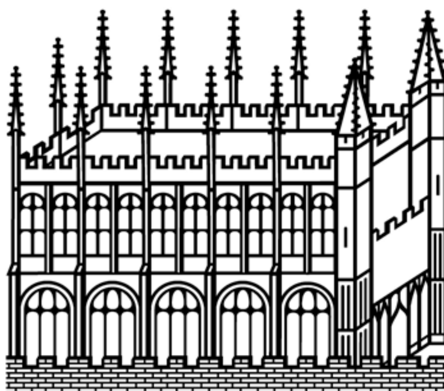

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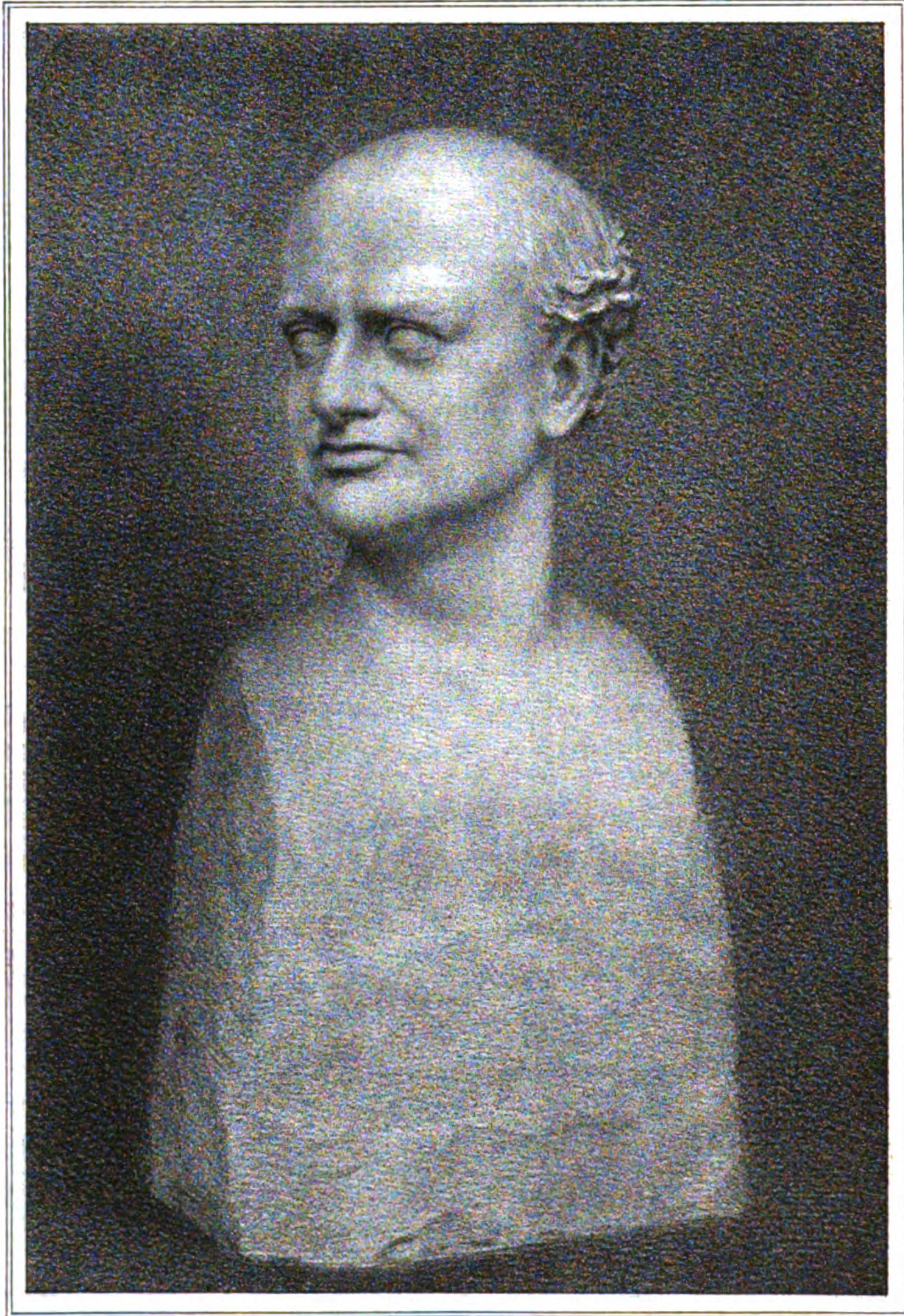
BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

VOL. I.



BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,
From a Bust by Park.

Benjamin Robert Haydon:

CORRESPONDENCE AND TABLE-TALK.

With a Memoir

BY HIS SON,

FREDERIC WORDSWORTH HAYDON.

WITH FACSIMILE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HIS JOURNALS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

London:
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.
1876.

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C

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"HAVE I NOT HAD TO WRESTLE WITH MY LOT?
HAVE I NOT SUFFERED THINGS TO BE FORGIVEN?
HAVE I NOT HAD MY BRAIN SEARED, MY HEART RIVEN,
HOPES SAPPED, NAME BLIGHTED, LIFE'S LIFE LIED AWAY?

* * * * * * * *

BUT I HAVE LIVED, AND HAVE NOT LIVED IN VAIN."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. St. 135, 136.

PREFACE.

MORE than twenty years have been allowed to elapse since the publication of the fragment of unrevised and carelessly written autobiography Haydon left behind him. The time appears to have come for a further selection from his Journals and Correspondence.

In making these selections, from the unpublished part of Haydon's "Journals" which I venture to think may prove of interest, I have been guided by the wish to put forth nothing that can be held to violate confidence, or give pain in any quarter, and yet secure the sequence of events which I have endeavoured to place in their true light.

The Personal "Memoir," for which I am wholly and solely responsible, has no pretension to a "Life" of Haydon—that would involve a history of the Art for the first half of this century—but is intended rather as a sketch of his labours by way of introduction to his Letters. I am too conscious that it must be full of faults, for it has been written by fragments, under many distractions of domestic affliction; and I am neither a 'Painter' nor a 'Literary' man. Her Majesty's Royal Navy does not instruct the midshipmen in Literature or Art. But I have endeavoured to write it fairly. Fontenelle said that, "if his hand were full of truths," he would not "open his fingers to let them out." Some may think I should have followed Fontenelle. I have only opened one finger; and if no previous publication had been made, it is probable I might not have opened that. For so far as Haydon's reputation as a Painter and Writer on Art is concerned, that may be safely left to Time; and there is a difficulty in a son writing an impartial

"Memoir" of his father. With such a father as Haydon, involved, like his great predecessor Benvenuto Cellini, in innumerable broils, the difficulty is not diminished. Even independent criticism cannot always escape the bias of party feeling, or private friendship. But it has been my earnest endeavour to show that, it is possible to combine impartiality with natural affection.

If I appear to support Haydon, it is not because I wish to exaggerate his claims, or to make him out a Hero, or a Martyr, but because I know that Right has not always been done. There are many things in his case it is only just, and convenient to remember.

In the first place, the position Haydon took up in Art from his entrance into London society in 1804 down to his death in 1846, has not been sufficiently understood. It was peculiar, and original. It was in defence of the capacity of the English people for Fine Art. At the beginning of this century nobody in English society admitted the claim. It was then the common creed that the English people had no sense of beauty in works of utility, and that English Artists were only fitted to paint portraits. In High Art, i.e., Epic, Dramatic, and Poetic Art, it was held by society that Englishmen could produce nothing worthy of admiration; that foreign specimens alone merited their reverence—consequently these were over-reverenced — that the climate of England was too dull, and damp, and foggy to produce Artists with imagination, and the English people too gross, and too toiling after wealth, politics, and power, to have either time or perception for much else. The lower Art of imitation was all we had feeling for, or could aspire to. The capacity of any living English artist to possess "Genius" was scouted. We were not a gifted people. We could turn out an 80-gun ship, though only after the model of a French prize, and we could build a prison, or a gasometer, but we could not produce an "Oratorio" or a "Requiem;" construct a decent palace or gallery, nor embellish one, built for us, by exquisite design, highly wrought out; nor express fine thoughts or beautiful forms in works of common utility. Thus, by easy gradations, society, by 1812,

had arrived at the conclusion High Art was not our *forte*, and it was useless to attempt it. There are still persons amongst us who hold to this belief.

Haydon denied these conclusions; and his whole life was one hard struggle to disprove the necessity for their existence, and to prove that Englishmen could create as well as copy, in Art and Design, as in mechanical contrivances. He did not dispute the variableness of the climate, or question the ignorance of the people. But he denied that climate or situation were the cause of intellectual development. Foreigners had no special aptitude for Design, and the perception of beauty was not the privilege of a nation or of a class. He explained our national ignorance of Art—first, by the Reformation, which destroyed Fine Art in England; secondly, by the absence of men of real genius to meet the liberal patronage of the day of Charles I. and King William; * and thirdly, in this century, by local obstruction and insufficient patronage. He maintained the private patronage of the day was too petty and mean to support the production of great works for great spaces.† But he also asserted that the English people, ignorant as they were, had no lack of sympathy or feeling for works of the highest aim, when such works were put before them.

"Any man," he says (1807), "with the practical good sense of the race, would understand the Cartoons and the Elgin Marbles. They are intelligible to the plainest understanding."‡

* The eminent artists in England at these periods were all foreigners, attracted by the high prices the patrons paid. Lely and Kneller were both Westphalians; the Vandeveldes and Varelst were Hollanders; Cibber was a Dane; Verrio a Neapolitan; Gibbons a Dutchman; and Laguerre a Frenchman. We had not a single man of any real eminence before Hogarth.—Ed.

† Take the instance of Lord Mansfield haggling over thirty guineas for Wilkie's 'Village Politicians,' trying to get it for fifteen, and "cheapening" the picture, as Hazlitt says, as if it were "a turkey or a goose."—Ed.

‡ When the Elgin Marbles were subsequently shown to the public (1817) at the British Museum, Haydon and Wilkie were present on the opening day. Two workmen came in and looked long and silently at the marbles. "How broken they are, ain't they?" said one. "Yes," said the other, "but, how like life!" Wilkie nudged Haydon: "There," said he, "you might just study them to doomsday, but you could never convey their excellence by speech more completely." It is only fair, however, to Haydon's opponents to add that, on another occasion he was present when a gentleman came in. After looking at the marbles for some time, he said to the attendant, "And pray what may these marbles be remarkable for?" "Oh, Sir," replied the man, "because they are considered to be so like life." "Like life," said the gentleman—"like life! Why, what of that?" and contemptuously turning on his heel he walked out.—Ed.

But the Cartoons were then almost inaccessible at Hampton Court, and the Elgin Marbles were shut up in a shed in Park Lane. "Show the people of England fine works," said Haydon; "give them the opportunity of study and the means of instruction; teach them the basis of beauty in Art, and then give your opinion, if you like; but you have no right to condemn your fellow-countrymen when you give them none of the advantages foreigners enjoy; when you have no schools for Art instruction, no Art galleries open to public view, no national Collections, no Schools of Design, and when you refuse to allow that Art has a public function, and absolutely withhold from it all public support." To assert, under such circumstances, that Art never under any circumstances could revive in England, he asserted was "a preposterous folly." Neither Greece nor Italy had burst forth into their perfection at once.* England, in the thirteenth century, in her knowledge of form, colour, light, shadow, and in fresco decoration, was in advance of Italy;† and had her progress not been checked by the Reformation, would have been at the head of Europe. Genius in the artist, and taste in the patron he admitted, must exist together to secure the permanent advance of Art. But neither genius nor taste, he said, were dependent upon latitude and longitude.

In proof of his position, as regarded painters and sculptors, Haydon pointed to Hogarth, Reynolds, Romney, Wilson, Gainsborough, Flaxman, Barry, and latterly, to Constable, Turner, Wilkie, Mulready, Lough, Chantrey, and Bell, the product of one century, and that, in spite of fogs and want of

* Ælian relates (lib. x. ch. 2) that in the early periods of Greek Art the Greek painters were in the habit of writing underneath their paintings, "This is a horse," "This is a tree," "This is a bull," &c. By degrees they got to express the species distinctly, then to foreshortening, then to draperies, expression, action, portrait, and ideal Art.—Ed.

† Strutt states that between the tenth and thirteenth centuries English painters were habitually employed painting large pictures representing passages from history and the actions of great men. Such a one was presented in the tenth century to the church of Ely by Etheleda (widow of Berthwood, Duke of Northumberland), in which she had "caused to be painted the history of the great actions of her deceased lord," in order to preserve the memory of his valour and of his virtues. Evelyn in his 'Diary,' 20th September, 1672, speaks of the palace of Sir Robert Clayton, in the Old Jewry, as containing a superb banqueting room, wainscoted with cedar, and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco.—Ed.

sunshine, poor pay, and the curious apathy of the nobility. What better proof was needed of the genius of Englishmen? "As for the people at large, would you," he asks, "expect any people to care for literature if you did not teach them to read? In like manner, teach our people their A. B. C. in Art, and they would show that taste and feeling for Art he for one believed them to possess."

In spite of the liveliness and perspicuity with which Haydon expressed his views, he was set down as a "young enthusiast;" and in England nothing more is needed. That mattered little, however, to him. He believed he was in the right. And whether he was right or wrong, so far as regarded the inherent genius and taste of the people for High Art, he felt he was right as to the benefit that would accrue to the nation if a disciplined system of 'independent' education in Art were established, and Painting and Design firmly and generously supported. The country, he asserted, was teeming with talent, which only wanted right direction, scientific instruction, and fair reward.

To this end, therefore, Haydon set himself from the first to remove obstructions to the extension among the people of a scientific system of Art teaching, and to obtain from the Government and the nobility the recognition of Art as a business of national concern, by the foundation of Art schools, and by the establishment of Art galleries worthy of the nation. His object was not only to refine the Art, but to promote industry, encourage trade, and extend the knowledge of all classes. He wished to bring the nation to regard Art with more serious interest, and to lift ideal Art out of the darkness into which the Reformation had thrust it, and the hesitation of Reynolds, coupled with the apathy and ignorance of our nobility, kept it jammed down. And he saw further than his contemporaries. Looking upon Commerce as something more than a mere affair of sale and purchase, rather as a pursuit in which high skill, sound knowledge, and an organised connection must be combined with, and will be lost without excellence in workmanship, as in material, he aimed at so educating our manufacturers and artisans in true principles of Art and Design, as to secure to

England, he hoped, that supremacy in manufacture which, if we could not design a beautiful pattern as well as make a good article, he foresaw must be lost to us on the conclusion of Peace.

He had also the intention to train and educate a school of Painters, making Form the basis of their Art, in order to show how thoroughly Englishmen could draw, design, and paint when scientifically instructed.

Thus it was that, from the first, Haydon made a place for himself in the Art. He refused to allow that Art was a mere matter of amusement for the leisure of others, or of family portraiture, or of household decoration. He contended, against patrons, nobility, and members of Parliament, that Art and Design was a great educational and economical question they should look to, and which it behoved the nation to look to, or the nation would suffer for its neglect. A knowledge of the beauties, capabilities, and actual practical utilities of Art, Haydon maintained, was "essential to the general interests of England," and more or less applicable "to every situation and circumstance of her national life." "Design," he writes, "is the basis of all Art, and a basis of such breadth that manufactures, as well as Art, rest in its excellence." That he was the ardent and determined advocate of the early training of all classes in the principles of Art and Design will be easily understood. "We are inferior," he argued (1808), "to the French and Italians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; beyond all conception inferior to the Greeks; and not even equal to the ancient Egyptians in our designs for manufactures. And why? Because our pursuits in Art are low. Because we do not cherish that style as a nation which is the basis of excellence in those departments of Art; and because we do not strive to raise the taste of the nation, but keep it down to the level of personal vanity, trading propensities, and pecuniary success."

To cure this defect, Haydon insisted, in addition to the formation of a central Art Gallery in London, with provincial galleries for the great towns, that scientific instruction in the true principles of Art and Design should form part of every scheme of education for every class throughout the country.

For the rich he would have Art professors at the Universities. For the middle classes and mechanics he proposed a central establishment in London, with branch Schools of Design, separate, independent, and distinct, throughout the provinces. The course of first instruction to be the same in all, though varying in degree, viz.: the study of the human form, and then ornamentation, design, or painting, as the case might be.

One thing he appears to have aimed at was to avoid the danger of subjecting the schools to the official direction and control of the Government, or of the Royal Academy. He would have the schools form part of the national system of education, but independent; otherwise they would soon sink to the level of mere drawing-schools. This was partly his dread of that depressing Academic teaching, and partly his suspicion of Government Departmental Control, which reduces everything it touches to one dead level of uniform mediocrity. "In matters of Art and Design," Haydon used to say, "Government should help, but not direct."

With regard to our rich men who heard nothing of Art at college, and who thought frivolously of it in after life, his object was to make them learn to draw the human figure. He did not wish to tease them with a mass of technical detail, to which they would pay no attention, but rather by teaching them only to draw, give them opportunities of obtaining an insight into the real powers of Art, so as to move their sense of beauty, quicken their sympathies, and lay the foundation for that feeling for the essential excellence of Art which, he hoped would insensibly follow.* Thus, in his ardour and public zeal, he trusted we should not only get excellence in Design for manufacture among our artisans, provided the broad and true principles of Art instruction were followed; but amongst our rich men and nobility, a race of statesmen and politicians would arise able to distinguish accurately, and appreciate the merits of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, competent to deal

* Charles I. was so convinced of the necessity of educating the English nobility in the principles of Art that he established an Academy for their especial instruction. It was called the 'Museum Minervæ,' and was organised in the house of Sir Francis Kingston in Covent Garden.—Ed.

with Art questions—than which nothing in those days was less understood in Parliament—and qualified to become enlightened patrons worthy of the genius of the country. Were this so, we should no longer be left open to the reflection that our educated, wealthy, and high-born men grow up, and "issue out to their respective public duties deficient in a feeling, the cultivation of which has brightened the glory of the greatest men and most accomplished princes."

But Haydon urged upon Parliament and the public that nothing satisfactory could be effected without concentrated and permanent support from Parliament. Parliament, he said, must aid and support these Schools of Design, these public galleries, these professorships, and for the purpose of keeping up the Historic Art of the country and the splendour of the nation, must employ English painters, as the Continental painters were employed by their respective Governments, upon a series of national pictures, in fresco or in oil, for the decoration of our public buildings, public offices, law-courts, town-halls, churches, cathedrals, and Houses of Parliament. In short, Parliament must give Painting and Design that public support which Greece and Italy gave, the glory and fortune of whose great painters and professors of Art was not left to depend upon the limited wants or caprice of individuals, but on the performance of great public works, for which their reward was a portion of the public expenditure.

Such were the views and opinions Haydon declared and urged for forty-two years, in public and private, by every means in his power; by pamphlets, by public letters, by appeals to Ministers, by petitions to Parliament, by lectures to the people. And he laboured, I regret to have to say it, not only single-handed, but opposed at every stage by the authority that should have helped him most, "the Royal Academy;" and upon no better plea apparently than that advanced by President Sir Martin Shee, viz., to support Haydon's views would be "injurious to their custom."

And this brings me at once to a leading event in Haydon's life—his separation from the Royal Academy. I would much rather have said nothing about the unpleasant business; for in

my humble opinion, as in Wilkie's and Sir George Beaumont's, the separation is much to be regretted in the public interest, provided matters could have been satisfactorily arranged. In Haydon, the Academy would have had a professor of painting such as Europe had not seen for some centuries; and, in the Academy, Haydon would have found a powerful instrument, of which he might officially have made enormous use for the benefit of Art, and to the great advantage of his country. Unfortunately differences arose, as differences always arise between the young men and the old institutions. Originality and independence of mind are inconsistent with the principles of a "society," where energy and public zeal are not so much wanted as respectful conformity with its rules and practice. It is not the ripe fruit but the dry fruit such societies prefer.

The rules, practice, and preferences of the Royal Academy, Haydon could not, as a painter, conscientiously approve. Though he seems to have wanted rather to elevate principles than to adopt new machinery. He would have repaired and oiled the old machine, and altered its construction in parts, but he would not have removed it. Their rule of self-election he considered unsound. Qualification was unprovided for, and responsibility wholly wanting. It placed in the hands of Academicians a power that could not be withdrawn, however abused; and he believed a power so held by an Academy of Art grasping all the honours, and nearly all the emoluments of the profession, invited its possessors to prefer their own interest to the interests of the public. He thought the rule should be absolute that a character for professional ability and integrity be made necessary to the possession of authority, and that decision on these points be left to the body of the profession, and not confined to the interested few. He did not question the motives of Academicians. Those might be perfectly satisfactory to themselves. But he complained that the spirit which animated the Council was corporate, selfish, monopolising, and mean, reducing Art to a sordid trade, and envious of the men who aimed at elevating the public taste. Further, he insisted on some better security that the interests of Art and of the public should be more fairly considered than self-election

for life, with eight pictures annually "on the line" by each Academician, was likely to offer.

In all this, it is now admitted, Haydon took a just view of the position and wants of the Art, the Academy, and of the Country. The Council of the Royal Academy thought otherwise. Nothing dies so hard as corporate abuse. There is a Judaic obstinacy about its defence that is magnificent. The Academy Council were not wanting on this occasion. They drove Haydon from their doors, and a desperate and determined struggle ensued between the two.* That Haydon never flinched is matter of fact. We know that for four-and-thirty years, under every circumstance of harass, anxiety, mortification, and ruin, four times repeated, he kept up this struggle, which, I believe, would have killed most men in the first four years without the remaining thirty. But then, he was essentially one of Horace's men: "Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."

How he forced society and the public to listen to and endorse his views, how nearly he succeeded in "reforming" the Royal Academy in spite of themselves, first with the King (George IV.), then with the Duke of Wellington, and latterly, with Parliament, are also matters of fact. But if he did not entirely succeed in carrying his plan for the "reform" of that institution, he first brought the Academy before a Committee of the House of Commons, 1836-38, and in spite of their determined resistance, broke the charm of their assumed privacy, and left Parliament and the public a valuable precedent for future use.

He lived also to see his own plan for the establishment of a central School of Design for London recommended to Parliament and adopted. And although the extension of his plan to the provinces was refused by the Government, obstructed by the Board of Trade, and intrigued against by the Royal Academy, he succeeded against all three authorities in rousing the people

* The late Lady Holland, in Lord Melbourne's hearing, once drew a parallel between Haydon and Ali Baba's brother. "No," said Lord Melbourne. "that is not a fair case. Haydon did not want to rob the Academy: he wanted to add to their wealth. Besides, he not only brought 'Forty Thieves' upon his back, but all the rich men behind them; and though they have often quartered, they never killed him." Lady Blessington told me this.—Ed.

to the imperative necessity of establishing such schools, and between 1836 and 1842 he carried his plan in all the principal towns triumphantly. He lived also to see public employment given to British artists by the State, and though he was kept out of all share in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, yet his "principle" was acknowledged, and acted on, and the "plan" was his own.*

If in his prime he died, suddenly and sadly, broken-hearted by pecuniary distress, yet he had lived long enough to see much that he had struggled for accepted, and to receive assurances that the worst abuses of the old academical system were swept away, and the path made easier for the young painters coming, and to come upon the stage. But to the last, it is not to be forgotten, he predicted much that is happening, the loss of good drawing among our artists, the break-down of our Schools of Design, from "a mean desire" of the authorities in Art, "not to raise skilful designers," lest "the established artist might be interfered with" (letter to Kirkup, 26th June, 1844); and the revival of the old bitterness and antagonism between the lay artists and the Royal Academy, if this institution was not "thoroughly and effectually reformed by Parliament."†

* It is the fashion nowadays to attribute to Prince Albert the foundation of our Schools of Design, and. the idea of the decoration by paintings of our Houses of Parliament. Without the least desire to depreciate the undoubtedly great services to Art of Prince Albert, it is to be observed that his late Royal Highness did not settle in this country before 1840, and that he took no active part in the Art affairs of England before his appointment to the head of the Royal Fine Arts' Commission of 1842; whereas the "Schools of Design" and the public employment of our painters in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament had been proposed by Haydon for the previous thirty years, and was, *de facto*, carried by him between 1836 and 1842. – Ed.

† If, from the events of the last two years, we may draw any conclusion, such a period of antagonism would appear to have been entered upon. The correspondence between "a landscape painter" and the Academy Hanging Committee of 1874, and the fact that, in 1875, the Academy rejected 3392 pictures out of 4800 sent in for exhibition, suggests matter for reflection. For it was as impossible to justify the tone taken by the Hanging Committee in 1874, as it is to believe that, out of the 3392 rejected paintings of 1875, anything could be found worse than a large proportion of the paintings by Academicians actually given place. and prominent place in the exhibition of the year. In either case the result is not hopeful. But privileged societies, like our Royal Academy, never appear to understand it is their interest to treat the outside world, particularly the professional part of it, with fairness and consideration. Such a course would lessen hostility. If it does not increase the strength of the society, at least it leads to the gradual subsidence of that extreme animosity and resentment which is inevitable, which often prevails, and is never wholly absent where there is a privileged, established, and possibly corrupt institution.—Ed.

During Haydon's long war with the Academy truces did occasionally occur, in which efforts to effect a reconciliation were made on both sides. Callcott, R.A., made the first in 1814. Haydon made another in 1826. Eastlake, R.A., and Collins, R.A., made a third in 1842; and Wilkie never ceased, while he lived, to try and effect a permanent peace. But concord was not possible, and each attempt ended as such attempts usually end where neither side believes in the sincerity of the other. "I forgive you," says Rowena to the Knight, "I forgive you, as a Christian"—"Which means," remarks Wamba, "that she does not forgive him at all." "Their minds," as Bacon has it, "were not planted far enough above their injuries" for peace to be lasting—any peace between them would have been broken in a month. The sign of the Dutch merchant who, beside the motto, "To perpetual peace," had hung the picture of a cemetery, was the fittest for both sides.

Whether and how far Haydon in this separation and conflict was prudent and right, or imprudent and wrong, or the reverse; whether he ought to have ploughed with the Academy cattle, whether the Academy would have lent him their cattle, or whether he could have ploughed with them, are questions upon which I give no opinion here. The facts of his life must decide. But his object throughout appears to me perfectly clear. He craved to anticipate that deficiency in High Art which he foresaw, sooner or later, would be deeply felt in this country, and he knew himself equal to supply that deficiency. Then again, he literally lusted for the supremacy of England over her Continental rivals in Art and Design, as in Science and War, and by means through which alone, in his opinion, Art can be enabled to produce on the minds of the people all those moral and sublime effects, and those material results of which he believed Art and Design to be truly capable. I am quite aware it has been imputed to Haydon, and by some of those who should know better, by Mr. Watts the painter for instance, that, he "embraced the cause of Art for his own personal gratification and advancement." But this may be promptly dismissed as one of those uncharitable and stale slanders always imputed to every man who aspires to make

his opinions felt in his lifetime, or who strives to make his fellow men wiser, or happier. Whatever were Haydon's faults and imperfections, and I am not about to write his panegyric, or to deny he had his share of human infirmities, avarice and self-seeking were certainly not among them. He had a mind ambitious of some higher distinction than merely making money, or gaining Court honours. That he sought Eminence and Fame in his Art, is true. Human nature is so constituted we never pursue anything heartily but upon hopes of some reward. But far beyond this was his love for his country, belief in his country's future, and a passionate desire that England should be pre-eminent in Art and Design. He fixed his mind not only upon what was useful, but upon what was great and famous. And so far as he could form an opinion of the interests of British Art, he acted, and to the best of his ability, without reference to his own personal gain, and not caring whether "authority" was pleased or displeased with the course which, in the public interest, he deemed it his duty to take. He looked for his reward in the promotion of the views and principles he urged, and in the good opinion and remembrance of his fellow countrymen.

FREDERIC W. HAYDON.

LONDON, *December 1st*, 1875.

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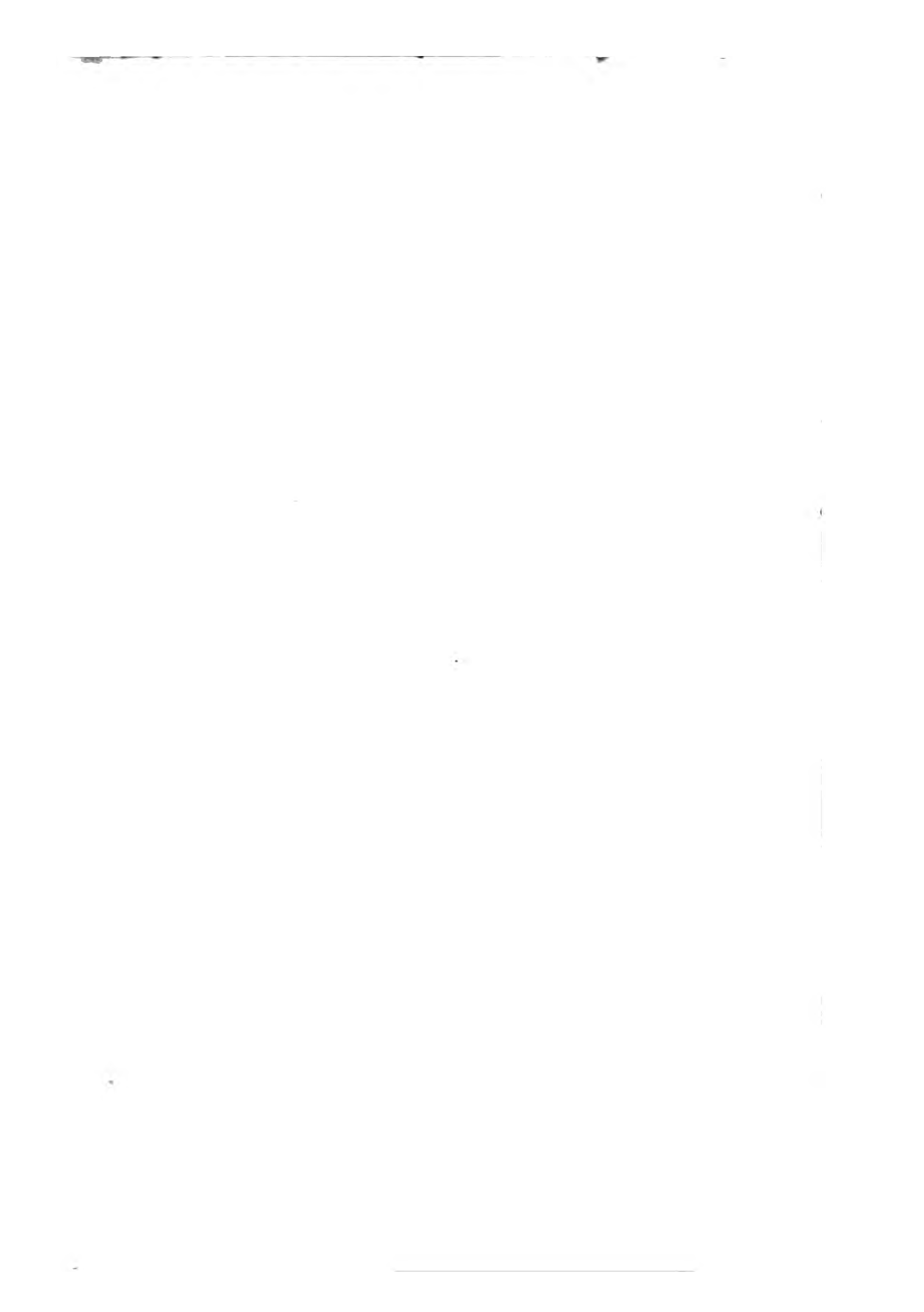

B.R. Haydon by David Wilkie.

B. R. HAYDON.

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

FIRST PERIOD.

Haydon was born on the night of the 26th of January, 1786. He was brought into the world, according to my grandfather's journal, in the midst of "very dirty weather" and a "S.W. gale."

My grandfather had a habit of tacking on the state of the wind and weather to every event he set down. "Poor Mrs. Burgess died in childbed. Poor Tom Burgess much distressed. Wind W.N.W., weather fine." Haydon, in his own 'Life,' says this meteorological statement always "alleviated any pain" he felt at the afflictions related.

It was a consolation to find the course of nature went on. You contrasted the perseverance of the wind doing its duty with the grief of your father's friends. Poor Tom Burgess had lost his wife, but he ought to be comforted, for the wind was "westerly" and the weather "fine." My grandmother was taken in labour with, as he hoped, a son and heir, but what troubled him most was that, the wind was "S.W." and the weather "dirty."

Haydon was born in Wimpole Street, Plymouth, in the well-known house, still standing, of his grandfather, Robert Haydon, "Printer and Stationer." Robert Haydon was a peculiar man. His grandson seems to have learned very little about him. He was separated in early life from his family, to

which he never appears to have been reconciled, for he never seems to have had further communication with them. This peculiarity descended to his grandson. I apprehend they both liked their own honest will, and consequently stood apart from their relations, determined to owe their success or failure in life entirely to themselves. This is a scheme of life hardly suitable to an old country where nearly everything turns upon "connections," but it succeeded with my great-grandfather.

Robert Haydon, after some vicissitudes, became engaged to Miss Baskerville, of Cornwood, Devon, put himself into the office of the 'Flying Post,' at Exeter, to learn printing, married Miss Baskerville, and, with her money and his own, he went down to Plymouth, about 1740, and set up in business as "Printer and Stationer." I have heard it asserted that he introduced the printing-press into Plymouth—but this is a credit to which he has no claim. He had several children, but only one son and one daughter survived. Robert Haydon is said to have been an active man of business, fond of reading, fond of painting, and a trifle morose in his temper. He prospered, grew rich, and determined to make his only surviving son an officer in the army, and to educate him accordingly. While the boy was completing his education under Dr. Garnett, of Chudleigh, Robert Haydon was seized with an affection of the heart in December, 1773, and died, apparently before he thought it time to make his Will.

The boy was immediately called home by his mother and required to give up all visions of military glory. He must take his father's place. Thus, the destinies of the family were changed. Our name might have been enrolled on the list of Peninsular heroes or extinguished on the plains of Hindostan. For, not improbably, the withdrawal of my grandfather from a military career determined the profession of his only son, Haydon the Painter.

My grandfather, Benjamin Haydon, was an unambitious lad of affectionate disposition, and he complied at once with his mother's wishes. He also was fond of literature and art, and with his constitutional love of ease, the change was possibly not wholly opposed to his inclination. He gave up the army and entered on his father's business, to which he soon added that of Publishing. In 1782 he married Miss Cobley, a relative of the Blackall family, of which was Offspring Blackall, Bishop

of Exeter. Miss Cobley was one of the many children of the Rev. B. Cobley, Curate of Shillingford, and subsequently Rector of Dodbrooke. Of Mrs. Haydon's brothers one became a partner in her husband's business, another became Vicar of Cheddar * and a Prebendary of Wells, and the youngest, Thomas Cobley, began life as Chamberlain to the last King of Poland, then joined the Russian Army, rose rapidly, became a distinguished general, settled in the Crimea, and at one time was Commander-in-Chief at Odessa. The late Emperor Nicolas knew General Cobley well, and valued him highly. Of Mrs. Haydon's sisters one was married to a wealthy merchant at Leghorn, and another, the eldest, became the Countess Mordwinoff, of Russia, wife of the Admiral Count Mordwinoff, President of the Imperial Council, &c. &c. Through her cousins, the Leys, of Somerset, Mrs. Haydon was also highly connected in England. But all this is only worth mentioning in order to state that her son, Haydon the Painter, never troubled any of his relatives, preferring, like his grandfather, "to be the first man" of his own family.

Mrs. Haydon was a vivacious woman, of handsome presence, rapid apprehension, and many accomplishments. She was imperious, quick tempered, tender hearted to a degree, passionately attached to her children, not very judicious in their management, and of unbounded benevolence to all in distress. She has been known, on her walks in winter, to go up a dark passage, strip herself of her quilted petticoat and give it to some poor shivering wretch who had begged her charity. I mention these little traits because they were all, more or less, the inheritance of her son. He was equally passionate, impetuous, and humane.

To the young couple two children only were born: one son, Benjamin Robert Haydon, the subject of this memoir, and one daughter, Harriet, Mrs. Haviland, of Bridgewater, still living (1875).

To their children no parents could be more indulgent, though, from what I have heard my father repeat, I suspect the good people were always in the "positive" mood. There is a vast deal more to be got out of the "negative" mood, which

* Cheddar is remarkable, among other curiosities, for being the village wherein Hannah More, on her visit in 1791, found only one Bible, and that propping a flower-pot.—Ed.

parents overlook. Very possibly with their only boy, between their love of indulgence and their desire to train him rightly, inconsistencies became habitual, and his grandmother's love of letting him have his own way, and then of correcting him for taking it, made matters no better. I have heard him say he was alternately scolded and spoiled, the worst possible training for an impetuous, self-willed boy. For his own part, Haydon always regretted he had not an elder brother. But then he would probably have thrashed him into submission to his own authority, and that would not have benefited either. The grandmother died in 1791, and then the young couple succeeded to the entire control of what had become a great and growing business, and to the unmolested management of their own children. I do not know that this was more judicious. The credulous nurse seems to have taken the place of the indulgent grandmother. As English nurses are the most illiterate and narrow-minded of their class, I do not suppose the change was to the boy's advantage. Yet it is to the hands of these women we confine the formation of the character of our children, forgetting that every man's character is the mould of his fortune.

My grandfather was a High Tory, a warm adherent of Pitt, and a staunch "Church and State" man. The fact of his being printer and publisher to the Duke of Clarence, and having Admiralty contracts, and being connected with the Church by marriage, may have helped him a little towards the settlement of his political convictions. But over and above all, he was a thorough-bred Englishman, and loyal to the backbone. He spent his money freely in the service of the Government, and he gave his time and personal influence without a thought of reward, or of anything but his sense of duty to the Government of his country. His voluminous correspondence with the Admiralty during his lifetime shows him to have been a valuable and public-spirited man. On one occasion, by his great local influence, he prevented a serious outbreak among the dockyard workmen, and cleverly outwitted the delegates from Chatham who had arrived to organise a "strike." And on all occasions he is quick to foresee and warn the Government of dangers that must not be despised. Then he seems to me to have been one of the first men to organise a system of "Special Correspondence." He has the

earliest information of the movements of fleets and armies, and this he transmits privately and immediately to the Admiralty. Had he been a stock-jobber, which he never was, he might have rivalled a modern syndicate. All this he did at his own expense; for beyond the official thanks of the Admiralty, repeatedly transmitted to him, for his "valuable services," it is clear he never sought for, nor received compensation in any form. On the contrary, Mr. Addington's Admiralty, on a plea of economy, and on the recommendation of some of their officials, in 1802, deprived Mr. Haydon of his contracts for stationery, &c.—contracts which, he states in his memorial to the Board, "had been in his House for 47 years, without one word of complaint from any quarter." But that availed him nothing. If a man was too proud to flatter and too honourable to bribe, he stood no chance in those days, and so Mr. Haydon lost his contracts. And that was all the reward, saving the "thanks," he ever received. But it did not affect his public zeal, for he corresponded with the Admiralty to the last.

It will be easily understood from this description of him that his hospitable house should be a general rendezvous of officers of the garrison and fleet. County neighbours, town councillors, aldermen, and mayor, all met there to gossip and discuss the problems of the day, and to ponder on the probability of that Great Revolution the exasperation of Rousseau was kindling over Europe. Children, we know, are more or less affected by the state of society about them, as it affects their parents; and thus it is not difficult to see how Haydon acquired that bias for politics and war, which he never lost to the last day of his life. The people about the child talked of nothing else. The busy town of Plymouth, so picturesquely situated, with its rocks and water, its ships and batteries; and Devonport—it then went by the name of Dock—with its building ships and basins; and Mount Edgcumbe, with its beautiful woods; and the vast Sound, with its huge men-of-war floating on its waters: all contained a thousand elements to attract and fascinate a fearless and imaginative boy. I have often heard him describe his recollections of those days, after the war had begun, how the Sound was filled with fighting-fleets preparing for sea, or triumphantly returning, battered and blackened, with shattered spars and torn sails, but with the captured ships of the enemy in tow; and how gallant frigates, amidst the

cheers of thousands of people, were to be seen rounding the point into the inner harbour, with the Union Jack floating proudly above the Tricolour or the Spanish flag, while the guns of the batteries thundered out salutes in honour of the victors. Such sights, and they were by no means infrequent, were calculated to develop a child's faculties, to arouse his pugnacity, and leave lasting impressions upon his young mind. It is, perhaps, best for children to be kept tranquil and happy. But in those days, at a seaport, it was impossible. Men and women talked of nothing else but battles and sieges, and actions by sea or land, of Nelson, of Marat, Robespierre, Tom Paine, and, in time, Napoleon. Their children were even taken on board the captured ships* to examine the effects of action, and habitually played with bone guillotines, cutting off the King of France's head—toys put together and sold by French prisoners.

The influence of such things upon an impressionable lad of vehement disposition cannot be doubted. Hazlitt always said such an education was "admirably calculated to make Haydon a boatswain of a man-of-war," and to some extent Hazlitt was right, though that was his way of expressing envy of Haydon's boisterous good health. For though most of what a man has he inherits from his infant life, it does not follow that he enters upon the whole of his inheritance. Haydon retained to the last the effects of these early influences, and they occasionally stood him in good stead; though it may be questioned whether, without experiencing them in the first instance, he would ever have required their services.

Amidst all this life of excitement and surprises I can only get a glimpse of Haydon as a little boy. He was certainly no philosopher in petticoats, but a wild, self-willed, affectionate lad, uneven in spirits, and a great plague. He showed no striking predilection for art. The recognition of things by their forms occupies a large share of the mental activity of all children; but Haydon does not seem even to have

* My father used to tell us how he remembered being taken on board one of our frigates docked for repairs after action, and being pointed out the trace of a shot which had passed fore and aft, taking off the heads of the captains of several guns, scattering blood and brains along the beams. A beautiful education for a child! In 1798, after the "Nile," he remembered meeting Nelson on the Hoe, a little man in a shabby cocked hat, with a green shade over one eye. The boy took his hat off, and Nelson returned the salute and smiled at him.—Ed.

indulged himself to this extent in a high degree. He was pleased with prints, like most children—nothing more. His earliest recollection of drawing was trying to copy a print of "Louis the Sixteenth (in his shirt sleeves) taking leave of his People," and drawing a very magnificent officer of the Guards who was a visitor at the house. But he remembered that he put the poor man's eyes into his forehead, and joined his legs on to his neck. My grandfather laughed at him, and the boy began to observe more closely. But that which first developed his passion for art was the conversation and teaching of Dr. Bidlake, Head Master of Plymouth Grammar School, to which Haydon was sent in 1792. Dr. Bidlake was an able and eccentric man of talent, who dabbled in poetry and painting, and delighted in boys who showed taste for drawing. Such a lad he found in young Haydon, and to the development of this taste the good Doctor devoted all his energies.* The boy soon began to draw correctly; and he relates in his 'Life' how he remembered his father saying one day to my grandmother, "My dear, Colonel Hawker likes the boy's drawings." "What does *he* know of drawing?" said my grandmother, with that love of tearing off disguises which belongs to the sex, "What does *he* know?" "You know, my dear, he *must* know," replied my grandfather, with an emphasis that showed he no more believed in the Colonel than my grandmother; only, the Colonel being an important man and a good customer, he wished before his son to give the Colonel credit for omniscience.

Meanwhile, Dr. Bidlake passing lightly over all else, putting no great value on *Propria quæ maribus* or *as in præsenti*, devoted himself chiefly to teaching the lad how to observe the beauties of nature. To young Haydon and a few more of his favourite

* Worth, in his 'History of Plymouth,' asserts that Haydon was first taught drawing by one of my grandfather's apprentices, T. H. Williams, and that Williams got his discharge in consequence. I think I have heard my father speak of Williams, but I doubt Williams's teaching the boy to draw. Worth also asserts that Samuel Prout taught him to draw. But this I never heard, and I think if it had been so I should have heard of it, for Prout and Haydon corresponded to the last. Another assertion of Worth, that in 1801–2 Haydon (then a lad of sixteen) wrote a 'History of the Port of Plymouth' for the 'Naval Chronicle,' is certainly an error. It was my grandfather, whose initials were the same. Haydon never wrote a line for print before 1810. Worth also asserts that Maclise was one of Haydon's pupils. This must be an error. Maclise unfortunately, as some think, was never trained or instructed by Haydon. Indeed I believe they never met until one evening in 1845 (6th December), when they found themselves sitting opposite to one another at the hospitable table of the late Judge Talfourd, who there and then made them known to each other.—Ed.

pupils the good doctor would give up much of his spare time, and on fine days take them up the granite glens and wooded coombes shaded with birch and oak, and pointing out from some hill-side the wide landscape of coppice and orchard, and the village church "flinging the shadow of its old antiquity," teach them how to mark the scene and study the beauties of the sunset before them. In this easy kind of school life the boy enjoyed one great advantage that is lost to us now. His little head was not crammed with useless facts that he had neither the power nor the will to turn to good account. He knew, I feel sure, very little of his Latin grammar, or of history, but a great deal of God's handywork, of light and shadow, foregrounds and backgrounds, seas, sunsets, trees, and this, with boating, fishing, and riding, formed his stock of knowledge and accomplishments. Wandering about the green hills and lovely coombes of Devon with the good doctor and half a dozen select pupils left his intellect to grow unexhausted. And there, sitting under jutting rocks, or stretched on the fresh turf with a clear brown stream running at their feet, dashing away into a broad fall of foam, they passed school days worthy of that happiness so often and so insincerely regretted. In after-life he must have cast many a lingering look behind. I think there can be no question it was here the boy's taste for poetry and painting first developed. The pursuits of a life are often enough influenced by a single word, idly dropped, but here was a boy led by the example and encouragement of his master to the culture of that taste, with which he only had discovered the boy was unconsciously endowed. And this mode of instruction and life also developed in him that passionate reverence for the works of God which became such a feature in his character as a man. But the good doctor must not be allowed the whole credit of Haydon's instruction in art. At the head of the binding department of the business premises was a Neapolitan, named Fenzi. This man had remarked the young master's taste for drawing, and was resolved, if he could, to turn it into a higher channel than landscape. Fenzi got the boy's ear one half holiday, and telling him of the beauties of the Vatican, and of the glorious works of Raphael, and of Michel Angelo in the Capella Sistina, he so excited the boy by his eloquent description that they became fast friends. The delight of the boy was un-

bounded at this new discovery, his curiosity insatiable. Every spare hour was spent in Fenzi's office, and Dr. Bidlake was deserted. After an exhaustive description, Fenzi would bare his arm and say, "Do not draw de landscape, draw de feegoore, Master Benjamin," and Master Benjamin began to try.

And thus was first awakened and then unconsciously strengthened that latent predisposition which was to disqualify Haydon from conducting a lucrative business, and prove an enigma and mortification, rather than a delight, to his parents and friends.

After some years of this life the boy came out at ten years of age full of uncertain thoughts. Nobody exactly knew what to make of him. His sister tells me that at times he was reserved and thoughtful to a degree, with a tone of conversation far beyond boys of his age, and very much given to drawing, reading, and lonely wandering. Every life of every great man he could get hold of he read eagerly. Let loose among his father's books, he fed his sensibilities and excited his own ambition by reading the lives of ambitious men. Not that he buzzed about from subject to subject, picking up a scrap here and a scrap there, but very leisurely following up the train of thought from book to book, and pondering over what he read, concentrating his mind upon one subject at a time. Then he would suddenly abandon reading and go about in a reverie of lonely musing and silent thought, sitting on the rocks for hours together, watching the bright stars shining in the breathless sea. Then he would have a mischievous freak and drive everyone distracted in the house. But there was one thing that always settled him steadily to work. If ever it was brought home to him that he was ignorant of what he really ought to know, or inferior in what he ought to be superior, he set to work vigorously to excel. His love of excellence was touched, and perhaps his love of distinction, for as early as this, 1797–8, the master passion of the boy was to win praise by excellence in his work. And as it was in the beginning, so it was to the end. We shall see that the basis of his character was thoroughness, coupled with generosity and love of distinction, and the older he grew the more he strove after the highest excellence by self-culture, often at the expense of his fortune, yet always in pursuit of a noble object. When Haydon got praise he generally deserved it.

Suddenly in 1797 he came out in a new character. He had picked up the idea of "Evening Entertainments." It is possible Charles Matthews might have been at Plymouth, or my grandfather might have seen him in London. At all events the boy got hold of the idea, and went to work at it with his usual impetuosity. He bought colours and brushes, got paper from Fenzi, and, painting a series of capital illustrations, he put up a stage and footlights in his mother's drawing-room, invited a select party to be present, and gave an entertainment of extraordinary "Adventures," which had never happened to him, illustrating the different incidents by his own drawings as he told his story. Here we see the outline of Haydon's "Exhibition of Pictures," and Haydon's "Lectures" of later years. His success was unequivocal. His good father and mother, luckily for his amusement, did not fully comprehend how powerful is the influence of first studies upon the formation of character, nor how greatly is predisposition enlarged by habit, or they might have subjected their boy to some of the pressure put upon Petrarch, Alfieri, and other young heroes. And for my part I venture to regret this restraint was not put upon him. For we may depend upon it, such talent in so young a boy was certain to be injudiciously invested with an exaggerated halo. Yet nothing is more absolutely necessary in the education of children, gifted with a lively imagination and sensitive minds, to restrain rather than stimulate their imagination, or their vanity. The bent of every child's mind should be followed, but followed judiciously. Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided. And I am hard enough to think if, instead of these evening exhibitions, Haydon had been set down to master a problem in Euclid, the discipline of such a course would have been of a far greater value to him in after-life than anything he got. The object should have been to strengthen his self-control, and this is to be done much more effectually by mathematical or ethical studies than fond parents can be brought to believe.

However, no restraint was put upon the boy: they never tried to curb his will, nor to teach him that first and greatest of all lessons, to try and curb it himself. My grandfather was delighted with his boy, smiled on him approvingly, and watched his growing love of self-abstraction without a fear. In order the better to secure himself from domestic intrusion

while preparing fresh scenes for new entertainments, Haydon now constructed a little hut round the window of one of the attics in his father's house. Here, like the young Alfieri retiring to his cave, would the young Haydon secrete himself when school was over, and instead of preparing his next day's lesson, draw, paint, and "lecture" to himself so long as daylight lasted. At night, before going to bed, he learned his lessons; at least he always assured us he did so. These are trifles, but his impetuous industry in after-life, his passion for excellence in his work, his love of distinction, and the eminence he attained in art, and as a lecturer upon art, make them interesting.

But whatever his dominant passion, my grandfather had destined him for business. It was not, however, until my grandfather's comfort had been interfered with by these evening entertainments that he appears to have awakened to the mischief going on. He had first thought it was a mere amusement; now he thought it looked serious; then he became alarmed; then filled with dismay. What did it all mean? This seclusion to himself; this love for scenery and foot-lights; this painting all day. Surely the boy was not going to be a play-actor! The idea of his son becoming an artist, a painter by profession of real pictures for exhibition and purchase, was, to my grandfather, the most improbable incident that could occur. He intended the boy to succeed him in the business, and this unusual love for "scenery," "exhibitions," "foot-lights," and "applause," was inconsistent with the character of a business man, and must be stopped. Having himself suffered from too great an intimacy with Art, and actresses, he thought it the soundest morality to preach that you should have no acquaintance whatever with the hated things. My grandfather, in short, became seriously alarmed. But it was too late. The mischief was done. A boy who has had his own way unchecked for ten or twelve years is not to be broken then.

To an imaginative boy who did not want ambition or vanity, the continued applause of injudicious friends had already fixed him in the career, to which by predisposition and self-culture he was irresistibly attracted. Nevertheless my grandfather determined on decisive measures. These tendencies must be counteracted by more strict discipline. The boy was forthwith (1798) removed from Dr. Bidlake, and sent away from home

influences to Plympton, under Mr. Haynes, a severe man of high reputation as a scholar. To Mr. Haynes were given the most express instructions against all acting or recitals, or the use of pencil or paint-brush. But that was of little real importance while pens, ink, and paper were to be had. Haydon had not been a week at his new school before he had made pen-and-ink sketches of most of his school-fellows, on scraps of paper, in the backs of books, behind the doors—anywhere in fact—till at length grown bold by impunity, he sketched the parish clerk at church on Sunday, to that official's obvious indignation. Then he drew a hunt on the school-room wall with burnt sticks, then tried to etch, and squeezed off impressions with the school ink in the table-cloth press. Then he took upon himself to teach the boys to draw. In short it was the old story over again. The one thing forbidden he hankered after, and always indulged in secretly. If Haydon had been "saturated" with drawing by compulsion, as the Russians saturate a drunkard with drams, he probably would have thrown it up for a time in disgust.

Haydon remained with Mr. Haynes till 1801, and completed his education at this school. In mathematics he was backward; but he was well grounded in Latin and Greek, and wrote and spoke French fairly. Italian he afterwards taught himself. In English history and general literature he was well informed. He had worked hard to beat boys above him, and had risen to be head boy of the school, both by right of learning and fighting, in which latter quality he was remarkably proficient. I have been told by those who remembered him in his school-days that he was a quick-witted, high-spirited, generous boy, headstrong and imprudent, but a great favourite, because distinguished in the school for his hatred of anything unjust or unfair. He always defended the weak against the strong, and having been once severely thrashed by a bigger boy in consequence, he set himself resolutely to improve his method of fighting. When he thought himself equal to the task, he challenged his conqueror, fought, and thrashed him. In much the same way he fought his road up steadily step by step to the lead of the school, which, when fairly won, was not denied him. In after-life we shall find him doing much the same to win the lead of his profession. But your claims are not so readily admitted by the world, which prefers to be led by established mediocrity.

In 1801 he was finally removed from school, and placed for six months under the special charge of an accountant, at Exeter, for instruction in book-keeping, &c. Haydon was now in his sixteenth year, and up to very recently was still remembered at Exeter, as wild as an unbacked colt. Everything there with him was in extremes. In love with every pretty girl he met, and, when he saw a fresh face, always marvelling at his last delusion :—

> "Est mea nunc Glycera, mea nunc est cura Lycoris,
> Lida modo meus est, et modo Phillis amor." *

Vehement in his antipathies, warm in his friendships, enthusiastic in his love of reading, impassioned in his love for art, and irrepressible in his pugnacity, he drove the good accountant to his wits' end as how to deal with him. It seemed as if all the contending passions of all the Haydons for the previous forty generations had met in this lad, and were by turns to be feverishly indulged. The over-wrought education he had received at home was telling on him. But the wet blanket was at hand. At the end of six months he returned home, and was formally installed in his father's counting-house.

Now that his school-days were over, and he found himself shackled in his liberty, deprived of his art, and brought face to face with business in detail, the change was so sudden and so offensive, his repugnance to the prospect grew daily. The monotonous nature, the uncongenial direction of his employment, the dull toil of an uninspired life thoroughly disgusted him; and his Uncle Cobley, who had become a partner in the business, took good care not to let the boy settle down to it comfortably. He had views of his own. Uncles sometimes have. My grandfather, who did not quite see all that was going on, watched his son only, and watched him curiously. Providence had blessed him with an only son, but he was full of unintelligible fancies. He had hoped the boy would supply his own deficiencies. He promised to be more defective. He saw it all—"saw and pined his loss." He reasoned with him. He showed him that nothing is loved that is not known, and if in this foolish matter of painting he would only stint his curiosity for a year or two, the desire would leave him. He had felt the same at the same age, and so had his father before

* Ariosto, 'De Diversis Amoribus.'—Ed.

him, and had not the desire left them? If they had indulged it to the exclusion of more serious thoughts, where would have been the great "Business"? "When you know yourself better, my dear boy, you will laugh at these delusions." And then, "would it not be a sin and a shame to allow so fine a business to pass out of the hands of its founders for the mere want of a little self-denial"? As this was my grandfather's particular failing, I have no doubt he pressed it strongly on his son. Finding that Nature had given his son a singular taste for disputing on most points, my grandfather gradually abandoned argument and tried force. "Who has put this stuff into your head? Fenzi? He shall be discharged. Well, then, go to work and think no more about it!" It is evident to me my grandfather had no faith in the creative faculty of his son. He looked upon a great painter or a great poet as an exceptional and unhealthy creation—beautiful, but an error of Nature. Men were intended for employment and enjoyment—business and dinner—and the cultivation of bad poets and bad painters, though common as bad cooks, ought vigorously to be repressed by all men anxious for their country's good. They should be sent to sea, or put to business, and made to stick at it. This view is practically sound, but it has this inconvenience: it provokes contradiction, and invariably brings disappointment, particularly if the parental mentor is insisting upon his child deriving a benefit from knowledge which has never proved a restraint upon himself. Haydon knew that both father and uncle had suffered from the want of that self-control they now preached, and that they were not generally in the habit of calling themselves to account for the errors and weaknesses of their lives. That is a medicine to most of us, and sometimes "piercing and corrosive." And the boy never having been taught to curb his inclinations, he naturally preferred his own view of life to that which my grandfather rather maladroitly pressed upon him. Thus differences began; then came disagreements; then loss of mutual love. Gifted with a high poetic temperament, the moody misery, the despair of a spirited boy under a load of bill-books, and black looks from his father after dinner, and possibly sarcastic remarks upon his being "up in the clouds," and the infinitesimal value of a son, of whose superior knowledge and higher aims in life the father was a trifle jealous, can be easily

imagined by sympathetic minds who have similarly suffered. I believe it was agony to the boy. To think that all he loved and lived for was to pass away from him, smothered under files and folios of growing accounts! It was simply unendurable. To his only sister he poured forth his misery. At length the pinch came. He could bear it no longer, and as he had a habit of always going very straight at his mark, he told his father in so many words that he would have "nothing more to do with the business." What he would do he did not quite know; but he knew what he would not do. This brought matters to a crisis. Most families have a crisis of the kind sooner or later, all arising from imperfect education, and my readers will be quite prepared to hear that Haydon was subjected to much domestic criticism, but met with no sympathy. The uncles and aunts who are always called in on these occasions, and are always ready to do everything for you except the very thing you wish, appear to have condemned the boy's conduct as "ungrateful." They were of the opinion of Le Sage when he apostrophises the English people,—"with liberty, property, and three meals a day, surely you are the most unhappy people upon earth." But unfortunately boys of sixteen, afflicted with that mortal restlessness which inspires thoughts of high design, do often feel a natural unfitness and disinclination for the vulgar realities of business pursuits, though Fortune be at the end. In the midst of the crisis the boy fell ill: inflammation attacked his eyes, and he lost his sight for six weeks. When he rallied he had greatly lost his natural sight, and was ever after compelled to wear spectacles. Some of the family regarded this as a judgment of Providence for his ingratitude. But it never struck Haydon in this light, nor in any other than that, if he succeeded in his art without his natural sight he would be the first painter who had done so. Here was a touch of that simple courage that was in him.

As soon as his health was recovered, his father anticipated that now the boy's natural sight being gone too far for art, he would be glad enough to return to the office. But again he was to be perplexed. Haydon accidentally met with a volume of 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.' He read one, and finding Reynolds express a strong conviction that all men are equal in capacity, and that application makes the difference, Haydon made up his mind, in spite of his loss of sight, to be a

Painter. He could see well enough to read near, and so to draw, and if to draw, to paint. What more was requisite his industry should supply. He took the book to bed with him, passed a sleepless night, acted over and over again the scene he intended to play at breakfast next morning, and falling asleep at daylight, nearly lost his chance of both. In the midst of breakfast he appeared, his toilet showing evident marks of haste, 'Reynolds's Discourses' under his arm, his eyes wild with want of rest and excitement. He opened the campaign by briefly stating his wish to go to London and enter the Royal Academy as a student! If he had dropped a shell on the breakfast table he could not have astounded the family more. His Uncle Cobley, his great opponent, stopped cracking his egg, gazed dubiously into the boy's face to see if any intellects were there, raised his eyebrows, and being a very powdered and precise man, wiped his mouth twice with his napkin; then, leaning back in his chair, he looked across at my grandfather, and with a loud "a-hem," waited for the result. My grandfather put down his cup and said, "Eh—what?" The boy, quivering with excitement, repeated his wishes. "Pooh! nonsense," said my grandfather. "Nonsense," repeated Uncle Cobley in a firm voice, and went on with his egg. Then my grandfather laughed, then lost his temper; and my grandmother beginning to cry, in ten minutes the whole house was in an uproar. Uncle Cobley finished his breakfast.

In the course of the day, Uncle Cobley said, "the boy must be mad," and that was the only opinion he was ever heard to express. He probably thought it the surest card to play to lead his nephew out of the business.

For six months longer the young Haydon had to fight his way against the daily badgering and baiting of the whole family but his mother and sister. From these only did he get any sympathy, and for that he bore them in the most affectionate remembrance all his life. His mother went further. She gave him sound counsel, *sub rosâ,* and bade him never to surrender his rights as the heir of his father. She seems to have had a presentiment of her own early death, and to have distrusted her brother. In order to show that he was in earnest, Haydon went to a sale and bought a valuable copy of Albinus—which he had the audacity to leave the "business" to pay for—and retiring to his hut, set to work learning the

origin and insertion of the muscles of the human form. This was a sound idea.

The domestic struggle between father and son had lasted now nearly two years, and it was time to bring it to a close. But neither side would give in: the son, arguing that all petty considerations of money and business should yield to the gratification of his high ambition, feeling within himself the energy to carry out his views if he were only supported for a few years; the father, like all weak men without nerve, obstinate in the wrong place, resenting the whole proposal as a delusion and a folly, and insisting upon his son following the course he had prescribed for him, and no other, instead of finding out what really was his bent. This question of parental authority is of course a debateable question. But *primâ facie*, though a father's authority is not to be lightly set aside, a boy's own will is rather a sacred thing, and any aggression upon that will no light matter, assuming of course that the object desired is desirable in itself. My own experience of life tells me that it is best to give in to a boy's bent, and to throw upon him the responsibility of never repenting of your generosity. It is for him to take care of that. My grandfather seems at the last to have arrived at this conclusion. To further oppose this half-blind, earnest, and enthusiastic lad might lead to some real mischief, and not make a business man of him after all.

So at length it was agreed—partly, I am inclined to think, by the gentle persuasion of my grandmother, though it grieved her fond heart to part with him—that the boy should be allowed to go up to London and study at the Royal Academy for two years on trial. Inquiries were made; lodgings were taken (348, Strand); and one fine May evening (14th May, 1804), Haydon, with all that eager feeling of immortality peculiar to youth, left his home. All that day, however, he had hung about his mother with a fluttering at the heart in which duty, affection, and ambition were struggling for the mastery. As evening approached he missed her; presently the guard's horn announced the coming mail; he rushed upstairs calling her dear name, and was answered only by violent sobbings from his own bedroom. She could not bear to see him; he could just make out, "God bless you, my dear child." The guard became impatient; the boy returned slowly downstairs, his heart very full, shook his father by the hand, took his seat

quickly; the coachman cracked his whip, the horses sprung forward, and Haydon's stormy career in life was begun. My grandfather naturally went back to his room, took out his diary, and entered the fact:—"*14th May.*—Ben started for London. Weather fine. Wind east."

In the previous eighteen months' domestic purgatory Haydon had undergone he had made himself master of the anatomy of the human form, and he had framed out a certain two years' course of study before he should consider himself fitted to paint. This shows what clear views he had already formed upon his art, and to some extent explains the means by which he acquired his professional superiority so rapidly; it was by the sound and extensive knowledge of the human form and by his extraordinary facility of drawing which this course of study gave. Whatever difference there may be as to the necessity or convenience of Haydon's course of art-instruction, there can be none as to the knowledge you gain of internal and external construction, and of the complete mastery which, in consequence of such a course of training, he at least won over his own hand and eye.

Haydon in 1804 was just in his nineteenth year; a slim, handsome, inquisitive lad, with aquiline features, a ruddy complexion, a fierce azure grey eye, and black curly hair, and exulting in what Erasmus calls "basileâ, athleticâ, pancraticâ valetudine"—a healthfulness of mind and body which excited him to rise superior to circumstances, and win reward by the force alone of his industry and genius.

With the animal instincts strong within him, with a handsome person, and with means at his command, his parents may well be excused if they felt some apprehension of what his career would be in that great City of London, the grave of young reputations. But Haydon never seems to have given his parents one moment's uneasiness in this respect. His strong domestic affections proved a valuable safeguard, and he was by habit and nature so robust in his temperance as to be able to rise above evil influences. He sought no society. He went straight to his lodgings, unpacked his Albinus and his drawings, bought Bell's book on Anatomy and a few casts, and at once began his studies. For six months he thus worked alone and incessantly, day and night, rising early and

going late to bed, and with short intervals for meals, devoting himself wholly to drawing from the round, heads, hands and feet, and to making careful anatomical studies for his future guidance in art. So intent was he upon training his eye and hand into accurate drawing that he never delivered his letters of introduction, and rarely answered those of inquiry from home. "What is Benjamin about that he never writes?" asked his father of one of the Cobleys, who had just returned from London. "Oh, he is mad—certainly—no doubt about it!" said Cobley. "I found him lying on the floor studying anatomy, with Albinus before him—he is certainly mad!" But there was considerable method in the boy's madness, which it is not always given to the Cobleys of a family to see. The gift of discrimination is uncommon in families one towards another. Mad or not, the boy continued to work at his task before him. It was an intense one, but a task that was done. Young as he was, he looked on his art as anything but an amusement, or as a mere money-making trade. To him it was already an inspiration from God, a serious work by which the minds of the people were to be fed by lessons of wisdom and of truth, and the nation led to moral and material success. In most other young men this would have been ridiculous presumption. To men like Haydon it was a creed. He was already revolving in his mind vast schemes of art reform, and was selecting sacred and historical subjects he would paint for his purpose.* He

* The list is curious, and shows what ambitious projects filled the mind of this boy of nineteen. It contains in all thirty-eight subjects. The titles of some are no longer legible:—

1. 'Achilles arming for Battle.'
2. 'Milton playing on his Organ—blind.'
3. 'Aaron appeasing the Almighty.'
4. 'Christ foretelling the Destruction of Jerusalem.'
5. 'Samson pulling down the Philistines.'
6. 'Adam reconciling Eve after her Dream.'
7. 'The Spirit of Cæsar appearing to Brutus.'
8. 'A Woman contemplating the Body of a Man she has just murdered.'
9. 'Scene in a Mad-house.'
10. 'Ugolino.'
11. 'The Judgment of Paris.'
12. 'Christ appearing to His Disciples at Sea.'
13. 'Christ disappearing from Emmaus.'
14. 'The Crucifixion.'
15. 'The Judgment of Solomon.'
16. 'A Mother dashing down a Precipice with her Child, on escaping from the Murder of the Innocents'—that in the background.
17. 'Hercules recovering his Senses, and finding his Family murdered by his side.'

[18. 'Antigone

did not desire, as it has been erroneously attributed to him, to restore Greek work, but to ascertain by research the principles upon which the Greeks reached such excellence in their art, and to try to equal, if not to surpass them. The English painters, he had found out, never dissected man or animal. They trusted to their skill and to their practice to hide their ignorance, and they habitually painted from memory. The Greek painters he believed to have mastered anatomy, and always to have painted with nature before them. Michel Angelo, it was as well known, had dissected both men and animals, as that Raphael had not, and that Raphael had regretted his neglect of anatomy, and striven hard by its practice and study in his latter years to overcome this inferiority. With this evidence before him, Haydon felt confident that the anatomical course he was then pursuing was correct. He was resolved "to make the knife accompany the pencil," and always to paint from a living model. After many months' application his health began to suffer, and then he bethought him of his letters of introduction.

18. 'Antigone and her Mother and murdered Brother.'
19. 'The Amusements of the Warriors before Thebes.'
20. 'Chiron holding out young Achilles to his Father, as he sails by on the Argonautic Expedition.'
21. 'Orpheus amusing them with his Lyre.'
22. 'Theodore and Honoria hunting in the Woods—Sun setting.'
23. 'The Philistines destroyed by God, as they are marching to attack the Israelites.'
24. 'The Raising of Lazarus.'
25. 'The Assassination of Dentatus.'
26. 'Joseph and Mary resting on their road to Egypt.'
27.
28. 'The Entombing of Christ.'
29.
30. 'Lear bidding defiance to the Storm.'
31. 'Christ brought before Pilate.'
32. 'Achilles shouting to the Grecians.'
33. 'Andromache taking a last lingering look after Hector, as if she dreaded some ill.'
34. 'Our Saviour telling the young Man to give all he has to the Poor, and follow Him.' There cannot be a finer subject, or one that has more point.
35. 'Duncan's Murder.' The door open, Lady Macbeth seen listening, her shadow against the wall; or,
36. 'Lady Macbeth on the foot of the Staircase,' saying, "He is about it." Upon the top of the stairs the door half open, lamp outside, looking into Duncan's chamber.
37. 'The Woman defending Saragossa.'
38. 'And "When they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives."'

Of these thirty-eight subjects Haydon lived only to complete nine or ten, so great is the space between our ambition and our deeds.—ED.

It is important to mark here that Haydon had settled his leading principles of art before he had seen Fuseli, Opie, or Northcote,—viz., that the human form was the basis of all true art, beauty, and science in design; that knowledge of the human form must be first mastered with reverence and research, as the preliminary step; that dissection is the true basis of the arts of design; that when you can draw the human figure and its parts, you can draw anything competently: and when you have mastered this practical skill, then you may begin to think, then you may take up geometry and perspective; after two years' thorough practice in all, then you may begin to paint, but not before, and then always paint from Nature before you.

Of these principles he had laid hold out of what he had learned from Fenzi of the principles and practice of the great Italian masters, and with intense insight, distinguishing what is essential from what is not, Haydon had framed for himself a code of instruction, in which all subsequent experience confirmed him, which he applied with the utmost success to his pupils Eastlake, the Landseers, Bewick, Prentis, Chatfield, Harvey, and others, and never departed from for the rest of his life. His merit here appears to me of the greatest: for there can be no question that Haydon's principles are well founded and true, and the more painters follow them the better they will succeed in art and design, whether they only paint down "to the fifth button-hole," as Hazlitt used to say, or strive for something nobler and higher.

The first person he called upon was Northcote, the painter, the pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds,—a shrewd, keen man, with considerable experience in the art and of the world, and with a power of insinuating suspicion and distrust such that, had he lived in the early ages, he would have sown dissension between Castor and Pollux. Northcote, like his master, had tried High Art, and, like him and Flaxman and Fuseli, had found by a sad experience how little real sympathy there was among the patrons and nobility of England for moral, poetic, or historical subjects. They did not understand High Art, they did not want it, and they would not encourage it. We need not, therefore, feel surprise at what followed. Northcote read the letter, and eyed the boy suspiciously. "Zo ye mayne to bee a peintur, doo ee; and whaat zort of peintur?" "Historical

painter, sir." "Hees-torical peintur!" raising his eyebrows; "why, yee'll staarve—with a bundle o' streaw under yer heead." This was not encouraging from so distinguished an authority. "Aand Meester Hoare zays yeere stoodyin' aanatomie. Thaat's no euse. Sir Joshua deedn't kneow it—why sheuld yew waant to kneow whaat hee deedn't?" "But Michel Angelo did, sir." "Michel Angelo!" screamed the little man,—"Michel Angelo! whaat's hee got tu du heere? Ye must peint pertreits heere." "But I won't, sir." "Ye waant. Ye must."

Opie was more favourable. "You are studying anatomy?" said he. "*Master it.* If I were your age, I would do the same." "But Mr. Northcote says it's of no use, sir." "Never mind what he says," replied Opie; "he doesn't know it himself, and would be glad to keep you as ignorant." In answer to the question as to whether he ought to put himself under a master, Opie said, "Certainly, it will shorten your road. It is the only way." The next day the boy took his drawings to Northcote, who laughed "like an imp." "Yee'll make a good engraver indeed," said he. "Do you think, sir, I ought to be a pupil to anybody?" "No," said Northcote; "who is to teach 'ee heere? It will be throwing your vather's money away." "Mr. Opie, sir, says I ought to be." "Hee zays so, does hee? Ha, ha, ha! Hee waants your vather's money." The lad on this drew his own conclusions, and acted upon them. He went on with his anatomical studies, and he did not take a master. Smirke, the father of Sir R. Smirke, warmly encouraged the boy, lent him drawings, and advised him to pursue the course he had marked out for himself. Fuseli, Keeper of the Royal Academy, received him with great kindness, looked at his drawings, praised them highly, and said, "I am Keeper of the Academy. I hope to see you the first night." Accordingly, on the opening night after Christmas 1804, Haydon entered the Royal Academy School as a student. I am told he was very short-sighted, very diligent, and very fond of a good romp. One of the students once insulted him—it would be invidious to mention his name—and Haydon thrashed him then and there, within an inch of his life. I am not quite sure he was not near expulsion for this, but he certainly was not expelled. West, the President, coming round one day, highly praised the boy's drawing of the Discobolos. With

Fuseli, Haydon became intimate. Fuseli found in the boy the same passionate love for art and literature, the same delight in the terrible and sublime, as he felt himself, and he took him to his heart. I believe he was really very proud of him.

It would have been no loss, I think, to Haydon if he had seen less of Fuseli at this critical period of his artist life. Yet no one, even thus early, saw and marked the defects of Fuseli's frenzied extravagance of style more clearly. He writes (1805): "Fuseli knows full well he is wrong as to truth of imitation. A man has no more right to dislocate an arm and call it the 'Grand style,' than he would have to put six toes on a foot and call it 'Nature as she ought to be.' We have no business to make Nature as she never was. We may restore her to what she was at her first creation; but if this be not done with truth, mankind will turn away, let the conceptions conveyed be ever so sublime or beautiful." Later on, in 1812, he writes again: "The more I see of Nature, the more I see of Raphael, the more I abhor Fuseli's mind, his subjects, his manner. Let me root his pictures from my fancy for ever." Indeed, at this time the English Historical School was at a very low ebb. Two pictures by West, one or two by Fuseli, with one by Opie, and another by Sir Joshua, were the Historic masterpieces of the age. They could have been hung in one room of moderate dimensions. West, the leader and President of the Academy, though he has added to the art of the world by his 'Wolfe' and 'La Hogue,' had no elevation of thought, no deep knowledge of drawing, no expression,—"His heads are like masks," wrote Horace Walpole,—and, he had no colour. He will not rank beyond one of the *machinisti*. "How do you like West?" asked Haydon of Canova, in 1815. "Comme ça," replied Canova. "Au moins," said Haydon, "il compose bien." "Non, monsieur, non," replied Canova, "il ne compose pas, il met des modèles en groupe." And that is the effect his pictures have. They are groups of academical models carefully posed. It is like sign-painting of a superior style. When Haydon saw what a narrow-minded uniformity distinguished the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and the predominance of portrait, and how feeble and mechanical the art had become since the days of Sir Joshua—imagination, in 1805, was in its decrepitude—he naturally turned to the Old Masters for help and comparison, and the careful study of their works kept

him to the true correctness of his ideal. It is possible, with the weakness of a strong mind, he felt himself better than the Institution he was attached to, and was not unwilling to talk a little too openly of the removal of hindrances. It seems certain that, thus early, he and Fuseli often discussed matters privately, and that he learned from Fuseli to regard with alarm the increasing ascendency in the Academy of trading portrait painters, whose only pleasure in their art was the money they could make out of it, but whose authority was undoubted. In fact, the state and prospects of high art in England at that moment were forlorn. The administration of public affairs, upon which High Art relies, was entirely in the hands of a few great families. But which family was "in" or which was "out," mattered little enough to Art, Literature, or Science. All changes of administration, so far as these were concerned, were of no importance. Somebody went out for somebody else to come in, for which nobody was the better. Then these "families" had a low conception of what patronage for art really meaned. The best of them—those who, in public opinion, held the first place as lovers of art—were not remarkable for their depth or breadth of view upon the subject. They loved art so far as it contributed to their pleasures, but they had no notion of the public function of art. They collected foreign pictures, and, like the Romans of old, formed galleries in competition with one another. The same rivalry that we witness now amongst our wealthy classes, for "marks of superiority," went on among the nobility seventy years since in the matter of pictures, just as it had gone on among the Romans two thousand years before. The bare possession of a Greek painting of character and name was considered as much a title to distinction by a Roman collector, as the possession of a Correggio or a Titian by an English connoisseur; and as the Romans in their day neglected and despised their own native art for foreign specimens, so did the English nobility. Both alike held a secret belief that, until a man had been shut up in his urn or screwed down in his coffin for a few centuries, it was impossible what he had painted could be worth looking at. After walking through the galleries of Europe, our nobility came home with a contempt for English art, in proportion to their preference for works by dead Dutchmen and buried Italians. They might as well have professed a competent

knowledge of botany by walking through different gardens. "We do not want English high art," said a Duke of Northumberland, haughtily, "we want foreign specimens." This exactly expressed their feeling. Like the boy in the Irish tale, they pushed aside their own golden guineas to prefer the debased copper to which they had accustomed themselves.

The only exhibition of native art in those days was the annual exhibition by the Royal Academy, then at Somerset House. In 1805 the British Institution also opened an exhibition, but the English painters who met with the patronage and support of the great families were the portrait painters. These formed a large majority of the members of the Royal Academy, and occupied at the tables of the great the position of the parson in Fielding's time. I say this without meaning offence, but because it is true, and had great influence upon Haydon's prospects and career. With a body of privileged artists so placed, the fear and fawning of the hungry lay-artists (not Academicians) can be easily understood. The forty Academicians held all the honours, and nearly all the gains of the profession in their grasp, and they fed daily at the tables of the great. By these means the Academicians had come to exercise an influence over the profession like that of the Captains of the Wards in Florence in 1357–66, "whom everybody honoured," says Machiavelli, "for fear of being admonished." Placed in such a position, it is not surprising that a desire to please their rich patrons should come in time to be exclusively considered by Academicians to the neglect of the principal object of their institution, viz., the training and education of all classes in the true principles of art and design. This desire to please the patron, this submission to his wishes, would seem to be a mischief that waits upon the portrait painter. And how serious a mischief this is for art, the portraits by our Royal Academicians for the last seventy years will attest. "When a body of painters," says Niebuhr, "places above itself an uninstructed public, and that of rich patrons whom they strive to please, only one result can follow—the tone of the artists will be lowered and their art degraded." That it was a sorry servility of this kind by which the Royal Academy of 1804–5 was infected is matter of fact. The Academicians agreed with their patrons' opinion, instead of giving them their own; and thus, while they stooped to flatter and please, an ignorant

nobility enjoyed the gratification of being considered authorities upon art, without the necessity of knowing anything about it. The result was what Haydon saw, and Fuseli deplored. On Haydon's arrival in London in 1804, the Royal Academy had been established some forty years. It had hoarded large funds, yet it had never founded one single school of design. Its annual expenditure in dinners, wines, and pensions exceeded that which it gave for the art education of its students in Italy; and the members of the Academy, who in the last century had shared in the intellectual efforts of the day, were, in 1805, ceasing to belong to an intellectual class at all. Their art was falling into the vulgar and commonplace. It had no inspiration, it had little drawing, and it was seriously defective in technical excellence. In short, the Royal Academy of 1804–12 was in the fever of decay, which rendered it irritable, arbitrary, and suspicious, in proportion to its debility. Between 1805 and 1812, Wilkie, Collins, Jackson, Haydon, Fuseli, Chantrey, Soane, and others, often discussed and bewailed this degradation of their beautiful art. They all attributed it, more or less, to the same cause, viz., the power vested in Royal Academicians of self-election for life, which virtually is power independent of qualification, and without responsibility. And they all agreed, so far as I can understand, that inferior men getting possession of this power persistently applied it to their own narrow purposes, rather than in upholding the principles of an Institution then falling into disrepute by reason of these vices.

