with all the energy of expression remaining within the bounds of truth. It is admitted that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture excited an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first



THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS. FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

"Wilkie," says the German critic, "is in his department not only the first painter of our times, but, together with Hogarth, the most spirited and original master of the whole English school. In the most essential particulars, Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With Lin, he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in nature; and in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Yet in many respects he is different from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is besides very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift, in his biting satire, with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes special delight in representing them in a state of the most profound corruption, of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman, Sir Walter Scott. Both

learn duly to prize another quality of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are, in all their parts, the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and foibles of the English. In many other respects, Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of the golden age of the seventeenth century, and likewise in the choice of many subjects—for instance, "Blind Man's Buff," but particularly Lythe, careful and complete making out of the details, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If I do not mistake for David and Franz Meiss, he is nearly on an equality with the most fully executed painting of Pannier and Jan Steen. His colouring, often approaches that of the latter, and too I am, especially in his earlier pictures.

"One of them, "The Blind Fiddler," is in the gallery. You know this admirable composition from the masterly engraving by Burnet. The effect of the colouring is by no means brilliant;

yet the tone of the flesh is warm and clear. The colours, which, as in Hogarth, are very much broken, have a very harmonious effect, the light and shade being very soft, and enriched through with great skill. From the predominance of dead colours, the whole has much the appearance of distemper, as well in the above respects as in the *manière* and close observation of nature, and the good-natured humour of the subject. This picture is a real masterpiece, which deserves the more admiration, since we find, by the date affixed, that it was painted in 1806, when Wilkie was not more than twenty-one years of age. Another picture, where a countryman, who has indulged too freely, is led home by his family, is indeed highly humorous in the expression of the heads, and masterly in the keeping and *chiaroscuro*; yet the figures appear too small for the size of the picture, and too scattered; and the house and other accessories are too slightly handled to make up for this defect. The faces, too, in the rather indefinite forms, and the cold, reddish tone of the flesh, bear no comparison with the preceding picture."

The greater part of the interior subjects treated by Gerard Douw, the Ostades, Terburg, and Teniers, have been reproduced by the Scotch artist. Compare his "Village Politicians" with the same subject by Adrian Van Ostade. There are only three figures in the picture of the Dutch painter; but they are admirably grouped and carefully drawn, especially the old man in spectacles. Pass to Wilkie's picture. He has represented a Scottish village ale-house, where in a room which serves at once for parlour, tap-room, and kitchen, as well as for the sitting-room of the family, blacksmiths, carters, and ploughmen meet to smoke and drink. The time represented is the period of high political excitement which followed the outbreak of the first French revolution. The principal group surrounds a table placed in the middle, on which are a whiskey measure and glass, a pipe, and a large piece of cheese, which one of the disputants is cutting. An old man, whose countenance expresses a good deal of quiet sagacity, has been reading the newspaper, and listens calmly to the solution of some important political problem propounded by the young man opposite to him, whose features and action express irritation and excitement. The labourer who is helping himself to the cheese, is evidently interested in the discussion, and listens with eagerness; while his neighbour appears to be offering an angry interruption. Around the fire is another group, who discuss the topics of the day with less vehemence, while a woman, with a child in her arms, seems to be endeavouring to persuade one of them to accompany her home. Probably the artist had in his mind the "ale-cup commentators" of Macmill's ballad, when he painted this picture. The landlady, entering with a fresh supply of liquor, an old man who reads the newspaper alone, a dog who displays a hankering for the bread and butter of a child, and another who licks out a saucer in the right-hand corner, complete the composition.

His "Village Bridal," by the charmingly modest expression of the young bride, and the rustic elegance and grace of the girl who is dancing, and his "Duncan Gray" (p. 165), by the expression of the heroine's countenance, half serious, half capricious, at the moment when the resistance of her pride is vanquished by her lover's vexation, deserve to be placed among the more amiable creations of modern art.

Whatever may be the merits, in colouring and imitation of the old masters, which distinguish the works that Wilkie executed in his second manner, it is as the painter of "The Rent Day" and "The Blind Fiddler" that he recommends himself to posterity. He is the painter of moral philosophy—a philosophy cheerful and without bitterness—superior to Bega, Jan Steen, and Heuskiirk, not in free and vigorous fancy, but in varied knowledge of humanity. He is the painter of humble interiors, in which the household utensils are as correctly and vigorously represented as those of Kalf, and the whole scene is calculated to improve the heart, and widen its sympathies. Faithful to the rigour of Christian, and more especially Calvinistic, morals, Wilkie has introduced in his pictures none of the indelicacies of Teniers, the satiric obscurities of Hogarth, or the refined immoralities of Watteau. It is this class which makes him the Scottish painter *par excellence*, and places him at the head of his class in the school of the North.

Of that school Wilkie is the Leonardo da Vinci. The face of

external nature afforded him no inspiration; the free air gave nothing to the painter of the humble homes of the Scottish peasantry. We seek in vain in his pictures for the forests with which Hobbema shaded his lakes, and the transparent distances of Teniers. Wilkie had studied from his fifteenth year the sturdy peasant, sitting in his cottage, with his eyes fixed on the scene of his labours and his joys, and the "bonnie lassie," with the blue eyes and high forehead—a countenance more intellectual than sensual. It is in the representation of the homes of his poorer countrymen that he has acquired the distinction that is now universally accorded him.

We may discover in his works a thousand traits which recall the delicacy of Holbein, the animation of Wouvermans, the energetic rusticity of Van Ostade, the high finish of Terburg, and the philosophic impress of Cornelius Bega. We see that he is of their family; but he has not imitated them. He has excelled them in many respects—in moral grace, in purity of sentiment, and rectitude of ideas.

M. Louis Viardot, an eminent authority, who has treated the English school with great severity in his "Musées d'Europe," notices Wilkie in the following terms:—"The painter of 'The Rent Day' and 'The Village Politicians' has followed Hogarth a little in his designs, and the Flemish masters a great deal in his manner, Adrian Van Ostade seeming, above all, to have been the model he has selected. He is humorous, animated, and playful; and in all his details the eye of a careful observer may be discerned. His execution is sharp and careful, but it has not the charming naturalness of the masters he has followed, being disfigured by a sad abuse of the reddish tone; and this defect or affectation has caused it to be said of Wilkie, with a sort of justice, that he is not an Ostade in colouring."

In opposition to this judgment of a French author, we may quote the opinion of an eminent French artist. Gérault, whose original talent arose more from a study of nature than from imitation of the great masters, thus wrote to M. Horace Vernet in 1821:—"I said some days ago to my father, that if anything was wanting to your talent, it was to be tempered in the English school; and I repeat it, because I know the little esteem that you have for its works. But how useful would be the study of the touching expression to be found in the pictures of Wilkie! In one of his more simple subjects, he has represented a scene at the Invalides; news of a victory has been received, and the veterans have assembled to read the despatches and rejoice over them. The variety of characters and sentiments is well expressed. I must speak of one figure, which appears the most finished; it is the wife of a soldier, who, entirely absorbed in anxiety for her husband, listens with an eagerness painful to contemplate to the reading of the list of killed and wounded. The imagination readily supplies all that her countenance fails to express. There is no crape, no mourning, and the sky is not clouded; the pathos is perfectly natural. I believe you will not tax me with Anglo-mania, for you know as well as I what we have, and in what we are deficient."

The pictures of Wilkie are only known on the continent by means of engravings. There is not a single Wilkie in the gallery of the Louvre. The catalogues of the richest collections do not contain his name. The Imperial Library at Paris contains a collection of engravings after Wilkie, by Beyer, Marris, Jazet, Joly, Moreau, Moille, Duboucourt, and other eminent French engravers, which, though incomplete, includes his best and most thoroughly English works.

Even our own National Gallery contains only two specimens of this master, but they are two of his most characteristic productions. They are thus described by Mrs. Jameson:—"The Blind Fiddler." An itinerant fiddler has arrived at a cottage, and is amusing its inmates with his violin; his uplifted foot shows that he is beating time; his wife sits near him nursing her infant; on the other side are the cottager's family, among whom, the father, snapping his fingers at the little baby, the child, who gazes with rivetted attention on the old musician, forgetful of her toy, and the mischievous urchin who is mimicking the gesture of the fiddler with a pair of bellows, are remarkable for felicitous conception and truth of expression. The whole picture is very dramatic, and treated in the manner of the Dutch masters. It has something of the silver

met Fuseli at Mr. Angerstein's, thus writes of him: "His conversation was particularly animating, and, sitting beside him, I had my full share of it. He talked with great discrimination on the English versions of the great classic poets, and on the harmonious construction of our national poetry, in which he gave the preference to Shakspeare. He spoke of Haydon, and the historical picture he was then painting, and gave it his decided approbation."

It was seldom Fuseli was courteous, and when he was, he generally repented of it. In a good humour he gave a friendly reception to a young gentleman who had brought him a letter of introduction from an old friend. "I shall be very happy to see you whenever you are disengaged," said Fuseli. The ingenuous youth took this literally, and called next day. "Bless me," cried Fuseli, as he entered the room, "you must have plenty of spare time on your hands." The youth retired in confusion, and never called again.

One hears little of Fuseli now. His wild paintings are by no means in accordance with the taste of the present age. Never did such a painter appear amongst us before; but he is gone, and it may be

Another artist, rough and rude as Nature's children sometimes are, was Opie. When he lived in Berners-street, Haydon went to see him. "I was shown," he says, "into a clean gallery of masculine and broadly-painted pictures. After a minute, down came a coarse-looking intellectual man. He read my letter, eyed me quietly, and said, 'You are studying anatomy; master it; were I your age I would do the same.' My heart bounded at this. I said, 'I have just come from Mr. Northcote, and he says I am wrong, sir.' 'Never mind what he says,' said Opie; 'he does not know it himself, and would be very glad to keep you as ignorant.'" He died a disappointed man. Opie had been brought up to London as the wonderful Cornish boy; and he was almost obliged, as he expressively said to Northcote, to plant cannon at his door to keep the nobility away. He had not foundation enough in his art to fall back upon when the novelty was over; his employment fell off, and he sunk in repente and excellence.

Mrs. Jameson gives Opie a better character. She says this distinguished and manly painter died in 1807. The Dulwich Gallery contains a portrait of him, painted by himself; and at Hampton



THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.-- FROM A PAINTING BY WILKIE.

long "ere we see his like again." The artist, perhaps, most resembling him in wildness and eccentricity was Barry. One new anecdote of him is thus told by Haydon. In his "Diary" he writes: "Mrs. Copping, the housekeeper at Adelphi, told me Barry's violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. She said he carried virtue to a vice. His hatred of obligation was such that he would accept nothing. Wherever he dined, he left one shilling and twopence in the plate, and gentlemen indulged him. The servants were afraid to go near him. In summer he came to work at five, and worked till dark; when a lump was lighted, he went on etching till eleven at night. She said, that when he could be coaxed to talk, his conversation was sublime. She thought the want of early discipline was the cause of his defects. He began his work at the Adelphi in 1780, and was seven years before he concluded it. She remembered Burke and Johnson calling once, but no artist. She really believed he would have shot any one who dared." There is a grasp of mind in that work, nowhere else to be found, as Johnson said; but no colour, no surface, beauty, or correct drawing. Still, as the only work of the kind, it is an honour to the country.

Court there is a portrait of Mrs. Delany, said to be by him. Allan Cunningham says of Opie, that his strength lay in boldness of effect, simplicity of composition, in artless attitudes, and in the vivid portraiture of individual nature. Where he failed was in imagination. He saw the common, but not the poetic nature of his subjects: he had no vision of the heroic or the grand. His intellectual powers were of a high order. Horne Tooke and Sir James Mackintosh alike testify to that. Horne Tooke used to perplex and quiz Fuseli by pressing him with definitions, and by the *reductio ad absurdum*; whilst of Opie he used to say, "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." Opie never was satisfied with himself. His widow says of him:—"During the nine years 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 throw himself, in an agony of despondency, on the sofa, exclaiming, 'I am the most stupid of created beings! I never, never shall be a painter, as long as I live.'" One who knew him well writes, "His manner and figure were bars to his ingratiating himself with his female sitters; but,

like Vandyck, he was the painter of mind and character, not of passion. His uncouthness was the result of early habits; that of Fuseli, of a morose nature." Opie's funeral, however, showed that he was still honoured in the land. A public burial in St. Paul's is surely something, after all. A man who could have had that, must have had some fame in his day.

In spite of his manner, and an unattractive figure, Hopper, writes Haydon, was a man of fine mind, of openness of heart, and an exquisite taste for music; but he had not stored his originality. He imitated Gainsborough for landscape and Reynolds for portrait. We talked of art; and after dinner Hopper said, "I can fancy a man fond of his art who painted like Reynolds; but how a man can be fond of art who paints like that fellow Northcote, heaven only knows." "As to that poor mummiliner of a painter, Hopper," Northcote used to say to Haydon,

distinguished for the beauty with which he endowed the female form. He was born in London in 1779, and educated as the child of a German domestic, under the direction of his Majesty's man which circumstance it was supposed he had royal blood in his veins.

Haydon then introduced us to one of the most artists of that day. He wrote, "The next day, at eleven, I went to the academy, saw a good number of King, in conversation with Fish and myself, whom I do not remember names. In the course of the morning we talked. He made a sawed French shaver two, and when we left the academy we walked home together. As he did in the Strand, farther from me, I showed him what I was trying. He said to me, 'Sir George Beaumont says you should always go to your studio.' 'Do you know Sir George, Sir Joshua's friend?' 'I do not, I do.' I was delighted. 'What is your name?' 'Jack'—'And I



THE CUT FINGER. BY J. H. WILKIE, ESQ.

"I hate him, sir; I ha-a-ate him!" Hopper was bilious from hard work at portraits and harass of high life. He was portrait-painter to the Prince; and one day, McMahon having ordered the porter at Carlton House to get the rails repainted, and to send for the prince's painter, the man, in his ignorance, went over to Hopper. When the prince visited Hopper one day, he popped suddenly into his gallery; there was his fine portrait of Pitt. "Ah, ah," said the prince, "there he is, with his obstinate nose." Hopper obtained fame before he was thirty years old. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., was his great patron. Northcote gives a characteristic anecdote of him. "I once went with Hopper to the hustings to vote for Home Tooke; and when they asked me what I was, I said a painter. At this, Hopper was very mad all the way home, and said I should have called myself a portrait-painter. I replied, the world had no time to trouble their heads about such distinctions." Wilkie says he was

where do you come from? 'Yorks'—'And I don't you know such a man?' 'Know him?' 'Just so,' answered, bursting into a laugh, 'why Lord Mulgrave is my patron, and Sir George Beaumont's friend.' 'Jack' now we can stay, and say no more about the matter, and had a little conversation. I was surprised that he did not draw with the cross, but with a great pointing instrument, and we became conversible in that way. I saw a fine specimen of the portrait of Wilkie's portrait was a portrait of a nobleman, Lord Mulgrave, and Sir George Beaumont's portrait of a nobleman, when Ackland's portrait of a nobleman was a portrait of a nobleman, and the portrait of a nobleman was a portrait of a nobleman. At this, I thought I was laughing, and I said, 'I am in the room where you are painting, and I am in the room where you are painting. This sketch he did in the room where you are painting. I can't be had ever painted, and up a hissing he had a great deal to say about George Beaumont, by Sir Joshua, at the castle. They had no

colour but white-lead, and no brushes but house-painter's. However, with Sir George's advice and assistance he set to work. A Vandyck brown he obtained from the woods, a fine Indian red from the alum works, by burning yellow ochre in the grounds, and a blue-black, either from burnt vine-stalks, or soot, I forget which, and with these materials he set to work and made a really fine copy. The besetting sin of poor Jackson was indolence, and this soon became apparent. Lord Mulgrave once told us that when Jackson had finished a picture of Lady Mulgrave and her sister, he was requested to have it packed up immediately and sent off to the Exhibition, as the least delay would render it too late. The next day Lord Mulgrave finding that the picture had not been sent, went into Jackson's room and scolded him well, insisting on his immediately seeing the picture packed up and sent off. Jackson left the room apologising, and promising immediate attention to his lordship's desires. As soon as Lord Mulgrave had reached his own room, he bethought himself, 'But, I had better, perhaps, look after that fellow,' and out went my lord to see. On going down stairs, the first thing his lordship *did* see, was Master Jackson out in the court-yard playing battlesore and shuttle-cock with his lordship's aide-de-camp. It was impossible not to like Jackson, his very indolence and lazy habits engaged one. His eternal desire to gossip was wonderful. Sooner than not gossip, he would sit down and talk to servants and valets, drink brandy and water with them, and perhaps sing a song. He would stand for hours together, with one hand in his trousers' pocket, chatting about Sir Joshua and Vandyck, then tell a story in his Yorkshire way, full of nature and tact, racy, and beautiful, and then start off anywhere, to Vauxhall or Covent Garden, to study expression and effect. In time his carelessness became so apparent, that Lord Mulgrave, in a passion, cut off his income and threw him on his own resources. This brought Jackson to his senses." Jackson painted the portraits of the Rev. William Howell Carr, and Sir John Soane, architect, in the National Gallery.

We take another picture from Haydon - that of Northcote, who lived at 37, Argyle-street. Haydon writes:—"I was shown first into a dirty gallery, then upstairs into a dirtier painting-room, and there, under a high window, with the light shining full on his bald gray head, stood a diminutive wizened figure, in an old blue striped dressing-gown, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Looking keenly at me with his little shining eyes, he opened the letter, read it, and with the broadest Devon dialect, said: 'Zo you mayne tu bee a painter, doo 'e? What sort of painter?' 'Historical painter, sir.' 'Heestorical painter! Why, yee'll starve with a bundle of straw under yer head.' He then put his spectacles down and read the note again, but them up, looked maliciously at me, and said: 'I remember yer vather and yer grandvather tu; he need tu point.' 'So I have heard, sir.' 'Ees, he painted an elephant once for a tiger, and he asked my vather what colour the inside of's ears was of; and my vather told un rebblish; and your grandvather went home and painted un a vine vermillion. I see,' he continued, 'Mr. Hoare says you're studying anatomy; that's no use. Sir Joshua didn't know it; why should you want to know what he didn't?' 'But Michael Angelo did, sir.' 'Michael Angelo! what's he tu do here? You must point portraits here.' This roused me, and I said, clenching my mouth: 'But I won't.' 'Wou'n't' screamed the little man: 'but you *must*! Your vather is not a mouied man—is he?' 'No, sir; but he has a good income, and will maintain me for three years.' 'Will he; he'd better make 'ee mentein yerself.' There are ten portraits by him in the Dulwich Gallery.

In our great country, painters have had to look to the people rather than to kings. Smirke had been elected keeper of the Academy, but George III., being told that he was a democrat, refused to sign or sanction his appointment. West's income was taken from him through the hatred of Queen Charlotte, because he had visited and been honoured by Napoleon in 1802. Sir Joshua Reynolds never received a single commission from the king or his royal consort. He twice painted their majesties, but on each occasion at his own request and at his own expense. This neglect of Sir Joshua is said to have arisen from his refusal to sell a painting beneath its value. Hogarth seems to have fared little better at royal hands. When he had finished his picture of "The March of

the Guards to Finchley," a proof of it was sent to George II. His first question, says Ireland, was to a nobleman in waiting. "Pray who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege." "Painter!" exclaimed the indignant monarch, "I hate painting, and poetry too; neither the one or the other ever did any good. Does the fellow mean to laugh at my guards?" "The picture, an please your majesty," said the courtier, "must undoubtedly be considered as a burlesque." This only made matters worse. "What! a painter burlesque a soldier? He deserves to be picketed for his insolence. Take it out of my sight." And so the conversation ended. This may be a little exaggerated; nevertheless, it is true that Hogarth never basked in the royal sunshine. When monarchs have been the patrons, the taste of the patron has been seen. Charles I. was sober and virtuous, and the women of Vandyck all have a sober and virtuous air. At the Restoration, the whole seemed changed as if by enchantment. Art, writes Cunningham, in his life of Lely, was no longer grave and devout, as under the first Charles. Loose attire and looser looks were demanded now; no one was so ready to comply as Sir Peter Lely, and it must be confessed that no other artist could have brought such skill and talent to the task. With the chaste Queen Charlotte came a different order of things; and the skill of Reynolds was required to give grace to the pomatamed pyramids of powdered hair, and that dignity which beauty acquires from appearing the preserver of its highest quality.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

Not very many years ago, a venerable man, named Silvio Piccolomini, who had formerly been governor of Rome, having been compelled by age to relinquish the employment in which he had long been engaged, was reduced to the painful necessity of gradually parting with nearly all his furniture, in order to obtain the bare means of subsistence. Among other articles was a small painting by Raffaele, which had been left him by his uncle, but of which he did not at all know the value. The smoke with which it was tarnished, and the dust with which it was covered, led him to think it worth very little. Being in want of money, he sent to a painter who was more skilled in buying and selling the pictures of others than painting any of his own. A very slight examination enabled him to discover by whom it was painted and how great a treasure it was. But wishing to take advantage of the old man's inexperience and neediness, he began to depreciate it as a thing of no value, and concluded by offering him a few shillings for it, rather, he pretended, as an act of charity than from any regard to the real worth of the picture. The poor old man, unable to see through the trick, thankfully accepted the paltry sum, and the impostor carried off his prize in triumph.

A few days afterwards an old friend having called upon Piccolomini missed the picture, and asked what had become of it. He said he had sold it, and told him to whom, and for how much. His friend, filled with indignation at the shameful fraud which had been practised upon his simplicity, urged him to bring the matter before the governor, assuring him the picture was the work of a master's hand, and offering to accompany him and render him every assistance in his power. The governor, having listened with attention to the statement of the case, took the dimensions of the picture and observed the subject, and then dismissed both parties. There were fortunately in his gallery two frames nearly corresponding in size to that of the picture in question. Taking out the picture which was in one of them, he sent for the painter, and asked him whether he happened to have a painting of that size which would match the other. "Yes," was the reply, "I have one that will suit admirably. It is an excellent production of Raffaele's, and seems to have been made on purpose to go in that frame." "Well, let me see it," said the governor; and the painter soon brought it.

The painting was a "Holy Family," executed in the happiest style of the illustrious master. Freed from the dust and smoke by which they had been obscured, the colours came out to perfection, and all the accuracy of outline, the softness of complexion, the charms of the drapery, the elegance of the figures, and the truth of

désagrémens, not here to be mentioned, it excited a perfect shower of puns, lampoons, epigrams, and pasquinades, and brought down upon its head some much heavier, more sober and severer criticism. It is but justice to say that, as far as regards the artist, the figure is well executed. It is not one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Westmacott, but it is a nobly-conceived figure, only ridiculous, if indeed it be so, from the singular inappropriateness of its position, and its total want of adaptation to the subject it designs to commemorate.

The next work of art which the sculptor supplied, was the colossal statue of George the Third, which now adorns Windsor Castle.

But it is not to commemorative or to monumental art that we must look for the great excellence of Westmacott. In these certainly he has exhibited grace, dignity, and feeling. In his statues of Fox and of George the Third there is also no mean approach to sublimity; but it is in grace and in fancy that he excels, and it is in these that

Love's worshipper:

Seeking on earth for him whose home was heaven—
As some lone angel, through night's scattered host,
Might seek a star which she had loved and lost.
In the full city—by the haunted stream,
Through the dim grotto's tracery of spars,
Mid the pine temple on the moonlit mount,
Where silence sits and listens to the stars—
In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove—
The painted valley and the scented air,
She heard far echoes of the voice of Love,
And marked his footsteps' traces everywhere.

If he has never exceeded this statue, Westmacott has done things equally worthy of immortality, such are the "Statue of a Nymph preparing for the Bath," which now adorns the ducal residence of Castle Howard; the statue of Euphrosyne, which is at Clumber; and the "Dream of Horace," which is at Petworth. We have the



in our opinion, he equals if not surpasses Canova. The best works of Westmacott may be found perhaps in Woburn Abbey, where the dancing nymphs of Canova have also found a resting-place: these are the celebrated statue of Psyche, and one of Eros or Cupid.

When Psyche was first exhibited, its singular merit was at once acknowledged, and in those days of allusions and keepsakes, more than one "fashionable" poet hymned its praise. The verses by Mr. T. K. Hervey are so very well suited to the subject, that we are tempted to quote them. The statue represents Psyche more under her immortal than her earthly aspect, with her beautifully slight form bent forwards, so as to exhibit the wings which adorn her shoulders. She appears partly to be examining a golden box, the gift of the gods, and partly to be rapt in listening to something afar off. The figure is perfectly ethereal; no touch of gross humanity rests upon the pure marble. Well, indeed, might Hervey address it as one who was

highest authority for saying that Sir Richard deems those we have mentioned as the most successful of his works.

In the course of a long and brilliant career honours have deservedly fallen upon the shoulders of the sculptor. In 1793, when only eighteen years of age, he had first visited Rome; in the next year, at the early age of nineteen, he received the first premium for sculpture given by the Florence gallery; in the following year he obtained the pope's medal, and was also elected a member of the academy of Florence. Honours in his own country followed at no distant period. In 1805 he was elected an associate of our own Royal Academy, and eleven years afterwards he was made a Royal Academician.

Sir Richard received the honour of knighthood in 1837; in addition to which, and his other honours, he is a D.C.L. and a member of the Society of Antiquaries. Of his family we know little, save that his oldest son, Mr. Richard Westmacott, has contributed to literature an essay upon Art-Education.

favourite object of his study," says M. Leon Gozlan, "he has painted that population, pale, sad, emaciated and suffering, of monks, Capuchins and Carmelites, shod and unshod. He has discovered to the world, better than if the walls of all the convents of Spain had been thrown down, the dark passions and gloomy thoughts of all these, the natural flow of whose feelings are checked by haircloth and exaggerated vows. Zurbaran is the Job of art—the painter of grief and resignation. None of his compatriots have reduced their genius to a harsher unity, or given to their conceptions a more lugubrious immobility."

Seville was in that day just the city for a painter of his peculiar predilections and talents. Nowhere else could he have found more devotion, a greater number of religious communities, or a greater variety of monkish orders. The city contained at that time no less than sixty convents of men and women. There were the Trinitarians, for the redemption of captives, who shaved their heads, except a circle of hair round the forehead and the nape, and wore robes of white linen, encircled at the waist by a black belt. There were the Carmelites, reformed by the patron saint of Seville, St. Theresa, whose vestments were of brown cloth, confined at the waist by a broad girdle; the Capuchins, with shaven heads, bare throats, and feet shod with sandals, who wore robes of brown cloth, girt at the waist by a thick cord, furnished with three knots, and used for self-flagellation; there were the Franciscans, who offered amulets, agnus deis, and chaplets for sale, or exchanged them for articles of food; and there was the terrible brotherhood of St. Dominic, devoted to the office of the Inquisition, and recognisable by their ferocious monk necks—than by their costume, consisting of a deep cowl and a long, black cloak, over a robe of white linen. At Seville—the privileged theatre of every imaginable religious observance—might be met at every step the future elements of the pictures which Zurbaran meditated: instruments of penance, scourges of leather or of twisted parchment, with or without knots, haircloth-shirts, human skulls, belts of metal, gags, padlocks, ash-s, rags; all, in fact, that a morbid imagination could suggest as additions to human suffering and degradation. Armed with a vigorous brush, and determined to attack these details in all their gloomy reality, the imitator of Caravaggio found all prepared to enable him to enact the part in the history of painting to which his temperament and his inclinations destined him. There was nothing wanting. But he did not stop at the cowl, the coarse tunic, and the knotted rope—at once a girdle and a scourge. He saw the repressed passions of the cloister agitating beneath the haircloth-shirt; he heard the heavy groans which emanated from souls troubled by strange visions or affrighted by menacing apparitions. He strove to render visible the mental tortures of the Cenobite, the terrors of the soul haunted by the phantoms of superstition, and sometimes the raptures of devotional ecstasy. He wished to embody the invisible in his representations of the visible.

The inauguration of the Spanish gallery at the Louvre caused a great sensation among the art-loving portion of the Parisian public, so impressionable and yet so blasé. That which excited their emotions the most profoundly was not, however, the scrupulous expression of the minds of Murillo, nor the astonishing likeness to life of the portraits of Velasquez; it was "The Monk in Prayer" of Zurbaran (p. 189), one of those pictures which, once gazed upon, it is impossible to forget. On his knees, wrapped in a loose garment of gray linen, torn and patched, his countenance half hidden in the shade of his cowl, a monk implores the mercy of God. Upon his bowed and emaciated hands he supports a human skull, and, with eyes raised to heaven, seems to cry, "*O, profundis clamavit ad te, Domine.*" When the crowd of visitors, after having traversed the hall of Henry II., entered the grand apartment set apart for the works of the Spanish masters, and came opposite this awe-inspiring picture, there was among them a movement of stupor, and almost of terror. The murmur of voices became suddenly hushed; it seemed to them that they heard the solemn and subliming sounds of the *Do-mine*. Not only the entire Spanish school, but all Spain, so or peaks, seems to be cramped in that painting, so full of passionate devotion and mystic bloom. The name of Zurbaran, till then scarcely known in France, became popularised by the number of lithographs and engravings in which his "Moul in Prayer" was reproduced. Since that time the name of Zurbarán

has been inseparable, in the minds of amateurs and the public, from the ideas awakened by the representation of that mysterious being, the Spanish monk.