The offence is common enough in every society that elects itself for life, and, when elected, secures irresponsible possession of privilege and power. It was not that the Royal Academicians of those days, any more than of these, entirely kept out men of merit. Then, as now, they were occasionally found on the side of public opinion. But the general result was an Academy filled with men as obscure as the majority who elected them. And thus the art was annually growing weaker and worse, and almost promising to become extinct if caustic correctives were not promptly applied.

Meanwhile to return to Haydon, then an Academy student. In the midst of his studies, in March 1805, he was suddenly recalled home by the illness of his father. He hurried down to Plymouth, but he did not forget to carry with

him all the materials of his art. If a cruel fate deprived him of his father, and he should have to undertake business, he would solace his grief and fill up his evenings by drawing. This was not from want of heart. It was the mere expression of his ruling passion overcoming the promptings of his original disposition. Luckily for him, or unluckily as some think, his father recovered; and then began a renewal of the old painful struggle. My grandfather's health was failing, and Haydon ought to have taken his place. He felt and always owned this. But in the interval, since his leaving home, the change from boyhood towards manhood had taken place in him, and with it a corresponding growth and development of character. He had set his art before him as the great object of his life, and he had resolved to pursue it. But his sense of duty towards his parents was not extinct, and after a severe struggle he decided to leave his art and submit himself humbly to his father's wishes. This was good of him. Yet, with that curious hesitation some men show in clutching the fruits of victory, just as their grasp has only to close, my grandfather met this submission by himself giving in, and begging his son to follow which pursuit he liked best, "business or art." It seems incredible, but it was so. I suspect he had made his arrangements, and did not care to alter them. Haydon, astonished out of all prudence at this unexpected concession, eagerly seized the offer. "To put the helm up" at the right moment is the beginning of worldly wisdom. Haydon kept his "hard down," went round on his own tack, and in five minutes had parted with his birthright for a palette and a porte-crayon. Henceforth his task was to be that difficult one of making your own way in the world, without rank or fortune, and with a good deal of self-will. When my grandfather died, in 1813, he left his son—nothing. Uncle Cobley reaped something more substantial.

During his absence from town Haydon had heard from Fuseli, and from Jackson, a fellow-student. In a letter (unfortunately lost) Jackson had announced a fresh arrival at the Academy, "a raw, tall, pale, queer Scotchman, an odd fellow, but there is something in him. His name is Wilkie."

Haydon returned to town in time to make Wilkie's acquaintance before the schools closed in August, and the two soon became intimate, and then close friends. I believe them,

each in his own way, to have been deeply attached to the other. They had both the same high views for art, the same contempt for academical art, the same industry and love of religion, and similar simple tastes. Their lives were singularly open and pure, and, though Haydon once nearly became the victim of hackneyed experience, Art was his only mistress. He held with Lucretius that such connections were best avoided—

"Dissolvunt nodos omnes et vincla relaxant."

Wilkie and he used to walk home together to Wilkie's lodgings,* of a night, bewailing their obscure fate, and comparing the proud heights Napoleon had sprung to, at a single bound, with the toilsome path they must struggle up before they could hope to reach a common repute. Then Wilkie, who did not worship rank, but adored authority, would deplore the low taste of the nobility, and, what was more to his point, the low prices they paid, which hardly covered the cost of materials, and declare he should "leave the country unless painters were treated more liberally." Against the Royal Academy, Haydon records, Wilkie, Jackson, and Collins were most violent, for its low taste in art, and its evident preference for men of inferior ability to men of real talent. Then they would console each other with hopes of better times, and resolve to follow up their art and do their best to remedy the evils they felt and deplored.

In these days, Haydon writes, "Wilkie was as great a radical in the politics of art as Wordsworth in the politics of States." It seems open to doubt whether these opinions were ever really abandoned by Wilkie. He suppressed them out of prudence, that was all. But all this helped to strengthen Haydon's growing opinions, and to lay the foundation for that scheme of art reform of which he came out as the determined advocate some years later. He was already beginning to look upon the Royal Academy with suspicion. But he remembered Fintac's advice to his niece, "A votre âge il faut écouter, et se taire," and was silent.

Wilkie's success with his 'Village Politicians,' in 1806 (though he complained bitterly to Haydon of the price, thirty guineas, Lord Mansfield paid to him), was a great source of delight to both, and began to make Haydon think of painting.

* No. 11, Bolsover Street, Portland Road.—Ed.

Wilkie encouraged him. But Haydon doubted whether he had yet sufficient information and skill to enable him to convey his conceptions to others. He had knowledge, and two years' drawing had given him certain facility of hand and eye, and he had mastered the anatomy of the human form. But that is not all in art. However, he bought his first palette and brushes, and tried to paint a head and hands. Wilkie thought them excellent. Haydon then painted and glazed a portrait of an old gamekeeper. Wilkie was so delighted with this, he borrowed it for its fine colour, and repeated the head in the old grandfather by the fire in the 'Blind Fiddler.'

Then Haydon determined to try and paint a picture. He boldly chose from his list of subjects 'Joseph and Mary resting on the road to Egypt.' This was suggested to him partly by his reverence and love for the history of our Lord, and partly by his admiration of Raphael. On the 1st of October, 1806, he began this picture on his own responsibility. He says it cost him "enormous labour and research," and I have no doubt of it from what I remember of the incidents of his painting. In the course of November 1806, Sir George and Lady Beaumont called on the young painter to make his acquaintance. Lady Beaumont was a charming and attractive woman, with great taste and feeling for art, and Sir George a man of the finest taste, as a connoisseur, in Europe. Painting was his great delight. He had been the intimate friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, and his ambition was to connect himself with the art of the country. This, Sir George has most effectually done, for he was practically the founder of our National Gallery. The acquaintance of such a distinguished man was a great honour, and the interest Sir George took in Haydon, though once temporarily obscured, never diminished to the end of his useful life. Sir George was much pleased with the picture, but hinted that it was "quite large enough for anything" (6 feet by 4 feet). Haydon respectfully differed. Sir Joshua would have "shifted his trumpet," and most men would have bowed and submitted; but Haydon, although he had the greatest possible respect for Sir George, rarely conceived it his duty to take his advice. In six months 'Joseph and Mary' was finished and sent to the exhibition (1807). Fuseli was so pleased with the picture, he ordered it to be hung on the line, but

he privately told Haydon that Northcote and the Hanging Committee of that year had first "skied" it far above the whole lengths. This is noteworthy, as some evidence of the spirit with which a young aspirant for historical honours was regarded by the old Academicians of that day. As Tacitus says of the Jews, these gentlemen, in their hanging of works for exhibition, exercised the highest offices of friendship towards each other, "et adversus omnes alios hostile odium" — they watched those they knew were not of their opinions with the greatest jealousy. It is also indirectly corroborative of Fuseli's statement with regard to the hanging of the 'Dentatus' (1809), the second historical picture Haydon sent to the Academy, and it is valuable as evidence of the real importance of a fair position to a good picture, for 'Joseph and Mary' was highly approved, and considered to show "great powers of drawing, expression, and colour," which was pronounced to be "properly flesh." The picture was bought by Mr. Thomas Hope for, I believe, one hundred guineas, and hung in his gallery at Deepdene.*

With his picture in a good position at the exhibition, and with such a valuable friend as Sir George Beaumont to dine with, Haydon was not long before he made the acquaintance of Sir George's old friend, Lord Mulgrave.

The Duke of Portland, on forming his administration in 1807, had placed Lord Mulgrave at the head of the Admiralty, and here Haydon and his new friend passed many pleasant hours together. Lord Mulgrave liked the lad, found him full of talent and information, and able to converse on other subjects than art. He gave him a commission at once, 'The Death of Dentatus,' a subject that had never been painted before, and gave him also the *entrée* of his house. Here the boy dined frequently amongst stars and garters, ministers, ambassadors, and illustrious refugees, and was introduced by Lord Mulgrave to all the first men of the day. Nothing could be kinder than Lord Mulgrave's friendship for his "Devonshire lad." And he showed it in other ways. Besides his official

* This was a high price for a student's picture in days when Wilkie only got thirty guineas for his 'Village Politicians,' and fifty guineas for his 'Blind Fiddler;' and not so very long after Reynolds, who rarely got more than one hundred guineas for his whole-lengths in the height of his fame. But prices ruled as low in Reynolds's days as they rule high now. Hogarth only got 90*l.* 6*s.* for the whole series of the 'Marriage à la Mode.'—ED.

dinners, the First Lord was also fond of a quiet evening, and many times would send for Haydon to come and dine with him alone. Haydon was a good listener, and eager to hear a man who had played a part in public affairs, talk frankly about them. Lord Mulgrave talked of Pitt and Fox, of the men of the French Revolution, of India and Lord Wellesley, of Ireland and the Union, of Nelson and Collingwood, and of Napoleon, and generally upon the current events of the day, which, I regret to say, Haydon has been too prudent to record, or we might have had some curious and secret history. There is nothing so entertaining as the conversational reminiscences of men who have taken an active part in politics, diplomacy, or war. If you listen to them judiciously, they will let out many of the secret springs of action which you will rarely find in their deliberate writings or published works. Their minds, as Macaulay says of Mackintosh, are like a vast magazine of facts. "They recollect, they do not create, and you have only to apply the right key, and they will unlock their stores and display the real article to your delighted view." But no third person must be present. Two are friends, three are "company." It was much in this spirit, I take it, that Lord Mulgrave confided to his eager young listener many details of his secret mission to the Archduke Charles, after Marengo; of the wars of 1805-6, the Copenhagen Expedition, the war in Spain, Canning, the Convention of Cintra, and the future of Wellington, of whom Lord Mulgrave said, in 1809, "If you live to see it, that man will prove a second Marlborough."

In Lord Mulgrave Haydon also found not only an attentive listener, but a good friend. To him Haydon would open his whole heart, and reveal all his aspirations and hopes for English art, and always received from Lord Mulgrave the warmest sympathy, support, and advice. But the idea of obtaining a grant of public money for art Lord Mulgrave regarded as hopeless. "There is nothing," he used to say, "Ministers understand so little, and care so little about, as art. You will never get a grant of money for it. What you do, you must do by your own exertions." He was not insensible to the truth of Haydon's proposition, but he knew a grant of money was hopeless. Considering the expenditure of the Government, and the consequences of some of that expenditure, Lord Mulgrave, as a Minister, may well be excused.

In the midst of all this dining-out and these pleasant evenings Haydon never lost sight of his main object, but to this he now added daily study of the French, Latin, and Greek authors, in order to perfect his powers of verbal expression, and to qualify himself to converse freely with the foreigners he was thrown amongst. I find him also "attacking" Italian. Whole pages of his Journal are filled with verbs and idioms and translations, until he had mastered the language, and could read Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso in the original. It was the same in everything he undertook. "Thorough" was his word. There was nothing of "the poor half and half" about him. The result of this self-culture was that he mastered French and Italian, and got through Latin and Greek. Couple this with his art, and his complete mastery of that, and it must be admitted that, considering all things, he did well. During the season of 1807 Haydon was again recalled home by an accident to his father, who had broken his "tendon Achilles" at a ball, and was lamed for life. Wilkie strongly advised him to set to work while at home and paint portraits for practice. This advice Sir George Beaumont confirmed, provided "you do not allow yourself to be led away from High Art by the money you can quickly realize by portraits." Haydon carried the advice down with him to Plymouth, and immediately began to paint portraits of his Plymouth friends at fifteen guineas a-head—a very "handsome" price, he frankly admits, considering the small merit of the pictures.* By the tumultuous kindness of his friends he made money so fast as to astonish Wilkie and alarm himself. Then, like Wycherley with the King, Haydon ran away from his good fortune, married

* Haydon is frequently accused by biographers of holding portrait painting in great contempt. This is quite an error. What he ridiculed and despised was, not portrait "painting," but portrait "manufacture." He had no contempt for anything good in art. He objected only to the supremacy being given to portrait, and particularly to the detestable caricatures of his day, over and above, and almost to the exclusion of, all higher art. Many passages might be quoted from his Journals of his high opinion of good portrait painting. One or two occur to me: "After having gone through his preparatory studies," he writes of a pupil, "let him paint portraits diligently. He will find it of the very first importance." Again, I find in his Journal: "There is something in the eminent portrait painters, from their daily and perpetual intercourse with Nature, that painters of history can always look at with advantage, and learn from." In his evidence before Mr. Ewart's Committee, 1836, Haydon says: "We owe an everlasting obligation to portrait painting, for, had there been none after the Reformation, the art would have gone out entirely."—Ed.

himself to High Art, as Wycherley did to Lady Drogheda, to find himself in the end very much in the same sad plight.*

In November of this year Haydon suffered a sad loss in the death of his mother, to whom he was deeply attached. She died at Salt Hill, on the road to London, whither Haydon was bringing her for medical advice. He returned to Ide, near Exeter, and buried her in the old family tomb. To the day of his own death he cherished her memory.

By the first of January, 1808, Haydon had returned to London, and having removed to 41, Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, he commenced Lord Mulgrave's commission of 'Dentatus.' † The moment selected is when Dentatus, fiercely pressing back his assailants, is to be crushed by the rock being thrown on him from above. It is a fine picture, full of life, as Leigh Hunt said, "like a bit of embodied lightning," the action is so immediate. It was while engaged on this picture that Haydon first made acquaintance with John and Leigh Hunt. Wilkie introduced the Hunts to Haydon; but where or how Wilkie made their acquaintance does not appear. Leigh Hunt was a great contrast in every respect to Wilkie. Something from each put into one would have made a perfect character. Hunt was good-looking and agreeable, which Wilkie certainly was not; and Hunt was witty, well-read, fond of music, of high poetic temperament, and full of fun and sparkle, in all of which Wilkie was deficient. But if he had no wit and no music, and not much conversation or poetry, and nothing to boast of by way of looks, Wilkie had good qualities. He knew how to hold his peace and pick his way, and would never set his own house on fire, or yours, "to roast his eggs," as the saying is, and he was wholly innocent of bills and discounters. Wilkie, in short, was the more judicious friend. He was the man to settle and direct you, but he would not lend you a sixpence, or his name. The other, to

* Charles II. was so delighted with Wycherley that he was on the point of making him Governor to the Duke of Richmond, with a salary of 1500*l.* a year. Wycherley meanwhile fell in love with Lady Drogheda, or she with him, neglected the King, lost his appointment, married Lady Drogheda, and in a few years found himself in the Fleet Prison, where he languished for seven years, when James II., who remembered him kindly, paid his debts, and released him.—ED.

† 'Dentatus' is in the collection at Mulgrave Castle, near Whitby. It is a cabinet picture, very fine in colour and drawing, and in excellent preservation. It was engraved in England by Harvey, and in France, where it was highly esteemed, and held to have "established the painter's reputation."—ED.

amuse, distract, and unsettle you, lend you half he possessed, back a bill when you wanted it, and ask you to do the same for him next day. I am much mistaken but Haydon found this to be so. Of Leigh Hunt's brother John, Haydon always spoke in terms of the highest respect and admiration.*

In this picture of 'Dentatus' Haydon encountered greater difficulties than had ever occurred to his inexperience were likely to obstruct him. But every fresh difficulty only gave zest to his ardent mind. "Nothing is really difficult," he used to say; "it is only we who are indolent." Sir George Beaumont, too, comforted and inspirited him greatly. "The more elevated be your goal," he writes, "the greater must be the exertion of every nerve and sinew to reach it." These inspiriting words cheered him on to the task he had set himself. His object was to paint for 'Dentatus' the finest form he could invent. But between the two opinions of Fuseli, who said 'Dentatus' looked "too much like life," because painted from a living model, and of Wilkie, who said, when Haydon, to please Fuseli, softened down the markings of the joints and muscles, that it looked "as if painted from stone," Haydon, in consequence, painted 'Dentatus' in and out several times. Certain art-critics I remember, who, if they had to paint a lion would paint the skin and not the lion, and be satisfied, have in their wisdom appealed to Haydon's action here as a proof of "Haydon's ignorance." Young men of high design when they begin great works are always taunted with want of experience, under one form or another. This is the common misfortune on first setting out in life. But what these critics forget to acknowledge is that, it is the capability or incapability of conquering consequences that distinguishes the man of genius from the man of none. In the midst of his distress at not being able to realize his own conception of a figure of truly heroic mould, combined with all the essential detail of actual life, Wilkie called with an order to see some "marbles" Lord Elgin had brought from Athens. Haydon had no idea of what he was going to see, nor how the sight would reward him. At the first glance he saw in these Greek marbles that combination of

* In a very kindly-written article upon "Leigh Hunt and B. R. Haydon," published in the 'St. James's Magazine' (1875) the writer regrets Haydon's separation from Leigh Hunt. I, on the contrary, feel satisfied it would have been better for Haydon had they never met.—Ed.

Nature and Idea he had in vain sought among existing antiques.* "The first thing I fixed my eyes on," he writes, "was the wrist of a figure in one of the female groups, in which was visible the radius and the ulna. I was astonished, for I had never seen them hinted at in any female wrist in the antique. I darted my eye to the elbow and saw the outer condyle visibly affecting the shape, as in nature. I saw that the arm was in repose, and the soft parts in relaxation, as in nature. My heart beat! If I had seen nothing else I had seen enough to keep me to nature for the rest of my life. But when I turned to the Theseus, and saw that every form was altered by action or repose; when I saw the two sides of his back varied; one side, stretched from the shoulder blade, being pulled forward, and the other side, compressed from the shoulder blade, being pushed close to the spine, as he rested on his elbow; and when I turned to the Ilissus and to the fighting Metope, and saw the most heroic style of art, combined with all the essential detail of actual life, the thing was done at once and for ever." "Now," he adds, in a burst of very natural enthusiasm, "now *was I mad for buying Albinus?*" He walked hurriedly home and, looking at his figure of Dentatus with disgust, "dashed out the abominable mass." Then, with the leave of Lord Elgin, Haydon put himself again at school, and for three months spent his days, from morn to midnight, drawing, alone, from these marbles.

As this Elgin marble question greatly affected Haydon's fate and fortunes, I may be permitted to say here, this conviction which he felt of the beauty and inestimable value of the marbles was soon called in question. Mr. Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, and a small clique of "Dilettanti" collectors, whose chief vexation seems to have been at the presumption of anyone, out of their set, owning or giving an opinion upon an original antique, ridiculed Haydon's conclusions, and "set down" Lord Elgin. "My Lord," said Payne Knight, one

* The great distinction between the Elgin Marbles and other antique, according to Haydon, is the want of unity and dependence of the parts in the latter, and the complete unity in the former. Thus in the Niobe the head is placed as if it had no connection with the neck, or the neck with the body. So in the Apollo Belvedere, the arms look as if stuck on to the body without any of the connecting incidents of flesh. Cover the head of the Apollo, and the body, limbs, and arms are stuffed skins. In 1815 Haydon said to Canova, "Do you think if the Apollo had been found without his head, his figure would have stood so highly?" "Peut-être non," said Canova; "they would have been considered commonplace fragments."—ED.

evening at dinner, "you have lost your labour; your marbles are not Greek, they are Roman of the time of Hadrian." This was a cruel blow to Lord Elgin, who, on his own responsibility, had spent upwards of 30,000*l.* to bring these marbles to England, and it was the merest assumption on the part of Mr. Payne Knight. But Lord Elgin had not sufficient knowledge of the principles of art to defend his own opinions against such an assailant. He fell back on his young friend Haydon, who quickly came to his rescue. A man in the position of Mr. Payne Knight, the acknowledged authority upon art, looked up to by the artists, consulted by the Government, and followed by the nobility, was the man of all others, in Haydon's opinion, who was not to be permitted to circulate dangerous sophisms upon art. He was also the author of a dull didactic poem, in five books.* Such a combination must have been well nigh irresistible. When and how they first crossed swords I cannot trace, most probably at Sir George Beaumont's. But wherever it was, the difference of opinion between the young painter and the old dilettante soon settled into mutual aversion; and a war began that time never softened, nor age subdued. Haydon attacked Payne Knight's arguments in society with a freshness and audacity, combined with a profound knowledge of his subject, Mr. Payne Knight was no match for. Driven at length from his "Roman of the time of Hadrian" position, he then admitted the marbles "might be Greek," but "were evidently the work of journeymen not worthy the name of artists." Really, to look at these divine fragments, and be told any man in his senses had once uttered such an opinion concerning them seems incredible. But there is no bigotry in the world so intolerant as the bigotry of supercilious art-critics, gentlemen who think themselves æsthetic. On this new version of the old story, put forth with all the pomposity befitting the occasion, Haydon flung such shouts of laughter, and so heartily ridiculed the idea of such men as Payne Knight and Lord Aberdeen and their learned clique now pronouncing an opinion as to what was, or what was not the work of an "artist," as to make Mr. Payne Knight and his friends mortal enemies for life. This was imprudent, and unnecessary. But I suspect Lord Mul-

* 'The Progress of Civil Society,' laughably satirized by Canning.—Ed.

grave, who seems to have had a good deal of the spirit of Lord Steyne when he asked the rector to meet the priest at his table, and enjoyed the combat that followed, to have been patting the back of his Devonshire lad. Both he and Sir George Beaumont relished the discomfiture of Mr. Payne Knight and his learned friends. The result of the contest was that, society began to lose faith in their ancient prophet; opinion became divided; and Mr. Payne Knight went down. Yet, so powerful with Ministers was the influence of the Dilettanti, they kept the question of purchase open for eight years longer, and, but for Haydon, they would have cleverly secured the rejection of the marbles in the end. Indeed, if it had been possible to kill a truth by clamorous denial, the marbles would have been irretrievably lost to us. For neither ministers, nor society knew more of the basis of beauty in art, or how to distinguish the true from the false, than its predecessors of the authenticity of the epistles of Phalaris. But Haydon's influence was growing every day. West, Lawrence, Goethe, Rumöhr, Denon, Waagen, and all the best men were on his side, and, when he saw the marbles, Canova. "I admire," writes Canova to Lord Elgin (10 Nov. 1815), "the truth of nature united to the choice of the finest forms. Everything breathes life with a veracity, with an exquisite knowledge of art, but without the least ostentation or parade of it, which is concealed by consummate skill. The naked is perfect flesh, and most beautiful of its kind." This confirmed all that Haydon had been saying for the eight previous years.

For three months longer Haydon continued to draw from the Elgin Marbles until he had thoroughly mastered the form of those exquisite fragments, and brought his hand and mind into due subjection. The same sincerity and foresight which appears in his early study of anatomy is yet more prominent in his immediate estimate of the value of these marbles. Here too, we see again how real, how thorough, this lad was; with what quick sense and courage he acted; how completely he felt and understood that the highest genius is not sufficient to carry you to your ambition without industry, without sincerity, without truth. No matter how disheartening the discovery that he had begun to paint before he was qualified, the moment Haydon saw the truth clearly, he put aside his palette and brushes, went back in all humility to his

crayon and drawing-board, and honestly strove to fit himself for his work. In an age of mendacity and delusion it stands out well, and is a lesson to students for all time.

As soon as Haydon felt himself competent to resume painting, he returned to his palette and finished 'Dentatus' in time for the exhibition of 1809. Wilkie, Fuseli, Sir George, and Lord Mulgrave were highly pleased with the work. Wilkie and Sir George said it would make Haydon's reputation in any school in Europe. Lord Mulgrave said little, but showed his satisfaction by begging Haydon not to exhibit it at the Academy. "They will put it out of sight, you may depend on it." Haydon demurred: they had hung his first picture well; why should they not hang this—a better picture—at least as well? It was his "duty" as a previous student to send what work he did for the credit of the Academy, if it were good. Sir George agreed with Lord Mulgrave that it would be better not to trust an ideal work like 'Dentatus' in the hands of men who had either failed in, or, had no feeling for ideal art. It was not that they feared Fuseli, Opie, Lawrence, and the best men of the Academy, but they knew the best men were lost in a majority of mediocrities. They had seen too often in Reynolds's time and since, that the Royal Academy

"hath a tail
More perilous than the head,"

and that the chances were in favour of a picture like 'Dentatus' being "skied," or put where no one could see it. Haydon in his impulsive way refused to believe so ill of the Academy, and entreated to be allowed to send it there. Lord Mulgrave at length reluctantly consented, and then he did a very foolish thing. He and Sir George hurried off to Phillips, one of the hanging committee of that year, to beg 'a good place for Dentatus.' Nothing was better calculated to bring about the very result they dreaded. 'Dentatus' was sent in, seen and approved by Fuseli, and hung by his order on the line, in the same place as Haydon's previous picture in 1807. So far everything was satisfactory. The day before the private day a hurried note reached Haydon from Fuseli, to say he had been out of town since the hanging of the pictures, and on his return he had found 'Dentatus' taken down from its place and put in the ante-room. Fuseli said no more, but what he had said

was significant. Where was this ante-room? That same day West met Sir George Beaumont, and said West, who was as deep as Garrick, shaking Sir George warmly by the hand and looking into his eyes, "You will be pleased to hear that we have hung 'Dentatus' in the best place in the whole Academy;" and before Sir George, good easy man, could recover his delight, and ask where, West pressed his hand warmly and bade him adieu. Unluckily West met Lady Beaumont's carriage round the corner. She waved her hand, and according to her account, stopped him: "What have you done with 'Dentatus?'" He flattered her with the same charming fiction: "Done with it! why we have hung it in the very best place in the Academy." "How nice of you!" said Lady Beaumont. But then, with that laudable desire for a "fact" which has distinguished the sex since Sophia of Hanover used to puzzle Leibnitz by the subtlety of her metaphysical questions, she added in her sweetest tone, "And pray *where* may this best place be?" Bluebeard's chamber was nothing to the question, or the place. West tried to parry; Lady Beaumont kept him to the point. "No, no, but *where?* tell me *exactly*." "Well," said West, driven to it at last, "just in the very middle of the Octagon-room," and here he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. "Dear me," said Lady Beaumont, her sympathies touched, "what a distressing cough you have got! pray take care of yourself, good-bye." West waved his adieux, he could not speak, poor man, and Miladi drove on, repeating to herself "the Octagon-room—that's something new. I wonder if it is nice." That evening Lord Mulgrave and Haydon dined with them, and Lady Beaumont, full of her news, told it to Lord Mulgrave as a great surprise. To her vexation he did not show any pleasure. When a pretty woman gives you a surprise, you should always show delight. Lord Mulgrave on the contrary knitted his brows, looked sullen, and slowly asked, "And pray did West ever hang any of his own pictures in the Octagon-room?" and then he explained what the Octagon-room was. He knew it well. It was the lumber-room of the Academy, without light, where a superfluous picture was now and then hung by academicians to get it out of the way. Lord Mulgrave was mortified, and to a nobleman and minister who had just given one hundred and fifty guineas to a lad for a historical picture, which everybody had predicted would create a

sensation, it was not gratifying. Haydon, who was at the table, listened, and said nothing about Fuseli's note. He was vexed with himself for not taking Lord Mulgrave's advice, but he should like to see the picture first before he allowed himself to feel angry. And he had this consolation at all events, that if the removal of the picture from the great room to the ante-room —from the light to the dark—was the result of jealousy and ill will, it was clear the hanging committee would not trust the picture in a fair light to the decision of the public, but had resorted to an expedient that might as easily be employed if they were in the wrong as in the right. The next day being the private day, the exact position of 'Dentatus' was ascertained. It was hung in the dark. Lord Mulgrave was furious. Sir George Beaumont shared his just indignation, and both expressed their opinion of the transaction freely. West, finding himself in hot water, tried to get out of it at the expense of his brother conspirators. He went about the room saying, 'what a pity it is, what a pity it is! but you see, Sir, the academicians *will* have their own pictures on the line." That may have been perfectly true, but still two questions remained which West never stopped to answer, nor has any member of the Academy since. 1st. Ought not every department of the art to find a fair place upon the best walls of the Academy exhibition? 2ndly. As Haydon's 'Dentatus' was the only historic work in that exhibition, and had been hung in a fair place by the Keeper, was it not doubly entitled to that place; and why was it removed, and in the Keeper's absence?

Leslie and other academical writers have attempted in a lame way to defend the Academy treatment of Haydon's picture on the ground that Sir Thomas Lawrence, as President, once hung a portrait in this very Octagon-room. But that is not the question. Besides, portraits are the work of a few weeks only, historical pictures, of years; and, moreover, Sir Thomas was then President of the Royal Academy, and I find had several other portraits in the same exhibition, and on the line in the best rooms, whereas Haydon was a young lad just coming into notice and this was his only picture, and the only historical picture in that exhibition, and on arrival it had been fairly hung and was subsequently removed—why?

With every desire to make the fullest allowance for the difficulties of a "hanging committee," and there can be no

more invidious task, I fail to see any reasonable ground of defence for their conduct towards Haydon on this occasion.

Fuseli subsequently explained the whole transaction to Haydon. I believe he had his information from Stothard, who was present at the operation of taking down. During Fuseli's absence from town, Shee, Phillips, and Howard, the three hangers for the year, went to West on the last day and asked him to give them an order to remove the 'Dentatus' from where Fuseli had hung it. First, they said, the place in which Fuseli had put it did not allow justice to be done to its merits—the light was not good enough—and they were so considerate of the young man's reputation they proposed to put it in the dark! Then they said it was a "glaring" picture, and killed the pictures by academicians on each side of it, so that of course the dark was just the place for it. But this was to some extent an idle plea, for it never could have been a glaring picture, though it very probably extinguished the academical works on each side. Stothard said he protested against the removal of the picture, particularly into the ante-room, as an act of gross injustice and cruelty. But the hangers persisted, and brought up Northcote and West to look at the picture. There was an animated discussion, and West ordered the picture to be put into the ante-room.*

When in 1814 the hangers of that year hung Martin's 'Clytie' and 'Joshua' in this same ante-room, Martin considered himself so insulted he refused to exhibit again, and for sixteen years in succession abstained from sending a single work to the Academy. When his enemies were dead Martin began to exhibit there once more. It almost seems a privilege of societies of art and literature to embarrass and, if possible, to suppress rising reputations. Haydon and Martin were not to escape where Gainsborough had been made to suffer.†

* Haydon always believed that his fellow-townsman, Northcote, was really at the bottom of the whole affair. It may have been so. Northcote was possessed by nature of that subtle spirit of intrigue which cannot resist the temptation of making mischief, or of injuring a rival. But I can find no grounds for putting the blame specially upon Northcote, although it is probable enough he had his share in the transaction.—Ed.

† In the exhibition of 1809 I find that Howard and Phillips, two of the hangers who removed Haydon's 'Dentatus,' had each of them eight pictures of their own on the line, not one of which, as Leigh Hunt said, was "worth 'Dentatus's' little toe."—Ed.

That the position given to the 'Dentatus' in the exhibition of 1809 did Haydon a serious professional injury it would be idle to deny. Although Lord Mulgrave, by way of consolation, sent Haydon an additional cheque for sixty guineas, yet people of rank, says Haydon, were ashamed to own they had seen the picture, or knew the painter. In a week he found his painting-room deserted. On the other hand the affair gave rise to severe reflections upon the conduct in general of hanging committees. Haydon took no part in the wordy war. Like the squire between Thwackum and Square he looked on in half-scornful amusement, leaving the rival parties to fight it out. He felt the time had not come for him to speak, and so he held his peace. That he was mortified no one can doubt. But he was too buoyant and sanguine for anything of this kind to depress him. It was more likely to stimulate his hardy and effective nature into determined action.*

Shortly after these events and during the season of 1809, Haydon in a spirit of conciliation and with an earnest desire to establish the most friendly relations between himself and the Royal Academy, and setting aside entirely the recent indignity their hanging committee had put upon him, entered his name with Wilkie for preliminary election into the Academy as an Associate. There were two vacancies and several candidates, of whom the fittest were Wilkie and Haydon. The moment Haydon's name was sent in, the most intense jealousy seems to have been aroused among the majority of academicians. West and his colleagues, like Dante's amiable men in the City of Dis, slamming their gates in the face of Virgil, united as one man to keep Haydon out. Wilkie and an inferior man named Dawe were elected. Haydon, by reason of the action of the majority,

* All recent biographers whose works I have examined, overlook this important feature in Haydon's character. Nothing ever depressed him for long. They erroneously attribute his separation from the Royal Academy to the "depression" and "annoyance" and "mortified vanity" consequent on this 'Dentatus' incident. Nothing can be further from the truth. Haydon was not one of Issachar's asses, I admit. He was not born with a saddle on his back. But, to attribute his separation from the Academy to the 'Dentatus' incident, is to give that incident an air of too much importance. Perhaps this was necessary to cover the retreat of the Academy. The 'Dentatus' incident occurred in 1809, and was only one out of many items, I regret to say, of indignity and insult inflicted by the Royal Academy upon Haydon, which at length led to his withdrawal from all connexion with that Society. Mr. Samuel Redgrave, in his 'Dictionary of Artists,' speaks of Haydon being "wounded by the 'Dentatus' affair, and thereupon quarrelling with the Academy." This is inaccurate and misleading.—Ed.

had not one single vote. "Numbers," says Newman, "increase the effect and diminish the shame of injustice."

Leslie, R.A., in his official capacity always denied this rejection of Haydon as a matter of fact, and charged Haydon with untruthfulness in his accusation against the Academy. But finding the fact to be officially recorded—he might have found this out before, one would think—he does Haydon tardy justice in his Autobiography (p. 224), which, by the way, was not to be published until after his own death. Therein Leslie says, "This (viz. the election of Dawe in preference to Haydon) was certainly disgraceful." "Haydon's 'Dentatus' should assuredly have made him an Associate."

Coming so quickly upon the 'Dentatus' affair, this rejection confirmed Haydon's suspicion that historic art was disapproved by the Academy, in whose hands rested the honours of the profession. Either that, or, a certain clique in the Academy, jealous of the young painter, but failing to find just grounds for his rejection in future, sought to make him commit some outbreak of passion, when they could appeal to their prudence in keeping out a young man who knew so little how to control himself. Hence the 'Dentatus' incident, but here Haydon's extreme moderation disconcerted them. Now came his rejection, coupled with the selection of his friend and fellow-student Wilkie. This would mortify him surely, and turn him to bay when he would rage with a fury that would recall the days of Barry. To their disappointment Haydon took this fresh proof of their intolerance calmly, and sensibly. It wounded him, but he was to some extent consoled by seeing Wilkie elected, and what mortification he felt was more for his particular style of art than for his own personal position. But it was an ungenerous act, and well may Leslie say it was "disgraceful."

West and his colleagues would have had no ground of complaint if Haydon had straightly attacked them *lege talionis.* What right had they to reject him? He had been one of their most vigorous and diligent pupils; he was far beyond all in his knowledge of the human form, and, in his power of drawing West himself could not compete with him; nor was there one historical painter, or work in the Academy that could compare with him or his 'Dentatus.' Assuredly the object of the institution of the Royal Academy was to foster and

encourage art, not to caress and protect a body of indifferent artists. "Had there been twenty historical painters," writes Haydon, "and I alone rejected, it would have been an objection to me only. But there being only myself pursuing historical painting, it behoved those who had the power to foster, encourage, and assist me. By rejecting me they laid themselves open to the suspicion that it was not so much dislike of me as of the style of art I was pursuing. Had I consented to 'paint portraits,' as Northcote told me I 'must,' there would have been no difficulty. But it was because I had aspired to something higher in art; because I wished to correct the habitual slovenliness of the English school in drawing; because I had mastered anatomy (most superficially known only to West); and because, in 'Dentatus,' I had made the first resolute attempt in the century to unite colour, expression, light, shadow, and heroic form with correct drawing, I was to be 'put down' by the professors in an academy founded for the production and advancement of works of this description." These are temperate and sensible remarks, and dispel the statements which are to be found everywhere, attributing to Haydon a passionate desire for revenge. He never thought of anything of the kind. What he tried to effect, and wished to see effected, was such a reform of the Royal Academy as would give a fair chance to every department of art. Haydon was an enthusiast in his art, I admit, but he was practical in his enthusiasm. Throughout his whole struggle with the Royal Academy he shows, not only that he knew how to wait, but, when waiting was over, how to act, and when he did act he proved that he knew what should be done, and how to do it. Enthusiasm tempered by so much patience, forethought, and knowledge, becomes a valuable quality.

Before the close of the season, 1809, Haydon left town, taking Wilkie with him, on a visit to my grandfather, at Plymouth. Here, in his hospitable house, they seem to have enjoyed themselves heartily, passing a month or five weeks between my grandfather's country house at Underwood, and his house at Plymouth, and being dined out and lionised in all quarters. They passed on, in August, to visit Haydon's uncle, the Vicar of Cheddar, who showed Wilkie every attention in his power, pointing out the beauties of the country, the famous cliffs and caverns, &c., to all of which, Haydon relates, Wilkie

was singularly insensible, his "whole attention being absorbed in observing the manners and expressions of the people before him."* Wilkie would have derived more real delight from one hour with the lazzaroni of Naples, than from all the glories of Venice and the Adriatic.

From Cheddar they passed on to Bath to pay a short visit to Mrs. Hun, the mother of Canning,† and an old friend of Haydon's—in fact, it was she who taught him to read—and from thence returned to London, and went down to Cole-Orton on a visit to Sir George and Lady Beaumont. Here they spent a delightful fortnight, lounging in the lovely gardens, riding over the country, wandering about the woods and rocks of Charnwood, sketching, painting, walking, talking, and enjoying to the full that most enjoyable form of existence, life in an English gentleman's country-house. There is nothing like it in the world, and when your host is one of the most accomplished and best-informed men in Europe, and your hostess one of the most attractive of her sex, a fortnight of such a life at Cole-Orton is as near an earthly paradise—if the weather be fine—as anything we can expect here below.

It was here Sir George Beaumont, who had previously given Haydon a commission, now agreed to a life-size picture, and settled the subject. It was to be a scene from 'Macbeth.' But unfortunately, as it turned out, neither thought of a written agreement for reference in case of misunderstanding. Haydon, I presume, was too delighted to be allowed to paint

* Throughout the whole tour Wilkie displayed no interest whatever in the beautiful scenery he was taken to visit. A Devonshire "combe" he could not understand, but a west country ploughboy was a study to him. Haydon, who kept a "Journal" of their jaunt, seems to have been as much piqued at Wilkie's preference as De Maistre with Madame de Hautcastel, when he offered her a rose for the ball:—"Elle la prit, la posa sur sa toilette sans la regarder, et sans me regarder moi-même. Nous faisons, ma rose et moi, une fort triste figure. 'Ne voyez-vous pas,' disait-elle à sa femme de chambre, 'ne voyez-vous pas que ce caraco est beaucoup trop large pour ma taille?'" &c., &c. Much as Madame was arranging her "caraco" for effect, was Wilkie studying the aboriginals before him.—Ed.

† This friendship between the young painter and Canning's mother may serve to explain the extraordinary coldness Canning always showed to Haydon. He would hardly speak to him when they met at the houses of mutual friends, and never of Mrs. Hun. Canning always seemed ashamed, and Haydon always said he was ashamed of his poor relations, and guilty of a most unsocial arrogance towards his former friends. But I think this can hardly be asserted of him with regard to his mother, with whom he regularly corresponded, and did not forget to provide, his own official pension of 500*l.* a year being made over by Canning, in 1801, to Mrs. Hun and her daughter, Canning's half-sister, for their two lives.—Ed.

life-size, for which he had pined; and Sir George probably thought no more about the size, but only of the subject. This was a matter of prolonged correspondence and much consideration. At length details being settled, Haydon began the picture. The moment chosen is that in which Lady Macbeth, rustling on the stairs, startles Macbeth as he is stepping in between the sleeping grooms and the bed to murder the King. It is a scene full of the sublimity of terror, but was a subject almost beyond Haydon at that age. He had not yet a sufficient control over his subject. Yet he has painted a grand picture that rouses the whole force of your imagination and inspires you with a terror common subjects fail to excite. He pursued the same careful course here as with ' Dentatus,' making studies of every limb, even moulding many to get at the principles of a standard figure, comparing all with the Elgin Marbles day by day, and painting every part from the living model. It was a very costly process, but sound. In November, 1809, Sir George arrived in town, called, and finding the picture greater in size than he had anticipated, went to Wilkie and begged him to ask Haydon to paint on a smaller scale. This was a mistake; Sir George should have spoken himself. The result was that, Haydon nettled at such a request coming through Wilkie, and taking it as a reflection on his power to paint life-size, declined to make the alteration. The figure of Macbeth was already greatly advanced, and was really less than the size of life. Lord Mulgrave then interfered, and pressed Haydon to concede the point. At length he conceded, though I have little doubt with such bad grace, that Sir George now took offence, and disregarded the concession. Then Haydon—out of regard for Sir George, he says, but more probably out of pique, and for his own self-will, or perhaps for all three—chose to assume Sir George wished to give up the commission, seized the opportunity to enlarge the canvas and, painted in Macbeth the full size of life! Sir George was astounded. And certainly such a proceeding had an unpleasant air of defiance about it. I am afraid my dear father was wanting in tact. A man need not adopt that extreme flexibility which enabled Sir Joshua Reynolds to accommodate himself to the humours of everybody; but, on the other hand, he need not be all gladiator. A little adroit management, and Sir George would have recovered his ill-humour—would have seen the "Devonshire lad" was not to

be worried like Wilkie, and all would have gone well. But this terrible 'Macbeth,' the full-size of life, appalled the poor man. Haydon should have yielded, and have painted the picture the cabinet-size Sir George wanted. "Why did I not yield?" Haydon asks himself thirty years later, when good Sir George is safe in his tomb—he was careful not to put himself to the question any earlier—and he answers himself, "Because my mind wanted the discipline of early training." The admission could do him no harm then. But *Nemo nascitur sapiens, sed fit.* At length matters were to some extent arranged. Sir George gave way, and by the 18th December, 1809, I find Sir George writing of some fresh change, "I approve of the alteration extremely;" and then, as if to give him good heart after their recent misunderstanding, Sir George adds, "Laugh at those who sneer at your perseverance. Were you only to produce a few excellent pictures, how far better it is than disgusting mankind with cartloads of crude and undigested works! The lion produces but few, but they are princely whelps. The meaner animals overwhelm the earth with squeaking, grunting reptiles. Remember the perseverance of the Grecian sculptors. Depend on it, one exquisite and perfect work will secure all the advantages of what is commonly called immortality."

In the midst of his labours over 'Macbeth,' Lord Mulgrave, in the spring of 1810, came to him with news. The Directors of the British Gallery were about to offer one hundred guineas as a prize for the best historical picture by a living English painter. "Now," said Lord Mulgrave, "let me persuade you to send 'Dentatus.'" Haydon demurred, "unless West, the President of the Royal Academy, is going to compete." This is a touch of character. Lord Mulgrave explained that West would not compete, but that Howard, one of the hangers of 'Dentatus,' was to be the Academy champion. Haydon and Lord Mulgrave chuckled over this, we may be sure, and it was agreed that 'Dentatus' should be sent to compete.* Wilkie, when he heard of this intention, came down with his usual caution—"Do nothing of the kind. It is only just flying in the face of the Academy." There was always a struggle in Wilkie's mind between his regard for Haydon, compassion for his ill-treatment, anxiety for his success, and profound reverence

* In his Autobiography Haydon gives a different version of this incident, says that he "asked" Lord Mulgrave, and that Lord Mulgrave, "out of sheer

for the authority of the Royal Academy. Yet in his heart, I believe, he secretly admired Haydon's daring and defiance. It was something he could not reach himself, but which dazzled him in others. 'Dentatus' was sent to the British Gallery and hung up beside Howard's picture. Haydon asserts that the academicians used all their influence to persuade the Directors to award the prize to Howard, or at least to put 'Dentatus' out of court. But this probably partakes of the exaggeration and heightened colouring which belong to such moments of excitement. On the 17th May, 1810, the Directors met to decide, and with the exception of Mr. Thomas Hope, unanimously declared 'Dentatus' the winner.

Whether Lord Mulgrave was much consoled, I cannot say, but fearing the effect upon his ardent young *protégé* he writes him a warning letter against the mephitic vapours of academical life and practice, urges him not to allow this success to lull him into "a false security," nor lead him to "abandon his high aims;" and then he nailed up 'Dentatus' in a deal case, and never looked at it, nor allowed Haydon to look at it for two years.

That the Directors' decision reinstated Haydon in his own good opinion, if he had ever lost it, is only reasonable to suppose. And had the Academy accepted the defeat of its champion, and said no more about the mortifying miscarriage of their expectations, all might have been well. But no, they were intractable; the defeat was a planned result. The fact of sending 'Dentatus' to compete with their champion was an act of constructive rebellion, and Haydon should be punished at the first opportunity. If, as Fuller says, "it is pleasant music to hear disarmed malice threaten when it cannot strike," Haydon must have enjoyed a sweet concert at this moment. Whether envy and jealousy be vices more incident to painting than any other profession I do not know; but of this I feel no doubt, that from this moment no man was more hated than Haydon. Envy, hatred, and malice stuck to him for the rest of his life like his shadow. So far Wilkie was right in his advice, for the Academy had always the Octagon-room in

pity," allowed him to try for the prize. All this is wholly incorrect, I have reason to know, and, indeed, as his own Journal of the day sufficiently shows. This is only one of many instances of the lazy and inaccurate manner in which he wrote his Life, without referring back to his early Journals, a labour which evidently, under the influence of momentary impressions, "bored" him.—ED.

reserve, and thus it came to pass that, when Haydon mainly, I suspect, by Wilkie's advice, and with the view probably to test the feeling of the Academy, sent in a small cabinet picture of 'Romeo and Juliet' for the exhibition of 1810, the Academy hangers immediately put it into the darkest corner of the Octagon-room! Haydon, hearing from Fuseli of this fresh indignity, was as much diverted as angered, and going down to the Academy in person, unhung his picture, and carried it home with him in a hackney coach. This was the last he sent to the Academy for sixteen years. Wilkie, in his diary, says that Haydon sent *two* pictures on this occasion, and that both were hung in the Octagon-room; if so, it only aggravates the offence, but I can only trace this one.

This, with the previous affair over the 'Dentatus,' and his own rejection as an Associate, convinced Haydon, as it would convince most men, that if he persevered with Ideal art, his career did not lie through our Royal Academy. There was a latent opposition between the spirit of the Royal Academy and the spirit of ideal art. Their great instrument for the promotion of art was the exaltation of portrait; and certainly where opportunity for creative art is wanting, portrait may be, and often is, the only means of preserving the national interest in art. But we had got beyond this in 1810, and, moreover, a Royal Academy is established, and ours was expressly established for the purpose of encouraging and supporting art in all its branches, and of enabling painters to bring their works before the public. Hence without meaning any reference to Haydon, it seems prejudicial that a society, established for such general purposes, should take upon itself to consider any style of art, not indecent, as distasteful to the public. Haydon's style of high art might not harmonize with the art of the academicians. So much the better for them, I should have thought, and certainly for the public. But in any case they should not have put themselves in the position of being afraid to challenge a fair comparison. Besides, there is something grotesque in an institution regarding itself as fixed in authority to put down everybody and everything it happens to dislike. As regards Haydon, the object of the majority, in the complete and evident absence of any other grounds alleged for his rejection, seems clear. It was to force him out of the practice of ideal art into that of portrait. This was easier plotted than done. As

La Fontaine tells us, it is no difficult matter to sell the bear's skin; but, the question is, how will the bear stand skinning? I have little doubt, from what I have since heard and read, the academicians counted upon stripping Haydon in time, but they had not yet got over the preliminary step of muzzling him. What in effect they said was, "You are possessed of certain opinions upon art which we do not hold with. It would injure our 'custom' to allow you to practise that art within our outward-bounds. If you wish to exhibit with us, you must therefore suppress your convictions for our convenience, abandon your High Art, and not in future presume to have any opinion of your own. If you will do this, we shall be happy to pat you on the back and see what can be done for any portrait you may send, and in due time, perhaps, we may confer upon you the honour of election."

No one can feel surprise at Haydon rejecting a patronage laden with such conditions. They might as well have proposed to take the eyes out of his head, and offer him their spectacles as an equivalent. But so it was. Just as Haydon was brooding over all this, and considering whether any amount of grafting could assimilate his views of art with the views of this arbitrary club of pretentious pedants, to whom art was nothing but a money-making machine, came that singular intrigue of West, Shee, Phillips, and others, to drive poor humble, harmless Wilkie out of his beautiful style of *genre* painting into portrait, wherein it was clearly foreseen he must fail.

I refer to the famous Bird and Wilkie case, mentioned by Cunningham in his 'Life of Wilkie.'* This Bird and Wilkie business was nothing more nor less than an intrigue got up by the portrait academicians of 1810 against Wilkie. Leslie in his memoirs gives a garbled account of it, with the evident design of screening the Academy, and of throwing the blame

* The Academy was jealous of Wilkie, although he was then, 1810, one of their own Forty. Institutions do sometimes show jealousy of genius, and if a man shows a disposition to think for himself, that is a crime never forgiven. The secret of success in managing a corporate body, seems to be never to go beyond the general apprehension. Any proposition beyond the average calibre of minds you have to deal with, is received as a reflection on the general understanding. Enthusiasm is a nuisance, and zeal a concealed reproof on the apathy of the majority. It is the same in all corporate bodies—art, science, literature, or public departments. The explanation, I suppose, is that, there is so much more 'mock turtle' than 'real' in the world, it is very difficult to decide in a given case which of the two one is dealing with.—Ed.

upon Haydon, but I believe the facts to be these. Bird, a new man from Bristol, of considerable talent, but no match for Wilkie either in humour or mechanical excellence, had some pretty bits of cottage life for exhibition in 1810. Wilkie, it so happened, had nothing ready for that exhibition but a little picture of a man teasing a girl by putting on her cap. Haydon, having some intimation of what was intended, advised Wilkie not to send this sketch to exhibition, as it was not fully equal to his high reputation. Unfortunately, Wilkie, who had sufficient good sense in general to follow sound advice, was not always sufficiently self-contained to resist being led astray by interested men. A certain person persuaded him to send it in. He sent it in, and then began the intrigue. West, who always seems to have mixed himself up in these transactions, hurried off to Sir George Beaumont and urged him to send for Wilkie and advise him to remove his picture, or Bird would extinguish him. Sir George at once sent for Wilkie, and told him West's opinion. Wilkie in an agony of doubt flew to Haydon for counsel. "No," said Haydon, "don't remove it now it is there. You promised me not to send it, but now you have sent it, keep it there." Wilkie promised to be firm. In an evil hour he listened again to the voice of the stray charmer, went down to the Academy, and met with the fate which befel that certain man who once went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Shee caught him by the button-hole, the others crowded up, and while they "would not permit me," he told Haydon, "to see Bird's pictures," persuaded him he had "no chance" against his new antagonist, and urged him by all means to remove his own. Wilkie yielded, took away his picture, and that night it was all over London, Wilkie had acknowledged himself defeated. "The Academy Council," Haydon says, "were in an ecstasy of affected concern for 'poor Wilkie' who was afraid of public judgment."

On the private day Wilkie went down with Haydon, examined Bird's pictures, and said at once, "If I had known this, I never would have taken mine away." Bird's pictures Haydon pronounces to have been extremely clever, but far inferior even to Wilkie's sketch. Allan Cunningham, in his 'Life of Wilkie,' confirms this. "There can be no doubt," he says, "that the picture which he too rashly withdrew would have maintained

his position in art against all opposition," and Sir George Beaumont regretfully expressed the same opinion. But Wilkie's humiliation was not yet complete. West suggested to the Prince Regent to buy one of Bird's pictures and to command Wilkie to "paint a companion" to it. This additional indignity cut Wilkie to the heart. He fell seriously ill. "I never saw a man," writes Haydon, "suffer so much." One evening when Haydon called and was admitted with a caution as to Wilkie's danger, he found him "lying on the sofa in an attitude of the completest despair I ever witnessed. His head was leaning on one hand. He had a Prayer Book near him, and his whole air was that of a man who had taken a new and a terrible view of human nature." It was many weeks before Wilkie was out of danger, and then Sir George and Lady Beaumont took him down to Dunmow, and nursed him as if he was their own child. After this, Wilkie gradually withdrew from his old and beautiful style of cottage life art to go ultimately into portrait, in which he failed. "He never painted again as he had before," writes Haydon; "his subsequent works are by no means to be taken as specimens of his own honest conviction that he was honestly doing what he was best fitted to do. He went abroad, and came back a negation in art."

All this deeply affected Wilkie's old friend. "I date my disgust at the mean passions of the art," writes Haydon, "from this moment." The best men in the Academy, Fuseli, Lawrence, Northcote, Stothard, and a few others, were powerless. The authority of Shee, Phillips, Howard, and their portrait majority was supreme, and their aim perfectly clear that the chief merit in art should be strictly a virtue of portrait painters. No other style of art was to be permitted to take its proper rank.

It is from this incident we may date Haydon's resolution to withdraw himself from all official connection with the Royal Academy. Wilkie, as we might expect, endeavours hard to dissuade him. Years afterwards, in 1824, Wilkie said to Bewick, "Haydon should have waited patiently and have got into the Academy, then he could have taken a terrible retaliation if he liked." This was Wilkie's view, but it was not sound. The question is, would the portrait painters have given Haydon the opportunity? would they have let him in? In 1809 we have seen that they unanimously refused admis-

sion to him. Had their objections to him and his art diminished? In 1810 another vacancy occurred, and Haydon says he did not receive a single vote. Arnold was elected, and in 1811 we know Haydon was not. All this was sufficiently significant. To have put up again, and to have been again rejected, or to exhibit again and have another picture hung in the Octagon-room, would have done Haydon serious professional injury. Society is so cowardly it is always more ready to believe that, where forty men apparently unite in condemning one, the one man must be to blame rather than the forty men should be mistaken in blaming him. It is not always the right conclusion, but it was generally adopted in Haydon's case, and is never inconvenient.

In my humble judgment there was no other course open to Haydon but to withdraw from the Academy. I am only astonished at his resolve to appeal against the indiscriminate respect paid to its authority, to expose its abuses and corruption, and to call upon the public to demand its reform, not being arrived at earlier. Considering the treatment he had been subjected to since 1807, I am surprised at his self-control.

In the course of 1811 Haydon says he confided his views and intentions to Wilkie, and to Leigh Hunt, with whom he had just been engaged in a public controversy on the physical construction of the negro, an effort that consolidated Haydon's power of verbal expression. Hunt, with the true relish of an editor for a fresh pen on a new subject, warmly encouraged the project, and placed his paper, the 'Examiner,' at Haydon's disposal. Wilkie, with his natural reverence for authority and his natural incapacity for a bold action, earnestly dissuaded Haydon from anything of the kind. "Hunt," said he, "gets his living by such things, you will lose all chance of it." There was this risk, of course; but when Wilkie went on to say, "Be an art reformer if you like, but be one with your pencil and not with your pen," he forgot that matters had come to such a pass in the art, nobody but a reformer with his pen could hope to effect any reform with the pencil. Even Wilkie could not deny that since the deaths of Romney and Sir Joshua Reynolds, British art had been undergoing a gradual process of degradation and decay, to which the Royal Academy had apparently become reconciled, and which, judging from their conduct, it seemed they rather liked. Nor does he deny

that it is hopeless to expect a society, so constituted, to effectually reform itself. Close corporations, he knew, never spontaneously improve to any purpose. But, nevertheless, I can quite understand that although Wilkie wished the reform made, he did not wish it to be made by one with whom he was so intimately connected—then almost related to—as Haydon. Into his motives we need not look. Men rarely act from a single and disinterested motive. His nature was against contention, and he wished Haydon to work on peaceably with him.

In addition to Leigh Hunt, I find that Chantrey, the sculptor, and Soane, the architect, and Collins, the painter, to whom Haydon was much attached, all three united to press Haydon to take up his pen. No other artist could write as well, and there was none so thoroughly master of the subject as he. But these were not wholly disinterested advisers. Soane was an academician, Collins and Chantrey wanted to be. Their bosoms burned with an incensed fire of opposite injuries. Soane was even writing a pamphlet against the academical abuses, and the feelings of Collins had been grossly outraged by the hanging of one of his best pictures at the exhibition of 1811.* Nevertheless Haydon believed them to be as sincere as himself. Perhaps they were. At least one would wish to believe them so, but when their "trial" came, when "they should endure the bloody spur," they sunk, like the rest of Brutus's "hollow men." They proved to be rays only of uncertain light, that disappeared in the distractions of the academical atmosphere, to re-appear —on the opposite side.

There was one other behind the scenes who probably had more to do with the appearance of the "Three Letters," and whose repeated expressions of contempt against the Academy had a greater effect upon Haydon than is usually supposed. This was Lord Mulgrave.

It was under these ardent influences the year 1811 feverishly passed, Haydon working vigorously at his picture of

* The picture was hung below the bar, just off the floor. Collins was so wounded by the indignity that he addressed an official letter to the Council, protesting against "the degrading situation" given to his picture, and demanding permission to place casing in front of it, in order "to protect the frame and the picture from the kicks of the crowd." Mr. Howard, R.A., replied on behalf of the Council, granting the required permission, and with an exquisite urbanity, assisted by slight sarcasm, expressing his "surprise that Mr. Collins should consider the position of the picture 'degrading,' inasmuch as the hanging committee had thought it complimentary."—Ed.

'Macbeth,' to finish it,* and leave him free. From time to time he seems to have dallied with the Academy business, starting difficulties in the temper of one who felt the chances were singularly against him, yet wished to have the difficulties undervalued. The question with him, however, was not "what is the best thing for me to do, but what will benefit the art most—my silence or my exposure of these intrigues and abuses?" Consequences to him were like squalls against the solid rock, that shook not. And as to gaining notoriety, I feel confident that never occurred to him, or if it did, he saw it would be unenviable, for no man better understood the way to rise to rapid celebrity is not to attack a popular delusion, but rather to defend the prevailing doctrine which society likes to believe, but has no good reason for believing in. To echo and serve prevalent prejudices, he says, is the "surest road" to reward. But applause and reward was not what Haydon was aiming at. He had a definite public purpose in view, viz., to break up the supremacy of the portrait painters in the Royal Academy, and on the ruins of their power raise the taste of the nation by giving greater support and space to ideal art in every branch, by using the influence of the Academy to secure the establishment of public galleries of art, particularly of native art, and of schools of design, local and central, and by further efforts in a direction which he trusted would have the effect of awakening the epic and dramatic spirit amongst the students and painters, and thus exciting the reverence, and sympathies, and high feeling of the British public for their native art. It was not that Haydon was, as he has been erroneously represented, "the determined enemy of the Academy;" but of the abuses and paltriness into which it had been sunk. No man more heartily recognised the great services of the Academy to art in the latter half of the last century, or more generously bore testimony to the genius and skill of a distinguished minority among its then living members. But he also thoroughly understood the mischievous action of its existing majority, who had no feeling for art beyond what they could gain by it, and who were banded together to keep out or suppress

* As an instance of his extraordinary courage and perseverance, it is the fact that when he had finished the figure of Macbeth, not being pleased with its position, he took it completely out, in order to raise it higher in the canvas. Wilkie and Seguier looked on in wonder, but both admitted the greater effect and improvement of the change, though neither would have made it.—Ed.

those who had. Full of his determination, Haydon now finished 'Macbeth,' and by the end of January 1st, 1812, sent it to the British Gallery to compete for the three hundred guinea prize. Then he deliberately took up his pen to try and obtain a reform of the Royal Academy.

Three letters, signed "an English Student," suddenly and successively appeared in the 'Examiner' newspaper for the 26th January; 2nd, and 9th February, 1812; and never before nor since has the art of England been thrown into such an uproar.* The burst of official fury was so great, so alarming,

* Before the appearance of the first letter Sir George Beaumont had come to London, seen the 'Macbeth' at the British Gallery, where he admitted it kept its place well against the 'Paul Veronese,' but said it was too large for any room he had at Cole-Orton, and on the 29th of January wrote to Haydon to decline its possession, according to their understanding, but offering 100*l.* towards expenses, and a commission for a smaller picture, the price to be settled by arbitration. Haydon petulantly rejected both offers, said he would "keep the 'Macbeth,' and would not paint another picture on any account for Sir George." I suspect him to have been nettled by the abuse lavished on the picture by West and the academicians, by whom, he thinks, Sir George has been influenced. Possibly so; or perhaps the letter of the 26th of January may have had some effect, for of all men Sir George must have known Haydon's style and opinions, especially upon such a subject as Mr. Payne Knight's essay, which they had doubtless often discussed. Anyhow the excuse that he had no room at Cole-Orton will not stand. But the whole affair was an unhappy business, and was unquestionably the origin of Haydon's pecuniary troubles. Before he began 'Macbeth' he owed nothing. On the day Sir George Beaumont refused to purchase it he was nearly 500*l.* in debt, the price he put upon the picture. In explanation of his "three letters" to the 'Examiner,' Haydon in his Autobiography, written thirty years later, says that Sir George's unexpected refusal to purchase 'Macbeth,' the abuse of the picture by West and the academical party, and his own pecuniary predicament, exasperated him to that degree, "an attack upon the Academy darted into his head." But this lays more at Sir George's door than Sir George can claim, while it is just another of those curious and illusive errors of imagination with which Haydon's Autobiography abounds. Nothing can be further from the facts. In the first place his habit of composition was, that he wrote and corrected in his head before he put pen to paper. And a careful examination of his MSS. and private correspondence at this period shows that he had published his first letter three days before he had received Sir George's offer. By that time the second letter must have been in the printer's hands, and the third already in his mind. Thus I am convinced there was no precipitancy of the kind, and, indeed, all other facts are against such a supposition. By February, 1812, Haydon had been nearly eight years in London. He had made himself fully acquainted with the history of the Academy, with the views of all parties in the art, and with the malpractice and corruption that generally prevailed. His connexion with the Academy as a student, his extraordinary intimacy with Fuseli, who seems to have opened his heart to him freely on Academical matters, his close observation of, and acquaintance with Northcote, West, Shee, Beechey, Howard, Phillips, and the men of the hour, had taught him into what unadaptive stuff official academies may sink; while the treatment Wilkie, Collins, Sir Charles Bell, Chantrey, Soane, and others, himself among them, had met at the hands of the Academy Council during these years, had long since brought him to regard this institution in its existing form as something in the light of Milton's Sin:—

"Woman to the waist, and fair,
But ending foul in many a scaly fold."

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that Soane's courage failed him. He suppressed his pamphlet, clung to the Academy, and left Haydon to fight the battle unaided. Chantrey catching the panic, stopped short of schism and separation, and threw Haydon overboard after a moment's hesitation. And Collins, what becomes of the faithful Collins does not immediately appear, but that he too shrank from the logical deduction of his complaints, and went down into the deep profound, to come up like Chantrey in future years a Royal Academician, is equally sad, and equally true. Had the four held together, their weight would have been irresistible, the Academy would have been reformed, and the art advanced by fifty years. Then came a fresh defection. The editors of the 'Examiner,' besieged by angry and vindictive academicians and connoisseurs, in a moment of weakness gave up the name of the "English Student." In the then existing state of society nothing more was requisite. Haydon forgave these equivocal acts of his friends with his accustomed generosity. He knew the necessities of editors, and he never thought evil of any man. But he immediately foresaw that a hard and long struggle was now before him. He had brought forty men upon his back with all the rich men behind them, and he might rely on it they would show him no mercy. Nevertheless he seems to have felt satisfied that, whatever the intermediate consequences to him, the contest must ultimately resolve itself into a struggle between the exclusive domination of forty academicians and the national intellect. In the end the Academy would be purified, the art freed, and the public taste raised. Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir George Beaumont, Mr. Locke, Mr. Thomas Hope, and many others expressed the same opinion; but they never forgave Haydon for writing the "letters."

I have no doubt that materials for an indictment against the Academy had been unconsciously accumulating in Haydon's mind for many years. Every fresh conversation with Fuseli, Jackson, Wilkie, and Bell, only gave them colour and form, and the "Bird and Wilkie" scandal, in 1810, brought them to maturity. He seems to have been resolved from that moment to seize an opportunity to appeal to the public. In 1812 the opportunity occurred, and he took it. Hence it was from no sudden inspiration, but with settled views and firm convictions Haydon took the field, and solely, I believe, in the public interest. For his own private interests nothing could be more fatal. For it was impossible he could long preserve his incognito, and that, once broken, the peace of his life and his prospects of employment were fatally imperilled. Hatred and contention would cling to him for life, his talents would be denied, his motives impugned, and himself deprived of employment on every convenient opportunity.—Ed.

The "Three Letters" are well known. They are too long to quote in full, and, as they review all parties and persons in the art of that period, have lost much of their interest. But on certain main questions still at issue, it may be permitted to quote from them. They are well written, clearly, and with warmth. The first letter deals with the connoisseurs, and the injurious influence they often exercise upon art by mistaking their knowledge for natural taste and genius. Haydon takes up Mr. Payne Knight, his old opponent on the Elgin Marbles, the leading connoisseur, a distinguished scholar, and eminent collector of that day, as a case in point. Mr. Payne Knight had enormous influence on the art just then. In an unlucky moment he had written an essay on Barry, the painter, and his works; and Haydon reviews the opinions Mr. Payne Knight expressed therein, shows conclusively that many of those opinions are narrow, mistaken, injurious to the true interests of English art, and calculated to mislead our students. On the question of scale in painting, he convicts Mr. Payne Knight of self-evident contradictions, and worse—of absolute dishonesty in his quotations from Pliny to support his own hostility to grandeur of scale, and prove his own assertion that the greatest Greek painters confined themselves "to tabular pictures which could not be great." This exposure Mr. Payne Knight never got over, and never forgave. But it was certainly well deserved. Haydon then goes on to show Mr. Payne Knight's further assertion that "greater accuracy and elegance of detail is required in small works," to be most erroneous and misleading, greater accuracy being *de facto* required for large works, because the principles of painting on a grand scale are to take only the leading characteristics of things. Therefore in great works on a grand scale the greatest knowledge, accuracy, and power is required. "Painting on a small scale," writes Haydon, "affords more means of hiding defects and of concealing a want of information than painting on a scale where nothing can escape the eye." But then, says Haydon, comes "the real secret" of Mr. Payne Knight's hostility to grandeur of scale. "The manner of furnishing rooms to make them comfortable in a northern climate, excludes very large pictures." "Here," says Haydon, "comes at least the unanswerable argument. I dispute not such an irrefutable reason as it regards you

or me as individuals; but because your rooms are small, do not sophisticate and attempt to prove that great works on a grand scale are not necessary to England as a great nation. Want of room for great pictures! Why, are not the halls and staircases of the nobility empty? Are not the public offices, the Ordnance, the Admiralty, the House of Commons, the House of Lords, empty? Let us hear no more of want of space. It is not want of space, but want of elevation of mind."

Mr. Payne Knight had also asserted that "the end of art is to please." "No, sir," replies Haydon; "the end of art is to instruct by pleasing." Mr. Payne Knight had further maintained that it is "the most absurd of all absurd notions to affirm that painting can convey religious, moral, or political instruction. Can painting really excite pity, or terror, or love, or benevolence?" contemptuously asks Mr. Payne Knight. "Can it really stimulate a man to heroism, or urge a man to repentance, or show the horrors of guilt, or the delights of virtue?" "No, sir," replies Haydon, "certainly not, in such minds. Pictures with such properties would pass unheeded by, did they hang near a red herring by Jan Mieris, or a Turkey carpet by Gerard Dow."

The second and third letters deal with the Royal Academy. Haydon sets out by declaring the King, in giving his support to the Royal Academy, to be "lending his protection to the promotion of error." He shows that the chief use of Academies of art is as schools of art to regulate, direct, and aid pupils.* He points out that since the death of Reynolds, our Royal Academy has greatly failed in this pre-eminent duty by reason of want of due qualifications in the members, by reason of their deplorable ignorance of drawing, their lack of fundamental knowledge in all technical excellencies of their profession, and their then utter want of sincerity and feeling for art. He gives instances of their abuse of power; he calls attention to the execrable character of the academical monuments and effigies that disgrace St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; he points

* This was quite the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In his last discourse I find Sir Joshua enforces this view. "I have taken every opportunity," he says, "of recommending a national method of study as of the last importance. The great, I may say the sole, use of an academy is to put, and for some time to keep, students to that course."—Ed.

out their neglect of all means to spread a knowledge of true principles of art and design among the people; he ridicules their annual exhibitions—a mere market for saleable goods—"a splendid effusion of red curtains, where each academician tries to out-glare his neighbour by red-lead and king's-yellow, instead of out-do him by fine forms, fine outline, fine character, and refined expression;" and he asks, "When the people have their heads so split by glare, by pageantry, by show, is it any wonder they are so wanting in feeling for true art? The artists," he asserts, "are the instructors of the nation, and must create the taste by which they are to be admired. Did not Michel Angelo and Raffaelle create the Roman feeling? Did not Titian, Tintoretto, and Giorgione create the taste at Venice? Are we, then, to expect the English people to be inspired, and to come and tell us what is right? No; it is the painter who must instruct them."

With regard to the selection of paintings for exhibition, he asserts that the best judges among the Academicians are notoriously out-voted by the majority of mediocrity, and that such power is a most pernicious power, and if not checked and controlled, will ruin or suppress the art in course of time.

The reforms he indicates are an improved method of election, so as to secure the best men of every department in the art, a reduction of the power of the council, increased responsibility, annual premiums, greater space for the exhibition of works of ideal art, both in history and landscape; schools of design, and an annual grant of public money for art purposes.

Then, addressing himself to the students, Haydon urges them to go with reverence to their work, and to avoid the academical defects by more attentive investigation and scientific research. He condemns the neglect of all "study" of the human form, denounces "that senseless, vicious, academic squareness in drawing which has ruined or misled the hopes of half the academies of Europe;" and entreats the students to get a perfect knowledge of Nature "as she is," before they presume to make her what they think she "ought to be." He shows them why knowledge of correct drawing, the basis of all good art, has not made greater progress in English art, viz., by

the unwise neglect of the Academy, where "drawing" is almost wholly unknown; reminds them that the future of English art rests upon their endeavours, and promises them if they will only discard academical teaching, pursue the art aright, and make knowledge of form their basis, and then colour, light, and shadow, there is no excellence within the scope of human ability they may not attain.

The letters are evidently the work of a young writer who is master of his subject. They put forth a sound system of art education, and I can quite understand why such vigorous writing upon a subject hitherto sacred to connoisseurs and official academicians, and so entirely in opposition to their existing practice in art, should have come in the form of an astounding surprise to such very great men, and, as regarded the writer, raised the keenest curiosity. No sooner, however, was Haydon's name given as the real writer, than there was an explosion of all that long-hoarded envy, jealousy, and wrath, which always accumulates in society against a young man of original mind who is dependent upon society for employment, and does not wear his originality with submission. Haydon was denounced at every dinner-table, and at some it was suggested legal proceedings be taken against him.

In short, he awoke one morning to find himself a man forbid, and all his reputation gone. In forty-eight hours more he was regarded as one of the most abandoned characters of the age. Society in those days resented anything that smacked of an appeal to public opinion.*

* When Wilkie, after the seizure of his pictures in execution, painted his well-known 'Distraining for Rent,' the Directors of the British Gallery, who purchased the work, felt such misgivings over the subject, that, incredible as the statement may appear now, they hid the picture for years in their lumber room below, never daring to exhibit it. The whole tone and temper of society was, in fact, against reflections upon established authority. As for the number of unfortunate editors and writers who were prosecuted, fined, imprisoned, and even transported in the first quarter of this century, their name is legion. Between 1812 and 1822 there were 270 Government prosecutions for libel against authors or publishers, and Haydon may consider himself fortunate that he escaped as he did. Nevertheless, in taking up the cause of art and design at the time he did, and in the manner he did, Haydon performed a valuable public service. It was absolutely necessary that it be done. No one else in the art had the courage to attempt it, though everyone in the art outside of the Academy, and a select minority within its walls, felt that it ought to be done, and were secretly grateful that Haydon had done it. If he was not prudent so far as his own personal interest was concerned, he was at least honest and courageous and faithful towards the interests of his art and of the public.

His teaching, I admit, might have been a little too vehement for the nerves of an over-refined society, and, in appearance, perhaps wanting in that patience and moderation habitual to Englishmen when viewing the errors of established authority. But nothing could be more unreasonable in fact than to charge him with want of principle, hasty prejudice, and unreasoning intolerance. And they need not have denounced him as an enemy to Church and King. But that was the tone of society in 1812. If you disagreed with any public prejudice you were immediately set down as a republican and atheist. What really annoyed Haydon's noble friends was his writing to a newspaper—that was vulgar. Men of rank have a great horror of what is vulgar, yet no people are more ignorant of what is so. It was nothing that he was altogether right on the main question, and on all collateral questions springing out of it. Why refute the aristocratic principle in art? That was one offence. As Lord Egremont said, "why write at all?" And as Lord Dartmouth said, "why write to a newspaper?" That was another. Posssibly they thought mischief was too precious a thing to be wasted on such a paltry object in such a public manner. Such power should have been reserved for employment by a minister.

And what was the mischief he had done, for which he was to be punished? He had brought it home to the minds of his readers that England was not more backward in art than Italy had been under similar circumstances. That it was not from climate or soil, or national inability to feel art, the English people were so backward, but from local obstruction, from apathy and indifference in high places, from the failure of the Royal Academy to fulfil its public function, from its insincerity in art, from its long neglect to supply those means of art training and education the public had the right to demand at its hands. The whole subject was one of serious importance to the growing interests of England.

The nobility, feeling that the patronage of art was a part of their duty as an aristocracy, might very well be pitied for their want of knowledge of art as a class. With no art tutors at Oxford or Cambridge, they left college just as wise in art as they entered it. But for the Royal Academy there was no excuse. During the previous twenty years it had subtly and

insidiously abandoned its most sacred obligation, that of providing sufficient art instruction for the people. And, under cover of its position, it had abused its powers as well as evaded its responsibility, degraded the art into a vulgar trade, and made it a matter of manœuvring and compact without reference to the wishes of its best men, or interests of the country.

All this Haydon exposed, with a rough indifference it may be to the prejudices he aroused, but with an earnestness and public zeal, and a total disregard of self that merited public thanks rather than social exclusion.

The reception his "Three Letters" met with from "society" at first dismayed Haydon. He says he had expected they would "welcome the diffusion of truth." There is nothing the world dislikes so much. It is humiliating to your inferiors, and offensive to all the rest. And in his effort to enlighten their understandings, Haydon had pricked the great world's prejudices so sharply, they quickly rejected both him and his unpleasant truths, not because they could disprove them, but because they wished them disproved. His arguments were at least strong enough to deserve to be carefully and impartially weighed, and his statements should have been answered. But society refused to discuss either. They were persuaded the sacred fires of art were preserved in the Academy hot-house.* Then the King was at the head of the Academy—authority must be supported—and the "Exhibition" was not to be tampered with. Their belief and disbelief was not grounded on the evidence of facts, but formed out of partiality and prejudice against the evidence those facts established.

And Haydon was equally astonished at the tone and action taken by the Academy. He had evidently anticipated the great law of retaliation would be put in active force against him, and the matter openly and publicly discussed, much as "discussions" on points of faith and morals used formerly to be practised. But, to his evident chagrin, nothing of the kind occurred. After their first burst of indignation was over, the culprit discovered, the authorities in art proceeded to deal

* "Of academies of art I think like you. They are a kind of hot-houses for art's winter season, unfit to reap seeds, but excellent for every kind of sickly plants."—*Letter of Rumöhr to Haydon*, 9 April, 1842.

with him deliberately. They first insinuated that he was factious. Nothing tells so well with society and against your enemy as the insinuation that his conduct has been factious; it is delightfully vague; it covers a wide space, and although it is only one man's opinion of another man's action, its effect is like the lie that 'sinketh in.' Then he had harassed the feelings of their "venerable president;" this touched society's sentiments. He had produced "a maximum of irritation in order to remove a minimum of grievance;" this was universally applauded. And his conduct was ungrateful. "Ingratum si dixeris omnia dices." In a short time, Haydon found himself driven from the field. The academicians knew the prejudices of a society which hated publicity; and they were careful never to be vehement. They only insinuated, they did not accuse. And this exactly suited those serene regions where fury and feeling are equally unknown, where "rage assumes the milder form of malignity;" where you are abused, but only behind your back; and your reputation is destroyed in a manner the most agreeable and polished in the world. Haydon did not understand this. It requires a considerable amount of experience in good breeding. The academicians did, and here lay their advantage. To a young man so ardent, and with a passion for everything that was open, manly, and fair, there must have been much that was galling in this attitude of masked malevolence. "They whispered slander against me," * says he. I have no doubt of it, any more than I have that, stung into retort, he

* The apologists of the Royal Academy deny Haydon's complaints of their malice, and of their taking unfair advantages. But I must say I cannot bring myself to believe they had much tenderness of conscience in their treatment of him. Haydon speaks day by day of what he knows, and feels, and suffers from. The academicians were well organized, were animated by one interest, and they had many opportunities of doing Haydon many kinds of secret mischief with an angry and credulous society. And they were not scrupulous as to what was according to propriety and settled practice, and what not. They certainly seem to have thought with Escobar, that, provided you directed your intention rightly, and with a good conscience, "licet per insidias aut a tergo percutiat," and there is little doubt they struck home. Besides, after his "Three Letters," the academicians had a manifest interest in ruining Haydon in public estimation, for, by ruining him, they hoped to conceal their own *lâches*, and this interest was exactly in proportion to their responsibility to the public. Of course if we are to take it for granted that the Royal Academy of Haydon's day was composed of perfect characters, and if all our reasoning is to proceed on the conclusion that they could do no wrong, the force of the argument in their defence must be admitted. But, as Macaulay said of Lord Ellenborough, "It is somewhat illogical to infer a man's innocence from the flagrancy of his guilt."

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found slander to improve by opposition. To this unlucky sort of sensitiveness Haydon, all his life, was much too prone, for a well-bred man, and it kept him in a perpetual state of fretful irritability. He often vowed he would never answer another calumny, but he always forgot his vow on the first provocation. This was unfortunate; but I apprehend few of us can placidly bear to be slandered. Even a Lord Chief Justice will resent.

Thus, the first and prompt effect of his now famous "Three Letters" upon Haydon's own fortunes was that he was left to solitude and silence in his own painting-room. He found himself without sympathy, appreciation, or support, from that very society in whose interests he believed himself to be earnestly working, and with feelings of apprehension and distrust roused against him in all quarters. In one word, he was "cut," and his antagonists petted and protected. This neglect of equal

And that there is abundant proof of such animus against Haydon we have only to search the published biographies of academicians deceased since Haydon, and other works written by Royal Academicians. Unhappily a knowledge of the truth does not always imply an intention to tell it. Men who know perfectly well the real state of a case, occasionally find it to their interest to represent the facts altogether differently; that is within the common experience of mankind. Let us, for example, take the case of Leslie, the painter, and a Royal Academician. Leslie was an excellent man in most respects, and one of the best specimens of a Royal Academician this century has seen. Yet no man uses his knowledge to misrepresent facts more artfully, and to Haydon's disadvantage, than Leslie. In fact the moment he touches the subject of Haydon and the Academy, his statements cease to be trustworthy, or, charitable. I have little doubt he was anxious to have truth on his side when dealing with Haydon and the Academy, but, unfortunately, he does not display equal anxiety to be on the side of truth. The disingenuous manner in which, in his Autobiography, he deals with facts in the Bird and Wilkie business, and in the case of 'Dentatus,' is striking. He first charges Haydon ('Handbook,' p. 154) with absolute untruthfulness, and then in his Autobiography, wholly at a loss for material to support this allegation against Haydon, yet anxious to serve the cause of the Royal Academy, to which he belonged, he deliberately misrepresents some facts, suppresses others, and garbles all with the evident design of lowering the reputation of Haydon, and of placing that of the Academy in the most favourable light. And yet he must have been fully acquainted with all the facts, and was writing deliberately, several years after Haydon's death, and with Haydon's Autobiography before him.

If no other proofs existed of the virulent party feeling against Haydon, I should regard this testimony of Leslie's as having a double value—first, as corroborating the probability of Haydon's statements of the habitual malice and misrepresentation concerning him; and secondly, as showing Haydon's statements of the Bird and Wilkie business and 'Dentatus' affairs were contemporary statements, and not disingenuous fictions, put forward by him in his Autobiography, thirty years later, for the purpose of damaging the Academy. If such is the conduct of their best men forty years after the events themselves, may we not draw a reasonable inference of what was the conduct of the majority at the time when passions were heated, and personal feeling bitter and implacable?—ED.

justice is the habitual sin of an aristocracy. They punish indiscretions, but they reward great crimes.

A small band of personal friends, who had not fled to wait upon his foes, who knew his statements to be well founded and true, and who believed in his sincerity and skill, alone were left to him. I do not know that he felt the change in his position very acutely. Like the French marshal, he was always ready "de quitter la plume pour dormir sur la dure," and he slept not the less soundly. When his petulance was cooled he took the opinion of society upon himself and his motives, at its real value, an algebraical quantity somewhat less than nothing, and he returned to his painting-room, resolved to make himself worthy of the responsibility he had assumed, to quit himself like a man and be strong, and we shall see in due time what he did, and what society.

Dropped by his distinguished friends, and shunned by most of his recent acquaintances as a sceptic and a republican—so unjust and capricious is society in one of its fits of indignation with a favourite—Haydon quickly formed his resolve. His strong will acting upon his indignation made him determined to succeed, and, when that cooled, his high ambition sustained him. Thus, what the academicians had designed as a hindrance, viz., his rejection in 1809–10–11, proved to be a step to his success, for it stimulated him into more determined action, and what under official patronage would perhaps have taken him twenty years to effect, we shall now see wrought out in five. He resolved to continue to expose the abuses of the academical system till they were remedied, and he would at once begin to paint a "series" of sacred historical pictures, to be put independently before the English people. He would try also to found a school of pupils, thus laying a foundation for the practical extension of his schemes for the elevation of art and design, by raising a race of designers for possible contingencies. Then, like the son of Sirach, he said, "Let us separate ourselves from our enemies and take heed of our friends whose minds are according to our minds, and who will sorrow with us if we miscarry," and ordering in a great canvas 12 ft. 10 in. by 10 ft. 10 in., nearly 600*l.* in debt, and not one shilling in his pocket, he began his first

great picture—some say the greatest he ever painted—'The Judgment of Solomon.'

Here may be said to end the first period of Haydon's career. If we look back to the night on which he arrived in London, May, 1804, to this March, 1812, the results will be found not insignificant. His ambition had been to do his work thoroughly, according to the best of his ability, and to pray for God's blessing upon it, without much caring for the opinions of men. In those few years he had sprung from being an unknown lad, with no knowledge of art, to the first rank of English historical painters. He wielded the resources of his art with a power and ease of which his contemporaries were destitute. The knowledge he had acquired of the technical detail of his profession was extraordinary, and no one knew how he got it—it was by study only. Under great obligations to Fuseli, which he always heartily and gratefully acknowledged, Haydon had never had a master in the full meaning of the term. He had taught himself to draw before he entered the Academy school, and he had taught himself to paint since he left it. He had extraordinary power of drawing, great expression, and a fine eye for colour. Leslie, no friendly critic, says the purity and tone of his colour was not to be rivalled, and he was singularly free from the faults of the theorists and pedants upon art. He had shown, also, that while he had all the industry of a drudge, he had all the courage, the force of character, the invention and enthusiasm of genius, and yet a temper that could bear indignity and neglect.

And it was not alone as a painter, that Haydon had made this early reputation. It was also as a fresh and powerful writer and conversationalist upon art, as the bold defender in society of the value of the Elgin Marbles against the contempt and depreciation of Mr. Payne Knight and the connoisseurs, and as a master in argument and detail on all questions arising out of the extension of Art and Design. He had disputed the infallibility of the academical dogma, he had asserted the claims of art and industry, he had vindicated the character of the British school, and he had boldly exposed the negligence, the ignorance, the low taste, and particular shortcomings of those on whom British art had to rely, and society believed in.

But this style of thing is not to be done by any man with

impunity. A benevolent Nature has bestowed, upon certain men in all societies, an instinctive appetite to resist those whose talents, rank, or power command attention. If the man be poor and unknown, without rank or position, so much the more certain is it he is an "impostor." When a man of this position presses on their notice, so that they cannot deny his existence, nor dispute his success, nor avoid witnessing its appearance, that follows which we might expect when we remember the meanness and malignity of this portion of mankind. They begin by feeling uneasy, then scrupulous of acknowledging the talents which cause their uneasiness, then anxious to show that he does not owe his success to any distinctive faculty, till his celebrity becoming hateful, because well merited, they devote themselves to the pleasure of degrading him. They disparage his ability, impugn his motives, and then blacken his reputation before the world, till, at length, their foul words having "broken the charm" of his fair deeds, they drive him into poverty or the grave. When he is ruined or dead the personal pressure of actual presence is over, and envy breathes again without pain.

Apart from what has been called the worldly imprudence of Haydon, and from that point of view his "Three Letters" and his disagreement with Sir George Beaumont were the most indiscreet acts a young man in his position could possibly commit—his career, up to this point, offers a singular instance of the success that may be effected by the union of temperance with industry and courage, and by thinking steadily on one subject, not letting your mind float idly over many. In this present age of Jacks of many trades and masters of few, Haydon stands out well in this concentration of the attention and faculties, and may be studied with advantage.

With regard to his general course of conduct, I repeat that I am satisfied his motives were high and pure, and his action disinterested. Haydon had no personal object in view. His art found him poor, and we know it left him so. He never made an investment in his life, and no wonder. In thirty years he cleared exactly 13*s.* 6*d.* as his professional gains in excess of his expenditure, which was moderate enough. He might have had honours, for they were within his easy reach more than once. He remembered himself too little, and

his art far too much, for his interest. The only favour he ever asked for himself was the promise of a small pension to keep him out of the workhouse when he should be old and past work. The Royal Bounty Fund he never troubled, poor as he was; and the only honour he ever sought, the fair recognition of the claims of Painting by the State, and the adoption of his principles in art and design.

His hostile attitude towards the Academy is often condemned. But I hope I have been able to show that no grounds exist for his condemnation on this head. There is no question now that he was right. And surely no man could have shown greater forbearance than Haydon between 1809 and 1812. He allowed nothing to provoke him, and it must be admitted he had more than his share of provocation. When the time came to act he acted, and to the best of his ability. He saw what was wrong in the art and in the Academy, and how it best could be set right, and he confined himself to the stubborn task. But he knew with what he had to deal, and how to deal with it. In a contest with a close corporation like the Royal Academy, nothing is ever gained by trusting to their spontaneous generosity, or by consulting their convenience. Weak men often talk of "moderate measures." Moderate measures, in such contests, are a mistake; for the misery of moderation is that you never have an active party for or against you. If you are sincere, you pass your life in seeing your best efforts drop unnoticed on the ground, and in any case you die before your opinions get a hearing. But in general your men of moderate measures do not even get so far as this. They pass their lives shuffling and juggling between two conflicting principles, and shaking in their shoes for the success of either. There is only one rule in these matters and for all men, "*thorough*." This was Haydon's rule, and from first to last he never swerved from it.

It may be as well, before closing this period of Haydon's career, to refer briefly to his projected reform of the Royal Academy. His real aim was to reduce it to the level of a School of Instruction. All the world outside is now tolerably well agreed that Haydon's complaints were well-founded, and that he was thoroughly in the right so far as his demand for reform, but no one seems to have any very distinct notion of

what kind of reform is needed. The Academy has good laws, but these are overruled by bad customs. Even academicians confess that "something must be done." But all they propose to do is to increase the number of academicians, and consequently of academicians' pensions. It may be fairly doubted whether any increase of mere numbers or pensions will prove of advantage to the public interest.

In considering the affairs of the Royal Academy, it must be remembered the Academy has no legal status; it has no charter; it is not incorporated by Act of Parliament; and no one in Parliament seems exactly to know how to deal with it, though, as has been suggested, it might be brought in as a trade union. That a Royal Academy is not necessary to the art of a nation is admitted. That can exist, and, until quite modern times, always contrived to flourish without the aid of academies. MM. Léon Say, Rumöhr, Horace Vernet, Cornelius, and others of authority in art, held with Haydon that academies are injurious to High Art; that they generate an artificial style called academic, and distinct from what is natural, and have never succeeded in approaching the fine art of Italy or Greece, where schools only, and not academies, existed.

With regard to our own Royal Academy, originally two broad conditions accompanied its power and privileges, viz., that well-regulated schools of design be established throughout the country, so as to give us good designers, and that annual exhibitions should be open to "all artists" to place their works fairly before the public eye. If an academy of art does not fully and completely comply with these two primary conditions, in addition to its own particular duties as a school of art, of what use is it?

Its official character may give it the sign of ascendency, just as we see a golden canister swinging over our heads. It is large and lofty, and extremely imposing; but it fulfils none of the purposes of the thing it represents, whatever else it may represent. And so it is with a Royal Academy of art, which has not an active sympathy with every phase of art.

The silly superstition of society that a Royal Academy of art necessarily holds a monopoly of the genius and taste of the nation, is like the credulity of the old fathers in the special productiveness of their barnacle tree. They could give no

reason for the faith that was in them, any more than society; but they firmly believed the tree dropped its fruit into the waters, the fruit cracked, and, out swam a gosling. One can only say to such credulity as William III. said to those who besought him to touch them for scrofula, "God give you better health and more sense."

One chief error of society in this blind belief is in not perceiving the general fate of every institution is to obtain a high reputation for genius and excellence under its first president, and to lose it under his successors. Then the inherent vices of all institutions, such as a great capacity for favouritism, vanity, intrigue, envy, faction, and "a passion for capriciously fixing the criteria of excellence," according to Payne Knight, are not likely to be diminished when you add to these the patronage of the sovereign, the support of the nobility, and an organisation of forty or so self-elected members, not subject to the control of the profession, not compelled to subject their accounts to public audit, and with large funds, all the honours, and nearly all the emoluments of the profession within their grasp. Such a society so constituted and so armed, becomes, as Macaulay says of literary societies, a positive star-chamber. No man, in their particular profession, can hope to rise to distinction or wealth but by their favour, and this is only to be won by submission to their rules and practice. Independence of character, originality of mind or of research are kept down to the dead level of the average comprehension. Genius is not wanted, and zeal and enthusiasm are regarded as a reflection upon the apathy of the rest. In short, the best men are lost in a majority of mediocrities. It is in vain that you protest. Election will be granted not for the advance of art, but according to the prejudices of that faction or party which has the upper hand; and when their trust is abused, and their great powers grossly misapplied, that will occur which always occurs on such occasions. The society will first argue, that the question is one which does not really concern the public, and then, explaining their conduct entirely to their own satisfaction, they will make the very magnitude of the wrong they have committed, ground for suggesting easy incredulity. The thing is done every day in all departments of art, literature, or science; and let me in fairness add, nowhere more grossly than in the public departments of the State.

Primâ facie, it is of course the bounden duty of the heads of these institutions and departments to act with strict impartiality, and they profess so to do. But the difficulty is to agree upon the meaning and application of what constitutes "partiality." There is the hitch, and there lies the enormous risk of societies, or public departments sheltered from direct responsibility, neglecting their duties, or, irresponsibly constituted like the Royal Academy, misusing their power. And experience teaches us the fear of such risk is seldom misplaced.

Not to enter upon so large a question as the "schools of design," let us take, for example, the single instance in connection with our Royal Academy of hanging pictures fairly for public view. This is a popular question annually discussed. I am not a painter although my father was, and I have no connection with the art, and therefore I can speak without passion or prejudice, or even party feeling. But what happens notoriously in our Royal Academy on these occasions? The great painters of Italy and Greece, when their works were ready for inspection, were free to hang them in the best public situations. But at Burlington House, a painter, who is not an academician, no matter how famous in his profession, nor after how many years of study and analysis, is compelled to trust his reputation in the hands of those whose interest it is to keep him from the public eye; and there is no check upon them. If his style of art be a style of art not practised by the academicians, he is certain to be rendered indistinct. If it be similar and superior, he may count upon being made viewless, unless it suits them to hang his picture in sight.* Yet no academician would seriously contend that all the best places for public view, on the walls of the exhibition rooms, are to be reserved for academicians and their friends. That would be a vicious disposition. Nevertheless—from the difficulty of agreeing, I presume, upon the application of that evil thing, partiality—it is the disposition practically carried into effect every year.

Here then is at least one shabby facility for injuring a reputation that is envied. Look at it how we will, this hanging

* Martin, the painter, said in evidence, before Mr. Ewart's Committee (1836), "The general treatment I have had at the Royal Academy is this, my pictures have been placed in such disadvantageous situations as to do me great injury. I have exhibited eight times, and in every case had to complain."—Ed.

of pictures is placing in the hands of a small body of irresponsible men a vast discretionary power, and, irrespective of the manner in which that power may be employed, is it judicious to leave such a power in the hands of non-responsible men? It is trusting too much to their sense of impartiality, if it be not widely opening the door to favouritism and abuse. The result is that we find the nation treated as George III. was treated by Lord Bute. The Academy keeps from its eye men of true merit, and annually sacrifices the public interest to their own.

The main cause of this, and of every other mischief in our Royal Academy, will be found in the absence of responsibility. It was to this leading defect Barry attributed the vices he denounced, in the last century, and it is to this same defect the abuses which exist may easily be traced. Responsibility is the essence of good administration in art as in other matters, and it cannot be said to exist in an institution which elects itself for life, and when elected secures possession of a power, that, however mischievously it may be abused, cannot be withdrawn. This is the seat of the academic disease. It is idle to upbraid men so privileged with abuses of their power; the power is put into their hands without conditions, and they are entitled to exercise it according to their judgment, wrong as that judgment may be.

But such a state of things is not advantageous to art and ought not to be satisfactory to the public. Many schemes of improvement have been put forward from time to time; the subject has even been discussed in parliament since Haydon's death. But every plan and proposal put forth as yet is marred by one vicious blot that renders the rest of it valueless, and will double the abuse to be cured. They one and all propose to increase the number of academicians, consequently of academical pensions, yet without any increase of responsibility, and thus they undertake to cure one corruption by a greater. This is not even homœopathic treatment. The object of any reform of the Royal Academy should be to secure a more honest stewardship on the part of academicians; to get from them some security for the exercise of their great powers, more in accordance with the artists' sense of their own interests. That is what is needed. At present there is no security of this kind. The abuse is that, the Academy does not apply its great powers as beneficially as it might and should. This

is universally admitted outside the Academy doors. How, then, is this to be remedied? There is only one way, and that is by supplying new motives to the members of the Academy, in order to make them more considerate and more studious of outside interests. And you can only make them so by increasing their responsibility, and by making them liable to dismissal for incompetency, or proved misconduct.

Thus, the really effective reform would be, not to make the coveted honour of R.A. any cheaper, but so much the dearer. It should be held only by giving proof of those qualities and acquirements which should render the exercise of the power bestowed beneficial to those who should have its bestowal, viz. the great body of outside artists. And to this end all members of the Royal Academy should be required to be elected, at certain periods, by a wide constituency taken from the body of artists, say, for example, those who had exhibited for three years. No pension should be granted under fifteen years' service, but gratuities might be bestowed in cases of proved necessity.

The President should, as now, be elected for life, though not, as now, by the academicians, but by the whole body of artists, subject to the approval of the Sovereign, and a general election of forty academicians should take place every five years, one-fifth to go out annually with the full capacity of being re-elected. The accounts of the Academy should be published every year. The advantage of this plan would be that a competent constituency would thus be acquired, that Royal Academicians so elected would not be liable to that fatal academic infection which has spoiled so many good men when once elected for life, and that a check would be placed upon their official expenditure.

For academicians elected on this plan would always feel that their continued possession of academical honours depended on their possession of the esteem and confidence of the great body of artists. Hence, to acquire or retain his seat the candidate must have first obtained "the good opinion of his brethren outside."

Nothing fairer, I conceive, can be proposed. The publication of the accounts would act as a beneficial check on extravagance or misapplication; the prerogative of the Crown would

remain where it is; the Academy would not be under the dictation of the electors, and the mass of the non-elected, though essentially untouched, would in very many respects find themselves in a superior position, and, certainly, Royal Academicians so elected would feel the force of motives which have hitherto had only the faintest influence upon their society.

SECOND PERIOD.

THE second period of Haydon's career began, as we see, in trouble. It rose through greater trouble to a period of high reputation, splendid successes, and then suddenly collapsed under complete ruin. Haydon, once separated from the incubus of the Royal Academy, resolved to carry out the series of changes he was bent on accomplishing for the art in England. He is the first painter in whom we can trace, throughout the whole period of his life, the steady working out of a clear and definite public purpose without reference to his own personal gain. His purpose was to have Ideal art, in its epic, dramatic, and historic branch, put before the public in a high form, combined with a close imitation of nature, so as not only to delight the senses, but to excite the grander passions of the soul, and call forth what is noble and good within us. He formed, too, at this period a vast scheme for the art-education of the people. Whatever he lived to carry out was only a small portion of his plans. For himself he would try to produce ideal works that should stand with the old masters, and he would do his best to train and educate a race of great designers—young men as enthusiastic and industrious as himself, and who should be equal to the great public works that would yet have to be done in this country. He would do his utmost also to wring from ministers and parliament public employment for historical painters. All this was not the result of exaggerated illusions, the fruit of an over-heated brain, but of very deliberate and well-considered plans; his object, to raise the taste and increase the skill of his countrymen, and add to the greatness of England's glory.

But his difficulties were immense. True, his views and principles found a strong argument in the degradation of

academic art, in the antagonism and animosity of the artists against the Academy, and in the yearning of the young men for a higher and purer art, but there was an appalling reverse. He was without capital, almost without friends, without credit, and in debt.* These were obstacles not easily to be overcome. And there was now another check upon him in the hostility of the Royal Academy, and in the suspicion and disesteem of the nobility and patrons. Neither of these were to be despised, but they were of that class of obstructions not to be too closely considered in the execution of a great project.

Mr. Prince Hoare, one day in March 1812, met him walking down the Haymarket, admitted the truth of all he had written, but said, "They will deny your talents and deprive you of employment." "Yet," replied Haydon, "if I produce a work of such merit as cannot be denied, the public will carry me through." "They know nothing of art," said Prince Hoare. "That I deny," returned Haydon; "the merest shoeblack will understand Ananias." Mr. Hoare shook his head despondingly. "What do you propose to paint?" "The Judgment of Solomon." "Why Rubens and Raphael have both tried it," said Mr. Hoare with surprise. "So much the better," said Haydon composedly; "I will tell the story better." Mr. Hoare smiled. "And how are you to live?" "Leave that to me." "Who is to pay your rent?" "Leave that to me." "Ah!" said his old friend, "I see you are ready with a reply; you will never sell it." "I trust in God," replied Haydon. "Well," said Mr. Hoare, drawing a long breath, and in a tone that showed his belief in what would soon happen, "if you are arrested, send for me."

It is only a conversation like this and in words like these that brings home to us the real difficulties of Haydon's position, and displays the courage, the tenacity, and the insuppressive mettle of his spirit. Imagine a young man in such a situation, without a sixpence in the world, and in debt, living in a noisy street of a city eminently hideous, surrounded by people dressed in the ugliest costumes, and with nothing

* How Haydon contrived to live during the next two years at first appears a mystery. But his own tradesmen gave him full credit, and for anything else he went to the money-lenders, who assisted him, though at the rate of sixty per cent. How he paid this interest was by the simple method of incurring a fresh debt to pay off the old one, till at length, his punctuality becoming known, his patronage was sought, and offers made to accommodate him at forty per cent. And this remained his normal rate for the rest of his life. This for punctuality, and ninety per cent. (in law costs) for unpunctuality, explains much.

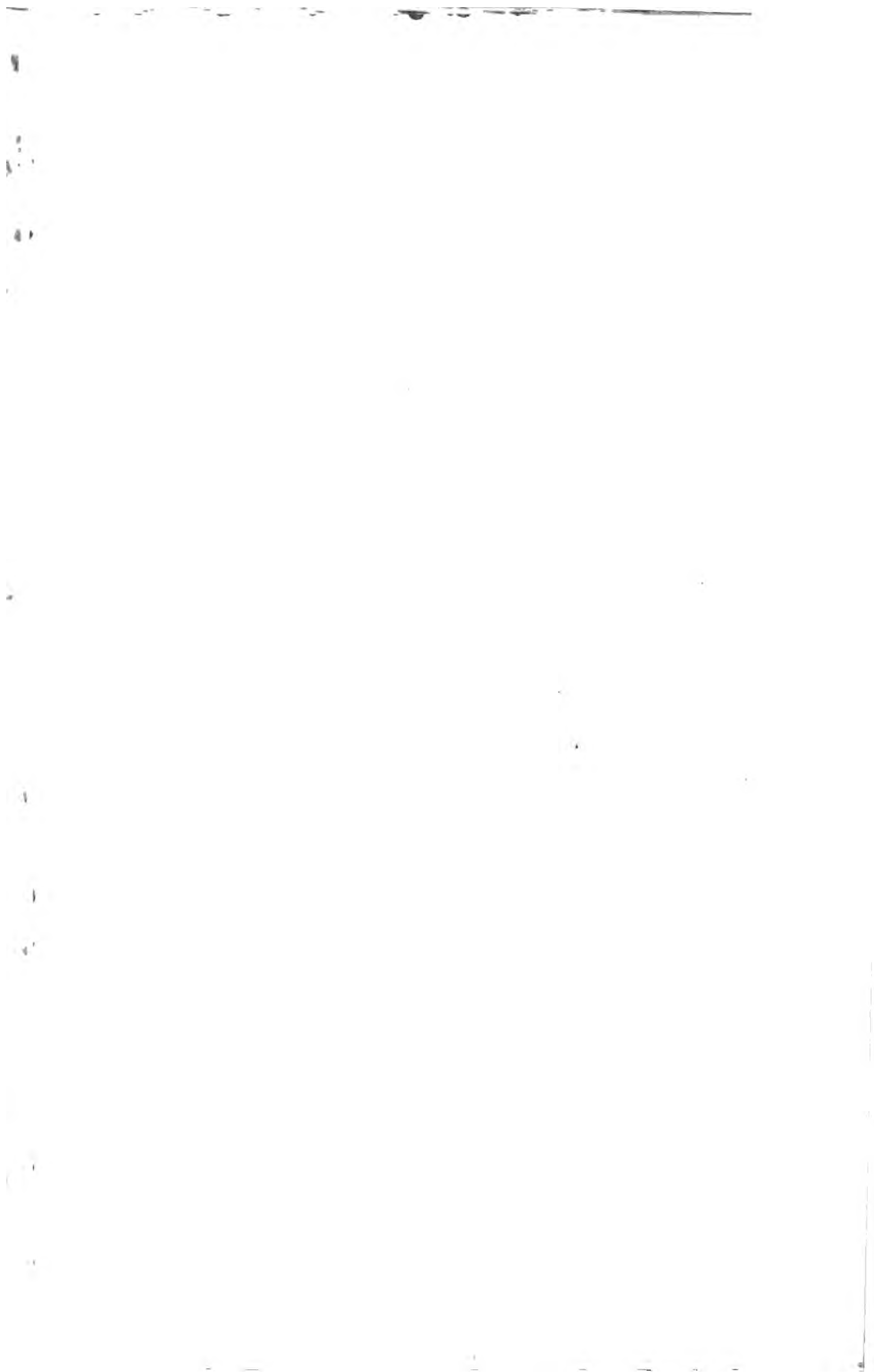
more picturesque to excite his imagination than the Lord Mayor's Show or a May Day, deliberately sitting down to conceive, and what is more, to paint on his own responsibility, so grand a work as the "Judgment of Solomon" upon the scale of life! It says a good deal for the powers of his young mind.

The next morning he arose with the now proverbial "light heart," and having prayed to God to guide him aright, and found, as curiously enough he never failed to find, his inward conviction to agree with his own self-will, he sent for his model, and painted in the head of the "Wicked Mother."

With this picture Haydon pursued and carried further the same cautious course he had followed with 'Dentatus' and 'Macbeth.' He painted nothing without first making careful studies from the Elgin Marbles, then from nature, and always painted from a living model before him. This is the true principle—always to keep nature in view at the moment of practice. The expense was terrible, but it is the true method, though far too costly and troublesome for most painters to follow.

I must return for a moment to 'Macbeth.' Having been sent to the British Gallery (previous to the appearance of the "Three Letters") to compete for the prize of three hundred guineas, it became the duty of the directors, in April 1812, to award the prize. In the opinion of competent judges 'Macbeth' was far ahead of anything else in the room. But how could the directors now award the prize to a young man who had the audacity to ridicule the judgment of connoisseurs, and condemn the conduct of the King's Academy? Here was their dilemma. If they awarded the prize to Haydon it would give offence to society, to the connoisseurs, by the breath of whose nostrils they lived, and to the Royal Academy, which they were bound to support. And yet they could not conscientiously give the prize to any other of the competitors, the works of these being so inferior to 'Macbeth.' What was to be done? Like all men who have not the courage of their opinions, the directors devised an "expedient"—that hateful shelter for a lie—the refuge of every form of weak or dishonest administration. They would give prizes to nobody, but they would take the prize moneys, five hundred guineas in all, which they had pledged their honour to give in different prizes to different classes of competitors, and go into the town

The Executioner & Heads in Solomon,
First pen sketch, October 8th 1813.



and buy for their own gallery a picture which had never competed at all.*

Thus they said to themselves, "We shall get well out of our difficulty. We shall not reward Haydon, but we shall not do him the injustice of rewarding anybody else, and we shall encourage art. Moreover, we shall add a picture to our gallery."

It is satisfactory to think that their calculations turned out mistaken. They got heartily abused by all parties for their unpardonable breach of faith, and laughed at into the bargain for buying a bad picture! Such is the fate of men when they abandon a principle for what they deem expedient.

This abstraction from Haydon of the three hundred guineas prize upon which he had counted, and which he had fairly won, was the first serious return blow he received for his "Three Letters." Coming upon the top of Sir George Beaumont's curiously unkind withdrawal, it hit Haydon as hard as his best enemies could well wish. His warm friends, (Sir) Charles Bell and Joseph Strutt, of Derby, came to his support promptly. And it is due to Leigh Hunt and his brother John, to say that, they offered Haydon all the assistance their limited means allowed, and when those limits were reached, Leigh Hunt initiated Haydon into the mysteries of drawing and discounting bills, of which, for my part, I heartily desire he had remained ignorant.

Haydon was young, he was in good health, he had no encumbrances, but he had 600*l.* of debt round his neck, and no money of his own. His father had retired from his business, and indeed died a few months after, when the printing and publishing business, with the interest of which Haydon never seems to have troubled his head, passed, nobody knows how, to nobody knows whom, who sold it, nobody knows why, and disappeared nobody knows where. Thus Haydon's position was becoming critical. He felt it, and knew it, but he was one of that order of minds which never waits for prosperity and great powers for the accomplishment of its object. Men who do, never effect much to be proud of. The man who delays

* They bought Richter's 'Christ Healing the Blind,' according to Haydon's notes. It is only fair to the directors to add that they sent the leading competitors a cheque of thirty guineas each to cover their "expenses." Haydon indignantly returned his.—Ed.

his attack till 'the next morning' generally loses the battle or finds nothing to attack. But those who make the best use they can of the apparently inadequate means within their reach, and trust to their own energies and constancy to carry them through, work what are called miracles—Haydon was essentially one of these men.

For the next twenty months, with one brief visit to his uncle at Cheddar, he kept closely to his work. Into society he no longer went, and society neither sought nor missed him apparently. Lord Mulgrave alone remembered him enough to send him to see the Prince Regent open Parliament (November, 1812). It was on this occasion Haydon seeing Lord Wellesley, in the heat of debate, throw himself into the attitude of Raphael's St. Paul preaching at Athens, conceived the idea of a series of pictures on a grand scale for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, illustrative of the principle for which the building is erected. He came home full of the subject and consulted Wilkie, who was delighted with the scheme, and William Hamilton of the Foreign Office, who suggested Nero burning Rome as an illustration of Despotism. Haydon at once made a series of sketches, and one painting of the House, with the pictures in their places, which I well remember, and very striking and powerful in effect it was. But there was no hope just then of getting ministers to accept any plan of this kind. Europe was convulsed with the news that Napoleon had arrived in Paris from Moscow, but without his army. The ministers had weightier matters on hand than art and decoration. The beginning of the end of an Empire was at hand.

The year 1813 came and passed, and brought no change in Haydon's situation. By the end of the year he was reduced to the greatest extremity and want. His father was dead, his allowance lost, he was selling his books, his prints, his drawings, his keepsakes, his very clothes to pay for his models and materials of art, and for part of the little food he allowed himself. Now and then the thought must have crossed his mind like Burns'—

"Had I to gude advice but larkit
I might, by this, hae led a market,
Or strutted in a bank and clarkit
  My cash account;
While here half mad, half fed, half sarkit,
  Is a' the amount."

Pen Sketch in Journal, 1813.

But we may rely on it, the conclusion each time revived in Haydon the resolution not to give in. And he was right. To be weak is to be miserable. Difficulties should only rouse our mettle to greater energy and exertion. But the strife was hard. Day after day, during the latter half of 1813, he rose to a day of constant toil, and never to sufficient sustenance. He fell seriously ill, but worked on. Through neglect, sickness, and want, I never find him flinching. He stands his ground firmly, he never whines, never makes a complaint, but works steadily on with the confidence that conscious ability alone gives. It is impossible to withhold our admiration of the temper and judgment he displays at this period of his life. We might almost apply to him the complimentary lines of Pope to his friend Harley—

> "A soul supreme in each hard instance tried,
> Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
> The rage of power, the blast of public breath,
> The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

In his painting-room, Haydon found all he wanted. Society's exclusion of him drove him neither into misanthropy, nor vice. He preserved his intellectual health, untainted. He would not seek to distract his evenings by dissipation, and he refused to condemn the whole race in one sweeping anathema of hatred and contempt. He bided his time like a man, working on, trusting in God, hoping much, alone, unaided and, except by a few staunch friends, forgotten. Who amongst us would, at that age, face two years of such a life and come out of it so free from the levity and recklessness of bigotry or vice? Of his physical health he was not so careful. He lived latterly on potatoes and salt, and painted himself blind at the last. In an agony of doubt he sent for Adams, the oculist. Adams was out. Haydon sent for a "cupper." The man persuaded him to have his temporal artery opened. Haydon lay down for the operation, when Adams came into the room just in time to prevent the mischief which, he said, would have blinded the painter for life. As soon as Haydon was sufficiently recovered under Adams's kind care, he finished the picture, and in good time for the season of 1814.* Soon the rumour got about town that

* He was not quite satisfied with the expression of the real mother, but, just as he was thinking of painting her out he overheard an old-woman model say to herself, "Ah, poor soul, how frightened she is!" This satisfied Haydon he had touched a chord in the human heart, and he left the head as it is.—Ed.

Haydon had painted a great picture, and was going to exhibit it alone. West, the President of the Royal Academy, suddenly called, an honour he had never before conferred. He looked long at the picture, and at the poor pale spectre of a painter, half blind, half starved, standing before him. "This is a work," he said in a low voice, "which must not be forgotten," and then, he began to cry. After a while, he said, "Have you any resources?" "They are exhausted." "Do you want money?" "Indeed, I do." "So do I," replied West. "They have stopped my income from the King,* but Fauntleroy is now arranging an advance, and, if I succeed, my young friend, you shall hear from me. Don't be cast down." In the course of the day there came a cheque from him for 15*l.*, with a note that appears in the 'Correspondence.' This was good of West, and must not be "forgotten."

Now that the picture was finished came the question of its exhibition. Wilkie wished it sent to the Royal Academy to heal all wounds. It was too large, I think, to fit into the Octagon-room, and, to this extent Wilkie gave prudent counsel. But the "scalded cat dreads cold water," and Haydon had already suffered so much, he preferred to get out of reach of the hose of Academy and British Gallery, and so the picture was sent to the Water Colour Society, then in Spring Gardens.

The exhibition opened, and among the first visitors, on the private day, was the Princess Charlotte of Wales. In attendance upon her Royal Highness was Mr. Payne Knight, and we may be sure that when he saw the great picture before him, he well knew whose work it was. Walking up to the canvas, he put his eye close and called aloud, "Distorted stuff!" then, falling back, he said something in a low voice to her Royal Highness, who turned round to the astonished directors, and with all the grace and suavity of making a poor painter's fortune by a kind word, said severely, "I am very sorry to see such a picture here," and walked away without deigning to look at it a second time. When this was repeated to Haydon, he laughed, and said, "Well, well! I feel sorry,

* Queen Charlotte, who hated West, because he was an American and had been honoured by Napoleon in 1802, on the declared insanity of the King had used her great influence to deprive West, now in his eightieth year, of the income (1000*l.* a year) allowed him by George III. On the other hand, it is amusing to remember that George III. had originally patronized and promoted West out of dislike to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was intimate with Fox and Burke.—Ed.

too, but it is that I have not been her Royal Highness's instructor in art, I would have taught her better;" and he waited with resignation for the public day. As an instance of the immediate ill-effect and ultimate no effect of a connoisseur's opinion this is unique.

When the Monday came, and the many-headed monster was admitted, the directors were quickly relieved of all alarm caused by the disvalue of royalty. Haydon's superb picture was mobbed. Competent judges declared it to be the finest historical work ever painted by an Englishman.* Mr. Lock, of Norbury Park, said the execution had never been exceeded. One of the visitors offered Haydon five hundred guineas for it on the spot. He declined; it had cost him more. The next day a deputation of the directors of the British Gallery came over to purchase it at its price, seven hundred guineas. Whilst they were talking together, admiring its beauties, a private gentleman, a Mr. Tingcombe, stepped behind to the Secretary, and gave him a cheque for the amount. The Secretary walked over and put up "Sold." "Eh! what!" said the deputation, "but we have come to buy it." "But, gentlemen, you did not say so, and this gentleman has bought it." The deputation retired to consider their position. At their next meeting they voted Haydon one hundred guineas as an expression of their admiration, and regret. Meanwhile, the rush to see this "wonderful work" continued. The "thoughtless rabble," as Barry called society, now congratulated Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont upon their discernment, as heartily as they had laughed at them in 1809 for their credulity, and forgetting all it had said against Haydon

* A modern critic of some pretensions—Mr. Watts, the portrait painter—has found fault with Haydon's 'Solomon,' because the king is painted as if he were not really in earnest when ordering the child to be cut in twain. Like Mrs. Overdo in the play, the mind of Mr. Watts is "distempered with this enormity." Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Watts, the error is in his supposing that Haydon's conception of Solomon indicates so marvellous an inferiority to his own; whereas it is altogether Mr. Watts who is in fault, in forgetting that Solomon was not in earnest, and that the idea which is embraced by Mr. Watts in 1852 had occurred to Haydon fifty years before, and been rejected. Thus it always is with critics of a certain class of mind. They miss in a picture the very thing they would not have left out, and hug themselves with their fancied superiority. In Haydon's Journal for 2nd October, 1812, I find the following:—"All painters have, I think, erred in giving too much of an appearance of earnestness to Solomon's judgment. The delicacy, I think, is to give the incident the air of a truth without making it laughable, so that the spectator may see the execution was not meaned, and yet feel interest for the mother, who thought it was."—Ed.

two years before, turned round, embraced him with rapture as the apostle of High Art, and made a "lion" of him for the rest of the season. Poor society! it is always in extremes of morality, of profligacy, of praise, or, of detraction. If society is good for nothing else, it is certainly, as Hazlitt said, "a fine subject for speculation." Wearied of the limited sphere to which its exertions are confined, it is always eager for something novel and exciting, and what more likely to relieve its *ennui* than a young man it thought starved, coming out with real flesh on his bones, and with a picture it had never seen, on a subject it had forgotten? It would have been no great credit to Haydon, with his gifts, if he had painted such a work at ease and in affluence. But the relish of the whole thing was that he had actually lived and painted it under circumstances of the most distressing want. That was the treat. A well-fed man of genius would have lost half his interest, but there was an unspeakable charm about a starving one.*

Haydon received their advances and heard their praises, but, although he enjoyed his triumph, he said little. He might have well said to them as Johnson said to Lord Chesterfield, "I have pushed on my task through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, one smile of favour." But, whatever his thoughts, Haydon held his peace, and left London early. His position at the head of the art was decided. He had passed far beyond all his contemporaries, and it remained only for him to show whether the progress of his improvement would cease now competition had ended. Meanwhile, the fame of the picture travelled far and wide. It reached Scotland, and laid the foundation of those sincere friendships which Haydon retained there to the end of his life. It arrived in Plymouth, and so delighted the townsfolk, that the Mayor and Corporation called a meeting and unanimously voted Haydon the freedom of his native borough, as a mark of their esteem and respect for his industry, ability, and courage. It passed over to Paris and excited the French

* As Valère says, in 'L'Avare,' "de faire bonne chère avec bien de l'argent, c'est une chose la plus aisée du monde, mais pour agir en habile homme il faut parler de faire bonne chère avec peu d'argent," and this Haydon, to their great delight, had done. They were profuse in their praises accordingly. But they kept their purses closed.—Ed.

artists so greatly, they begged the picture to be sent over and exhibited in Paris. It reached Italy and Rome, and stimulated the curiosity of Canova. It travelled to St. Petersburg, and aroused Haydon's great Russian relatives from their lethargy and neglect. They suddenly discovered he was worth writing to. And it even spread into India, and into New South Wales, to warm the hearts of old schoolfellows who remembered him trying to etch, and squeeze off impressions with a table-cloth press.

Before he left London, however, an event occurred which deserves to be noted. The Royal Academy, through Calcott, made overtures for a reconciliation. They were willing to say, like Robert Macaire to the gendarmes, "Let us all embrace and have done." They offered, if Haydon would put his name down once more, to elect him. But Haydon seems to have had grounds for doubting the complete sincerity of the offer, and good-humouredly declined. The fact of their making such a proposal casts a doubt. It was easy enough for them to elect Haydon, and, had they done so, they would have put themselves in the right whether he accepted the election or not. To ask him, at such a moment, to solicit election, was to show a marvellous ignorance of human nature. A man who feels his own worth does not relish the petty humiliations candidature involves. Or, it was merely a point of cunning upon which the academicians hoped to take a fresh advantage. If that were so, Haydon did not fall into the trap so cleverly baited, and the little comedy collapsed miserably. Possibly it was as well, for he would no sooner have got in than, he would have found it time to go out. The publication of the famous 'Catalogue Raisonné,' in 1816, must have produced a frightful crisis in the Academy had Haydon been a member.*

* This singular publication, which I have heard Haydon attribute to a Mr. Reinagle, R.A., and, I believe, rightly, arose out of the first exhibition of works of the old masters at the British Gallery, an exhibition Haydon warmly supported. The contrast between their art and the art of the Royal Academicians was so striking, it was necessary, in the interest of the portrait painters, some effort should be made to nip such exhibitions in the bud, lest the taste of the public should get above the level of academic painting. I have never seen more than extracts from this remarkable production, and certainly those were marked by a vulgarity of art and style worthy of the scurrility of Temple's best pamphleteers. Haydon and his friends are abused in it *con amore*. The authors were so conscious of its iniquitous character, that neither writer, printer, nor publisher, put his name to the work. "The academicians," Haydon writes, "hailed its appearance, and Northcote (R.A.) told me he was so delighted with it, he ordered a long

Before the end of the season (1814), Haydon and Wilkie had started for Paris. Napoleon had just been dethroned, the road was open, and the Louvre was full of all the finest works of the best masters which, after the manner of victorious Rome, Napoleon had transferred to his capital. Such an opportunity to examine such works might never be offered again. All the schools of the Continent, the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, French, and Spanish schools, were well represented in the Louvre. There were twenty-five works of Raphael, twenty-three of Titian, thirty-three of Vandyke, fifty-three of Rubens, thirty-one of Rembrandt, sixteen of Domenichino, twenty-three of Guido, twenty-six of Guercino, thirty-six of Annibale Carracci, with a vast collection of the works of other painters. To study these works was a delight never to come to him again. Haydon remained three months in Paris. He returned to England in October, confirmed in his love for High Art, but not, I think, quite settled in his determination to try further and induce his countrymen to support it. When he arrived home, the freedom of his native borough, Plymouth, but not one single offer of a commission awaited him! One would have hoped that if he had won a claim to notice, he had won a claim to employment. He had painted what every competent judge had pronounced to be the greatest historical work ever painted in the English school; and he had painted it under circumstances which had tested his capacity to conceive and his power to execute, and shown that he possessed patience equal to his ability. But not one single commission from the Court, the nobility, or from any quarter was his reward. Is there any explanation but one, the utter indifference of the majority of the nobility of that day to works of genius and imagination, or for anything in art that was not mean and mechanical?

Yet Haydon loved England as a Roman had loved Rome. He knew what the art of the country could effect if vigorously supported and employed, and he felt that he was the man to

candle, and went to bed to read it with ecstasy." All things considered, I am not sorry Haydon did not enter the Academy on this occasion. For a man like Haydon is not likely to remain quiet if the changes he desires are not made; and had he been engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with the Academy Council inside its walls, we should have had neither the 'Jerusalem' nor the 'Lazarus.' It might have been a benefit to the Academy, but it would have been a loss to art.—Ed.

employ it vigorously if the patrons would afford him an opportunity, or Government grant him the means. But the Government was too busy, and the taste of the aristocracy and patrons too low. They preferred, and I believe, mostly prefer still, an annual exhibition of the portraits of their wives and families to the decoration of their houses and halls by great works on great subjects, or the admission into them of historic works of life-size. These do not suit their ideas of "furniture." A love for native high art does not exist among the English nobility. They blame the artists, they blame the climate, they blame the smoke; but, in truth, it is they who are in fault. They have no desire, no taste, no sensibility for art further than it "ministers to their vanity, or transmits to the admiration of their posterity the beauty and grace of their wives and children." This was Haydon's deliberate opinion.

If they had possessed any feeling for high art, commissions would certainly have followed upon Haydon's 'Judgment of Solomon.' But the same neglect that was shown by them to Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Hercules,' and to Flaxman's 'Designs,' was shown to Haydon's 'Solomon.' He was only twenty-eight years of age, he was in the spring-time of his power, and no one can doubt that had he even been employed as West was, with only 1000*l.* a-year from the Crown, he would have produced noble works worthy of the nation, and of the patronage bestowed. But no such opportunity was afforded to Haydon. He at least was a luxury they did not desire, and a listless and supercilious society which believes mankind expressly created for its own convenience and amusement, "et qui ne cherche qu'à faire grande chère, et qui croit que Dieu l'a mise au monde pour tenir table," was of opinion it had done its duty by honouring his picture with an inspection, and bowing to the painter as they left the room.

From their general neglect of the arts as a branch of study and education, Society had then no feeling for art, and no notion of its public function, or, their public duty. The illiterate barons of the feudal ages were more capable of feeling and appreciating ideal art than the society of Haydon's day. It may be a fair question, whether we, with all our cram, called culture, are so much improved as we flatter ourselves. Is the mass of society more capable of estimating the beauties of art, are they more sensible of its intrinsic worth than formerly?

We hear a vast deal about the progress of the arts, and the spread of a fine taste; but I strongly suspect Society is very like the woman in the play, when she prefers "a roast duck" to "all the birds in the heathen mythology;" for is not the chief pleasure of Englishmen now, as then, and of English-women, in what Barry contemptuously calls that "daubing of inconsequential things" in lieu of any finer and higher art? The strange insensibility (with one or two brilliant exceptions) of our public men, towards art and in the interests of art, is too notorious. We buy more pictures, and more money is now spent upon art in England than was spent fifty years ago. But the diffusion of any particular taste does not necessarily imply its elevation or improvement. Certainly if we may judge by the ugliness or anomalies of our public buildings, and the expensive vulgarity of our domestic decorations, the love for the beautiful, and the power of appreciating what is beautiful, is not even widely spread amongst us. Improvement is a plant of slow growth, and this apparently rapid diffusion of a taste for art, which we are witnessing, is too often mere vanity, or what is worse, a mere dealer's speculation, neither of which is calculated to improve the art or the artist, or elevate the public taste. As for people in society generally, they seem only seeking to acquire just sufficient information upon art to escape being laughed at, and not to escape it. Go into any modern exhibition, and what do we see but a number of persons putting their noses close to a picture, and let its intellectual qualities be what they may, condemn or praise it in proportion to its mechanical excellence. "Nothing bold or masculine, grand or powerful, touches an English connoisseur," wrote Haydon, fifty years ago. "It must be small and highly wrought, vulgar and humorous, broad and palpable." And is it not so still? Where are the works of High Art? And do people in general society ever think or talk of the moral effect of art, or on the source of intellectual delight great efforts afford? Nothing of the kind; a string of technical phrases that are for ever on the tongue, are perpetually uttered without effort or reflection. Thus all the delight of English society in art, all their ideas of art do not go beyond the immediate object of their senses. "The vagueness of Nature," as Haydon said, "annoys them. Everything must be complete or absent." The exact copy of a lady's lace,

or of a pale violet silk dress, or a pink and white muslin costume, or of flowers, brilliant and metallic, or of some elaborate peacock, or pathetic pony, or some vulgar incident in street life, interests them far more than would a poetical work of the finest form and expression, or the grandest painting of the Crucifixion by the greatest painter. Raphael and Michel Angelo would have starved in these days, unless they had consented to be a dealer's hack, or paint portraits or vulgar subjects. Is this proof of improved taste?

I am not presuming to condemn the English artists, or to deny the grace and beauty of delicate finish, or that an effort of intellect may be shown in the due arrangement of minute details of fur and feathers, of a bodice and sleeves of a skirt and flounces; but that striking want of culture among people in society, that want of feeling for art, which sees only the individual likeness of the thing or its absence, and there ends their delight or displeasure. Society knows nothing, thinks nothing, feels nothing of the poetry, the design, the intellect of the artist. The observation he displays, the ideas excited in his mind, are the last things society apprehends. Uneducated persons might be forgiven, but to see the expensively instructed and refined classes wedging their noses together against a picture as if it were something to be smelled, and then to hear them uttering exclamations of rapture, over what? The character, the mind which is shown? Nothing of the sort—over the Dutch part only—the hair and feathers, the blades of grass, the pattern of the plaid trousers, or the delicate texture of the lace shawl, hiding my lady's beautiful shoulders. Give them these things, indoor, polished, and insipid, and you will hear terms of admiration that would be applicable only to the grandest work of the highest art, employed upon the mere mechanical excellence that is before them. Is this to be the end of our art education? Is the superiority of High Art over this more mechanical art of imitation never to be appreciated amongst us? Is close imitation of still life, and elaborate polish, all we in England are fitted to receive, while beauty and grandeur of subject, combined with truth of imitation of human expression, human passions, and external nature, find support only among our Continental rivals?

In 1814 Haydon debated deeply whether he should leave

England for good, or stay and continue to employ his talents in the service of those who had none. His position, too, was more brilliant than solid and satisfactory. He had scarcely any money left by the end of 1814. To again go through all the anxieties, harass, and want he had suffered while painting the 'Solomon,' was a cruel prospect, and yet there seemed nothing more certain before him. He debated the matter within himself for many weeks. For although he was always impetuous and often rash, and proportionally easy in fitting his conclusion to his wish, he was not without a certain judicial skill, and would severely cross-examine himself and his prospects. At length he formed his course. He would follow out his original plan. He would paint and exhibit three great pictures of leading events in our Saviour's life, 'His Entry into Jerusalem,' 'His Raising of Lazarus,' and 'His Crucifixion;' three subjects which would allow him to express feeling, emotion, and passion, and in such a manner as should not only give pleasure to the eye, but appeal to the heart and mind, and tend to promote the moral welfare of his fellow-men. Having completed this series, he should consider he had done his duty in support of English historical painting. If the Government chose to employ him in the decoration of our public buildings, or the nobility commissioned him to decorate their houses by recording the great deeds of their ancestors, or the bishops, to paint altar-pieces, he would remain in England; if not, he would leave the country for good, and settle in Italy, or in Russia, where his high Court connections promised him distinguished patronage, and constant employment.

He lived to regret, and I for one have never ceased to regret for his sake, though it seems un-English to say so, that he did not adhere to this resolve.

For a man already in debt, with no capital, and I have no doubt being well plundered by all about him, so great a scheme extending over at least ten years of close application, seems little better than an illusion, but in sober fact it was nothing of the kind. Haydon was a shrewd if a bold speculator. He had observed such crowds come to see the 'Solomon,' that, had it been exhibited alone and on his own risk, it would have placed a large sum to his credit, in addition to its sale. This was partly the result of the next exhibition, and would have been the result of the third and fourth if

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First Study for Jerusalem, 1814.

the scheme had not been interrupted. But Haydon in the interval unfortunately married a beautiful wife, and although I have every reason to be grateful to him for so doing, I am bound to say, it was in one sense, the most imprudent act of his whole life. For, if there is one thing a creditor never forgives, it is the iniquity of his debtor enjoying domestic happiness. That is the last straw which destroys usurious patience. They can appreciate any other kind of luxury and convenience for your enjoyment and accommodation but that. So long as you remain single they consider you safe. The moment you marry, something excites their apprehensions, your prospects seem critical, and they ruin you without remorse for taking the only step to enable you to pay off your debts.

It was the month of October, 1814, before Haydon fairly settled the composition of his next great picture, that "stupendous work," as Eastlake calls it, 'The Entry of our Lord into Jerusalem.' In consequence of serious attacks of blindness from over-application, it was not until the spring of 1820 this picture was finished and ready for exhibition; but, as Wordsworth said to me in 1848, "it was worth waiting fifty years to get so complete a work." With this picture as with his previous works, Haydon pursued the same course. He first studied and drew before painting, and always painted with the living model before him. "Every nostril, every finger-nail," says Bewick, who was daily with him in his painting-room from 1817 to 1820, "will be found a complete study."

Within these five years of patient and enduring application Haydon suffered much personal annoyance. Cold men of taste sneered at him to his face. Comfortable portrait painters, who scamped their work at high prices, laughed at the solitary student, who spent five years over a single picture, as a fool, and hated him as a rebuke. But others, not understanding him, yet feeling that he ought not to be allowed to sink, when applied to, gave help, and from time to time advanced him large sums of money. Dawson Turner, Mr. Harman, Mr. Coutts, Mr. Watson Taylor, during these years mainly supported him. This was generous and kind, for the advance was intended as a gift, that is evident by their letters, but it was not the way a man like Haydon should have been helped, and it had a flavour of the art of living upon nothing, and making the best of it, in its most seductive form. If these good friends had subscribed

say 2000*l.*, and paid it over to him as the price of the picture when finished, and cast lots for its possession, or presented it to the National Gallery, they would have conferred an honour, as well as a benefit upon the painter, have done credit to themselves and have enriched the national collection. But these perpetual loans did him injury. It was not reward, it was bounty; something just above charity; but which degraded him in his own estimation, loosened his sense of pecuniary obligation, and when withheld, drove him to the professional money-lender at 60 per cent. His ruin was then certain, his relief doubtful, and the picture was not secured.*

In the interval of 1814 and 1820, and before the exhibition of the 'Jerusalem,' two events occurred in connection with English art and Lord Castlereagh's and Haydon's relations thereto which must not in fairness be passed over.

On the conclusion of peace in 1815, Lord Castlereagh—and this deserves to be remembered to his credit—obtained a vote of 500,000*l.* for the erection of a Waterloo monument, in which painting, sculpture, and architecture, were to have been united. It seems more than probable that Haydon indirectly had something to do with suggesting the proposal. He makes little reference to it in his correspondence on the subject, and that is one reason I suspect him,—he was always remarkably prudent as to his relations with men in power,—but he watched the matter closely. A committee of the House was appointed to consider the subject, models were sent in, and an official communication

* Many persons will feel—and Haydon himself in after years, when writing his Autobiography, frankly admits—that this practice of borrowing to enable him to complete one great picture, instead of earning money for himself by painting portraits and cabinet pictures, was wrong. And at first sight it appears so. But I am satisfied, when condemning himself on this point, he had forgotten the circumstances of the time. His position was quite exceptional. Between 1814 and 1820 his eyes were too weak to paint on a small scale. In these years he never could have done it. He could not always write; he could only dictate. Out of the five years he was engaged in painting the 'Jerusalem,' and that on the scale of life, he must have been nearly two years compelled to abstain wholly from painting on account of his sight. And secondly, with the exceptions of a commission for a three-quarter life-size picture from Sir George Phillips, which he painted, and one offered by Sir John Broughton, which he could not paint, being a cabinet picture; and another by Sir John Leycester, which was made over to Bewick, at Haydon's request; and one from Mr. Thomas Hope, for a small picture, which he could not see to paint—Haydon never was asked to paint even a portrait. It is idle to blame him for not doing that which he had no opportunity of doing, and of which, if the opportunities had occurred, he could not have taken advantage. His Journals and letters were often written by his pupils at his dictation, and, if he could not see to write, and could not see to paint large, he certainly could not see to paint small.—ED.

was made to the Royal Academy for their assistance. Haydon looked eagerly for their answer. It never arrived at the Treasury. The application was considered by the Council of the Royal Academy, and on the suggestion of Mr. (Sir Martin) Shee no answer was returned. Lord Castlereagh, disgusted at such conduct, and privately learning the real reason, broke up the whole scheme, and never proposed it again. The explanation of the behaviour of the Academy Council is to be found in their pique and resentment against Lord Castlereagh for not having acknowledged or noticed a previous proposal of their own for the advancement of the arts. As an instance of their interest in art, and of Lord Castlereagh's qualifications as a minister, it is unique on both sides.

Haydon, who was deeply concerned in the success of the proposal, was proportionately mortified at this fiasco. But the time did not seem opportune to make a public matter of it. Possibly he felt it was idle to further upbraid the Royal Academicians for their uses of power, so long as that power was put into their hands without conditions.

The second event to which I have referred related to the Elgin Marbles. The Greek origin of these, we have seen, had been keenly debated ever since their arrival in England in 1807-8. Haydon, maintaining they were the purest Greek, the work of Phidias, and far superior to any known works, Mr. Payne Knight, with Lord Aberdeen and the Dilettanti generally, unhesitatingly condemned them as partly spurious, partly Roman, and partly the work of Greek journeymen—in short, altogether inferior works unworthy of England's purchase, "poor things," as Mr. Payne Knight habitually spoke of them. These assertions, like Orlando's horse, had every merit, with the one fault of being dead. And Haydon thought this such a serious fault they ought, in his opinion, to have been long since buried out of sight and hearing. But the Government, having no knowledge or opinion of its own, thought differently, and refused to sanction the purchase; and thus the matter stood. In 1815, Canova, the great sculptor from Rome, arrived in England. He was officially taken to inspect the Elgin Marbles and his opinion asked. Canova had lived all his life among, and his practice had been formed upon, the inferior antique at Rome. When he saw the Elgin fragments he looked at them long and silently, then he pronounced them

the finest and purest Greek antiques the world possessed. "Ces statues," he said to Haydon, "produiront un grand changement dans les arts. Ils renverseront le système mathématique des autres." To W. Hamilton, Lord Elgin's secretary, he said, "O that I were a young man and had to begin again! I should work on totally different principles from what I have done, and form, I hope, an entirely new school." After this, the objections of the Government gave way to the extent of appointing a committee "to inquire," with the view to the ultimate purchase, or, final rejection of the marbles. The committee was regarded as a hostile committee; so much so, that the King of Bavaria secretly lodged 30,000*l.* with his London agents for immediate advance to Lord Elgin, if opportunity offered, and the other European sovereigns were watchful. The committee opened its proceedings. West, President of the Royal Academy, Lawrence, Nollekens, Flaxman, and Westmacott, were summoned on the side of English art; on the side of the connoisseurs, Mr. Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Charles Long, Lord Farnborough, and seven others. Lord Elgin's chief witnesses were W. Hamilton and Haydon.

Lord Elgin and Haydon were both favourably impressed with the committee at opening, but it soon began to show the cloven foot. The favourable witnesses were hurried over, but to the opposite side was paid the greatest attention and respect. Of the professional witnesses, Nollekens called them "fine things," Westmacott called them "good things." Flaxman said they were "the most excellent things of the kind he had seen, though he preferred the Apollo Belvedere to the Theseus" (the gods forgive him!). Chantrey said, "they were according to nature in the grand style." West feebly praised them, but Lawrence spoke out for them manfully. He said he considered them "examples of the highest style of art, of essential importance to art, and particularly to historical painting." Mr. Payne Knight was equally decided. He said Lord Landsdowne's Venus or Mercury was "each worth any two" of the "articles" in Lord Elgin's collection, that the Theseus was "spurious," and the rest of the "articles very poor." Lord Aberdeen and his friends followed in much the same strain. And then came the turn for the examination of Lord Elgin's professional witness, Haydon. For three days, on one plea or another, Haydon was put off by the committee. At length on the after-

noon of the third they commissioned Mr. Bankes, M.P., one of their number, to inform Lord Elgin that "Mr. Haydon would not be examined, out of delicacy to Mr. Payne Knight." Nothing more was necessary so far as Haydon was concerned. A hurried consultation took place in Westminster Hall with Lord Elgin and W. Hamilton. Haydon then walked home with W. Hamilton, vowing he would make the committee remember him to the last day of their existence. Hamilton, who knew his carelessness of consequences, begged him to be moderate, suggesting, at the same time, that he should head his letter with the following appropriate quotation :—

> "Ceci s'adresse à vous, esprits du dernier ordre
> Qui, n'étant bons à rien, cherchez surtout à mordre,
> Vous vous tourmentez vainement.
> Croyez-vous que vos dents impriment leurs outrages
> Sur tant de beaux ouvrages ?
> Ils sont pour vous d'airain, d'acier, de diamant."

Haydon searched out the passage, and next Sunday, in the 'Examiner' and 'Champion' newspapers, there appeared a letter signed B. R. Haydon, headed by the above lines, and entitled, "On the Judgment of Connoisseurs being preferred to that of Professional Men," that set all London by the ears. For depth, and fervour, and bold and bitter truths, and passionate reverence for his art, it surpassed anything Haydon had written or spoken previously, and it was in good taste and style. It fell like a shell into the midst of the committee, and settled Mr. Payne Knight as an authority upon art for the rest of his career. But its force and home-truths gave the deepest offence, and were never forgotten or forgiven by the nobility. It wounded their pride, and Haydon increased the affront by being an Englishman, and a painter of consummate ability. "It has saved the marbles," said Sir Thomas Lawrence, "but it will ruin Haydon." It did both.* The letter was translated into French, Italian, and German, and spread

* Years afterwards, in a conversation with Jeremiah Harman, the banker and art connoisseur, Haydon said, in reference to his own ruin, "My crime was in refuting Payne Knight." "It was," said Mr. Harman. "And I shall never be forgiven." "You ought not," retorted Mr. Harman; "young men should never give themselves airs." That is just it. The Elgin Marbles might be lost to the nation, and England left to the laughter and scorn of Europe, because Mr. Payne Knight, being a man of rank and connexions, and a leading connoisseur in art, is not to be refuted by a young painter who knows better, but of no position in society. It is often said that a democracy revenges, and it may be true, but it is certainly true that an aristocracy never forgives."—Ed.

all over Europe. Goethe and Rumöhr were delighted with it. Goethe refers to it in his works; Rumöhr speaks of it as masterly. Dannecker showed it with pride to Lord Elgin at Dresden. A copy of it was found by Rumöhr upon the Ilissus in the Magliabecchian Library at Florence, and even the gentle Eastlake revelled in it at Rome. Its effect upon London society was exaggerated and absurd. Instead of sending Haydon to Coventry, as they had done in 1812, they now crowded to his house to pay their respects in such numbers, his front doors were obliged to be kept open all day for several days in succession. The whole neighbourhood was in an uproar of carriages, like a court day at St. James's. As regards Haydon, anything more ludicrous and painful can hardly be conceived of London society, and its artificial sentiment, except its previous, and its subsequent conduct. Just as he had lost his reputation four years before, he had now unintentionally doubled it, for a time, by a similar act. But whatever its ultimate consequences, it brought him immediate troubles of a laughable kind he had not anticipated. He became the "lion" of the season. Public societies, a sure sign of your prosperity, sought the honour of his "name and subscription." Illustrious dukes called upon him. Fine ladies coaxed him out of pen sketches for their albums. Clergymen "entreated" his interest with patrons and ministers to give them livings, or make them deans and bishops. More modest applicants sought "appointments only" under government. Strangers sonneted him, and asked his autograph, which, of course, meaned a cheque or a sketch. Refugees openly begged his "generous charity," and the young art-students, as a delicate compliment, shaved their whiskers and wore square-toed boots and broad-brimmed hats in imitation of their idol. Then they called upon him to "discuss the Elgin Marbles." All this was highly troublesome to Haydon, who hated to be disturbed in his painting-room, and had no money to subscribe, interest to give away, or time for gossip. Nor did his own circle of private friends behave less absurdly. They appear to have written sonnets in turn. Leigh Hunt in the character of a "bard," led the way. He "approves and blesses." Miss Mitford "sheds tears." Reynolds apostrophises him as the "saviour of art." Somebody else sends him to heaven as a modern Raphael and Michel Angelo rolled into one. Another adds the qualities of Leo-

nardo to his credit, and calls upon Europe to build him a palace and endow him with riches. Wordsworth and Keats were the only two who kept their judgment and wrote something sensible. But the rest "adulated" him to a degree that first flattered him, then made him angry, then made him laugh, and ultimately showed him how difficult and delicate a matter it is for a man of any fame to regulate the ardour and enthusiasm of zealous friends. They always are so ardent, kind and enthusiastic about their hero, they are very likely with the best intentions to prove his worst enemies. But they get some little fame themselves by admiring what they cannot do.

The argument put forward by Haydon in this famous letter is not, as has been erroneously represented, that an unprofessional opinion upon a professional subject is never to be accepted, but that in art as in science it ought not to be preferred to that of the professional man.

The question seems to me beset with difficulties. Certainly, as Haydon says, in no other profession but painting and poetry is the opinion of the man who has studied it only for his amusement, preferred to that of one who has devoted his life to excel in it. And this ought not to be. In surgery or science we do not call in an amateur to decide on surgical or scientific questions; why then in art, which is of equal rank with surgery and science, should the opinion of an amateur be accepted? If the amateur possesses all the necessary qualifications to enable him to decide justly, he is practically no longer an amateur, but a non-practising professional, and in that case, other things being equal, the professional in practice must be the superior man. In lower matters, the distinction seems to lie between the power of doing a thing in detail, and that of perceiving it to be well done. But still the man who has exercised his understanding as well as practised his hand, and acquired the power to produce, is superior to the man who has only the capacity to feel the result.

Throughout these continued contests with "authority," what distinguishes Haydon from most controversialists seems to me the extraordinary disregard he exhibits for his own interests. It is not the sincerity of his convictions, or the tenacity he displays, but the total disregard he shows for his own worldly interests and advantages. Bold and contemptuous of all con-

sequences to himself, he breathes only for the cause of truth and the interests of English art. "Never," he says, "while I live or have an intellect to detect a difference or a hand to write, never will I suffer a leading man in art to put forth pernicious sophisms without doing my best to refute him, or unjustly to censure fine works by opinions without doing my best to expose them." You have only to flaunt before him a sophism or an unsound opinion upon art, and he rushes at it like a bull at the banderilla, catches his foė on the point of his horns, gores and tramples him out of all shape, and then tosses the poor bundle of rags contemptuously up to its aristocratic owners. His great faults, and these were not diminished by years, were a want of that aristocratic hardness which renders a man indifferent to personal success, and consequently a certain absence of control over himself and his subject, and of tenderness for the interests and prejudices of others. A truly wise man never despises the prejudices of his opponents. Haydon forgot that honest men of all ways of thinking believe themselves to be in the right, and that many who differed from him might be equally positive and in earnest though in error. But perhaps he had proofs, or thought he had, that the men who chiefly opposed him were not honest; he certainly believed they were not. Then his mind was not sufficiently restrained and circumspect. This may be accounted for by his natural hatred of cant and his natural eagerness to speak out what was in him, and by a certain inability to put himself into another's point of view. Very few men succeed in doing this. Yet he was never malignant, never wilfully unjust, but, without being subtle in the least degree, he had that vice of subtle minds of attaching too much importance to slight resemblances, and an unfortunate tendency to judge individuals with whom he had no acquaintance, from his knowledge of the "party" to which they belonged. These were his faults, and I hope I have stated them fairly. They are dangerous faults in a controversialist, but they are common enough, and in Haydon were nobly redeemed. With him they were faults of defective training, and although these are to be regretted and condemned, they must not be allowed to overshadow his undoubtedly great services to art.

Since his return from Paris, Haydon had been so besought by applicants that he was compelled to establish a school of

pupils. By 1816 he had gathered about a strong school of highly promising young men. That distinguished man and fine gentleman, Sir Charles Eastlake, had been Haydon's first pupil in 1813. Now the elder Landseers (Thomas and Charles), Harvey, Chatfield, Lance, Prentis, Bewick, and several others joined.* They were all young men, full of high design, and became deeply attached to Haydon, for he had that prompt and living sympathy with their feelings and aspirations which endears a man so much to the younger men about him. Then he was so conscientious a teacher, and never spared himself, never, like the Earl of Chatham at Walcheren, thought about his health, or, of his "bon bouillon de tortue, au lieu de se livrer aux détails de l'expédition qui lui était confiée." On the contrary, Haydon slaved himself in order to make his investigations thorough, and his instruction complete. Whether a boy was rich, or poor, mattered little enough to Haydon, provided he was industrious and showed talent. "Only be industrious and succeed in your art," he said to Bewick, who feared to be rejected because he was too poor to pay any premium, "and *that* is all I require." If a lad did not show the ability he wanted, nothing would induce Haydon to take him as a pupil. "What must *I* feel," writes Bewick (30th March, 1817), "when Mr. Haydon rejects so many young men who come to him with letters of recommendation, and who have offered him large sums of money! One young man came recommended from Edinburgh; Mr. Haydon (as he says) soon found out what he was, and recommended him to begin immediately with portraits."

Of Lance, the fruit painter, a charming story is told. Lance

* It is made a matter of reproach against Haydon by biographers, that none of his pupils followed him in historic art. "He is the only painter of any eminence who left no school." For the matter of that, "leaving a school" is no particular proof of want of individual ability in the professor—in art or in politics, or in any profession. And in the case of Haydon, I should have been surprised if any of his pupils—granting that they were equal to it—had followed his particular style of art, seeing to what misery and ruin the neglect of the English nobility and their dislike to English historical painting reduced their master. No man will educate his son to famine. Besides, could Haydon do more than he did for his pupils, which was to direct their minds towards that particular department of art for which, in his judgment, they were best fitted? To Edwin Landseer, to his two brothers (Thomas and Charles), to Eastlake, to Bewick, to Lance, and to others, he assigned their several lines. They followed them, and who will be bold enough to say they did not succeed? At least in this respect Haydon can compare well with Sir Joshua Reynolds, for who ever heard of any of his pupils but one—Northcote? And yet he must have had hundreds pass through his studio. Where are their works?—Ed.

came to London as a boy, found out Haydon, and tremblingly called on him and asked his "terms." "Terms, my little man!" said Haydon; "when I take pupils I don't ask the length of their fathers' purses. Let me see your drawings, and if you have talent, and are industrious, I will teach you for nothing." Lance showed some beautiful drawings, was at once accepted, and became one of Haydon's distinguished pupils. Then Edwin Landseer, seeing his elder brothers advancing so rapidly, grew eager for instruction. He never seems to have worked like the rest in Haydon's studio, but to have come every week to get instruction, show his work, and get more instruction, returning home to work it out. Haydon, seeing his strong tendency towards dogs and animals, gave him his own dissections of a lioness to copy, and directed him to dissect animals as the only mode of acquiring a correct knowledge of their internal construction, and guided his studies. When Edwin Landseer's drawings were sufficiently advanced, Haydon took a portfolio of them one evening to a grand dinner at Sir George Beaumont's, and after coffee, showed them round to the ministers and nobility who were there, recommending young Landseer to their especial notice as a boy of great promise, and this Landseer amply redeemed. In the same way Haydon started Bewick as a painter by begging Lord de Dunstanville to allow him to transfer a commission to Bewick, which was agreed to, and Bewick gave such satisfaction he obtained an order for a companion piece.

In a stormy life of so much personal strife and harass of mind as Haydon's, it is pleasant to turn aside for a moment and look on the proofs, amidst all his own struggles and distresses, which he daily gives of his most affectionate and generous interest in the success of others, and it was not by any means confined to his art. He was often called on, and always ready to share his slender purse, his food, his clothes, his house, and among his pupils the very patronage by which he lived, in order to advance the interests of others. Most of them felt and acknowledged this in after life. Chatfield repeatedly calls him his "father." "Be assured," writes Eastlake to him in 1825, "be assured that your early kindness to me is among those obligations I am least likely to forget." "You will have heard," writes Bewick to his brother (17th September, 1816), "how I have been befriended by Mr. Haydon.

. . . I really do not know how I shall ever be able to recompense him for all that he has done for me." The whole family of the Landseers, father and children—with one marked exception I regret to say, that of Edwin—write and send him a joint letter at Christmas 1818, begging him to accept their cartoon drawings for his forthcoming exhibition as a mark of their gratitude and regard. The terms in which the letter is expressed are highly honourable to both pupils and teacher. "We bear in mind," they say, "your offer of payment, but we bear in mind also the instruction, &c., which our family has received at your hands, of which we request you to accept the drawings as an acknowledgment, not as a compensation."* Nor were Haydon's generous exertions always confined to his pupils. When Belzoni died and his widow fell into difficulties, when Lough, the sculptor, first came starving to London in 1827, Haydon, although pressed to the earth on each occasion, befriended them in every way in his power, and fagged himself ill in Lough's case to bring his fine works into public notice. The union of such perfect disinterestednesss with great talents is not often found in other professions than those of art and literature. And the poor never applied to him in vain. "Why did you send to me?" he once expostulated with a forsaken outcast who had written to beg for assistance; "why send to a poor man like me?" "Because I heard you were humane." That was his character.

Haydon's pupils made such rapid progress that he determined in 1816 on a trial which should test their powers to the utmost and show the public what English students, when properly instructed, could do. He obtained leave from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent for two of Raphael's cartoons to be brought up from Hampton Court to the British Gallery for his pupils to copy. The Prince Regent ordered the 'Paul at Athens' and the 'Draught of Fishes' to be sent up to the British Gallery, and Haydon and his pupils at once moved in and made fine copies, Haydon drawing the heads and figures of St. Paul full size. As soon as finished, cartoons and copies were hung up for exhibition and the gallery thrown open to the public. The people came in such crowds, the

* Why Edwin Landseer refused to sign this letter I cannot positively say. Haydon, with wounded feelings, has explained it in a note, written, apparently, on receipt of the letter: "Edwin Landseer, though under as great obligations to my instruction, and more for bringing (him) forward in the world—for I sold his first picture—did not sign, for fear of the Academy."—Ed.

doors were ordered to be closed for fear of damage. At first they refused to believe the copies were the work of any but Italians. When it was known they were the work of young Englishmen the excitement became intense, but nothing came of it. Haydon says he was overwhelmed with anonymous letters "threatening him with vengeance" if he continued to work against the interests of the Royal Academy in this way. "Had there been no Academy," he writes in his Journal, "the art would have gone on from this day for ever. But their bile was roused, and by ridicule and abuse, and attributing the basest motives to me they succeeded in so alarming the directors that all the good was rendered nugatory. Nothing came of it, and nothing ever will whilst that body, under the mask of doing good to art, seek only their predominance, and by standing between the nobility and the people, baffle every attempt to enlighten either."

Before this eventful year 1816 closed, Haydon made a further attempt to improve the general prospects of the art. He submitted to the noble directors of the British Gallery a detailed plan for annually offering first and second prizes from a hundred guineas down to twenty guineas for the first and second best pictures of history, landscape, *genre* painting, poetical heads, down to studies from statues. As an instance of his earnest desire to deal fairly by all branches of the art it is notable. The plan, however, did not find the support he expected from the directors. They were timid noblemen, and on being told it would bring them into collision with the interests of the Royal Academy, they hesitated to adopt so bold a proposal. Haydon attributed the rejection of his plan to the influence of the academicians, and explains the timidity of the nobility by want of real knowledge of art. "With no art tutors at college, the nobility leave college just as wise in art as they enter it. . . . Too happy to lean on anyone for instruction, they become the tools of an academic clique."

The next three years were passed by Haydon in a whirl of excitement and work. He appears to have gone out once more into society, while his own "breakfasts" at his house in Lisson Grove * became celebrated in London, not only for their hospitality, but for the number of distinguished

* Haydon had now removed to a house in Lisson Grove North, built by Rossi, the Royal Academician. It had a spacious painting-room attached, and here the happiest years of Haydon's life were passed.—Ed.

men who frequented his table. In 1817 the Imperial Grand Duke Nicolas of Russia had come to England, and his brother the Grand Duke Michael followed in 1818, and both had desired Haydon to be presented, and had commanded his attendance at their inspection of the Elgin Marbles. Haydon was received with marked distinction and favour by both. The Grand Duke Nicolas, on discovering Haydon to be nephew to General Cobley, then commander-in-chief at Odessa, and with whom the Grand Duke had recently spent three weeks at Odessa, treated Haydon "à merveille." In the midst of their conversation the Grand Duke suddenly said, "Vous êtes un peintre d'histoire. Où sont vos tableaux? Dans quel édifice public?" His Imperial Highness had a better notion of one of the functions of art than either the British sovereign, his administration, or nobility. "Altesse Impériale," replied Haydon promptly, "dans ce pays-ci, à présent, on ne place pas de tableaux d'histoire dans les édifices publics." The Grand Duke looked hard at him to see if he was passing a joke on Imperial Russia, but finding a curious expression of disappointment on Haydon's face he changed the subject, turned to the "Theseus" and discussed the beauty of the marbles. The Grand Duke expressed a wish to see more of Haydon, to whom he seemed to have taken a great liking, but if it had come really to the point, I do not believe Haydon would ever have left his country. He was too thoroughly proud of her and of her great and enthusiastic people. With the Grand Duke Michael, who came over in 1818, Haydon was not so much struck. He says he had less feeling for art, less grandeur, less sublimity of soul, than his illustrious brother Nicolas. The Grand Duke, however, called on Haydon, and paid a long visit to his studio, inspected his studies and his picture of 'Jerusalem,' which was then much advanced, paid him many high compliments, and expressed his Imperial Brother's hope to see him one day at St. Petersburg. Alas! my poor father, why did you not go? The Minister of Police, it is true, might have sent you to the Caucasus for some passing indiscretion, but he never would have left you to die broken-hearted by pecuniary distress. You would at least have had the pay and rations of a private soldier. In England you did not even get that.

Haydon's position seemed now established. He was at the

head of his Art, and the Leader of the Opposition to the Royal Academy. This at least consoled him for their rejection of him in 1809, and it gratified his love of distinction. But the latter was not altogether the post for him, as it involved him in perpetual petty conflicts with the Royal Academy, made him the mark for much envy and hatred, and drew off his attention from his easel. But still it was necessary to defend the privileges of lay artists against the constant encroachments of the Royal Academy; and he was the only man in a position to occupy the advanced post with any safety. But it kept his brain in a state of restless agitation. He was of course a constant contributor to the 'Annals of the Arts.' In fact, that was his special organ, as it circulated widely among the educated classes, for advancing his views and opinions upon art. Many of his most valuable contributions to the history of art are to be found in its pages at this period. But Haydon did not confine himself wholly to severe writing. He indulged, and not infrequently, in amusing ridicule of the Academy and its practice; and, with that gift he had of hitting off a character in a phrase, he sometimes made Academicians ridiculous. It is to be observed, however, that he always spares Turner and a few more, on account of their undoubted genius. I remember, in one of the "Dreams of Somniator," a distinguished French painter is introduced to the Academy, and the conversation turns upon the "Vehicle of the Ancients." The President, Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose peculiar weakness it was to imagine he could talk French, is made to say that, in his opinion, the vehicle "était composée de la wax des abbayles;" upon which the polite Frenchman expresses his complete assent, and compliments Sir Thomas upon his perfect knowledge of the French language!

But this sort of light sword-play did him no harm. It was only when he thought himself called upon to "draw blood" in the interests of art, his friends prayed for the destruction of all pens, ink, and paper within his reach. For example, just as the year 1817 was closing, he found himself embroiled with the Academy in its official character and position. It appears that, by Haydon's influence, the cartoon of Ananias had been ordered by the Prince Regent to be sent up to the British Gallery. The Academy, who were responsible (and I can quite sympathise with them), felt aggrieved at these proceedings.