The strong impression always produced by this picture proves that the sentiment is as profound as the execution is bold; it is a picture which appeals to the eye and to the heart with equal power. No other painter, in fact, not excepting even Murillo, has represented with more success the two aspects of the Spanish character, its passion for the real and its aspirations after the ideal, seduced by dazzling materialities, and yet carried away so easily into the most refined and exalted spiritualism.

At the age of twenty-five, the pupil of Rollas became a master; from all sides he received commissions for pictures, but always for devotional subjects, for he painted no others, and refused to employ his talents on familiar or grotesque subjects. The first pictures of any importance which he executed were those which decorate the altar-screen in the cathedral of Seville, the commission for which he received from the Marquis of Mahagon. The centre-pieces represent St. Peter in pontifical vestments, and his divergence from prison by the angel; and on the wings are painted the apotheosis of the saint, when he walked on the lake of Galilee with the Redeemer, and the vision of nuclear beasts and howls, typical of the emancipation from the ceremonial law of Moses by the Christian dispensation. This screen was finished in 1625, and about the same time he painted for the college of St. Thomas d'Aquin, at Seville, the picture which passes for his *chef-d'œuvre*, and which now hangs over what was once the high altar of the Friars of Mercy, in the Museum of that city. All the figures in this picture, which represents the apotheosis of the saint, are larger than life, and treated in the grandest manner.

Some of Zurbaran's works are marked by a vigour of execution which approaches closely to rudeness, for he needed to be a rapid painter to execute the numerous commissions which he received from the monastic orders. Every religious community in Andalusia was desirous of retaining his services to paint the history of their foundations, and the glorification of the saints who had edified them by their austerities, or illustrated them by their martyrdom. He had scarcely finished the "Apotheosis of St. Thomas d'Aquin," when he was summoned to the superb monastery of Guadalupe, to paint two altar-pieces representing St. Ildefonso and St. Nicholas Bari, and eleven pictures illustrative of the life of St. Jerome, the patron of the monastery. On his return to Seville, he was employed by the Carthusian monks of St. Maria de las Cuevas to paint three pictures, representing scenes in the lives of St. Bruno and St. Hugo. He also painted a number of pictures illustrative of the life of St. Pedro Nolasco for the Barefooted Friars of the order of Mercy; a remarkable and greatly admired "Crucifixion" for the church of St. Pablo; and a variety of works for the Carmelite convent of St. Roman, and the churches of St. Esteban and St. Bonaventura.

Notwithstanding his general tendencies, the taste of Zurbaran was not exclusively for scenes of misery and pain. His temperance, always grave, impelled him to subjects in accordance with it, but he did not always select the agony of the martyr, or piteous surroundings by their instruments of torture; he could sometimes paint the ineffable joys of religious ecstasy, and the radiance of the soul visited by celestial phantoms. There was formerly in the Spanish room at the Louvre, now dismantled, a picture by this master, representing the most distinguished of the innumerable female saints of the monkish legends, who appear to be defying past the spectator. Under the names of St. Cecilia, St. Catherine, St. Inez, St. Lucia, and St. Ursula, he has revived, in their most glowing colours, all the types of Spanish beauty. The slight and supple forms and impassioned countenances of the lovely brunettes, haughty like the Castilians, delicate and pretty like the Andalusians, seem about to start from the canvas. The costumes of the reign of Philip III. are adapted so singularly to the forms of the canonised beauties, that they seem to be seraphs who have descended from the skies, and donned the robes of the high-born ladies of the court of Toledo. A glowing sun has given a Moorish tint to their complexions; their feet are charmingly small. One, who, over a robe trimmed with lace, wears a green mantle embroidered with gold, we recognise as St. Catherine, whom the enemies of the Christian

against his Dominican patrons of the college, and in spite of a certain harshness of outline, this picture is one of the grandest of altar-pieces. The colouring throughout is rich and effective, and worthy the school of Raphael; the heads are all of them admirable studies; the draperies of the doctors and ecclesiastics are magnifi-

times which Zurbaran painted for the Cathedral, also in this Museum. In the first of these pictures, the Pontiff, in a violet robe, and the recluse in white, with a black cloak, sit opposite to each other, with a table between them covered with books; their heads are full of gravity, and all the monks' eyes are directed. In



THE MONK IN PRAYER. FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARAN.

cent in breadth and amplitude of field, the imperial mantle is painted with Venetian splendour; and the street-view, receding in the centre of the canvas, is admirable for its atmospheric depth and distance."

We extract from the same work a description of the three pic-

the third, the strangeness of the subject detracts from the pleasure afforded by the excellence of the painting. The second is the best of the three, and is curious as a scene of the old monastic life of Spain, whence the cowed friar has passed away like the mailed knight. At a table, spread with what seems a very frugal meal,

sit seven Carthusians, five of them, in their high peaked hoods drawn over their heads, the aged bishop Hugo, in purple vestments, and attended by a page, stands in the foreground, over the heads of the monks, there hangs a picture of the Virgin; and an open door affords a glimpse of a distant church. The venerable friars seem portraits of real laborers in faith; from the others, yet all bear the impress of long years of solitary and silent penance.

Monte Cassino, the seat of the monks, is a fine town, with a Lombard character, and some of the houses of the 15th and 16th centuries. The cathedral of St. Basil, the work of the Venetian architect Palladio, is a fine specimen of the style. On the right of the town

stands the castle of St. Peter, the seat of the bishop, and the residence of the monks. The castle is a fine specimen of the Lombard style, and the church of St. Peter is a fine specimen of the Venetian style.



their white dress, and the simplicity of their hearts; and the fidelity, which is characteristic of the native cloisters. Velasquez best of all the painters of the Aleazar, and the most of the

The church of St. Peter is a fine specimen of the Venetian style, and the castle of St. Peter is a fine specimen of the Lombard style.

The church of St. Peter is a fine specimen of the Venetian style, and the castle of St. Peter is a fine specimen of the Lombard style.

life of St. Peter Nolasco, and another of the "Infant Jesus," graceful in design, but painted in the artist's best manner; the child, wrapped in a purple robe, is lying asleep on a cross, and the whole is painted with individual delicacy and beauty.

Under the reign of Napoleon I., the gallery of the Louvre was very rich in works of this master, one of the most admired being the "Monk in Prayer," which we have engraved (p. 180). The Spanish pictures in the Louvre were mostly obtained from the churches and convents of Spain during the French occupation of that country, and many more were in the collections of Marshal Soult and others, which are now scattered over Europe.

The best specimen of the master in this country is his "Virgin, with the infant Saviour and St. John," signed *Fran. de Zurbarán*, 1679, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery at Stafford House. The infant, sitting on the lap of his mother, turns, as if afraid, from a golden fish, which his playfellow holds out to him. In the countenance of the Virgin, the softness and grace of Guido's Madonnas is blended with the warmth of Titian's *Vielanda*, the downcast eyes are soft and dark, and the hair is of a rich chestnut brown. The infant Jesus is delicately painted, and reminds the spectator of the graceful cherubs of Correggio. The figure of St. John is rather poor, but the truthfulness to nature of the plate of apples on the table is inimitable. This picture is a good example of what Zurbarán could accomplish in a style which he seldom attempted, while the mixture of the ideal and the natural is very characteristic of the Spanish school. In colouring, the picture stands very high. The drawing is very clear and warm, and the harmony of the whole truly admirable.

The Marquis of Lansdowne possesses, in his gallery at Bowood, a "Monk holding a Skull," attributed to Sebastian del Piombo; but it differs from the works of that master in the colouring and style of conception, and, in the opinion of Dr. Waagen, is a very well-executed and nobly conceived work of Zurbarán. There is also a single specimen of this master, "Judith and her Handmaid," in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon.

Three celebrated sales have established the commercial value of the works of this master, namely, those of M. Aguado, Marshal Soult, and the late King of the French. At the first, a "St. Rufine," clad in a gray robe, striped with black and yellow, and a green scarf, and holding in her hands two small vases, was sold for £35; "Taking the Habit of St. Clara," a work of nine figures, brought £20; and a "St. Martin," £55.

When the collection which the celebrated Marshal Soult had made during his campaign in the Peninsula was brought to auction at his death, some of the finest works of Zurbarán were submitted to

public competition. "St. Peter Nolasco and St. Raymond de Peñaford," which was painted for the convent of the Fathers of Mercy at Seville, and represents St. Peter Nolasco sitting in the midst of the chapter of Barcelona, presided over by St. Raymond, was sold for £967. "A Franciscan showing a miraculous Crucifix to St. Peter Nolasco, and four Monks of his order," signed *F. D. Zurbarán*, 1629, attained the same price. "The Funeral Rites of a Bishop," representing the corpse lying in state, with a monk placing a crucifix in its hands, a pope, a bishop, and a King doing homage to the lifeless remains, and two monks kneeling at the foot of the bier, produced £250. "St. Romain and St. Basilus," in which the former wears a cape embroidered with gold, brought £280. "St. Lawrence," clad in sacerdotal vestments, and holding in his right hand the gridiron on which he suffered martyrdom, produced £150. "A Saint," wearing a rose-coloured mantle, over a robe of green silk, broaded with gold, was sold for £165. Another "Saint," wearing a diadem, and a violet-coloured mantle over a robe of gold tissue, realised £110. The "Communion of a Saint," who is lying on a bed, and receives the sacred elements from two Franciscans, produced £105. "The Angel Gabriel," in a solitude, clothed in a white surplice, and carrying a wand over his shoulder, was sold for £130.

At the sale of Louis Philippe's pictures, which took place in London, the prices obtained were not so high. "St. Francis, with the stigmata," formerly in the Franciscan convent at Seville, produced only £16. "Our Lady of Pity," with a cardinal and a Carthusian monk kneeling before her, formerly in a convent at Seville, sold for £63. "The Martyrdom of St. Julian," formerly in a convent in Estremadura, and very much esteemed in Spain, realised £70. A superb altar-piece, representing the "Virgin and Child," surrounded by angels, and with monks kneeling before them in prayer, was sold for £165. The "Virgin in Glory" produced £70, and another "Virgin and Child," £94.

Zurbarán usually signed his pictures, and in the manner represented below.

C
F. DZVRBARAN
F.A. 1620,

HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

HENRY STEENWYCK the younger is often confounded with his father, owing to their having the same baptismal name, and the similarity of their works. The painter of whom we now give the portrait and the history is Henry Steenwyck the younger, who was born at Antwerp in 1589, and died in London in 1638, or, according to other authorities, in 1640. Neither date seems to be correct, however, as there is a picture by this master in the royal gallery at Berlin, which bears the date of 1642. The portrait by Vandyck, engraved by the elegant burin of Paul Pontius, has preserved to posterity the fine, intelligent countenance of this most admirable painter of architectural perspectives.

At first sight, it seems that nothing could be more contrary to the genius of the painter than the representation of edifices, unless we regard them simply as necessities. In a secondary degree, in the landscapes of Claude, for example, or in the grave compositions of Poussin, buildings play an important part; they interrupt the undulating lines of the landscape, and impress it with the august character of the great peoples who have written their thoughts in marble. But if architecture is a rich and fertile element, when it is used with taste and propriety as an accessory to a picture, it still seems repugnant to the spirit of art to subject it to the imperious rules of the mathematician, by making a building or an interior the principal object in a picture. The distance between imagination

and exactness is so great—the interval between the inspiration of the painter and the compass of the geometriean so immense! Artists have been found, however, capable of interesting us in simple perspectives, and investing with poetry the works of the square and the rule.

In the same manner as the opulent proprietor desires to possess views of his mansion and the scenery which surrounds it, the inhabitants of a Roman Catholic country in the seventeenth century would feel an affection and a veneration for the stones of their churches. Their piety would attach them particularly to the cathedral of their native city; to the font at which they had been baptized; to the chapel in which, full of the tender emotions of youth, they had been united to the object of their affection; and to the nave in which stood the monuments of their ancestors. To the fervent devotion of the Netherlands, always Spanish, the church of the parish became the church of the heart. It gave birth, without doubt, to that kind of painting which has for its object the perspective of Gothic temples. Pious amateurs wished to possess an exact view of the church of St. Gubula at Brussels, of that of St. James at Antwerp, of the chapel of the Dominicans at Malines, or of the choir of St. Bayon at Ghent. Without leaving his cabinet, the pious amateur could assist at the pompous ceremony of the benediction, at the vespers, at the sermon, or even at the modest homily which the humble vicar addresses to

same subject is repeated, with slight modifications, in two other pictures by this master: at Hampton Court, one of them of circular form. In the latter collection are also a "St. Peter in Prison," in which the apostle is visited by a soldier beating a tub; and a repetition of the same subject, which is recorded by Mrs. Jameson as of doubtful authenticity.

At Corsham House, near Chippenham, the seat of Paul Methuen, Esq., there is an "Interior of a Church" by this master, very

before stated, is considered as one of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Steenwyck, we have engraved.

In the Museum at Amsterdam there is an "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux; and in the Royal Gallery at the Hague an architectural subject, with figures.

The Imperial Gallery at Vienna contains some of the architectural pictures by this master; and in the Royal Gallery at Dresden there are some of his splendid interiors.



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. FROM A PAINTING BY ZURBARAN.

excellent by its style and tone; and other Steenwycks of the first quality exist at Blenheim House, at Warwick Castle, and in the gallery of the Duke of Bridgewater.

The gallery of the Louvre possesses five works of this master, four of which are interiors of churches with figures; the fifth is the interior of a large and well-lighted apartment, opening into another at the back, with small figures representing the visit of Jesus to the house of Mary and Martha. This picture, which, as

The pictures of Henry Steenwyck are rarely met with at public sales. We annex, however, the prices obtained for some which have adorned the most celebrated private collections on the continent.

At the Prince of Conti's sale, in 1777, an "Interior of a Church in the Netherlands," ornamented with figures painted by Porbus, was sold for £97; and another "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux and enriched with figures, for £27. At the sale

of M. Randon de Boisset's collection, in the same year, an "Interior of a Church," ornamented with figures, painted on copper, was sold for £28.

"Prison of St. Peter," an interior lighted with several lamps, £15; and an "Interior of a Church," with day effects, £9.

At the Tardieu sale, in 1811, an "Interior of a Church," a day-



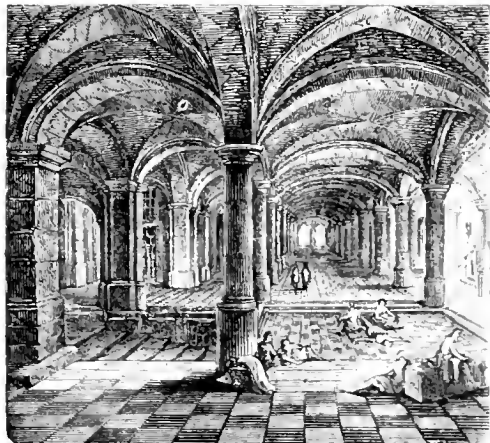
HENRY VAN STEENWYCK.