In the first place, the responsibility of rolling and moving up cartoons from Hampton Court, hanging them in a public gallery for several months, and then returning them to Hampton Court, was not ideal, but anxious. And when this order, which they durst not disobey, was given for the second time without consultation with them, and against their expressed opinions as the official guardians responsible for the safety of the cartoons, and only in consequence of Haydon's superior influence at Court, I can understand their feelings, and their very natural desire to terminate that responsibility at the earliest moment, consistent with their duty. Thus, when the season of 1817 had closed, and the Court had left town, the authorities at the Academy unexpectedly ordered the cartoon to be taken down and returned. This was strictly within their official right, but there was an air of ungraciousness about the act the absence of due notice did not diminish. Annoyance and disappointment to those students who were in the midst of their cartoon studies was the result. In a body they sought Haydon's interference; Haydon at once interested himself, and begged that the cartoon might be allowed to remain some months longer. The Academy curtly refused; Haydon expostulated. A correspondence began; the smouldering passions of both sides were soon fanned, and a furious controversy broke out. Haydon made a public matter of it; wrote a pamphlet, which attracted much attention; and, in the 'Annals of the Arts,' he attacked the conduct of the Academy with such bitterness and sarcasm that a general meeting of academicians was called by the Council in order to take his statements "into consideration." Their intention, I believe, was to direct his prosecution for an alleged libel. Fuseli, however, interfered; and by his advice, the meeting contented itself with entering on their records the fact of the cartoon being lent to the Gallery, and the official right of the Academy to claim it in their discretion. But the bitter invective of Haydon festered in their memory for years. Many of Haydon's friends, and particularly his judicially-minded friend Sir George Beaumont, regretted to see his mind so diverted from his easel, and his fine powers wasted, as they held, on such matters which any other man could have dealt with as well—perhaps better; for Haydon showed he was angry, and satire is always better and more biting for being kept cool. Yet it must be remembered

Haydon never attacked the Academy for applause, always for utility, and in defence of the interests of the public and of art, just as a man hunts a mischievous hen out of his garden lest she rake up the good seed he has sown. His accomplished friend Wyborn, I must however admit, approved of Haydon's course of action on this occasion. He writes from Paris (1st November, 1817), "I entirely agree with you in the reprobation such conduct merits from all lovers of art. What strikes me with wonder is that such men as Wilkie and Sir Thomas Lawrence, aided by Fuseli, whom you praise for his liberality of thinking, should not have influence enough to check the party zeal of the majority. Perhaps a dislike to a state of warfare may operate on the mind of the amiable Wilkie, to induce him to remain a silent spectator of conduct he must be sorry for."

Charles Hayter, on the other hand, entreats Haydon not to so misspend his strength. "Nothing more," he writes in friendly remonstrance, "is wanting in you to ensure the wreath of fame but to dedicate all your mind to the subjects of your canvas, and not exhaust it on the never-to-be-corrected incapacities and errors of others. If you must write, and that I think you should, for you have clear ideas and a most intelligible diction, let it be like Leonardo da Vinci, for the art, not troubling yourself with a thought of those you know or imagine to be its enemies. . . . Every man and every body of men have feelings which I think it a folly for you to waste a thought on." This was a style of reasoning that did not recommend itself to Haydon. The power of the Academy was too great, and its activity too incessant to be despised. But I must admit, since he had established a "school" a dread of the Academy seems to haunt Haydon, often renders him uneasy, perhaps morbidly apprehensive, and at times hurries him into acts his better judgment could not approve.

His pupils being now sufficiently advanced, Haydon obtained leave, and sent them to the British Museum to make cartoons of the Elgin Marbles. They succeeded in making such fine cartoons of the Theseus, Ilissus, and the Fates, he resolved to try the effect of their public exhibition the next year.

The exhibition of these cartoons in 1818 proved an extraordinary success. St. James's Street was crowded with

carriages from morning till sunset. Foreign ambassadors, dukes and duchesses, all the fine ladies, Royalty even, and the million crushed in to see this wonderful "Exhibition of Cartoons" by young Englishmen. A caricature of "St. James's Street in an uproar" filled the shop windows, and increased the madness.* To add to the excitement, the art critics, who made a profitable business out of writing Haydon down, attacked the whole scheme vigorously. But the effect was rather to show that the success a man has in turning the attention of the public to the text he preaches is in proportion to the abuse he receives from the doctrinaires and dunces. The offence of Haydon was that, he tried to bring the public mind into contact with a nobler art than these men understood. But "society," which had no more feeling for art than Newton's dog had for his master's problems, was really dissuaded from supporting the attempt. They came to the exhibition, it is true, but that was for the sake of novelty and amusement, possibly to see what it was which was so abused and caricatured, not for the art, or the object of the artist. Haydon flattered himself and his pride in the aristocracy, that the great people came from their love for art, and praised what they saw from a genuine appreciation of the beauties put before them. He was perpetually making this mistake, viz., taking the polite flatteries of visitors for real feeling and approbation. But he lived to be undeceived. They would have lavished the same praises on a Hottentot Venus, or a disgusting dwarf. But there was one MAN, as Napoleon called him, sitting, afar off, in his own study, who saw and appreciated Haydon's effort. He sent for the entire set of the Ilissus cartoons. These he hung up around his own room at Weimar, and we may depend on it never passed a day without musing among them. Years after, just before his own death, as if to pay a debt of gratitude to Haydon, he wrote, reminding him of these cartoons, and said, "My soul has been elevated for many years by their contemplation." That man was Goethe. In England it was flinging a gem to the cock in Æsop's fable; which bird is always much better pleased with a barleycorn.

* I had one in my burned portfolio. It was coloured after the style of Gillray's, showed Haydon in a blue coat and broad brimmed hat, something like a Quaker in colours; surrounded by young ducks quacking at him, and the whole street in an uproar of footmen and carriages, &c.—ED.

About this time (1818) a large sum of money being voted (1,000,000*l.*) for the building of new churches, Haydon, with the sanction of the Bishop of London, took up the matter in the interests of art, and wrote an excellent treatise, urging the Government to put by one per cent. for the purchase of an altar-piece for each new church. Everybody read and praised Haydon's views, and said, "What an excellent idea!" But nobody did anything to help him to carry it out. Canning said it was "not in his department." Lord Stafford said, "You will never get the House to agree to that." Sir Charles Long said he "gave it up without trying, as there was nothing of which public men knew so little as art." And Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said, "Let us build the churches first, and then think of decorating them!"

This last idea was too brilliant and conclusive for Haydon. He returned to his painting-room a sadder, but, I fear, not a wiser man. The churches were built; their altar-pieces are not yet designed.

During these years Haydon discovered it was necessary, if he wished to be on the watch in the interests of his art, to go more into society, and he went. But he far preferred the easier society of his own literary and professional friends. With these he lived in constant intercourse. He was ever a staunch friend, and more than one of them had known with what unbounded generosity, considering his means, he would exert himself on behalf of others in embarrassment or distress.* To most of them, however, his position seemed firm and established. He had made it for himself, and the great picture he was then painting, "Jerusalem," would maintain and increase his reputation and authority on art.

But with all this, none, I believe, knew of the double mischief gnawing at his vitals. Forty per cent. and want of capital to meet it, sooner or later this must bring a man to the ground. Now was the time to have repented having parted

* In his Journal for March, 1817, I find the following affectionate reference to Keats: "Keats has published his first poems, and great things indeed they promise. . . . Keats is a man after my own heart. He sympathises with me, and comprehends me. We saw through each other at once, and I hope are friends for ever. I only know that, if I sell my picture, Keats shall never want till another is done, that he may have leisure for his effusions; in short, he shall never want all his life while I live."—Ed.

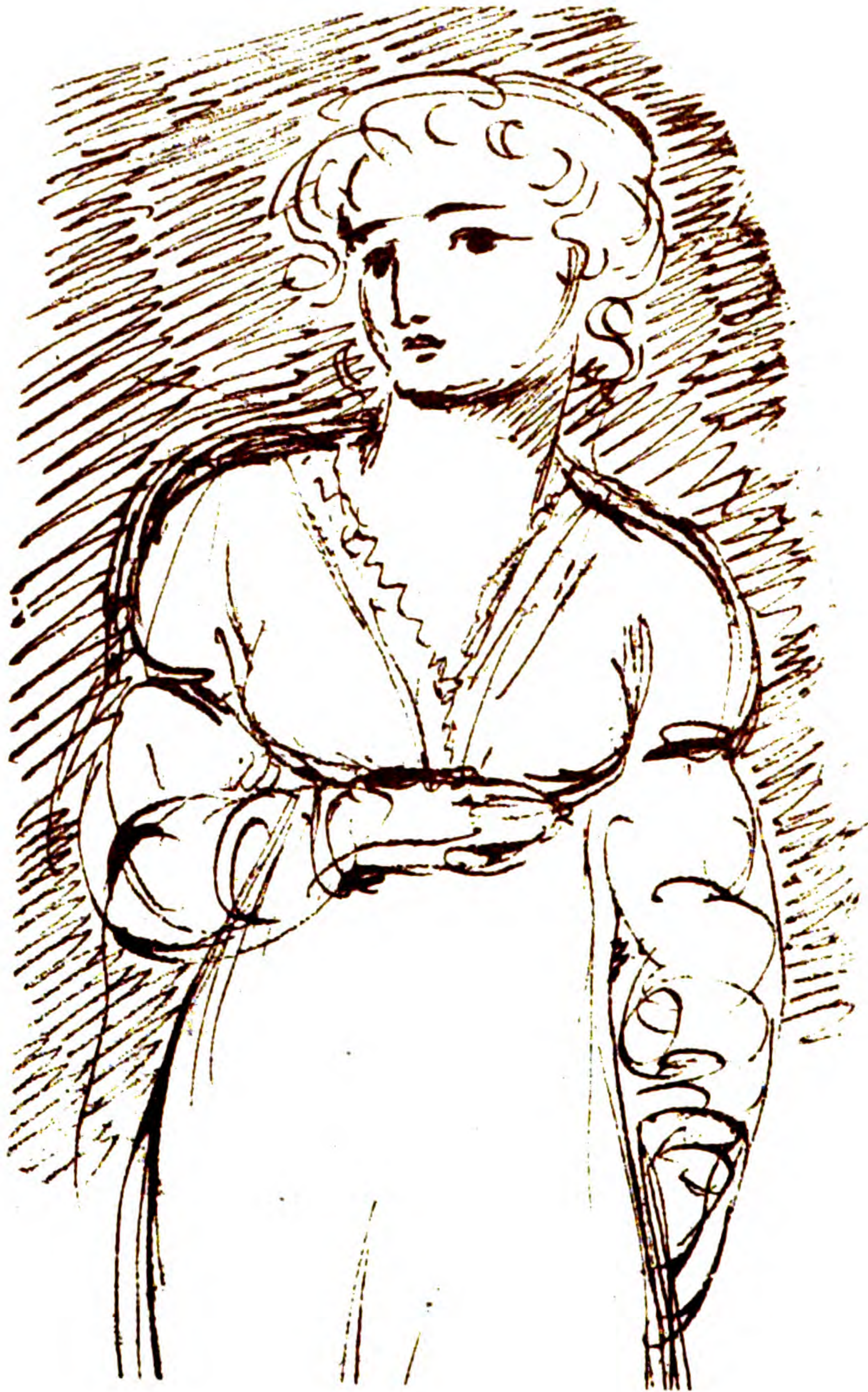
with his birthright. Now was the time when the great business of his father would have supported him firmly, if he had only supported it. But it was gone, lost past redemption, and had left him literally without one sixpence he could call his own. It was a pity the fate of so fine a position, won by such energy and skill, and retained by such activity and toil, should yet hang upon the decision of a six-and-eightpenny attorney!

I do not know that the matter weighed on Haydon's mind. Anyhow he never dared to look it fairly in the face. He trusted in God, and did his best to extricate himself.

Among his intimate friends at this period of his life, there is a striking absence of lords and rich men. He had tried them and found them wanting, and although he still went among them, it is evident with all his love for the aristocracy that he prefers the society of men with brains to men of mere rank or wealth.

Horace Smith, Wordsworth, Walter Scott, Keats, Hazlitt, Barnes (of the 'Times'), Charles Lamb, Wilkie, Coleridge, the Hunts, Ritchie (the African traveller), Du Bois, and Ugo Foscolo, were, more or less, his intimates; with most of these he lived on familiar terms. Often they would meet at one another's houses, and romp like schoolboys, tell inexhaustible stories, and always laugh at each other's jokes. But their interest in art, in literature, in politics and religion, was anything but boyish. They discussed their favourite subjects, debated over classics, fought Napoleon's campaigns with the fierceness of partisans — Hazlitt always supporting Napoleon, Haydon always against him, and in favour of the Duke—very often, it seems, breaking up their evenings in a violent heat, to forget their differences, or meet and renew them on the next occasion. Hazlitt said Haydon was one of the best talkers he knew. "I find him," he said to Bewick, "albeit the best painter in England, well read up in the literature of the day, and never at a loss for subjects of conversation, whether of books, politics, men, or things. He talks well, too, on most subjects that interest one; indeed, better than any painter I ever met. Northcote is talkative and original, but he is narrow in his views, and confined in his subjects. Haydon is more a scholar, and has a wider range and versatility of information. One enjoys his hearty joyous laugh; it sets one upon one's legs as

it were better than a glass of champagne, for one is delighted to meet such a cheery spirit in the saddening depression that broods over the hypocrisy and despotism of the world. His laugh rings in my ears like merry bells." This describes him at the time fairly. Talfourd, Miss Mitford, and Wordsworth have all expressed to me a similar opinion, and I believe most of those who remember him would confirm it. His talk was so rapid, so enthusiastic, and without being brilliant, so full of anecdote and illustration, and so earnest, it completely carried you away. Wordsworth said, the last time I saw him, at Christmas 1848, "your father was a fine, frank, generous nature, a capital talker, and well-informed." And as to his art, he said, "He is the first painter in his grand style of art that England or any other country has produced since the days of Titian. He may be disregarded and scorned now by the ignorant and malevolent, but posterity will do him justice. There are things in his works that have, never been surpassed, they will be the text book of art hereafter." This was high praise from Wordsworth, but Wordsworth knew what he was talking about, and he was too honest not to be sincere. Haydon had, of course, many personal anecdotes of his friends, and has recorded some; but he had such a keen sense of the ridiculous, it would not be fair to repeat them. Of Hazlitt, whose eccentricities offered so much opportunity for light laughter, he had innumerable stories. Wordsworth added to the stock by one (of Hazlitt's evening amusements at the lakes,) which combined such an union of the fiendish, the ludicrous, and the sublime as not to be surpassed by any story ever told of Hazlitt. Of Coleridge, I have heard him say that he did not always talk, but would sometimes sit silent, apparently taking no notice of the conversation, when suddenly, like the "locutus bos" of Livy, he would come out with something so prodigiously wise everybody became silent, and then he would pour forth for an hour, as the humour took him. The story of Lamb, on his way to the India House, leaving Coleridge at 10 A.M. in a doorway talking with his eyes shut, and coming back at 4 P.M. to find Coleridge still there with his eyes shut, talking away, as he thought, to Lamb, I have heard my father declare, though only on Lamb's authority, to be strictly true; but then Lamb delighted in such fictions about his friends. Byron he never met. They were to have met, but something prevented



Maria Foote.

Byron from coming, and the opportunity never occurred again; Haydon regretted it all his life. Shelley he met occasionally. His account of their first meeting, in 1816, is characteristic; it was at a dinner—one of the last he went to at Leigh Hunt's. Haydon arrived late and took his place at the table. Opposite to him sat a hectic, spare, intellectual-looking creature, carving a bit of brocoli on his plate as if it were the substantial wing of a chicken. This was Shelley. Suddenly, in the most feminine and gentle voice, Shelley said, "As to that detestable religion, the Christian—" Haydon looked up. But says he in his diary, "On casting a glance round the table, I easily saw by Leigh Hunt's expression of ecstasy and the simper of the women, I was to be set at that evening 'vi et armis.' I felt exactly like a stag at bay, and I resolved to gore without mercy." The result was a heated and passionate argument, and the resolution on the part of Haydon to subject himself no more to the chance of these discussions. And thus it was, to some extent, he gradually broke off his intimacy with Leigh Hunt. Warmly attached as he was to all his friends, this resolution gave Haydon certain pain. But the offensively condescending and patronising tone, which, under the plea of impartiality and fair judgment, Hunt would insist upon assuming when speaking of our Lord and His Apostles, looking down upon them, as it were, from the point of view of a very superior person, irritated and shocked Haydon to a degree that was unendurable. It was altogether inconsistent, in his view, with the relations of man to his God. He protested warmly against it, but being persisted in by Hunt with all the light geniality of his audacious romancings over the Biblical conception of the Almighty, their intimacy was dissolved. Later on, Haydon found in Talfourd as faithful and fearless a friend; he was also a more judicious adviser.

Among the gentler sex Haydon had many and sincere friends and admirers; Miss Mitford was among the oldest and warmest. With two very opposite characters, Maria Foote and Miss Mellon, afterwards Duchess of St. Albans, he was always a great favourite. Of Holly Lodge he had many lively stories. And as Maria Foote was just at this time delighting the town, Haydon, who used to escort her to and from the theatre, saw a good deal of life behind the scenes, but he soon tired of that. He sympathised with

Johnson when he said to Garrick, in excuse for not again coming behind "Old Drury," "Oh, Davy, Davy, the silk stockings and the white bosoms of your actresses excited my amorous propensities!" It is so with all studious men. The sandals of Aspasia turned the heads of the Greek philosophers. They come out from their studies into the world, and are first astonished at the vivacity of their own emotions, and then shocked that no one else seems to share them; a little practice renders them equally insensible. But Haydon was one of those men who found love in any form a serious affair; he, therefore, preferred a "fatiguing virtue to a convenient vice." The former fitted into his habits of thought and reflection, troubled him least, and did not disturb his principles or shake the peace of his mind. "Non ita difficile est quam captum retibus ipsis exire et validos Veneris perrumpere nodos." Possibly he was so much liked by the sex on account of this earnestness, and he was evidently much run after on account of his good looks and reputation. How it was he was not married much earlier in life it is difficult to say, under all the circumstances that have come to my knowledge; but he was a striking example that the common belief a clever woman can marry any man she likes, is not always true. In love it is sometimes only one of the two that loves. We as often see clever and fascinating women, trying to attract the man they prefer, succeeding no further than to make him think of the love they feel, or fancy they feel, or wish they felt. He encourages them because it is agreeable, and they continue to try for the same reason. The illusions of love are always delightful. At length she notices a change in his manner—he is more apt, more spirited by her side. She anticipates her triumph, she sees him already at her feet, when—presto!—one fine morning she learns, to her exquisite mortification, that he has married the woman who makes him feel what she has only disposed him to. This was Haydon's fate. The explanation in his case was, I think, that there are many qualities, in both men and women, which although quite endurable in a friend, would be simply intolerable in a husband or a wife. He had the sagacity and good fortune to find this out in time.

By the early spring of 1820, the 'Jerusalem' was at length completely finished. It was moved down safely to the Egyptian

Hall, Piccadilly—the frame alone weighed 600 lbs.—put up without accident, pitched into its place, glazed, and toned; and towards the end of March the exhibition was ready. The private day was crowded; dukes and duchesses, court beauties, distinguished foreigners, connoisseurs, and dilettanti. The great doubt of Haydon was the head of our Saviour. He had departed from the traditional type, and in his anxiety and dissatisfaction at not at first realizing his conception, had painted the head in and out six times. Leonardo da Vinci, in a similar difficulty, left his Christ headless. Haydon says that the moment the picture was up, and he could walk back 40 feet to look at it, he felt he had not reached his true conception. Very possibly: the power of will to execute is often exhausted by intense previous thought. The great world, having no opinion of its own, but talking of our Saviour as if they had known Him intimately, whispered, "This is not like Christ," and then waited for some authority to praise or condemn, it made little difference to them. Suddenly, Haydon relates, Mrs. Siddons walked into the room "like a Ceres or a Juno." She went straight to the picture and stood before it, silent and thinking. All held their breath for the awful oracle. At length Sir George Beaumont, in a timid voice, said, "How do you like the Christ?" After a moment, in a loud, tragic tone, she replied, "It is completely successful." Society, put at their ease, at once pronounced it the finest head ever painted of our Lord. They would have condemned it with equal grace, and facility. The great actress turned to Haydon and said, "The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look." This settled its success. "Its supernatural look" was henceforth in everybody's mouth. There is great virtue in the selection of terms; many a man's fortune has been made by a happy phrase. By Monday the reputation of the picture had spread over London, and the people crowded in to see the great work with a "supernatural look." Before the season closed, upwards of 30,000 persons had come to see the picture, and saw, in an instant, what had cost years of thought and toil. I have never seen it, and it was not engraved; but, from the original sketch I have seen, it must have been a marvellously fine work. Wordsworth told me it was "a masterpiece of conception, colour, character, and expression." He admitted the wonderful force of expression in the wicked mother in 'Solomon,' and the

appalling look of 'Lazarus;' but, he said, the air of pathetic submissiveness of the Penitent Girl in the 'Jerusalem' touched him "more tenderly." Now came the question, what was to be done with such a work? The ministers admired it, but "what can we do with it?" they asked, "and where are we to get the money from?" Haydon wanted 2000*l.* for it. The Church looked at it approvingly, but did not dare, and was too poor to buy for itself. Watson Taylor was urged to buy it and present it to a church, and it would have been a more creditable extravagance than his silver fire-irons and similar follies. But he had subscribed 300*l.* towards its painting, and he thought his duty done. The next day he very probably allowed himself to be wheedled out of 5000*l.* worth of diamonds by some flatterer.* Sir George Beaumont urged the directors of the British Gallery to make the purchase. He said "You have advertised and asked for such works: here is the finest ever painted by an Englishman; let us buy it and do honour to the art and the artist." And the directors would have done so, but one man sat at their board who was all-powerful, and that was Mr. Payne Knight. Every dog has his day, little and big, and Mr. Payne Knight, as we have seen, did not let grass grow under his feet when an injury or a mortification was to be inflicted on the young painter. There is no venom like the venom of an old man against a young one when fairly aroused. Mr. Payne Knight argued that Haydon, from the first, had set himself to oppose the authorities, and whatever merits the picture might have, and he did not see many for his part, the fact of its being exhibited in this independent manner was an act of rebellion. Taking in connection with his famous "Three Letters," his forming a school of pupils, his exhibitions of their cartoons, and his whole conduct from the first, it could not be denied that he was acting in opposition to the established authorities in art, and he ought to be made to feel his dependence upon them. These arguments carried a majority, and the proposal to purchase was finally rejected by one. The noble directors, in their love for high art, somewhat resembled Rousseau, who, laying down rules for the nurture and education of children, suffered his own offspring to be brought up at a foundling hospital.

* See 'Gilbert Gurney,' by Theodore Hook.—ED.

This decision of the directors showed the want of a higher power. Here was a picture the public approved, and would have been glad to possess, lost to the nation and to the country by the weakness of men influenced by the vindictive personal resentment of one man, and that man notoriously of false taste in art. The picture was thrown back on Haydon's hands, and thus secured Haydon's ruin a few years later.* Lord Ashburnham was so mortified at the rejection of the picture by the directors, that he sent for Haydon, and, begging him "not to be discouraged," said, "I cannot buy it myself, but if you will allow me to present you with 100*l.* as a slight expression of my admiration of your beautiful picture, you will do me a favour;" and, taking Haydon's hand in both of his, left 100*l.* within it. This was thoughtful and kind of Lord Ashburnham, but not the way Haydon should have been rewarded. The best reward for having wrought so well would have been to give him more work to do. This was what Haydon entreated. But it was ever denied, or not understood.

At the close of the London season he rolled up and sent his picture off by sea to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and exhibited it at both places with great success. Lockhart and Wilson, Terry and Sir Walter Scott, who had confounded Haydon's personal friendship for Leigh Hunt with a political and religious alliance, and had more than once violently attacked Haydon as one of the Cockney school of radicals and sceptics, were astonished to find him a high tory and aristocrat, and a sound Christian; and something more, a very well read man and a good painter. They changed their tone from that day. The moment they changed their tone and spoke of Haydon as they found him, that part of the press which is supposed to be liberal turned right round, abused Haydon heartily, and for ever after represented him as they did not find him. Such is the effect of party feeling.

Lockhart spoke out manfully about the 'Jerusalem.' "It is probable," he says ('Blackwood,' 1820†), "that the absurd style

* It was bought by two American gentlemen after Haydon's sale in 1823, and sent to the Public Gallery at Philadelphia, where it still remains.—ED.

† Haydon used to tell a highland story of the Glasgow Exhibition. A year or two after, a friend sketching in the Highlands was overlooked by a lassie. After a while she said, "Air ye fond of pecturs?" "Yes," said he. "And did ye see a pectur at Glasgaw o' 'Christ comin' to Jurrooslem?' "I did," said he. "Ah!" said she, with wild enthusiasm, "yon was a pectur. When I sa' a' the lads and lasses wi' their hats off, I jest sat me doon an' grat."—ED.

of language in which this picture has been lauded by the critics of Cockayne may have inspired many of our readers, as we confess it had ourselves, with many doubts and suspicions; but in order to do away with these, we are quite sure nothing more can be necessary than a single glance at this wonderful performance itself. . . . It is quite evident that Mr. Haydon is already by far the greatest historical painter that England has as yet produced. In time, those that have observed this masterpiece can have no doubt, he may take his place by the side of the very greatest painters in Italy."

This I believe to fairly express the general feeling at the time among competent judges, not only in Scotland but in England, and yet it is a fact that the nobility and patrons never offered or gave Haydon one single commission of any kind at this time. I have searched his correspondence carefully, and, with the exception of a note from Mr. T. Hope, drily refusing an offer from Haydon now to paint him a small picture, as he, Mr. Hope, had made "other arrangements," and one from Mr. Watson Taylor, also declining to allow Haydon to paint a picture for him for the 300*l.* Mr. Taylor had advanced, and the long-standing commission (three-quarter size) from Sir George Phillips, five hundred guineas, which Haydon painted, and the one from Sir John Leycester, for sixty guineas, which, with Sir John's permission, he had made over to Bewick on account of his own weak sight, there is not a trace of employment of any kind being offered, or conferred. The public had done what they could; they had come in crowds to see the picture, and paid for seeing it; they had no organization or individual means to do more; that was rightly left to the great nobles and rich patrons, and they did nothing. This would be very remarkable if Poetry and Music did not share the distinction of being considered, by the majority of our nobles and rich men, as relatively of no importance to the greatness of England as a nation. Professors of the fine arts, let them deny and struggle against it as they may, are yet regarded, in England, as inferior men of no rank, or real worth. The successful blackleg with his house in Berkeley Square, and a hunting-box at Melton, is, in the opinion of certain classes, a better member of society, and a more agreeable companion. They will send him to Parliament, drink his claret, and fawn upon him for his "good things" at New-

market and Doncaster, and as he only appeals to the worst passions of mankind, there can be no doubt about the superiority of his claims. Low tastes and want of high culture bring a nobility down to these levels. The understanding that nothing shall be deemed aristocratic that is not habitually done by the aristocracy is the probable explanation. This meets the case of Haydon, and beyond that I am not disposed to seek a deeper explanation of conduct, which, on the face of it, appears so indefensible and wrong.*

Haydon returned from Scotland late in the autumn, carrying away with him, he says, "a very complete conception of Scotch hospitality." Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Lockhart, Jeffrey, Allan, Raeburn ("that glorious fellow") had all welcomed him warmly, though Sir Walter was the only one who knew him before. "Princes Street," he writes, "on a clear sunset, with the castle and the Pentland Hills in radiant glory, and the crowd illumined by the setting sun, was a sight perfectly original. First you would see, limping, Sir Walter, talking as he walked with Lord Meadowbank; then tripped Jeffrey, keen, restless and fidgety; you next met Wilson, or Lockhart, or Allan, or Thompson, or Raeburn, as if all had agreed to make their appearance at once. It was a striking scene."

The exhibition of 'Jerusalem' in Scotland had been a remarkable success. Upwards of 20,000 more persons, thus making 50,000 in all, had come to see the picture—an astonishing number if we remember that in those days there were no railroads, and the means of locomotion few, far between, and expensive. But, if the pecuniary success of the exhibition was great it was not wholly sufficient. It materially reduced Haydon's indebtedness, that is true, but sixty per cent. requires a wide margin; the result was, he was still without a reserve. Had the picture been sold, all would have been well; Mr. Payne Knight had, however, effectually prevented that. Other schemes were then tried. A public subscription to

* Yet, in Haydon's case, there is one element always present and not to be forgotten, viz., the persistent hostility of the Royal Academy. I am not speaking of individual, but of corporate action. At first I thought this complaint of Haydon illusive, but I am reluctantly compelled to believe that the vindictive feeling of the Academy against Haydon had no small influence upon the nobility and his fortunes. "They spoke against him with false tongues, they compassed him about with words of hatred, and fought against him without a cause."—Ed.

purchase the picture and present it to the National Gallery, or to a church, was proposed. But the arrangements were injudicious, the Government refused its countenance, and both schemes fell through. The decision of the directors of the British Gallery, as Mr. Payne Knight had foreseen, chilled everybody but Sir George Beaumont and a few devoted lovers of art. Haydon, who was a very practical man in such matters, saw his chance was gone, and set about something else. He had a little money to go on with, and in twenty-four hours had made up his mind, sale or no sale, to paint the next of his scriptural series. The very risk suited his adventurous spirit. Besides, it gave him an excuse to remain in England, in the vain hope of producing a salutary change in the taste of the nobility, and in the disposition of the Government.

My opinion is, he should now have left England and gone to Rome or St. Petersburg, taking the 'Jerusalem' with him. The high favour of the Emperor Nicolas, or the friendship even of Canova at Rome, could not have failed to secure Haydon both reputation and wealth. Though he cared little enough for the latter, it would have placed him in a position, wherein his genius would have had the fullest play. When Canova found him the only man in England painting history, and that on his own responsibility, and in a room you could not swing a cat in, he must have thought of his own abundance of commissions and wealth, and of his own superb palace at Rome, as he pressed Haydon warmly by the hand, and said to him, in a tone there was no mistaking the meaning of, "Venez, venez à Rome! vous y verrez la véritable démocratie de l'art!" by which, says Eastlake, he meaned "an 'aristocracy' of artists" that was of a better kind than Haydon had to deal with in England.

Haydon must often have recalled the words of Canova, and, for his own reputation's sake, regretted he did not follow their counsel.

In England, however, he elected to remain, with many misgivings I feel sure. For it was but a forlorn hope at the best, and his reward was what we shall see—even the patronage of a Duke of Mantua would have been preferable.*

The 'Raising of Lazarus' was the next picture of his series

* The Duke of Mantua, of Rubens's day, could find no better employment for Rubens than to engage him to make copies of the old masters.—Ed.

First sketch for the figure of Lazarus.
1820.

Haydon decided to paint. He ordered a canvas 19 feet long by 15 feet high, and, as usual, with little or no money left, began the third of his great works of this period.

Sir George Beaumont, with whom he had now made up his differences—Sir George taking the 'Macbeth' for two hundred guineas—wrote to Haydon a letter of the warmest congratulations upon his success with the exhibition, at least, of the 'Jerusalem.' But he adds a closing paragraph of friendly warning, which appears to me to contain an allusion to Mr. Payne Knight and his recent behaviour: "Paint down your enemies," says Sir George, "rather than attempt to write them down, which will only multiply them, and believe me that no man is so insignificant as not to stand a chance of having it in his power to do you a serious injury at some time or other."

Haydon began the 'Raising of Lazarus' in December, 1820; with one break in May 1821, when he was unsettled by the difficulty of reconciling the mildness of character of our Lord with depth of thought, the form that gives the one destroying the other, he worked at this picture steadily and hard, and by the 7th December, 1822, had completed it.* In October, 1821, he had married a very lovely young widow, to whom he had long been passionately attached. This,

* He had also one fit of real idleness in May, 1821, at the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures at Christie's. It was at this sale Haydon advised Sir George Phillips to buy the 'Piping Shepherd' for 400 guineas, an enormous price in those days. Haydon says in his Journal that the moment it was found out *he* had advised it, there was a general run down of the picture, to poor Sir George's great dismay, who thought that he had made a foolish purchase. His entry in his Journal for the day after is worth quoting. "*20th May*, 1821.—Went again to Reynolds's sale. I found the 400 guineas of yesterday had made a great noise in town, and Phillips was assailed by everybody as he came in. . . . In the midst of the sale, up squeezed Chantrey. I was exceedingly amused; I turned round and found on the other side, Northcote. I began to think something was in the wind. Phillips asked him how he liked the 'Shepherd.' At first Northcote said he didn't recollect it. Then he said, 'Ah! indeed.' 'Ah! yes; *it is a very poor thing*. I remember it.' Poor Phillips whispered to me, 'You see people have different tastes.' It served him heartily right, and I was very glad of it. He does not deserve his prize. The moment these people heard I was the adviser they began to undervalue it. I knew that Northcote's coming up was ominous. The attempts of this little fellow to mortify others are amusing, he exists on it. The sparkling delight with which he watches a face, when he knows something is coming that will change its expression, is beyond everything. As soon as he had said what he thought would make Phillips unhappy for two hours, he slunk away.' "

Haydon rates this picture very highly. "It is the completest bit of a certain expression in the world. Eyes and hands, motions and look, all seem quivering with the remembrance of some melodious tone of his flageolet. The colour and preservation are perfect. It is a work I could dwell on for ages."—Ed.

perhaps, may have helped him to the rapid completion of his picture, but I fear that pecuniary pressure upon him was the real explanation of the rapidity of his work. For, if his home was now extremely happy, and his health excellent, his external relations with the world, particularly with the usurious part of it, were the reverse of pleasant. In those two years Haydon was made to feel many of the worst and most harassing humiliations of debt. His creditors refused to believe that he had not realized a much larger sum by the exhibition of the 'Jerusalem' than was the fact, and that he had not married a fortune, which was not the fact; and, thus, his very successes became a source of serious embarrassment to him. In this dilemma Haydon conducted his affairs with his usual activity and foresight. But the cry of an enraged creditor, inflamed with suspicion and cupidity, was not pleasant to meet in those days without means. Law costs, judgments, writs, and arrests quickly followed, and a poor man was given no sufficient time from the claim to the attachment of his person to clear himself, except upon the most exorbitant terms. And how to conceal the matter from his wife! This was the first question with Haydon. It was under these circumstances he committed that offence against morality which has been magnified so much to his discredit. In a moment of terrible pressure which threatened exposure and ruin, he asked two of his elder and former pupils, both young men whom he had started in life, to put their names to bills of some 250*l.* and 350*l.* respectively, for an extension of time. Considering that he had almost fed and clothed these men during their pupilage, had, I find, paid the rent for one, instructed them both for nothing, and set them both on their professional road, I must confess I am not so much struck at the enormity of the offence. I had very much rather Haydon had not done what he did, but, having done it, I do not think he could have done it under circumstances so favourable to palliation. It was a reprehensible act, and Haydon regretted it all his life, because, by the time he was imprisoned, he had an unpaid balance still on each bill, which these lads had to pay, and they could ill afford it. But most men, at some time or other of their lives, imagine themselves to form an exception to the ordinary rules of prudence and morality. It is this that leads men to do wrong with such excellent intentions. Such, however, was

First Sketches for Figures in Lazarus, 1820-23.

the struggle in which he now found himself engaged. The ruin he had long foreseen was closing in more rapidly upon him than he expected, and unless some extraordinary piece of good fortune favoured him he would be crushed. But, crushed or not, he must finish the 'Lazarus.' He worked with superhuman energy; he exerted himself beyond the limits of ordinary human endurance — rising early to work at his picture till office hours came, then rushing hither and thither to pacify this creditor, quiet the fears of that, remove the jealousy and illwill of a third, borrowing money of a fourth and fifth, to keep his engagements with the attorney of a sixth; then hastening home to paint in a "wild tremor;" to be arrested while painting; to hasten off into the City for release; to fly back again to his picture, and so on from day to day. For here there were—

> "The thousand ills that rise when money fails,
> Debts, threats, and duns, bills, bailiffs, writs, and jails."

Where now were all the dukes and earls of his last exhibition? Where indeed! Not one of them comes forward to assist him. Out of all their huge incomes, out of the thousands they squander annually upon cards, cooks, prostitutes, blacklegs, and their other pleasures, not one among them could find it in his heart to take this struggling man by the hand, and with the gift of a few thousand pounds put him in a position of security for life. And they knew well his position by this time. Why, the utmost the whole English nobility, with all their vast wealth and possessions, were ever known to do altogether for art, for literature, and for science, will not amount to a single gift of one noble Roman to his favourite poet. Here was an Englishman eminently learned in his art, who, by the sheer force and vigour of his intellect, and the sweep and mastery of his industrious and inspired hand, had put himself at the head of the historical painters of Europe, left by his nobility to beg mercy from attorneys, and borrow money at usurious interest to pay for his models and materials of art! The fact is highly characteristic. It exemplifies in a remarkable degree (and we shall yet see it still further exemplified) the elaborate neglect, the inability, the dread, the dislike, the English nobility invariably exhibit towards the historic art of their own great country, which renders the life of the his-

torical painter in England intolerable, and historic art an impossibility.

As I read Haydon's private Journal at this period of his career, I am astonished he did not go raving mad. How a man, with his acute sensibilities, could have borne such violent shocks of mental emotion, and yet concentrate his mind upon the picture before him, is one of the most astonishing facts in mental phenomena. Read the account Bewick, his old pupil, gives of the painting of the head of Lazarus, "that most appalling conception ever realized on canvas," as Sir Walter described it; and think, if any painter of your acquaintance, living or dead, could have done what Haydon did that morning.

"I remember well," writes Bewick (8th November, 1853), "that I was seated upon a box placed upon a chair, upon a table, mounted up as high as the head in the picture, and a very tottering insecure seat it was, and painful, to be pinned to a confined spot for so many hours, for the head, two hands, and drapery were all painted at once, in one day, and never touched afterwards, but left as struck off, and any one looking close to the painting will perceive that the head has never been even 'softened,' so successful and impressive it appeared to both painter and model, and so much was it the emanation of a wonderful conception executed with a rapidity and precision of touch truly astonishing. And when it is considered that the mind of the painter was harassed and deeply anxious by the circumstances of his arrest at the beginning of his work, when concentrating his thoughts on the character and expression to be represented, any one at all acquainted with the difficulties of the art of painting, will readily concede this portion of so difficult a subject to be a feat of marvellous dexterity and power in the art.

"I think I see the painter before me, his palette and brushes in his left hand, returning from the sheriff's officer in the adjoining room, pale, calm, and serious—no agitation—mounting his high steps and continuing his arduous task, and as he looks round to his pallid model, half-breathingly whispering, 'Egad! Bewick, I have just been arrested; that is the third time; if they come again, I shall not be able to go on.'"

Can anything more mournful be written of a painter? Surely

First Study of the Gravedigger in Lazarus, 1820.

a more terrible daily life his worst enemy could not have wished him. Yet Haydon never quailed, never denied himself, but faced every man, and found even sheriff's officers impressionable and even generous. The first sheriff's officer who arrested him was so overcome at being left alone with this awful head of Lazarus staring out from the grave clothes, that on Haydon coming in he refused to take him prisoner, accepted Haydon's word to meet him at the attorney's, and rushed from the painting-room.*

What was the secret of Haydon keeping his health and his head under such terrible pressure, I cannot exactly say. He was one of those men with a faith and an enthusiasm that alone makes life worth the trouble of living, and he was one of those professional men of such a purely intellectual temper in his art that nothing ever unsteadied his nerves. He never knew when at work what it was to doubt or regret. Once at his picture he never thought of himself or his difficulties. His mind filled with his subject shut out all else. When we consider all the harassing distractions that now beset him, and take into account the time, the temper, the drudgery of watching over this creditor, quieting that, and providing for current liabilities, and then look at the picture he painted in face of so many, and such dragweights, one is lost in astonishment at the work done, at the variety and prodigality which under such an incubus his creative power displays. It must have been either his happy possession of a purely intellectual temper in his profession, or else is it that the painter's art is a distinct faculty of the soul, and has no more to do with the everyday individual of domestic life than has his divine ideal?

But in either case any situation more insupportable cannot easily be conceived of a man engaged upon such a divine art, which above all things is held to require peace of mind and

* This has been likened by a 'Quarterly Reviewer' to the case of Parmegiano, when the soldiers of the Constable sacked Rome. Breaking into Parmegiano's room, the men were so struck by the beauty of his pictures they protected him. But I think the bailiff has the advantage here. The soldiers irresponsible and flushed with success, came to rob and revel, and could well afford to be generous. The bailiff came deliberately to make legal prisoner of the painter, and was bound not to lose sight of him; yet, he is so struck by the appalling look of Lazarus, he refuses to take the painter from his work, and risks the responsibility of leaving him in his house. This seems to me the finer instance of the two. —Ed.

freedom from mean miseries and tormenting interruptions for its conception, expression, and handling.

At length the picture approached completion. The head of our Saviour he left to the last, and spoiled it. Yet it is a grand work, and despite all the critics have said against it for "this" and for "that," and the obtrusive vulgarity of Mary's look of astonishment, at which my gorge always rises, it would be difficult to find another painting of the same subject in European art of equal size and equal merit. In the splendour of its colour, in its drawing and composition, in its variety of form and expression, it holds its place as a work of art. In the fright, the grief, the movement of the crowd, contrasted with the absorbed attitude of Christ, the evident scepticism of some, the amazement, the curiosity and horror of others, and in the appalling look of the consciousness of a soul brought back to life from death, it exceeds any picture of the same subject I have ever seen. The famous 'Sebastian del Piombo,' even with the help of Michel Angelo, looks tame and insipid beside it.

The exhibition was opened on the 1st March, 1823, and all for a moment seemed to go rapidly and well. It was the lull of the tiger before his spring. Haydon, as if conscious of impending mischief, but confident in his good fortune to avert it, shows no interest. He remains at home deep in the composition of his fresh picture 'The Crucifixion.' In a short time all London was crowding to the exhibition; the receipts were mounting up to 200*l.* a week, yet he takes no further interest and neglects to perform a very obvious duty, that of calling his creditors together. Nobody knew better, if this were not done mischief must ensue. It is not the great debts that trouble a man; it is the small ones, as Dr. Johnson said, "that rattle about your head like shot." Yet Haydon did nothing. His chief object seems to have been to conceal the perilous state of his affairs from his wife, and not to admit it even to himself. Every daily emergency that arose he met with an expedient. With all his courage, which was unquestionable, I doubt if he had that rare courage of looking his liabilities fairly in the face; in my experience I never knew but one man who had. A man on the wrong side of the balance seldom cares to have his banking-book made up. It seems as if men in debt become so long accustomed to sup-

pression, they dislike the prospect of disclosure, even if it brings relief. And thus it was, like Æsop's doe, Haydon went on his own way, hoping more than believing himself secure by the growing success of his exhibition, but taking no pains to secure that security, and not looking out for unexpected storms. It is, I admit, difficult for "neck or nothing" men, in a close race and on the eve of apparent success, to believe in immediate disaster. They talk of it, they even look upon it as a contingency, but they never believe in it till everything goes by the board.

Haydon went on with his design for the 'Crucifixion,' one of the grandest designs, to judge from his sketches, ever conceived by his fertile brain, and he left the 'Lazarus' exhibition to take care of itself. Meantime an angry and impatient creditor Haydon had quizzed at dinner, and had not called upon as he had promised (he had staid at home, rubbing in the 'Crucifixion'), came over to the exhibition. The sight of the crowds of people and the heaps of shillings pouring in so kindled his cupidity, he hurried off to his attorney. The next day (13th April, 1823) an execution was suddenly put in, and the 'Lazarus' seized. A few days more, Haydon was arrested, carried off to prison, and before his wife had quite realized the position, the house was taken possession of and all their property advertised for sale.

The blow was sudden and complete, as it was intended. It rolled over them both like a great tidal wave, and drowned out all their landmarks. The news travelled far and wide; the exhibition room became deserted. The public was shocked. It did not know what to do for him. His personal friends, headed by Sir Walter Scott, rallied round him, but it was too late. The lawyers had got hold of everything, and they were not disposed to let go except on exorbitant terms. A man with so many powerful friends was not caught every day. But the bulk of the nobility and patrons held back. A few thousands, a trifle from each, would have paid his debts, and placed him in security to continue his labours. But no. He would paint historical pictures, contrary to their wish, and they were not going to help him now. A few great lords grumbled out their pity, looked on at his sale, never interfered to stop the dispersion of his collection, and left him mouldering in prison for the whole London season. At the end of July, 1823, Haydon

was brought up before the Commissioners, and there being no opposition, was immediately discharged. He remarks that he was treated with great kindness and consideration by the court.

And this, I think, may be conveniently taken to close the second period of Haydon's career.

At the end of the first period we left him in a critical position; he had won a reputation as a writer upon art and as a painter of great promise. But the 'Dentatus' affair at the Academy had deprived him of the confidence of the patrons, and his "Three Letters" had placed him without the pale of society. The question with his own friends was, would he or would he not make good his promise? I think we may say he fully redeemed it. In these ten years he showed that, with a brilliant imagination, he had the patience, the humility, the calmness necessary to the meditation required to develop his conceptions. Besides smaller works, he had succeeded, with one exception, always under adverse circumstances in painting three of the grandest scriptural works and on the largest scale ever painted by any modern Englishman—by the 'Judgment of Solomon,' the 'Entry into Jerusalem,' and the 'Raising of Lazarus.' His conceptions of the false mother for malignity, of the penitent girl for pathos, and of Lazarus for sublimity and awe have never been surpassed, especially the latter. The head of Lazarus, it is acknowledged, will hold its own against the greatest painters of the finest periods of art.* His development of power from the 'Joseph and Mary' of 1807 and 'Dentatus' of 1809 is remarkable. It is difficult to look at the first of these two and believe the same hand painted the others. At least you have to look closely before you discover here and there traces of the power that 'Solomon' displays. In the 'Dentatus' proofs of great power in its expression of thought and distinction of character are more apparent. The dying soldier in the foreground is a wonderful bit of conception, expression, and painting, and the whole designed in first-rate spirit. But it is in the 'Judgment of Solomon' Haydon's real powers come out. He showed here that he could paint the human soul as well as the human figure.

* Haydon has left it on record that if this head of Lazarus is subjected to the process called "cleaning,' as practised, in his day, at the National Gallery, it will be ruined. This is worth remembering.—Ed.

He seems to have conceived and painted this picture with an extraordinary sense of freedom from the harass of control. His mastery over every variety of human expression, his bold and powerful drawing, his control of light and shade, his fine colour, and his noble composition show here what was really in him, and how completely he could dwarf all his contemporaries. In Paris they said the 'Dentatus' had "established" his reputation; they had no idea of what was coming in the 'Solomon.'* In the 'Jerusalem,' in Wordsworth's opinion expressed to me, Haydon surpassed the 'Solomon.' He admitted the colour and execution and fine drawing and expression of the 'Solomon,' but he said the 'Jerusalem' "exceeded" it in general completeness of effect, in the more perfect embodiment of his ideal, in a larger and deeper conception of human expression, in the exquisite beauty and variety of which, Wordsworth said Haydon had "equalled the greatest painters," and for these reasons he preferred it to the 'Solomon,' fine as that was.

In the 'Lazarus' faults of haste, and of exaggeration consequent upon haste, begin to appear. Yet the picture has many beauties, and a breadth and grandeur about it not to be seen in the works of many masters. In the pathos of human grief the expression of Martha has seldom been surpassed, while no painter living or dead, of any school, has approached the head of Lazarus. There is nothing like the expression of Lazarus in the whole of European art, ancient or modern. The painter of that head would have been honoured in Greece or Italy; in England he was left to linger in prison, and his name is now never mentioned by a public speaker.

In addition to these paintings of his own, Haydon, within this period, had laboured hard to attain his great objects, the elevation of a higher standard in the art, employment on public works for painters, the establishment of public schools of art, and the improvement of the taste of the people. His

* Leslie, in his 'Handbook for Young Painters,' refers to Haydon's 'Solomon' more than once. "Had such a picture," he writes (p. 60), "been produced in France, it would have been placed in the Louvre immediately on the death of the painter. But the Trustees of our National Gallery missed securing it for a nominal sum, while they were spending the public money on doubtful or damaged or second-rate pictures of the old masters." "Whatever," he adds, "may be the faults of this great work of Haydon's, it would sustain itself with credit by the side of Rubens and his faults: and it will be disgraceful to the country if it (the 'Solomon') does not ultimately find a resting-place in the National Gallery."—Ed.

action on the Elgin Marbles had saved those glorious fragments to the country, and his education of Eastlake, the Landseers, Bewick, Lance, Harvey, Chatfield, Prentis, and others had done certain good, while his placing their cartoons before the public had drawn attention to the great powers of English students under sound instruction.

All this Haydon had done without the least aid or promise of encouragement from the Government or nobility, and with only a limited assistance from a few personal friends. But then some men have the gift of doing great things with small means, just as Lord Peterboro' captured Montjuich with a handful of men. Nor do I believe any private advantage to have been in his eye. His most extravagant desire was the removal of that apathy in high places, and those official hindrances which checked the advance of historical painting in England, together with the employment of our painters on public works, and the establishment of schools of design. He would have liked, I believe, to clear himself from debt by his own labours. But his main object throughout was to show the Government and the nobility that historical paintings on a large scale were appreciated by the public, and that subjects might be so chosen and painted not merely to gratify the eye, but to appeal to our higher feelings, and call forth what is good and noble in the minds of men. And he painted on the scale of life and larger, because, although the more difficult, it was the more impressive, and as a matter of art, was better calculated to keep English art from degrading into a mere imitative and decorative trade, than the small, highly-wrought palpable style of the Dutch school to which he saw English art was rapidly tending.*

That the Government and the nobility refused to accept Haydon's view is no proof that he was in error, rather the reverse. They did not support him for the same reason they did not support Reynolds or Etty—until he consented to become the Crébillon of art—or Flaxman, or the young sculptor Proctor, whom they left to be starved to death, after

* When a painter is ignorant of the anatomy of the human form and of the functions of the bones and muscles, he dare not venture upon the naked figure, or attempt to paint in life size. He therefore confines himself to a diminutive scale, covers his figures with armour or bright clothing, finishes highly, and passes off what may be a very pretty picture as a beautiful specimen of the highest art; much as the French cook by the help of condiments and a piquante sauce lured his master into eating his own slippers. But in neither case is the dish fit for a healthy appetite.—ED.

winning both prizes for poetic sculpture.* They were not qualified to appreciate ideal, historic, or poetic art, and they had no conception of the educational functions and value of art, and never will have until they are taught with their languages and classics to acquire some notions of the intrinsic interest and value of art, and the use it was intended by Providence to serve in the government of mankind.† At present, I fear, it must be admitted that the larger part of "our ardent youth to noblest manners framed" have no more real knowledge of, or taste for art than their grandfathers, and that was comprised in a flat portrait of themselves, their dogs, and horses, to which may now be added a series of gaudy French photographs of questionable aim. These, with other gross or unrefined subjects, they continue to prefer to the noblest works of art, representing the most glorious deeds of religion or of history by the greatest painters.

There is a small minority of noble exceptions, men and women of high culture, of pure and refined taste; but they are few in number, not generally wealthy, and as they shrink from a contest with the coarser and uncultivated minds about them, their influence in their order is limited.

It may not be inopportune to notice here a charge frequently brought by biographers against Haydon as to his inordinate estimation of his own importance to English art. I must confess I see nothing "inordinate" in his feeling on this point. What I see is a huge folly in his making such an outcry about the nobility not crowding to his painting-room every season. He had no reason to expect they should. They would have left Raphael himself for Tom Thumb any day, and particularly if the Academy had hung Raphael's 'Madonna' in their Octagon-room. But, beyond this folly, I see little to condemn in Haydon's attitude. He *was* the leader of historic art in England. There was no man in England who held and expressed such high views of art, and no man who was his equal either with his brush or his pen upon his own subject on his own scale. In these no man then

* Proctor's fate was most melancholy. I believe he died in an obscure lodging in Clare Market, of absolute starvation.—ED.

† We had a striking instance recently of a young Marquis and ex-Minister asking the kind indulgence of his audience for his utter and complete ignorance of Art, the subject he had to speak upon. It was a candid confession, but a very painful one to hear.—ED.

living could approach him, and I do not know one now who could. And he had won his pre-eminence over every opposition by the mere force of his intellect and the patience of his industry. Moreover, his aim was a public aim, not a petty or a personal one, but a great public object. Had he not, therefore, the right to consider his art, his pupils, and himself as its chief exponent of some importance from a national point of view? There is one answer to this, by another question. What has become of High Art and high aims in art since Haydon's death? Do we ever in the profession hear anything like his voice now? Do we ever in the merely clever imitations of Nature and analytic studies annually put before us find anything equal to his ideal works, anything, with all their faults, so full of the spirit that brings art in contact with the highest and noblest sentiments of our being? Whether Haydon was ruined or not, is nothing to the point; that he was ruined and driven from High Art into portrait and small copies of his own works to get a living, is no proof he was wrong in his views, but rather a reproach to the apathy, the ignorance, the insincerity, and, I fear, the vulgar taste in art of the nobility, the patrons and authorities in England. Sir Joshua Reynolds, we know, acknowledged that, in face of the obstructions he saw before him in England, he did not "feel his power equal" to undertake historical painting. He confined his efforts, therefore, to doing that to which he felt equal, viz., the rescue of portrait painting from the insipidity and mannerism into which it had fallen. That Reynolds really believed the interests of British art in his time to be bound up in himself would not be difficult to show. Why, then, is Haydon, who did for history what Reynolds did for portrait, to be condemned for holding, relatively, the same opinion? The value of the charge turns upon the sincerity of the belief. If Haydon had been insincere in his desire for the public good, and under cover of such professions to be merely striving after his own personal and pecuniary advantage, there would be some ground to condemn him. But in the face of such a purely unselfish course as he pursued (and in this he stands far beyond Reynolds), to condemn him for doing what he believed to be his duty by the art and to the public, viz., keeping his art and necessarily himself and his pupils perpetually before the public for the public good, and to see nothing in his action but mere vanity

and "love of vulgar applause," shows how easily a critic, eager to find faults, may forget his own; and how sickening to those, who wish to retain their faith in honest criticism, must be such an exhibition of the influence of the meanest passions.

From a pen and ink sketch by Wilkie. A study for a head for his 'Chelsea Pensioners.'

THIRD PERIOD.

HAYDON came out of prison deeply humiliated. The forced inactivity and the severance from his wife and child was hard to bear, and thoughts of them perhaps lay nearer to his heart than all besides. But now that he came out again upon the world to find his house stripped, his school of pupils broken up, and himself deprived of everything that helped to endear his art to him, his prints, his books, his casts, his sketches, his anatomical studies, the very materials of his art, and all his practice scattered among a thousand purchasers, the loss was too cruel to be forgotten. The memory of it lasted him for his life, and racked him with anguish from time to time. It has been hastily said that time softens all griefs. But the "miscreant" never restores to us what he has ruined, and the loss of property that cannot be replaced is an inconsolable loss — it remains with us all our lives.

A few things only, bought in for him by Sir G. Beaumont, by Wilkie, and by Dr. Darling, were all that he ever recovered. A fourth "friend," who professed "to buy in" generously "for poor Haydon, you know," and so got the cream of the collection at easy prices, was so pleased with his bargains that he forgot to part with them, and has kept them to himself ever since. I believe he is still living. If he reads this, he may look at his treasures with increased interest to think how cleverly he "jockeyed" everybody all round in 1823, and that I know it.

But if Haydon felt humiliated, he did not lose his courage; his conduct in prison had been worthy of him. There are no complaints, no idle repinings. His misfortune seems, on the contrary, to have brought out the best qualities of his nature, his patience, his duty, his fortitude, his faith; and

now that he was at liberty once more, he showed that he still retained—

> "'Mid much abasement, what he had received
> From Nature, an intense and glowing mind."

His first intention was to return to his stripped house, and, without a chair to use, or a bed to lie upon, paint his 'Crucifixion.' Not even his ruin caused him to desist from High Art. I, for one, regret he did not carry his intention out. Then and there he would have painted a 'Crucifixion' that would have astonished the world. But my mother had suffered so much, she could not endure the thought of more. Her own private fortune—which she lost a few years later—was not sufficient to maintain Haydon in his art, and, with a woman's prudence, she counselled him to abandon this intention for the present, to retire to quiet lodgings until a suitable house could be found, and then wait for better times, painting only cabinet pictures meanwhile. It was weak—oh, it was very weak—but these are the points in which women fail us. Out of regard for her, Haydon yielded, contracted his vast design, and shrank into a portrait painter. But to the day of his death he never ceased to regret that he had done so, for the opportunity never came to him again. He died without painting what he meaned to have been, and what would have been, the greatest of his scriptural works.*

He retired to modest lodgings on the Green outside Paddington Church, and began to paint portraits—that "maudlin substitute for a poetic life." Eastlake, who heard of his ruin at Rome, called it "a national misfortune." In his Journal Haydon writes little. Now and then he utters a wail of agony over his ruined hopes, like the fabled oak cleft with a wedge of its own timber; and, now and then, he seems to fear for his wife and family, that his life henceforth must be one long agony of means to ends. For himself he could face it; for them it would be terrible and degrading. Yet he had no money, no capital but

* From the sketches he has left behind, it would have been one of the grandest as well as one of the largest pictures on this subject. In a curious note attached to an early Autobiography, 1815-24, is the following passage, written about 1829: "Shortly after the 'Lazarus' was finished this remarkable man, B. R. Haydon, died. He always said it would be his last great work. Another, John Haydon, painted in imitation of the former a few small works; but *he* was a married man—had five children—sent his pictures to the Academy, asked a patron or two to employ him, and, in short, did all those things that men must do who prefer their own degradation to the starvation of their children."—Ed.

his brains, and his ability in art, and to what had these brought him? And he had no employment, no prospects, and his credit was gone. Once or twice, in moments of despondency, the thought of destroying himself flashed into his brain—but he drove it away. And what did the great nobility for him? They did for him what they have done for many other Englishmen of genius. They left him in his "pinching cave" to starve! Not one of them came near. Not one commissioned him for a ten-guinea—nay, that would have been an extravagance—a two-guinea sketch. And when Wordsworth exerted himself manfully to raise a sum that should enable Haydon to carry out his High Art, they would not subscribe. That may be understood perhaps, but the want of feeling they showed towards him in his distress is painful to read of. As they must have known he had nothing to do, perhaps they had resolved he should have nothing to eat. It is one of their favourite maxims for the poor, "People who do nothing should eat nothing;" an excellent rule, only it should be impartially applied. Or possibly, having experienced the mischief that a full stomach and no active employment every day did for them, they had resolved to save him from the risk of similar corruption; so they staid away.

It reads like a romance; but it is all too true. Of this great body, chiefly made up of idle, titled, and estated men, one of whose few duties in life was self-culture so as to enable them to understand and support Art, not one came near Haydon after his ruin, in 1823, to see whether he was starving, or inquire if he were dead. Yet he was the only man of genius in historic art the country possessed.

Perhaps they believed him dead, and buried by the parish in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and thus they were relieved of all responsibility. But dead or not, buried or above ground, after all their fulsome flattery of him from 1814 to 1820, they might have called, if only to take a look at his corpse, and "inquire" how he died.

In no other country but England, where prescription and privilege are so respected, and the titled nobility so unfeeling, could such a thing happen. Even Cervantes, in the most absolute period of aristocratic Spain, was at least fed and kept in view by his aristocratic tormentors, though they left him to be buried by the parish at the last. But Haydon, living, was positively

left to starve; and, but for good Joseph Strutt, of Derby, who was always ready with a kind word of hope and prompt assistance, Haydon would have starved in his own country, while he was honoured and respected abroad—while Paris was delighting over his works and declaring his fame, and Denon and Cuvier and Horace Vernet spreading his praises, and Rumöhr and Goethe enjoying his essays, and Dannecker and Canova giving him proofs of their high esteem. Even "barbarous Russia," as we delight in calling her to show our superior civilisation, felt his influence, and the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg, without his knowledge, had unanimously elected him a member of their distinguished body for his great public services to art. The diploma reached him while he was in prison. He fixes it and his copy of the prison rules side by side in his journal. No wonder that he exclaimed with the indignant Leibnitz, that justice was done him everywhere in Europe but there alone where he had most reason to expect it.

The remainder of this terrible year, and for some months of 1824, Haydon passed in the greatest extremity, painting a few portraits of his tradesmen in payment of their bills.

> "Oh! how unlike
> To that large utterance of the early gods."

To "crown" his sorrow by "remembering happier things," he passed his evenings making pen sketches only of beautiful subjects: Venus and Anchises, Mercury and Argos, Satan and Uriel, but not daring to put them upon canvas.

His journal for these months is little more than a record of painful and degrading poverty. Entries such as these follow day by day:—

"Obliged to go out in the rain. I left my room with no coals in it, and no money to buy any."

"Arose in the greatest distress. Prayed earnestly."

"Not a shilling in the world. Walked about the streets, I was so full of grief. I could not have concealed it at home."

"Arose in an agony of feeling from want."

"In the greatest distress. Merciful God, that Thou shouldst permit a being with thought and feeling to be so racked."

And so on to the end of this miserable year. It brings tears into my eyes, callous as I ought to be, to read these daily "troublings of a deaf Heaven with bootless cries."

It is impossible not to feel for and pity him. The cold, hard, unfeeling world cannot even remotely conceive the agonies of his mind at some of these periods. And what a curious comment upon a "high state of civilization" and the "best form of government" it all offers! Similar entries, I regret to say, are to be found, more or less, for the next two years. Indeed for the next thirteen years Haydon's life appears to me to have been one desperate struggle against that starvation by which the patrons and nobility (with one or two exceptions only) seemed resolved to cure him of his love for High Art. Want, worldly want, was kept "at his heels and chased him hourly." He must have often asked, with Otway,

> "Tell me why, good Heaven,
> Thou madest me what I am, with all the spirit,
> Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires
> That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather why
> Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,
> Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
> Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me?
> Is this just dealing, Nature?"

Yet for nineteen previous years this man had been doing great and good public work, had sacrificed every chance of his own profit or pleasure to raise the taste of the English people and to lay the foundation for a sound system of art instruction, never thinking of himself and his own interests, but only of the honour and glory of his country; not failing at any time for want of energy or self-denial, but, in spite of every obstruction, doing effectually what he undertook. Perhaps this was his crime. There is nothing, we know, so unpardonable with great folks as to stop their mouths by succeeding, when they wish you to fail. And so he was now forced by this nobility and these patrons, who held between them the patronage of the nation, to struggle for

bare life as much as any poor drowning sailor grasping at a hen-coop. The apathy with which they looked on and watched him beating against starvation would be inexplicable on any other grounds, unless the chief occupation of their lives be irrational and selfish enjoyment. Now, too, that he was down, the whole herd of hostile critics, headed by Theodore Hook, gratified that inborn love of inflicting pain upon others, which is so prominent in some men. They set upon Haydon and mangled him. But the operation of these adventurers in mischief was coarse and repulsive, and wanting in the coolness and skill of the true 'Quarterly' anatomist.* In short, I can only liken Haydon's position at this period to that of a seceding Romanist in Ireland—a "convert," as we call him—surrounded by hostile and bigoted neighbours, subjected to intolerable indignities, refused land, refused work, refused custom, and left to struggle against starvation till he dies, or else—and this is the best thing for him—to have his brains beaten out by a hedgestake.

But ruined, despised, rejected as he now felt himself to be, suffering from absolute want, and almost hopeless of employment since the attacks upon him by the critics, Haydon never loses his courage. Now and then he is depressed and melancholy, but he never despairs, and never loses sight of the main object he had in view, the establishment of Schools of Design, and public support for painting. While in prison he had seized the opportunity of leisure to draw out a petition to Parliament, praying the House to appoint a Commission to inquire into the state of High Art, with the view to extend its just influence in the country and prevent the ruin and degradation of its professors. He suggests the public employment of our historical painters on the decoration of our Houses of Parlia-

* Hook was witty, but vulgar, and wholly unprincipled—at least in his attacks on Haydon. When remonstrated with some time afterwards by a mutual friend, he said, "Good God, my dear fellow! You don't mean to say that Haydon was a friend of yours! Why, I would have written it all the other way, if I had only known that." "All public criticism," says Bulwer, "is the result of private friendship;" he might have added, of private pique, or private pay. Amusing instances are within the common experience of most men. A Radical paper was lately in the market, and was bought by the Tories. The editor begged to be allowed to remain, and remains. Not long since, in a large provincial town, it was proposed to establish a Tory paper. The man who first offered his services as editor was the editor of the leading Radical paper in the same town. It would be a better plan to establish an institution for the training of writers for public hire. Then we should know exactly where we were, and we might easily learn qualifications and antecedents. At present, with few honourable and distinguished exceptions, it is hard for the public to discriminate.—Ed.

ment and public offices, and he calls the serious attention of the House to the fact that, in addition to the benefits "that have always accrued to every nation by which the arts have been successfully protected, the improvement of its manufactures cannot be denied nor overlooked." The petition was presented by Mr. Brougham in an eloquent and feeling speech, which gave rise to a lively debate, and then the subject "dropped."

The House does not feel for individual suffering, and it knew nothing of Art, nor of its influence upon manufactures. The result was not hopeful. Yet Haydon was scarcely free from prison before he pressed his scheme for the public employment of painters upon public works on the individual attention of ministers. But Art was a matter of no importance to them; they lived in a dream of corrupt politics, they suffered under a moral and mental disease of jobbery, that did not even reach the stage of clairvoyance. Canning was icily cold, as usual, to Haydon; all the rest, with the exception of Sir Charles Long (Lord Farnborough), utterly apathetic. They did not acknowledge the necessity for Haydon or his High Art. Sir Charles Long admitted the apathy, but he would not exert himself to remove it. He seems to have been more inclined to get what he could out of Haydon for nothing, than to get his scheme carried. He flattered him, amused him, condoled with him, and asked him for a plan of decoration in any single case. What would he propose? How would he begin? Haydon, in his sincerity, drew out a plan in detail for the decoration of the great room at the Admiralty. Sir Charles took it, studied it carefully, put it into his desk, and asked Haydon to supply him with another and more comprehensive plan. This was comparatively a "small affair;" Haydon, in his simplicity, foiled him. Instead of supplying him with the "comprehensive plan" he was angling for, Haydon addressed him in a sensible letter, pointing out that in the then feeling of Parliament the very magnitude of a comprehensive plan would ensure its rejection. It was best to begin humbly, and by inappreciable degrees work slowly to the greater end. "Any plan," writes Haydon (10th August, 1823), "however extensive, must have a beginning, and if Government and the British Institution were to resolve to adorn the public halls of the country, they could not adorn them all at once. It was on this principle that I recommended as a specimen for a beginning the great room at the

Admiralty. The great principle of encouragement in Greece or Italy was gradual encouragement. Neither the Vatican nor the Pantheon were the result at once of any sudden proposition or extreme plan, but the result of unnumbered individual acts of patronage. Cimabue, Giotto, Massaccio, and Donatello Ghiberti were enabled, by the patrons of their time, to put forth their power and so prepare the way for Raphael and Michel Angelo. But if the patrons living in the times of Cimabue, &c., had not supported them because they had not the means to produce a Vatican or a Capella Sistina, in all probability neither a Vatican nor a Capella Sistina would ever have appeared.

* * * * * *

"Permit me to say there never was a reign in the history of the world more worthy of illustration by the arts than this of our present King. And yet, so far as a national representation of any of its glorious deeds by land and sea, *what* has been done? Nothing—absolutely nothing. Would any other nation, any other Government in the world but ours, have passed by the glories of the Peninsula and Trafalgar, or have suffered such a mighty battle as that of Waterloo to lapse without one single pictorial remembrance of its glory? The only thing like a public remembrance that I have seen I saw at the guard-house of the Foot Guards. Some soldier, in the simplicity of his patriotism, had printed 'WATERLOO' with a common pen, on a sheet of foolscap, and with a pair of scissors had cut rays of glory round the word. This was hung up over the door of the guard-room, and I saw it."

To these remarks Sir Charles Long offers no reply except that he had "no power," and, in fact, the thing was "hopeless." He does not forget, however, to keep the plan Haydon has sent him. Five years later, in conjunction with Wilson Croker, he applies it to the decoration of Greenwich Hall as his own, and keeps Haydon out of all share in the work! Haydon saw the Hall on the 29th of August, 1829, and records what he saw:—"Went to Greenwich and saw the gallery they are making. The plan originated with me. Lord Farnborough (Sir Charles Long) has had the meanness to decline my plan for the Admiralty, and adopt it, without reference to me, at Greenwich."

"Never was ignorance of the power—the public power—of the art shown so completely as in the arrangement of this gallery. Instead of making history the leading feature, adorned and assisted by leading portraits of the great and illustrious only, it is a family collection of portraits of men who got command through borough-mongering, and did nothing to deserve distinction then or now. Ranged along at the bottom are a few paltry attempts at history, cabinet size, as if to bring the higher works of art into actual contempt. No figure in such a gallery should be less than life at least; and as to subjects, let them be chosen to illustrate the actors, and not the actors to be buried in the scenes and shipping." These are sound remarks, but he might as well have made them to the wooden legs of the Greenwich pensioners as to the authorities, for any effect. Croker and Lord Farnborough had unlimited power; and the proof they gave of the extent of their notions of what the decorations of a public hall ought to be showed, among other things, how deeply planted in the nature of such men is the love of a "job." Instead of arranging the hall with reference to the glory of the British Navy, all they did was, says Haydon, "to oblige 'My Lord' by hanging up some fusty portrait of My Lord's great-grandfather;" and, as Haydon puts it, "unlock the garrets of all the houses of all their friends who have had a 'Dick' or a 'Tom' in the Navy." In fact, they reversed the order of the art, and rendered the whole arrangement degrading and ridiculous.

Meantime, Haydon prepared a second petition, which Mr. Lambton presented (14th June, 1824); and in a powerful speech advocated Haydon's views for a grant of public money to the British historical painters. But the subject fell upon the ears of a cold and uncultured audience. The petition was ordered "to lie on the table," and the subject again "dropped." Not disheartened by the ill-success of his two efforts with Parliament, Haydon pressed his views upon ministers, and private members in every direction; maintaining himself all the time by painting portraits, and here, I stop to admit, he did not often succeed. The fact is, the historical painter paints what he imagines; the portrait painter, what he sees. Haydon's hand was more powerful than patient under portrait; and his heart was not often in the work, and always rebelled against the control of his sitters and their friends—it was an in-

dignity to his art. The happiness of historical painting, he says, is that "every hour's progress is an accession of knowledge; the mind never flags, but is kept in one delicious tone of meditation and fancy: whereas, in portrait one sitter, stupid as ribs of beef, goes; another comes, a third follows. Women screw up their mouths to make them look pretty, and men suck their lips to make them look red. Then the trash one is obliged to talk! The stuff one is obliged to copy! The fidgets that are obliged to be borne!" All this was only a part of that constant superintendence and control which he resisted, but to which portrait painters habitually submit, to the injury and degradation of their art. "They want me to perfume them, like Lawrence," he writes, "and this I will not do." "I must paint a face as *I* see it," he used to say; "not as you wish others to see it." If it had been his lot to paint Hannibal or Nelson he would have shown their blind eye. To have painted only that side of their face which did not show the lost eye would have been false in his opinion; and without making the blind eye prominent he would have shown it, on the ground that, without it, the portrait would not have been true. Thus he made faithful likenesses, but not a pleasant resemblance; and he never concealed a defect, or embellished. His great fault appears to be that he saw character too soon, and wanted the tact, so invaluable to a portrait-painter, of seizing the most agreeable expression of a sitter's face, and rendering the defects a cause of skilful concealment. Haydon, on the contrary, seized upon the most striking expression, and often exaggerating it and the defects, rendered the sitter ludicrous. But the character of his heads was capital. His head of Miss Mitford, which I had for many years, was a remarkable case in point; it was also the best likeness I ever saw of her, but laughable in its force. His portrait of the late Mr. Hawkes, Mayor of Norwich, is another case in point. In attitude and expression you can see it is the man, and his reigning passion; but it is not flattering nor agreeable, and it is forcible to sarcasm. Decidedly Haydon failed as a general portrait-painter of agreeable resemblance, but he gave the character. And yet portraits of his occur to my mind in which there can be no question of his success; his heads of the Duke of Wellington, of Wordsworth, of Clarkson, were as fine as any portrait-painter by profession ever painted. The heads of such

men interested him. I remember two more, widely different in character, and which, for equal beauty in the one, and breadth and power in the other, one must seek something in Reynolds, or Velasquez. One was the pathetic, pensive head of his dying boy, in which that curious out-look which heralds death, and the listless, suffering attitude, and wonderful intellectual beauty, were rendered with a fidelity, an artlessness, and a natural grace, that showed how Haydon could paint a "portrait" when his heart was in his work. The other is a portrait of his old physician, Dr. Darling—a grand old Scotch head, full of brain power and quiet humour, with just a touch of the keen Scotch "wut" that used to twinkle in the eye of the kindly old man; a portrait that, for depth of expression, fulness of recorded life, and breadth of power, I only fully understood when I went into the gallery at Madrid and studied Velasquez. But such sitters did not come every day; or I doubt not Haydon would have left some reputation as a painter of portraits. But it is to be remembered these were his chosen sitters. In general, to get bread and cheese he had to plod on, taking anybody who offered, enduring all "that drudgery of portrait" Hogarth speaks of so bitterly.

He relieved his mind, however, by occasionally painting ideal subjects of a miniature size. Thus he painted a little picture of 'Puck,' which his solicitor bought at about a fourth of its fair price; another of 'Silenus,' which he sold for a trifle; and another of 'Juliet at the Balcony,' which his solicitor also bought a bargain. Perhaps he took it in part-payment of his bill; though the profession is not often satisfied with taking "good will" for any part of their payment: yet when a painter can do no better they may relax—probably they make more out of him. At last Haydon got a commission from a rich City man for a small two hundred guinea historical picture—'Pharaoh dismissing Moses'—and this at once raised his hopes. I have never seen the picture, but the original sketch, in red and black chalk, was long in my portfolio.* The composition is noble, and the story well told. A group of kneeling women in the foreground; the queen and her two daughters

* The loss of this original sketch, and of some six hundred others, many of them designs for works he never lived to paint, is a national loss to the art. They were all burned, with many valuable documents, and memoranda on Art affairs by Haydon, in the fire at the Pantechnicon, 1874. His journals, fortunately, were in better security.—Ed.

lifting up the dead heir to the crown ; the queen-mother listening to her boy's heart for a sign of life; the sisters looking up, one imploringly to the king, the other looking back with horror at Moses, who points to the dead child; the king, haughty, but subdued, waves Moses away; while, in the background, a vast and furious crowd of Egyptians tossing up their dead children, are struggling against the guards to get into the palace. The distance is dark and awful, the front groups lighted by torches; the whole, full of pathos and solemnity. The picture was finished by January, 1826, and was at once sent to the British Gallery for exhibition.

At this moment the proceedings of the Government with regard to the formation of a National Gallery of pictures caused Haydon much concern. He had been prominent, among others, in urging them into the act; but having adopted the suggestion of forming a public gallery and having purchased a collection of foreign works, they stopped short at the purchase of works by native artists. This was entirely opposed to Haydon's views, and to the views of every man of any feeling for English art. His picture off his hands, Haydon took up this matter seriously, and appealed individually to ministers not to persist in so damaging a mistake, but to make our public gallery truly "national" by also "purchasing and collecting the best works of our best English painters in every department of the art," and not to confine the gallery to a mere collection of "foreign specimens" by foreign artists. It is difficult in these days to understand how such a mistaken view could be taken by men in authority, except on the ground that Art was the one subject upon which our public men knew least. Nor is it easy to overrate the courage of Haydon's persistence in forcing this unpalatable truth upon the unwilling attention of the men then in office. Finding ministers hard to move, Haydon petitioned Parliament through Mr. Ridley Colborne (23rd February, 1826), and in this petition, with clearness and force and some hidden sarcasm, he points out to the House its duty, viz., that our native artists and their works should be made the principal object of any public effort; that a National Gallery, in which the purchase and display of the best works of our native artists was not made a conspicuous feature, would be a public disappointment and injustice, and he calls upon Parliament to establish a nobler estimate of the relations

that should exist between painter and people. Lastly, he reminds the House that "the greatest statesmen the world has ever seen have always considered the arts an engine not unworthy to be used in advancing the commercial and political greatness of a people." This petition met too with the usual fate.

By the end of February, 1826, Haydon was once more at work upon an ideal subject, 'Venus and Anchises,' a cabinet commission from Sir John Leycester, who, on the completion of the picture, begged that it might be sent to the Royal Academy exhibition. Haydon reluctantly consented. It is pleasant to be able to say it was well received and well placed. On the 27th of May he writes in his journal, "My exhibiting with the Royal Academy has given great satisfaction to everybody, and they seem to regard me now without that gloomy dislike they used to do. I heartily wish they may become as they seem, cordial, and that in the end all animosities may be forgotten in our common desire to advance the art. This is my desire; whether it be theirs, time only will show." This is frank and sincere, I believe; but his hopes were never realised, and if time showed anything, it was that the "Academy" was opposed to him to the last. He adds a day or two after, "I should wish to do the good I want accomplished, backed by the Academy; but if I cannot, I must make one more attempt to do it again without them, and perhaps perish before I accomplish it; God only knows."

Meanwhile, the promise of a five hundred guinea commission for a picture of 'Alexander and Bucephalus' was withdrawn on account of the commercial panic, and Haydon found the 'wolf' once more scratching fiercely at his door. In his agony where to turn for help to prevent another disaster, he wrote to Lord Egremont, a man noted for his kindness and liberality to artists. Lord Egremont went off to Carew, the sculptor, who lived in the house opposite to Haydon.* "What bedevilment has Haydon got into now?" "None, my Lord. He has lost commissions he relied on, and of course, having a wife and five children, he is anxious they should not starve." "Is he extravagant?" "No," said Carew, "not in the least; he is domestic, economical, and indefatigable." "Why did he take that house after his

* Haydon was now living at the corner house of Burwood Place (then No. 4), the house in which he died.—Ed.

misfortunes?" "Because the light was good, and he is at less rent than in a furnished lodging." "Well, he shan't starve. But *why did he write?* He has made himself enemies everywhere by his writing." Lord Egremont came over on the 14th of May, 1826—the first noble lord that had come into Haydon's painting-room since his ruin in April, 1823. He saw the sketch of 'Alexander and Bucephalus,' was delighted with it, ordered it for himself, but never thought of leaving the poor painter a sixpence, and went home to his own 70,000*l.* a year and his dinner with the consciousness of having done a good action. It never occurred to him to make it better. At length, in July, Haydon's difficulties from want of ready money became so serious that his arrest was imminent. He wrote to Lord Egremont. I am too pleased to be able to say that Lord Egremont did not take offence. He came up the next day and brought 100*l.* with him in advance. It was not much, but it saved Haydon for the time. In November Lord Egremont invited him to Petworth and treated him with great distinction, which would have been very well if Lord Egremont had combined with it a full understanding of the needs of a poor man. For instance, the picture was finished at Christmas, but for sixteen days after Lord Egremont kept Haydon without the balance due, and involved him, in consequence, in a mass of law-costs, writs, and executions, with three warrants of attorney, three cognovits, and three actions at law. Indeed, he was only saved from arrest and imprisonment, and the seizure and sale of his property, by the prompt interference of his old friend, Sir Francis Freeling. It was mere want of experience on the part of Lord Egremont, who never in his life had known the want of credit, or of money, and could not conceive such a condition. But this did not lessen Haydon's sufferings, nor diminish his embarrassment. It would be no bad training for great lords, with heavy rent-rolls, to put them early through a course of want, poverty, and imprisonment, that they might gain experience, and acquire consideration for their penniless fellow-men when in the full enjoyment of their own inheritance.

> ——— "Take physic, pomp!
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
> And show the Heavens more just."

The 'Alexander,' by Lord Egremont's desire, was sent to the

Academy exhibition of 1827. Previous to this, and during 1826, in consequence of the pressure put upon him by Lord Egremont, Sir John Leycester, Sir Francis Freeling, and many other friends, Haydon had committed what he afterwards set down as "the disgrace of my life," although I see no disgrace in it. He sought reconciliation with the Academy. They had made him an offer in 1814, which he had declined. It was now his turn, and they paid him the same compliment. He called on the leading academicians, Flaxman, Lawrence, Shee, Phillips, Stothard, Chantrey, Cooper, Soane, and others, with the view to effect a reconciliation. He has left an amusing and characteristic description of his different interviews, but which has lost its chief interest now, although the scene with Flaxman will bear repeating.

"I said, Mr. Flaxman, I wish to renew my acquaintance after twenty years' interval." "Mr. Haydon," said the intelligent deformity, "I am happy to see you, walk in!" "Mr. Flaxman, Sir, you look well." "Sir, I am well, thanks to the Lord! I am seventy-two, and ready to go when the Lord pleases."

As he said this there was a look of real, unaffected piety, which I hope and believe was sincere.

"Ah, Mr. Haydon, Lord Egremont is a noble creature." "He is, Mr. Flaxman, he has behaved very nobly to me." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, has he? How?" "Why, Mr. Flaxman, he has given me a handsome commission." "Has he, Mr. Haydon? I am most happy to hear it—most happy—very happy." And then, with an elevation of brow, and looking askance, he said, "How is your friend, Mr. Wilkie?" "Why, Mr. Flaxman, he is ill—so ill I fear he will never again have his intellects in full vigour." "Really, Mr. Haydon? why, it is miserable. I suppose it is his miniature painting has strained him, for between you and me, Mr. Haydon, 'tis *but miniature painting!* you know, hem—he—m—e—e—em!" "Certainly, Mr. Flaxman, 'tis but miniature painting." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, the world is easily caught." Here he touched my knee familiarly, and leaned forward, and his old, deformed, humped shoulder protruded as he leaned, and his sparkling old eye, and his apish old mouth, grinned on one side, and he rattled out of his throat, husky with coughing, a jarry, inward, hesitating, hemming sound, which meant that Wilkie's reputation was "all my eye" in comparison with *ours.*

"Poor Fuseli is gone, Sir." "Yes, Sir." "Ah, Mr. Haydon, he was a man of genius, but I fear of no principle." "Yes, Sir." "He has left behind him some drawings shockingly indelicate." "Has he, Sir?" "Yes, Mr. Haydon, poor wretch!" said Flaxman, looking ineffably modest. "Mr. Flaxman, good morning." "Good morning, Mr. Haydon. I am very, very happy to see you, and will call in a few days."

With the exception of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Cooper, Stothard, and Flaxman, he rates the members of the Royal Academy as intellectually very much below par. He notices that in the houses of Sir Martin Shee and Phillips there was not a single bust of antiquity or work of art to be seen. Haydon was individually well received, but his "admission" was not to be entertained. He was a ruined man; he had lost his influence over "society," and his "school" was destroyed. He was not elected at any succeeding election. He put down his name for two years in succession, 1826 and 1827, but never received one single vote.

During these years Lord Egremont seems to have been still the only member of the nobility who kept Haydon in sight. The season of 1827 found him once more without work, painting the 'Death of Eucles' on his own responsibility. Lord Egremont called and said, "I will have the picture if you cannot sell it." But this was not a real assistance. What a man in Haydon's position wanted was constant employment and prompt reward. If he did not get this he fell into arrears, and into arrears Haydon soon fell now. Before the London season was half through, he was driven to extremities for want of money; law-costs, writs, and execution followed in rapid succession. No mercy was shown him by the lawyers—no consideration by the nobility. He was like a man buffeting in bondage, driven hither and thither for daily means to meet his daily wants, till at length the catastrophe came. He was again seized and thrown into prison. His debts amounted to 1767*l.* 17*s.*, of which 636*l.* were for renewed debts incurred previous to 1823. The moment he was arrested and imprisoned, his noble friends attended a public meeting, voted that Haydon, on account of his merits and distresses, was entitled to public sympathy and relief, and subscribed the magnificent sum of 120*l.* among themselves, which included 50*l.* from the Duke of Bedford and 20*l.* from the late Duke of Sutherland. They

passed a vote of thanks to the chairman, Lord F. L. Gower, and broke up. Anything more absurd or unworthy can hardly be conceived of a body of men of such reputed wealth. Here was a painter, whose genius and merits they all acknowledged, thrown into prison through their negligence and non-employment, for a trumpery debt of 1700*l.*, and they cannot find more than 120*l.* towards it among themselves, but must appeal to the "public" for sympathy and aid! There must have been truth in what Lord Durham told Haydon, that three-fourths of the titled nobility in England are insolvent.

The whole thing is almost too ludicrous to be credible. Haydon was detained in prison for two months, and then discharged. It was on this occasion when, like Hecuba of Troy, "almost run mad through sorrow," he saw out of his prison-window the farce of a "mock election" of two M.P.'s for the King's Bench, being played by imprisoned debtors. Life is the same everywhere. "Vous ne pouvez vous imaginer l'horreur d'un naufrage. Vous en pouvez imaginer aussi peu le ridicule." Haydon looked and laughed in spite of his misery. He eyed the faces, and, struck by the character shewn, resolved to paint the scene the moment he was free. Of course, when he came out of prison he found no work waiting for him. That was the last thing the nobility thought of. The only commission he got was from one of his own tradesmen, to copy a head from a miniature! He remarks upon this, "To think that, at forty-two years of age, in the very zenith of my powers, and after painting the head of 'Lazarus,' I should be compelled to do this for my bread! The nobility do not care about my talents, and would rather not be cursed with anyone who has the power in a style of art they do not comprehend, and wish not to encourage because they do not comprehend it."

In five months, by the generous assistance of those personal friends, Strutt, Talfourd, whose portrait he painted, Burn, and a few others who never left him, he finished the cabinet picture of the 'Mock Election,' and exhibited it at the Egyptian Hall in January 1828. The exhibition was a fair success, but no one offered to buy the picture. Haydon became depressed. "I cannot pray now to the great God to aid and help and foster me in my attempts for the honour of my great country, for I am making no attempt at all. I am doing

only that which will procure me subsistence, and gratify the love of novelty, or pander to the prejudices of my countrymen; even that does not succeed. I have not sold the 'Mock Election.' I have no orders, no commissions. The exhibition of the picture gets me a bare subsistence, and that is all.

'Non sum qualis eram.'

"I begin at last to long to go abroad, family and all."

After a few days' low spirits, he began a fresh picture, 'Chairing the Member,' as a companion to the 'Mock Election.' In March the Court came to town, and the King, having inquired of Sir Thomas Hammond about the 'Mock Election,' and been told that it was full of remarkable portraits and would please him, sent Seguier for it. Anything that had a spice of vice in it the King relished. Haydon who took down the picture to St. James's Palace, was adroitly kept by Seguier out of the way of the King, who wished to see him as much as the picture—so Sir Thomas Hammond told me—and after a careful inspection, the King, who showed the greatest interest, declared it "a d—d fine thing," commanded it to be left with him, and sent Haydon 500 guineas three days afterwards.*

This act of the King was not matched by any member of the nobility, and before the end of the year Haydon was compelled to sell the companion picture for half its price to a private gentleman (who could not afford to pay him for six

* In the right-hand corner of the picture is the portrait of a Major Campbell, a man who greatly distinguished himself in the Peninsula War. He was imprisoned by Lord Eldon for contempt of Court. He ran away with a ward in Chancery, and on Lord Eldon saying it was "disgraceful ladies of birth should be entrapped by men of low family," Campbell, who was a man of good family, hurled back the insult in words the Chancellor never forgot or forgave. "My Lord," said Campbell, "my family are ancient and opulent, and were neither coalheavers nor coalheavers' nephews," alluding to Lord Eldon's origin. Lord Eldon committed him to prison on the spot, and refused to accept any apology. Campbell remained, I believe, thirteen years a prisoner. When Lord Brougham came to the woolsack, in 1834 Campbell was released on special petition by his friends.

The King, in 1828, was deeply interested in all this, which he learned from Haydon through Lord Mount Charles, and sent Sir Edward Barnes down to the Bench, to command Campbell to state his services and his wishes, and they should be gratified. Campbell was too proud to reply, refused to make any statement or application, and remained in prison. Haydon describes him as having one of the grandest Satanic heads, a combination of Byron and Bonaparte, he ever met with. I can just remember him; he came after his release (1834) to see us, and sit for his portrait.—ED.

months). The great lords and their ladies came to its exhibition and looked. Some of them, the Duke of Bedford for instance, admired it exceedingly, but no one of them would buy it, or recommend it to the notice of the King.

The new year, 1829, Haydon opened with a temperate pamphlet in favour of "Public Patronage for Painting." He had some correspondence with the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, on the subject, and, in compliance with the Duke's request, laid before him a detailed plan for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. The Duke, in reply, assured Haydon that *imprimis* he "must object to the grant of any public money for the object." Haydon then consulted Mr. Agar Ellis, who promises to bring the matter before Parliament when he sees a "favourable" opportunity, and urges Haydon to "continue his pamphlets *every year*," so as to keep the subject before the public. This was not very encouraging, so Haydon turned to his palette once more, and worked hard upon two pictures, 'Eucles' and 'Punch,' and before the end of the year had begun another, 'Xenophon and the Ten Thousand first seeing the Sea,' and had painted and engraved a little sketch of 'Napoleon at St. Helena.'

In January, 1830, Haydon was much affected by the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the President of the Royal Academy, and by the election of (Sir Martin Archer) Shee as his successor, in preference to Wilkie.

The academicians probably had their reasons for this preference, but Haydon refused to admit them. He felt such an election as an abuse of the power he had so long desired to see docked. The idea to him was preposterous, that a man like David Wilkie, though not a painter of history, yet a man of acknowledged genius and European reputation, should be put in momentary competition, still more in a position of permanent inferiority to a portrait painter of the second order, "an accomplished gentleman naebody ever haird on," as Sir Walter Scott described the new President. It drew from Haydon a burst of honest indignation, and brought him and Wilkie more closely together—they had been somewhat estranged since Haydon's marriage—for the rest of their lives. Wilkie began to see at last what Haydon had seen from the first, that humility and forbearance never meet with a fair return from men of mean minds. By such men you may

do your duty, and more than your duty, but they will turn upon you at the last, and when their "eyesight returns," as Carlyle says, "fling you out like common sweepings."*

This election disposed of, Haydon, by the help of his good friend Joseph Strutt, finished in the early part of 1830 the two small five hundred guinea pictures 'Eucles' and 'Punch,' and exhibited them. He raffled the first, which the nobility did not approve of; they considered it a reflection on their "patronage." But as they did not offer to buy it, I do not see the force of their objection. There are people in the world who are never satisfied. The 'Punch' Haydon hoped to sell to the King, but he did not succeed. The King commanded it to be sent down to him at Windsor, admired it, and sent it back. This was such an extraordinary proceeding, Haydon felt sure something was "wrong." He wrote to Lady Conyngham and to Lord Mount Charles, learned that the King was offended, but no explanation was possible.

Years after, I learned the truth from Sir Thomas Hammond. He told me that he remembered the whole circumstance perfectly. The King was greatly interested in Haydon from his picture of the 'Mock Election,' and from hearing his history. On seeing or being told of this exhibition of two fresh pictures by Haydon, Mr. Seguier was sent up to London with orders to bring both pictures down to Windsor that the King might choose one or both. Seguier, it appears, was fearful if Haydon once got to the King he would so interest his Majesty that

* The defence put forward by Tom Taylor in Haydon's Autobiography, in support of this election of Sir Martin Shee over Wilkie, is the common defence on such occasions, viz., that the man is most wanted and not his profession. I fail to see the force of this. "Eloquence" and "personal acceptableness" may be valuable qualities in the President of a Royal Academy of Art; but not quite so important as professional knowledge. "In a painter," says Sir Joshua Reynolds, "it is particularly dangerous to be too good a speaker. It lessens the necessary endeavours to make himself master of the language which properly belongs to his art, that of his pencil." This was exactly the complaint under which Sir Martin Shee too notoriously suffered. To elect a man President of an Academy of Art, not because he is master of his art, but because he has the gift of volubility, and that without knowledge of his art, is to say that you prefer a blunderbuss to a rifle for close shooting. The foundation of eligibility of a candidate for the Presidency of an Academy of any special art should always be his knowledge of that art. That should be the basis. Upon that you may superadd what qualifications you please, but if high knowledge of his art and power to display it be not there, the man is deficient and has not the first claim. It is like the champagne cup Macaulay speaks of, you may flavour it with what you like, but the basis must be champagne.—Ed.

Seguier's own position about the person of the Sovereign would be in peril, and he resolved to prevent any misfortune of this kind. This was the General's own inference, drawn from what he had seen at the time and subsequently heard. It is possible also that Seguier, who was closely allied to and in the interest of the Academy, had other reasons for keeping Haydon's influence out of Court. In any case Mr. Seguier came up to London in obedience to the King's command, called in at the exhibition, admired the pictures greatly to Haydon, but said not a word of the commands of the King. He returned to Windsor Castle that evening and told the King, as if the reply was from Haydon, that the 'Eucles' was engaged to be raffled for and was not for sale, and to remove the 'Punch' from the exhibition would offend the public!

This was an audacious statement to make under all the circumstances; but it was evidently made with the design of putting the King off by disgusting him. What then must have been Seguier's perplexity when the King said pettishly, "Well, at all events, he can let me have one of them from to-morrow till Monday, when I promise it shall be returned," and with this, it is evident, the King suppressed all intention of purchase. Mr. Seguier came back to London the same night (5th March), told Haydon the King wished to see 'Punch' in such a way as to lead Haydon to believe this honour was due to Seguier's friendly action. The 'Punch' was taken to Windsor early the next morning, and the King admired it exceedingly, Sir Thomas Hammond told me. Seguier told Haydon the King was not wholly pleased with it, and on the 8th Seguier brought it back to the exhibition. And thus it came to pass the King did not purchase the picture, and what was worse, the story getting about the King had rejected it, no one would buy. Haydon could find a buyer in no quarter, and was glad enough at last to mortgage it for 100*l.* to a private friend.*

* Haydon attributes Seguier's conduct to the influence of the academicians, and he may have been right, or he may have been wrong. It is possible that a man of his vivid imagination might mistake the real meaning of others, that their persecution of him was not quite so fiery as he supposed, and that when he saw or thought he saw academicians rejoicing over his reverses and disappointments, like the wicked spirits plunging Filippo Argenti into the foul lake, they were doing nothing but lamenting his misfortunes. Yet I am bound to say there is no proof of this sympathy extant; not a word of kindness or regret ever comes from any one of them but Wilkie. If there had been, I feel sure Haydon would have preserved it, he was so grateful for kind words.—ED.

This is the picture which was such a favourite with Wilkie. "I have seen and heard him," wrote Dr. Darling in 1852, "pass his hand over the left portion, exclaiming, 'How fine, how very fine! if that picture were in Italy you would see it surrounded by students from all parts of Europe engaged in copying.'" *

In England Haydon could not sell it. From this cause we may be prepared for the inevitable result. Haydon fell into arrears with his tradesmen, and, as they made use of the law of arrest as a means of profit for their sons, who were commonly their attorneys, cumulative law costs followed rapidly. To one man, I find, on an account of 10*l.* odd he pays 11*l.* law costs; to another, on an account of 6*l.* he pays 18*l.* law costs, and on several other small accounts, amounting to some 140*l.*, I find the law expenses reaching to 93*l.* His current debts were trifling. What embarrassed him were these law costs, and his current debts he could not pay promptly because he was depending upon employment that came to him with a niggard hand, or upon payment that came to him from a forgetful one.

As soon as the London season of 1830 fairly began, Haydon, as usual, was arrested and thrown into prison. Among other claims on him this time was one for arrears of taxes, upon which the Commissioners of Inland Revenue were piling up "law costs" like the rest. In his extremity Haydon wrote to the late Sir Robert Peel, then at the Home Office, to beg his official influence with the Treasury, to at least stay these proceedings, and he would discharge his taxes as soon as he could get employment. Sir Robert Peel answered promptly, enclosing Haydon a small cheque (10*l.*) for his present necessities, and taking official steps to moderate the severity of the Inland Commissioners. This was Haydon's first introduction to Sir Robert Peel.

Haydon was detained in prison the usual three months, May, June, and July, of the London season. It is as if his creditors took a malicious delight in periodically exhibiting the great historical painter in prison every season, as an illustration of the liberal patronage the nobility accorded to historic art. They forgot, however, that they deprived the painter of the best painting months of the year, and thus ren-

* It was bequeathed by Dr. Darling to the National Gallery. It is temporarily hung at South Kensington.—ED.

dered the payment of their petty claims more problematical than before. But then they always got their law costs. During his imprisonment Haydon, through Mr. Agar Ellis, again petitioned Parliament, entreating the House at least to adopt some scheme, " in its infinite wisdom," which should save the future historical painters of England—where are they?—from the degrading fate which had overtaken him, by providing for them public employment. The petition was ordered to " lie on the table."

On coming out of prison in July the usual blank met Haydon; there was no employment for him from any quarter. By September he was again falling into difficulties. He had no commissions, and he appealed to Sir Robert Peel (8th September) to use his influence with the directors of the British Gallery to induce them to give him a commission. He might as well have applied to a Board of Guardians for a commission. " If I am suffered again," he writes, " to sink into debt from want of employment, and there is no other employment in England for historical painters than that which patrons like yourself bestow upon us, I shall go down to my grave with what powers I may possess rendered nugatory by disappointment, fretted by ruin, and blasted by neglect. Alas! if I deserved assistance when in affliction, do I not deserve employment that affliction may no more come?"

Sir Robert Peel, who was a warm supporter of the Royal Academy, replied, on the 10th September, and coldly requested that " any communication Mr. Haydon may wish to make to the directors of the British Gallery may be made to them directly by Mr. Haydon."

Failing here, he struggled for a few weeks, and at length in an agony of pressure he writes to the Duke of Wellington, (12th October,) calling his attention to the recent report of M. Guizot to the newly elected king of the French, recommending the king to employ the French historical painters on a series of national pictures in commemoration of the " Three Days," and he asks the Duke, as Prime Minister, if he can find nothing in the History of England worthy the public employment of our painters of history? The duke replied the same afternoon kindly and courteously, regretting there were no funds for such a purpose, and adding that he is " much concerned " he cannot point out the mode in which this want of

encouragement can be remedied. Haydon replied on the 14th in a sad letter, that lays open to us the condition of his mind. He describes his life and labours and his actual position to the duke. Then he adds, "This perpetual pauperism will in the end destroy my mind. I look around for help with a feeling of despair that is quite dreadful. At this moment I have a sick house without a shilling for the common necessaries of life. My want of employment and want of means exhaust the patience of my dearest friends, and give me a feeling as if I were branded with a curse. For God's sake, for the sake of my family, for the sake of the historical art I have struggled to save, permit me, my Lord Duke, to say, employ me."

This is the most melancholy letter I ever remember to have read. It is impossible to read it and not feel deeply. The Duke, I regret to say, never replied. Perhaps, as he sat behind his iron blinds, he felt a certain touch of scorn for the man who could make such a fuss over being starved.*

In a few days, Haydon appealed again to the Duke for public employment, and received for answer an assurance that Haydon's "own good sense must point out how impossible" it was for the Duke to comply with the request. The result amounted, in fact, to the uncle's advice to his starving nephew: "You say you are without money or employment; I cannot

* Ten years after, finding Haydon still alive, and with a strong appetite, he asked him down to Walmer, fed him well, and having learned that he had made a fine copy sketch of the Duke's horse 'Copenhagen,' the Duke waited patiently for Haydon's death. Then his Grace sent up to Haydon's sale and bought the Copenhagen sketch for a couple of sovereigns. This was all the art patronage he ever bestowed upon Haydon. It is all of a piece with the Duke, sending up to us for his "hat" the morning Haydon's death appeared in the 'Times,' with his allowing himself to be sued for his (Chancellor's) silk gown at Oxford before they could get the money, and the exact repetition of what he did with Fuseli. He would not give Fuseli, living, a commission; but directly Fuseli died, he sent up to his sale and bought for a trifle that gigantic picture of 'Satan and his Angels,' which used to hang on the staircase at Strathfieldsaye.

The Duke, I presume, enjoyed little "gains," and he rated art no higher than he rated cabbages, with which he used to plant the moat at Walmer and sell to his neighbours in Deal, on the plea that there were no market gardens near, and then pay his gardener's wages with the money. As good, in its way, as his great predecessor Marlborough teasing Dean Jones to pay him the sixpence the Dean had lost to him at cards, on the excuse he had no change, and wanted to pay the "chair" to take him home, and then walking home with the Dean's sixpence in his pocket! These are the foibles of genius. But as a set-off (in the Duke of Wellington's case), we know that in the year Alexander's bank failed, the Duke gave away at least 6000*l*. in bank notes to military men. The poor painters he left to his brother dukes, who had not so many claims upon them as he. But he need not have sent to us at such a moment as he did for an old hat.—Ed.

help you to either. But your own good sense will tell you what to do. Stick to your profession, and live within your means."

Blest as he was with that peculiar faculty of genius for overcoming difficulties, Haydon might have found life tame without them. I remember his once saying that he was not quite sure he did not "relish ruin as a source of increased activity of mind." This was, of course, only an exaggerated mode of expressing his vivid sense of the warm vitality within him, with his pulse at 85. Perhaps, too, he thought it good for men "to love their present pains," so the "spirit is eased." But all I contend for is that there was no necessity for his pains being made so severe, and that the nation would have profited had a more generous policy been pursued towards him.

On the 3rd November he writes a melancholy letter of appeal to the Directors of the British Gallery, points out that, for the sake of art, he had abandoned a fine property and a handsome income, that he has been twenty-six years in the art as historical painter, that he has no property but the clothes he wears, that out of the 14,000*l.* the British Gallery has given in premiums in that time, he has received 200*l.*, and out of the 75,000*l.* the directors had expended on the purchase of pictures, he has received 60*l.* That was all the encouragement the noble directors had afforded him as an English historical painter. On the 11th, the noble directors desired a cheque for 50*l.* to be enclosed to him, but they did not offer to buy any picture, nor give him a commission.

It was during this period that offers of large prices were made to Haydon if he would consent to paint voluptuous nudities for a distinguished Marquis. There are many ways, as the late Mr. Croker could tell, of avoiding chronic insolvency in this rich and respectable country. But Haydon preferred to die of starvation, children and all, rather than consent to disgrace his pencil. The "frigid villany of studied lewdness" he left to those who liked it; he knew a higher use for his art; and so he walked about the streets in preference, selling his little prints of 'Napoleon,'—to such extremities had his art now reduced him.

At length, on the evening of the 8th December, a gentleman called, and was shown into the painting-room. Haydon came up

and found Sir Robert Peel. A personal visit from such a friend and supporter of the Royal Academy, and a man so distinguished for his taste in art, gave Haydon the greatest satisfaction at the moment. It led to the heaviest misfortunes of his life, and unquestionably brought him to his bloody grave.

Of Sir Robert Peel's motive in calling there can be no question; it was a good and kindly one. I have reason to believe that he had inquired into Haydon's history, that he considered him an ill-used man, and came for the express purpose of trying to persuade him either to devote himself to portrait, so as in time to fill the vacant place of Lawrence, or else to give him an opportunity of painting a poetic picture that should be suitable in size and subject for a private gallery, so as to induce the nobility and patrons to give him employment. Soon after he entered the painting-room, my father has often told me that Sir Robert spoke of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and said what an opening his death had left for a portrait painter; this led to some conversation on his merits. Then Haydon showed Sir Robert his casts from the Elgin Marbles. Sir Robert made a remark which displayed a curious ignorance of art and nature. Then, coming back to his first intention, he asked Haydon if he had any portraits to show; Haydon showed him two. Then Sir Robert asked his price for a whole-length portrait; Haydon replied 100 guineas. Now, it happened that lying on the table or on a chair was the sketch of 'Napoleon Musing on the Rocks at St. Helena,' which Haydon had painted and engraved the year previous. Sir Robert, who had seen and knew the engraving before calling upon Haydon, looked at this sketch, said suddenly, "Paint me a Napoleon," but he mentioned no price, nor asked for one, and shortly after took his leave. There was no reference of any kind to the price of a 'Napoleon;'* my

* Mr. R. Redgrave, R.A., in his 'Century of Painters' (p. 190), says of this incident, "having named what we should think a liberal price, he offended the minister by expressing dissatisfaction on being paid the sum he had named." This is singularly incorrect. Haydon never did "name" a price for the 'Napoleon.' The price he named, viz., one hundred guineas, had reference only and was meant by him to have reference only to a portrait of a living sitter. And that price, one hundred guineas, was moderate enough, even Mr. Redgrave will allow for four weeks' work, about the time such a portrait would occupy. If Mr. Redgrave thinks one hundred guineas sufficient remuneration for four months' work, the time the 'Napoleon' picture actually took Haydon to paint, I can only say I shall be very happy to employ Mr. Redgrave at that rate for works of similar merit.—Ed.

father has often assured me. After Sir Robert had left, Haydon was detailing what had passed to his wife, when, with a woman's quickness, she asked if any price was named. My father said "No." Then said my mother, "You may depend upon it, he means you to paint the picture for 100 guineas. You had better write and explain." This was a serious matter. For an ordinary full-length portrait of a living sitter, 100 guineas was little enough; but for a life-sized historic portrait, a poetic picture such as 'Napoleon Musing at St. Helena' must be made, the picture could not be painted for the money. It would take at least four months to think out and paint, and would cost 300*l.* in time and material at the lowest estimate. Its current price was 500 guineas; Sir Thomas Lawrence would have insisted on 800 guineas. The situation afforded another striking instance of the inconvenience (or convenience, from the purchaser's point of view) of not having "a clear understanding."

Haydon objected to write, for fear it should look like an attempt to "raise" his price upon "Sir Robert Peel," and there was something high-minded in the objection. He resolved, therefore, to paint the picture to the best of his ability, to place it in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, and then state the facts, leaving Sir Robert to deal with them as he thought fit. This was the noble course to take; but it had more than one defect. Sir Robert Peel might demur, and if Sir Robert Peel did not, from his point of view, feel himself bound to deal with it as Haydon had settled in his mind Sir Robert ought, Haydon would not with patience accept Sir Robert's decision, and *vice versâ*. The best course would have been to offer to refer the matter to arbitration; but this, unhappily, was not done by Sir Robert Peel. The commission was given on the 8th December, 1830, and the picture was finished by the following April. It is a beautiful conception. Napoleon stands on the edge of the cliff, with his back partly towards you, arms folded, head slightly bent, gazing out upon the vast breadth of sea that rolls between him and Europe. The dying glow of the setting sun lights his profile, the sails of the guard-ship glitter in the distance, and nothing but the One Man, the rocks, the sky, the water, is there. All that ever happened in his life of romance, of poetry, of misfortune, is before you.

One hundred guineas! The picture was a bargain at a thousand.*

Haydon sent down the work to Drayton, and with it went the dreaded explanation. He was not generally a timid man, but he had a keen eye for character. The bleak manners of Sir Robert Peel had affected him. However, he wrote frankly, and told him the plain truth. This was a fatal mistake. It is an act of "inexcusable weakness," says Hazlitt, to lay your heart open to a man who is reserved towards you. He is certain to "turn that confidence against you, and exactly in proportion as he means to leave it uncopied." The result proved Hazlitt's sagacity. Sir Robert Peel drew himself up, resented an application so frank, so unusual in form, and so little flattering to his own judgment or the excellence of his intentions, and affecting to regard the explanation as an impudent attempt to extort money, he flung the poor painter a cheque for an additional 30*l.*, and never saw his face again. But he kept the picture. This was unworthy, but when I add as the fact that Sir Robert Peel ever after told the story to Haydon's disadvantage, and in such a manner as to leave an impression on the minds of his hearers that he had paid 300 guineas for the picture, and that Haydon had then demanded more, there is in Sir Robert's conduct a want of generosity and a disregard for the strict love of truth, that is, to say the least, not pleasing. But the nature of men, it is well said, as

* The late John Wilson Croker (Mr. Rigby of Coningsby), who never allowed merit to anybody else, and who particularly piqued himself upon having been designed by Providence to set the world right in matters on which he was ignorant, was in the habit of declaring that Haydon had stolen the design of this picture from a French print of 1820. It is, of course, within the bounds of possibility that Haydon may have seen such a print. But Mr. Croker only saw the print in Paris, and Haydon never visited Paris after 1814. Unfortunately, too, for Mr. Croker's infallibility, I had in my possession for many years (it was only burned in the Pantechnicon fire) an original sketch in Sepia by my father of 'Achilles lamenting the death of Patroclus at break of Day.' The date of this sketch was 1809, and in it you saw the original of Haydon's 'Napoleon' of 1830. Achilles with his back towards you, robe loosely flowing, arms crossed, chin resting on his palm, is pacing the sea-shore at sunrise. Before him nothing but a vast waste of waters rolling in, the sun just breaking on the horizon, a single sail in sight. Anything more exquisitely poetical I never saw. You felt the morning breeze, you heard the surf beating on the beach, you saw the glory of the rising sun, you marked the thoughts oppressing the mind of the Great Chieftain in the very motion of his body, as he paced the shore. This was the origin of Haydon's 'Napoleon,' as he had himself subsequently recorded in a corner.—Ed.

of things, is best seen in small quantities.* It is painful to me to have to speak of this unfortunate transaction. Haydon, with all his courage, did not dare, except privately, and then he always put the blame upon himself, and ended by saying, "Well, perhaps I behaved like a fool." But he did nothing of the kind, in the first instance. He had trusted to Sir Robert Peel's generosity, and Sir Robert Peel returned the trust in the manner I have shown; and then added to the injury by telling the story of his purchase so unfairly as to excite a prejudice against Haydon amongst his own friends. For my part, I believe he never forgave Haydon the injury he (Sir Robert) had done him. It was the irritation of his conscience that led him to repeat his own story over and over again, for he never could have looked at the 'Napoleon' without a twinge.

Taking the mere time the picture had cost Haydon, it was rewarding him at the rate of 27*s.* a day! I put it to any man whether that was fair recompense? And then, when the inevitable difference arose, instead of returning the picture to Haydon, or offering to submit the question to arbitration, Sir Robert keeps the picture, and absolutely refuses to pay its fair price. He had got a good picture for next to nothing and he meaned to stick to it. Such conduct is not distinguished by generosity or candour. The great merchant princes of Italy, when pleased with the work of the painter they had employed, doubled his price of the picture to mark their approbation. Sir Robert improved upon this; taking advantage of a misunderstanding, he paid one-fifth of the fair value, kept the picture, and then tried to ruin the reputation of the painter.

Contrast the conduct of Lord Egremont, as related by Leslie, on a similar indefinite arrangement. A grandchild of Lord Egremont's was dying at Colonel Wyndham's, some fifty miles from London. Lord Egremont wrote to Phillips, the portrait painter, to set off and take a sketch of the child at once. Phillips being busy, deputed Leslie to go. Leslie posted down that day, sat up all night making sketches, and, returning to town the next day, at once painted a head of the dying child. When Lord Egremont saw the head, he said, "What am I to pay for this?" Leslie replied, "Twenty-five guineas." "But your travelling expenses must be paid?" said the con-

* "Peel feels things deeply, and does not forgive quickly, and what he forgives least easily is an attack upon his dignity."—*Lord Palmerston to his Brother*, 29 Aug. 1844.—Ed.

siderate earl. "They were five guineas," said Leslie. Lord Egremont sat down and wrote him a cheque for fifty guineas. The whole thing occupied Leslie about three days.* The 'Napoleon,' on the other hand, occupied Haydon four months.

And yet it is only justice to Sir Robert Peel to say that his giving the commission was no act of "common passage, but a strain of rareness." It was to shame the nobility into employing a man who could conceive and paint so poetical a picture of a modern subject. What a pity he insisted upon spoiling so fine an act of independent will by a meanness so pitiful! What "benefit" could it have been to Haydon to paint another picture of the same kind for the same money? It is a very lucky thing, in one sense, the patrons did not feel themselves shamed into employing Haydon on the same terms, or, like Hiero of Syracuse, there would have been nothing left for him but to hang himself on the spot.

Haydon, on his part, was mortified beyond measure that a man, towards whom he had no feeling but of the most sincere respect, should treat him so harshly, and so ungenerously. Instead of wrapping himself up in the dignity of a silent memory, he foolishly plunged into an useless and importunate series of appeals which only shows how necessary it is never to enter upon any business without having first made up your mind where you will leave off. The immediate result of this unfortunate business was that Haydon lost about 250*l.* by the picture. But that was not the worst. It soon spread through London that Haydon and Sir Robert Peel had a serious "difference" over the price of the 'Napoleon,' and as nobody knew anything, it was only natural everyone should believe the worst. Peel had "swindled" Haydon, and Haydon had tried to "cheat" Peel. It became almost a "party" question.

* It is a curious coincidence that many years afterwards, in 1844, Haydon had a 'replica' of Sir Robert Peel's 'Napoleon' in the Art Union lottery of that year, to be sold for three hundred guineas to a winner. Sir Robert Peel was then Prime Minister. Within three days of the distribution of prizes, to the astonishment of all London, Sir Robert Peel's law officers officially arrested the distribution of prizes, and stopped the lottery on the plea of its illegality. Had this copy of 'Napoleon,' which had only occupied Haydon five days in painting, been publicly advertised as being sold for three hundred guineas, Sir Robert would have felt himself awkwardly placed with regard to the price he had insisted upon for the original, viz., one hundred guineas, the 30*l.* being sent under protest. This copy, through the indefatigable exertions of the late Earl of Westmoreland, one of Haydon's truest and kindest friends, was afterwards sold to the then King of Hanover, and was placed by him in his palace at Herrenhausen.—ED.

That most mischievous and malicious of men, the late Wilson Croker, helped the affair finely. Haydon was "cut" to a man by the Tories. The Whigs then began to think of taking him up. But while they were thinking about it, Haydon became so embarrassed, and sank down rapidly to such a low ebb of battling with creditors, struggling against attorneys, and trying to support his growing family that, between his mortification and his troubles, I am indeed surprised he did not break down utterly. Perhaps his sad experience was beginning, at last to deaden pain. But indeed, it was a wonderful sight to watch this man, as I can remember him, with all his powers burdened to the very extremity of endurance, grappling with armies of difficulties, any one of which was sufficient to try the stoutest heart, running in the race with others in all the freshness which ease and competence give, and never once fairly giving way; it was a picture of such innate courage, of such rare heroism, as we do not often see. His Journal gives a very faint notion of the real state of affairs at home; he seems unwilling to admit the facts, even to himself. "It is the business of an Englishman," he used to say, "to contest and vanquish impossibilities." Certainly, in this respect, he was amply endowed by both Whigs and Tories. Indeed, it was becoming as plain to him, as it was to Horne Tooke, there were only three ways by which he could live in England: he must beg, borrow, or steal. He borrowed like Burke, like Johnson, like hundreds of better men before him, but, unlike Burke, he never found a Marquis of Rockingham,* at least, among the coronets. It was degrading, but he got used to it. When Hadji Baba was first made executioner it wrung his heart; but after he once got his hand in, he says, he could have "impaled his own father without any notion of cruelty." It is the same, I take it, with borrowers; the impecunious habit hardens a man into morbid indifference to appearances, and leads him into acts of inexcusable laxity without any notion of wrong. But there is this to be said for Haydon, his private life was pure and temperate; he had no private vices, and the only extravagance he ever allowed himself was in his models and materials of art. If he could have got the work and wages he sought, he never would have borrowed a six-

* Burke was deeply in the debt of the Marquis, whose last act on his deathbed was to cancel all the bonds for money due to him from Burke.—Ed.

pence, but those who could afford it would not give him work. For example, I find him writing to this and that noble lord, not for money, but for work, offering to paint certain subjects. They one and all reply that they have no room for pictures, or cannot afford the cost just now, or some similar excuse, and some send him twenty guineas and some five. Haydon revolts against this, but, on second consideration, thinks it folly to return the money, as it would have been to quarrel with a man for doing what he meant kindly; and this, of course, is set down to Haydon's disadvantage. He was deficient, I do believe, in what Swift calls that under-strapping virtue "discretion," but patient investigation into his affairs has shown that his expenditure had always been as moderate as the required support of his family permitted, and that this expenditure had been sanctioned by the hopes that his prospects appeared to justify. If a patron, like the late Mr. Gurney, the banker, of Lombard Street, disreputably broke his word with him; or, like the Corporation of the City of London, evaded their promise and refused to keep faith; or, like the late Sir Robert Peel, kept a valuable picture, and only paid him one-fifth its legitimate price; or, like the Whigs over the "Reform Banquet," left him in the "hole" they had dropped him into; or, like some of his employers—the shoddy Mecænases of the last years of his life—screwed the products of his long experience out of him at about a tenth of the fair price,*—he fell into arrears, and arrears begat law costs, and law costs begat appeals to friends to save him from arrest. Had he been fairly employed, and paid fair prices for his pictures, he never would have owed, or borrowed money.

This was the opinion, expressed to me more than once, of the late Judge Talfourd, who knew more about Haydon's affairs than Haydon himself, and the judge assured me, in 1850, of his confident belief that, Haydon never incurred a liability he did not honestly mean, and honestly exert himself, to clear off. If he did not regularly discharge his current bills it was because he had no employment, and consequently no money. He was forty-two years before the public, and for thirty-seven of those years he was without a commission. His

* When he was dead, some of these folks complained to his family that their purchases had turned out a "bad speculation," after all!—Ed.

journals and private letters are full of proof in support of the opinion of the judge. For example, the late Duke of Sutherland lends Haydon 50*l.* in an emergency. Haydon, the moment he has time, paints a picture, 'Reading the Times,' a picture fairly worth 200*l.*, and sends it to the Duke, begging its acceptance in discharge of the loan, and the Duke accepts the picture. Lord Melbourne, in another emergency, sends him 70*l.* Haydon makes him a beautiful sketch, and Lord Melbourne accepts it in return. The Duke of Bedford sends him 50*l.*, and he enters the Duke on his list for five shares in the eight hundred guinea raffle for 'Xenophon,' which picture the Duke, to his evident perplexity, wins. Talfourd lends him 40*l.*, and he paints his portrait—the kindly judge, not forgetting to add a balance to make up, as he said, "the full value." Another man makes him a loan and Haydon paints his portrait, and so on throughout his life. He is everywhere, and on all occasions, borrowing money to meet his needs, and if he has no money to pay it back, he gives what he has, his time and skill in his art, and scatters broadcast among his supporters beautiful sketches, exquisite copies in miniature of his own larger works, and original paintings, with a reckless generosity that should be recalled to his credit as well as the chief cause, when condemned for his habit of "borrowing" from his friends. He always seemed to me more anxious to overpay than underpay any man. Yet, after all, the "consumption of your purse," as Falstaff says, "is a disease that is incurable," and many painters besides Haydon (Sir Thomas Lawrence, for example), and many men of literature and art, and others, have found that "borrowing only lingers and lingers it out." That artists, as a rule, Haydon and Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in particular, are held to have had a loose morality in money matters, I am aware. But punctuality in money matters is very like bravery in the field; most men are brave because they fear to run away.* Before you praise a man for being punctual in these matters, other things being equal, you should first ascertain whether he is above or below unpunctuality. And, because a man confines his ambition to painting, is he to be wholly without the imperfections of our nature? If artists are lax in money-matters, at least

* Occasionally the desire to escape danger overpowers their fear of shame, and then you will see what most men see who go into action.—Ed.

they lead pure lives, and if they borrow freely they lend with benevolence. Let us make a fair balance, for are not all things "double, one against the other?" Compare the life of a great painter with that of a great politician. We will assume they have both the same ambition to serve and benefit their country. Take the case of Canning, a great man of great views. We will say nothing of his private life, that was too notorious, but can anything be more immoral, more repugnant to all feelings of honour, truth, duty, and loyalty to your friends, than the means by which Canning first obtained public office, held public office, and rose to power? He is the man of whom it was said he "never went straight forward to his mark"—and did he ever? Opposing all reform, approving every job, defending every abuse, encouraging a "No Popery" cry, when in his heart he was in favour of Catholic Emancipation, and absolutely supporting, with extravagant language, the most cruel measures for the repression of our liberties, when—who can doubt?—he was acting a part to ruin the administration of which he was a member, in order to succeed as First Minister.

The morality of all this is extremely curious, and would probably have called at the time for much observation, but Canning became Prime Minister, and principles, then, we all know, are not often allowed to stand in the way of that patriotism which supports the Minister, in the hope of place.

But Canning was altogether an exceptional man, a man of great versatility of power, and consequently of principle. Like Mirabeau, if his father and mother had quarrelled and gone to law, he would have drawn up the affidavits of each with equal skill. Such a man, it will be urged, is not to be judged by common rules. And is not every painter of genius an exceptional man? All men of genius are exceptional men, and not to be judged too strictly. But let us take another case—an unexceptionable case—the case of a man unwarmed by wit or genius, the very opposite of Canning in every respect; distant, reflective, diffident, living in uneasy splendour, and of unimpeachable integrity in private life—the late Sir Robert Peel, and will he fare any better than Canning? Is his political career one we could conscientiously hold up as an example to a young man? You might as well train a youth to

morals on the pattern of Joseph Surface. "All rising to great place," says Bacon, "is by a winding stair;" but, surely, no man ever took so many turns as the late Sir Robert Peel. Intriguing with and against Canning; now siding with Lord Eldon, now plotting against him; now alarming the Duke, now betraying him; subservient to rank, yet courting popularity; defending the Tories, but not identifying himself with them; supporting the Church, but leaving a loop-hole; in short, civil to all, but satisfying none, and never denying his conscience permission to release him from inconvenient obligations. When at length he reaches the object of his ambition, and becomes invested with all the authority the lead of a great Party alone gives, he is, towards his Party, always ambiguous, always unsatisfactory, never straightforward. For ever dallying with the political devil of the day, whether Catholics and Emancipation, or Cobden and Corn, he passes his life, like the second son in the parable, saying to his Party, as he pocketed their wages, "I will go and work in your vineyard,"—and in not going.

Whether the result of his policy or of Canning's was beneficial to the nation is not the question, any more than the result of a painter's labour. I am speaking only of the means each employs to attain his end, which, equally with the artist is fame, by increasing the happiness and prosperity of his fellow-countrymen. Granting to "policy" the most liberal indulgence which the world gives, I fear Sir Robert Peel's political life, as much as Canning's, will be found to afford another illustration of how great a part of political history is made up of the bad actions of the best men. In short, human nature is too imperfect to find genius or great administrative ability, or great energy of character, combined with high ambition, always under the control of the moderate virtues.

I do not seek to excuse painters their one notorious defect, but rather to point out what strange notions of justice those have who acquit the politician and condemn the painter for much the same offence under very similar conditions.

To return, however, to Haydon. The sudden rupture of his friendly relations with Sir Robert Peel reduced Haydon to sad straits, for his family was now growing up, and the calls upon him in proportion. In spite of all his difficulties hitherto, he had contrived to put one of his step-sons as a midshipman in

her Majesty's navy, and the other he had sent to Oxford. But he had also eight young children at home to support, and the struggle was desperate. Within the next few years his five youngest children died, one after the other, from the effects of the terrible mental distresses of their mother, whose bright face was sad enough now. I can remember the sweet old roses of her sunken cheeks fading away daily with anxiety and grief. Haydon, who was passionately attached to both wife and children, suffered all the tortures of the damned at the sight before him. His sorrow over the deaths of his dear children was something more than human. I remember watching him as he hung over his daughter Georgiana, and over his dying boy Harry, the pride and delight of his life. Poor fellow, how he cried! and he went into the next room, and beating his head passionately on the bed, called upon God to take him and all of us from this hateful world. Those were dreadful days. The earliest and the most painful death was to be preferred to our life at that time. Who can feel surprised at Haydon entreating the Almighty to afflict his children with every other calamity on earth than a love for painting?

"Unhappy," says Carlyle, "is that family with a fool at its head." He is mistaken. The misery is to have the historical painter of genius at your head; that is the domestic situation most to be pitied in England. Listen to what Haydon writes after five and twenty years' labour to raise the taste of the English nobility, and through them of the people, to a higher appreciation of fine art, and say if the picture be exaggerated. "Of what use," he asks, "are my brains to myself or others? They have brought me to ruin, and now, after twenty-five years' devotion to my art, I cannot get my bread by painting! I have not sold a single drawing, or picture, or portrait. The English patrons and public now, knowing that my bread depends on what I do, leave me to starve! and this is wealthy, liberal England! At an age, and after labours and productions that ought to have placed me in a position above pecuniary harass, and in any other country but England would have placed me in security and peace, I am ruined and left to starve; yet I am always conceiving beautiful subjects and sketching them, and then comes the dreary truth." How natural, how pathetic, these touching words are! Then he adds, "I wonder my frame has borne this so long. The mere agita-

tions of the conceptions of one's mind, flushing one's brain with blood, bathing one's body in perspiration, must wear out the brain, and then, in addition, the necessities of poverty are dreadful. If I were alone again, if I had neither wife nor children, I would leave England for ever. Buried in Italy or Greece, I would pass my days in the lowest avocation, could I get by it peace—peace. I would lie on the Acropolis and hail the ruins about me as congenial to my destroyed hopes. I would wander in the Alps, sleep in caverns, lulled by the invisible roar of foaming floods, and waked by the echoing screech of soaring eagles, I would plunge into the flood and rise from its depths, lie panting and breathless on its banks till nature recovered sensation and my desolation returned to me!" . . . . . Then, in words that speak of the bitterness of his humiliation, he concludes, "I pray God with all my heart that no child of mine be gifted with a passion for High Art. On my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth and my lips to the dust, I entreat Him that He will, in His mercy, afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery, with wretchedness, disease, insanity, and gabbling idiotism, rather than a longing for painting—that scorned, that miserable art, that greater imposture than the human species it imitates."

In this Christian country poverty is a crime; in Pagan Rome, in its worst days, it was only ridiculous.* We have advanced far beyond the "benighted heathen."

Yet it is possible Haydon did not rightly understand the refined philosophy of his noble friends. It may have been out of a delicate appreciation for his talents they kept him in this mean condition. Low living in their experience is essential to high thinking, and frequent fasting an excellent discipline for body and mind. It was also certain to secure his morals. I am not quite sure our nobility do not think that, for a painter, poet, or musician to have a full stomach after dinner, should be made a penal offence. "I understand," once said a noble duke reproachfully to Haydon, "that Mr. M—— eats turbot for dinner!" Good heavens! what a voluptuary! The poor man might as well have wished for roast meats, game, and poultry, which, according to Fonblanque, a kind Providence

* "Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit" . . . .
Juvenal, Sat. 3.

reserves especially, with turbot and its lobster sauce, for the bishops, the nobility, and their sick ladies. And thus it was, we may depend on it, that poor Haydon, a man of fine poetic temperament, born in an age that had no poetic feeling for art, because it was too well fed, was cut off by the patrons from his meat and wine, and left to the bailiffs, all out of consideration for his poetic genius. They wished to preserve the freshness and fancy of his imagination free from the fumes of indigestion. Although why they should allow him to be imprisoned again and again, I cannot understand, unless the excitement of releasing him was so great a pleasure, they could not bring themselves to part with it by paying his debts, or by giving him employment to enable him to pay them himself.

The ancient Mosynians, I have somewhere read, had an excellent custom; when their King gave an unjust judgment, they kept him without food for that day. In England, our nobility followed and improved upon it; for a man had only to paint one fine historical picture to make sure of absolute starvation. To paint a second and third was to bring him to wish for the fate of Euclid's chicken, which, scraping up a treasure, had its neck twisted on the spot.

But now a change was coming in Haydon's favour; the "Whigs" were going to take him by the hand. The proverbial worst must have been reached, when matters began to mend in this direction. The "Reform Bill" was before the world, and Sir Robert Peel was making one of his great mistakes; he was opposing Reform. Haydon, who in politics had a robust faith in the people, and a passionate hatred of all abuses, aristocrat as he was, forgot his own sufferings in the excitement of the times, plunged fiercely into politics, and wrote a series of able "Letters" to the 'Times' and other journals upon "Reform," into which he enters fully, exposes the hollowness of Peel's opposition, and urges the people never to give in, nor to accept less than the reforms which were needed. How far Sir Robert Peel's treatment of him may have carried Haydon in this direction I cannot say, but there is a fierceness in his support of reform, and, although he always treats Sir Robert with respect, a bitterness of tone which indicates to me the rankling of a private wrong. It often adds a zest to invective.

Oddly enough, Haydon fell into the hands of Attwood and the

Birmingham radicals, who commissioned him to paint a picture of the Newhall Hill Meeting, but not finding money plentiful in their pockets, and finding Haydon had the "real grit" in him, as the Americans call it, they withdrew from the picture and tried to induce Haydon to give up painting, and come out on their side as a political speaker. But their fierce democratic principles and their rude manners jarred upon Haydon's aristocratic sentiments, and he hung back. While he was hesitating the Bill was passed, and Lord Grey catching Haydon in June 1832 gave him a five hundred guinea commission to paint the famous 'Reform Banquet' in Guildhall, and so turned him once again into the pictorial groove.

I have often speculated upon what Haydon might have done in public life if he had devoted to politics the time and attention he gave up to art. I have heard him complain that he felt "confined" in the art, that he could not get "full swing" for the power he had within him, and I have no doubt of it. He was a man of great natural powers of mind, with high power of cultivation, and certainly he had many of the qualities that go to make up a statesman. In the first place he was a thoroughly tough and indomitable man, "none of your shilipit milk-and-water dandies," as Proudfoot says, "but a sterling substantial fallow, who wadna hae feered the deil suppose he met him." He had great breadth of character and elevation of mind. All his political ideas were grand and imperial. He was for binding the whole of our colonies in one vast confederation, or else of setting them free; but no keeping them in mere leading-strings; that was neither one thing nor the other. I can remember his saying one evening, now nearly forty years ago, with a puff of contempt, "What stuff to talk of England only as a European power! She is a great Asiatic and American power that could put the whole of Europe in her pocket and make a colony of it." "What!" he cried out on another occasion, the English Channel a lucky thing for *us!* I can tell you it was a very lucky thing for the Continent." The first idea has since struck other men. The last I have never since heard uttered. But it was grand, and characteristic of him, for his faith in England and in her people, and their pugnacity and powers of endurance, was unbounded. "There is no people like them—they are the finest race in the world." He never had the least doubt about our success

and supremacy, but he would never have despised an enemy, and always have been prepared for every emergency. Then his knowledge of men and things was wide, his reading of history thorough, and in all the common qualities of our race he was not to be surpassed. Witness his activity, his energy, his industry and public zeal, his high courage, his audacious self-reliance, his readiness of resource under difficulty and defeat, his loyalty to his friends, his generosity to all, and his power of passionate appeal, and in a lively and picturesque style. These qualities, in spite of corresponding defects, which were only the defects of a warm heart, must have won for him a high place in party warfare, and, I even venture to think, in that Assembly which values the man who speaks from his heart. But it was not to be, and never was, though I can remember his saying one day, in a half-musing tone to himself, "I have done something for the Art, but I could have done more in Politics; perhaps I ought to have gone in, though" (he added after a moment) "I detest their dirty jobs;" then he seemed to toss the idea contemptuously from him, and went on painting furiously.*

The commission from Lord Grey was to paint the Great Reform Banquet at the Guildhall on the occasion of the passing of the Bill of 1832. The Corporation of the City of London also engaged to take a copy of the picture, and Haydon at once set to work. It was a picture of portraits; ninety-seven of the leading Whigs and Radicals of the day had to be painted, and thus Haydon found himself compelled to go again into that society from which he had greatly been excluded since 1823. But it was now an unequal combination, and these are always disadvantages to the weaker side, as we shall see. Lord Grey, Mr. Stanley, Lord Althorp, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Sir Francis Burdett, Tom Duncombe, Sir James Graham, O'Connell, Hume, and all the leading members of the reform party of that day sat to Haydon in turn, and satirised each other, while their wives criticised the portraits of each other's husband. With his sitters Haydon, of course, became on good terms; but he complains that he found the Whigs more lax in their views on morality, especially

* I am not certain, but I think in early life he had an offer to enter Parliament and declined.—ED.

on the subject of the Seventh Commandment, than the Tories, who were perhaps just as lax but did not talk about it—and not given to generous hospitality.* There was a hard aristocratic selfishness about them that he did not like, and contrasted unfavourably with his old friends. The three men he liked best and who liked him were Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Durham. He had no reason to complain of their aristocratic exclusiveness, nor were they chary of their hospitality towards him. Upon their opinions of the Seventh Commandment he discreetly says nothing. The two first were men of the world, the last a misanthrope, who found in Haydon's disappointed ambition something congenial with his own.

With his sitters Haydon had many and interesting conversations upon politics, by which he learned how much "chance" there is in legislation, and upon the great subject of his thought, the advancement of art, the reform of the Academy, and the elevation of the taste of the nation. These conversations I have given as fully as appears fair in his Table-Talk. Upon the whole he did not derive a very high impression of the feeling of our public men for art. They knew too little about it, and were too much occupied in politics, and jobs, and parish matters to care about knowing more. What little good Haydon tried to do them one day was undone the next, or at night, by clever academicians. "They dine together," he writes, "they speechify, they cajole, and gossip over their wine, and thus the art is jobbed and ruined." For example, he fondly hopes one week that he has converted the Prime Minister to his theory, that Schools of Design are absolutely indispensable to us as a commercial and manufacturing nation, and that every pattern designer should be taught how to draw on the same principle as the artist, viz., from the antique. The next week Lord Grey frankly confesses that he has "changed his opinion about schools of design." That he cannot "understand the necessity" of pattern designers learning to draw the human figure. This, of course, was not his own, but had been instilled into him by Sir Martin Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, who, "to save his life," says

* One day at the late Lord Grey's house, during the first days of their acquaintance, and while Lord Grey was sitting to him, luncheon was announced. Lord Grey got up and left the room, and left Haydon in it; nor was any luncheon sent in.—Ed.

Haydon, "could not draw a hand, a foot, a head, or a knee correctly." Haydon tries to remove this bad impression, but a few days later Lord Grey returns to the point, and declares again that he "does not really see much value in drawing. Correggio, you know, could not draw, nor could Sir Joshua Reynolds." "I looked fiery," says Haydon, "but I did not reply, for I could not speak without making him (Lord Grey) ridiculous." But if he failed with Lord Grey, Haydon was more successful with his radical tail. Hume, Ewart, and Wyse adopted Haydon's views, and very quickly arranged a campaign against the Academy. Early in the session of 1834 Mr. Ewart moved for and obtained a return of the works of art exhibited by the Royal Academy in previous years. This was the first step. With Lord Melbourne Haydon succeeded better. He admitted schools of design were necessary, promised Haydon that if he could he would establish one for London, and also that Haydon's idea of decorating the Houses should be "considered" at the first favourable opportunity. And yet, though he talked and laughed and argued over the subject constantly with Haydon, Lord Melbourne would do no more. He would not boldly adopt Haydon's scheme for provincial schools of design, but he gave him a committee (Mr. Ewart's committee of 1836) to inquire generally into the subject of Art and Design, and bring up the "Academy" to be cross-examined. A public grant of money in aid of painting and design was an innovation Lord Melbourne was not prepared to make. He would have readily knighted or baroneted Haydon, or perhaps have put him into the peerage if he had been well enough off and wished it, but his policy was to let things alone till forced to make a change. Thus, when Haydon asked him to interfere with the Royal Academy, he said, "No," and when Mr. Ewart's committee made their report, recommending provincial schools of design, he took the least notice of it possible, because it would have stirred up matters he preferred leaving as they were, on principle and policy. "The policy of the 'Whigs,'" writes Haydon, "is to arrest the keen edge of the scalping-knife of reform. They are content with pricking the corruption which ought to be probed and the humours let out."

Lord Melbourne never even got beyond looking at the knife. Though he liked Haydon and enjoyed his society, he

never gave him a commission. He could not afford it, but he once sent Haydon 70*l.* to save him from arrest, and accepted in return a very beautiful sketch of a very beautiful woman, which I find he "always kept hung up" at his bedside. This was doubly like Lord Melbourne. He was much attached to Haydon, regretted that he had not done more for him, was deeply affected by his death in 1846, and expressed himself touchingly to the family.

Haydon finished the picture of the 'Reform Banquet' by the spring of 1834, and, by particular desire of the Whigs, exhibited it publicly. They hoped it would recall the days of their glory. But the discredit into which Lord Grey's government had fallen kept the Ten Pounders away, and the general agitation of the times made the exhibition a failure. This inflicted a pecuniary loss of some 240*l.* upon Haydon. The moment the Whigs saw that the exhibition did not take, they began to abuse the picture, and "cut" the painter. This was judicious, but not magnanimous. Yet Haydon could have borne the loss without danger if the Corporation of the City of London had kept faith with him, and taken a copy of Lord Grey's picture as they had originally agreed. But, to their great disgrace, the Corporation followed suit with the Whigs, and I regret to feel compelled to apply such a term to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, that "model for the municipalities of Europe"—but they broke faith with the painter in the meanest manner, dishonourably shirked out of their promise, and never offered him the slightest compensation. Haydon had trusted implicitly to their honour, and they soiled and disgraced it.

The moment Lord Althorp heard of his troubles, he came forward with his great, broad, good heart, said he could not afford to do much, but he would buy all the chalk drawings of the sitters in Lord Grey's picture, and make a gallery of them at Althorp, but Attwood and the Birmingham League he would have none of. This was a help, and Haydon bore Lord Althorp in grateful remembrance all his life. But the rest of the Whig party did nothing. The Tories say it is their practice to desert their friends. They had honoured him by allowing him to paint their portraits, for which they had paid nothing, and that should be sufficient. Lord Grey, with his large family and many claims, could do no more than he did. Lord Pal-

merston contemplated a commission, but somehow he never got beyond the contemplation. And thus Haydon was left in the lurch, and to bear the loss incurred by the exhibition of the picture. Now, 248*l.* taken out of 525*l.* for nineteen months' work is a serious matter. Even if we add the 200 guineas Lord Althorp paid for the drawings, it yet leaves Haydon something under 15*s.* a day for his nineteen months' labour, and to find his own materials. Decidedly the Whigs were a worse paymaster than Sir Robert Peel. He at least gave Haydon a journeyman painter's wages. Edward Ellice, one of the leading men of the Whigs, had assured Haydon that the "Party" would not let him sink, and had sent Haydon 50*l.* himself. In his later extremity Haydon turns to his distinguished friend. What follows is given in his Journal with touching simplicity. On the close of the exhibition he writes to Edward Ellice, "The exhibition has failed, with a loss of 248*l.*" Edward Ellice replies, "I can give you no advice." As claims and embarrassments and lawyers' threats close on him, Haydon writes again, reminding Mr. Ellice of his promise, and piteously adds, "Don't let me sink." He gets no answer. Again he writes, "I am sinking," and Edward Ellice, putting on his hat, goes out to take a stroll in the park, telling his son, "Write to Haydon, and say I have gone down to the House." When Vittoria Colonna received news that her husband, Francesco, was desperately wounded, in great distress, and a prisoner at Ravenna, she immediately addressed him in thirty-seven stanzas of terza rima, and remained, at ease, at home in her villa at Pietralba. I dare say my father was as much comforted as Francesco.

At length, in July, 1834, when being cruelly pressed by attorneys on all sides, the Duke of Sutherland, out of sheer pity, gives him a 400 guinea commission for 'Cassandra.' "But for this commission," writes Haydon, somewhat unnecessarily, "I should have been crushed." On the 3rd September, the Duke sends him, at his earnest request, 100*l.* "in advance." Here was the mischief. He was always taking drafts on the labour of time to come. Yet this 100*l.* was only in time to save him, for immediately after the arrival of the letter enclosing the Duke's cheque, an execution is put in by order of the Whig Treasury, for arrears of taxes. The Whig finance in those days seldom had a balance and could not afford to forbear.

The duke's advance is soon paid away—200*l.* follow in the same course, a vast proportion of it going to the attorneys for their law costs,—and by the end of the year, when 'Cassandra' is finished, Haydon has only a small balance to receive, and no further employment in view.

In the earlier part of this year Haydon had put down his name for the Professorship of Design at the London University. The Council conceiving that a man who had been imprisoned for debt would injure the moral purity of this institution, resolved to reject him, and began to shuffle. Haydon at once withdrew his name and gave the Council his opinion of their conduct. On the 16th of October, however, an event had occurred which must not be passed over; the Houses of Parliament were burned down. Three days after, Haydon had a long conversation with Lord Melbourne, then Prime Minister, and got from him an assurance that Haydon's idea of uniting painting, sculpture, and architecture in the new Houses should "not be hopeless." As soon as the Building Committee was appointed, Haydon, on a hint from Lord Melbourne, presented a petition to Parliament, through Lord Morpeth (6th March, 1835), praying the House to order that "spaces be left in the new building for the commemoration, by painting, of the national triumphs," and urging the Committee to consider "the vast benefits which may accrue to the arts and manufactures of this country if this favourable moment be seized for the encouragement of historical painting."

The House approved of the petition, and directed it to be sent up to the Building Committee. Haydon had hopes, but he also had grave doubts. "The worst of it is," he writes, "the art is considered but as an embellishment, a sort of gilding, nothing more." These fears have proved, I think, to be thoroughly well founded, if we may judge at all by the number of pretty picture-book pictures on the walls of our great Palace.

The year 1835 was to Haydon a year of terrible struggle, harass, irritation, threats of execution, and actual execution for "arrears of taxes." Full of what he calls "heart-breaking apprehensions seizing me at intervals of thought," he was never for one moment free from that supreme curse of having to make every sovereign he got do the work of ten, and was driven to every extremity in life to get that one. "Why do

they not employ me?" he says mournfully one day to Lord Durham, with whom he was very intimate. "Why?" says Lord Durham, "I'll tell you why; they can't afford it. The greater part of the nobility of this country is insolvent." "But they marry and mend their fortunes," expostulated Haydon. "No," said Lord Durham, "not a bit of it, my dear friend; their marriages are on credit, like everything else about them." Lord Durham had no higher opinion of his noble friends than Lord Byron of his; but, unlike Byron with his poor companions, Lord Durham forgot to redeem their character by employing Haydon himself. His curious amusement seems to have been to say disagreeable things to his amiable wife in Haydon's presence, and to look on at Haydon painting and starving, and watch how long his noble friends would leave him unaided and alone to struggle.

With all his wealth I cannot see that he ever did anything for Haydon except give him his portrait, and once send him thirty guineas for a chalk sketch of her favourite boy, which Haydon had made a present to Lady Durham. He vexed the painter sadly in so doing; but this was the man. He would not employ him, but he would accept no presents.

Haydon was now in his fiftieth year, (as I well remember him,) a handsome, fresh-coloured, robust, little man, with a big bald head, small ears, aquiline features, a peculiarly short upper lip, and a keen, restless, azure-grey eye, the pupil of which contracted and expanded, rose and fell as he talked, just as if some inner light and fire was playing on his brain. He was a very active man; motion was his repose. In fact, he lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care. He carried himself uprightly and stamped his little feet upon the ground, as if he revelled in the consciousness of existence, especially in an E.N.E. wind, meeting him, at his own corner, in the month of February.*

* This love for fresh air he carried to an excess in his own house, and sometimes in those of other persons. It was quite his hobby, as well as his suspicion of a damp bed. Wherever he visited he always did two things: he opened all the windows, and, summer or winter, lighting his bedroom fire he aired his sheets and mattress. The late Lord Egremont used to tell a story of him on his arrival at Petworth the first night. Dinner was announced, and Haydon, who had been in the library, had suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him, and he was found in his bedroom with his evening coat carefully taken off, and his great coat buttoned round him, pulling his bed to pieces, hauling out blankets, sheets, mattress, and pillows, and spreading them over the backs of the chairs before the huge fire he had lighted. He had forgotten to do it before he came down. The late Sir Peter Fairbairn, of Leeds, used to tell a very similar story of him at

He was always a poor man, prudent and economical in his own expenditure, jealous of anything that bore the appearance of unnecessary expense, but most generous to others. He was strongly attached to his home and family, peculiarly tender and watchful in illness, and a most devoted husband. As a father he was anxious, far beyond the common run of parents, for the moral and intellectual progress of his children, always insisting upon the necessity of keeping in view high objects of ambition, in preference to mere worldly advancement, and of placing the attainment of a great public object above the level of "making money." The "comfortable" folks of course thought, and still think him a fool. They are welcome to their opinion.

In his own home Haydon was habitually taciturn, except on rare occasions, preferring the silence of his own thoughts to conversation with his family. In society, particularly that of his juniors, his talk was chiefly anecdotal; and from the number of men with whom he had associated in early life, and his power of vivid narration, his stories were peculiarly interesting. He was not ready in argument, rather resenting a strongly-expressed difference of opinion as "disturbing his ideas" on the subject on which discussion had been attempted. But now and then, among his equals, one of those utterances, "deep, lucid, and exhaustive, which it is given only to genius to enunciate," concentrating into a single brilliant sentence the thought and experience of years, would startle into temporary silence the more fluent and practised talkers among whom it was carelessly thrown, to be accepted, or neglected, or rejected, as fortune might decide.

To his servants and all about him Haydon was habitually kind and indulgent. He possessed in a rare degree, and in spite of a hasty temper and a rather dangerous candour, the

Woodsley. There was no harm in this; but his habit of opening windows in other persons' houses sometimes got him into a scrape. One day he was calling on Dr. Elliotson in town. "Pugh," he said to himself as he was shown into the room, "how can he live in such air?" and walking to the window he unfastened it, flung it open, and began to breathe more freely. Dr. Elliotson was a chilly man, and hated open windows. Presently the door swung aside gently, and the doctor slipped in, on the balls of his toes, like something feline. "Ah, my dear Haydon, how are you? Good God, what's that! Eh—what—an open window! Who has dared?"—and, ringing the bell furiously, there ensued a scene between the doctor and his man worthy of Molière. It is to be hoped that Haydon gave the footman a sovereign, but he more probably had not got it to give. Another time he indulged himself at, I think, Lord Yarmouth's, in the same manner. Lord Yarmouth, if it was he, caught him in the act, and walking to the window slammed it down again, and then politely entered into conversation.—Ed.

power of winning and preserving the love and respect of all who knew him well. He was enthusiastically devoted to his art, which he cultivated with the severest industry and research.* Nothing escaped him; indeed, he was eminently truthful in all things. I do not believe he would have told a falsehood, even on his oath.

And he was one of those men of profound heart to whom religion is a necessity of daily existence. Both in adversity and prosperity his piety was real. Tom Taylor has said of him that his religiousness is "puzzling" and his prayers "characteristic." But of what? Of the strongest desire to overcome inherent tendencies to evil, and of an intense conviction that moral rectitude is only to be obtained by prayer. Just as President De Thou used daily to pray God to "purify" his heart from all "partiality and personal dislike," and "bend" him "to truth" amidst the contending political factions of the French Parliament over which he presided, so did Haydon hourly pray God to guide him aright, to turn his heart from evil, and keep his feet from falling, and give him strength to maintain the truth, and grant success to his projects for the sake of the art of his great country. To my mind Haydon's prayers are quite intelligible. They show his keen sense of his own imperfections and unworthiness, his deep love for his Art, his passionate efforts and conflicts to reach purity of heart, his awful reverence, his unreserved adoration for the Almighty, and his firm belief that God could be induced by fervent prayer not only to comfort, encourage, and console the heart of a believer, but to "raise up" for him unknown friends, and even suspend natural laws in his favour. I admit

* I have seen the accusation made against Haydon that he was "an idle man," and frequently indulged himself in "fits of idleness." This is a silly bit of fault-finding. Who has not "fits of idleness," fits of depression, fits of a sluggish condition of brain in which you seem to have no sense of duty in life? But these do not make us idle men. Haydon had fewer fits of the kind than any man I ever knew: his liver was always in such good trim. Abstention from actual painting in a man of Haydon's invention does not imply idleness. I doubt if such a man is ever vacant-minded. Haydon carried his art about with him everywhere, and was always designing and conceiving "effects." It is told of Domenichino that his patron once finding him not painting reproached him for his "idleness." "Basta, Basta!" retorted the painter; "io la sto continuamente dipingendo entro di me," and so is every painter of imagination. A great painting is like a fine epic poem. The fire and energy of a first conception excites, and then exhausts the mind. No man can accomplish such a work straight on end, day by day. It must be studied, laid aside, and again renewed, with time enough in the intervals to allow the imagination to cool.—Ed.

his prayers contrast strangely and painfully with the outward and passionate agitations of his professional life, yet they tell us how present to his mind was this "invisible but living God," who "layeth the beams of His chambers in the waters, and maketh the clouds His chariot." He saw God daily, enduring as seeing one that is Invisible. It was to His will he ascribed everything. He even heard "voices"—that was the way he personified conscience—constraining him to do his duty, and he believed himself to be a man to whose fate a mysterious importance attached. He lived, in fact, in an atmosphere of extraordinary interferences, and miraculous inspirations, intimations, and presentiments. He notes in his journals from time to time the successive ruin and degradation of men who had helped to ruin and oppress him. All this shows what a strong affinity there was in his mind to the best part of the old Puritan, though without his austerity or intolerance.

On the subject of the inspiration of the Bible he refused to have any doubts. The accidents of poetic or legendary exaggeration were, I am inclined to think, separated in his mind from the essential truths, and he rated the Epistles far below the Gospel. In this he saw the inspiration of the Spirit of God, and he felt sure the voice of God spoke to us therein, furnishing to us all rules, principles, and laws of conduct sufficient to guide us under every circumstance of life.*

In politics Haydon was not a party man. Heart and soul an aristocrat, that is to say, in the sense of always giving to the best men, whether by intellect, rank, or wealth, the greatest influence, his hatred of injustice, wrong, and jobbery was so strong, he would go great lengths to root them out.

In music he had a fine taste, and preferred Haydn, Handel, and Mozart to all the rest. Of Beethoven he knew little. To the English theatres he seldom went in his later years. He preferred the French plays, enjoying the polished dialogue and perfect acting there. He was once induced by one of the family to go and see Macready in 'Lear.' He sat out the first

* One characteristic trait I must not omit. Whenever he read prayers at home to us, he always studiously left out that prayer in the Litany for "enduing the Lords of the Council with grace, wisdom, and understanding;" but I never heard his reason. He always, however, interpolated a petition for his own "health and strength—*for the sake of the Art of my country.*" This was never omitted; and the record of it may perhaps help to show that his efforts were directed at least as fully towards the advancement of English Historical Painting as towards his own.—ED.

act, and then went away, saying he could not stand any more of it. He afterwards ridiculed the whole thing, comparing Macready to a machine wound up to go through a certain representation, and every night in the same part performing exactly the same movements, and making exactly the same noises. Edmund Kean, he maintained, never played the same part twice in the same way. The same thing was true, he also said, of Mrs. Siddons. Of John Kemble the machine theory was always true. Haydon had studied Edmund Kean from his first appearance in 'Richard III.' in all his great parts in his best days. Mr. Lewes, who allows that he only saw Kean in his later and feebler days, asserts, on the other hand, that Kean never trusted to the "inspiration of the moment." This is probably true of Kean's later period, when his intemperate habits had obscured his fine genius, and he could no longer rely upon the advent of the divine afflatus at the right instant. But Edmund Kean, (as he remembered him) and Mrs. Siddons, were Haydon's faith.

One curious trait about him I remember was his sanguine buoyancy. Nothing ever depressed him for long. If one effort failed, he would try another in a different direction. He was the most persevering, indomitable man I ever met. With us at home he was always confident of "doing better next year." But that next year never came. It was the "Jack Snipe" of his existence; for in this respect, poor fellow, he was like that man whose shooting for many seasons, Fonblanque tells us, was devoted with great constancy to the death of one Jack Snipe, which, after all, outlived him. Every year Haydon had his shot, and every year, somehow or other, his bird escaped. Now it was the Reform Bill—then a crisis in the City—then the failure of a patron—then a change of ministers; and so it went on, and the good luck got off. He would never acknowledge to us what he knew to be the true explanation, that his aim was too high to bring down a bird that flew so capriciously, and so low.

The range of Haydon's sympathies was very wide. I know nothing that did not interest him, except Mathematics, which he detested, and the political economists—the gentlemen who think the world is to be saved by a sixpenny pamphlet—and these he confessed he could not understand. He knew more about ships, and forts, and guns, and the movements of troops, than most naval and military amateurs; but he had no knowledge

of science, and never pretended to it. He had a great love for horses and dogs, and was a sound judge of the points of each.* I believe him to have kept greyhounds, and coursed them under an assumed name. But he never betted, gambled, played cards or billiards, and had a perfect horror of club-life.

He was deeply read in the literature of his art. His favourite authors were Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Byron. Shakespeare he placed far above all "merely human" writers; in fact, next to Holy Scripture itself. He constantly referred to him, and constantly quoted him, and his quotations were never commonplace. He never, however, discussed the plays as organic wholes, but seemed to love to dwell on "touches of nature," on "beauties of expression," and on the practical wisdom of incidental sayings. After these first favourites came Fielding, Richardson, Cervantes, Scott. Wordsworth and Keats he praised rather than studied, at least in his later years. His admiration of them was no doubt influenced by personal friendship, which did not allow him to admit the obvious defects of either. Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' was with him, as with most of us, the "first of biographies." Next to it, he valued Eckermann's 'Conversations with Goethe.' With modern English writers he had a fair acquaintance. But his tastes here appeared to be capricious. He never succeeded, for instance, in appreciating Tennyson, whom he condemned as obscure and "affected." Yet he overcame his prejudice against Carlyle, which was based on similar grounds; and, once conquered, it was soon succeeded by warm admiration. He read and re-read the 'French Revolution' several times in the last year of his life. Mr. Pickwick, too (accidentally picked up by one of his sons at the house of his old friend W. Hamilton, who rebuked the lad for "wasting time over *that trash*"), once known, completely fascinated him; and old Mr. Weller and his son Sam became two of Haydon's "heroes." He was so delighted with 'Coningsby' that he could not refrain from expressing his gratification in a letter to its distinguished

* I remember when 'John Mytton's Life' came out, I took it to bed with me to read the next morning. When I awoke 'John Mytton' was not under my pillow! I searched the room all round, and it was gone. I dressed in a heat, and ran downstairs to look for my hero. As I passed the painting-room door, I heard a laugh! I opened the door gently, looked in, and there was my father enjoying 'John Mytton.' He had abstracted it from under my pillow the night before, and got up early to read it through himself.—ED.

author, which was acknowledged in person by Mrs. Disraeli, with whom he had a long and interesting conversation. He was, in fact, so far as time and eyesight would allow, a diligent student of literature, ancient and modern, English and foreign, preferring to pass his leisure in reading to the "unidea'd" talk of ordinary evening parties, or the "mental torture" of whist or chess. In modern history and politics he was well informed. I think he had read everything that had ever been written of Napoleon, Nelson, Collingwood, and the Duke, and he had gained much curious and authentic detail from his intercourse with men of the day.

In his professional career he was nobly free from professional jealousy, that secret source of so many of the aberrations of the best men. He was too clear-hearted to deny a man the praise that was his due. And it must be admitted his generosity was put to a severe test, for he saw those who owed the means of their success in life to him, pass him in the race. Yet he saw it without repining and, except in one instance, that of Landseer, his journals do not contain one word which would imply that he resented, as so many unsuccessful men do resent, the greater success of those whom he had trained. He made vigorous criticisms upon what he did not like in other men's work, and refused to tone down those opinions in order to escape the imputation of jealousy. It was not the man but the art Haydon always looked at, and his professional judgment was unbiassed, sound, and comprehensive. But when he spoke of the Royal Academy and their treatment of him and other painters, I must admit his judicial calmness would occasionally get upset. Yet his deliberate opinions were always candid and fair, and he did individual artists full justice.

Because he spoke vehemently on subjects upon which he felt deeply, the world has set him down as a prejudiced and one-sided man. But he was not so. The world is too apt to believe that moderation in language and much worldly prudence is a guarantee for sound judgment; but that rests on quite a different basis.