When the collection of the Marquis of Menars was brought to auction in 1782, two companion pictures, one representing an "Interior of a Church," the other an "Interior of a Prison," were sold for £15.

At the Duke of Châleul Pralin's sale, ten years later, an

light view, ornamented with figures, was sold for £7 10s. At the Vassent sale, in 1845, an "Interior of a Church," on wood, was sold for £10; and at the Stevens sale, in 1847, an "Interior of a Protestant Church" for £35.

The greater part of the pictures of this master are signed and dated in one or other of the manners indicated by the annexed examples.



"Interior of a Church," lighted up for midnight mass, with sixteen figures from the hand of Francks, was sold for £10.

At the St. Victor sale, in 1822, four pictures by Steenwyck were submitted to the competition of amateurs: "The Repose of Herod," a capital composition, produced £34; an "Interior of a Church," lighted with flambeaux, with figures by Breughel, £33; "The

H. V STEIN, 1642. H.V.S.
1614

HENRI
V
STEINWYCK
1626

CENSORSHIP OF THE ARTS IN SPAIN.

All who have walked the ultra-antiquatorial picture gallery in which the artists of Spain are well represented, must have noticed the pre-eminence of religious subjects, and the gloomy and sometimes terror-inspiring manner in which they are treated. The Greek mythology, which furnished the subjects of so many of the finest productions of the Italian schools, has been forbidden ground to the Spanish painters, and amatory subjects are almost as rarely met with. Monks are the figures which chiefly appear in their landscapes, and their historical subjects are mostly taken from the

signals of the church, or represent scenes in which ecclesiastics are the most conspicuous actors. Even their religious pictures are frequently of the most gloomy character, and there are many which it is absolutely painful to contemplate.

The cause of this distinguishing characteristic of Spanish art is to be found in the fact, that the Inquisition exercised a censorship over the works of Spanish painters, whose studios were subjected to a periodical visitation by the black-robed familiars of that awe-inspiring institution. A code of regulations existed for the treatment of every imaginable subject, and from the conventional model pronounced orthodox by the venerated Dominicans, artists were forbidden to deviate. The painter's hand was guided by the hand of a monk; his imagination was fettered by inexorable rules. The Inquisition had an officer called Inspector of Pictures, whose duty it was to exercise a general censorship over works of art, and especially to take care that no profane or indecorous picture found its way into a church or a monastery, or was exposed for sale.

In the early part of the seventeenth century this appointment was held by Francisco Pacheco, a painter of some celebrity, whose brother had exercised its duties and privileges before him, and whose uncle was a canon of Seville. Shortly before his death, and when he was far advanced in life, Pacheco published a "Treatise on Painting," a most copious book, full of the legends of Spanish art, and written in a careful and elaborate style. In this work, which was the textbook of Spanish artists in those days, he gives minute directions for representing sacred scenes and personages in an orthodox and decorous manner, as approved by the Holy Office. Elaborate descriptions are given of the manner in which the more illustrious saints and martyrs should be painted, as to attitude and costume, the author's authorities being ancient portraits or contemporary records. But the Crucifixion is the subject on which he displays the greatest amount of research. Quoting from Anselm and Bede, he describes the instrument of the Redeemer's death with as much precision as if he had assisted in its construction. He informs his readers that it measured fifteen feet in height, and eight feet from extremity to extremity of the two arms; its timbers were flat, and not round, with four, and not three, extremities, as it has been sometimes improperly represented. The stem was made of cypress wood, the transverse bar of pine, the block beneath the Redeemer's feet of cedar, and the tablet for the inscription of box. He protests against the practice of representing the Redeemer's feet as fastened by a single nail, followed by some painters of the subject, as an heretical innovation; and supports that of giving a separate nail to each foot by the opinion of Francis de Rioja, who wrote an elaborate essay on the subject—also by a famous relic at Trier, called the nail which secured the Redeemer's right foot—the stigmata which appeared on both the feet of St. Francis—the crucifix which that renowned warrior, Rodrigo of Bivar, used to carry to the field, when contending against the Moors, and which is still revered in the cathedral of Salamanca—and other authorities equally weighty.

But the most complete code of pictorial law is that of Juan Interian de Ayala, who was a doctor and professor of theology in the University of Salamanca. This writer agrees with Pacheco as to the form of the cross, and severely reprobates the practice of representing it with only three extremities. Whether, in painting the visit of the Marys to the tomb of the Redeemer on the morning of the Resurrection, one or two angels should be represented seated on the stone which was rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre, appears to have been a knotty question; for he does not decide it, but recommends artists to paint their representations of the scene conformably to all the Gospels, by following both accounts, alternately. The question, whether the devil should be represented with horns and a caudal appendage, is continual with the same care and anxiety. The first part of the question is settled on the authority of a vision of Santa Teresa, in which the Father of Evil appeared with the exorcismes popularly ascribed to him; and though the addition of a tail cannot be satisfactorily demonstrated, he allows that such an appendage is very pardonable.

Both Pacheco and Ayala severely reprobate any unnecessary display, however trifling, of the nude figure. The exposure of the naked feet in pictures of the Madonna is censured in the severest terms. In connexion with this branch of the subject, Pacheco relates a story of a Spanish artist, who was usually very de-

corous in his representations, but who was induced by a wealthy patron to paint him a picture which outraged decency in a very flagrant manner. For this transgression, the artist, happening to die shortly afterwards, was cast into purgatory, from the pains of which he was not released until his patron, in a moment of virtuous compunction, destroyed the picture, and performed a variety of acts of piety and goodness by way of atonement. The saints whom the unfortunate painter had depicted with so much beauty then interceded in his behalf, and obtained his admission into the congregation of the blessed.

This censorship of the arts operated injuriously, by cramping the powers of the Spanish painters, and repressing the ardour of their imaginations. Not only did it restrict them in a great measure to subjects taken from the Holy Scriptures and the lives of the saints, on account of the strong objection of the Dominicans to mythological subjects, and the difficulty of painting history in a truthful manner without giving offence to the brotherhood, but it also compelled them to paint their saints in the conventional attitudes and with the pre-eribed colours. To represent the Madonna with naked feet was held deserving the severest reprobation; to paint a Venus or a Leda was an offence punishable by excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and banishment from the country. A comparative examination of the pictures in Madrid and Seville will show that less rigour was exercised in the capital than in the provincial towns. Foreign pictures were subjected to a scrutiny before they were allowed to be exhibited; and Luca Giordano was employed by the monks of the Escorial to lower the robe of Titian's "St. Margaret," because she was considered to display her legs too much in her conflict with the dragon.

REMAINS OF MEDLEVAL ART IN ENGLAND.

THE first traces of painting, in the artistic sense of the word, in this country, are found in the existing records of the reign of Henry III. The piety of that monarch led him to found several churches and abbeys, and decorate them with painting and sculpture; and his instructions furnish us with some curious particulars of the state of those arts in his reign, and also of the condition of artists. The latter seem to have been considered and treated as mere mechanics, of whom pictures were ordered in the same manner as furniture of an upholsterer. The artist was usually a carver and gilder, a house-decorator, and heraldic painter; a carpenter, a mason, and sometimes an upholsterer. The first distinct reference to picture-painting occurs in a Roll dated 1233, which is a precept to the sheriff of Southampton, "that he shall cause the king's chamber-wainscot, in the castle of Winchester, to be painted with the same pictures as before;" but what the subjects of those pictures were is not known, nor are there now any means of ascertaining. In another Roll of the same year, however, the keeper of the king's palace at Woodstock is ordered to "cause the round chapel there to be painted with the figures of our Lord and the four Evangelists and of St. Edmund, on one part, and that of St. Edward on the other part."

In a Roll of the year 1236, referring to the decoration of the chancels of the Virgin and St. Peter, in the Tower Chapel, directions are given that they shall be "painted with a small figure of the Virgin Mary, standing in a niche; the figures of the Saints Peter, Nicholas and Catherine, the beam beyond the altar of St. Peter, and the small crucifix, with its figures, to be painted anew with fresh colours." And that ye cause to be made an image of St. Peter, in his pontificals as an archbishop, on the north side beyond the said altar, and the same to be painted with the best colours; and also an image of St. Christopher holding and carrying Christ, in the best manner that it can be painted and finished, in the said chapel. And that ye likewise cause two fair pictures to be painted, with the best colours, of the histories of St. Nicholas and St. Catherine, at the altar of the said saints in the said church." In a Roll of 1241, the sheriff of Southampton is enjoined to "cause to be painted in the chapel of our queen, at Winchester, over the great west window, the image of St. Christopher, as he is elsewhere painted, bearing Christ in his arms; and the figure of St. Edward the king, when he gave his ring to a beggar, whose figure should

of the celebrated Strawberry Hill collection for £84. It is in good preservation, and measures three feet one inch in height by two feet ten inches in width. It contains eleven figures, of which the heads are well painted, but the draperies are hard and stiff. The king, richly attired, stands before the portal of a magnificent church, giving his hand to the queen; while Kemp, Archbishop of York, and afterwards of Canterbury, is performing the marriage rites by holding the pallium over their conjoined hands. Behind the king stands the Duke of Gloucester and a nobleman with a hawk on his hand, supposed to be the Marquis of Suffolk. Near the archbishop is Cardinal Winchester, the king's great-uncle, recognisable by the resemblance to the statue on his tomb in Winchester Cathedral; and a young man whom Walpole conjectured to be Sir Richard Woodville. Behind the queen is a lady with a kind of turban, probably her mother, the titular queen of Naples and Jerusalem; she appears to be speaking to a lady near her, supposed to be the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. Behind them are an abbess and a beautiful lady, in the mourning garb of a widow, supposed to represent the Duchess of Bedford, afterwards married to Sir Richard Woodville, by whom she became the mother of Elizabeth, the queen of Edward IV. The portraits of Archbishop Kemp and the Duke of Gloucester have been authenticated by two others which formed part of an altar-piece in the abbey of St Edmundsbury, now in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland.

Two portraits painted in oil, upon panel, of the age of Henry VI., exist at Canon's Ashby, the seat of the Marquis of Northampton. They represent the celebrated Earl of Shrewsbury and his countess. The earl is in his tabard of arms. At Hampton Court there are two portraits of Edward IV., one stiff and poorly painted, the other a whole-length, in a night-gown and black cap. At Donnington, the ancient seat of the Earls of Huntingdon, are portraits of this monarch and his brother, the Duke of Clarence. In the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, there is a portrait of his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, and another is preserved at Queen's College, Cambridge; they convey no idea of her beauty, nor of any skill in the painter. At Eton College is a portrait of Jane Shore, which corresponds very closely to the description given of her by Sir Thomas More from a picture which he had seen, but which was not the one here mentioned. Another portrait of this lady is preserved in the provost's lodge at King's College, Cambridge; it is a half-length, without any drapery, though the golden hair is adorned with jewels, and a rich necklace glitters on her shoulders and bosom.

We come at length to a period in which we meet with the names of the artists by whom the pictures of the time were painted, and the first is that of John Mabuse, a Fleming, who painted the portraits of the children of Henry VII., now at Hampton Court. There is a repetition of these portraits at Wilton; another in the possession of the Duke of Leeds at Kiveton; and a third in the collection of Mr. Metuen. That at Wilton bears the date of 1495, and is painted with considerable taste and skill. The royal children, Prince Arthur, Prince Henry, and Princess Margaret, are dressed in black, and playing with fruit at a table covered with a green cloth. Though in the early dry manner, the faces are well drawn, and there is some good colouring, particularly in the head of Prince Henry, which, having a half-reflected light, must have presented a considerable difficulty to the artist. Each of these pictures is on panel, with a small difference in point of size. Mabuse also painted a picture of "Adam and Eve," which is now at Hampton Court, where there is also a picture of "The Virgin and Child," enthroned, with St. Michael and St. Andrew, which is attributed to the same artist.

There are several other works of this master in different private collections in this country. One of these represents "The Marriage of Henry VII. and the Princess Elizabeth of York." On one side are Henry and the Bishop of Lincoln, who performed the ceremony; on the other the princess, who has very agreeable features and golden hair, and an elderly man so strangely dressed that it is impossible to divine who or what he is intended for. He wears a green gown, like a monk's, except that none of the monastic orders wore that colour; his feet are bare, and in his left hand he holds a spear. Though in a hard manner, the picture is not without merit, and the perspective is very ably executed. This curious picture is now in the possession of J. Dent, Esq. There are also a "Virgin

and Child," under a Gothic canopy, and surrounded by angels, in the collection of Sir Thomas Baring at Stratton; and a "St. Jerome" at Althorp, the seat of Earl Spencer.

In the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, there is a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII.; it is much damaged, and the painter unknown. At Hampton Court is a tripartite picture, probably intended for an altar-piece in the royal chapel at Stirling Castle, which was painted after the departure of Mabuse from England, but by whom is unknown. The first division contains the portraits of James IV. and Queen Margaret; the second those of the same monarch and his brother Alexander, praying before St. Andrew; and the third that of the queen, kneeling before St. George, who is clad in the plate armour of the period. At Knowsley, the Earl of Derby has a portrait of the Countess of Richmond, supposed to be of the period; and at Oxburgh Hall, in Norfolk, the seat of Sir R. Bedingfield, are ancient portraits of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, Edward IV., and Henry VII. All these are done in oil, and on panel. The best works of this period, however, are more curious than beautiful. Allan Cunningham, who calls the portraits we have enumerated "lumpoons upon human nature," says that "of true art there was none." It is not until the commencement of the sixteenth century that we meet with the names of artists of any celebrity, and the first, Holbein, was a foreigner. The first English painter of any eminence was Nicholas Hilliard, a painter of portraits in miniature, who died in 1619.

ART AND ARTISTS.

Bacon says, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express—no, nor the first sight of life." Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have laboured to represent this inward excellence; and we can fancy the grace and charms of his females will remain when their colour has fled. Lawrence was the friend of the Prince Regent, and painted the women of his court. The result is seen at once. His women look too conscious of their attractions, and the feelings they inspire in the spectator are rarely of a pleasing character. Hence the superiority of the women of Reynolds over those of Lawrence.