In his painting-room,* Haydon was thoroughly and essentially a happy man. There he lived in an ideal world, whose language was not speech, but form and colour. He had

* This room, the front drawing-room of the house in Burwood Place, was so small—the back room being occupied as the casts and colour room—it is surprising how he ever succeeded in painting for a distance. It was quite impossible to calculate the effect.—ED.

the mind of a poet, and he possessed the capacity of complete abstraction from all interrupting ideas. God had gifted him with this, or he never could have borne the life that was his lot so long. His practice was, after settling the composition, to make an oil sketch, and from this to roughly sketch or scumble in with umber upon his large canvas, the whole of the subject he intended to paint. This rarely took him more than one day. When this was dry he would commence with the head of one of the principal figures, or of the principal figure, and complete it at a sitting. Thus day by day he would go through the picture, finishing as he went along, reserving to himself, however, the right of heightening his colours or deepening his shades at the final glazing. What struck me most with his painting, as compared with what I can remember of Wilkie, and have observed in others, was the marvellous rapidity with which he worked, and the intense precision of his touch; although there was often a period when the result he aimed at was not secured, and this gave him great agitation. But with all that, his painting was singularly swift: it was as if he had seen in his mind's eye the effect of every touch before he set his palette. He certainly never painted any subject that he had not long thought out. Then when he took his brush in his hand, his mind overflowed, he flew at his work like a man inspired with fiery impulse, talking to himself in a rapid whisper, and, utterly lost to all the world around, gave reins to his enthusiasm. He never seemed for a moment to naggle or hesitate. If the result was not satisfactory, he became greatly agitated. I have seen big drops of perspiration come out on his brow. Another touch or two, and then, perhaps, he would dash it all out, and breathe again freely. In painting the human form, or that of animals, he had always the living model before him. His horses were brought into the house, and stabled for the day on the ground-floor. Every day's work was painted straight off and done with. He ground his own colours and set his own palette before breakfast. He mixed his tints upon his palette, and completed his work wet. After he had hit the exact expression he wanted, he would never touch it again, but swish down his palette and brushes and say, "There, thirty years of experience are in that, and yet how infinitely below what I aim at! But I

shall not do better." And then he would fling open the shutters and begin to write.

His method of painting was his own. His natural sight was of little or no use to him at any distance, and he would wear, one pair over the other, sometimes two or three pairs of large round concave spectacles, so powerful as greatly to diminish objects. He would mount his steps, look at you through one pair of glasses, then push them all well back on his head, and paint by his naked eye close to the canvas. After some minutes he would pull down one pair of his glasses, look at you, then step down, walk slowly backwards to the wall, and study the effect through the one, two, or three pairs of spectacles; then, with one pair only, look long and steadily in the looking-glass at the side to examine the reflection of his work; then mount his steps, and paint again. How he ever contrived to paint a head or a limb in proportion is a mystery to me, for it is clear that he had lost his natural sight in boyhood. Without his glasses he could see nothing distinctly. He is, as he said, the first blind man who ever successfully painted pictures. But then he left nothing to chance. He was singularly careful in his arrangements of your position and drapery, and often studied you for long before he began to paint; and would make many changes, so as to get harmony of light and shadow.* He strongly disapproved of hoarding up a picture until finished. It should be shown, he thought, in progress; and he always admitted uneducated as well as refined persons of taste. "The instinctive feeling of the untutored," he would say, "is often to be preferred to the delusions of mere artists." The unbiassed decision of the masses whose heart was touched, he thought a safer guide than the fastidious criticism of insipid dilettanti. Of critics, in general, Haydon held a mean opinion. "There is very little sound criticism in the newspapers upon art," I have heard him say; "even less than there is upon literature, and God knows that is little enough. There is nothing, however absurd, that does not pass through the head of an art critic." He attributed this generally to the same cause as Mr. Disraeli,

* Mr. Redgrave, in his 'Dictionary of Painters,' asserts that Haydon commenced his pictures "without plan or forethought." This is wholly incorrect. I do not suppose any painter ever lived, who took more preparatory pains in the design of his works. The evidence of his 'Journals' is alone sufficient to refute Mr. Redgrave.—ED.

that the critics were commonly men who had tried and failed in literature and art. But unlike Mr. Disraeli, Haydon never shook himself free from the thraldom of their criticism. It requires a peculiar temperament, or long practice in the discipline of self-control. Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Disraeli, are the only two men in modern times who have set public men an example in this respect.

Of Haydon's trials and misfortunes I have spoken sufficiently. If poverty is the greatest of temptations, few men ever suffered more cruelly, or with greater firmness. Since I have become acquainted with the facts of his life and the nature of his struggles, my wonder is, not so much that he met with so many reverses, as that he conquered so much success. Looking at all the circumstances of his life, he seems to me a perfect embodiment of that admirable quality of tenacity, so characteristic of our race. He is a thorough-bred Englishman. He never faints, rarely murmurs, and is always ready to wear himself to death sooner than yield. Whatever were his faults, he was a fine character in these respects. He had a noble ambition, and his life at this period brings out in strong relief the courage with which he bore the neglect of a nobility unworthy of his genius, and endured those calamities of fortune their neglect imposed upon him.

I must not, however, conclude this part of Haydon's career without noticing certain defects of character and conduct alleged against him, particularly at this period. First among these stands his passion for "display," that is, for theatrical effect. It is true, to some extent. With all his hatred of cant and claptrap, a certain love for the trumpets' blare was a conspicuous blemish in his character. I do not pretend to deny it makes me laugh whenever I meet with it. Yet he does not stand alone in this. All men who woo the sweet voices of the multitude, from Apelles down to John Bright, have something of the charlatan, without knowing it. Even steady Sir Joshua Reynolds set up a gaudy carriage, all gilt and colour, and sent his sister Frances, to her great discomfort, to drive daily about town, in order that people might ask, "Whose carriage is that?" and get their answer. Men of his calibre do many things that appear absurd and indefensible to us, and probably for no better reason than influenced Alcibiades

when he cut off his dog's tail. In the same manner Haydon's "advertisements" and "appeals," and descriptions of his pictures, and even his "statements" of his affairs, have all more or less a touch of Sir Joshua's silver-gilt carriage; though only a touch, for Haydon never got beyond placard-men and advertisements. But it is the same with stump oratory of every kind from any quarter. Appeals of this nature are seldom within the limits of classical taste, and are not infrequently, as in Haydon's case, marked by an indelicacy of sentiment worthy only of the English nobility during the Protectorate, when they dunned the French King to give them money. But with this difference, that Haydon always asked for "work" before "wages;" whereas the idea of getting their own living did not occur to the English nobility. It was Haydon's sole ambition. I think, also, on some occasions, he took a robust delight in shocking the (trousered) "old ladies"—of literature and art.

Yet if there is anything to feel ashamed of, it is rather in the conduct of those who drove him to such questionable expedients.

Another fruitful charge alleged against him is his "arrogance" and his "inordinate vanity." Well, which one amongst us is humble? Humility is the virtue we invent for our neighbours. But I do not understand the charge of "arrogance," as brought against Haydon. Those who condemn him on this ground measure Haydon's views by their own narrow judgment, and condemn him because he denied what society deemed the highest authority in art. But that man only is arrogant who determines to be at variance with those of whom he thinks highly. No one will seriously pretend that Haydon held a high opinion of those from whom he differed upon Art, viz., the Royal Academy and "authorities," *i.e.* the connoisseurs and critics.

The imputation of "vanity" may have more ground. Haydon was fond of notice. He had, I admit, a passion for distinction; but his critics universally confound this with "conceit" and "impudence;" just as they confound "modesty" with "humility"—qualities quite distinct. A man may be very vain and very modest, and yet neither conceited nor bashful. Haydon set a just value on himself, and never affected an inferiority in those things in which he knew himself to excel. There is nothing opposed to the spirit of true modesty in this. We all of us

feel a certain pleasure in exclusive possession. We all of us, I believe, "pray the Lord," with the weaver of Kilbarchan, "to send us aye guid conceit o' oursels." But Haydon never claimed more than was his due: and this is my idea of a modest man. He laughed at his critics, but this did not show his want of modesty—rather their want of knowledge. "If you wish to be praised by these gentlemen," said the First Napoleon, "it is necessary that you should first praise and reward them, and their appetite, I must admit, is craving and coarse."

It is unfortunate, but Poetry and Painting are the only two arts in which the professors are not supposed to know their own business as well as those who only talk, but do not practise, men who, as it were, hang between perfection and decay, blown with restless vanity, at so much a sheet, round about the pendent world of their ambition, like Dryden's spirits of a middle sort—

> "Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
> Who just dropped halfway down, nor lower fell."

When Haydon resisted the pretensions of these "half-learned men," as Sir Joshua Reynolds contemptuously calls the critics, they attacked him, and attack him still. He was, in fact, in the position of the Independent-Liberal who refuses to submit to the dictation of the local committee. They attack him, and start a rival candidate, and will lose a seat sooner than let him in. If he succeeds in spite of them, they attribute his success to any cause but his own merits. Thus it was with Haydon. He laughed at the critics; exposed their pretensions; took his own line, and, in return, is boldly condemned as a "failure," accused of "a ludicrous vanity," of a "want of the modesty of true genius," and of "seeking his own glorification in his art," &c. &c., all which cant we have heard before.

I feel satisfied whatever gratification Haydon felt at success was upon public more than on private grounds. He rejoiced boisterously, because every success was a step further from the false teaching of the Authorities, and nearer to that truth to which he aimed at carrying the Nation. "His own glorification!" It was nothing but the natural joyfulness of a generous heart over a long-baffled victory. He had well earned every success that he won, and he deserved to enjoy it. Romney, the artist, said every painter "required, almost daily, a portion of cheering applause." And do they not deserve it? But Haydon was "so self-intoxicated; he objected

to any criticism that did not praise him, regarding it as an attempt to pull him down." No; it was not that he objected to adverse criticism, if it were sound and true, and given by a competent judge; but, like all masters in their art, he objected to the publication by editors of the pompous nonsense of their art-critics, who were ignorant that they were ignorant, and blundered in their fault-finding.

Hogarth, "whose excessive high opinion of his own abilities," says Northcote, "was a foible," was furious at the censure of ignorant critics.* Hume, though he never deigned to reply, was cut to the quick by hostile criticism. Racine was so extremely sensitive, that a single adverse criticism outweighed all applause. Cicero went so far as to insist on being praised, even at the expense of truth.† Theopompus, the great Greek orator, when asked who was the best orator of Greece, said, "of all the modern men I think I prefer myself." Buffon, conceiving his critics did not do him justice, inscribed upon his own statue, that "of the great men of modern ages there were only four—Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and myself." The vanity of Voltaire, De Thou, Hobbes, Kepler, Rousseau, is notorious. Garrick used to write his own criticisms—so Mrs. Garrick tells us; and the conceit of Wordsworth was one of the most remarkable traits in his character.‡ At its very worst the vanity of a man of genius is more amusing than offensive. Why then should critics take offence? They ought rather to feel pleasure and pride in his success as a set-off against their own failure. But some men are envious of every effort made independently of them to add to the stock of a Nation's thought, or win public approbation. "C'est un terrible avantage de n'avoir rien fait, mais il ne faut pas en abuser."

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* When Ramsay wrote a hostile criticism upon Hogarth's 'Analysis of Beauty,' Hogarth publicly advertised he would paint no more original pictures, and contemptuously offers to present every purchaser of the 'Analysis of Beauty' with a copy, gratis, of Ramsey's eighteen-penny pamphlet.—ED.

† See his letter to Lucceius.—ED.

‡ I remember well the last day I spent with him at Rydal. I happened to speak of the 'critics,' and particularly of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It was like putting a red-hot poker into a powder barrel. My venerable godfather, with a roar like a lion roused in his lair, shouted a "Bah!" that made the windows rattle, and struggling from his chair he stood on the rug facing me with his grand old head forward on his chest, and poured out such a torrent of invective and contempt for the "butter-paper" of Jeffrey, as compared to *his* 'Poems,' that I listened with awe. I had no idea such force was in the old bard. I would have given a great deal to have written down his words, but I had no opportunity. —ED.

THE CLOSING SCENES.

We have arrived at the last twelve years of Haydon's life. On the vote in Parliament for a National Gallery, in 1832, whether by reason of Haydon's direct efforts or previous statements I know not but, the fact of our inferiority in design to the French—one of his favourite examples and arguments—was strongly insisted on, was not denied by the Government; and the result was, at last, the founding of a National School of Design.

In the scheme for this school Haydon does not seem to have been consulted by the Government, who appear to have preferred to leave the matter in the hands of the Royal Academy. He looked on curiously for the result. In the course of 1835 the Government was delivered of what he declared to be "an abominable abortion"—a mass of radical defects and meanness—a "school of design" which was only to teach pattern-drawing, and to artisans alone. Haydon's object with regard to Schools of Design was, as we have seen, to establish a great central school in London, independent of the Royal Academy, with branch-schools in the provincial towns; the course of instruction in each to be the same, though in different degrees, for artist, artisan, and amateur, and to be based on a knowledge of the human form—the source of all fine art. All decorative art, Haydon maintained, that was not based on fine art was unworthy the name of art altogether. "I wish every door-painter," he said, "to be taught to design and draw the figure;" that is to say, he aimed at making the humblest workman acquire a scientific knowledge of the principles of his work. He desired to foster in every pupil that spirit of enquiry and research which should develope the highest skill in every craft. But this large and comprehensive scheme,

which would have restored the relations in which the Pupil formerly stood to his Master, and have raised a race of powerful designers for art and manufactures, did not fit into the views of the bureaucrats, nor suit the interests of the Royal Academy. If Haydon's great public plan were carried out it would substitute Feeling for Rule, it would also draw the art-students from the official Academy school, and lower the influence and reputation of the Royal Academy, or compel its reform. Both parties therefore prepared for a struggle. The Academy and the Board of Trade resolved to stifle Haydon's scheme by making the new school dependent on the Royal Academy, and, by strictly maintaining in the new school, as in the Academy school, the separation between artist and artisan. The artisan was not to be taught to draw the figure, and the School of Design was to be kept as an inferior department of the Academy school, and used merely for instruction in block and pattern drawing. For this purpose Mr. Poulett Thompson, then President of the Board of Trade, appointed a majority of Academicians on the council of the new school, and these gentlemen, headed by (Haydon's old friends) Chantrey and Calcott, immediately passed a series of resolutions excluding the study of the human figure from the course of instruction, and effecting other arbitrary changes which struck at every point of Haydon's scheme. For example, they required from each student a written declaration that he would not practise in England as a painter of portrait, history, landscape, or animal life, nor, I believe, as a sculptor. The object of this is clear. It was to prevent competition with established artists, and to maintain the official ascendency of the Royal Academy.

Meantime Haydon, hearing of what it was intended to do, determined to countermine, and deeply. He besought Lord Melbourne to grant, and Mr. Ewart, M.P., to obtain, a Select Committee to inquire into "the best means for extending the knowledge and principles of art and design among the people." Lord Melbourne, who dreaded anything like a contest with 'Professors'—"God help the Minister," he once said to Haydon, "who interferes in art"—had no objection to pass the responsibility over to a select committee, and thus Mr. Ewart's committee was obtained during the Session of 1835. In order to aid this committee to the utmost of his power, and to go further, in time, Haydon resolved during the winter of 1835–6,

to deliver a series of lectures in London on "Painting and Design." I believe the suggestion was first made to him by Mr. Wyse, and for some time he resisted it. He did not wish to appear prominently before the public. At length he yielded, and went to work. His object was to awake public opinion on the vast importance of a knowledge of design to our manufacturers, so as to strengthen Lord Melbourne and force the Board of Trade to establish a large and comprehensive system of schools throughout the country. Thus it was that Haydon came before the public as a lecturer on art and design. He had no other object in view. All the base personal and pecuniary objects imputed to him by his enemies are utterly false. A man, who for thirty years had been writing for the public journals on Art, and had never accepted a sixpence for his contributions, was not likely to think of whether this or that would "pay," on a matter he had so dearly at heart as our "schools of design." I believe myself that this "lecturing" went strongly against his grain. He loved the quiet and repose of his painting-room, and he would have given all he possessed, except his brains, to secure it. Yet this work had to be done, and there was none to do it but himself. He prepared a "lecture" on Painting and Design; and on the 8th September, 1835, made his first appearance in public at the London Mechanics' Institution.

The hall was crammed. There was immense curiosity to see him. Few people believed he would succeed, his life had been so retired; and all were eager to hear what he had to say, and watch how he would acquit himself. They might have been quite easy. There was no chance of his failing. He knew his subject too well, and was too courageous to be "put down" if there was any attempt. But he was decidedly nervous: you could see it in the corners of his mouth. He says that all his distresses, humiliation, and ruin "crowded" on his mind as he came on the platform. There was a dead silence, and he stood stock-still, looking at the mass of heads before him. A round of applause greeted him; he did not notice it, but, taking off his spectacles, wiped them carefully for some time, then held them up to the light to see if they were clear. This was *finesse* to enable him to recover his self-possession. Then he opened his book and began his lecture. In ten minutes he had got the ear of his audience.

His lectures on "Painting and Design" are published and well-known. He dedicated them to Wordsworth. They are twelve in number, are forcibly but negligently written. Haydon was too eager and too earnest to spread the truth to waste time in ornament, but he might have been more careful and exact in his choice of words. He insists on a knowledge of anatomy as the true basis of the arts of design. He entreats English students, after the manner of the old masters, to stay at home and study, for that we have in the Elgin Marbles and the cartoons finer things than Italy ever possessed or possesses. He lays down sound rules for their guidance and instruction. He maintains, in contradiction to Reynolds, that grandeur of style does not consist in the omission of all details, but in the judicious selection of the leading ones; he attacks and refutes Alison and Jeffrey's theories of taste, and he denounces and ridicules what is called the "Grand style" in art. "When you see an outline like iron, that is 'the grand style.' When hands are twisted, heads distorted, one leg up and the other so far removed from the body you may question if it will return, that is 'the grand style.' All this absurdity originated with Michel Angelo, and although he is not answerable for the excesses of his admirers, there must be something erroneous and wrong if every imitator from Goltzius downwards has been led to such extravagance."

In his conclusion on the first night, he said, "If by my efforts I can advance your taste, or refine your feelings for High Art, and prove its connection with your various callings; if I can rekindle the lost feeling for its national importance, or prove its immense value to manufactures; if I can give you a deeper insight into its eternal principles than can be gathered in the heat, and glare, and varnish of a spring exhibition, *one* of the great objects of my life will be realised. But, remember, nothing will, nothing can be effectually of use till schools of design be established in the great towns, of which the knowledge, the deepest knowledge of the human figure, must be the corner stone, and High Art has made its legitimate impression in high quarters, and by State support is placed at the least on a level with portrait."*

* Sir Charles Eastlake, in his last address as President of the Royal Academy at the annual dinner, bore witness to the great change these schools of design had wrought in the public appreciation of art. "The change to which I allude," he

At the close, the audience enthusiastically cheered him again and again, and from this night Haydon's reputation as a lecturer upon art was established. In a few months he was overwhelmed with offers of engagements in all parts of the country, and up to his death in 1846, had the greatest difficulty in selecting without giving offence. Nor did he wish to give up too much of his time to this labour.*

Mr. Ewart's select committee sat and took evidence during the session of 1836. Haydon was one of the principal witnesses examined. He laid his whole plan for the foundation of a system of schools of design before the committee, and he laid before the committee also a plan for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament by a series of great paintings, illustrating the principles upon which the building is erected, and he pressed the committee to urge public employment for the English painters of history. In their report, the committee adopted these views so far as they thought it advisable. His plan for schools of design they fully accepted.

We must not leave this committee without remarking it was the first Parliamentary Committee that insisted upon calling before it the President and Council of the Royal Academy, and subjecting them to a searching cross-examination. Haydon had got this inserted into the duties of the committee. Lord Melbourne, on his suggestion, had allowed it. The conduct of Sir Martin Shee, P.R.A., when undergoing examination, was marked by a great want of dignity. His virulent academic

said, "has been chiefly brought about by the application of the fine arts to what is called industrial art, and more especially in schools of design." Eastlake knew well to whom this was due, and the enormous exertions Haydon had made between 1835 and 1842 to carry the principles of High Art into his schools of design against the determined opposition of the Academic Council of the London School of Design; but it would have been taken ill if he had spoken out Haydon's name at an academy dinner, so strong was the prejudice against him.—Ed.

* In their 'Century of Painters,' the brothers Redgrave dismiss Haydon as a lecturer on art in a few contemptuous words, as if he sought engagements only to make money. Nothing can be further from the truth. And besides, the brothers Redgrave mistake and misconceive Haydon's motive in lecturing. It was to rouse public opinion first in favour of Mr. Ewart's Committee, so as to bring before it all available evidence, and next to put pressure upon the Government to support the recommendations of that Committee. When Haydon had succeeded in his object, that of establishing "Schools of Design" on his own principles of instruction in the provinces, he began to gradually withdraw himself from lecturing, in order to return to his easel, which he never left for an hour without unaffected regret. Lecturing so far from being a gratification to him was a great and painful effort, which only a sense of duty led him to undertake. The remarks of the brothers Redgrave on this point appear to me, who knew him well, to be singularly ungenerous and unjust.—Ed.

jealousy and hatred of Haydon broke out more than once, and could hardly be restrained. He denounced Haydon as the cause of all mischief in the art; he shook his fist at him across the table; he shouted at him, "There's the man—that's the man —that's the respectable man," till the committee, pained and astounded, stopped proceedings and ordered the room to be cleared. After a while order was restored, and Sir Martin was directed to restrain his personalities. Mr. Henry T. Hope, one of the members of the committee, was so shocked that he writes to Haydon next day (17th July, 1836) to express "his regret and distress" at the "bitterness he had witnessed displayed against him," and, as an acceptable consolation, subsequently begs Haydon to paint him a cabinet-picture. This was very good of Mr. Hope, and I, for one, shall always remember him gratefully for it. The request produced that exquisite bit of humour in painting 'Falstaff,' now at Deepdene, and which the late Sir Robert Peel admired so much.

The violence of Sir Martin Shee did the Academy no good. The committee began then to suspect there was more behind the curtain than even Haydon had revealed. But their report, in Haydon's opinion, erred on the side of tenderness. It certainly does deal gently with the proved abuses of the Royal Academy; but the moderation of the report serves the more strongly to expose the obstinate resistance of the academicians to any measure having in it one particle of the substance or spirit of real reform. But unquestionably one result of the labours of this committee was the immediate uprising of our "schools of design" under Haydon's vigorous touch, and the appointment of the Fine Arts Committee of 1841.*

Before the close of the year 1836, the insolvency of Lord Audley (who had given Haydon two commissions) involved the painter once more in serious embarrassments. I always know what is coming when I read in his journals such entries as—

* If our schools of design, which Haydon succeeded in getting established at this period, have not fully answered all the expectations he formed of them, the blame is not his, but first that of the central authority in London, which thwarted, vexed, and crossed him while he lived, and as soon as he was dead used its influence to obtain a departure from his judicious rules. A competent authority writes to me recently, as follows:—"Schools of design have not done what was expected from them, mainly, I believe, because they have been led into a wrong road by the teaching of South Kensington, which has encouraged an exaggerated mechanical precision of finish, instead of designing on the large and true principles such as your father would have insisted on."—Ed.

"30th August. Out the whole day in bitter pecuniary harass. Suffered all my old agonies of torture."

"Sept. 5th. Worked, but in agony."

On September 9th he was arrested while at breakfast with us. I remember the morning well; the timid ring; the affected unconcern; the balancing of his spoon on the edge of his cup; the whisper in the hall; and the servant coming in with, "If you please, sir, Mr. 'Smith' wishes to see you." I shall not forget the expression of pain that passed over his face as he rose and left the room, not venturing to look any of his children in the face. "Tell your mother I have gone out," he said, sadly; that was all. In a few minutes we saw him driven away in a hackney coach, accompanied by two men, one sitting on the box. He remained in prison till the 17th November.

"What a fight it is!" he writes in his journal for the day of his arrest. "It is wonderful how my health and my dear Mary's, too, is preserved. But, trusting in God, I have not the least doubt of carrying my great object—a vote of money for art—and perhaps I shall then sink without tasting its fruits." He did so, too surely.

On the 17th November he was again brought before the Insolvent Court. There was no opposition. Not a question was asked, and he was discharged forthwith.*

It was on this occasion of his release that his kind friend, the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, drove up to the house to call. Haydon had not yet arrived. When he found the Duchess had called, he wrote to beg of her when she came again to come in "state." She drove up the next day in her court carriage, and with all the magnificence of ducal state, and paid us a long visit. During the winter and spring she occa-

* As a specimen of the furious anonymous letters which not infrequently assailed Haydon, the following, one of the least violent and disgusting, may be printed. The date is the 15th September, 1836, and the postmark, "Coventry Street:"—

"London, 15th Sept. 1836.

"Allow me to tell you that the public thinks that you are one of the lowest, mean beggars in England, that you are a lazy good-for-nothing fellow, and can do nothing, and ought to be sent to the treadmill as an impostor.

"I hope no one will be swindled with you. The only subscriptions that should be gone into for you is to purchase a broom to sweep the streets.

"A Hater,
"C. M. D."

"*To* B. R. HAYDON."

sionally sent her carriage up of her own accord, to wait at our door, as if she was in the house. It was all she could afford to do, and she thought it would at least give Haydon credit with his tradesmen. This was amiable and good of her; but Haydon wanted employment, not credit.

The year 1837, and, in fact, the remaining years of his life, up to the last, seem to have been fairly free from those heart-breaking pecuniary anxieties which had so distressed him since 1823—seven times arrested, four times imprisoned and ruined, and five of his children killed, for to explain their deaths by any other cause than the mental anxieties of their mother during these years would be incorrect—Haydon yet came out of the struggle in 1837, strong in health, and firm in his determination to carry his points.

This was the only bit of selfishness about him. Everything but the education of his children, and everybody belonging to him, was sacrificed to this effort to turn the minds of the nobility and the people towards High Art and a more serious view of the educational value of art. It was a great public object, I admit; but when a man has a great public and professional object like that in view, and one so difficult to attain, he ought not, unless he be independent of his profession, and can provide for his family, to risk "giving hostages to fortune" by marriage.

Haydon opens the new year (1837) by a vigorous remonstrance with Mr. Poulett-Thompson, the President of the Board of Trade, upon his mismanagement of the London School of Design. Mr. Ewart had told Haydon that all was going wrong; that Poulett-Thompson was making an "Academy job" of the whole thing; and the only course left was to start an opposition school. With his usual habit of taking his bull fairly by the horns, Haydon, as soon as he had made himself acquainted with the facts, went off to the Board of Trade and sought out Mr. Poulett-Thompson in his room.

"I told him," he writes, "that I had heard a resolution had been passed that no student would be admitted to the School of Design unless he signed a declaration that he would not practise history, portrait, landscape, or sculpture. He denied it and said, 'Who has been telling you these stories?' 'But has it been passed?' I asked. No answer. I told him I heard it was resolved the study of the figure was not necessary?

'And is it,' he said, 'to fellows who design screens?' I did not say, 'You ought to know it is,' as he ought. I then told him the Figure was the basis of all design, of which he seemed totally incredulous. . . . . I said, 'Is it consistent with the principles of Lord Melbourne's government to make the Council (of the School of Design) wholly academical?' 'I selected the best artists. Calcott is the best landscape painter, and Chantrey, surely, at the head of his profession!' 'No, he is not,' I replied. 'Who is higher?' 'Surely Westmacott has done more poetical things than Chantrey, and so has Bailey. And why are not Martin and Rennie on the Council?' 'What pretensions has Rennie?' 'He does the naked, and is a judge of what is necessary for a School of Design.' '*Why is he against the Academy?*'* 'On principle.' 'But he has no subject of complaint.' 'That is the very reason his opinion is valuable. Depend on it, if the Figure be not made the basis of instruction it will all end in smoke. I have no ultimate object. I have no personal wishes; but if you only put Academicians on the Council, you will only become their tool.'" Mr. Poulett-Thompson was not to be convinced, and Haydon left him.

In a few days (29th January, 1837), Haydon paid a personal visit to the Government School of Design, and feeling satisfied from what he saw of the futility of the whole scheme, he wrote Mr. Poulett-Thompson a characteristic letter, to be found in the 'Correspondence,' and, at once joined Wyse, and Mr. Ewart, to set on foot an opposition School of Design. In this they were heartily supported by Mr. Robert Foggo, Hyde Clarke, and other able men, and before very long, to the astonishment of Mr. Poulett-Thompson, a "Society for Promoting Practical Design" was publicly announced and the school opened, first in the old house of Sir Isaac Newton, and then moved to the great room at Saville House. Mechanics were invited, and came in large numbers. Drawing from the antique was taught, lectures by Haydon, Hyde Clarke, Foggo, and Latella, on anatomy, design, colour, fresco, &c., were delivered, and Haydon introduced a fine female model, and set the working-men to draw from her. The school became immensely popular, and soon filled.

The object of Haydon and his friends in this course of action

* This was the pinch.—Ed.

was not to ruin, but to improve the Government School of Design at Somerset House, by drawing their students away, and thus giving the Council a sharp lesson, that if they wished to exist they must enter into competition with the Saville House School, when the Saville House Committee intended to reduce their fees, extend their system of instruction, and draw the Board of Trade on into a position from which they could never again retire. Then, the Saville House School might be closed or not, as seemed best.

The Board of Trade rose to the "fly" so artfully flung, and gorged it. The first thing they seem to have done was to get some of their own friends elected into the Committee of the new school, whether or not to neutralise Haydon and his party I cannot say, but if not, at least to learn the projects and organisation of the enemy, so that these might be successfully imported or balanced by Somerset House. And thus the obstructive policy of the Government in their School of Design, and their effort to prevent the mechanic from being educated as an artist, was the cause of his being more artistically educated, and led to this extraordinary spectacle. The hostile committee of a rival school of design sitting at Saville House, and including among its members the President of the Board of Trade and official supporter against Haydon of the Academical Council of the school at Somerset House, the President of the Royal Academy and official antagonist of Haydon upon art, and, lastly, Sir Robert Peel, the supporter in Parliament of the Royal Academy as against Haydon, all three officially associating with and sitting with Haydon in the same committee, of which he took the lead, and following his lead in opposition to their own academicians and their own School of Design. It was as pretty a comedy as ever was played. The object of Sir Robert Peel in getting named to this committee may at least be safely assumed. But, with all his practised experience, it does not appear he put Haydon down, or carried measures against him.

The Saville House School flourished exceedingly. It drew students from all quarters. But the greatest good, and the one it aimed at, it did effectually. It forced the Government School at Somerset House to compete for existence. As a counter attraction to Haydon's female model, the Somerset House School introduced a male as well as a female model, and

thus for ever yielded the point of the study of the human form. This, of course, drew all the women students to Somerset House, as well as many of the men. To draw on Somerset House still further, Saville House then reduced their fees. Somerset House met them again by further liberality and an improved management, and, ultimately, by the repeal of their ungenerous regulations, till at length, in 1839, Haydon and his friends, finding their object fully attained, and the Somerset House School then working on a sound basis, withdrew from Saville House, and the school was shortly after closed.

While this little comedy was in progress, Haydon had gone off to Edinburgh and Glasgow in order to rouse public feeling on the subject. He met with an enthusiastic reception, and, on leaving Scotland, crossed into England and commenced his crusade in favour of schools of design in the provinces. He lectured to crowded audiences at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Hull, Sheffield, Newcastle, Leicester, and elsewhere, and successfully impressed upon all the vast importance to our manufactures of sound knowledge of the principles of art and design. He was hailed with enthusiasm wherever he appeared, and his lectures drew vast audiences and were listened to and enjoyed by the keen, intellectual people of the north. Before leaving Edinburgh the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh entertained him at a public dinner. In a letter to his sister of the 27th April, 1837, he alludes to it casually :—"The dinner took place on Saturday: Mr. Lothian in the chair, the Rev. Dr. Binnie on his left, I on his right, and about 110 of the leading reformers in Edinburgh made up the company. My health was proposed by Mr. Lothian in the neatest speech of the kind I ever heard, short, terse, to the point, and true. Had you heard and seen its reception, you would not have forgotten it. Cheering, shouting, huzzaing, and waving of handkerchiefs. Lothian, I thought, must be a great favourite, for they know too little of me. But when I got up I was met with such a storm of applause, it was quite five minutes before it subsided. I was deeply affected. I could not speak. Then they cheered me again and again, and at last my head cleared all of a sudden, and I dashed at it. Among other things, I told them this dinner showed they at least comprehended me, my object, and my motives. They felt that my object in exposing the Academy in 1812 was not a petty, personal object, was not upon personal, but upon public

grounds and on public principle. They saw a system which embedded mediocrity for life in power, and without responsibility; a system which had enabled inferior men like Farrington to baffle Sir Joshua Reynolds, and like Sir Martin Shee to pass over the illustrious head of David Wilkie; a system which had harassed Barry, Opie, West, Martin, and myself, and tried to suppress our particular art. Such a system so constituted was essentially defective, and must be reformed. It was inimical to the best interests of the United Kingdom in art, and destructive of the independence of artists." *

Haydon's success as a public lecturer was certainly unprecedented. The extent of his knowledge, the originality of his style, the simplicity of his explanations, and the readiness with which, with a piece of white chalk, he dashed out on a black board the human figure, a head, a limb, or any part of the human form, delighted his audiences, while the inimitable way in which he leaned over his reading-desk and took them into his confidence, and threw good stories, fresh from life, into his "lecture," doubled its impression, and made him a prodigious favourite. His manner was natural, his voice clear and musical, his delivery rapid and impassioned, and the evident sincerity with which he drove home what he called "the naked truth," completely carried his audience with him. Force of character and elevation of mind, coupled with such courage and sincerity, always maintain a powerful sway over any body of men. I have been told that in the north of England the audience sometimes would spring to their feet like one man, and cheer him to the echo. At another time, their intense silence was painful as they listened to him appealing to their nobler qualities by condemning their defects, denouncing their worship of wealth, their idolatry of greed and gain, and telling them they so sunk their nobler feelings in their struggle for gold, that intellect, character, and service in England were as nothing in comparison with wealth; and yet when they had got it, they had no knowledge how to apply it to nobler purposes than to try and make more! Then urging them to strive to rise above this, he would entreat them to seek to combine

* It was on this occasion of his visit to Scotland that he went down to Holyrood at midnight, having bribed the housekeeper to let him go up alone to Queen Mary's room, by the staircase Ruthven and Darnley crept up on the night of their murder of Rizzio. This is like Byron touching the keen edge of a yataghan, and saying, "I should like to know the feelings of a murderer."—Ed.

their thirst for wealth and power with a love for the Fine Arts, and to give encouragement and support to them in proportion to their means. His pride in old England, his passionate love of what was lofty and true, his contempt for everything low and mean, his ardent appeals to the higher self that is within all of us, and his intense belief in the power of self-improvement affected his hearers deeply, and there can be no doubt did incalculable good in our manufacturing towns. The temper of such a man harmonised with the temper of such a people in its energy and sublime self-confidence, as in its earnestness and patriotism, and he never flattered their prejudices. He appealed to their innate love of truth and fair play, and from the mouth of so earnest and sincere a man this had a double effect.

What delighted Haydon especially in the provinces was to find how thoroughly independent of London opinion and London feeling were the inhabitants. Each county was as complete in itself and its feelings and opinions as in the days of the Heptarchy. Carried to extremes, this becomes a defect and narrows the feelings and sympathies, but to a certain extent it is highly desirable as a check upon that bane of all civilised communities and settled governments, bureaucratic and administrative concentration. To the people of the provinces Haydon found London only the capital, the seat of the Court and Government, but nothing more. The good folks of Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, and Hull, cared no more for London opinion on men and things than they cared for the 3 per Cents. as an investment for their gains; they held their own opinions as they held their own means of investment, and were complete in themselves.

Brought into contact with new men under new conditions, Haydon soon found its advantage. The men he met now, if not quite so refined in manner, or generally so well-informed as in London, were men of great energy, rapid apprehension, and free from that languor and prejudice which marks the supercilious London man. Commissions were freely offered to him, two from Liverpool for historical pictures, life size; one, a sacred subject, for the Church of the Blind Asylum; another, for a painting of the Duke of Wellington for their Town Hall; and many gentlemen of Manchester, Leeds, and Hull, &c., requested him to paint cabinet pictures for their houses. The

historical commissions mightily pleased Haydon, for they shewed what he had always asserted, that the English people had feeling for High Art, that is, historic, poetic, and ideal art, though neither the Government nor the nobility would admit the fact, or seek to develope the feeling, and the Academicians were incapable.

Yet, with all his success he was not satisfied. He foresaw great dangers. He felt and predicted that if the schools of design were ever made part and parcel of an official system of education, they would soon sink to the level of mere drawing-schools, subordinate, and of little effect. "Schools of design," I find him writing, "should be separate, independent, and distinct, on the principle that the knowledge of the human figure is the basis of all knowledge in art," and that "any school of design where this principle is not the basis will fail." He complained that lecturing disturbed his mind, and he questioned very much if the effect of his twelve lectures, with all the ability and learning he expended on them, was not "small" compared with that "of one great picture." But the work had to be done and there was no one who could do it, or would do it, but himself, and he never shrunk from a duty because it was irksome. The first question he asked in every town was, "Have you a school of design?" The almost invariable reply was, "No, we have not;" or, "Yes, we have; but it is not open." Then he would set to work and get together a committee, and establish or re-establish, as the case might be, send them down casts from the antique, and get them quickly to work on the study of the human form. To all classes he pointed out the vast, the vital importance of scientific knowledge of design—founded on a knowledge of form, colour, light, and shadow—to success in manufacture; and how, without this knowledge, the time would speedily come when English manufactures must be driven out of the markets of the world by those who possess that knowledge *plus* their cheap labour.*

* It is amusing now, in 1875, forty years after Haydon's provincial labours, to read the addresses of our public men upon the want of our knowledge of design, as if it were a new discovery. Haydon, as we see, predicted all that has come to pass seventy years ago, and laboured all his life to try and prevent it by securing for our workmen a scientific education in the principles of their craft. And his reward is, never now to be mentioned by our public speakers, who give all the credit for the foundation of our schools of design to his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort, whose services to English art were great indeed, but who, nevertheless, did not arrive in this country until 1840, by which time Haydon had set our schools of design at work.—Ed.

Haydon's success as a lecturer upon art appears to have been a thorn in the side of the Royal Academy. They hardly knew how to deal with it. After a time they sent Etty and Howard about the country to advocate local exhibitions of pictures by way of encouraging art and, I am afraid, getting rid of the unsold pictures of the Academy Exhibition. At least, the proposal had a suspicious look of business about it. Etty was a simple and sincere man, and hardly fathomed the depth of others. This plan proved a very slight check upon Haydon. Yet the Academy might render all his efforts nugatory by a judicious management of Ministers. In the Government they had two great allies, Mr. Spring Rice and Mr. Poulett-Thompson, the one Chancellor of the Exchequer, the other, at the Board of Trade. These the Academy manœuvred so skilfully as to induce Mr. Spring Rice to let them occupy one half of the National Gallery, in spite of Haydon's utmost efforts to keep them out, for the sake of the public, and make them find a house of their own; and they induced Mr. Poulett-Thompson to believe that schools of design, as projected by Haydon for the provinces, "were perfectly useless, as the failing condition of the London School," which they had themselves brought about, "clearly proved." Art education at this period was a business so delicate, and so easily obscured and perverted, that Haydon's indignation was natural at finding his best efforts at Manchester and other towns suddenly paralysed by letters from Mr. Poulett-Thompson, discountenancing the formation of schools of design in the provinces, and throwing obstacles in his way at every corner. The object of the authorities was to prevent the spread of a sound knowledge of design, lest the profits of the professional artist should be interfered with. It was the old story over again: monopolists fighting for their monopoly against free trade. This mischievous action of the Academy met Haydon everywhere. Yet he could never bring it home to them. They always used some official cat or the other to take Haydon's chestnut out of the fire. Now it was a Prime Minister, then a Chancellor of the Exchequer, then a President of the Board of Trade. It was like a spirit in the air, an impalpable "something" he could not grasp and strangle, but which never ceased to undermine all his efforts for the public, and threaten to overturn them entirely. Really,

the violence of his anger may easily be understood and excused. This—

> "Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
> To taint, and havoc more than she can eat,"

compelled him to appear to the public as irrationally suspicious. Yet, if he had consented to sit quietly at home, art and design might have been thrown back another fifty years. Besides, the proved inefficiency of academical teaching was ample justification for his action, to say nothing of their present motive.

And there can be no mistake about the motive, any more than about the action of the Academy over this question of schools of design. Their object was to render the scheme inefficient by making it subservient to the Academical teaching. It is true that Haydon succeeded in spite of them, and founded independent schools, for which they now seek to claim credit. But their real position from 1804 to 1842 was this: they denied the necessity for the artist or artisan to learn to draw the human figure; they refused permission to the artisan to do so, and they protested that pattern draughtsmen had no need of such knowledge. If they believed in these opinions, what can be thought of their sagacity? and if they advanced them without believing in them, what trust can be placed in a body of men capable of such deceit? This is their dilemma. Their friends may attribute their opposition to Haydon to wilfulness, or to want of comprehension and foresight, but surely that is the extent of their choice, for no one attempts to deny their determined opposition to Haydon. Reform is in all things a long and laborious work, and great allowance is due to the difficulties; "but none," says Arnold, "for the dishonest spirit which creates difficulties when it cannot find them, and exaggerates them when it can!"

The years 1837, 1838, and 1839 may be said to have passed quickly and prosperously for Haydon; that is to say, he was actively employed with his schools of design, and was never arrested. Under pressure of the violent opposition of the Royal Academy, through the Board of Trade, he flew from town to town—the speed of the railroad suited the man—lecturing, talking, persuading, and labouring in every quarter to impress the inhabitants with the importance to our manufactures of the scientific knowledge by designers of form, colour, light, and shadow, as the basis of true design, and

in the excellence and carefulness of which all design and manufacture assuredly rest. He conceived the idea of a federation of towns in favour of schools of design. He also, I find, kept up an active private correspondence with the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne.

Before the Session of 1838 closed, Haydon, through Mr. Hume (though defeated by Sir Robert Peel on a division upon their immediate motion), brought the House to claim its right to call at will for a return of the "receipts and expenditure of the Royal Academy," though the right was to be "exercised with discretion." Sir Robert Peel only escaped defeat by conceding this point. This result Haydon regarded as very important, as it destroyed for ever the assumed "privacy" of the Royal Academy, and established the right of Parliament to call for a return of its expenditure and accounts. In his journal for this Session, he also notices the repeal this year of one part of the law of arbitrary arrest for debt, from which he had suffered so cruelly. "The law which enabled a reptile to enter your house without notice and drag you even from your bed is abolished; it is only a step to the final abolition of arrest even in execution. I have helped to this desired object." Early in 1839 Haydon busied himself with a design for a Nelson monument. His was a grand idea, a temple decorated with paintings of Nelson's victories, and portraits of his colleagues and commanders, and in the centre a single statue of the man, inscribed,

NELSON,
"A little body with a mighty heart."

The plan was rejected as "too costly," and the present disproportioned column put up instead.

As soon as the season of 1839 was over, Haydon hurried to Brussels for a week to sketch the field of Waterloo, and so get a background for his Liverpool picture. The sight of Rubens's abode, the quiet seclusion of his summer house, the silence of Antwerp, the golden splendour of its altars, the power of its pictures affected him deeply. "I think I will settle here," he writes. How curious this idea of repose is so often in the minds of active and ambitious men! "But for this cursed desire of glory," wrote Frederic the Great, "I assure you I should think only of my tranquillity."

Haydon returned home, soon forgot his longings for a tranquil life, worked hard at his picture until October, and then, at the invitation of the Duke of Wellington, went down and spent three days with the old Hero at Walmer. The picture was finished by the end of November and sent home. It is a fine picture: the expression of the Duke very beautiful in its age, its power, and its simplicity, and without that silly simper most portraits give him. He looks like "an aged eagle just tottering on his perch."

Before the end of the year Haydon delivers a fresh course of lectures in Leeds and the North, and records that he finds a strong feeling for Truth in Art spreading rapidly among the provinces. "The importance of High Art," he says, "is no longer a matter of doubt." He notes that at Hull he was begged to get casts of the Theseus and Ilissus; that his schools of design generally, and in spite of the efforts of the Academy to "burke" the whole scheme, promise well, and that all things are tending "to gradually fit the next generation for expecting, and being able to relish better things."

In short, the general result by 1840 was satisfactory. He had carried one of his objects, the establishment by the Government of a central school of design in London, though its management, at present, was not what he desired, and he had succeeded in establishing, and in reviving, schools of design in our principal provincial and manufacturing towns, on his own plans, and he had, by his lectures and personal influence, roused the people to the importance of design to manufacture, and to the value of art and design in the education of all classes. It had taken him thirty years of hard struggling, but he had done it at last, and when he least expected it, and by means and in a manner he long thought hopeless. But "he that considereth the wind shall not sow, and he that looketh to the clouds shall not reap." It is the wise man who makes more opportunities than he finds. Yet let us not forget to give a share of the merit where it is due. It was the unreformed Parliaments Haydon could not interest. With the reformed Parliament of 1832 he found a fresh class of men, keen, intellectual, and energetic, who saw, and quickly appreciated what he was aiming at, and they helped him heartily. To Mr. Ewart, Mr. Hume, Mr. Wyse, Haydon was under the greatest obligation, nor should Lord Melbourne

be forgotten. He did all he could. The aristocratic principle in the Cabinet was too strong for him to do more. For I think there can be little doubt one element in the hostility of the Board of Trade to Haydon's schemes for schools of design arose from that preposterous exaltation of the aristocratic principle, which has ruined so many Whig Cabinets. The feeling was against Haydon because he desired to educate the artisan like the artist. "Why educate a journeyman above his class?" was asked. Once a journeyman, let him be educated as becomes a journeyman, and let him be a journeyman still.* This disinclination to allow others to rise because you can get no higher, is only another form of the envy of the idle against the industrious. The people of Britain, who are teeming with brains, are like animalcula in a hydrogen microscope. Turn them down one way they come struggling up another, till at length the seething mass oppressed by this repression dies, or, bursts its bounds. The true policy is obvious.

Haydon had now to secure the ground he had won from academical intrigue, and to push on to his greater project, the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament, under the authority of the State, in other words, the public employment of the English historical painters on a great work of public decoration. This, from the first, had been "a fixed idea" with Haydon. All his petitions to parliament, all his correspondence with Ministers, bear most strongly upon it. Possibly, for this reason it was made his chief disappointment.

For the next five years we find him incessantly employed in writing, painting, lecturing and teaching. He painted several large pictures, the 'Anti-Slavery Meeting,' a picture of 130 quakers, by which, as Tom Moore amusingly put it, he "infected the Broad Brims with the love of the Fine Arts." The 'Maid of Saragossa,' 'Uriel,' 'Alexander killing a Lion,' a replica of Sir Robert Peel's 'Napoleon' for the King of Hanover; the 'Curtius,' and numerous cabinet pictures. He continually lectured in the provinces, and for the first time at the Royal Institution in London, and also (1840) at the University of Oxford. Here he was received by the vice-

* It is curious to see this principle now advocated by a once distinguished Radical, Mr. Roebuck. Did he never try to raise himself, was he never ambitious of becoming Home Secretary? Fie! Mr. Roebuck.—Ed.

chancellor, Dr. Shuttleworth, and the heads of colleges, with marked distinction. The vice-chancellor placed the Ashmolean Museum at his disposal, and brought crowded audiences to hear his six lectures. It was a great and deserved success, and did honour to the vice-chancellor and those who received Haydon with such liberality. He spoke of his reception at Oxford ever after in warm terms of grateful recollection.

But the chief business of his life in these years, over and above all this arduous work, was with his plan for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Haydon's plan, from its first conception by him in 1812, had been to illustrate the principles for which the building is erected, and to seek for acceptable examples in the history of the world. Then he proposed the painters be selected, and placing one man at the head of all, give to each painter a certain space, which he should be required to fill with the illustrations of the particular principle allotted to him.

For example, he proposed to give one man anarchy, another man despotism, another democracy, and so on ; subjects selected with the view to show how the English people have known to combine the greatest security to property with the greatest freedom of action. This was Haydon's plan—a simple and complete one, and assuredly the one calculated to produce a series of works worthy of a great nation. But, unhappily, this was beyond our nobility. It went too far for them, and, moreover, it involved a style of art they did not understand, and did not approve of because they did not understand.

However, in 1841 a Fine Arts Committee was appointed to consider this particular matter. Haydon from the first does not seem to have had much hopes of it. Mr. Ewart's Committee had disappointed him. And his experience of Parliamentary Committees on matters of Fine Art, and from which professional painters, the only men who know anything of the subject, are necessarily excluded, was not satisfactory. I remember his saying, "It will end as Lord Grey said, 'in a gigantic job.'"

We have followed his career now from the days when he used to talk with Lord Mulgrave over the absence of decoration in our public buildings to those when, in 1812, he first conceived the idea and sketched the plan of a pictorial decoration for the Houses of Parliament, on the plan just given, down through all

those ineffectual efforts with ministers from 1814 to 1832, when Lord Grey assured him there was no chance of doing anything of the kind, and on to Lord Melbourne, who promised him in 1834, now the old Houses were burned down, his plan should be considered for the new buildings, and so to the present moment, when a committee of both Houses was appointed to consider the suggestion.

If this committee and the Royal Commission which followed had sat anywhere but in London, I cannot help thinking the result would have been different as regarded Haydon; for if he was to have a chance, the hearing of the case must have been removed from the locality where the prejudice against him was so strong.

The Fine Arts Committee of 1841 examined everybody within their reach who was supposed to know anything, and many who knew nothing on the subject they were appointed to inquire into. But they refused to send for Haydon, the real proposer of the plan, or to hear one word he had to say. This was the "Elgin Marbles" case over again. Then it was "out of delicacy" to Mr. Payne Knight, whose absurd sophisms on art Haydon had scattered to the four winds of heaven, and rendered him insignificant for the rest of his life, and now it was out of regard for the "constituted authorities" in art, whose mal-administration Haydon had brought, by Mr. Ewart's Committee, before Parliament, that he was to be punished by another, and a more serious exclusion. I believe myself that Sir Robert Peel as well as the Academy, from something Sir James Graham once said to me *à propos* of this very committee, was the moving spirit in this matter. Anyhow, the feeling was this: Haydon's success may have been very great at Oxford and in the provinces, but we will show what he is thought of in London. Hence, the Fine Arts Committee in their inquiries ignored Haydon's existence, either as a professional painter, or as a theorist and public writer upon art, or as the proposer of the plan of decoration. This studied slight upon a man of such undoubted claims to be heard, wounded him. It is lucky for this Committee and for the Royal Commission that followed, Haydon died before he had carried out an intention he certainly held, that of writing a "public letter" on the proceedings of both, a kind of second edition of his letter on the connoisseurs and the Elgin Marbles in 1816.

Had he written it, we may depend he would have left something the ineffable nonentities would never have forgotten so long as they lived, and have kept them in memory after death. Luckily for them they broke his great heart and killed him before he put together his accumulated experiences. I, for one, have always regretted this ; for, judging from one or two fragments he has left, the new letter would certainly have been a masterpiece of exposure, refutation, and invective. There would have been nothing like it on art or in literature since the days of Bentley and Boyle; it is an irreparable loss.

But Haydon subdued his feelings, and went on with what easel-work he had upon hand. Hearing at length the committee held the notion that fresco would be preferable to oil painting for the new Houses, and that, in the opinion of the committee, the English oil painters could not "draw well enough to work in fresco;" that "fresco" was not their "element," and that "Cornelius and the German painters accustomed to fresco" must be "sent for," he became indignant. "Here," he says, "are the patrons of art in England now asking for the Germans to come over and execute 'great works' in our Houses of Parliament, because, as they allege, the English painters are not equal to the task. Who is to blame if the English painters cannot execute great works? Who was it that left poor Barry to live and die in poverty and want because he painted great works? Who declined to support Reynolds in history, drove Opie into portrait, left Fuseli to live by the print-sellers, and refused to encourage either Hilton or Etty? Who allowed me to be ruined and imprisoned and my school destroyed, because I would paint 'great works,' and dared to tell them that great works should be executed for the honour of their country. Who has pressed down the genius of England by buying nothing but small works and foreign 'specimens'? Does any man in his senses believe that the exhibitions of the Royal Academy show what English artists wish to paint? No, they bring out what they are obliged to paint, they bring to market the goods which will sell. And now because you have degraded the art by narrowing its great calling, you turn round and say, 'Let us call in the Germans.' Shame on you! Shame on you!"

Before a week was over he had pulled down part of his painting-room wall, prepared it, and trusting to his rapid

practice in oil, painted in genuine fresco, without retouching, a magnificent half-length of an archangel. I remember well its ideal and unearthly beauty, for I had to sit stripped to the waist as the model, and saw him paint it. The attempt was a complete success, except that it dried lighter than Haydon expected, but this only added to its surprising beauty. The effect was marvellous and highly poetical. The committee heard of it, and with the meanness of men came up to see. His painting-room I remember was crowded for days, and anybody who formerly said that, "no Englishman could paint in fresco," now declared "nothing was so easy." The scorn and contempt with which Haydon listened to their idle gabble can be easily conceived.*

As soon as the Report of the Fine Arts Committee of 1841 was presented, and it was clear to Haydon's sagacious eye that fresco and not oil painting would, for some reason, be the mode of decoration, and also that Sir Robert Peel would be the next Prime Minister, and that very shortly, he sat down and addressed a "letter" to Sir Robert Peel (10th August, 1841) on the Report of the Committee. This letter is interesting as showing how clearly Haydon understood his subject, how doubtful he was of fresco standing at Westminster if not painted with the greatest precaution, and how necessary for the honour and credit of England, under any circumstances, to exclude foreign artists and confide the work wholly to British painters; and, above all, to decorate on a plan, and make the decorations subordinate to and illustrative of the great principle for which the building is erected. When the general election of 1841 was over and Sir Robert Peel secure of his majority, Haydon addressed a second letter to him (20th September, 1841), urging him not to let the opportunity for a grand scheme of decoration pass away, and giving him a broad hint for a cartoon competition, in order to test the allegation that "English artists could not

* While at Dover, in May of this year 1841, Haydon suddenly received news of the death of Sir David Wilkie on his way home from the East. It rested on his mind like a horrible nightmare for a month, and took him quite away from everything but vain regrets and reminiscences. He was deeply attached to Wilkie, and so I believe was Wilkie to him. One great regret he had, and that was the whole of the thirty-nine academicians were not flung overboard after him, on the principle of sacrificing to the manes of a distinguished man. Woodburn, Wilkie's companion, told my father that Wilkie literally quacked himself to death with drugs. It is curious how often delicate men and women will persist in this dangerous interference with the chemistry of nature.—ED.

draw." To Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the new Houses, Haydon wrote later on, urging him to leave space for the fresco decorations. Barry replied (18th December), "Be assured that I am still disposed to afford you every opportunity and facility within my power for carrying out the object you have in view for the glory of British art."

In November, 1841, Sir Robert Peel, as Prime Minister, obtained the appointment of a Royal Commission for the purpose "of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts," and of discovering "in what manner an object of so much importance would be most effectually promoted." This was a curious way to put the case—to inquire if one thing might not conduce to promote something else. Who could doubt that encouragement and commissions must help to improve art? But that should not be the object of a great public work which ought to spring from a love and admiration for the arts, and a desire to possess fine works by native painters.

Sir Robert Peel's Royal Commission consisted at first of twenty-two, and was subsequently raised to twenty-four Commissioners, including statesmen, politicians, men of rank, who had no other proof of their lives but that they were only gentlemen of fortune, dilettanti, and men like Lord Macaulay and Hallam, and Lord Stanhope, of high literary repute. All professional artists were carefully excluded. The only concession made to the art was to appoint Haydon's pupil, Eastlake, R.A., the secretary, "a very fit man, but timid." This exclusion of professional men from seats on the Commission is remarkable, because the chief advantage of a Royal Commission over a Parliamentary Committee is that, while in the latter case the Committee is strictly confined to members of one or both Houses, and can only get its information by the mere evidence of witnesses, in the case of a Royal Commission the Prime Minister can place upon that Commission those who are practically acquainted with the matter that has to be considered, and such persons are much more likely to go thoroughly and certainly, and entirely into a question than a body of men who have no practical acquaintance with the points under inquiry, however eminent or distinguished in other respects. And the explanation which has recently come to light of this

exclusion of professional painters from seats on the Royal Commission of 1841 is extremely curious.

It appears that Sir Robert Peel, on his return to power in 1841, was uneasy as to how he would be received at Court. Among his first acts he had, as we have seen, taken up this question of decorating the new Houses where Lord Melbourne left it, and Sir Robert Peel now suggested to Her Majesty that Prince Albert should be placed at the head of the Royal Commission about to be issued. This was a graceful compliment to the Prince, whose income Sir Robert, in opposition, had just cut down by 20,000*l.* a year, and an earnest of Sir Robert Peel's desire to stand well with the Queen after this, and his bed-chamber *fiasco* of 1839. Whether Sir Robert Peel had any conversation with the Prince on the subject does not appear. It would be improbable that he had not. In either case, on the 3rd October, 1841, the Prince addressed a remarkable letter to Sir Robert Peel. The Prince says that he has "thought much of the proposed plan (of a Royal Commission), and has arrived at the conviction that there had better be no artist by profession on the Committee." This looks as if the point had been a subject of discussion. The Prince goes on to give his reasons, which appear to me more interesting than conclusive. His Royal Highness is "afraid the discussions upon the various points raised would not be so free amongst the laymen, if distinguished professors were present, as these would scarcely venture to maintain an opinion in opposition to those of a latter class."

The fear of the Prince, in short, amounts to this, that an erroneous opinion, a crotchet, would not be put forward, or if put forward, was not likely to be persevered with in the presence of practical men. Surely that was the value of the professional man! And one chief use and advantage of a Royal Commission was that, it allowed the professional man to be present at the Board, so that he could act as a check upon dangerous crotchets. But the effect of Prince Albert's proposal was to destroy all this, and to allow amateur ignorance not to act as a check upon the balance of professional opinion, but to be the balance itself. All the exquisite perplexities of art involved in this great scheme of public decoration were to be resolved by the acknowledged technical ignorance of the Commissioners, or by the simplicity of their inexperience. We, now living, see the result.

The reasoning of his Royal Highness was unsound, and should have been combated by Sir Robert Peel, considering the object the Commission was appointed to determine. That it was not resisted explains a good deal. It certainly helps us to understand why we have hitherto so eminently prospered in our attempts at public decoration, whether in architecture, sculpture, or painting—matters in which nobody but the professional man has sufficient and reliable knowledge, but which we invariably hand over to committees of non-professional men. I must refuse to believe such a proposal originated with such a clear-sighted and sagacious man as Prince Albert. It must have been astutely suggested to him, for some ulterior object, and the remarkable readiness of Sir Robert Peel, a man so experienced and so capable, to accept this singular suggestion when made, throws a grave suspicion over the whole transaction. Sir Robert Peel and the Prince had come to an understanding before the 2nd October. On the 4th October, 1841, Sir Robert Peel replies, "I am strongly inclined to think that the views of your Royal Highness with regard to the including of professional men in the Commission are perfectly just."

And so it came about that while the leading literary men were put on the Commission, the leading artists were excluded. Professional asperities were to be replaced by high-bred forbearance; in short, it was the famous "Committee of Taste" revived, and it ended in as bad a failure. For, without any want of loyalty or feeling of disrespect, it may be safely asserted the country got a very bad bargain. The immediate result was not a little curious. Cornelius, the German painter, suddenly arrived in London from Munich. He was received with extraordinary distinction by the Prince, and by Sir Robert Peel. He was taken everywhere by Sir Robert's request. But he never reached Haydon's studio. This was at least remarkable, for of all men he would come and see, one would think he would come to see the intimate friend and correspondent of his own great friend Rumöhr, to say nothing of Haydon's position in the art. But he never came. Haydon began to scent mischief; he had many and various sources of information. In a short time he arrived at the conviction that the Prince was in favour of giving the entire control of the decoration of the Houses to Cornelius, leaving the practical part only to the English artists. I believe him to have had good grounds for

this conclusion. And he had also good reason for believing that Sir Robert Peel was "strongly inclined to think that," in this case as in the other, "the views of his Royal Highness were "perfectly just."

Haydon goes off to Eastlake (30th October) and has a long conversation. Eastlake had seen Cornelius. On the 2nd December, 1841, Eastlake had an interview with Prince Albert with reference to the business of the Royal Commission, of which he was appointed Secretary. The Prince, with all that frankness which appears to have distinguished him in his intercourse with professional men, and probably not aware of Eastlake's relations with Haydon, spoke out his views on the subject of the decoration of the Houses. What those views were I cannot say; but I think my father knew, and we can easily infer, for in describing his interview with the Prince, after the Prince had spoken, Eastlake, in a letter which has been published, says, "I thought that the moment had come when I *must make a stand* against the introduction of foreign artists." But then, evidently fearing he had gone too far, or with the view to draw the Prince out further, Eastlake immediately modified his objections by saying he saw no reason why "Germans might not be employed under English artists." But Prince Albert, upon this, said he saw "no reason" for that, and would not admit it was necessary; "for," said the Prince, "I am convinced in all that relates to practical dexterity the English are particularly skilful."

This appears to have satisfied Eastlake, and nothing more is needed, I think, to show that Haydon's information was correct, and that the Prince, who had formed his opinion of English art from Sir Martin Shee and the Academy, for his Royal Highness was not permitted to visit Haydon's studio or those of the anti-academicians, and anxious to raise a school of fresco in England, had come to the hasty conclusion that no English artist could draw and design sufficiently well to paint in fresco; hence, in his sincere anxiety to make the public decoration of the Houses worthy of the nation, he sought to introduce the best aid in design that he knew of, and that was from the Germans, Cornelius, Hess, and Overbeck. In due time the Prince, supported by Sir Robert Peel, formally made the proposal at a meeting of the Commissioners to call over Cornelius, Hess, and Overbeck, and employ them to design the decoration

of the Houses. No opposition was offered, those who disapproved took refuge in silence, and the proposal was carried. In a few hours it came to Haydon's knowledge. He brooded moodily over it. His loyalty to the Queen and his delight at finding in Prince Albert some indications of a love for High Art prevented any immediate expression of opinion. He seemed all at once to wish to get out of the whole thing; he talked of going to Italy—going abroad altogether. After a while he wrote to Sir Robert Peel offering to go to Italy and make a careful examination of all the existing frescoes, as, in his opinion, it was highly important this should be done, if fresco was to be employed. Sir Robert Peel coldly acknowledged Haydon's letter, took note of its main suggestion, and shortly after sent out Mr. Wilson, of the London School of Design.

A thousand trifles such as this, light as air, showed Haydon whose "fine Roman hand" was pulling the wires. At length the intention of the Prince to employ the Germans leaked out, and created such a feeling of profound dissatisfaction in the art, Haydon could keep silence no longer. He wrote letters to the 'Times' under an assumed name—the 'Times' never refuses genuine public feeling—but there was no mistaking the style or the subject—"aut Erasmi aut diaboli." They were too bold, too full of "odious truth" for any other writer but Haydon. "This German nuisance," he wrote, with his usual imprudence, "must be put down." This was not in good taste, and was highly indiscreet, but Haydon hated quibbling and uncandid statements. What he approved he always defended; what he disapproved he condemned, and endeavoured to give good and sufficient reasons. He denounced the employment of Germans as unpatriotic and unnecessary, and showed that it was not necessary. And no doubt Haydon was right in the abstract: it was not necessary, and the proposal was unpatriotic for Sir Robert Peel to support and the commissioners to accept. But, for my humble part, I must confess, looking at the result, and since Haydon, the best man in England fitted to superintend the work, was to be excluded, I regret the Germans were not called in. They could not well have done worse; they might have done better—at least it is impossible to believe *they* would have given us such a jumble of absurdity as we have got—and they would certainly have cost the country less. Cornelius would have left

us something we have not got—something in genuine fresco, and, for the honour of German art, let us hope, something that would have excited higher feelings and nobler thoughts than we have to look at now, but happily, by all accounts, shall not have to look at many years longer.

Thus it was that Haydon began to speak out the truth that was in him. Had he only consented to speak half his thoughts he might have escaped the censure, and perhaps have obtained the favour of at least one eminent personage. But throughout his life there is certainly this to be said for Haydon—and for my part I honour him for it—he never hesitated to incur censure, even to his own ruin, by rejecting a course at variance with his convictions as to that which was best for the art and the country. For a man who loved approbation so dearly, who strove so passionately to merit it, and to whom censure or neglect was such an intolerable evil, I venture to think he deserves the highest praise for his plain-speaking on this occasion. I have as little doubt that the result was quite clear to him. If he helped to shut out the Germans he shut out himself; he shut out the Germans, and he was refused all employment in the decoration of the Houses.

The Royal Commissioners had not met in consultation many times after the breaking of the German stick they had relied on, before they found in what a hopeless predicament they were falling from want of professional men at their Board. Eastlake, their secretary, saved them from making themselves ridiculous by their propositions and counter-propositions, and curious display of incapacity and ignorance on all essential points, by persuading them to adopt Haydon's plan, 1816–17, of an exhibition of cartoons, in order to test the capacity of the English artists in drawing and design, and thus relieved the Commissioners of the difficulty of selecting and entrusting one man to conduct the whole, and the right men to serve under him. It was a weak plan, a poor expedient—on a par with the practice of the Greek mariners casting lots who should have the management of the vessel, instead of boldly choosing the best seaman.

Towards the end of April 1842 a notice of the conditions of this public cartoon competition was issued. Prizes of 300, 200, and 100 guineas were to be competed for. The leading painters of established reputation were thus placed upon the

same level with their pupils and young students who had never painted a picture. The spirit which dictated this can be easily understood. "If it were not for the Royal Academy," said Collins, the painter, to Haydon at this date, "artists would be treated like journeymen:" and there was a good deal of truth in the conclusion, though we may venture to doubt the premise. But the curious feature of this projected public cartoon competition was, that the public were to have no voice in the choice of winners. That was to be done for them beforehand by six judges, of whom Sir Robert Peel put himself at the head! So that we had this result in view: a public competition of artists for a public work was to take place, but certain persons, other than the public, were to choose the artists to be appointed to the work before the public were admitted! The fine "Roman hand" again of the greatest Parliamentary Ambiguity that ever lived, is here distinctly visible. One result was, of course, the introduction of canvassing among relatives and friends, and a decision which, under cover of public judgment, was purely patronage without its honour; and, what was of more importance still, without its responsibility.

The moment Haydon read the terms of the notice, he had grave doubts of the propriety of a painter of his established reputation descending into the arena to compete with beardless boys. He did not approve of competition after a certain age; for young men it might do, but selection was the principle for men of established reputation, and they will then form the students. I regret he did not adhere to this view; but, alas, the legal wolf was once more scratching at his door. He said that if he did not compete his enemies would have cried out, "See, he shrinks from a public trial!" But surely the man who had painted the 'Judgment of Solomon,' the 'Jerusalem,' the 'Lazarus,' the 'Punch,' the 'Curtius,' and his hundred other works, could have afforded his greatest enemy the enjoyment of that little triumph. No, it was no fear of that nature that prompted him to enter the lists; it was the hope of winning a three hundred guinea prize that decided him. And so he entered the lists, all the while declaring that, if his "cartoons" were as perfect as Raphael could make them, he knew he had no chance. He wrote to this effect to me. He said he ought not to compete, that he knew the feeling of prejudice was so strong against him he should be refused, but that

he was "so pressed for money" he could not decline the chance. An intimate friend of Sir Robert Peel's warned him that he had "no chance." Barry told him "there is a dead set against you among the Commissioners;" and Eastlake—good, gentle Sir Charles—though he would have been glad enough, I believe, to help his old master, whose benefits to him he had declared he never could forget to his dying day, was too much engaged in watching the "wind," like a master-mariner in uncertain weather, in the hope of reaching his port, viz., the decoration of the Houses, to maintain Haydon's claims against such determined hostility to him, and such indifference to art, as the nobility displayed. But he certainly gave Haydon all the hints he dare, and these are not favourable.

All this only added zest to the determination of Haydon to compete. He shut himself up with his two cartoons and his pecuniary embarrassments, which were now becoming most harassing from the postponement of two commissions, and other professional disappointments, and worked vigorously for six months, till he had completed the cartoons. One was 'The Curse of Adam and Eve,' the other, 'The Entry of King John of France into London' after Poitiers. This was his answer to Sir Robert Peel and the Commissioners. Sir Robert had the right of reply.

There were three distinct parties of competitors: the Royal Academicians and their party; Haydon and the reform party; and the young students. The exhibition of cartoons took place at Westminster Hall, in the season of 1843. The result dissipated the unjust suspicion that the lay artists of England could neither draw nor design. The power displayed was astonishing; and when Haydon went into the room he expressed his joy heartily and without reserve. The young students crowded round him and congratulated him warmly, saying "We owe this all to you." This soothed him for what had happened.

Before the exhibition was thrown open to the public, six judges were appointed by the Royal Commissioners to select the winning candidates; so that the public were only admitted to approve their selection—a reversal of the true principle. These "judges" consisted of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Rogers, and three members of the Royal Academy. As Sir

Robert Peel was the First Lord of the Treasury, and official supporter of the Academy in the House of Commons, Lord Lansdowne, their defender in the House of Lords, and Mr. Rogers only represented the Commissioners, it will be seen that, with the three Royal Academicians, the Academy commanded five votes out of the six. The reform party were not represented at all. I do not wish to cast any imputations, but I must say, that had one of the Royal Academicians and one of their friends been replaced by *Wordsworth*, whose knowledge of art, and independence, were well known; and by *Mr. Hume, M.P.*, whose judgment in drawing was unquestionable, from his intimate knowledge of anatomy; all the contending parties would have been fairly represented, and the committee of judgment accepted as satisfactory to the public. But this was a concession Sir Robert Peel could not bring himself to make. Out of evident fear of any accident he had put himself at the head of the judges, and he was not the man to imperil his majority by an act of fairness to his opponents; that was beyond his calibre. It is remarkable in so astute a man as the late Sir Robert Peel that, with all his knowledge of the art of putting the right men into the right places, for the particular purpose he had in view, he habitually forgot what a vastly important matter it is to find a satisfactory position for the discontented. He suffered from this more than once in his career.

When the time came for decision, which Sir Robert Peel had proposed should be given before the public were admitted, the six judges went round and made an inspection. The cartoons of the Royal Academicians were so glaringly defective in drawing, expression, and power, it was out of the question to award a prize to any academician. The cartoons of the reform party and of the young students were pronounced to be so equal in power, drawing, expression, and character, the judges declared themselves at a loss how to decide. This looks like artifice on the part of Sir Robert Peel. Prince Albert then came in and was shown round. On coming before the cartoon of the English pupil of De la Roche he stopped, and said "That is worth 2000*l.*;" Etty and the artists on the committee of judges, says Haydon, "held down their heads." The cartoon was defective in drawing and proportion; but that, in the opinion of such a courtier as Sir Robert Peel had now

become, was of no consequence after the remark of the Prince Consort. This cartoon headed the list of three hundred guinea prizes.*

A vast deal of coquetting then appears to have gone on between the Prince, the judges, and the other cartoons. At length the judges arrived at a decision: the prizes were entirely distributed among the young students. Thus, if they could not conscientiously reward the "Royal Academicians," they would not reward the "Reformers," nor that arch-rebel at their head. The Treasury oyster they gave to the young students; the shells were at the disposal of the rival claimants. Haydon was not even admitted to be worthy of one of the lowest prizes.

Having effected this distribution of prize, the Committee of Judgment might have retired with a certain halo of judicious discretion, if not of impartiality. But when the public were admitted and it was seen the selected champions of our great art institution, which Sir Robert Peel had so often defended against Haydon's assaults in Parliament as the sacred deposit of art and design in England, were absolutely incompetent as against the great body of lay artists, and that a committee composed of its best friends, with Sir Robert Peel at their head, was compelled to pass them over without a prize and in silence, the public first began to laugh, and then began to murmur. "It is true," was said, "Haydon has not won a prize, but that does not prove his estimate of the Academy to be wrong." And as many competent judges in and out of the art declared Haydon's cartoons to be worthy of the highest prizes, the situation became embarrassing. Ominous words were heard from members of Parliament; Sir Robert became alarmed. Something must be done to restore the failing credit of the Academy and the committee, or both would go down in public estimation. But what was to be done? There was the difficulty. Now this was just one of those cases with which

* My father used to tell a little bit of Court gossip—he had many sources of information—as to this particular cartoon. De la Roche was a great friend of the late Lord Ellesmere, and also of his brother, the late Duke of Sutherland, and he besought their influence on behalf of his young pupil, though I believe wholly without his pupil's consent, or even knowledge. The services of the Duchess were also enlisted. All fair enough, if the Commission, of which Prince Albert was the head, had not passed a rule that no names of competitors were to be known. But Suckling's experience of Court life holds good, viz., "He that's best horsed, that is best friended, gets in soonest; and all that he has to do is to laugh at those that are behind."—Ed.

the late Sir Robert Peel, of all men, was eminently fitted to deal. There was a difficulty; he delighted in "difficulties." And to meet it an "expedient" was required; no man was more fertile in "expedients." He revelled in them, he played with them like a gambler with his tossing shilling; and he always kept a stock on hand. No more money could be got from the public treasury without due recognition of the cartoons and the reformers, or the risk of parliamentary questions. That was to be avoided. For the object was not to reward the reformers' successes, but to bolster up the academical failures. Sir Robert was equal to the occasion. He brought out an expedient; it was neat, it was new, it was appropriate, and it exactly fitted the dilemma. He would intercept the entrance shillings of the exhibition, and that not being strictly "public money," the judges might deal with it as their own.

The entrance money of the exhibition was quietly appropriated, and a second distribution of prizes suddenly announced. The public were interested to observe that, the entire sum was distributed in gratuities among the Royal Academicians and their known supporters. An expression of "regret there was no more money at the disposal of the committee" was offered as sufficient consolation for the reform party.

Thus ended the famous cartoon contest of 1843, and few but myself will blame Haydon, after this result, for not competing the year following in fresco. I venture to think he should. I would not have entered into the contest, but having done so, I would have gone through with it, even with the assured information he had that the commissioners were "resolved not to employ" him. I would not have allowed Sir Robert Peel or the Commissioners such an excuse for not employing me. Haydon was one of the most competent men in England to paint in fresco, and could have painted a fresco that defied competition. If they then passed him over, the matter would have been brought under the notice of Parliament.

His reason for not further competing was that he really could not afford the loss of unrewarded time. Yet, when next year he saw the hot and offensive productions that were put forth by the competitors in fresco, he half regretted he had not taken up the challenge for the sake of the art. For the Royal Commissioners with characteristic want of confidence in their own judgment, if no ulterior motive was there, had asked the

artists to compete again this time for fresco! This was "un peu trop fort." The artists had come forward generously, for the majority had no hope of prize, and given up six months of their time to the production of cartoons in order to show the public how Englishmen could draw, and now they were asked to repeat the process of showing how they could paint. The whole thing was laughable, for surely if the Commissioners could select prizemen in cartoons, they could select the painters in fresco at once, and have done with it. But no, they must have another competition. Nine-tenths of the artists, with Haydon at their head, refused to have anything more to do with the business, and returned to their home employment.

Yet with characteristic unselfishness I find Haydon offered to aid the Commission in every way in his power, and even to assist those who were appointed over his head to conduct the decorations.

It would, however, be idle to deny that Haydon secretly hoped Sir Robert Peel would relent, and allow him to be employed. But that was out of the question with a man of the nature of the late Sir Robert Peel. I believe he had conceived so much secret regret and vexation over the 'Napoleon' that nothing but the disgrace of Haydon could cancel his own want of generosity by covering Haydon with shame. The complete rejection of Haydon from all share in his own plan would ease the reproaches of Sir Robert's conscience, revenge his private injury, and free the Royal Commission from a man they must either have retained with fear, or dismissed with danger. Couple this with Sir Robert Peel's subservience to rank, and his longing to increase the influence of authority, though aware of the necessity of checking it, and his consequent dislike to a man who was the rebel against the constituted authorities in art; the malignant who had brought before a Whig parliamentary committee that "Royal Academy" Sir Robert Peel and his colleague, Lord Lyndhurst, had taken under their protection; who had attacked and shaken the authority of that "Academy," and even compelled Sir Robert Peel on one occasion to divide the House, and only to save himself and his *protégé* by a bare majority of five; who had scattered the connoisseurs by making them ridiculous, and shown the nobility to themselves in the light in which others see them, and much may be explained. "Was such a

man as this to be endured, when it was possible to stamp him down?" To put him on the Royal Commission, his proper place, or to give him the control, or any share in the control and management of the great public work before them, was "to give sanction and encouragement to a man whose whole career had been one resolute struggle to maintain the interests of his art and to inspire a zeal for the independence and liberty of artists," (who, in the opinion of the nobility, only deserve to be treated like journeymen,) "rather than respect for the nobility, the patrons, and the constituted authorities in art." To the precise and officially trained mind of Sir Robert Peel there can be little doubt, even putting aside his personal grievance against Haydon, all this was sufficient to inspire him with a feeling of repugnance to the man. But when Haydon scented out and denounced the "Cornelius job" I think Sir Robert Peel must have well-nigh hated him.*

Yet the prejudices and politics of art should have had no place surely in a great question of public decoration, for which by his art, and his practice of it Haydon was the fittest man in England, nay, I dare say, in Europe. So far as Haydon was personally concerned, the whole case shows how difficult must have been his position. Many blamed him for the course he took; but in truth it is one of the most difficult matters in life to rightly discern when and with whom you should be modest and humble, that is, if you wish to carry your point.

Humility may not only do you no good, but positive harm with men of ungenerous minds. And it is a prodigious mistake to suppose you can, with such men, obliterate the sense of an old injury by a new benefit. All things considered, I think Haydon took the best course open to him. That he acted sincerely and without regard to his own interests must be admitted. And the result probably was the same in the end. It matters little whether the melon falls on the knife, or the knife on the melon, it is the melon that suffers, says the proverb.

Yet he did not despair of that "public employment" he

* Sir Robert Peel never forgave Haydon his interference on this occasion. He was not unwilling to profit by Haydon's knowledge and suggestions and labours; but it could not be permitted that a man who devoted himself to the prevention of a "Court job," as well as to the reform of the constituted authorities in art, should be placed in conjunction or competition with the principle of authority; that was not to be entertained. And there was much to recommend this to the official mind. Official life has peculiar rules of conduct of its own. These are not always conformable to the public good, and, in the nakedness of their nature, may serve to explain why in times of great urgency there is not often one wise man to be found in a whole Department.—ED.

longed for. Certainly he was a sanguine man. He continued to correspond with Eastlake, but refused to take hints, standing, as it were, buffeting with Fortune, yet making no advance. He reminds me of the Athenians, when Philip was preparing to invade them, expending their time in oratorical displays. He would not admit he had no chance of employment, so long as the final selection of the fresco painters was undecided. And perhaps it was natural. We have, all of us, an instinctive antipathy to complete resignations. It is impossible, however, to refuse him our sympathy. For had he not good claim, not only to employment, but to the chief employment? The plan was his, he was literally the cause of the thing being done at all, and he had painted a fresco on his own painting-room wall that nothing exhibited could compete with. In spite of what was freely urged at the time, that "Haydon was failing in physical powers," you had only to look at his ruddy cheek and robust figure, to see the denial there. He was no more failing for art than Sir Robert Peel was for politics. No, "his eye was not dim nor his natural force abated," and therefore I take that excuse at its value.* In the year 1842 Haydon had painted three large pictures, finished two others, and one cartoon. This, besides sketches, correspondence, writing his own memoirs, and writing and delivering fresh lectures in London and the provinces. There is no sign of failing power here. Haste, perhaps, but no loss of power, which only asked freedom from disturbance and pecuniary pressure, to come forth with finer effect than at any former period of his life. Nor is the question here, which painter was most agreeable to the Court, though the prejudices of the Court deserve to be respected, but which was best for the public interest. Here was the Englishman of established reputation, who had executed the greatest works in oil ever produced by the English school; who had always practised in oil the habits of fresco; whose knowledge of anatomy was unrivalled; whose power of correct drawing from his study and knowledge of the particular function of each

* Haydon was not yet sixty, the age when Milton wrote his 'Paradise Lost,' and Chaucer his 'Canterbury Tales.' The intellectual powers of a healthy man of fine imagination and pure life, so far from failing grow stronger between fifty and seventy-five; and their later works, provided they have peace and competence, will often surpass and seldom fall below those of their early years. Michel Angelo worked until he was ninety; Titian was nearly one hundred when he died; Rubens, seventy; Tintoretto, eighty-two; Claude, eighty-two; Teniers, eighty-four.—ED.

bone, and muscle, and part of the human and animal frame, was not to be surpassed; who had proved the soundness and purity of his taste in art by his defence of the Elgin Marbles against the laughter and abuse of the critics and connoisseurs; who had trained and educated some of the best artists in England; and, not to mention his other services to the art of the country, had painted as fine a genuine fresco as there was to be seen in England. Was it in the public interest, when a great work of fresco decoration was about to be painted at the public cost, that such a master of his art should be passed over by the authorities? The question was not a personal, but a public question. Haydon was the only painter in England who had thought out this particular subject of the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. He was the only man, I believe, in the country, who thoroughly comprehended what was wanted to be done, and how to do it. Imperious, and impatient of ignorance he might have been, but he was a man of unmatched industry and ability, full of experience, and in the prime of life. That he was an "uncompromising" man, and an "impracticable" man, and a man "with such extreme opinions, that he could not have worked with" this man and that, is nothing but the ordinary excuses of misapplied power, and a failing cause. As Dolabella says of Antony's messenger, so it may be said of Sir Robert Peel, this is

> "An argument that he is plucked when hither
> He sends so poor a pinion of his wing."

Such excuses were just as applicable to Haydon as they would be to the Leader of the Opposition in Parliament, if, when the people preferred him to office, the sovereign and his minister kept him out. Haydon was always kept in opposition. He never was tried with power. It is in opposition a man most shows his defects. If in constant and irritating opposition, he is certain—at least I never knew the man who was not—to be guilty of mistakes. "Where there is much activity," Burke says, "there is always aberration." But to insist that a man of original mind, who always considers his own opinion right, is therefore unsuited to a post where he is liable to be irritated by collision with others, is absurd and illogical, for it quite overlooks the wide separation between always thinking you are right, and thinking you are always right. An honest man must always think his opinions

right, or they would not be his. But it does not follow he is not open to conviction. Moreover, if Haydon had shown defects, he had also shown extraordinary capacity and vigour; and in his art no one could touch him. Put such a man in office, and he will prove that he has as much discretion as your most cautious mediocrities, more than their share of common sense, and infinitely more knowledge of his own particular business.

But Sir Robert Peel carried his point, plain sense was pushed aside, and Haydon was excluded from all employment in the decoration of the new Houses.

And now comes the fair question, what has the country gained by his exclusion? Have we anything to boast of as the result of Sir Robert Peel's action in this matter? The chief thing the public has gained has been "experience," and very dearly we have paid for it. After several annual official reports from the Royal Commission of Fine Arts, the public learned in the eleventh Report that "difficulties had arisen;" the plain fact being, as I have often heard Haydon predict, the frescoes were already showing signs of decay. In their twelfth Report (February, 1861), the Royal Commissioners express their "extreme mortification" at the "failure" of their efforts in fresco, and intimate their intention "to attempt water-glass painting" instead. A few weeks later, on the 11th March, 1861, the Royal Commissioners threw up their cards. For eighteen years they had "meddled with everything and muddled all," and now they begged to be allowed to resign their functions. It was the cheapest thing to let them go, and Sir Robert Peel's Commissioners silently effaced themselves from public view, the only official act of their existence which commanded the unqualified approbation of the country. They returned to their respective domestic and other duties, for which, let us hope, they were better fitted than for dealing with matters of art, in which the majority had shown the thorough ignorance of educated men, and their utter insensibility to anything like a grand idea.*

With regard to their fresco and water-glass decorations of the House, I hope I am not overstating the case when I say it is admittedly an enormous and costly failure. And this is exactly what I have, in 1845, heard my father predict it would

* A curious and interesting history of this unfortunate Royal Commission is given by Mr. Redgrave in his 'British Painters.'—Ed.

be. "I shall not be alive to see it, but you may; and mark my words, in less than twenty years their frescoes will begin to decay. In fifty years there will be nothing of them left. They talk of their lasting. Good God! what credulity! There is not one of them who knows how to prepare his surface to last, and except Eastlake and Dyce, there is not a soul among them who can paint a genuine fresco." Are not his words fulfilling themselves? Yet this one man, who knew where the fault lay, and how to remedy it, was designedly excluded by Sir Robert Peel from all control over, or share in the work! But if he was not permitted to be the steersman, or even one of the crew, Haydon was at least the Orpheus who sailed with those Argonauts, with this difference, that his visions were always intelligible to himself.

Then, again, as to the general principle and object of the decoration as it stands. It is impossible to discover any leading idea. Except to dispose of the sums of money voted by Parliament, there is no principle represented. We have Moses, and Blücher, and Nelson, and Montrose on the scaffold, and Argyle on his bed, and Alice Lisle, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and many pretty pictures of academic figures in theatrical costume, that illustrate no principle, are guided by no leading idea, which appeal only to the eye, and that must not be a critical one. Allowing the works the full merit their friends claim, there is throughout a marked absence of all genuine heroic spirit both in sentiment and execution. No impartial judge can deny that. When a recent Quarterly Reviewer declared the whole thing a gigantic failure, "a monument of our inability to meet what ought in a nation possessed of our wealth, and means, and culture, to be a common and not at all an extraordinary occasion," he gave expression to a truth that is impressed upon most of us.

But I deny that it was the fault of the artists so much as the fault of the Royal Commissioners. There were, then, as there are now, competent painters equal to great public works. But such men have no chance against the low taste, the want of culture, and the ignorant prejudices in art of our nobility.

If Haydon's restless spirit be doomed, as a pang for sins not yet atoned for, to wander round the corridors of the palace at Westminster, it must suffer a melancholy remorse at seeing its living predictions coming so rapidly to their crisis. I only hope that, compelled to wander with him, is the spirit of Sir

Robert Peel. But I must hasten to bring my too long record of Haydon's career to its close.

When, in 1844–5, Haydon became satisfied the original information he had received in 1842 was correct, and under no circumstances would Sir Robert Peel, if he could help it, allow him to be employed in the decoration of either House, he showed no resentment: "I am totally left out," he writes in his journal (27th June, 1845), "after forty-one years of suffering and hard work, with my 'Lazarus,' and 'Curtius,' and 'Uriel,' before their eyes; and being, too, the whole and sole designer for the decoration of the House of Lords in the first instance, and the cause of the thing being done at all.

"Backed by encouragement, I have never known how steadily would my powers develop! I shall never know it. Had I been employed, the sense of a duty to be done would have banked up my mind, and kept it running in one channel deep and constant; now it has spread out into a thousand irritable little rivulets, watering the ground and exhausting the fountain head."

It is pitiable to read these words. One knows how it must have wrung his heart to write them. The allusion to that utter absence of real encouragement which had marked his hard life is touching; while the reference to a duty to be done bears out what I have said of the probable effect upon him of office. And now he made up his mind. Humiliated and wounded to the core at the contemptuous manner in which he had been pushed aside by the Royal Commissioners, Haydon determined upon a step that, in the most favourable times, would have been hazardous, but just then was almost certain ruin. He would try and interest the public by painting, in opposition, and exhibiting his six original designs for the decoration of the Houses. In the earlier period of his then unmarried life, three great pictures had brought him to the ground. Now he was about to paint six, and the circumstances were even more unfavourable; for the nobility were not only against him, but the Court, which was formerly indifferent, was now hostile. The Academy was not exactly against him, but it would not support him, and a "public" had grown up since 1823 that took less interest in "Haydon and his Historical Painting" than he could be brought to believe. Then he had no capital, and had to maintain a family, as well as himself all the time, by painting

cabinet pictures. The strain was too great even for him. But it is with such men as with great kings, their griefs are not easily allayed.

> "The forest deer being struck
> Runs to the herb that closes up the wounds,
> But when the Imperial Lion's flesh is gored,
> He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw:
> And highly scorning that the lowly earth
> Should drink his blood, mounts upward to the air."

Had he possessed capital, which would have given him time to reflect and paint, I have little doubt, in spite of all that the learned and unlearned critics say, he would have produced a series of six works unrivalled in English art, and worthy of his high repute. That was the opinion of competent judges. But he had lost a year, and he had no reserve funds. "Darkness before, and danger's voice behind," was all his inheritance. For the first and only time in his life he appears to me to have allowed his mortification to get the better of his good judgment.

He began the first of his series of six pictures in April, 1845. The 'Banishment of Aristides,' a fine subject, forcibly painted, he finished in four months; the second, 'Nero watching the Burning of Rome,' hastily conceived and painted, he finished in two months. Yet these arduous and impassioned labours could not recover the year lost in indecision, nor remove that disquiet of the soul which precedes misfortune. He reads, he writes, he works incessantly, but ever and anon I find him referring directly and indirectly to Death as if he felt its awful shadow near. Dr. Hook sends him the 'Confessions of St. Augustine.' He reads them, reviews his own life, and writes:—"The first step towards fitting the Soul to stand before its Maker is a conviction of its unworthiness." Then he is more constant in prayer—more curious in his utterances and quotations from Scripture, more humble towards Him "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Suddenly he hears the sad news that his old friend, Colonel Gurwood, has destroyed himself. This affects him profoundly. Now he refuses to record his prayers any more. "I feel them," he says; "but it is too familiar to write them down, and bring them in contact with daily expression of worldly matters." It is as if he dared not utter and record them, lest the effort should turn him from the fascination of some shackled propensity, suddenly broken loose and, mastering his obedience.

He flies for relief to a fresh subject, 'Alfred and his First Trial by Jury.' But the weight of Gurwood's miserable death presses on his mind and heart. In February, 1846, he leaves London in low spirits and goes to Edinburgh. Here he met with his usual enthusiastic reception. His lectures were crowded to excess, and the profuse hospitality of the famous city freely extended to him. Donald may not have more money than suffices for his own modest wants; but he appreciates a man with brains, is a staunch friend, and is always glad to give you a warm welcome in his hospitable home. The following month Haydon returned to London, and prepared for his exhibition in April.*

The two pictures, 'Aristides' and 'Nero,' were exhibited at the Egyptian Hall. The newspapers spoke highly of them as works of art. But the next room to Haydon's exhibition was taken by the dwarf 'Tom Thumb.' The London world rushed in its thousands to see this novelty—dukes, duchesses, earls, and countesses led the van, and all the "Public" followed. When they came out from the Presence, the poor people were so overcome by their emotions they could not endure the shock, nor afford the additional expense, of looking at 'Nero' or 'Aristides.' They passed Haydon's exhibition room, and went off to Grange's for ice and wafers. After six weeks Haydon closed his exhibition with the loss of 111*l.*, rolled up his pictures, and went to work vigorously at the next of his series.

I do not think the failure of the exhibition disturbed him much. Like Sir Isaac Newton and the South Sea Bubble, he "could not calculate on the madness of the people." Besides, he had a settled object in view, that gave him no time for vain regrets, but he expressed his opinion of London society—and for that portion of the British Public which had followed their caprice on this occasion—in terms of deep disdain.

To his own mind, unless some extraordinary assistance arrived, his days were now numbered. But, "to-morrow knaves will thrive through craft and fools through fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit." Day by day passed, and no inquiries, no commissions came in, no offers to buy either of the four large pictures he had now upon his hands. He began to lose confidence in his power to stave off the last day long enough to enable him to complete his series.

* It is only fair to Sir Robert Peel that I should state, in November, 1845, he had, as Prime Minister, and upon Haydon's application, appointed one of Haydon's two sons, a Cambridge man, to a clerkship under Government.

"The great thing will be to get them done," he continually writes in his journal. And he struggled bravely on, flying hither and thither to pacify creditors, raise money, gain time—anything for peace to think and paint. His debts were not large. The price of a small yacht, or of another diamond necklace, would have covered them all. But no member of the nobility came near him. Prince Albert was one day seen to ride by and to look up at the house, and speak to his equerry. His Royal Highness had not the courage to come in.

With the month of June came no improvement of prospects, no diminution of pecuniary pressure. He works vigorously. He prays earnestly to be carried "through the evils" of each day, and he entreats the Almighty to preserve his "mind," so as to enable him to bear up against "all obstructions." But at last it dawns upon his too sanguine hopes that all his labour is in vain; the taste of the Nobility for art is no higher than it was fifty years before, and perhaps, after all, he may have mistaken the 'feeling' of the 'People.' An old friend, whom he had helped in early life, now offers to lend him 1000*l.* They are to meet and dine in the City. L—— keeps the engagement, but after dinner breaks the news to Haydon that, he is unable to advance the money. Haydon drank deeply (hotel wine is not always sound), and the next day, between the disappointment and the dinner, he was "wrong" in his "head." The weather now (14th June) became intensely hot, and he got completely out of health. All the week he was in this state, and could get no rest at night, but he refused to send for medical advice, and gradually abandoned work. It looks as if he felt the end was near, and thought it time to fold his robe about him. But now, a very curious thing happened, upon which a vast deal of fine writing has, in my humble opinion, been needlessly expended. The 15th June had been a day of great anxiety and no relief. On the 16th June Haydon wrote to his old friend, the Duke of Beaufort, to explain his situation and ask assistance. The letter reached the duke at Badminton, just as he was going out to enjoy the bright day by shooting rabbits. The duke put the letter into his pocket and took down his gun. Haydon wrote also to Lord Brougham, and, oddly enough, to the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel. Now, if ever there was a time for one man to do a graceful and generous act towards another he had helped to ruin, this was the moment. Sir Robert Peel, in

the midst of all his Corn Law debates, replies promptly, though in a formal letter, enclosing an official order for 50*l.* on a fund over which, as Prime Minister, he had official control.

It is hardly fair to look your gift horse too curiously over; but it is to be remarked that only to send 50*l.* to an artist owing 3000*l.*, and on the brink of arrest and ruin, was the merest illusion in the world. It was like that phantom Minerva sends to Hector to tempt him to his fate by making him believe Deiphobus is at hand. Moreover, Sir Robert's "contribution for your necessities" did not come out of Sir Robert's private purse. It was "public" money. Considering his position and grave responsibilities at that moment, his prompt reply compares favourably with the Duke of Beaufort's forgetfulness, and Lord Brougham's silence. But yet there is something in the gift unpleasing. It came out of the Consolidated Fund, to which Haydon, who for years had been paying his taxes regularly, must have contributed his share. Had Sir Robert Peel made up the price he paid for the 'Napoleon' to the 500 guineas, which he ought to have given Haydon for the picture, such a sum (389*l.*) would have been a real benefit to the painter, and would probably have saved his life. And it would only have been just from the man with 40,000*l.* a year towards the poor painter who had painted him so fine a picture, had got so mean a price for it, and was now asking for "help." But no, not one sixpence from his own private purse would Sir Robert Peel give. That would look like concession. How singular that this man, who never had a guiding principle in politics, who would yield everything to pressure, but resist everything till he was pressed, should, in a matter of this kind, draw a hard and fast line against the evidence of facts he could not controvert, and refuse to grant to feeling what his stiff-necked pride rejected. It was not magnanimous. It was wanting in generosity, cold in heart, and unworthy of a man in Sir Robert Peel's position. But the highest virtue of which the late Sir Robert Peel was capable, and the last he arrived at, was justice to those he had wronged.

Haydon acknowledged the receipt of the 50*l.*, and in the warmth of his own good heart he paid a compliment to that which he assumed to belong to Sir Robert Peel. But it is to be observed, he put the money aside and did not touch it. This is significant. The 18th, 19th, and 20th of June came, passed, and brought no answer from the Duke of Beaufort or Lord

Brougham. Haydon grew gloomy, and became dispirited as a jaded horse. What he suffered during these days, and how acutely, his daily journal tells. He feels his "heart sink"; his brain "grows confused"; he lies awake at night in "great agony of mind." He prays God to bless him through "the evils" of each day. He takes down to a bookseller a parcel of books he had not paid for, and begs him to "take care of them." He takes an unfinished sketch, upon which he was engaged for Sir W. then Mr. Fairbairn,* and had been part paid for, and carries it to the house of a relative of this friend, and leaves it in the hall, with a hasty message for its care. He does the same with one or two other small works, and he passes one entire day burning vast quantities of correspondence and documents in the court-yard of his house. In the intervals he sits in his painting-room unable to work, staring at his picture "like an idiot," his brain "pressed down by anxiety," his frenzied eyelids suing in vain for rest. Every post brings him angry demands for the settlement of bills, threats of execution, and immediate prospect of arrest, imprisonment, and ruin. One by one his last hopes fall from him, like dead leaves fluttering from a bough. Good God! what a picture it is! To think of this man, after forty years of noble work to refine the taste and enlighten the understanding of the nobility and people of wealthy England, so as to make art in its higher range a delightful mode of moral elevation, and design a means of their material prosperity, sitting beggared by want of employment, silent and abstracted, with all the disjointed fragments of his perishing hopes about him, in a chaos of unspeakable thought, his soul "melting by reason of his trouble," his brain throbbing with fire, pondering over his past life, and confronting his deep love for his art with his broken fortunes, till stung by the bitterness of the contrast, like a dying gladiator, he determines on self-murder lest he be left to languish in his agony. It is a picture of human suffering, under the uttermost burden of wretchedness, that one does not often see into so distinctly. Nor was it wholly creditable to the country, nor, in this case, to the Prime Minister of that country in which it was there to be seen. On the morning of the 21st June he enters in his journal:—

"Slept horribly—prayed in sorrow—got up in agitation."

* It is now in the possession of Lady Fairbairn, widow of the late Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., F.R.S. The subject is 'Christ before Pilate.'—Ed.

This loss of rest at night was the worst sign about him. I have heard him say he could face any misfortune if he got his sleep. But he could not support the irritability arising from disturbed rest. The action of his brain became morbid and unhealthy. On Sunday, this 21st June, he walked out with one of the family to dine with his friend, Commissioner Evans, at Hampstead. On his way through the Regent's Park he complained much of the intense heat, and said, the night before, when lying awake, he had understood how it was people committed suicide; that he had dwelt with pleasure on the idea of throwing himself off the Monument and dashing his head to pieces. He was begged not to dwell on such thoughts, and after a time he grew more calm. He spoke of his embarrassments, and appeared to show the greatest repugnance to having to go through again all the degradation and miseries of imprisonment and ruin. They parted at the Avenue Road bridge, and on parting he said, "Tell your mother not to be anxious about me," and went on his way.* About 5 P.M. he returned home. He said he was not in sufficiently good spirits to stay at Hampstead. At dinner he got up from his chair and turned a glazed picture to the wall: his brain could not bear the reflected light. He looked flushed and haggard, and passed a silent and abstracted evening. That night he was heard walking about his room nearly the whole night, apparently in great agitation. It was in those wakeful hours he settled his resolve. He was dressed and out of his room early the next morning (22nd June), and walked down, before breakfast, to Rivière, a gunmaker in Oxford Street, near Regent Street. Here he bought one of a pair of pistols. He came home about 9 A.M., breakfasted alone, then went to his painting-room, and, probably, wrote the letters to his children, his will,† and his "last thoughts." As my mother and sister passed the painting-room door on their way to their rooms, about 10.30 A.M., they tried the door—it was locked—and he called out very fiercely, "Who's there?" A few minutes after, as if regretting the tone in which he had spoken, he came up to my mother's room, kissed her affectionately, and

* My brother was so struck by this conversation that, on his return, he had the intention of calling upon and consulting with the family medical man, but my mother, to whom he mentioned his fears, laughed at the idea of my father committing "suicide," and begged of my brother to dismiss the suspicion from his mind. Her treatment of his fears made him put aside his intention.—ED.

† Being unwitnessed, it was invalid.—ED.

lingered about the room as if he had something to say. But he said little, except to ask her to call that day on an old friend (one of the executors he had just named in his will) and, returned to his painting-room, deliberately wrote in his journal—

"God forgive me.—Amen!"

"Stretch me no longer on this tough world."—*Lear.*

and in a few moments had destroyed himself.

My poor sister shortly afterwards, returning home alone, and thinking to comfort and console her father in his anxieties, stole gently down to his painting-room, tried the door, it opened, and she looked in. What she saw I never dared to speak to her about. A few weeks before her own death, in the dim twilight of a summer's night, she told me. At first, in the subdued light of the painting-room, she could not distinguish clearly; and the awful silence of the room, broken only by the loud ticking of his watch, chilled her heart. It was as if some sorrow had passed into the air, and oppressed her. She looked for him, but he was not sitting at his table, though his watch was there, and his Journal lay open, and some letters and a church-service she had given to him. Nor was he in the further corner where he commonly stood to study his picture. Another glance, and she saw him lying on the floor. At first she thought he had thrown himself on the floor to study the foreground of his picture: she called gently to him, but he did not answer. She came forward, and leaned hesitatingly over, fearing to disturb him too abruptly, and softly called again. Still he was heedless. She looked steadily at him; he was all on the floor, as if huddled together. Then a horrible, an indescribable dread seized her—he had fallen in a fit. She stepped close to him, her foot slipped as she stooped quickly and touched his head, which was cold as ice. She looked, and his ruddy cheek was white and waxen as if with the pallor of death; a fixed and glassy light was in his eye, and he lay there without motion, pulse, or breath. In a pool of what she first thought red paint spilled upon the floor around her, she saw a razor, and close to it a pistol. Then the awful truth flashed upon her mind. He had destroyed himself, and she was standing in his blood.

Thus died Haydon, by his own hand, in his sixty-first year, in full vigour of life, and on the threshold of what appeared to

be a hale old age. It was a sad end to a courageous life of galling conditions: a poor reward for forty-two years of faithful and struggling service to the public under mountains of calumny, contradiction, and neglect. He was buried in Paddington Churchyard, next to Mrs. Siddons, and in the midst of his children who were so dear to his heart. His death created a profound sensation; and an enormous crowd followed him to his grave.

Haydon left a widow and three children—all that survived out of his family of eight. Two lovely girls and three boys had sunk under the distresses of their home. Indeed, I am surprised any of us survived. But a few years, and his widow was laid by his side, worn prematurely to death by the sorrows and anxieties of her life. A few more years, and his only surviving daughter—once one of the most beautiful girls in England—sunk into an early grave, carrying with her the recollections of that terrible day, from the shock of which she never recovered. And this is Historical Painting in England!

Immediately on Haydon's death becoming known, the nobility joined in a public meeting of condolence to the family, and subscribed a sum of money for the benefit of the widow and daughter, who would much prefer to have refused it, but Lord Carlisle, Talfourd, and other old friends insisted that the grave should cover all resentment, and it was invested for their benefit.

It is, however, some satisfaction to be able to say that, however grateful I shall always feel towards those who subscribed at the time, I have been relieved of the necessity of returning the money to their families, as I had intended, by the fact that, shortly after it came into my possession on the death of my sister, it unexpectedly and hopelessly went down with its bankers into the deep insolvent, before the necessary arrangements for its return were completed by my solicitors.

Nor must I, in fairness to Sir Robert Peel, for I have no wish to deprive him of his due, neglect to state that, on Haydon's death being made known to him, he instantly sent to Haydon's widow an order on the Treasury for 200*l.*, also public money, he removed Haydon's eldest son from the clerkship given to him in 1845, to a less slenderly paid post under the Board of Customs, and to the public subscription Sir Robert

Peel added 100*l.* of his own. But this was a mere "dipping of his napkin in dead Cæsar's blood." The whole sum total of all he ever gave, of public and private money, including his first 10*l.* for the taxes, and the 136*l.* for the 'Napoleon,' falls short of the 500 guineas he should have given Haydon in the first instance for that picture.*

As Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel was then called upon to advise Her Majesty to bestow a pension on the widow of Haydon. The scale submitted and approved was not profuse. The same spirit of guarded bounty prevailed here, and 2*s.* 9*d.* a day was considered, in the words of the Royal Warrant, to meet the case of "Mrs. Haydon's distressed circumstances, *and* the merits as an artist of her late husband."†

Haydon's debts amounted to about 3000*l.* His estimated assets were about 2000*l.* His will is a simple document, expressed with brevity and pathos. He declares himself clear in his intellect and decided in his resolution of purpose. He acknowledges his debts with an uneasy apprehension that he was morally wrong in incurring them, but, "considering the precarious nature of the profession, pardon may be granted."

* Lady Peel was so ashamed of the whole transaction that she wrote a most amiable letter to my mother, and begged to be allowed to add another official pension of 25*l.* a year, all she had power to confer. When Mrs. Haydon died, in 1854, Lord Aberdeen refused to continue this pension to Haydon's daughter. —ED.

† The Warrant is "given at our Court at Buckingham Palace, 4th July, 1846," and is signed H. Goulburn, H. Baring, and countersigned "R. Peel." This grant of the half of a two-and-ninepenny pension *per diem* to Haydon's widow as the official recognition, after forty-two years' silence, of Haydon's public services, when compared with the grants of money and honours made within that period to our naval and military officers, and to Court servants during their lifetime, and then to their widows, and only for doing the duty they were appointed to perform and paid for performing at the time, raises a question which I venture to think is not sufficiently considered, viz., ought not the man who does something for the public beyond his duty, something for which he is not hired and paid, and could not be made liable to punishment for not doing, to have the priority of public reward? It seems a fair question whether any man in the service of the Crown has the right to consider himself entitled to honours and reward for doing his duty. For what is a duty but an obligation you have undertaken and are bound to discharge? But here is a man like Haydon (and there are probably more like him at this moment in science and literature), without pay or reward, devoting all his time, his talents, his private means, and all the energies of his active and industrious mind, and sacrificing the interests of his family, to effect certain great public benefits, when he is under no obligation to do anything of the kind, and cannot be punished if he refuse. Provided the result he aims at be a public benefit, and proves to be one, has he not the first claim to honour and reward during his lifetime, to say nothing of something more liberal to his widow, if she needs it, than a mere labourer's daily wage? Surely Haydon's case, and it is not the only one, shows an inequality here that ought to be levelled, and occasionally one so gross—instances are familiar to all of us—that Parliament, which has the power, should insist upon the levelling.—ED.

He asks forgiveness of his creditors. He declares he meant all in honour.* He names the Duke of Sutherland, Talfourd, and others, as his best friends. He calls Sir Robert Peel his "dear friend." If it were not that he desired to die in charity with all men, and, that this was written in such an awful moment, I should set it down as the only bit of insincerity in the will, for he well knew that Sir Robert Peel was not his "dear friend," but had helped to ruin him, and that the horrible act he was about to commit, he had been greatly driven to by the unceasing and deliberate pressure of the Prime Minister. Finally he begs his wife and children to forgive him, "for this additional pang will be the last, and relieved from the burden of my ambition, they will be happier and suffer less."

The will is written in a firm, bold hand throughout. He wrote letters to his children, and among others, one to Sir Robert Peel, the contents of which have never transpired.

With regard to the amount of patronage and support which Haydon received from the nobility, although he had many kind friends among them, such as the late Lord Westmoreland and the late Lord Ellesmere, and others, I find upon careful calculation that he got nothing like the sums commonly supposed. In the forty-two years of his professional life, Haydon was paid and presented by the nobility, with a sum of money not exceeding in all 2700*l.*, the greater proportion of which was paid over to him by the Dukes of Bedford and Sutherland.

From our Royal Family Haydon, in that time, received one commission of 500 gs. from King George IV., and one subscription of 10 gs. from King William IV. If the weight of gold kings bestow on the professors of art, literature, or science, is any proof of their esteem, Haydon must have stood low. Her present Majesty did not honour Haydon with her royal patronage or support; on the contrary, Her Majesty refused to appoint him her Historical Painter. His late Royal Highness the Prince Consort also declined to employ Haydon when solicited to do so by one of his friends; and when Haydon, in 1844, requested His Royal Highness's acceptance of his 'Essay on Fresco Painting,' His Royal Highness desired the Essay to be returned. "Les rois ont plus de cœur que nous. Ils oublient plus tôt les services que les offenses."

Thus, if we put together the patronage of the Sovereign

* I have heard one of his largest creditors express his firm belief in this.—Ed.

and of the Government, and the patronage and gifts of the nobility, we shall find it does not average more than 80*l.* a year. This is not extravagant support for a rich country like England. It would hardly pay for the models and canvas of a dealer's hack. Nor is there one instance in the forty-two years of Haydon's life of any single member of the nobility or Royal Family employing him as their Art Instructor, or having sent pupils, or taking the slightest interest in his School. How then did Haydon contrive to live? He maintained himself mainly by the support the public gave to his Exhibitions, by the help of his personal friends, Dawson Turner and Joseph Strutt, for example, largely and generously accorded, by the patronage of the untitled classes, by his pupils, and latterly, to a small extent, by his lectures. But he was made, if ever a man was, for great public works, and that was denied him by the governing classes. One hour of Lorenzo the Magnificent would have changed his fate and fortunes. But Sovereigns with a taste for Dutch and German art, Parliaments that knew nothing of the functions of Art, and Prime Ministers who thought drawing of no use, or did not recognise the beauties or value of the Elgin Marbles, have no sympathy with men like Haydon. They do not understand them. They are an enigma. The Minister would infinitely prefer they should take a commercial view of their art, paint only what pays best, and, to use the words of a recent critic on Haydon, "*make themselves comfortable on the ordinary level*," and paint "*neat little historical pictures such as the British millionaire can appreciate*," * rather than they should seek to raise the taste of the nation by striving to restore a lost excellence, or to simplify principles for the instruction of the people.

Haydon left behind him not more than 250 paintings of all sizes, including oil sketches. His art pupils all proved capable men, and some won the highest distinction. As to the real position of Haydon in his Art, that is a subject of so controversial a nature, and in the present passion for "polish" and "detail," one which may be expected to excite so much testiness and opposition, it is hardly possible it should receive fair consideration. It is rarely a controversial man like Haydon is judged, in his own century, with that broad and impartial spirit to which his original force of mind

* 'Blackwood,' June, 1875.—Ed.

and inventive power has fair claim. A man who does what his fiery intellect prompts, and not what the world expects, never meets with fair play in his own century. Certainly, to be "scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill," is peculiarly Haydon's misfortune. So far as I can see, Haydon's critics appear to think only of detecting and exposing his defects, and of judging him either by what he does not do, or by the worst of what he does. This is glib, but hardly sound. It is on a par with that king of France, who condemned his whole supper for the sin of a "ragoût." You might as well judge Raphael by his trees, Newton by his Chronology, or Sir Walter Scott by his Life of Napoleon. Even Mr. Watts, of whom Haydon had the highest hopes, in his critical examination of Haydon's works, devotes all the powers of his mind in this spirit. But the result is not the product of a workman. Mr. Watts begins at the wrong end. He devotes three pages to pointing out assumed blemishes, three lines to admitting but not pointing out the greater beauties, and then ends by impugning Haydon's motives, and damns him altogether. This is neither generous nor just. And there is always something suspicious in the "imputation" of motive. The question is, in the works of which painter are no imperfections to be found? Is it in Titian, in Carlo Dolci, in Raphael, in Michel Angelo, Rubens, Guido, the Caracci, Velasquez, Murillo, Correggio, or Reynolds, with his bad drawing? Why, all the painted works that ever were are more or less imperfect. There is only a portion of excellence in the finest of them, and that is what we have to search out and study. Having once traced that, we may look for defects if we please. That is the lowest step, not the first in criticism. That Haydon, in common with the rest, exhibits defects, I do not presume to deny. Defects of taste and refinement, wanting at times in natural grace, and with disproportion, in a greater degree than, apparently, ought to be found.* But consider first the circumstances under which he painted; and with a painter, you must consider the circumstances, the harass of his mind, the pressure from pecuniary anxieties, the base, the abject want of some periods, the bitter sorrow of others, the cruel pain of nearly all, and the cramped space in which he was compelled by the nobility to live and paint. Consider all this, and instead of

* In his Painting-room, in Burwood Place, he was so cramped it was impossible to judge distant effects correctly.—Ed.

blaming him for not leaving his works perfect, wonder with me there are so few defects. For is it not a truth that, to get his best work from the artist, you must ensure his creative power freedom from disturbances?

Throughout his whole career, I only know one period when Haydon's mind was comparatively unharassed, when he worked freely as to space and with a certain sense of relief from pecuniary pressure, though then afflicted by ill-health and interrupted by other disturbing causes, and that was between 1815 and 1820, when painting the 'Jerusalem.' There, indeed, we may see his art fairly. Bewick saw that picture painted, and he has left it on record, that there is "not an eye, nor an ear, nor a nostril, nor even a finger-nail that is not a perfect study." Competent judges, yet living, who remember the picture, speak of it with enthusiasm as "a most glorious work." All the testimony on the point tells us not only how honest a painter Haydon was by inclination and habit, but how reflective was the art of his execution. Nothing laboured, but nothing hasty or slurred, when he had time at his command, and no family to maintain. And even when he had not this time, and was weighted with encumbrances, in the works of which modern historical painter shall we find nobler contrasts to his utmost imperfections?

Haydon's art is a learned and thoughtful art of Form, Expression, and Colour; and by expression I mean not only the aspect of the face, but the action of the figure. In breadth, size, drawing, and power, he has no equal in the schools of Europe. Where is the modern painter who has approached him in knowledge and correct drawing of the human figure? I assert, without fear of being refuted, that his elbows, arms, hands, knees and feet, are beyond anything in modern art, and put all his contemporaries, and most of his successors, to shame. Who has surpassed him in power of composition, in sublimity of expression, in beauty of form, in richness and purity of tone and colour? Then where are we to find a man so varied and so versatile—who has given us so grand a representation of 'The Judgment of Solomon,' in Hazlitt's opinion, "the very finest work of that high class since the days of Titian;" or, "so glorious and so complete" a painting of the 'Entry into Jerusalem,' a work that, in the opinion of the most competent judges of that day, stamped Haydon as the "greatest historical painter England had ever produced." Who has ever con-

ceived and painted so sublime a head of 'Lazarus risen from his Grave,' so poetical a 'Napoleon,' so exquisite and pathetic a 'Penitent Girl'? Yet who has given us a more genuine bit of coarse humour and character than 'John Bull at Breakfast,' and 'Falstaff' in his 'pride of grease;' or of pathos and humour such as we see in his 'Mock Election,' and its companion picture? Hogarth could not have equalled Haydon in these on the scale they are painted. Yet again, the same right hand gave us the youthful grace and fire of 'Alexander and Bucephalus,' the beauty and character of the 'May Day,' the dignity of 'Uriel,' the vindictive envy of 'Satan' as he swoops down on Paradise, the failing limbs and death-stricken face of 'Eucles,' the marvellous horse of 'Curtius,' and the desperation of 'Dentatus'! These are his minor works. But, in Italy, each of these would have made the reputation of a man. In England, Haydon could sell only three, and was never asked to paint a fourth.

To my mind, Haydon's strength, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the grandeur and sublimity of his thoughts, as much as in the spirit of his execution, and in his power of drawing, expression, and humour.

When Haydon had to deal with poetical conception of character, with subjects depending on the momentary expression of passion, or of awe, when he had to paint the soul of a man, which can only be seized and developed in the imagination, I believe he will be found to rank with the greatest painters. I do not believe it to be possible for the imagination of man to conceive anything surpassing the expression of 'Lazarus.' And Time will confirm this, and confirm also what is already beginning to dawn upon the minds of the most thoughtful of his critics, viz.: his extraordinary power of humour, the humour of the greatest creators, the humour touched with pathos. What, then, is the real complaint against him? It is "want of finish;" he is rough, he is not "polished." In other words, Haydon stamps his own character too prominently upon his Art. That is true; but it is there, and will remain there, and we must make the best of it. His works are the result of thoughts rapidly expressed, nothing laboured, rapid but full of thought. In a letter to the late Mr. Dilke (1841) Haydon writes, "Nowhere is the principle of relative and essential form so out of place as in an English exhibition. The taste is altering — detail, copper finish, and polished

varnish are required instead of breadth, size, drawing, power." Nothing can more completely express the difference between Haydon and his modern critics. They want the fly on the priest's nose, which Thackeray surveyed at the ceremony over the entombment of the First Napoleon. Critics like Thackeray see only the fly; men like Haydon see something more; and although Haydon would not omit the fly if it was there, he would not imitate it into prominence. For he always refused to mingle the principles of sculpture with those of painting. When he had fully conveyed his intention, that is when he had given an exact representation at the one moment a painter has, he held his picture to be finished. But he modified or increased the amount of finish according to the scale of his painting. Proper finishing in Haydon's opinion was seizing the leading points of things with truth and correctness, so that they predominate over the subordinate parts, although these are not to be neglected. In other words, you are to define things so as to make them intelligible at the proper distance. Hence this appearance of a rough surface is due, in Haydon, to intentional handling, not to slovenly practice, or want of skill to execute. High polish and equal elaboration of all detail are not a true representation. Raphael's principle is the principle which guided Haydon and Gainsborough, another non-polisher, viz. that the inferior parts only are to be touched, leaving the atmosphere to complete the effect. No man knew better than Haydon when to leave off; witness his head of Lazarus. I venture to assert that it is not minute finish, but gradations of tone that constitute the true refinement of painting.

That his trees and skies are painted without "finish" is, I admit, perfectly true. I will even go further, and say that he is apparently careless on these external matters of detail, but it is the carelessness of internal and conscious power. He no more worked up minor points than Raphael his trees and skies, and even horses. "A button," as Haydon says in one of his letters to Eastlake (22 March, 1818), "is more easily finished than a face. If the button be highly wrought, it will be sure to attract more than the face; but a great mind will sacrifice the button to the face." Here is the true philosophy of art.

I recollect once watching him paint the eye of a horse, and how with a few masterly touches he gave the exact form of the brow, the lid, and the pupil, and just in so many touches

as were requisite to represent them, and no more. To me, standing close by his side, it looked like so many dabs of colour, and I laughed. "Come here," he said, "and look." I fell back to the proper distance, and I saw sharpness, softness, form, and all the characteristics of nature hit off exactly as it appeared in the horse at my side. Haydon had touched with unerring certainty the leading points, leaving the atmosphere to complete the rest. Here was real art based on sound knowledge.

No doubt in so bold a style as Haydon preferred the delicate excellencies of elaborate polish may be missed, but that does not deprive him of credit for execution. The same complaint was made against Gainsborough. "But," says his great rival Sir Joshua Reynolds, "all those odd scratches and marks so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, this chaos, this uncouth shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic at a certain distance assume form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places, so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence." The same may certainly be said of Haydon.

Another fault found with him is an extravagant display of muscular action. But to paint the naked in action requires knowledge, and if the subjects painted admit of the display, where is the objection? It would have been easier for Haydon to cover his figures with drapery, but he preferred for the interests of art to show how limbs and hands and feet should be painted. "On ne voyagerait pas sur la mer pour ne jamais en rien dire." Besides, I doubt if Haydon's display of his anatomical knowledge is extravagant. It may look unusual, but careful study will show that it is not extravagant. It certainly never approaches the violent distortions of Michel Angelo. He combines, as Eastlake says, "the bursting-strength of Michel Angelo with the nimble elegance" of the Greek statues, and never fails in harmony of action between limbs and muscles.

Finally, with his faults, real and alleged, of three things I feel satisfied: first, that Haydon always approached his work with reverence, and parted from it with regret. Secondly, that what he endeavoured to do was to be true to the conditions of his subject, and produce a work of art that should appeal to our higher feelings and sympathies, not a mere imitation of nature. And thirdly that, no one knew better

than himself what is perfection in art, nor how far short he came of that ideal excellence he aimed at, though his sense of incompleteness is not generally that of his critics. It is true that his happiness was in the applause of the world, but it was not in his own self-approbation, for he rarely had it. Only when others censured he could compare himself with them, and although he well knew how imperfect he was in comparison with excellence, he knew quite as well how inferior his critics were in comparison with him.

At the same time I must admit that some persons of feeling and judgment do complain of Haydon's Scriptural works, of his earlier career, very much resembling, to them, the 'Lara,' 'Childe Harold,' and romantic poems of Byron's earlier days, in being, as it were, rather academic exercises of power and skill than, the genuine product of the whole nature of the man. And that, although both Haydon's Scriptural pictures and Byron's romantic poems are full of "fine bits," and have here and there splendid "flashes of genius," they are on the whole failures, because done with a purpose, and to a certain extent "in masquerade." But the error of this view is surely in confounding the conception of the work with its representation in detail, at least, with the painter. A poet cannot always conceive a situation which he has not experienced; Byron, I believe, was one of these. But I do not think this can be said of a painter gifted with invention, and least of all, of Haydon. He may not have succeeded in transferring to his canvas the conceptions of his mind so successfully as to excite at once in others, of less vivid imagination, a similar mental and emotional state to that which had produced the picture. But that does not lay him open to the charge of not giving us the "genuine product" of his mind, so far as it was developed at that period. The humour that was in Haydon was certainly not awakened until a later period. That was suddenly uncoiled by what passed before his eyes when in prison in 1827. The list of thirty-eight historical subjects Haydon made out for himself, when only nineteen years of age, shows the bent of his mind previous to 1827; and although I have no wish to be partial, I do believe Haydon, between 1805 and 1827, to have been moved, first, by powerful devotional fervour, by a passionate desire to illustrate the life of Christ, and, secondly, by a genuine public ardour, with less thought of proving how well he could paint, without going to Italy, than to make

others feel what he felt, and what he wished done for the moral improvement as much as for the splendour and profit of England. And in this I am confirmed by Eastlake, Seymour Kirkup, Wordsworth, and other competent judges.

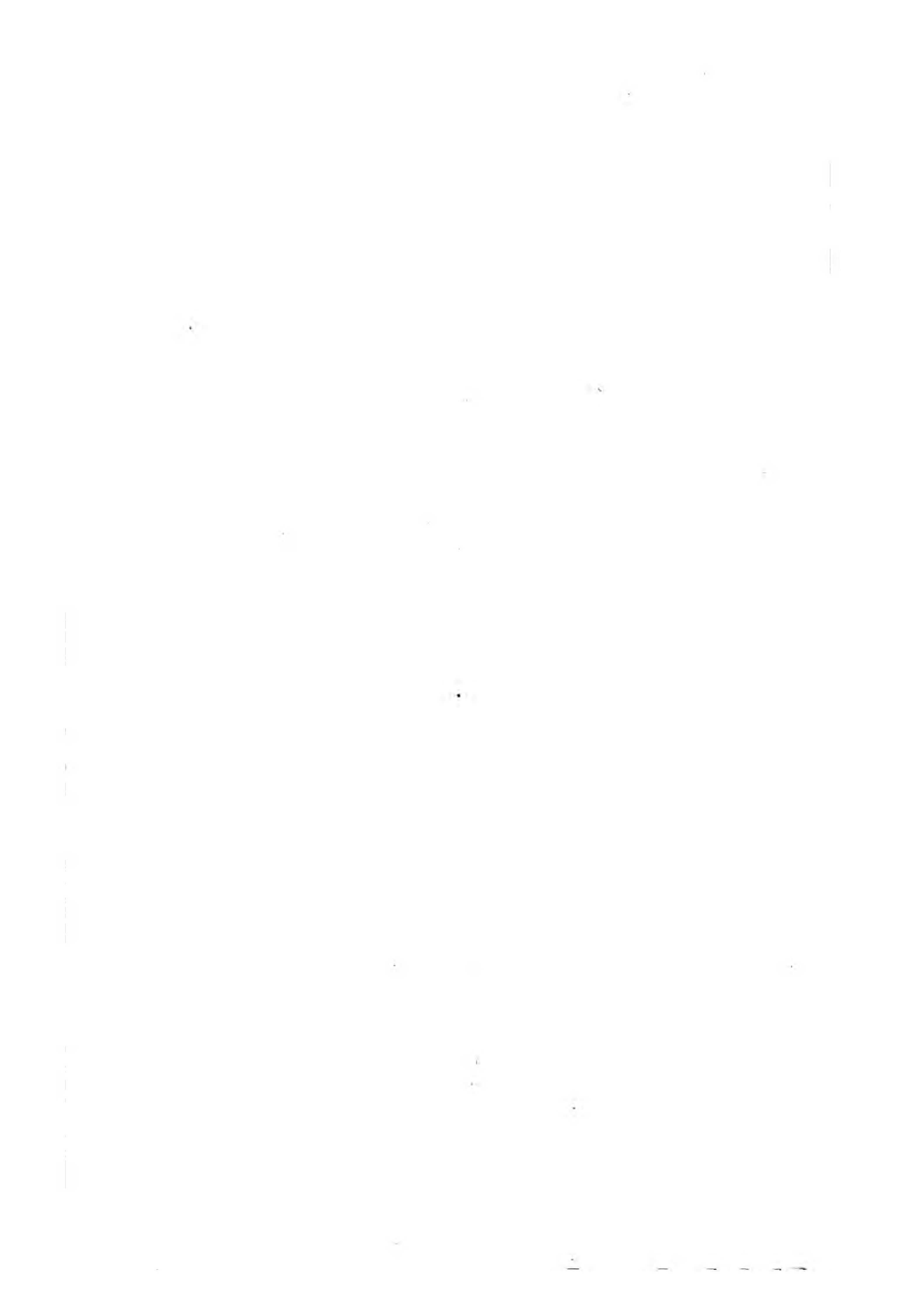
For my own part, I feel satisfied, from the terms in which I have heard him spoken of in Paris, in Madrid, and by the Germans, that Haydon's reputation as a painter will last as long as there is an artist in Europe; that his reputation as a writer and lecturer on art is unrivalled; and that before another century has come and gone, his pictures, in England will be thought out in their own language, and he will take that rank in English art which may be denied him now, but to which he must most unquestionably succeed.

Let us now, in conclusion, look fairly at the prospect his life presents. Grant all the errors and imperfections attributed to him—his want of tact and dignity—his intense self-will—his hatred of control—his impatience of ignorance—yet what a balance remains in his favour! A man of genius and of great resource, with fine poetic imagination and vehement enthusiasm, but essentially active, practical and shrewd, possessing a profound knowledge of his art, and gifted with the spirit of design; a man that any country might be proud to place at the head of her Art Institutions and employ upon works of public decoration, that he should animate, impel, and enrich the nation by his genius and labour. And what is his fate in England? He is roughly repressed by that special Institution established for the support and protection of the able and eminent in his profession, and repelled from her doors. He is rejected by the Government, neglected by the Nobility, and driven by the credulity and indifference of both to pass the greater part of his life in distracting poverty, or imprisonment, drudging and struggling for his daily bread, copying his own works, which others could have done as well, and squandering his fine powers for a bare subsistence, which in the end he fails to make, and dies.

It is a reflection upon the governing classes of that civilized nation where such things are possible and permitted in art, in literature, or in science. When a man who has proved his capacity in either stands before them, and asks for employment, that should be found him.

Yet disprized and neglected as he was by his own Nobility and Government, Haydon played a great part in the Art of

CAST OF HAYDON'S FACE TAKEN AFTER DEATH



Europe. His discovery of the Principles of Nature, upon which the School of Pheidias worked, and his carrying those principles into practice and instruction, was an enormous benefit to Art. By him the fading historical art of England was, for a period, arrested. He saved the Elgin Marbles to us; he was the real leader in the foundation of our Schools of Design; he gave the right direction to the training and education of artist and artisan, however viciously departed from by the authorities since his death; he was the man whose steady action moved Parliament in favour of public employment for our Painters; and he advanced the cause of Art and Design throughout the empire.

I cannot help thinking when an impartial posterity comes to reckon up the services of those Englishmen who have laboured scientifically to promote the educational value and functions of art in its relation to our national life, Haydon's name will not stand low upon the list, for the light he left behind him will assuredly be lasting.

And thus it was that Haydon lived and died. This is the story of his life. He gave to our common country, to our Art, and to our artisans the disinterested labour of a patriotic life, and he left the memory of his death to the indelible disgrace of the Government and Nobility of England.

Sketch from Haydon's Journal of a Figure in the 'Jerusalem.'

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

From W. JACKSON (*the Painter*).

DEAR HAYDON, London, 30th May, 1805.

Your letter afforded me exquisite pleasure, not only from the great regard I have for you, but also from your philosophic manner of reasoning. I do firmly believe that painters are capable of more real gratification than any other professional man whatever. But let us be careful to merit the name, for how many are there not in our days and generation who may justly be styled *miserable daubers!*

Poor dear Mr. Fuseli has been in the country almost ever since you left, on account of having suffered the misfortune to be knocked down and run over by a coach, returning from the theatre one evening. I never could learn particularly how he was hurt. I believe his ankle was sprained, and he was otherwise much bruised; but he is doing well again, I hope. The Academy, I regret to say, will not be fit for the reception of the "hell-hounds" before July. What a disgrace to the institution!

With regard to your observation concerning taste, I am really of your opinion, "It will unavoidably be regulated by what is continually before our eyes;" and "a student ought to be debarred the sight of works replete with gross errors," is a maxim upon such authority that M. Mengs himself could never upset. You say you have been drawing in Indian ink; that is a practice I should rather be disposed to dissuade you from. Though you may certainly acquire the knowledge of the anatomy as well in that manner as any other, yet why not use the tools by which your reputation is to be acquired? Depend upon it, my dear fellow, there is more real difficulty in successfully handling the brush than some people are aware

of; therefore, the sooner we begin to use it the better. For my part, I don't mean to draw much more, even in chalk. I have been advised by Sir George Beaumont, since I saw you, to paint all my studies at the Academy in black and white.

I have not seen many sales lately, not even the Shakespeare. I hear that the 'Cardinal Beaufort' was sold for the price which was given for it, and the 'Caldron Scene' for less than 500*l.* Mr. Fuseli's sold for little or nothing. You won't lose much by not seeing this year's exhibition. It is an —— of wretchedness. Hoppner made some pitiful excuses to me, but I have not room to repeat them. I will tell you all when we meet. Your old friend, "God Bless my Soul," inquired after you the other day. I met him in the street.

I have had the great pleasure, through the kindness of an old medical friend, to see many curious anatomies lately. I intend to have a subject for my own dissection. Will you join me? Only, for Heaven's sake, let us be sure that he is not murdered, and that he is *quite* dead.

Ever, my dear fellow,

Yours most sincere,

W. JACKSON.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Mulgrave Castle, 7th September, 1806.

. . . We have a Colonel and Mrs. Welch here, and Sir George and Lady Beaumont have arrived, so that we only want Mr. Jackson to complete the party. It will, perhaps, give you some pleasure to hear that you are not unfrequently the subject of their conversation. It appears that Mr. Jackson has spoken very highly of you several times to Lord Mulgrave, and I have told them of the picture you are at present engaged with, which has raised their curiosity and expectations. Sir George has expressed a desire to call upon you when he returns to London, and Lord Mulgrave desires me to transcribe a few lines on a subject which he seems very much to wish to have painted, as he admires it for its grandeur. He wishes to know if you think it would suit your ideas, although he would not wish to put any restraint upon your inclination. The subject has seldom or never been painted, which his Lordship thinks is an advantage to it. I have

enclosed the lines* in this letter, so that you may take your own time to think of it; but I will hope to see you myself before it will be necessary for you to give any opinion.

Sir George Beaumont is to allow me fifty guineas for my picture,† if I am satisfied with it. He says he never intended to fix it at the twenty-five guineas, but only mentioned that at the time to Mr. Jackson, as being the lowest that he would give. I think his offer is very liberal, and I think you will be of the same opinion.

We are all astonished that Mr. Jackson is not yet arrived, as we hear he was to leave London more than a week ago; but he is not one of those who are scrupulously punctual to their word, else we might be very uneasy about him. I find that Lord Mulgrave is as well acquainted with his failings as we are. He laughs at his unsteadiness, is pleased with his simplicity, admires his talents, but grieves at his want of industry; and, moreover, observes that Jackson is a person he never could be angry with. I understand he is to paint the portrait of Mrs. Welch when he comes here. If he does not make a fine picture of her, it will be his own fault, for she is a most beautiful woman. . . .

I am, my dear friend, yours sincerely,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

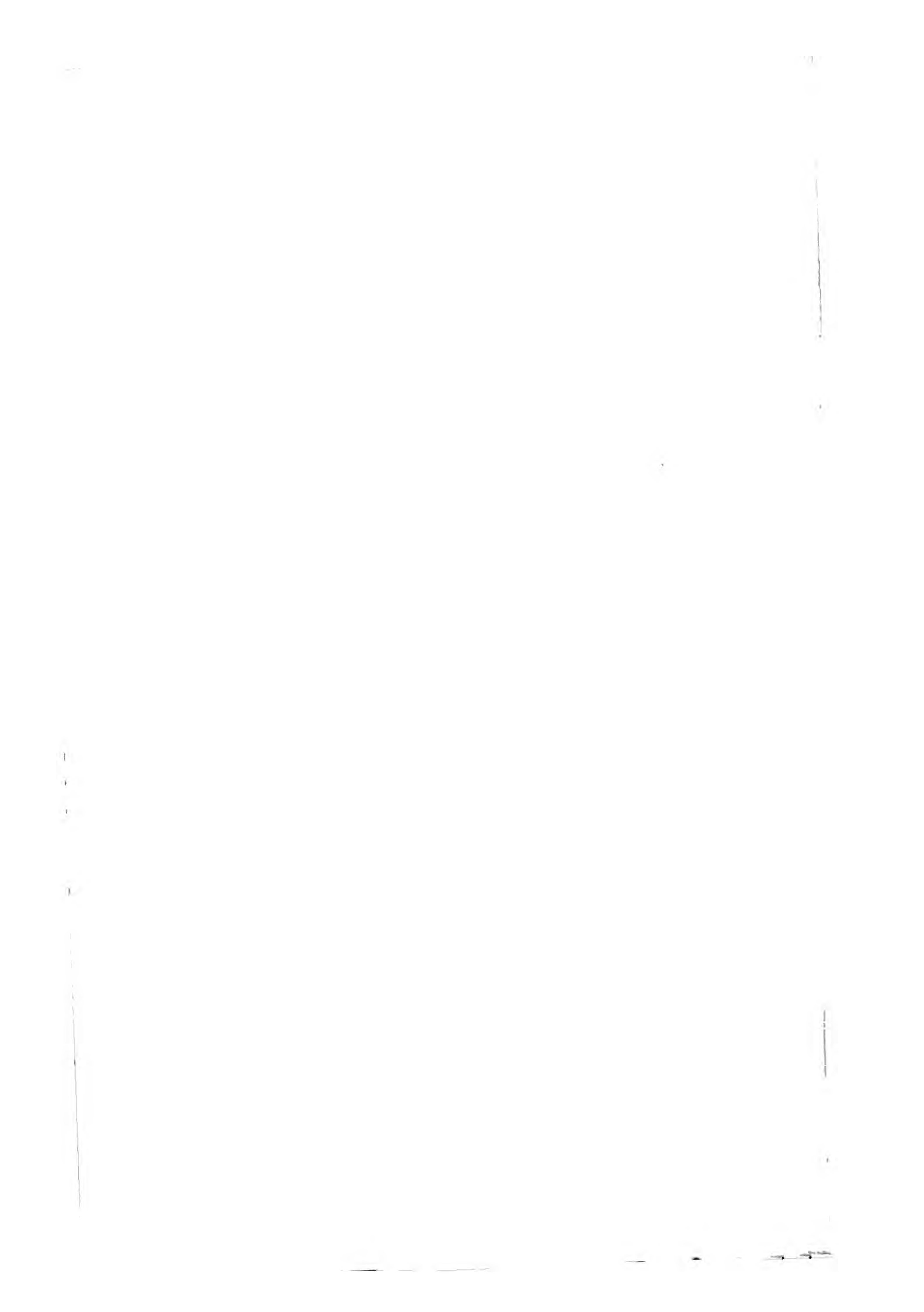
MY DEAR FRIEND, Cults, N.B., 3rd June, 1807.

Considering that of writing to you is the first duty I have to discharge on my arrival in Scotland, I have taken this as the first opportunity that my time would allow since I came to my father's house. I left London, as I purposed, when I saw you, on the day following, and, after a favourable passage of five days, during which I was sick almost from beginning to end, we arrived at Leith the Friday following. I stopped in Edinburgh ten days, which I spent in calling on a number of my friends; and amongst them my old master, Mr. Graham, who was very glad to see me, and who was the only person I have met with in Scotland who could talk reasonably about the art, for I must confess the people of Edinburgh seem to be far behind in their knowledge of that

* An extract from Hook's 'Roman History,' relating to the 'Death of Dentatus,' the subject of the picture subsequently painted.—ED.

† The 'Blind Fiddler.'—ED.

David Wilkie in an argument.



subject. I find nothing so remarkable in Edinburgh as to merit being mentioned to you, except that Mr. Geddes is flourishing at a great rate, and making money in the portrait-line; and from the speeches he occasionally makes, he is considered by some, who think themselves connoisseurs, as a great genius. From Edinburgh I came on to my father's house on Monday last. I have not yet had time to begin anything, as my painting apparatus is not yet come to hand; but I have been looking about in the village for subjects of study, and I have the satisfaction to find a great number of scenes almost superior to anything I have yet seen, that combine the most interesting sweetness with the most picturesque effect.

On my first landing in Scotland, the effect which the Scottish dialect had on my ear was very surprising. All my friends seemed to speak a language which I had never heard before, and so great is the contrast between my mode of speaking and theirs, that they think I speak the English language in all its purity, an opinion in which I am very much inclined to agree. I request you will remember me particularly to Mr. Jackson; say that I am exceedingly sorry at not having seen him before I left London, and that I will probably write him. Let me know what progress you make with your picture, and

Believe me, my dear Haydon, yours truly,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Cults, 8th October, 1807.

The intelligence of your success in portrait-painting at Plymouth was a piece of joyful news to me, the more so as I assume to myself not only the merit of suggesting the plan, but of anticipating its success. I cannot, however, help being a little surprised at the rapid accumulation of such a sum of money as that you mention in your letter; and I am tempted to intrude upon you another piece of advice, which I hope will not be less successfully followed than that I gave you before, which is—*to go on at the same trade for a little longer*, for I promise you that you will not have either time or inclination to return to it on any future occasion.

Yours,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, London, November, 1807.

The shocking and unexpected account of your mother's death struck me with a degree of amazement and horror, which you may easily imagine such unlooked-for intelligence would produce. Your letter from Exeter led me to anticipate something of the kind; but I still entertained the hope of seeing, and of endeavouring to contribute in some measure to alleviate the misfortunes of a person to whom my friendship for you had led me to regard with a kind of filial affection and veneration. If I could have been of the smallest use to you at Salthill—indeed, if you had but hinted the slightest desire of seeing me, I should have been happy to have come to you the same day I got your letter.

Although I have not myself (thank God) had the misfortune to experience the loss of a mother, I can easily imagine the effect such a calamitous circumstance would produce on a mind much less sensitive than yours would be so great as to render any consolation that I could administer quite ineffectual. Indeed were I to comfort you by desiring you to forget your afflictions and to think no more of the loss you have sustained, I should only show by such an unnatural request a great want of feeling for your misfortune; nay, I believe it will be much more consonant with your present state of mind and more congenial with the sorrows of your heart to assure you that not only I but all your friends join you in your lamentations and pity your misfortunes. . . . Lord Mulgrave was very sorry, and observed that you should come to town as soon as you can and leave those scenes which can only recall the remembrance of happier days. . . . Mr. Fuseli also was much afflicted, and said he would write you again if he thought it would comfort you. I wish my writing to you now may be attended with the same effect. Remember me with respect and affection to your father; give my love to your sister. I should have liked to have seen her in London, although I lament both the cause of her coming to town and the cause of her not reaching it.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours with affection,

DAVID WILKIE.

From Mr. Haydon *to his Son,* B. R. Haydon.

Plymouth, 15th September, 1808.

By this time I hope you have got the account of the unconditional surrender of Junot, with the French army and Russian fleet, to Admiral Sir C. Cotton. It is a most glorious finish of the business in Portugal, and although Mr. Boney may and will, no doubt, push on his hosts into Spain, I trust and hope in God he will meet with nothing but a series of defeats. He has already lost more than 70,000 of his best troops, and I trust the Spanish armies, with our assistance now Portugal is free, will, as they must be better organised after six months' hard fighting, prove a match for Boney and all his crew.*

I sent the Admiralty, last Saturday, the first account of the gallant business of the 'Seahorse,' 38 guns, and a Turkish 50-gun ship, and two of 32 guns. The first she captured after an action of three hours and a half, the second she sunk, and the third ran away! Yesterday's post brings me a very handsome letter of thanks from Mr. Pole, by command of their Lordships.

Your affectionate father,

B. R. Haydon.

From Haydon *to his Father.*

My dear Father, London, 21st December, 1808.

It is impossible for me to explain to you all my views for the art of my glorious country in the limits of a single letter; it would take a ream of Fenzi's largest sheets. The Elgin Marbles will produce a revolution in the art of this country. The academic style, thank God, is done for—and done for, for ever. No more "sign-painting" now, if the artists can only appreciate what a treasure we have got. But I fear

* This is curious as showing the nature of the first news of the Convention of Cintra. The rage and indignation of the English people when the real terms granted to the French and Russians came out, viz., that they were to be carried at the charge of England to their own countries and landed free to serve again directly in the war, was in proportion to their former joy, and led to the famous inquiry which freed Sir Arthur Wellesley from all blame, but, as usual, left the question of the real culprit undecided.—Ed.

them; I fear the low taste of the patrons. Art is looked upon as nothing but a sort of gilding for their drawing-rooms and chimney-pieces. They have no conception of its public function: it is lamentable, but it is true. But I will do my best to raise their taste and to bring the people to regard Art as a delightful means of moral elevation; but to do this I must touch their pockets. I must show them it may be made a great means of material success. Oh! if God only spares my life and grants me health and eyesight, I will try to make a great revolution in this country before I die. Would you believe it, there is not a single school of design to teach our manufacturers how to draw? And this with the example of Italy before their eyes, where all the artists and the artisans were instructed in the same school in the same principles! Can anyone wonder at the beauty of their work in everything, and the ugliness and stupidity of ours? Oh! why was I born in this age? Why did I not live in the days when great patrons appreciated a man with high aims, and encouraged the development of his finest powers? Here, what hope have I among a nobility so ignorant, and with tastes so low? * * * *

B. R. HAYDON.

HAYDON *to* Lord ELGIN, *on some proposed Restorations to the Elgin Marbles.*

MY DEAR LORD ELGIN, December, 1808.

I hope you will excuse my troubling you once more about the marbles. You said you intended to offer premiums to those who would produce the best *restorations.* Now, to restore the mutilated parts of any figure, as they ought to be restored, pre-supposes a thorough knowledge of the character of what remains. This could not be expected from students on their first admission. I would venture, therefore, to propose, that a twelvemonth should be given to them to model and investigate before they commenced restoring, and then I think your Lordship would have better chance of their succeeding. I am so interested in anything that concerns the marbles, that they are become part of my existence.

I am, my dear Lord Elgin,

Your grateful and faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

HAYDON *to his Father.*

MY DEAR FATHER, London, 1st April, 1809.

As you may suppose, my situation at present is far from being a very calm one—full of doubts, fears, and anxiety about the success of my picture.* It occupies my mind all day, and harasses it a great part of the night; even my dreams are filled with it in some way or other. I dreamed the other night that the exhibition was opened, and I ran immediately, of course, to discover whether my picture was hung well or not. To my utter astonishment I could not find it in any part of the Academy! In a great rage I went to Fuseli and told him how infamously I had been used. He then came out with me, and after a long search found my poor picture covered over with a table-cloth under the kitchen table. Just as I was beginning to stamp with rage, I awoke! † —— I hope will not now neglect me; at such a time I stand so much in need of support. Consider how very few have their minds so cultivated as to feel the beauty of Homer or Milton, Virgil or Dante, and I feel afraid that there are still fewer whom a poetical picture can affect.

To understand anything in the highest branches of any science presupposes a refined and cultivated mind; and when I reflect how few men are capable of being cultivated, whatever advantages of education or self-improvement they may have, it indeed makes me melancholy. To see such men as Milton, Otway, and Butler, with imagination that had raised them above the level, die neglected and unnoticed, gives me a lamentable proof of the barbarous ignorance and brutality of my countrymen. No nation on earth I believe has produced greater men, and no great men in any other country have had such difficulties to contend with.

Ever your affectionate son,

B. R. HAYDON.

Extract from a Letter to his Father.

London, 10th April, 1809.

I am never daunted, frightened, or depressed, at difficulties, however great. Difficulties and dangers are to me

* 'Dentatus.'—ED.

† This dream was prophetic. 'Dentatus' was not exactly put under the "kitchen table," which, of the two places, would perhaps have been preferable; but after having been hung by Fuseli in the Great Room, it was removed by Howard and Shee in Fuseli's temporary absence from town and hung in the dark anteroom, where it could scarcely be distinguished.—ED.

stimulants for exertion. It is undeserved neglect, or disappointment, that tempts me to complain of life. I mean by difficulties that, supposing I were a soldier, privation of food, long marches, desperate battles, losing my legs, being ordered for the forlorn hope, &c., or bringing my troops into a situation where they must be destroyed unless relieved by an immediate conception of my own; or if being a painter, as I am, undertaking work which I find myself unprepared for, being obliged to exert myself incessantly to render myself adequate, trying to express the most refined and difficult expressions, painting one head or any part ten times over before I do it rightly. All these are the delights of my soul; but if after having accomplished them I find the world insensible to their excellence, I droop, feel depressed, am weary of life, and then in a tumult of indignation console myself with the hope that one day their value will be understood.

Ever your affectionate son,

B. R. HAYDON.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, 1809.

I shall be much obliged if you can call to-morrow morning to consult as usual about an alteration in my picture.

Yours faithfully,

DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Soll's Row, half-past 2, Friday.

The bearer of this, William Walker, the person I was expecting when I saw you, as you will see has a very fine head. I think you would do well to make him sit for the hero of your piece, and if you succeed as well in it as I think I have done in mine, we shall be two happy fellows.

Ever yours,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

(No date), 1810.

I shall be glad to know how you are getting on with Macbeth, and whether you have finished any part of it. I wish you could make the two figures in the foreground youthful and elegant, you ought to have variety of character in the picture,

and nothing could be more appropriate, I think, than fine young men so near the person of a king, as we may suppose them placed in his chamber more for show and convenience than for protection. You must also recollect that you have not yet exhibited any pictures with figures of a youthful character in them. I shall also be glad to know what you have done or mean to do with your sketch of a lion looking up? Whatever you put into it (although of secondary consequence to the lion itself) let it be sufficiently attractive to call for some attention from the spectator. I shall be glad to hear from you as soon as convenient, and when you write to your father remember me to him, and to your sister, and your uncle Cobley.

Believe me ever sincerely,
DAVID WILKIE.

P.S.—I intend to try something on a small panel I have got from a man who is coming to sit, and although I shall not bestow much labour on it, I hope to give it that which will make it a marketable commodity.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Dunmow (no date), 1810.

I am getting on pretty briskly with the little picture I told you of. The subject of it is a man sitting warming his hands at the fire, and as the figure of the man which is only seen in half length fills a great part of the panel, I expect very soon to get it finished. My whole care is to be so decided in every touch I put on as not to require any alteration or amendment afterwards, and you cannot think how such precaution facilitates and shortens the labour.

I am glad you are advancing with Macbeth. I should recommend you to paint it as if you did not intend to alter, and to alter what you have done only where it is unavoidable. Your sketch of the lion I can conceive will do very well with the blood on the ground, but I think some real object before him would have taken off more the appearance of a portrait which I am afraid it will have by itself. The skull I can, however, see would not do, as it could not be found in the state we generally see it in a lion's den, and to make it mangled by the teeth of the lion would be disgusting. The antelope would certainly, if you had room for it, have been much better. I

see the Academy have elected Arnold into their body, which I believe is a very proper choice. I should like to know if Bird was a candidate. Try if you can inform me.

Let me hear from you soon. I shall not leave this for a fortnight.

Yours most faithfully,
DAVID WILKIE.

HAYDON *to* Lord MULGRAVE.

22nd May, 1810.

I feel grateful, my dear Lord, at the deliberate manner in which you have expressed your hopes that my exertions will not be weakened. Be assured, dear Lord Mulgrave, that the honour which has just been conferred upon me* shall rouse me to the highest possible pitch of exertion. I consider my present success as one step only of the fifty I have yet to make before I can approach the great object of my being.

Believe me, dear Lord Mulgrave,
Your faithful and grateful servant,
B. R. HAYDON.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Cults, 16th September, 1811.

We were all overjoyed at hearing from you. I read parts of your letter to all the people in the house, not excepting John Anderson and Cleghorn. They have all wished that you were with us, and my mother has said again and again that there is no person she would be more happy to see.

We have watched the 'Examiner' anxiously for your letter, and have been much gratified by its arrival. The first thing that struck me on seeing it was that it was much better than I expected. I think the subject† is very interesting, and were you able to collect a sufficient number of well-authenticated facts, you might at some future time by classifying and illustrating them produce a work that would do you great credit.

* The selection of 'Dentatus' for the Historical Prize at the British Gallery. —ED.

† The "Negro Controversy" carried on with Leigh Hunt in the 'Examiner' newspaper.—ED.

I rather regret, with this view, that you should have anticipated any part of the support in a periodical publication like the 'Examiner,' when the merit of it as a scientific research has been entirely overlooked, and what might naturally have been expected from those banditti "correspondents;" it has been abused and ridiculed only as a political speculation. This, however, you have in some degree provoked by asserting in so bold a manner the total incapability of improvement in the negro, a point the history of mankind does not bear you out in, and I think has nothing to do with the subject of your pursuit.

The part of your letter which I think most successful is where you declaim against the idea of the deformities of the negroes being artificial, and that wherein you expose the absurdity of the passions and wants of animals being supplied and administered unto by a human form.

I think, considering the acknowledgment Leigh Hunt has been obliged to make of the errors you pointed out, that his observations are candid and do him credit. I endeavoured to explain some of your theories to Mr. Cleghorn's father, who was much pleased with their ingenuity. He denies, however, the impossibility of the negro becoming civilised, and insists stoutly on the similarity of the ancient Egyptians to the present race of African negroes as a proof in favour of his opinion.

I have seen Mr. Chalmers, the political economist. He has laid aside his economical theories for the present, and having been lately employed to write the article 'Christianity' for Brewster's 'Encyclopedia,' he has applied himself so earnestly to the study of that subject that it has changed entirely his system of doctrine and belief, and instead of being a practical moralist, as he was formerly, he has plunged himself into the depths of speculative theology, and is attracting the whole neighbourhood to hear him preach faith and repentance. Write soon.

I am, Sir,

D. WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Cults, Cupar, Fifeshire, 7th October, 1811.

Your letter recounting the number of circumstances with which your attention was then occupied gave us all very

great entertainment. The controversy with the 'Examiner' about the negro has interested a number of people here, and I have endeavoured to explain to those and have made acquainted with it the nature and extent of your theory. I have pointed out the leading differences between their forms and ours, and have got into a sort of knack of drawing the various heads that exemplify the different steps in the scale of being. Such parts of it as cannot be so illustrated I have found ways and means of representing in my own person, and have succeeded not amiss in imitating the awkward gait and gesture of the negro. To turn, however, from the subject of your researches which everybody here allows, in so far as it regards our art, to be a most innocent and useful inquiry to that of the controversy to which it has given rise, I must do you the justice to say that, contrary to my fears and expectations, when you first began the dispute, you have most manfully beaten all your adversaries out of the field. Your first letter I thought laid you open to various attacks, and did not in my opinion state your views of the subject with sufficient clearness to prevent their being misunderstood. Your second letter, however, got the better of all this, and gave you completely the advantage in the argument; and your third letter, which was fully as well argued as the second, gained you completely the victory, even on those points where the weapons were furnished by your opponents themselves. Here I expected the question to rest, and although you had not the *last* word in the dispute, you had shown a much better acquaintance with the subject, more general learning, and a more philosophical way of reasoning than any of the modern political pamphleteers on the other side. How you came to think a fourth letter necessary is to me quite inexplicable, for although it is as well written as any of the others, it has done no good to the discussion in general, and may subject you to be again irritated by a reply. I have shown Cleghorn the papers as they came out, and he thinks you have been very successful. Chalmers has also been to preach for my father, and he expressed himself very well pleased with your style. Both Cleghorn and I wish you would publish no more of your inquiries in the 'Examiner.' The subject will get hackneyed before you have brought it to maturity, and certainly will not gain in respectability by having its merits debated in a newspaper. . . . I hope your father is well. I beg to be most kindly remembered to him

and to Harriet when next you write. I am glad to hear you think you have succeeded in your body of Macbeth. I shall expect to see it well advanced. If Seguier and Jackson have come back to town, pray remember me.

I am, my dear Haydon,
Yours most affectionately,
DAVID WILKIE.

From JOHN EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, (No date) 1811.

I feel much obliged for your introduction to Mr. Hunter, for it has and will be of service to me in acquiring what is "gemmis venale nec auro," and what I think is of the greatest importance, UTILITY. After you had arranged that you would not wait on Hunter, &c., I find you called on him on Saturday. I am not without hope that you did this from having changed your opinion on the subject. Certainly more worthy of you than supposing me to be "wasting my time in acquiring what I could learn at Mogadore in two days." . . . Ask Hunter whether he thinks that I could "at Mogadore" become in "two days" rifleman enough to shoot an eagle twice as big as himself, as Bruce did, or pick off a tiger, or what is nearly as formidable, a hostile Arab.

It does not, as I told you, follow that because a thing is contemptible as an end, that it should be so as a mean also. You know I study it as a mean. Why then do you attach to it the contempt of an end? The Turkish and all locks of guns used by the Moslems are constructed upon a different principle from the English locks. Was it "wasting time" to get one of these Turkish locks and understand how to take it to pieces, and how to repair it? Do you not remember Mungo Park's fatal ignorance of this useful knowledge when the old Dooty brought him out three muskets to repair, but which he could not from inability? When I next tell you I have been studying guns and rifle shooting, you will not, I vouch for it, tell me I have been wasting time.

Yours sincerely,
JNO. EASTLAKE.

P.S.—I was successful on the heath yesterday. Of the first and only six shots from 150 yards and a rest all were target

hits, and two were eyes. Of seven or eight shots from the shoulder at 100 yards two or three were targets. Of a number shot from 200 yards and a rest I was not very successful in.*

From DAVID WILKIE, *on the attack upon the Academy.*

MY DEAR HAYDON,

29, Phillimore Place, Kensington,
Monday, 3rd February, 1812.

I have seen your two papers in the 'Examiner,' but although I have had occasion to admire what you have formerly written in that paper, and am as forward as any one to give you the highest praise (which you certainly deserve) for the picture you have lately finished, I must really, as a friend, say that I cannot congratulate you upon what you have now offered to the public in this paper. You have laid yourself open not merely to the charge of spleen and disappointment, and to the resentment of the Academy, all of which you no doubt laid your account with, but to a charge that is much worse, and which I dare say you had no notion of when you wrote the papers, that of reviling the Academy in order to ingratiate yourself with the Institution. Thus your panegyric on the general conduct of the Institution, your indignation at the aspersion which was attempted to be thrown on the purchase of Mr. West's picture, and your approbation of the plan of giving premiums will all, I assure you, conspire very much to strengthen, and although those who know you may be ready to acquit you of any such views, there will not be wanting many who will be glad to use so convenient a handle against you. I do not mention this, I assure you, for the sake of finding fault, but rather to put you on your guard, for it appears to me whoever may think proper to attack what you have written, this is what you will be most loudly called upon to answer. In all this, however, you are yourself only concerned. But I am very sorry to find by the way you have mentioned my name, and the manner in which you have made me an exception to all that you complain of in the Academy, that I must also become a sharer in the recriminations you have been calling forth, and I can also see that in order to do justice to the person you have opposed me to, which you certainly have not done, it will be necessary in those who take his

* As a specimen of the rifle shooting in 1811, this is interesting.—ED.

part to do a greater injustice to me to restore things to their proper level. I think that consideration for his being a competitor for the same premiums that you are contending for should have restrained you.

You have certainly got plenty of work upon your shoulders, and I should advise you to get out of it the best way you can. But *is* this the way an artist should be engaged? Why not follow up the reputation your painting might gain you? Let that carry you through. It will lessen the respect that people would have for your talents as a painter when they found them employed disputing in a newspaper. I shall be miserable till I hear you are going on with your new picture. I shall then only be assured that you have regained your peace of mind.

I have been getting on well with my 'Blind Man's Buff,' which I wish you much to come and see. I called the other day, but I did not find you. Could you come and dine with me on Wednesday the Fast day? I shall be very quiet, and if you come early you can have a ride on the horse. I can dine either at three or four o'clock if you will come. If I do not hear from you I shall expect you.

I am, my dear Haydon,

Yours most sincerely,

DAVID WILKIE.

Letter from WILKIE *after* HAYDON'S *attack on the Academy.*

MY DEAR HAYDON, April, 1812.

I have given the subject of your note some consideration, and, as I believe that under the present circumstances your going to a private view at the Royal Academy with one of my tickets would do me a very serious injury, I shall esteem it a particular favour if you will not insist on having the ticket for the purpose. If it were necessary to satisfy you that I have no improper views in asking such a favour, I should have no objection to destroy the ticket in question, otherwise I think it might be a gratification to yourself as well as to me if I were to give it to our common friend, to whom it might perhaps be of some service.

Yours,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Mulgrave Castle, 12th September, 1812.

When you write again I shall expect all the news of your visit to Cheddar, how you found your sister and your friends, and how you were amused. If you have done much among the rocks in the way of study, I shall be the more disposed to give you credit from the idleness with which my own time has been spent. A life in the country furnishes so many allurements that it is impossible to set about anything like serious study when there. It makes one even shrink from the thought of recommencing the necessary labour in town.