After all, our best patrons of the fine arts have been the gentlemen of England—the noblemen and merchant princes, who are blessed alike with money and taste. Every artist has been indebted to such. Their name is legion. A few words concerning one of the most eminent cannot be out of place in our pages. Mr. J. J. Angerstein was of a respectable German family settled in Russia. He was born at St. Petersburg, in 1735, and was recommended to come to England by Mr. Thompson, the eminent Russian merchant. Mr. Angerstein arrived in London about the year 1749, and having acquired a knowledge of business in Mr. Thompson's counting-house, he became an underwriter at Lloyd's, and was very soon distinguished for his vigilance, acuteness, industry and integrity. To him the little world of underwriters, called Lloyd's, owes its present form and segregation, as well as the rooms and offices at the Royal Exchange in which the business has been for so many years conducted. Mr. Angerstein first procured an act of parliament to render penal the changing the names of ships, a practice by which great frauds used to be committed. In the distresses of 1793, he suggested to government the novel plan in this country of assisting trade by public advances of loans on Exchequer Bills; and he afterwards originated with ministers the certainly not less novel scheme of establishing lotteries in aid of the revenue—a scheme, however, which the government readily embraced, and continued long after the public sense of the immoral tendencies of lotteries was confirmed by fatal experience. Mr. Angerstein was not only a successful contractor for lotteries, but he became an equally fortunate participator in the government loans. His vigilance was inexhaustible. By his means alone that miscreant, Hendrich Williams, called the Monster, from his habit of wounding and maiming females in the streets, was brought to what in this country was called justice—that is, six years' imprisonment. Mr. Angerstein then pointed out to government an inconvenience and gross nuisance in Kensington Gardens, and finding the govern-

to the prices of pictures. In this respect there have been great changes. When Charles I.'s collection of pictures was sold by order of the Commonwealth, they fetched the following prices: The Cartoons of Raffaele, £300; "The Royal Family," £150; "King Charles on Horseback," £200; "The Triumph of Julius Cæsar," £1,000; "The Twelve Cæsars," of Titian, £1,200; "The Muses," by Tintoretto, £100; "The Nativity," by Julio Romano, £500; "Sleeping Venus," by Correggio, £1,000; "The Venus del Pardo," by Titian, £600; "Venus attired by the Græcs," by Guido, £200; a little "Madonna and Christ," by Raffaele, £800; "St. George," by Raffaele, £150; "Our Lady, Christ, and others," by Palma, £200; "Brasuns and Erobinus," by H. Bein, £200; "Satyr Flayed," by Correggio, £1,000; "Mercury teaching Cupid to read in the presence of Venus," by Correggio, £800; "The Head of King Charles," a bust, by Bernini, £800; and "Christ washing the Feet of his Disciples," £300. For his first two pictures in "The Four Times of Day," Borzich got sixty-five guineas; for the last two, forty-six. The paintings of "The Harlot's Progress" produced only fourteen guineas each; those of "The Rake's Progress" were sold for twenty-two. "Morning" brought twenty guineas, and "Night" twenty-six. "The Claudestine Marriage" was sold for a hundred and ten guineas, and the frames were worth four guineas each. Gainsborough's wife got for his favourite picture, now unfortunately destroyed, "The Woodman and his Dog in the Storm," five hundred guineas. Boydell gave Reynolds a thousand guineas for his "Macbeth," for his Shakspeare gallery; and West a thousand for "King Lear," and Romney six hundred for "The Tempest." Copley refused fifteen hundred guineas for his great painting of "The Death of Chatham." Wilkie got for his "Village Politicians," from the Earl of Mansfield, only thirty guineas. His "Card Players" was sold to the Duke of Cambridge for a hundred and fifty. Mr. Dobree gave him two hundred and fifty for his "Letter of Introduction." The Directors of the British Institution gave him six hundred guineas for his "Distraining for Rent." The Marquis of Stafford gave him £100 for "The Breakfast." For "The Penny Wedding" the Prince Regent gave him £525. "The Reading of the Will" was bought by the King of Bavaria for £447 10s. "The Newsmonsters" was bought by the late General Plüppas for £120. The Duke of Wellington gave him twelve hundred guineas for "The Chelsea Pensioners." Hilton got five hundred guineas from the British Institution for his "Mary anointing the Feet of Christ." Haydon got six hundred guineas for "Solomon;" five hundred for his "Christ in the Garden." His "Lazarus" went for £300; and his "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," which had brought him £3,000 in receipts of exhibition, went for £240. He got £525 for his "Mock Election;" £300 for his "Chaining the Member;" five hundred guineas for the "Reform Banquet." His "Xenophon," sold at a raffie, brought him £840; "Napoleon," £136; "Passover," £525; The Directors of the British Institution gave West £3,000 for his picture of "Christ healing the Sick." Frequently the purchasers have been very lucky in their purchases. Lord De Tabley's collection of English pictures sold for £8,000—£2,000 more than he gave for them. Constable speaks of having, when in the full zenith of his fame, sold two pictures to a Frenchman for £250. For a whole length portrait, Sir Thomas Lawrence had £600, of which a moiety was paid the first sitting. West received £2,100 for nine paintings of the Royal Family, some consisting of single portraits and some in family groups. His picture of "The Annunciation," which originally cost £1,000, was painted between the years 1817 and 1826, to occupy a large space in the centre of the splendid organ in Marybone New Church. It was thought to give the church a popish appearance, and was taken down. It was then placed in the Queen's Bazaar, where £100 was offered for it and refused; and, after lying fourteen years in a lumber-room of St. Marybone Court-house, it was sold to Mr. John Wilson, of Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, for ten guineas. Sir James Thornhill, our first native artist, was very poorly paid. Horace Walpole says: "High as his reputation was, and laborious as his works were, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His drawings were contested at Greenwich; and though La Roche received £2,000 for his works at Montague House, and was allowed

£600 for his five heads, Sir James could obtain but forty shillings a square yard for the cupola of St. Paul's; and, I think, no more for Greenwich." Reynolds' first portrait, which evinced sufficient talent to bring him into notice, was that of Captain Hamilton, painted in 1716, when the artist was twenty-three years old; and the earliest record of his price is in 1752, when he was in his twenty-ninth year, and his charge was then £5 5s. for a head, *à la three-quarters*. In 1755, the price was £12 12s.; in 1758, £21; soon after, 1760, £36 15s.; and in 1781, £52 10s., the highest charge he ever made. Van dyck, in 1632, when he was aged thirty-four, received but £25 for his whole-length portrait of Charles I. He was paid in the same year £26 for a half-length of the queen, and £100 "for one great piece of his majesty, the queen, and their children." Morland's extraordinary juvenile drawings from pictures and casts sold only for 7s. 6d.; and his odd finery-drawings from popular ballads and romances, prior to his attaining the age of sixteen, were sold in gilt frames for from three to five guineas. Gainsborough's price for a head in oils, when he was about thirty-five, was five guineas. He raised his price to eight guineas; and at his zenith he received £12 for a half, and £195 for a whole-length. Price's usual price for a portrait, when he was sixteen years of age, and in Cornwall, was 7s. 6d. The highest prices paid Sir Thomas Lawrence were, for a head-size or three-quarters, £210; for a bit-kat, £315; for a half-length, £120; for a bishop's half-length, £525; and for a full-length, £650; for an extra full-length, £735. As a proof of the admiration in which his talents were held by the affluent, Mr. Williams mentions that Lord Gower paid him fifteen hundred guineas for his admirable portrait of his lady and child; and that six hundred guineas were paid him by Lord Durham for his portrait of Master Lumdon. On leaving the Scotch Academy, Wilkie returned into Fife-shire, and commenced portrait-painting, at five guineas each. Wilson starved; yet many of his pictures now fetch a price which would have purchased him a comfortable annuity for life. It was not the other day that the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture by Gainsborough for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence; and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only £50. The average prices Turner got from 1803 to 1815, were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred guineas. For his drawings from busts he received prices varying from twenty to twenty-five guineas. In 1810, Lord Yarborough gave him three hundred guineas for "The Wreck"—a long price for a landscape by a living artist. This same "Wreck," at Christie's, would now sell for £3,000. His "Blind Castle," a small water-colour drawing, for which he received twenty-five guineas, has sold since his death, at Christie's rooms, for £152 5s. We believe on two occasions he obtained more than £100 for a picture. Calvert, in his best days, was not much luckier in asking or getting good or reasonable prices. Morland painted for pedlars; and Patrick Nasmyth, our English Hebbana, for jaw-breakers. The swooping of Eity's study sold, after his death, for upwards of £5,000. For a rich man, the best speculation going is liberally to patronise rising artists. He will make more money so than in any other way. People will give any price for a man's works after he is dead; and so the patron of fine arts, if he will, may have a fair reputation and a splendid gallery, and, at the same time, a property which will become more valuable every day. In his case he will indeed find it to be true, that virtue is its own reward.

ORIGINALS OF SAINTS AND MADONNAS.

In the beginning of the modern schools of painting, when Art was the handmaid of Religion, nothing more was required of artists than that they should impress an air of holiness and serenity on the countenances of their saints and Madonnas, and represent them, as to costume and attitude, according to certain traditional types. It was only when a sense of the exquisite beauty of the ancient sculptures began to be felt, and artists arose whose genius could not be confined within the restrictions of tradition, that personal beauty was striven after in representations of glorified personages.

It has been the fortune of later days to see the sides considerably changed. The ancient painters, thanks to the vigorous onslaughts of learned and judicious critics, led on by Mr. Ruskin, have received a signal defeat, and are now apparently more in their true place than before. If they are not elevated to the height of art, they are not, on the other hand, wholly to be depreciated; the truth seems to be here, as it generally does elsewhere, in the middle course. That the earlier painters indeed the study of art, preserved certain rules of painting, and studied incompletely but arduously, is no doubt true; and we purpose at present to inquire what they have done, and what we especially owe to them.

That the biography of the Italian painters has been written by one of their countrymen, is perhaps one of the causes to which they owe so deep a popularity and appreciation. Thus Vasari ascribes to Cimabue (1240—1302) not only the merit, but the *miracle* of having revived the art of painting when utterly lost, and of having by his single genius brought beauty out of chaos. Yet this is so far untrue, that it is perfectly well known, that several painters were working in Italy previously to his birth, that Cimabue must have studied under one of these, and that moreover it is possible to trace back pictorial remains and names of painters even to the fourth century.*

It is to these painters, then, and not to Cimabue, that we must look for the types and signs which, delivered through various ages by the means of art, have not only influenced art itself, but have had their effect upon religion.

It would appear that the feeling which led the Puritans of the time of the Protectorate to destroy the various and beautifully painted windows which pictured the lives of saints, and to deface the tombs and statues in the churches, was no new thing. The early Christians had a decided hostility to imitative art. They had lived amongst heathens who, however civilised, had prostituted it to the basest purposes. The statues and the paintings which were to be seen in the public places, and upon the walls of the luxurious Romans, were in the highest degree immoral. Nay, they had descended lower than that. The vase, the cup, the domestic implements themselves, were ornamented by a lascivious art. "An early Christian," says an eminent author, "could not touch a knife, a spoon, or drink out of a cup, without having his moral sense degraded, nor without being contaminated." †

They moreover regarded all images of any sort, either carved or painted, as idolatrous, although the legend goes, that St. Luke himself was a painter. From these causes, and from the figurative language of the Jewish people, the representations of the sacred personages were confined to symbols, which have descended to us through the medium of the early painters.

Thus the cross, so frequently used in art, so often interwoven into architecture, which as an ornament itself crowns so many cathedrals or simple churches, signified redemption; the fish from its living in water, baptism; the ship or ark represented the church; and the serpent, frequently with a man's face, the spirit of evil, or Satan. Here then was the commencement of a new era in decorative art.

When Christianity had, in the middle of the fourth century, totally triumphed over Paganism, these types were received, but somewhat of the old models and forms began to be revived. The Byzantine school had preserved these models, and they were applied to Christianity, just as the heathen temples purified, but still the same, served as churches dedicated to the true God. The attributes of Orpheus and Apollo were applied to the Saviour, for he "redeemed souls from hell," and "gathered his people like sheep." Then came the combination of the Mother and the Son, at first incidentally, latterly more presumptuously; for the Virgin held the infant in her lap, and was, in the eyes of the untaught worshipper, the more potent of the two, because the more prominent.

Art was also called in to teach those who were otherwise untaught. In the villages and obscure towns, where Christianity had not penetrated till established by law, painted cloths were hung up where the people worshipped, representing the sufferings and final crucifixion of our Saviour; or else the artist, breaking out into a rude "Jubilate," would show how He rode triumphantly into Jerusalem,

or called the dead to life, or walked upon the sea. No wonder then, as these pictures illustrated the glowing words of some early missionary, that they began to be revered by the untaught vulgar, and to intercept and absorb that devotion which was at first addressed only to God.

But it is to these early portraiture that our latest painters owe their ideal heads of Christ. "In the cemetery of St. Callixtus, at Rome, a head of Christ was discovered, the most ancient of any copy which has come down to us: the figure is colossal; the face a long oval; the countenance mild, grave, melancholy; the long hair parted on the brow, falling in two masses on the shoulder; the beard not thick, but short and divided. Here then, obviously imitated from a traditional description (probably the letter of Leontulus, supposed to be a fabrication of the third century), we have the type, the generic character, since adhered to in the representations of the Redeemer." ‡

That our artists have ever followed this faithfully and closely, no one can doubt. We have but to call to mind the various representations of the Saviour, from that in "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, to that which was popular as a print some time ago, and is the best ideal head without dignity which we have, by Paul Delaroche. Nay, a further proof of the firm way in which the ideal of the early painters has been received, is, that none could contemplate a departure from the type without revolting from it. Who could imagine the Saviour with an aquiline nose and high forehead, and a cast of countenance belonging to the race of which he was born? The painter who should be so bold as to give him a Jewish expression would suffer for it, by making his picture universally odious.

But the head of the Saviour is not the only one which we have received from the early painters. In Leonardo da Vinci's picture, cited above, we have the whole of the received types of the various apostles. Thus St. Peter, who sits nearly at the end of the table, at the right of our Saviour, has a bold impetuous expression of countenance, marked with great acuteness and intellectuality. Near to his face, and thrown up by the contrast, is that of Judas, a Saturnine countenance of strictly Jewish caste. St. John, the beloved disciple, approximates in feature to our Lord, and has the hair parted on the forehead and flowing to his shoulders. St. Thomas, who doubted, has a refined Roman head, the hair curling and short, like that of Brutus, and his face shows that he requires conviction, but, when once convinced, will act. St. Andrew, on the contrary, sitting on the extreme left, is firm, manly and expressive, with the same determined look which St. Peter has—a look well becoming each of those disciples, one of whom made that affirmation which called forth the express approval of his Lord, and the other suffered on a new cross and with a more refined torture.

These types, therefore, we do assuredly owe to the early painters, and to them, moreover, we owe, however rude their works, that vitality of expression which in later artists degenerated into formalism. Let us be careful to guard that earnestness which we at present have. "Receive," says the quaint but deep-thinking John Ruskin—"Receive the witness of painting. John Bellini, and his brother Gentile, two years older than he, close the line of the sacred painters of Venice. But the most solemn spirit of religious faith animated their works to the last. There is no religion in any work of Titian's. . . . Nor is this merely because John Bellini was a religious man and Titian was not. Titian and Bellini are each true representatives of the school of painters contemporary with them; and the difference of their artistic feeling is a consequence, not so much of difference in their own natural characters as in their early education. Bellini was brought up in faith, Titian in formalism. Between the years of their birth, the vital religion of Venice had expired." §

Let us, therefore, act upon what we owe to the early artists; and though our own painters have far surpassed them in execution, let us try to revive that FAITH which lies in their stiff figures and formal draperies, whilst we yet improve in colour and in feeling.

* Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters."

† Milman's "History of Latin Christianity."

‡ "Italian Painters," vol. i. p. 11.

§ "The Stones of Venice," vol. i. p. 11.

DOMENICO ZAMPIERI.



Of all the pupils of the Caracci, the Bolognese master who is commonly known as Domenichino, and whose real name was Domenic



Zamperi, is, at the present day, the most universally admired. Algarotti preferred him to the Caracci themselves, and Passeri considered him second only to Raffaele. Poussin pronounced his

"Continuation of St. Jerome" one of the three most beautiful pictures in Rome, the other two being "The Transfiguration" of Raffaele, and "The Descent from the Cross" of Daniel of Volterra. This opinion of the great French painter, which posterity has confirmed, is a direct contradiction to the detractors of Domenichino, and a condemnation of the works of his contemporaries.

Yet the works which have excited such warm eulogiums were once derided to a degree that is now scarcely credible. His faults were exaggerated, and even his excellencies made to appear defects. His genius was not of the brilliant order, and his power of invention was small; but these deficiencies were counterbalanced by the profundity and accuracy of his judgment, his admirable power of expression, and the carefulness of his execution. His poverty of invention led his enemies, of whom no painter ever had more, to ascribe to him an imitator and a plagiarist; but had he enjoyed the same advantages of party as the Caracci, he would soon have triumphed over his detractors, by showing the difference between imitation and servility. Domenichino, timid, retired, and master of few pupils, was destitute of a party equal to his excellence as a painter. He was constrained to yield to the crowd that trampled upon him, and thus the observation of Agueschi, that his worth would never be rightly appreciated during his life, was realized. The spirit of party having passed away, impartial posterity has rendered him justice, and his works are now not only in the public admiration of the great capitals, and the collections of the most distinguished amateurs.

Domenic Zamperi was the son of a bricklayer in the city of Bologna. Born in 1581, about the time when Ludovico Caracci, seconded by his cousins Augustino and Annibale, undertook that reform of art which had at bottom the seeds of its decay, he was inspired with a love of painting by the fame of their school; or

rather than fine-nourished that love of the beautiful which nature had implanted within him, and gave it a direction. The most simple artisans of Italy are rarely indifferent to the beauties of poetry, music and painting; and the elder Zampieri was willing that his son should follow his inclinations, and become a painter. But he did not appreciate the endeavours of the Caraeci, or did not view them with so much enthusiasm as some of his fellow-countrymen, and he placed Domenic under Denis Calvart, an artist of Flemish descent and mediocre ability, who had been established in Bologna several years.

This choice of a master was not agreeable to Domenichino, to whose eyes the magnificent productions of the Caraeci were the supreme expression of progress in art, while Denis Calvart was the representative of its immobility. His master was, moreover, of a harsh and irritable temper, and having one day found him in admiring contemplation before an engraving after Augustine Caraeci, he chastised him so severely that the lad left his house, and returned to that of his father. There he had to endure new reproaches, and, according to Malvasia, additional harsh treatment. Moved by his urgent entreaties and those of his mother, his father at length consented to a change of masters, and the youth presented himself before Augustine Caraeci, to whom he showed his drawings. At the recommendation of that distinguished professor, he was admitted into the school of Ludovico Caraeci, among whose pupils were, at this time, Guido and Albano.

He was now free to avow his enthusiastic admiration of his masters, but trials of another kind awaited him. Timid to excess, and shy in his manner, which obtained him the name of Domenicchio (little Domenic), distrustful of his own powers, and quiet and reserved in his manners, he was untried by nature for the rude battles of the world. His infirmities received no indulgence from his fellow-pupils, who, according to accounts which have been handed down by contemporary authors, did not spare either sarcasms or outrages, to which they were emboldened, rather than dissuaded, by his patience and resignation.

His art was his only consolation and source of pleasure, and he applied himself to it with such devotion, that he advanced each day in knowledge and experience of the qualities essential to success. It was the practice of the Caraeci to excite the emulation of their pupils by proposing prizes for the best drawings, and one of those occasions occurred soon after Domenichino became their pupil. Full of modesty and timidity, and without hope of success, he was obliged, like the other pupils, to offer his design; and while his fellow-students gave in their drawings with confidence, regarding him with an air of conscious superiority, Domenichino approached with timidity, scarcely daring to present his drawing, which he would gladly have withheld. Ludovico Caraeci examined the productions of all his pupils, and declared Domenichino the successful candidate.

This triumph, instead of rendering him confident and vain, only served to incite him to greater assiduity and application. His genius seemed to develop itself slowly, because it was profound and accurate; and Passeri attributes his great progress more to his wonderful application than to his genius. From his acting as a continual censor of his own productions, he became the most correct and scrupulous designer in the Bolognese school, the most natural colourist, the most universal master of the theory of his art, and the chief painter amongst them all in whom Mengs found nothing to desire except a somewhat larger proportion of elegance. "That he might devote his whole time to art, he avoided all society, or if he occasionally sought it in the theatres and markets, it was in order to observe better the expression of the passions of human nature in the features of the people, and consult it living, as it were, to his artists." "This it was," says Bellori, "that he succeeded in delineating the soul, in colouring life, and arousing those emotions in our breasts at which all his works aim; as if he waved the same sand which belonged to the poetical enchanters, Tasso and Ariosto."

With Albano alone, of all his fellow-pupils, Domenichino formed an intimacy, and when they left together the school of the Caraeci, they visited Parma, Modena and Reggio in company, to study the works of Parmigianino and Correggio. On their return to Bologna, Albano went to Rome, where Annibale Caraeci was at that time engaged in the decoration of the Farnese Palace, and, owing to his

declining health, was in need of some assistance. On the recommendation of Albano, he sent to Bologna for the pupil of his cousin Ludovico; and Domenichino shortly afterwards arrived in Rome, where he was intrusted with the execution of a portion of the work from the designs of Annibale.

This engagement led immediately to cabals and intrigues being directed against Domenichino, whose natural timidity invited to the attack all who had conceived feelings of envy or dislike of him. The unhappy painter took refuge in his patience and resignation, two words which comprise his entire life, which presents us with a picture of loneliness and suffering, without anger and without despair, which excites our commiseration and respect, and ought to have disarmed his enemies. Fortunately for Domenichino, Annibale Caraeci had powerful friends, and he obtained for him the protection of the Cardinals Farnese and Borghese, while Albano interested the Cardinal Agnelli and his brother in favour of his friend. In the loggia of the gardens of Cardinal Farnese he painted, from his own designs, the "Death of Adonis," choosing for the representation the moment when the Queen of Love springs from her chariot to succour her mortally-wounded lover. The health of Annibale Caraeci becoming every day more impaired, he was obliged to relinquish many of his commissions, and some of them he procured for Domenichino, some for Guido, who had attained fame much more rapidly. Both these eminent masters were engaged by the Cardinal Borghese, at his recommendation, to paint the celebrated frescoes in the church of St. Gregorio, of which the "Flagellation of St. Andrew," by Domenichino, is the most admired.

This picture was executed in competition with Guido, and placed opposite to that painter's "St. Andrew being led to Execution." It is said that an aged woman, accompanied by a little boy, was seen engaged in a long and careful contemplation of Domenichino's picture, pointing out every part of the composition to the boy; she then turned to the production of Guido's pencil, gave it a cursory glance, and passed on. It is also asserted by some, that Annibale Caraeci, becoming acquainted with the circumstance, was guided by it in forming his judgment of the two compositions, which was in favour of Domenichino's. Another story connected with this picture is, that, in painting one of the guards, he actually excited himself into a passion, using threatening words and gestures, and that Annibale Caraeci, surprising him at that moment, embraced him, exclaiming with joy, "To-day, my Domenichino, thou art teaching me!" So novel, and at the same time so natural, it appeared to him that the artist, like the orator, should feel within himself all that he is representing to others.

Domenichino was afterwards employed by Cardinal Farnese to execute some works in fresco in a chapel in the abbey of Grotto Ferrata, where he painted several subjects from the life of St. Nilo, one of which, "St. Nilo curing the Demoniac Boy," may be compared with his finest works at Rome. He was also employed, about the same time, by Cardinal Aldobrandini to decorate his villa at Frascati, where he painted ten pictures in fresco, the subjects taken from the mythic history of Apollo, by which he added greatly to his reputation. The next work of Domenichino was his well-known picture of the "Communion of St. Jerome," which we have engraved (p. 201), and which was long one of the principal ornaments of the Louvre, in which it was placed by Napoleon I. It was painted for the principal altar of the church of St. Girolamo della Carità, but now hangs in the Vatican, opposite to the only work at Rome which surpasses it, the "Transfiguration" of Raffaele.

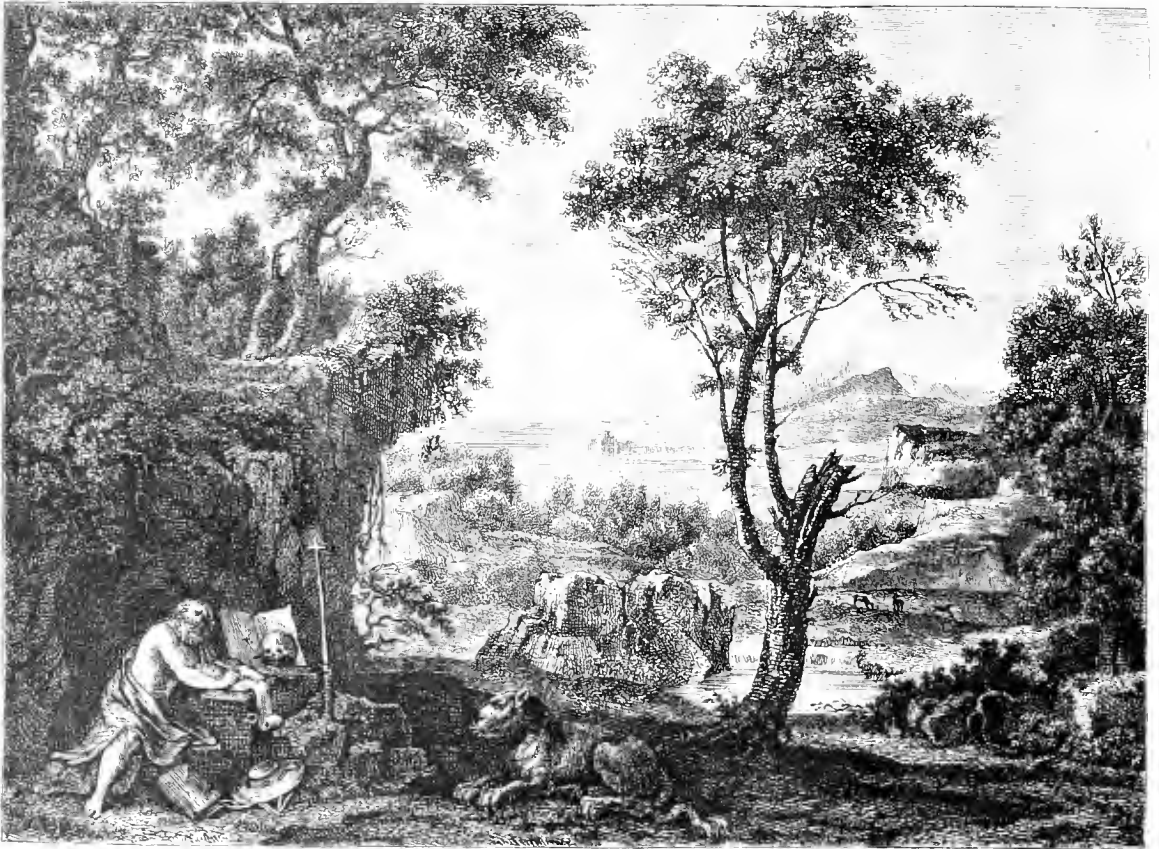
The envious and malignant feelings with which some of Domenichino's contemporaries had long regarded him, were still further excited by the applause bestowed upon this famous production. Lanfranco, the prime-mover in the intrigues against him, took advantage of the resemblance between the "Communion of St. Jerome" of Domenichino, and Augustine Caraeci's picture of the same subject in the Certosa at Bologna, to assert that it was little more than a copy of the latter; and he employed Pericci, one of his pupils, to make an etching of Augustine's work, which was largely circulated. But this mode of attack, instead of proving the plagiarism, revealed the malevolence of its author; as it was evident there was no other resemblance than must necessarily ensue

jealousy in the hearts of Lanfranco, Tacconi, and others, that they were received with the bitterest and most unjust criticisms. The frescoes with which he adorned the church of St. Andrew were spoken of by his detractors as a scandal and a profanation; and they denounced them to the sovereign pontiff as paintings which, whether owing to the ignorance or the audacity of the painter, outraged the sanctity of the edifice which they disfigured. Some went so far as to propose their destruction, and Lanfranco, who had his own reason for his moderation, insisted strongly on the necessity of having them retouched by a purer and more learned hand. There can be no doubt as to whose hand he intended.

A reason for these angry and injurious attacks is not easily found. When we examine, in the church of St. Andrew, either the scenes from the life of that saint, or the figures of the Evangelists which ornament the four corbels of the cupola, and consider them in the spirit which prompted all the religious pictures of the

subordinate figures should be in harmony with the principal figure, which is the body of the work, of which the others are simply the members." This rule Domenichino has not acknowledged here; but in general he has observed it with an attention rather uncommon among the painters of his time, and even without leaving the church of St. Andrew, we may find more than one example of the care with which he has established an intimate accordance between all the parts of his compositions.

Notwithstanding the criticisms of his ungenerous enemies, the frescoes of Domenichino were not destroyed, nor even retouched as Lanfranco had advised. The mild disposition of the painter revolted so much against the incessant and unjust attacks of his malignant adversaries, which embittered his whole existence, that he thought at one time of abandoning painting, and transferring his talents to sculpture. He resumed his palette, however, but not to paint those large church pictures which had provoked the envy and malice of



ST. JEROME IN THE DESERT.—FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

period in which they were painted, it is difficult to explain, otherwise than by the folly or malignity of his enemies, the violence of the reproaches with which Domenichino was overwhelmed. Will it be believed, for example, that he was seriously accused of having manifested disrespect for the saint by representing, in the "Martyrdom of St. Andrew," one of the executioners in the act of stumbling, and provoking by his fall the laughter of his comrades? The episode is not well chosen, perhaps, but to attribute to an error of taste the signification of a blasphemy, was as great an absurdity as it was a calumny. It is true that in France, fifty years later, this figure of the executioner was condemned by the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture, but this decision was based upon purely artistic considerations, and had no reference to its assumed impropriety in a religious sense. "It is necessary," says the reporter of their proceedings, "that the attitudes and expressions of the

* Conférences de l'Académie Royale de Peinture et de Sculpture, 1667.

his rivals; he applied himself to works of a more humble kind, in which he thought his enemies would perhaps disdain to compete with him. He abandoned for a time religious subjects and fresco, and painted landscapes and mythological subjects with considerable success.

If we compare the landscapes of Domenichino with those painted in Italy towards the end of the sixteenth century, it is easy to recognise in both an entire conformity of principles and the same mode of execution. The Caracci and their pupils were, in fact, the creators of this branch of art, since before them the fields, the sea, the trees, were introduced into pictures merely as accessories, or as backgrounds to subjects from history; they were the first to think of representing the scenery of nature for itself, and as the principal object of interest. Annibale Caracci and Domenichino both painted landscapes admirably; but the glory of making this branch of art an exclusive study was reserved for French artists, a few years

by anonymous letters, by displaying his pictures, and by mixing injurious ingredients with his colours. With the most insidious malice, they induced the viceroy to send some of his pictures to the court of Madrid, and these when little more than sketched were taken from his studio, and carried to the viceroy's palace, where Ribera ordered them to be retouched, and without giving the unfortunate painter time to finish them, hurried them off to their destination. This malicious fraud of his rival, the complaints of

denunciations fulminated by Corenzio and Ribera, and to the calumnious insinuations of the wily Lanfranco. While he yet hesitated to put a period to Domenichino's labours, his perplexity was removed by the artist's death—a sinister and badly-explained event, which has been attributed to the troubles of which he had so long been the prey, but which was thought by some, with too much probability, to have been hastened by the nefarious means which Corenzio was known to be capable of resorting to. The



THE TRIUMPH OF GALATEA. FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

the painter, who thought themselves doomed to experience a constant succession of obstacles to the completion of the work, and the suspicion of some design against his life, at length determined Domenichino to depart secretly for Rome. As soon, however, as the news of his flight transpired, he was recalled, and fresh measures taken for his protection; upon which he resumed his labours, and decorated the walls and the base of the cupola, besides making considerable progress in painting the pictures.

The viceroy, however, had begun to give ear to the violent

preparations taken by the unfortunate painter after his return to Naples, prove that he believed his life to be endangered by the machinations of his enemies. He prepared all his food himself, and if poison was given him, it must have been, as Malvasia and others of his contemporaries intimate, in water, of which he was accustomed to take a draught from the ewer every morning before washing himself.

Domenichino died in 1641, at the age of sixty. His enemy, Lanfranco, succeeded him in completing the frescoes of St. Janna.

rius; Ribera, in one of his oil-pictures; Stanzioni, in another. Caracciolo was dead. Corenzio was soon afterwards killed by a fall from a stage, which he had erected for the purpose of retouching some of his frescoes. The fate of Ribera is involved in obscurity, and various accounts are given of his latter days. Palomino and Cean Bermudez assert that he died at Naples in 1656, in the enjoyment of affluence and fame. Mr. Stirling, who expresses doubts as to the latter assertion of the Spanish writers, says, on the authority of a tradition current at Naples, that he left that city through

violent or unhappy end; and impatience, as awarding to Domenichino the palm of merit, imputes to the maxim, that it is a delusive hope to attempt to establish fame on the destruction of another's reputation."

In this period of the decline of art, mediocrity was enthroned, and the living faces of Italian art exhausted in medals, in juggleries, and in a weak sensuality. Landino at Naples, Caracci at Florence, Susoferrato and Ricci at Rome, and Verini, were the men who were prohibited the worthy business of the great master. That noble



THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE. FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

shame and grief at the seduction of his daughter by Don John of Austria, and died at Posillipo in obscurity and disrepute. Landi says that, having committed a flagrant offence, and become insupportable even to himself, from the general odium which he experienced, he embarked on board a ship; and that no one knew whether he died, or how he ended his life. "Thus," he adds, "these ambitious men, who by violence or fraud had influenced and abused the generosity and taste of so many noble patrons, and to whose treachery and sanguinary vengeance so many professors of the art had fallen victims, ultimately reaped the merited fruit of their conduct: a

triumph of which, to the world, was the name of Domenichino—the last descendant, had he not existed. Domenichino being dead, what remained of the Italian schools? A part being already decayed, and *dejà-décadé*, which is an never to be surprised. After him came some able practitioners, some good talents; but the work which they produced testify to the skill of their hand rather than to the imagination of the brain. Domenichino has the merit of having somewhat retarded that definitive invasion of the materialising spirit into the domain of Italian painting. The heinousness submitted to the evil influences of the period, that the defects which mark the

decline of the art, which led to the neglect which was beyond him to posterity, cannot be denied. But should the derisive and prejudices of the world, he has not always forgotten in proof of his own industry. We are reminded in the world of a hundred illustrious and moral truths, and a kingdom of liberty of expression, which mark him as a veritable member of the family of the great masters, and which inspire in us a lively sympathy, in default of an unreserved admiration. In spite of the various uses of his style, of his false taste, of his numerous errors, Domenichino merits a place among the masters by the large degree of power which he possessed in the expression of the passions, in the nobility that, in the fine arts, sentiment is the principal agent, the moral impression the essential object, and that even where the form is imperfect, the elevation of the thought suffices to confer a profound satisfaction and a durable authority.

Notwithstanding the slowness with which he worked, and the difficulties of all kinds which he had to overcome, the works of Domenichino are almost as numerous as those of the master the most renowned for celebrity. In Italy, no collection, public or private, is without one or more of the productions of this industrious artist, whose works are now to be found in the galleries of every country in Europe. The Museum at Bologna contains three Domenichinos:—"The Martyrdom of St. Peter," the general disposition of which recalls Titian's picture of the same subject; "Our Lady of the Bosny," already mentioned; and "The Martyrdom of St. Agnes," which is considered as one of the best works of this master, and is a good specimen of his taste, judgment and genius. The head of the saint has an expression of grief and hope that is very noble; and the two female figures on the right are admirably designed, and have much elegance in their forms. The Brera Museum at Milan contains a "Virgin," "St. Petronius," and some other pictures of saints. Some figures of the master exist in the Cathedral of Ferrara and in the Nolfi Gallery, in that town, is his "David," of which Lazzari says, "that the figure of the Jew is more rich, as David's life is also sufficient to immortalise the painter's name." In the Museum of the Offices at Florence are "The Baptism of Christ," "The Descent of John the Baptist," and a portrait of Cardinal Azzolino, besides pictures in the Bonifazio Museum, a beautiful picture, entitled "The Guardian Angel," in the cathedral, three altar-pieces—"St. Januarius reconciling a Young Man," "The Descent of St. Januarius," and "St. Januarius curing the Sick;" and in the Palazzo Vecchio Torra, a "Dead Christ on the Knees of the Virgin, attended by Mary Magdalen and others." The composition of this picture is very good, and the design simple and true to nature, the head of the Magdalen is full of expression, but the coloring is somewhat cold. The Palazzo Galleggi at Genoa contains a beautiful composition of "Venus bewailing the Death of Adonis;" and in the Palazzo Sallustiana "St. Rocco offering up Prayers for the Conversion of the Heathen." The attitude of the saint, the expressions of those who see him, the struggle of the dying and the dead around him, a funeral procession passing an infant on the bosom of its dead mother, vainly seeking its wound miraculously all appeal strongly to the feelings of the spectator. In the Museum at Turin we find only an allegorical picture of agriculture, astronomy and architecture, represented by three children.

Rome, however, of all the cities of Italy, is richest in the works of this master. In the Gregorian, in the churches of the papal capital, have been already mentioned, nearly his entire work of the Vatican. In the Capitol Gallery is a picture of "St. Barbara" in the Barberini Palace; "The Christ of Piero;" and "The Omnipotent Angel," both works of considerable merit. The Duke of Bracciano possesses a landscape by Domenichino, and that of the Borghese family a very fine portrait, of "Adam and Eve."

The Royal Museum at Madrid contains two fine Domenichinos:—"St. Jerome in the Desert," which we have engraved (p. 196), and "A woman preparing to sacrifice herself."

In the gallery of the Louvre are thirty-five works of this master, formerly in the collection of Louis XIV. Among them are "The Triumph of Love," which we have engraved (p. 199), "St. Cecilia," "Heracles and Cronos," "The Crucifixion of Hercules and Achelous," "The Punishment of Adam and Eve," "David playing on the Harp," and "Timotheus brought before Alex-

ander;" and in the Capitoline, at the Vatican, of Titian's "Peter preaching to the Gentiles," which we have engraved.

The Duke of Marlborough at Munich contains "St. Anna supported in the Temple by the Elders;" the Royal Gallery at Dresden, a charming composition called "Maternal Love;" the Museum at Berlin, "St. Deleage," "St. Jerome," "St. John," "St. James and St. Paul," "The Madonna," and a portrait of "Caracciolo," the architect; the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, "The Death of Lucretia;" and the Gallery of Prince Bismarck, in the same capital, "St. Paul and his Disciples," "David before the Head of Goliath," "St. Andrew," and "St. Jerome."

The gallery of the Hermitage, at St. Petersburg, would appear from the catalogue to be very rich in the works of this master, but none of them are probably either copies or imitations, among those which M. Viatok regards as genuine, are a "Christ," and "St. Helena surrounded by the Instruments of the Passion;" in the Winter Palace there is also a very fine "St. John the Evangelist."

The Museum at Stockholm contains four Domenichinos:—"An Angel," "St. John and the Angel," "The Harp," and "The Christ of Piero."

Our own National Gallery contains five Domenichinos: 1. "St. Peter and the Angel," in a landscape, a charming little picture, which we have engraved (p. 201). 2. "St. George and the Dragon," a picture beautifully managed in the light and shade, clear and bright in tone, and carefully executed. The distance is charming. The figures are too small, but the story is nicely narrated, to the landscape. 3. "The sermon of St. Stephen," a small composition of one figure, and probably a finished study for an altar-piece. This picture has been criticised for the composition, which is strange and scattered, without any point of concentration; but the head of the martyr is very fine, the colouring good, and the general effect harmonious. 4. "St. Jerome," in which an angel is represented instructing the solitude-loving saint, and solving his doubts. The two figures were bought by Mr. Howard Chen. 5. "Emilia and the Shepherds," which, Dr. Waage says, "is conceived more in the spirit of Tasso than I have hitherto seen this subject represented. The expression of goodness and of maiden purity, the attention of the aged shepherd, the surprise of the three pretty children, are very attractive, and well accord with the blooming colouring and the cheerful landscape. This picture was brought from Italy to England under the name of Asseleto-Corona, but has been justly assigned to Domenichino." It was presented to the nation by Mr. Angerstein.

There are two specimens of this master at Windsor Castle:—"St. Catherine of Alexandria," a life-size figure, half-length, holding a palm-branch in her right hand; and "St. Agnes," a full-length figure, in an attitude of rapt devotion, with an angel descending with a palm-branch, and another in the foreground caring a lamb, the symbol of the saint, who, having suffered martyrdom at the age of thirteen years, is regarded as the peculiar patroness of innocence and purity of mind.

The Dulwich Gallery possesses a single Domenichino, the genuineness of which has been doubted; the subject is, "Venus gathering Apples in the Garden of the Hesperides." It is a small composition, and if really the work of Domenichino, must be reckoned among the least meritorious of his productions.

The Duke of Devonshire possesses, at Devonshire House, two specimens of this master: 1. "St. Anna and the Elders," very carefully painted in a warm, deep tone. It is only existing in London in company with the large picture in the gallery at Munich, but does not merit in many of the details. 2. A youthful female figure, in a more delicate and with much expression, resting on clouds of purple in the colouring, and carefully finished.

The Pitt Rivers Gallery contains six Domenichinos: 1. "Christ bearing his Cross," from the Orleans Gallery. The composition is scattered, and wanting in masses and leading lines; but in character, and in class of colouring this picture is one of Domenichino's most successful. 2. "The Rapture of St. Francis," from the Orleans Gallery. The expression of enthusiasm is here very necessarily given; the execution is careful, and the coloring very bright and clear. 3. "Head of a Female Saint," which combines that nobleness of character and expression which the master knew so well

of rock and heads are repeated here from that picture, and the glowing tone of the flesh and the fresh green of the trees do not at all resemble the style of Annibale Caracci. 5. "A Landscape," from the Orleans Gallery. "In the fine form of the mountains," says Dr. Waagen, "which are interrupted in the middle distance by buildings in an elevated style of architecture, the amiable, poetical feeling of Domenichino is as clearly expressed as in the figures: a couple of lovers watched by an old woman, a flock of sheep led to drink at a piece of water, and fishermen crossing it in their boat. The treatment is broad and manly, and the general tone uncommonly fresh and clear. Such a picture is instructive, as tending to convince us what models Gaspar Poussin found ready to his hands." 6. "A Landscape, with fishermen, and women washing," is noble in design and carefully executed, but the colouring is somewhat hard and heavy; some portions of the picture have become dark, which has destroyed its harmony.

In the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Memory," &c., are three Domenichinos: "The Punishment of Meleager" and "Tobit with the Fish," which are very attractive, from the poetry of the composition and the delicacy of the finish; and "Bird-catching," a very fine picture, which has, unfortunately, turned quite dark. It was executed originally for Cardinal Borghese.

The Duke of Sutherland possesses, at Stafford House, a choice cabinet picture of this master; the subject is "St. Catherine," to whom an angel brings the palm of martyrdom. The expression of the saint is noble, the colouring very clear, especially in the draperies, the landscape poetical, and the finishing particularly careful.

In the collection of Lord Ashburton is "Moses before the Burning Bush," a small composition, but remarkably powerful and full in the colouring.

The Marquis of Westminster possesses, at Grosvenor House, a large kind of tape, with "The Meeting of David and Abigail," very poetical in the treatment, and lovely in the colouring and effect of light.

In Lord Cowper's collection is a "Cupid," ascribed to Annibale Caracci; but it has so much of the character and brilliant colouring of Domenichino, that we do not hesitate in assigning it to him.

Sir Thomas Baring possesses two Domenichinos: "The Finding of Moses," a rather large landscape, with the river in the middle distance, and blue mountains beyond; and a landscape, in a remarkably clear, full tone, representing a wide plain, with a building and a waterfall.

At Leigh Court, near Bristol, the seat of J. P. Miles, Esq., are two pictures of this master: a pleasing composition entitled "Youths looking at a Sleeping Nymph," and a large picture of "The Vision of St. John the Evangelist," in which the figures of the saint and two angels are full-lengths of the size of life. The elevated character, the careful drawing, the glowing colouring, and the admirable *ingegno* of this picture, which is in an excellent state of preservation, render it very valuable.

The Earl of Carlisle possesses a single specimen of this master, "St. John the Evangelist Looking up in Repose." The picture at St. Paul's is either a repetition or a copy of this, which is one of the most indispensable pictures of Domenichino in existence. The feeling is noble, refined and fervent, and the tone clear, fresh, and harmonious.

The Earl of Snowdon possesses, at Alton Tower, two rather fine compositions of this master: a portrait of a boy, and a book in a copy.

At Kesteven Hall, the seat of the Earl of Scarbrough, is a cabinet landscape by Domenichino.

The Earl of Leicester possesses, at Holkham House, "The Sacrifice of Isaac," in which a noble composition is united with refinement and beautiful chiaroscuro lighting.

In giving the prices which have been obtained at sales for pictures of this artist, we are necessarily obliged to confine ourselves to some of the most remarkable and valuable specimens very numerous. At the sale of the Earl of Albemarle, in 1768, "Finding the Cross," and "The River near the Cross," were sold together for £22,100, and a *Portrait of a Boy* for £11,100.

At the Prince of Orange's sale, in 1777, "St. Cecilia accompanied

by two Angels" was sold for £18. At the Lebrun sale, in 1793, another picture of "St. Cecilia," in which she is represented playing the organ, and accompanying it with her voice, was sold for £458. At the Sommariva sale, in 1829, a small picture of "The Rapture of the Virgin" was sold for £12. When the collection of the Marquis of Les Marais was sold, in 1843, an allegorical composition, representing "Music," realised £46; and at the sale of Marshal Soult's pictures, in 1852, a landscape of this master was sold for £28.

None of Domenichino's pictures bear his signature.

ART AND ARTISTS.

IN the summer of 1805, Jackson wrote to Haydon: "There is a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman come, an odd fellow, but there is something in him; he is called Wilkie." When Haydon saw him, "he was tall, pale, quiet, with a fine eye, hoarse nose, vulgar, humorous mouth, but great energy of expression." At length they dined together at an ordinary in Poland-street, where Wilkie got that odd fellow in the "Village Politicians," reading the paper with his glasses on. "When the Academy closed in August, Wilkie followed me to the door, and invited me to breakfast, saying in a broad Scotch accent, 'Whare d'ye stay?' I went to his room rather earlier than the hour named, and to my utter astonishment found Wilkie sitting stark-naked on the side of his bed, drawing himself by the help of the looking-glass! 'Why, good gracious, Wilkie,' said I, 'where are we to breakfast?' Without any apology or attention to my important question, he replied, 'It's jest capital practice.' It was about this time, that, glad of any employment, Wilkie entered into an engagement with an engraver to copy Barry's picture at the Adelphi. In connexion with poor Barry, I remember an absurd anecdote. Wilkie had got tickets to see him lie in state, and had asked me to go with him." Now, a black coat at a funeral ceremony is a *sin qua non*, and Wilkie borrowed Haydon's. "I got first to the Academy, whence we went all to go to the Adelphi; and after waiting some time, at the eleventh hour Wilkie made his appearance in my coat, the sleeves half way up his arms, his long bony wrists painfully protruding, his broad shoulders stretching the seams until they cracked again, while the waist-buttons appeared anywhere but where their maker originally intended them to be. He caught my eye, and significantly held up his finger, as if to entreat me to be quiet, but with an expression so ribaldly conscious of his awkward situation, that I thought I should have died with laughing on the spot." On the Sunday after Wilkie's picture for Lord Mansfield had appeared at the Academy Exhibition, Haydon read in the *Times*: "A young man, by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." I was in the clouds, hurried over my breakfast, rushed away, met Jackson, who joined me, and we both bolted into Wilkie's room. I roared out, 'Wilkie, my boy, your name is in the paper.' 'Is it real-ly?' said David. I read the puff, and taking hands, all three danced round the table till we were tired. By those who remember the tone of Wilkie's 'real-ly,' this will be relished. Eastlake told me that Calvert said once to Wilkie, 'Do you not know that every one complains of your continued real-ly?' Wilkie mused a moment, looked at Calvert, and drawled out, 'Do they, real-ly?' 'You must leave it off,' 'I will, real-ly.' 'For heaven's sake, don't keep repeating it,' said Calvert, 'it annoys me.' Wilkie looked, smiled, and in the most unconscious manner said, 'Real-ly!'"

Of course Wilkie was looked down on. Haydon writes: "While we were at Bell's, his pale, anxious look, his evident poverty and struggle; his broad Scotch accent, had all excited the humour of those students who were better off," and so quiet Wilkie was the joke. "I remember he came one day with some very fine yellow drawing-paper, and we all said, 'Why, Wilkie, where in the world did you get this? Bring us a quire to-morrow.' He promised he would. The next day, and the day after, no drawing-paper. At last, we became impatient, and begged him, as he would so willingly bring us any, to give us the name and address. 'Well, well,' said Wilkie, 'jest give me the money *now*, and ye'll be sure to have the paper.'" Now that he was richer than he had been for some time, his first thoughts were

do you get your frames, Mr. Thomson?" A good story is told of his skill in bargain-making. When arranging with Hurst and Robinson for a new work in numbers, the price of each drawing was settled, not without deliberation, at twenty-five *pounds*. He went away expressing full satisfaction. He came speedily back, thrust his head in at the door, and cried, "Guineas!" "Guineas be it," said the publishers. In a few minutes a hasty step was heard, and Turner put in his whole person, saying, "My expenses!" "Oh, certainly, sir," was the answer. But this was not all: a few minutes after he was a third time at the door, breathless and eager, with his whole body in the room for the

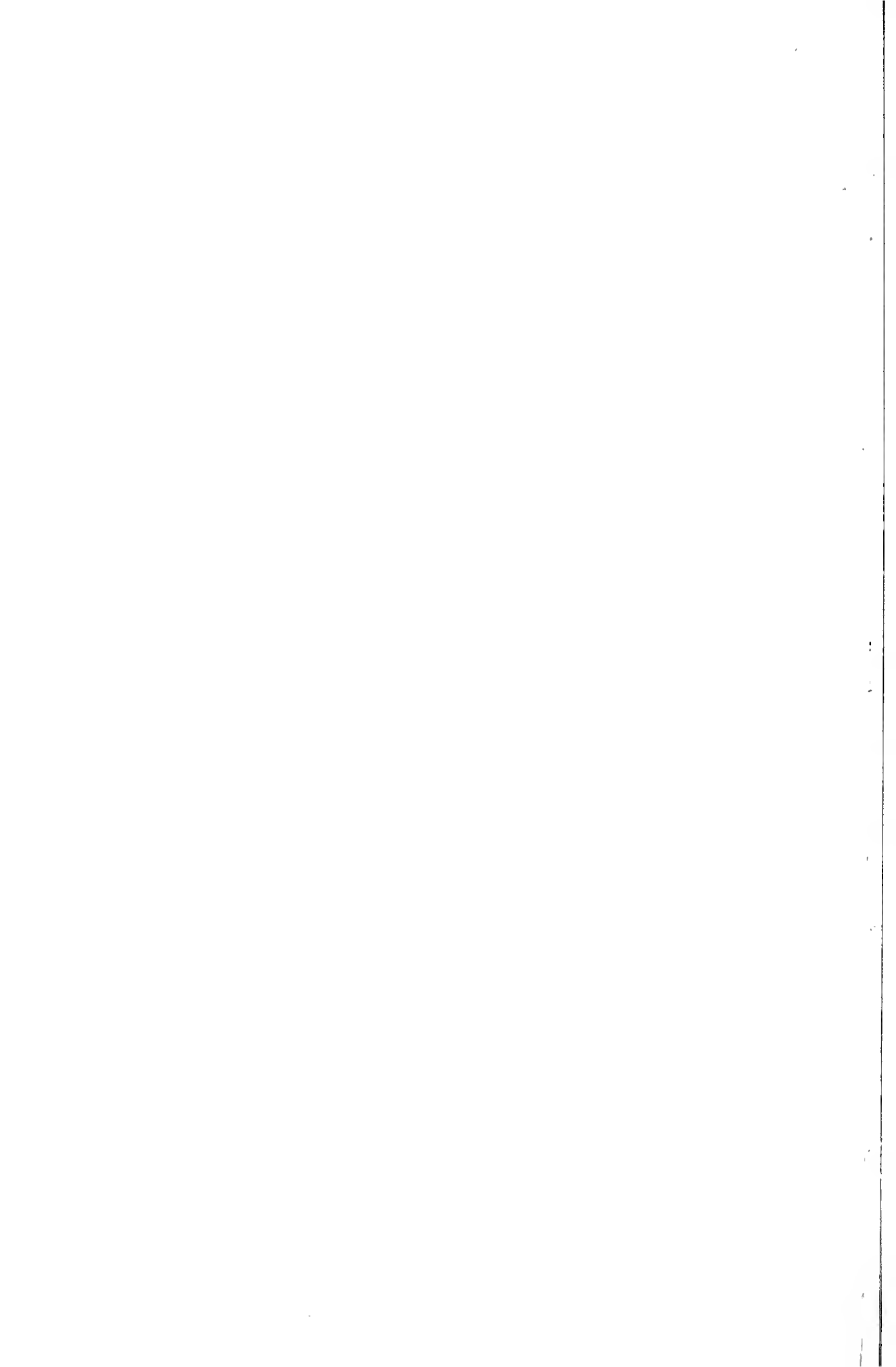
with him, and told that the cheque for the picture would then be ready. To this Turner consented. He took the picture in a hackney-coach, breakfasted, received the cheque, thanked the purchaser, and left. He had not been gone above five minutes, when a knock was heard at the door: the painter was back. "I must see Mr. Fuller." He was shown in. "Oh! I'd forgotten: there's three shillings for the hackney-coach." The sum was paid. Fuller, who was laughing all the while, loved to relate this story to his friends. Turner affected a mystery about his art, and never allowed any of his own brethren of the brush to see him at his work. At Petworth he worked with locked doors, and Chantry

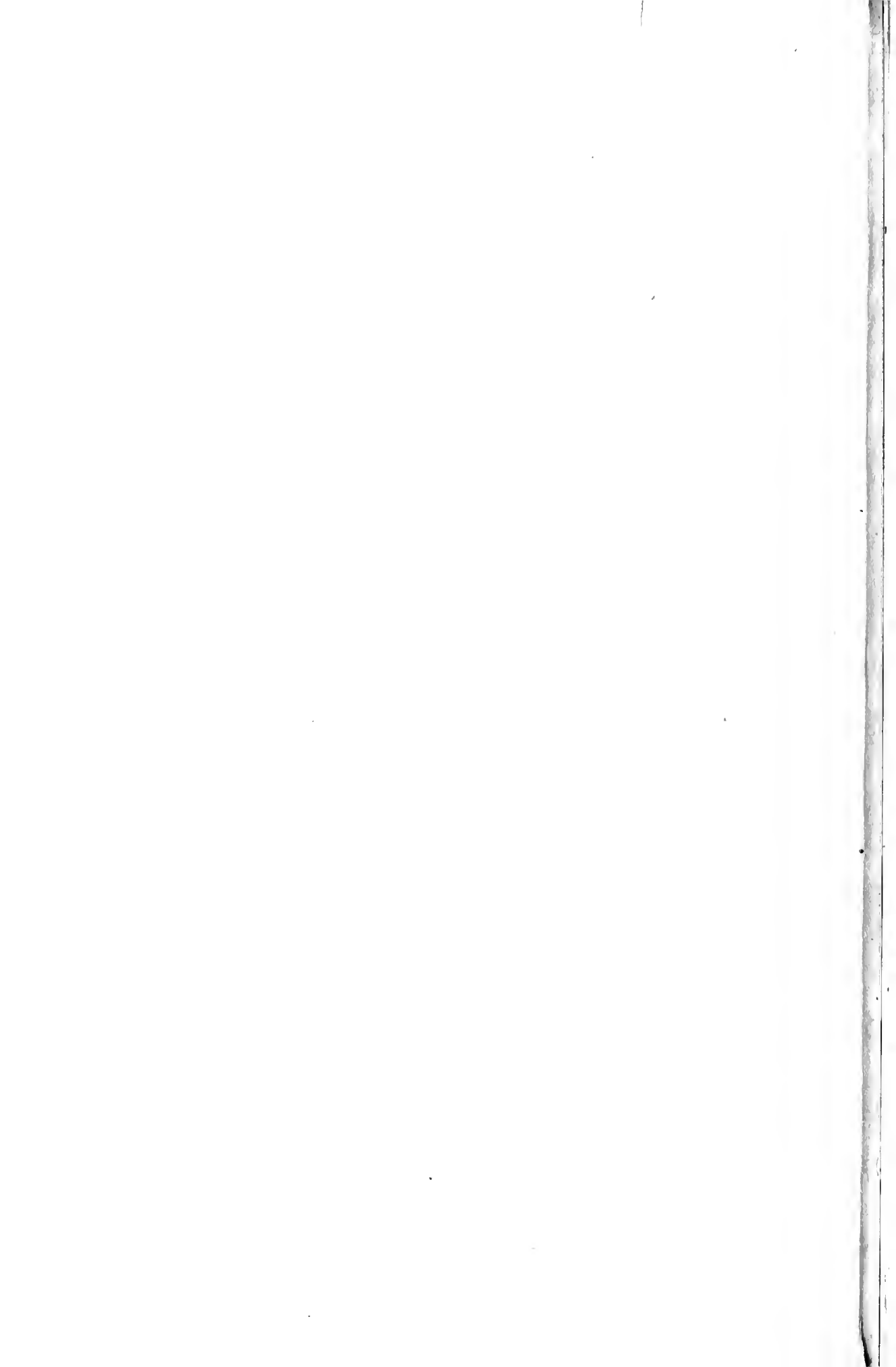


DOUBT AND THE ANGEL. FROM A PAINTING BY ZAMPIERI.

expected resistance to his new demand—"And twenty proofs! No resistance was made, and the drawings were set about with an ungrumbling reluctance. When George Cook, the engraver, told the story to Burnet's father, he added: "I am told that Turner's father, who was a barber, having been paid a penny for a shave, followed his customer down Maiden-lane to demand a halfpenny for soap." It is said the old man showed his son's pictures, and took money from the visitors, as if he had been a common vendor in the house. Another story of Turner is too good to be omitted. He had painted a picture for the famous Jack Fuller, and was asked by Fuller to breakfast with him next morning, to bring the picture

was only enabled to see him at his easel by the aid of a trick. The sculptor, by a bribe, had taken care to ascertain from one of the servants of the house the peculiar knock which Lord Egremont was accustomed to give at Turner's door, when the patron was anxious to see the painter at his task. Possessed of this secret, he imitated Lord Egremont's step and cough, and gave with admirable similitude of sound the very knock which his lordship was accustomed to give. The door opened immediately, and in walked Chantry, much, at first, to the annoyance of Turner, who was subdued only to good humour by the recollection that his friend, though once a painter, was now living by sculpture.





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