I find no want of amusement in this place which has prevented me doing anything in the way of study. I have had a notion for the first time I ever thought of such a thing of trying my hand at partridge shooting, and have been already two days out with the gamekeeper. The game is but scarce, and the first day I had to content myself by shooting a crow that was over our heads. The second day, however, the gamekeeper and I brought in three brace, one of the partridges comprising which was of my shooting. This is considered by our sportsmen here as a great success for a beginner, and has given me a great relish for the amusement. The fatigue attending it prevents me going out more than twice a week, but we have contrived to lessen that by riding on ponies to the ground where the game is lodged. I have also been trying to learn chess, and intend having a touch at billiards. By the time I get back to London I shall be quite an accomplished gentleman.

Lord Mulgrave and the General when they were at Scarborough saw Jackson at the corporation dinner and told him I was here. They sent next morning to invite him to come over to Mulgrave, but to their surprise found that he had left Scarborough early that morning, nobody knew where. He was observed to sit at dinner next to Bannister, who they learned had also left Scarborough early that morning for Backston, a town in one of the inland counties.

DAVID WILKIE.

From LEIGH HUNT.

MY DEAR HAYDON, West End, Hampstead, 25th November, 1812.

Mrs. Hunt is going to her modelling again, and wishes for a good original bust, not so large as life, in order that she

Intelligence and Ignorance. Pen Sketches (Omnibus Heads.)

may be able to work at it easily and on the table of an evening. Do you know anybody who could lend her such a one for two or three months, and a small bust of Apollo, for instance, or any other that has a good poetical head of hair?

I am getting better, just in time for those legal rogues, and am preparing my next Sunday's lash for that poor creature at Carlton House, whom I really commiserate all the while.

I hope 'Solomon' goes on well (what a transition!), but pray don't forget your 'Mercury' as an occasional refreshment. It is an exquisite little conception, and dipped in poetry.

Yours very truly,

LEIGH HUNT.

To LEIGH HUNT, *in prison for libelling the* PRINCE REGENT.

MY DEAR HUNT, Friday night, 12th February, 1813.

I am most anxious to see you, but have been refused admittance, and was told yesterday you would write to your friends when you wished to see them, by Mr. Cave, the Under-Governor or gaoler. I really felt my heart ache at every line of your last week's effusion. All your friends were affected, and all complained of the cruelty and severity of your sentence. I am delighted Mrs. Hunt and the children are now admitted to you, and if they ultimately relax, with respect to your friends, I hope in God the pressure of your imprisonment will be greatly lightened. I must say I have been excessively irritated at not having seen you yet; and had I gone to you as I intended the day on which the committee sat, I find, my dear fellow, I should have been allowed to see you; but I suffered myself to be *advised* out of my intention. I have never yet acted by the advice of others, in opposition to my own judgment, without having cause to repent it. I assure you, my dear Hunt, I think of you often, with the most melancholy and exquisite sensations. After my day's study I generally lay my head on my hand, draw near the fire, and muse upon you till midnight, till I am completely wrapped in the delusion of my fancy. I see you, as it were, in a misty vision. I imagine myself quietly going to you in the solemnity of evening; I think I perceive your massy prison, erect, solitary, nearly lost in deep-toned obscurity, pressing the earth with supernatural weight, encircled with an atmosphere of enchanted silence, into which no being can enter without a shudder. As

I advance with whispering steps I imagine, with an acuteness that amounts to reality, I hear oozing on the evening wind, as it sweeps along with moaning stillness, the strains of your captive flute; I then stop and listen with gasping agitation, and with associations of our attachment, and all the friendly affecting proofs I have had of it; afraid to move, afraid to stir, lest I might lose one melancholy tone, or interrupt by the most imperceptible motion one sweet and soothing undulation. My dear fellow, I am not a man of tears, nor do I recollect ever yielding to them but when my mother died. But I declare I felt a choking sensation when I rose to retire to rest after this waking abstraction. I have no doubt we shall talk over this part of our existence when we are a little advanced in life with excessive interest. Let misfortune confirm instead of shake your principles, and you will issue again into the world as invulnerable as you left it. Take care of your health; use as much exercise as you can. Send me word by your nephew, or through Mrs. Hunter, when I can see you, for which I am very anxious; and believe me, unalterably your faithful and attached friend,

B. R. Haydon.

From Benjamin West.

Dear Sir, Newman Street, 17th February, 1814.

The business was not adjusted in time for me to draw out money from my bankers before five o'clock this day, or I would have sent it to you; but I hope the enclosed draft of to-morrow's date will be adiquate (*sic*) to keep the wolfe (*sic*) from your door, and leave your mind in freedom in exercising your talents of acquiring excellence in your profession in painting, of which you have a stock to work upon.

Dear Sir, yours with friendship and sincerity,

Benjamin West.

P.S.—The gout in my right hand has made it deficult (*sic*) for me to write this note inteligeble (*sic*).*

Mr. Haydon.

* Haydon (1843) endorses this letter: "I hope this will be read some day throughout Europe. I hope it will show the great nations—France, Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy—how England encourages High Art, and in what a condition it leaves its professors, young and old. Whilst I write this I have

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, 24, Phillimore Place, 25th April, 1814.

I have been to-day to Spring Gardens to see your picture (the 'Judgment of Solomon') and I congratulate you most heartily on its good appearance, and on the decidedly favourable impression it has made, and will continue to make, on the public mind. I have reason to hope that you will get it sold, and that the reception this picture is meeting with will be but the beginning of a brilliant course of success.

You will have many applications about the engraving* of the picture, but do not be too hasty in disposing of it unless you are sure it will be very well done.

My dear Haydon, yours very faithfully,

DAVID WILKIE.

To JOHN SCOTT.†

DEAR SCOTT, 4th May, 1814.

I have thought of another subject for a picture, one which leaves the other "far in the abject rear," 'Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem,' His Mother weeping for joy; Magdalen pale with her eating passion; the mob in enthusiasm, all expressing their various emotions.

Never was there a finer subject; never was there one that left such scope to the painter's invention. After a miserable night of restless anxiety from seeing and feeling my other subject was not the one exactly, I got up yesterday in a perfect fever, and turned over the Testament in discontent, when this caught my eye. The whole scene rushed into my brain as if the sun had burst out at midnight. I have made a sketch, and now feel all the comfort and confidence in beginning my

been eight years without a commission from the nobility; and of the thirty-nine years I have been a historical painter, thirty-two have been without an order of any kind. Hilton could have told a tale as sad; West, but for the King, perhaps worse. At eighty years of age this celebrated old man, who had been taught to rely on his income from the King as long as he lived, had it taken from him by the hatred of Queen Charlotte. The secret reason was, he had visited and been honoured by Napoleon in 1802. Such is Royal vengeance! Royalty, I allow, sometimes rewards fidelity, but it always punishes offence."—ED.

* This picture, the 'Judgment of Solomon,' has never been engraved. It is now the property of Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

† Killed in a nocturnal duel with Mr. Christie, February 15, 1821. See 'Annual Register.'—ED.

picture (which I shall to-day) that a good subject always inspires.

Believe me, yours always,

B. R. HAYDON.

From LEIGH HUNT.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Surrey Gaol, 5th May, 1814.

I need not tell you how I rejoice at the sale of your picture,* nor in the conquest you have obtained over the people by the mainforce of talent and independence. It is a truly English victory. But I must tell you that it is more gratifying to me to have heard from you in the moment of prosperity, than I can express. I have sometimes wished to see you oftener, and would have liked also (for a particular purpose) to have obtained a sight of your work had it been possible;† but I knew the demand made upon your time and attention, and waited for the days when you would be more at leisure. Come, then, as soon as you can, and let us *jubilize* with you. You are bound to be with me when you can, for I trust that we are destined to go down to posterity together, as you know we have often indulged ourselves in hoping. God bless you.

Ever your affectionate friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

To LEIGH HUNT.

MY DEAR LEIGH HUNT, Paris, 6th June, 1814.

The moment Wilkie and I had placed our trunks in our hotel, down we sallied to the Louvre. The gallery of pictures was shut, so we walked about and contemplated the building in its various positions. There is something grand in the extension of its square, but the building itself is mean. Small windows by thousands, and chimneys by hundreds, make it look more like a model in wood for a larger building than like the palace itself. This was my impression. In the middle, Buonaparte has erected a triumphal arch, nearly an exact copy of the arch of Titus, and what is not an exact copy does no honour, but rather reflects disgrace upon French art. Upon the top is a triumphal car, gilded, to which he has

* The 'Judgment of Solomon.'

† Haydon subsequently had the picture taken down to Surrey Gaol and put up in the prison, for the amusement and satisfaction of Leigh Hunt and his brother.

yoked the four bronze horses he took from Venice, and on each side is a Victory grappling the bridle. The whole is gilded, and has a showy, but not a sublime look. The shafts of the columns are of reddish marble, the capitals and bases of bronze. To me this is childish and useless. The long line of view from this arch down the Tuileries gardens, through the Champs-Elysées to the Arc de Triomphe, at the other end, is certainly very long, but that is all. There is nothing natural or affecting in such *ropewalks.* After sauntering about till night, we went to bed, and at ten the next morning we were at the Louvre door. To be quite sure about it, I had gone down about 6 A.M., and had inquired of a national guard, who, with the most gentlemanlike manner, entered into conversation about England and the war, about Buonaparte and the revolution, and I can tell you in a manner that you would have been surprised, my dear Hunt, to meet with in a militiaman in England.

After breakfast down we went. I kept thinking as I went along, "Am I going to see the 'Transfiguration'?" and then I had a sort of whirl in my head. On I walked. The first thing that convinced me I was at the Louvre, was the politeness of the attendant at the door, who, without looking through you for half an hour, as with us, took my umbrella and opened the door. I jumped two steps: again the 'Transfiguration' darted in my brain, and I was angry at my own tardiness: away I went three steps—the 'Pietro Martyre,' too—four: Correggio's 'St. Catherine'—five; and, breathless, I came to the top. In an instant I was in, and left Wilkie trotting on his usual pace. The first glance at the whole gallery disappointed me! So far from feeling affected, I felt quite cool. There is nothing grand in the first glance. The gallery is on the same childish principles as their gardens and their palaces, viz., inordinate length, and instead of looking large, it looked small, and had the same effect on the mind as when one looks through the wrong end of a spy-glass.

Frankly I tell you also, the 'Transfiguration' was not what I had expected to find in effect: they have ruined the picture by cleaning; but it is only the effect they have ruined, for the expressions are really Raphael's. And then I drank till my faculties were drowned. There is a 'Correggio' there which no language in Heaven or on earth can do justice to. It is a simple subject; but how he has treated it! It is the 'Marriage

of St. Catherine;' Christ, the infant, is putting the ring on her finger with the pouting impotence you see in children; St. Catherine holds out her hands with shrinking modesty, while the Virgin is guiding the child with that delicious smile of maternal vanity which I have a thousand times seen in nature, when a mother's assistance is obliged to be asked. St. John looks over with an expression of archness and beauty that is divine. You know by what you see *that not a word is speaking*, it is all an emanation of feeling silently lighting their features. It is just one of those transient beauties that gleam forth for a moment, impress, and are lost for ever. Correggio has caught it, and realised it, and kept it alive with a power, a delicacy, a nerve, and a sweetness as if his imagination had been one perpetual lustre of angels' smiles.

When I see you I must talk to you. I can only say now that my principles of art have had a complete triumph in Wilkie's feelings, and so they will in all who visit the Louvre.

The Royal Library is a perfect forest of books. Oh, you dog, if you were in Paris you would die of surfeit the first week! I intend to go to all the libraries so to be able to give you a good account, and to collect all the catalogues I can. I saw to-day Michel Angelo's seal, then a pair of globes thirty feet in circumference, and several other things I will tell you about on my return. There is no difficulty of entrance. You walk in, sit down, and order away. Come to Paris. You must before you finish your poem, for here you will find every book, manuscript, or print, that will assist or advance you.

At every step in Paris a thousand associations are excited. Mighty buildings, begun by Buonaparte, and now left. Monuments of a passed-by-glory, "naked subjects to the weeping winds," unfinished and neglected; and churches, remarkable for revolutions, murders, and bridges for revolutionary fury; streets for one thing, buildings for another, that you are affected when you even turn.

I could not help observing at the Louvre the slovenly shopkeeping look of my honest countrymen, and silently thinking that from those timid, modest, merchant-looking men had proceeded the finest model of human government. If you were to see them in contact with the Russians, Prussians, or Cossacks, you would not take them for the heroes of the world. They looked like men who could give a good draft on their bankers,

but as for any appearance of genius or heroism, Heaven help us!

The French are most horribly "down in the mouth." They cannot conceal it. It breaks out every moment. If you talk, out come politics, and after acknowledging that we are the greatest power in the world, which they always do at the commencement, and at the conclusion they begin to cavil about the peace. This morning, at the café, you would have enjoyed to hear a Frenchman and a John Bull argue. They could both speak each other's native language, but not well enough, if they felt warmly, so that the one generally concluded in furious English and the other in French. "Mais vous, vous avez pris Malte et l'Ile de France est-ce juste?" "Why, ——, won't you give us something after fighting twenty years?" This was roared out in a French café, where no human being understood him but his antagonist. You can have no notion of the ludicrous effect.

The Théâtre Français is a beautiful theatre, and the actors very good. But the arrangements so different from Old England. You pay outside, with a gendarme looking over you, to a woman inside a grid. No noise, no fun; no gods amusing themselves before the play begins; all drilled statues—silent, decent, quiet, snuff-taking Frenchmen.

Paris is a filthy hole, and the Palais Royal a perfect Pandemonium in the midst of it. You and all my friends who have never left England can, in your antediluvian innocence of mind, form no notion of this hall. It stands in the midst of Paris, and is a fine enclosed square, the alleys full of shops, the houses of gamesters and gambling-tables, brothels, &c. After 9 P.M. never was there such a scene witnessed. The whole is illuminated, and the walks and gardens, which form the centre of the square, full of depravity and villany—stuffed full—so full that as you enter you feel a heated, pestilential air flush your cheeks. The unrestrained obscenity of the language, and the shocking indecency of the people, bewilder and distract you. Such is the effect and the power of this diabolical place that, like the upas-tree of Java, the people for a mile around it are tinged with its vice, and infected by its principles.

I have been to the Champ-de-Mars, where some thousand Russians had been bivouacked. Certainly their conduct had

been very proper, for not even a tree had been injured. You cannot imagine the people's ignorance and indifference to the one who rules them. They know nothing. They ask you questions that make you stare. In everything that concerns politics they know nothing, and seem to suffer some overwhelming influence over their minds that they *ought* to know nothing.

I saw the king go in state to the Corps Législatif, and the people seemed to regard it all as a mere "spectacle." One pleasant Frenchman turned round to me and said, "It was nothing to the entry of the Allies!"

Upon the whole, Paris has the look of being the residence of a despotic monarch. Everything that is beautiful, everything that is grand, convenient, or salutary is near or in the palace. The streets are dirty and miserable, but the Square of the Tuileries is 1500 feet, therefore the people ought to be happy! There is no look of individual, independent comfort. Everything seems to originate and to conclude with the monarch. All is vast and melancholy; for to me their Barthelmy fairs, and their childish frippery, where they have such weighty political matters to deal with, are simply repulsive. I look upon them as the monkeys of a showman, which, as far as their chain permits them, are guilty of the most grotesque and absurd gesticulations, and then look terrified whenever they get a jerk.

In haste, believe me ever yours,

My dear Hunt,

B. R. Haydon.

To John Hunt.

My dear Hunt, Paris, 10th June, 1814.

I wrote your brother just after our arrival, and told him to show my letter to you; so that you will have had a correct journal of my proceedings to the moment I entered Paris. We passed over the field of battle, and saw very little remains of a fight, except the Russian batteries. About two we got to Paris, through one of the most infernal entrances, I think, I ever witnessed—St. Giles's is an Elysium to it. The gate of St. Denis, built by Louis XIV., is at the end of the street we came through;

it struck me as being high and grand, but the bas-reliefs in a wretched French taste. The first appearance of Paris, to one accustomed to the streets of London, is a feeling of unutterable confusion—houses, horses, carriages, carts; men, women, children, and soldiers; Turks, Jews, Christians, Cossacks, and Russians, all mingled together, without comfort, without system, in dirt and dreariness, hot, fatigued, and in haste. After pushing our way through this chaos dire, we put up at a dirty golden hotel—gilt this and gilt that, satin beds and satin sofas, but embalmed with grease and worn with age. Never was such misery as an Englishman suffers at first from the mode of lodging and living in Paris. You have your breakfast from one place and your dinner from another; who is the master or where the mistress no human creature can tell. We got lodgings next day, and were extremely lucky to fall into respectable hands. The Louvre, of course, was our first object, and by the next day we were there. The first sight is grand, but yet I was disappointed; it is too long to impress one, and it affected me (as I have mentioned to another friend) as if I was looking through the wrong end of a spy-glass. The 'Transfiguration' is a proof that had Raphael lived, he would have completed all the requisites of art. It is powerfully coloured, and in many parts will bear comparison with Titian. The expressions distinctly tell the story, they really speak to one's soul; and yet, from forming, in my own imagination, something beyond nature, as we always do, I must own I was disappointed at its first impression. It has a little and rather an insignificant appearance, and the female heads are certainly not beautiful. In sweetness, Correggio, who hangs opposite, is very much superior —indeed I cannot say enough of the works of this divine painter. There is a magical, a trembling sensitiveness; he has caught all those fleeting, delicate expressions which you see illumine the face of a beautiful woman while you are telling her anything peculiarly interesting. All such refinements he has caught and realized. You can trace nowhere but in Nature any remains of a hint from others, either ancient or modern. He felt what he painted in his own way, and has touched a chord which every other being had passed and neglected. His pictures affected me like the strains of an angel's harp, and have all the loveliness of an angel's dream. They won't permit us to copy yet, or most assuredly I should do my best to bring

home something of this man's delightful fancy. Reynolds had studied him well, in colour and in expression, and his whole life was spent in aiming at making a new discovery in the road which Correggio had opened. The statues below are beautiful, but I can assure you the Elgin 'Theseus' is superior in style and in principles to anything in this superb collection. I have spent hours there, day after day, and shall spend hours yet till I depart. All my principles of art are confirmed by the practice of these men, and I hope to return with my mind and feelings enlarged after having seen their highest efforts.

Wilkie and I yesterday spent the day in surveying Montmartre; and from the top of the telegraph the old soldier who has the direction of it pointed out every particular of the battle, and told us every interesting thing before it. It is amazingly strong, and had it been properly defended and properly fortified, would certainly never have been taken. But all was confusion, and everything done in terror and dismay. The prospect from it is immense, and Paris below has a beautiful look, with its intermingled trees and gilded domes, though in size it certainly bore no comparison with London. I observe everywhere old soldiers are employed where the duty is not difficult. You find them in all parts of Paris, taking money at bridges, &c., and nearly everybody has served in some way or other. Last night we went to the Théâtre Français to see Talma, and were very much entertained. The mob at the door was regulated by a gendarme, which, though disagreeable to an Englishman, certainly prevented a squeezing and confusion. [Here follows a rough pen-and-ink sketch.] This is something the way the boxes are arranged, and they certainly have a fine and picturesque appearance. The audience made the orchestra play the favourite air, "Vive Henri Quatre,' and received it with shouts of enthusiasm. The French mob possesses great patience and goodnature. They bear from each other what I am sure in England would produce the most furious quarrels. The manners of the women are very sweet, but they soon begin to look old, and the children have the appearance of being prematurely formed in their features. The race of men is certainly smaller than ours; in the soldiers it is particularly apparent. All the old soldiers that have served in the most celebrated campaigns are active, energetic, little fellows. At

the Hôtel des Invalides I met an old soldier, who had lost his leg at the battle of Marengo, and inquired about Buonaparte with great interest. He was quietly watching the departure of a body of Russians, and observed to me, "This is all owing to the campaign of Moscow." They all say, "He was a great general, a great genius, but a bad sovereign." This is the feeling in every quarter. The artists and the army, being those who suffer the most, are of course the most outrageous and disaffected; but I have no doubt when they perceive that Louis is as likely as Buonaparte to protect their efforts, *he* will be as great a patron and *they* as good loyal subjects as king could wish. We have seen very little of private society. Indeed, our objects being entirely different, we intend to avoid all invitations. Our landlady and her husband are temperate, frugal, and industrious. They seem, like all the middle class, to be indifferent who governs them so long as they are quiet. This indifference is one great cause of their sufferings. Had the people felt the value of having a voice in public matters, they would never have suffered a parcel of scoundrels to torment them at their leisure. They know hardly any events that have passed, and inquire about them in a manner betraying an amount of ignorance that makes me stare. Paris, in every way, looks like the residence of a despotic monarch, and the country round Paris uncultivated and dreary. From the top of Montmartre the villages are distinctly seen; but there are no straggling houses as in England, giving the whole a social look. Each village seemed to fear the other, and each was surrounded by a sort of wall and ditch. In one road I saw old châteaux, but dirty and neglected. In every part of Paris are traces of the change that has taken place. Great buildings, begun by republicans and left unfinished when they lost their power; palaces and temples in ruins, though but half built—monuments of Buonaparte's ambition and fall. The most interesting exhibition—except the Louvre—is that of monuments of French kings and great men, collected and saved during the Revolution by a private gentleman. Here are monuments from the earliest ages; here, contained in sarcophagi, are the remains of Molière, La Fontaine, Boileau, and in a secret grove that of Abélard and Héloïse. The monuments are not so defaced in France as in England, and the people have evidently more feeling for things of this sort. Paris is certainly a very

interesting place, and you, my dear Hunt, would derive great pleasure from a visit. The officers I contrive to bungle out a conversation with, all talk of recovering their conquests without the least hesitation, when the country has had a little repose. As I was walking by the Seine on Sunday I went accidentally into a sort of open house, and to my surprise saw three dead bodies lying inside a sort of glasshouse; here they lie till they are owned, as I found. Women and children, playing battledore on the other side, when the shuttlecock was down would quietly walk over and take a peep, and when they had satisfied their curiosity resume their game, repeating the process at intervals. I must own I never was so shocked—such palpable indifference and indecency. If this be not a way to use the people to blood I know none more effectual. There are no squares equal to ours in Paris—that is, public squares. The square of the Tuileries is grand, but this belongs to the monarch. In Paris they are much more refined than in London in the luxuries and comforts of gluttony, but in cleanliness and thorough enjoyment I think they are very far behind us, and certainly are nearly altogether ignorant of every moral feeling. The people in the coffee-houses have a spirited air, but at the same time the air of bravoes. Something I heard this morning gave me a complete idea of their military notions. An officer, crossing a bridge where a toll was taken, was stopped to pay, and expressed the greatest surprise that the *military* should have to do so as well as others! Adieu, my dear Hunt. Kind remembrances to your wife and brother. I forgot to send him my direction, which you can now give him—No. 6, Rue St. Benoît, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris.

Most truly and affectionately your friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

To LEIGH HUNT.

MY DEAR HUNT, Paris, 20th June, 1814.

I have got so much to tell you that I do not know how I can squeeze it all into one sheet; however, I will do my best. I have been to Versailles, Rambouillet, Malmaison, and St. Cloud. I have been to the Catacombs, the Jardin des Plantes, Musée Français, and through all the gaming-houses of the

Palais Royal—such scenes as you, in your antediluvian innocence of mind in England, can never conceive, and God grant you never may! Fancy whole rooms full of gamblers; in each room a table, and each table for a different game. You can gamble for Napoleons down to ten sous; each table was full, from the Napoleon downwards. All eager, silent, anxious; intensely alive to the slightest motion or the slightest noise. Young interesting women were wandering about, losing at one table, winning at another; old harassed villains, with the most polished manners; and worn-out, ugly, dirty, dissipated dowagers, smothered in ragged lace, and buried beneath huge bonnets. The expressions of disappointment, of agonized disappointment; of piercing, acute abstraction; of cold, dreaming vexation; of chuckling, half-suppressed triumph, were so apparent that no man could mistake what was passing within; and as your eye wandered round, your heart sank as you recognised the thoughts of each. They all looked jaded, fagged creatures, whose whole lives had been passed in the perpetual struggles of opposite passions. There was about them a dissipated neglect which marked them. The only sound which disturbed the dreadful silence of the scene was the tinkling of the money, or the smart crack of the stick as the winner jerked it towards his heap.

June 22nd.—Versailles at present exhibits a most melancholy appearance of ruined splendour. Painted ceilings faded! Crimson tapestry torn, and golden fringes brown with age! During the revolution a wing was occupied by the soldiers, and it bears miserable proofs of their cureless inclination to destroy.

The Opera House is vast, ruinous, and dark. The Gardens formal, to my feeling. How any one can look at the delicious gardens of Petit Trianon, à l'Anglaise, and not be converted, is to me extraordinary. Petit Trianon was fitted up most luxuriously for Maria Louisa, but she never resided there. Both Buonaparte and the Empress remained at Grand Trianon. The servants who showed us Grand Trianon said that they began to feel the blessings of repose: during Napoleon's reign they were never suffered to be still for an instant. As Wilkie was fatigued, I set off by myself the next morning to Rambouillet, the hunting-seat of the kings of France. It is an old-fashioned building, with two very ancient towers. I was exceedingly affected in going through the apartments of Maria Louisa.

Her toilet-table was precisely as she had left it the last morning she dressed her hair; her bed-room very elegant, and by the bed stood a pianoforte, which I touched. Her little *salon de repos* was close to her dining-room, and it appeared snug and refined in its luxury. The old man who showed me the rooms said the Empress, on her flight here from Paris, walked the last stage with her child. For the last six days she scarcely ate anything, wandered about the grounds in melancholy silence. When her departure was fixed she was exceedingly afflicted. The old man said she was very amiable and of sweet disposition. I passed on to Buonaparte's rooms, which were also very luxuriously fitted up. His *salle-à-manger* was elegant for a hunting-seat, though it did not approach that at Grand Trianon. From his drawing-room I entered a twilight room of small dimensions. This was Napoleon's private secret closet for repose and reflection, where he used to retire when exhausted, and to which no one was admitted but the Empress. The little room seemed a complete illustration of the mind and feelings of this extraordinary man. Opposite the window was an elegant arch, under which stood a most luxurious satin couch, with the softest pillows. Round the arch were painted in gold the names Austerlitz, Marengo, Friedland, &c., and down the sides the arms of all the states tributary to France, with groups of warlike implements; and "N. N. N." with laurel crowned the head. When Napoleon lay in indolent seclusion on this luxurious couch, he was reminded of conquered monarchs and his greatest battles. I was exceedingly interested, and felt as though admitted to the centre of his soul, on a spot where his demon spirit had yet an influence. He could never have risen from such a couch but with a mind filled with vast designs, fevered blood, and his brain in a blaze. Why, I thought, might he not have resolved in this tremendous silence on the murder of D'Enghien, on the gigantic enterprise against Russia? I entered into the secret feelings of one who was first the admiration, then the terror, and latterly the detestation of the world. I enjoyed the full luxury of contemplation, and my conductor did not interrupt me till I recovered my perceptions. The English garden was very fine, and the canal *superbe et magnifique*, as the old man said; on it was a large elegant boat, in which Buonaparte and the Empress used to sail. In a room at the top of the old tower Francis I.

died. I returned to Versailles, and set off next morning for Malmaison and St. Cloud. Poor Josephine was dead, so we could only see the gallery, in which were some extraordinary pictures and statues. St. Cloud was shut up. At every step in France you meet with traces of the gigantic wars that have desolated Europe. There is scarcely a waiter in a coffee-house, or a driver of a *fiacre* that has not served as a soldier, been through a campaign, or been wounded in a battle. On my way to Rambouillet I took up a fine youth, only nineteen, delicate and slender. He had been wounded and taken by the Russians, stripped, and turned off to find his way, naked and bleeding. He said he trembled, and could hardly hold his musket, seeing all his companions fall around him. If it had not been for Mme. la Duchesse de la Moskowa (Ney's wife) he must have died. She got accommodation for him and several other wounded men, obtained his discharge when better, and gave him money to take him home. He left Chartres with sixty youths, all of whom were killed but himself. "If Buonaparte had remained he would have killed all mankind, and then made war upon animals," said the boy. Coming back, I met a dragoon from Spain. The coachman of the *voiture* had served with Moreau, and lost three fingers. The contradictory state of mind of the people is strange. They denounce Buonaparte, yet glory in his victories. They tell you of his genius and execrate his government in the same breath. Talking of him as a conqueror they fire with enthusiasm ; as a monarch they anathematize him. I had almost forgotten to mention the Jardin des Plantes, an immense piece of ground devoted to flowers of all countries: and spacious enclosures where beasts, birds, and fish from every clime are kept as nearly as possible in their native manner. There is something of Roman magnificence in all this, and also of Roman callousness to human suffering. Last year a bear devoured one of the keepers, an old soldier. In England the bear would have been shot, and subscriptions raised for the soldier's widow and children. Here they called the bear by the man's name, and made a caricature of the scene. I have been told of it repeatedly as *a good joke.* There is an immense Museum of Natural History, in which the skeleton of every animal is kept. I have also visited Voltaire's house at Ferney ; in his sitting-room were plans of the Alps and Lake of Geneva, and it was

full of portraits, among them Milton and Franklin. On the other side hung his washerwoman and chimneysweeper, with Pope Clement between them! The ballet at the French Opera is much superior to ours, wonderfully fine and graceful; but the singing miserable. The Italian Opera is good; they do not suffer dancing there. I have seen Denon, and found him a most delightful man. I have been to Vincennes, where D'Enghien was shot, and have investigated every atom of the field of battle. I am going to Fontainebleau before leaving Paris, which we do on Saturday week, and hope to see your gracious Majesty about the 5th. Your 'Masque,' I expect, is finished and out, and succeeded, I'm sure. I have met with 'Paradis Perdu'—one line will be enough for you. *Hamlet* I have seen—murder! Two fine editions of Dante and Ariosto I have bought for you, with Dante's private Meditations. If there be no duty they will all be only 2*l.* 12*s.*—old plates, curious and interesting. Remember me affectionately to your brother John, to your Mrs. Hunt, and his Mrs. Hunt, also your brother Robert; to Scott, Barnes, and all the heroes. I am convinced, my dear Hunt, that you might make a fine article on Buonaparte's *secret closet*, and all that has been thought of there. *There* he revelled in dreams of dominion and conquest, of murder and blood; and when his mind and imagination were fired with a sort of gory, gleaming splendour, perhaps sent for the Empress!

Truly and affectionately yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To LEIGH HUNT.

MY DEAR HUNT, Hastings, 29th September, 1814.

I had no intention of writing to you, as I feared to strain my eyes, having resolved to do nothing that would retard their recovery; and knowing that you would excuse me, and not think it unkind, on such an explanation. But, my dear fellow, such glorious news has arrived to me that I'll write you if I get blind before the conclusion. My native town, in council assembled, has voted me the Freedom of the Borough, as a mark of respect for the powers displayed in the 'Judgment of Solomon.' You asked me last May if mine was

not an English victory? Let me ask you if this is not also an English honour? An honour, not from family interest or a corrupt corporation, but from a *Mayor and Commonalty* who struggled and got their freedom and rights about ten years since, and abolished the title of alderman and common councilman because they were not mentioned in the Charter of Henry VI. Now these are fine fellows, and their freedom is worth having; and I know, my dear fellow, you will sympathize with me completely in this business.

I would rather have this honour paid me than be elected President of all the Academies of Europe, and I assure you I am prouder of it than of any honours acquired by sneaking, detestable intrigue.

You shall see what I'll do after this, God give me my eyes and faculties. How are you after all this preamble? Do you continue well, or better, or what? Do let me hear. Kind remembrances to Mrs. Hunt and all. I have used constant and violent exercise, and am certainly wonderfully better in my eyes. I hope to complete my recovery before I return. God bless you, my dear Hunt.

Believe me, always yours affectionately,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S. Do send this letter to your brother, who will be as much pleased as either of us. How goes on your poem?

Extract from a Letter of HAYDON *to* DAVID WILKIE.

September, 1814.

I say that a reference to the best models of art tends to strengthen the mind, and so far from distracting the attention from nature, sends you to it with more acuteness, makes you observe beauties you might have passed unheeded, and rouses your energies to surpass what the world has so long praised.

In opposition to your citing Carlo Marratti and Raphael Mengs as a proof that an intimate acquaintance with the best models of art will not produce great artists, permit me to quote Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens, to prove that an intimate acquaintance will. You would have approached the

truth had you said an intimate acquaintance *alone* would never form great artists. To this I agree. But to cite Carlo Marratti and Raphael Mengs, two men of decided imbecility of mind, as proofs that an intimate acquaintance with great works will not produce great men, is not taking a full view of the case. Would they have been great men without such helps? Would they have been as great without such helps? Certainly not. And why? Because they were radically without capacity. Hence, if men without capacity attained some degree of excellence by studying alone the works of others, is it not just to conclude that men with great capacity would attain a high degree of excellence by proceeding in the same road? You quote Carlo Marratti and Raphael Mengs, men without power to prove that it can produce no good effect. I quote Michel Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Rubens to prove that it can. There is not one of those but was benefited by the study of the works of their predecessors; there is not one of them but had his road shortened by such study, that had his eyes opened to new beauties, his capacities strengthened, his views enlarged, and his enthusiasms confirmed.

Would Michel Angelo have gone so far without the Torso, and would Raphael without the antiquities of Rome? Would Titian without the works of Giorgioni? Granting that Correggio and Rembrandt (the names that occur as not being indebted to others) are great without others' assistance, are they as great as Michel Angelo and Raphael? Do they excite the same feelings as to enlargement of mind? Though never seeing great productions, they pursued with their intense feeling one small part. Surely these are the sensations these two extraordinary men excite. The views of both are confined, and without that infinite variety which exhibits a large looking out on the world. If a man has the capacity, knowledge of any sort can never injure but assist him. If he has not, knowledge will enable him to go further than he otherwise could have gone. You say the works of Carlo Marratti and Raphael Mengs contain a negation of every excellence they pretend to combine. But why? From their want of capacity, or from their studying works of others?

Believe me, ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Sir W. Calcott.

My dear Sir, Kensington Gravel Pits, 30th April, 1815.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter containing so very flattering an expression of your approbation. For the general commendation bestowed on my picture, I am aware how much I am indebted to circumstances. I conceive, also, that my professional friends are induced, from the same cause, to think higher of it than it really deserves.

When I allow myself, then, to say that I accept, with the sincerest pleasure, the eulogium your generous feeling has impelled you to pronounce on this production, I do so, not from any idea that I merit such praise, but from the sense that I shall by these means be entitled to participate, in some degree, in the honour which such sentiments as dictated this letter confer upon yourself.

I am, yours most truly,
A. W. Calcott.

To Leigh Hunt *on the vote of* 500,000*l. for a Waterloo Monument.**

My dear Hunt, 5th July, 1815.

I have not lately called on any of my friends; I have been so occupied and fatigued towards evening.

I am sure it is a most extraordinary thing, you will agree with me, that in all these monuments and pillars, neither mayor, minister, nor prince has said a word about painting. There seems to be really an infatuated blindness as to its value and importance. No captain of a twenty-gun frigate is killed but monuments are voted with profusion. Sculptors and architects have the stimulus of being employed by Parliament, but the rank of historical painting is certainly owing to the

* It is worthy of note that on the Government applying by letter to the Royal Academy, as the constituted authority in art, for their advice and assistance in raising this proposed national monument in honour of Waterloo, the Royal Academy, on the advice of Sir Martin (then Mr.) Shee, took no notice of the application. Lord Castlereagh was so wounded at this indifference to his proposal that he quashed the whole scheme, and thus the greatest opportunity that had occurred since the days of the Plantagenets for the union of painting and sculpture with architecture, in public decoration, was designedly lost by the ruffled spite of the Royal Academy, which owed the Treasury an old grudge, and thus gratified it.—Ed.

devotion of its professors, independent and in spite of neglect and opposition. Now, my dear Hunt, one word from you in your Political Article will do more good than any separate allusion or Fine Arts paragraph. You have often done this, and I have felt, and ever shall feel, keenly such assistance to my noble department. If possible, do it again at this critical moment; do say, surely the Historical Painters of the country may justly complain when Architecture and Sculpture have such unjust preference. *They* are certainly adapted for *exposed* situations, but let pictures adorn the protected ones. They are going to imitate Greece in engraving the names—let them imitate her also in voting grand pictures. Barry adorned the Adelphi *for nothing;* Hogarth, the Foundling *for nothing;* and *for nothing* did Reynolds and West offer to adorn St. Paul's, such was their feeling for their country's reputation; and yet they were refused—even such an offer! Mind, my dear Hunt, I don't complain of these difficulties; he is not the Man who would not head a tide fifty times as furious. I only wish to impress you with an idea that if so much has been done with so little, more would most assuredly be attained with greater protection. If the country has been rescued from the stigma of incapacity by the innate vigour of its artists, it only wants the assistance of the State completely to establish its pretensions in the face of the world. It is in your power to assist our great object, my dear Hunt. You have done great things for us—greater, indeed, than any other political writer before you; don't forget us at this moment of enthusiasm, and you will have still greater claims, if possible, on my heart than ever.

Yours always,
B. R. HAYDON.

Extract from a Letter from JOHN SCOTT.

July, 1815 [after the battle of Waterloo].

The appearance of Brussels after the Battle of Waterloo is most interesting. The streets are crowded with Englishmen who have been "in the jaws" of death, all bearing about them the hurts they had received in the terrible conflict. Many of them, fine young men, using crutches, or with arms in slings, strutting nevertheless with a gallant coxcombical air,

suggesting the excessive versatility and variety of human nature. It was but the other day they were in the heart of the battle, black with powder and perspiration, fierce, bleeding, groaning, dying. Now, they are out on a fine day, in a gay park—after much careful preparation at their toilette—eyeing the pretty girls, and casting complacent looks at the symmetry of their legs.

Brussels appears like a machine thrown out of gear. All the regular and domestic habits of the place are put to rest for the time being. Nor is the virtue of the place increased by the presence of our troops. A constant amatory parade up and down goes on in the streets and parks. The convalescent officers have but one pursuit; and the women of Brussels, high and low, married and single, are abundantly susceptible.

The place is in a perpetual throng of English, Scotch, Prussians, Belgians—officers and privates—all free of constraint, all gay, dissipated, and careless. The English are highly spoken of, and the Scotch more highly. The Prussians are universally execrated.

I found my friend Logan mending slowly of his wound, and on Friday I set off with him for the field of battle; and glad I was that I had a companion with me who had been something more than a spectator of the battle. I was glad of this, for such is the crowding of the English, such their simplicity or their curiosity, and the extravagance with which they purchase all or any relics, that I found the Belgians very much inclined to laugh at their visitors.

It was with deep feelings of interest that I heard my companion point out to me where he rested in the Forest of Soignies on his march to the field; where he saw the Duke pass; where the artillery defiled, &c. All was deeply interesting; but of the actual battle I could glean but little or nothing. He saw nothing but was before him. When we came to the village of Waterloo every inn had chaises, gigs, fiacres, cabriolets, and carriages crowded round its door, just as you see in the neighbourhood of a horse-race or boxing-match. Luncheons, dinners, drinking, at every public-house. I supposed Waterloo was close to the field, but it is not. The Duke's head-quarters were there, but you advance from Waterloo a mile before you arrive at the village of Mont St. Jean, a much smaller place, about half a mile in front of which the battle was fought. On

the field I found a twelve-pound shot, which had plunged from our guns into the heart of the French lines. This trophy I carried with me for five or six miles in a blazing day, and I mean to bring it home, with the cuirass and other spoils of battle which I have secured. I postpone what I have to say about the field till my next.

I am, dear Haydon, ever yours,

JOHN SCOTT.

From his Sister, MRS. HAVILAND.

Plymouth, 2nd August, 1815.

On Friday I went out to see Buonaparte, but the guard boats kept us at such a great distance I was rather disappointed, as it was impossible to clearly distinguish his features. He seems a good figure and dignified; and to the disgrace of the Plymouthians be it said, yesterday, as he withdrew, the people rose up in their boats and applauded him.

There is so much that is mysterious and prepossessing about him, and now in his great misfortunes so much pity is felt, that it is dangerous, I think, to the loyalty of the people to keep him here long; they all seem fascinated. Napoleon has a large stomach, though not otherwise fat. He walks the deck between five and six.

H. H.

From SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, 1st July, 1815.

I go on Monday, and cannot quit London without leaving with you my best wishes for your success and happiness. I am confident you will pardon what I am about to say, and, whether you agree with me or not, you will give me full credit for my motives.

As your sincere well-wisher, I earnestly request you to abstain from writing, except upon broad and general subjects chiefly allusive to your art. If any severe or unjust remarks are made upon you or your works, paint them down. You can. But if you retort in words action will produce re-action, and your whole remaining life be one scene of pernicious contention. Your mind, which should be " a mansion for all lovely

thoughts," will be for ever disturbed by anger and sarcastic movements, and never in a state to enable you to sit down to your easel with that composed dignity your "high calling" demands.

Excuse me, however, for now I recollect you told me you were become sensible of this error.

I leave London on Monday, but if you wish to see me again I shall be at breakfast to-morrow at nine, and glad of your company.

I remain, with my good wish, and many, yours,

G. BEAUMONT.

To Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE, 5th July.

I thank you very sincerely for your advice. It is what I had long since resolved on. Since my attack on the Royal Academy (which I shall glory in to the day of my death) I have never written one line in attack. The cause of my doing that was sincere disgust at seeing such means of improving the public taste so grossly perverted. I have long since been thoroughly convinced that to paint my way to my great object is my only plan, and to which I will firmly adhere till, under God's protection, I attain it.

Believe me, my dear Sir George,

Your faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, Cole-Orton, 19th July.

I felt sure you would consider what I took the liberty to say in the light it was intended. Indeed I have no fear for you except on account of the warmth of your temper, which, without proper attention, may, with the best and most generous motives, lead you into situations which will disturb the tranquillity of your mind and unfit you to pursue, at least with comfort, the great object you have in view.

Should you write within a fortnight, you may address to me at Wordsworth's, Rydal Mount. On Monday I set off. I have

not seen a mountain these seven years, and you may imagine with what pleasure I look forward towards ranging among them with such a worshipper of nature as Wm. Wordsworth.

Success to your exertions.

Ever truly yours,
G. BEAUMONT.

From Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, Cole-Orton, 13th November, 1815.

I also have been contemplating the beauties of the ocean with infinite delight. The great elevation of Mulgrave (Castle) gives you the advantage of an expansive view, and the sea being broad on that part of the coast the waves roll in with impressive grandeur. I also have remarked its various lines, its freshness, its green, cerulean, and purple tints; and I agree with you that Vandervelde confined himself to two or three effects, but in those he is admirable. Perhaps he thought it better to carry home that which he thought best adapted to his art, or at any rate that which he felt most, than to dissipate his powers in attempting the infinite varieties of nature. Indeed, it may be observed that most of the Old Masters have limited themselves to few effects. Claude painted scarce anything but mornings and evenings, and indeed almost always the same subject with variations. Salvator repeats himself continually. Teniers and Ostade paint the same faces and the same subjects for ever; and, although I do not say they are to be followed in this respect, yet it may be well to consider whether we are not in some measure indebted to this practice for the great excellence of their works. An artist should carefully consider his quantity of power, and what suits his genius best, before he attempts too great a range, since it is certainly better to carry a few effects to perfection than to produce thousands of moderate performances. Too great sacrifice, however, should not be made. Who would wish Wilkie, for example, to confine himself to half-a-dozen characters? Double the execution and colouring of Teniers, or even of Ostade, would be a poor amend for such a loss.

I am glad he is with you; the sea air will do him good. My best regards to him, for, super-added to my value for him as a man, I consider him as an honour to the country. I

delight in your enthusiasm; too much cannot be said in honour of your art, and the glory it has lately received in a neighbouring country gives me the greatest pleasure. In one thing, however, I must a little differ from you.

You do not wish our country to accumulate such works as those in the Louvre? Nor I, either, if it must be at the expense of honesty, or exclude encouragement to our native talent. Heaven forbid! However, I know we shall agree on this point when we come to an explanation.

It seems to me that the arts of a country are never in greater danger of deterioration than when they have made considerable progress towards perfection. It is very well known that when they have been carried as far, or nearly so, as human capacity will allow, they have at all times begun to degenerate. The reason is plain. The rising generation find it impracticable to excel their predecessors by following the principles of their art, and they fly off to every specious fancy which promises to procure popularity. Then it is that men of genius should be watched with a jealous eye, for their examples are destruction; and if once a false taste, set off by great power of misled genius, gains ground in a country, adieu to all hope of recovery: the case is mortal!

Now it appears to me that nothing is more likely to prevent this evil than a collection of such acknowledged merit that it may be appealed to as the standard of truth on all occasions, and although it must be allowed the best things bear strong marks of the imperfection of human nature, yet the works to which you allude are so excellent they may be safely had recourse to as models until they are surpassed. And, as I believe the principles on which they have been produced have never been questioned, the best chance of surpassing them is by following the road, without "servilely treading" in the footsteps of their authors.

I do not say this to you as a warning; you are really a true votary of legitimate art. But I shall tire you. Meanwhile will you call upon Mr. Alston, and let me know how you like the picture he is painting for me. You see, by this request, I think *you* are above all little jealousies. Were I not *convinced* of that, my hopes would not be so sanguine.

Ever sincerely yours,

G. Beaumont.

From Sir George Beaumont.

My dear Sir, Cole-Orton, 3rd December, 1815.

Your account of Canova is very interesting. I am very sorry I shall not see him whilst he stays. I congratulate you upon his approbation of your picture. The praise of such a man is valuable, for from the few of his works which I have seen, I should suppose him to be a man of extraordinary powers.

I comply with your request with some concern, not that I have no pleasure in accommodating you, but because I feel truly sorry to find that it is necessary for you to forestall too much one of the stimuli which should be in reserve to encourage you in the progress of your work. Will you forgive me if I enter a little into the subject on this occasion? I admire your enthusiasm, and entirely approve of your making profit an inferior consideration. But still it is necessary for your peace of mind that profit should be taken into consideration, and although you are not oppressed by pecuniary difficulties, they must, as you say, harass and disturb your mind.

The gentlemen of this country are, I verily believe, anxious to forward the arts, at least as far as I can judge from their expressions, they have them much at heart. But their powers are limited, for they have neither houses to receive, nor money to spare for such works as you have in contemplation. It seems, therefore, to me that it is absolutely necessary, if you wish to enable yourself to indulge your most laudable ambition, that you should sacrifice some portion of your time to work which may afford immediate profit. Both Raphael and Titian, as well as other great painters, occasionally painted portraits; and indeed when you consider how intensely you must study nature and character to paint portraits as they ought to be painted, as well as the dignity and interest you would be enabled to give them, you could not consider it as time lost. Suppose now you were to give two mornings in a week to this study. I really think you would forward yourself in art, and enable yourself to proceed in comfort.

At any rate I am persuaded you will impute this liberty to its real motive, and if any more feasible plan occurs to you

I am sure you would endeavour to forward it as much as possible.

Lady Beaumont desires her kind compliments.

I am, my dear sir, most truly,

G. BEAUMONT.*

To CANOVA.

41, Great Marlborough Street, London,
4th December, 1815.

Honour me, my dear sir, before you leave England by accepting and keeping this Milton in remembrance of my admiration and respect.

Do not hesitate, and I promise you that I will render myself worthy of such a compliment by my future exertions in my art.

With every wish for your happiness and long life,

Believe me your affectionate and faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From CANOVA.

SIGNORE, Londra, 5 Xbre, 1815.

Ella mi previene con una benevolenza insigne della quale avrò perpetua memoria grata. Accetto il gradito dono del Milton de che Ella vuole onorarmi; e benchè non conosca in me ninguno merito sufficiente a cagionare tanta di Lei cortesia per me, pene conoscendola figlia d' un animo sommamente gentile, non la ricuso: anzi Le sono grato, e avrò sempre vivo il desiderio di mostrarle col fatto quanta che sia la mia sincera riconoscenza. Intanto accogla i miei voti e l'obbligo contratto con me stesso di amare e stimare una persona che tanta affezione me dimostra; duolmi ch' il tempo ristretto non mi permetta di più rivederla per questa volta; ma spero si verificarà il suo venire in Italia, e allora sarò in caso forse di riconoscere delle mie obbligazioni. Sono con larga, viva stima,

Il di Lei obbediente servitore,

ANTONIO CANOVA.

* Haydon has endorsed this letter with "Very, very kind."—ED.

From Sir George Beaumont.

My dear Sir, Cole-Orton, 26th December, 1815.

It is impossible not to be interested for such determined zeal as appears in your letter. I am far from wishing to confine you to small historical pictures, and far less to portraits any further than might be necessary to your comfort, and I really thought there was time enough for both: you are of a different opinion, and I have done. Still I have the desire to submit a few observations for your consideration. Nature rarely favours the same man with a warm imagination and a cool head. When she does, a prolific painter or poet is produced. Now she has mounted you upon a fiery courser who, with skilful management, will carry you nobly over the field, but you must abstain from whip and spur, and apply the curb with all your dexterity, and then the race is your own. In a word, if on a fair examination of your disposition you find that warmth has rather the ascendency! against that fort you must plant your battery. Marcus Antonius, I think, used to thank the gods daily that he was not born with an eager mind; of course, judging that such men were apt to overshoot the mark. My mind figures to me Raphael and Michel Angelo, especially the former, sitting down to his work with all the calmness of a philosopher; and I am convinced it was the temperate disposition which enabled him to fill the world with magnificent pictures before he was thirty-seven. All the genius that ever inspired a man must be checked, if not totally impeded, by too great anxiety. Let me then entreat you to calm your mind by every means in your power. Abstain if possible from all controversies, or from anything which you find irritates or harasses your feelings, and determine to do everything quietly and with composure, and if you can obtain this victory over your disposition you will proceed not only with greater satisfaction, but with far greater facility and expedition.

I have lately met with a book which has been of the greatest service to me, as I am sure it must be to every man who will read it with attention. It is an essay on the nature and importance of self-knowledge, written by John Mason, M.A., not the poet. It is a small volume, and may soon be read. It is very serious, yet there is no fanaticism in it, and I am sure you will like it. I shall therefore direct my bookseller to

send it to you in a few days, and I request you will keep it for my sake.

I hope there will be nothing in this letter which will give you a moment's uneasiness, but if there should be, I entreat you to consider it as a wound given by a friendly surgeon with the kindest intention. The mind of an artist should be gentle, and the elements so mixed in him that the true balance should be preserved. If then I have hit upon the quality which preponderates, you know your remedy. Adieu! Success attend all your exertions!

Ever sincerely yours,
G. BEAUMONT.

To Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR GEORGE, London, 21st January, 1816.

I received your kind letter, and in a few days afterwards your kind present, which I shall estimate and keep out of regard for you, not from any high opinion I entertain of the talent displayed in the essay. In general I have a very poor opinion of all essays that tend rather to make a man distrust his powers than depend upon them. They may do very well for the commonest capacities, but can never be looked on with any other feeling than mild commiseration by those—

> "Whose high endeavours are an inward light,
> To make the path before them always bright."

What would Nelson have said, my dear Sir George, had such an essay been put into his hands as he was entering Aboukir Bay to fight the Battle of the Nile? Had he opened it and read that all his glorious sayings and high anticipations were "romance," the "wild fire of the animal spirits," &c., what would he, what could he have said? Believe me there is as much true self-knowledge in a consciousness of capacity, when you possess it, and a dependence thereon, as in a desponding distrust when you possess it not. The greater part of mankind are so astounded at any daring attempt that they see nothing but its hazards, and imagine he that dares sees no further than themselves. They know not that the greatest and most daring minds, with the highest feeling for something higher than this world, have a thorough perception of the

imperfections in it, and set about realizing their plans by a cautious investigation of all the means requisite, because they well know the means must be human. All that can be done is to leave nothing to chance but what must be so left, to anticipate every difficulty that can be anticipated, and to trust the result to the natural operation of the means employed. You say, Sir George, you imagine Raphael and Michel Angelo sitting down to their work with cool heads, and by saying this in a letter of kind advice, you of course mean to hold it up to me as an example, and one which, it follows, you think requisite. Now, my dear Sir George, those who know me *best* know well that all my warmth and anxiety and zeal never led me to begin to paint before I could draw, or to send a picture out into the world before I had finished it. They know well that when I began the art I was at an age to relish the luxuries of touch, of colour, of effect, and of expression, but that I *curbed* my burning inclination to express my conceptions until I had dissected and drawn and studied at the drudgery of the means for two years. Was I directed by any authority to do this? No. I was ridiculed and laughed at for doing it. Surely then I must have had something in me to guide me on the road, something that borders on judgment and philosophy, something that could anticipate a result, or have a keen perception of a consequence.

Fiery ardour and burning consciousness are first the excitants to effort, and then the result of it. In the first instance they support the spirit in the anticipation of what may be the consequence, and in the next of what must be. The world in general see only the fire and flame of what is uttered, and having no causes for similar feelings in their own minds, estimate such feelings as the dreams of a distempered imagination till proof, following upon prophecy, teaches the world not always to think every man mad who has other and higher objects than the selfishness of individual security.

Pardon my egotism, my dear Sir George, if I ask whether you think had I been impregnated with the principles of the book you have sent I should have borne up as I did against the tide that at one time set so strongly against me? Could a distrust of my powers have urged me to begin a picture larger than the one that failed, and to have brought the world again in my favour? Perhaps you know the 'Happy Warrior?'

In that sublime sonnet my principles are breathed in every line—

> "Who is the Happy Warrior? Who is he
> Whom every man in arms should wish to be?
> It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
> Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
> Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.
> Whose high endeavours are an inward light
> That make the path before him always bright;
> Who, with a natural instinct to discern
> What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn.
> * * * * *
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state.
> * * * * *
> Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must go to dust without his fame,
> And leave a dead unprofitable name,
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause."

Oh Wordsworth, it is impossible for me to express the delight I have experienced, and the gratitude I feel to you for the effusions of your sublime spirit: they have supported and inspired me when even my nature tended to suspect my enemies might be right, and the aspirations of my heart mere delusion! They have indeed never failed to inspire—

> "Faith in the whispers of the lonely muse
> When the whole world seem adverse to desert."

No man can feel more ecstasy at Raphael's powers than myself. I adore him. But in estimating his genius, and remembering his works, let us distinguish what was owing to nature from what was owing to opportunity. He entered the Vatican at twenty-five years of age with unlimited control. Great opportunities were given, he had not got to make them for himself as has hitherto been the case in England. But we are born here to contend with what, to other nations, appear impossibilities. Yet in spite of all these obstructions we will yet shine forth to the wonder of Europe. Many of Raphael's works in the Vatican were carried on in the spirit of a manufactory, indeed all his later ones, and his reputation depends not on the number of his works, but on the quality of six or seven works only. Raphael had no prejudices to combat. His countrymen were prepared to receive what he did, and his

patrons to employ him on what he wished. All this would have been useless, of course, if nature had not given him genius; but I am showing the full swing his genius was allowed. People are inclined to infer dulness of invention from slowness in completing the invention, and I know this suspicion at present hangs over me, but time shall show. Time has shown some things not expected, and time shall show more if God spare my eyes and life. When I finished my first picture then it was "very well for a first picture," but they "feared" I was not equal to a "heroic work." Then when 'Dentatus' was done, "to be sure it was heroic," but I had "no eye for colour." Then when I put out 'Macbeth,' "Oh, yes, there was an eye for colour, but no simplicity." Then 'Solomon' was completed, but as I had taken two years to paint it, I was not "rapid or prolific." Now, when I prove I can be rapid and prolific it will be "a pity he did not take a little longer time." It makes me laugh. The art of painting, in one respect, is not unlike the art of war. Everybody thinks they know something about it, but it is a very difficult art for all that. My dear Sir George, excuse this long letter, and in return for your kind present honour me still further by accepting one from me, it is 'Foster's Essay on Decision of Character.' It has been my guide for years, and it is written with great power. I hope the more you know me the more I shall deserve your esteem: indeed I will try to deserve it, and so with my kindest respects to Lady Beaumont

Believe me, my dear Sir George,

Your affectionate and obliged servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—With respect to fertility and rapidity I think higher of intensity and perfection. For instance, I think that Correggio carried what he did to a higher degree than Raphael.

From Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, Cole-Orton Hall, 8th February, 1816.

I am very sorry to see my letter has agitated your feelings. Be assured if you knew my opinion of your talents (and you may know it from Mr. Wordsworth and many others),

you would feel no reason to complain. I esteem you as a first-rate and gallant vessel; but, I confess, your last letter but one made me fear you carried rather too much sail, a fault easily repaired if I was right; and I thought, as your friend, I ought to hint this to you. I thought the extreme ardour of your disposition prevented your pursuing your art with that placid composure which, if not essential to success, certainly contributes to happiness and prevents controversies which not only present obstacles in the way of those who have the welfare of you and your cause at heart, but also keep your own mind in a perpetual state of tumult and resentment. You tell me I am mistaken, and I have done. I can assure you that zeal for your welfare which never left me, even in the time of our unlucky misunderstanding, does and will prevail, and, to resume my figure, I shall hope to see you plough your way to the port with a dignified and a steady course, unmindful of the opposing waves and scorning to be ruffled by them.

As to the book I took the liberty of sending you, I did not recommend it for its eloquence, but its truth. I think it the most compendious receipt for its purpose I have ever met with. To have put it, or even Foster's essays, into the hands of Nelson on the eve of the Battle of Aboukir would, I confess, have been rather *mal à propos.* Yet, I think, if it had been presented to him in his cooler moments (and he would have read it), it could not have made him a braver warrior, but without damping his ardour for judicious enterprise, it might possibly have made him a wiser man, and have prevented some indiscretions which every Englishman must lament. Observe, I say, if he would have fairly considered the book, and brought it to the test of practice, for a man who has never carefully examined his heart must shrink at the first view of it. It requires no common resolution to pluck out an eye or strike off a limb with your own hand; and if on examination he found the necessary operations were very severe, who knows but the courage of Nelson might have failed him? It is an arduous task to encounter our prevailing passions, but when once achieved every further undertaking is comparatively easy.

I have received Foster's essays: I will take great care of the book, but the same cause which has prevented my writing sooner has prevented my reading them, viz., constant occupa-

tion. When I come to town, I shall hope to find your great work finished, and yourself in high spirits.

I am ever truly yours,

G. BEAUMONT.

From SPURZHEIM.

MY DEAR SIR, Wednesday morning (1815).

I was out when your letter was delivered. I therefore take the liberty of sending you the cast of the face of Voltaire.

I am, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

SPURZHEIM.

From F. WYBORN.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Paris, 8th March, 1816.

I thank you over and over again for your introduction to Hayter, whom I saw very often during the week of the museum, and whose talents will, I am sure, do honour to our little island. I regretted much that you were not by, to witness the havoc and the unconcerned manner with which the Vandals treated (to you and to me) the most sacred objects. The sufferings of some of the first-rate artists, Girodet and Gros, &c., were really affecting. Nothing but the contending feelings of triumph as an Englishman at the sight of this most glorious proof of our country's superiority could have prevented my sympathising with them. I was enabled, however, by the respect held for talent, to check any open expression of the delight I felt; but I recompensed myself for those momentary sacrifices by the unrestrained burst of my sentiments when alone, or in the society of the English diplomatists and artists. Amongst the former, your friend William Hamilton deserves the gratitude of every Englishman for having borne without shrinking the odium of the action, in common with the Duke of Wellington, in the minds of the French. I hope I shall see you in France this summer. I have taken a quondam pleasure house of Louis XV. at Montrouge (about one mile from the Barrière d'Enfer) for the summer months, but I come in regularly three times a week to the sittings of the Institute; therefore, I fear I shall be as much in your society as will, I fear, give you a surfeit of me. If your picture will be done this winter I shall come over to see it; if not, I think I shall go

to Italy for the winter. God bless you, my dear H.! Remember me most particularly to Wilkie. Mr. Lane called upon me; he imitates, or endeavours to do so, your *manner* on much the same grounds the Duc de Berri does that of Buonaparte, and with about as much right! Adieu!

Yours very sincerely,

F. WYBORN.

Extract of a Letter from DAVID WILKIE.

18th August, 1816.

Yesterday morning Lord Lynedoch (Sir Thomas Graham that was) called upon me, and said that if I should be at home at four o'clock the Duke of Wellington and a party that came to meet at his house previous to that would then call on me with him. Upon this information I set to work for the rest of the day to get my rooms put to rights, put all my pictures in order for view, and last, though not least, had to arrange it so that my mother and sister might see the great man from the parlour windows as he came in.

Matters being thus settled, we waited in a sort of breathless expectation for their arrival, and at half-past four they accordingly came. The party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lady Argyle and another lady, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lynedoch, to all of which the latter introduced me as they came in. When they went upstairs they were first occupied in looking at the pictures severally, but without entering into conversation further than by expressing a general approbation. The Duke, on whom my attention was fixed, seemed pleased with them, and said in his firm voice, "Very good," "Capital," &c., but said nothing in the way of remark, and seemed indeed not much attended to by the company, of whom the ladies began to talk a good deal. They went on in this way for a considerable time, and I had every reason to feel satisfied with the impression my works seemed to make on the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the others, but though the Duke of Wellington seemed full of attention, I felt disappointed with his silence. At last Lady Argyle began to tell me that the Duke wished me to paint him a picture, and was explaining what the subject was, when the Duke, who was at that time seated on a chair and

looking at one of the pictures that happened to be on the ground, turned to us, and swinging back upon the chair turned up his lively eye to me, and said that the subject should be a parcel of old soldiers assembled together on their seats at the door of a public-house, chewing tobacco and talking over their old stories. He thought they might be in any uniform, and that it should be at some public-house in the King's Road, Chelsea. I said this would make a most beautiful picture, and that it only wanted some story or a principal incident to connect the figures together: he said perhaps playing at skittles would do, or any other game, when I proposed that one might be reading a newspaper aloud to the rest, and that in making a sketch of it many other incidents would occur. In this he perfectly agreed, and said I might send the sketch to him when he was abroad. He then got up and looked at his watch, and said to the company his time was nearly out, as he had to go and dine with the Duke of Cambridge.

After they had proposed to go, he made me a bow, and as he went out of the room he turned to me, and said, "Well, when shall I hear from you?" To which I replied that my immediate engagements, and the time it would take to collect materials for his Grace's subject, would prevent me being able to get it done for two years. "Very well," said he, "that will be soon enough for me." They then went downstairs, and as they went out our people were all ready to see him from the parlour windows: when he got to the gate, he made me a bow again, and seeing at the same time my family at the parlour windows he bowed to them also. As he got upon his horse he observed all the families and the servants were at the windows, and I saw two lifeguardsmen, the rogues, just behind the pillar at the corner, waiting to have a full view of him.

The sensation this event occasioned quite unhinged us for the rest of the day. Nothing was talked of but the Duke of Wellington; and the chair he happened to sit upon has been carefully selected out, and has been decorated with ribbons, and there is a talk of having an inscription upon it, descriptive of the honour it has received.

With respect to the appearance of the man, none of the portraits of him are like him. He is younger and fresher, more active and lively, and in his figure more clean-made

and firmer built than I was led to expect. His face is in some respects odd; has no variety of expression, but his eye is extraordinary, and is almost the only feature I remember, but I remember it so well that I think I see it now. It has not the hungry and devouring look of Buonaparte, but seems to express in its liveliness the ecstasy that an animal would express in an active and eager pursuit.

From His Excellency the Count MORDWINOFF.

St. Pétersbourg, 8 (20) Mai, 1816.

On m'a dit, mon cher neveu, que vos yeux sont faibles et que vous avez commencé un autre tableau d'une grande dimension de 'l'entrée de Jésus-Christ à Jérusalem.' Vous aurez donc à composer, à trouver, à varier les détails infinis, et votre ouvrage, pour être parfait, demandera bien des années. Mon cher, il ne sera jamais payé à raison du temps employé et des dépenses faites, que les amateurs et les acheteurs calculent toujours peu. Ecoutez! Votre fortune est toute dans votre pinceau, et vous devez la faire encore. Votre 'Solomon' ne vous a pas rendu riche: il vous a procuré de la célébrité, et vous a bien servi pour vous mettre dans la voie de la richesse, qui est toujours bonne, même pour un homme de talent. Je vous aurais conseillé de faire à présent des tableaux de deux à trois figures, comme mon 'Adam et Eve,' et plus de la grandeur de ceux qu'on place dans les cabinets. Si Raphaël et Buonarotti ne faisaient que la 'Transfiguration' et le 'Dernier Jugement,' ils seraient moins célèbres et moins connus. Mais leurs noms et leurs mérites sont connus dans toute l'Europe, parce qu'ils firent des tableaux portables d'un pays à l'autre, et que chaque pays les possède à présent. Ils peuvent faire plusieurs, et avec le nombre ils doteront les nations. Si vous adopterez les dimensions de la généralité de leurs tableaux, la Russie connaîtra aussi le nom de Haydon, et Haydon sera placé avec les Raphaëls que nous possédons. Votre célébrité sera plus étendue, et votre fortune pécuniaire sera plus splendide. Je serai peut-être assez riche pour acheter quelque croquis de votre main, mais il faut rétrécir votre toile. Nous avons de bien beaux tableaux de Léonard, du Corrége, de Carlo Dolce, d'André del Sarto, de Nicholas Poussin, du Titien, en miniature, et leurs mérites ne sont pas éclipsés par leur peti-

tesse. Je prends la liberté de vous donner ce conseil comme votre affectionné parent, comme un homme vieux, lequel, sans être avare, trouve que l'argent est nécessaire à tout âge. Votre talent et votre célébrité sont aussi bien connus en Russie, mais vous avez besoin de vous rendre indépendant par le grand agent de ce monde, un nombre compétent de guinées en votre possession, et je ne les trouve pas en grandes toiles. Je vous conseille comme un admirateur du Beau qui voudrait voir multiplié ses images et comme un homme en qui vous avez reveillé de l'estime pour vous. Je suis sincèrement

Votre dévoué,

N. MORDWINOFF.

Vos cousines (les Anglaises) se portent bien, et prétendent d'être heureuses ici. Je leur cherche des maris pour les rendre plus satisfaites encore!

From WILLIAM BEWICK'S Father.

SIR, Darlington, 7th September, 1816.

I received your letter yesterday concerning my son, and am much obliged to you in taking so much upon you in his behalf. Sir, if you think his abilities will answer the expectations I will do as much as my small pittance will allow. I have a large family to provide for, and times are only indifferent at this time. But I think his mind is bent upon that line; he was always ingenious from a boy in any kind of work I put him to. But it is hard to bring him up in a line and throw it away when to almost manhood. But, however, if you think he will answer, I will do all that lays in my power for him. I said, before he came to London, his mind was intent solely on the drawing business, and was very much against it; but what can one do? You will excuse this scrawl.

Sir, I remain your most obedient servant,

WM. BEWICK.

From BEWICK'S Mother.

SIR, Darlington, 26th July, 1817.

Your very kind and obliging letter I received. In answer I assure you I am extremely sorry that my husband's

wishes are so much contrary to my son's prosperity, enthusiasm, and determination for proceeding in the study for an historic painter. . . . .

After interrogating my husband, his answer was, that he really could not afford to support my son in London at present, trade being so very bad, and having a large family at home to support. What must be done I really cannot say, as my son has said some time since that he is determined to be nothing but an historic painter, notwithstanding the struggles he has and may have to make.

You will please to accept my sincere thanks for the obligations, &c., which you have rendered to my son, and I hope he will continue to deserve your friendship.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

JANE BEWICK.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Brussels, 16th September, 1816.

My landing at Ostend not being the first time I had set foot in a foreign country, it did not strike me so much as our entrance in Dieppe, but I was very soon awakened to something highly delightful on discovering that everything we saw bore the stamp of being the origin of Rubens's and Teniers's style of painting. We were first arrested by a cabaret on the Quai, where we saw a smiling wife serving out liquor to a parcel of men smoking at various tables round the room, and whose faces, as well as the style of the apartment, were quite familiar to me. As we passed along to the inn, the notched gable ends of the houses towards the streets again reminded us of Teniers. In the morning we had to walk about a mile to the barge. The waggon which was sent to carry our luggage, with two white horses, was exactly Rubens's team. As we proceeded on the canal we thought we saw whole landscapes of Teniers succeeding one another. The trees were touched and grouped exactly as he painted them; the little church-spires in the distance came in; the water of the canal was the very colour he has painted it; and even the sky, which was beautifully clear, seems to have adapted itself as if to bear him out

completely. This happened to be the day of a market at Bruges, and we were joined by shoals of peasants from both sides, till the barge was as full as it could cram. I had by this time begun my operations with my sketch-book and pencil; and observing what treasure there was on board for study, I went below and began upon a most inimitable group. My work very soon attracted the notice and admiration of the whole ship's company. These innocent and simple people seem never to have seen anything of the sort before. They were delighted and amused, sat with the greatest good nature, and, so far as I could judge, I was regarded as a prodigy till we got to Bruges by at least 300 people. Here we left them, but it was only to recommence upon a new set of passengers. These were people of a better class, but equally willing to encourage my labours. I drew everything that was worth drawing, both in the boat and on shore, till at last I began to make a sketch, by the desire of several, of one who was considered the smartest girl of the party. Mr. Raimbach would not try any sketches.

One part of this day's journey was also delightful, that is the dinner we had in the barge. This was superb, but its merits cannot be explained within the compass of a letter.

Ghent we were greatly surprised with; it is magnificent. On Sunday morning we went to high mass at the cathedral. The effect on us both was nearly as fine as that at Rouen.

From David Wilkie.

My dear Haydon, Rotterdam, 25th September, 1816.

M. Raimbach and I have spent a day at Antwerp, and, as artists, were exceedingly interested, not merely with the works of Rubens and Vandyke which we saw, but with everything that seemed to have furnished them with the materials for their labours. The first object we sought out was the great church, and I assure you on seeing the pictures of Rubens in their places, I never felt more strongly the ruffianism of their removal to Paris by Buonaparte. This does not arise from their being well-placed either, but they seem to effect a great moral purpose. They are here dedicated to religion, and they act in support of it, and prove the usefulness of the art that has pro-

duced them. The situation of the 'Assumption of the Virgin' is the finest I ever saw. The 'Raising of the Cross,' and the 'Descent from the Cross,' are well lighted, but the walls on which they hang are too bare. By the assistance of the Conservator, I got into the museum, and there I saw all the pictures from Paris on the ground, and this is one of the greatest treats I have had. I got close to them, and I think they are the finest he ever painted. I wish I had you to see a head of a 'Virgin and Child,' and some others. I never saw such painting. They are as completely his own as Mr. Bourke's, and have much more richness in point of subject.

At Amsterdam I went in the first place to the museum, where I saw some large groups of portraits by Vanderhelst, which are very masterly things. These are perhaps the finest things in the museum. There was a great number of the smaller pictures, but I think not of the very first quality. With these, however, I was greatly interested. I stopped two days at Amsterdam. I saw a good deal, but owing to the King being there, I did not see all I might have seen at such a place. The day on which I left Amsterdam, I breakfasted at Harlem, and heard the organ in the great church, that wonder of the musical world. This surprised me a great deal. When it began I could soon perceive a richness in the tone I had not heard before, and when all of a sudden the *vox humana* struck up, I felt quite astonished. The imitation of a choir of men and women's voices is astonishing, and would be almost ridiculous if it were not for the tremendous power of the tones, and the dexterity of the execution.

I travelled by the canals, and got to Leyden to dinner. This was interesting to me as the residence of Jan Steen, who excels perhaps all his countrymen in expression, and certainly in that of painting the houses, the dresses, and character of the Dutch people. For Ostade, for Rembrandt, for Metzer and Vandervelde, you must look in particular places, but Jan Steen you see everywhere.

The Dutch people have not been flattered by any of their painters, but less by Jan Steen than by any other. They are, however, not like the English, and though they could always be made interesting, they could not be made beautiful.

At the Hague I had another treat. The picture belonging

to the King had just come back from Paris; they were not yet put up. The Ostades and Jan Steens are of the very first quality, and I only wish I could say they were in the best preservation, but they have received considerable damage, and it is the same case with the pictures that have come back to Antwerp. This has not however arisen from their removal from Paris, as the admirers of Buonaparte would have us believe, but from a set of *picture cleaners, who have already done the mischief, and are now at Antwerp completing their glorious reform.* The large picture of the "Bull," of Paul Potter, has had a most thorough *scouring*, and we are observing that the high lights in Ostade and Jan Steen's pictures had been rubbed into the very bone. The beautiful picture of the 'Dead Christ,' by Vandyke, which you will remember in the Louvre, I saw at Antwerp *with a large patch of raw colour quite bare!* I could not help expressing great indignation to the conservator. His views and mine, however, were very different, and it appeared a delicate subject, but I saw the same thing was threatened to some of the others, and I kept renewing the subject in a most grievous way at every picture we came to. An intelligent traveller I met with has told me that the 'Taking down from the Cross,' was "*most confoundedly rubbed*" before it was put up. If you would come to Antwerp we would make a row about it.

The impression my tour in Holland has made upon me is striking beyond everything. I feel familiar with all I see, as if I had experienced a previous existence in this country, which, however, has but one character, and it is surprising the variety the Dutch artists have produced from it. I see scarcely an object that has not been painted; and although I am pleased with the style of everything I see, it is less because it *will* make a good picture, than because it has made good pictures. Holland as subject for pictures has been completely exhausted.

Although our objects are different, it would have been a great assistance to me to have had you with me on this tour, and might have been interesting to yourself to see what nature has not done for the Dutch masters, and what they have done for themselves.

I am, my dear Haydon,

DAVID WILKIE.

From DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Kensington, 7th October, 1816.

I arrived yesterday morning at 3 A.M., and had to knock up my people. The custom-house officers at Dover occasioned us great delay and vexation, but I had much less difficulty with the articles that were really smuggled than with those that were not. To-morrow evening I shall have the pleasure of waiting on you, and talking over my journey, if convenient to you to be at home.

Ever yours,

DAVID WILKIE.

To DAVID WILKIE.

27th October, 1816.

I have been at Hampstead this fortnight for my eyes, and shall return with my body much stronger for application. The greater part of my time has been spent in Leigh Hunt's society, who is certainly one of the most delightful companions. Full of poetry and art, and amiable humour, we argue always with full hearts on everything but religion and Buonaparte, and we have resolved never to talk of these, particularly as I have been recently examining Voltaire's opinions concerning Christianity, and turmoiling my head to ascertain fully my right to put him into my picture!

Though Leigh Hunt is not deep in knowledge, moral, metaphysical, or classical, yet he is intense in feeling, and has an intellect for ever on the alert. He is like one of those instruments on three legs, which, throw it how you will, always pitches on two, and has a spike sticking for ever up and ever ready for you. He "sets" at a subject with a scent like a pointer. He is a remarkable man, and created a sensation by his independence, his courage, his disinterestedness in public matters, and by the truth, acuteness, and taste of his dramatic criticisms he raised the rank of newspapers, and gave by his example a literary feeling to the weekly ones more especially. As a poet, I think him full of the genuine feeling. His third canto in 'Rimini' is equal to anything in any language of that sweet sort. Perhaps in his wishing to avoid the monotony of the Pope school, he may have shot into the other extreme, and

his invention of obscene words to express obscene feelings borders sometimes on affectation. But these are trifles compared with the beauty of the poem, the intense painting of the scenery, and the deep burning in of the passion which trembles in every line. Thus far as a critic, an editor, and a poet. As a man, I know none with such an affectionate heart, if never opposed in his opinions. He has defects of course: one of his great defects is getting inferior people about him to listen, too fond of shining at any expense in society, and a love of approbation from the darling sex bordering on weakness; though to women he is delightfully pleasant, yet they seem more to dawdle him as a delicate plant. I don't know if they do not put a confidence in him which to me would be mortifying.

He is a man of sensibility tinged with morbidity, and of such sensitive organisation of body, that the plant is not more alive to touch than he. I remember once, walking in a field, we came to a muddy place concealed by grass. The moment Hunt touched it, he shrank back, saying, "It's muddy!" as if he meaned that it was full of adders. . . . . He is a composition, as we all are, of defects and delightful qualities, indolently averse to worldly exertion, because it harasses the musings of his fancy, existing only by the common duties of life, yet ignorant of them, and often suffering from their neglect.

How is your health?

Ever yours,
B. R. HAYDON.*

From Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, Cole-Orton, 22nd December, 1816.

Our friend Wilkie gives me a most gratifying account of the progress of your picture, which seems even to have surpassed his expectations. I can assure you this gives me sincere pleasure, and I look forward to the gratification I shall enjoy when I see it. I hope it will be ready for exhibition this spring—remember the shortness of life and the length of art. Have you had any time to do what you proposed to the 'Macbeth'? The rest of the picture is so very excellent, it is

* Haydon adds, in a note of later date, "If I ever loved any man *once* with a fullness of soul it was Leigh Hunt. If I ever reverenced a man in whom virtue, forbearance, and principle were personified, it was his brother John Hunt: B.R.H." —ED.

a pity not to make it as perfect as you can. I have some thought of placing it at the end of my gallery in London, if I find the place is large enough and will suit it; but we will consult about it when I come to London. Wilkie also speaks highly of the studies you have made at the gallery. I shall be glad to see them too.

You have doubtless lamented with every friend to genius, taste, and the arts, the destruction of the 'Nativity,' and several other works of Sir Joshua's, together with many other fine pictures. I luckily called at Belvoir last summer, and saw the 'Nativity,' little dreaming, alas! it was for the last time. I saw it during its progress, and as soon as it was finished, and I really thought I had done justice to it in the picture impressed upon my memory. But I assure you it far surpassed my most sanguine expectations in many respects (and I think I do not suffer my regard and enthusiasm for the admirable author to overcome my judgment). It surpassed any picture I ever saw for colouring, surface, and in light and shadow nothing could surely exceed it. I feel confident it would have appeared to advantage by the side of any picture I ever beheld, ancient or modern. It is indeed a national loss. But, alas! how frail is the reputation of a painter! How lamentable it is to be obliged to rely on such perishable materials! Would the 'Nativity' had been painted on a block of adamant! But this is a melancholy topic. You are, however, better off than the artists of antiquity, their works are altogether gone; your compositions will at least remain in engravings, though they in general are but faint echoes, for which reason I have always wished great artists could find some time to etch their own works—this is the only way to transmit their true feelings. But as I mean to excite and not damp your exertions, I feel almost sorry I have been led by this melancholy catastrophe to expatiate so much on this subject. But the very lamentation is a stimulus, inasmuch as it shows how interwoven with our best feelings the works of real genius are. This surely is a flattering and consoling consideration, and should have its due effect. But I am not afraid of your sanguine feelings giving too much weight to the inevitable course of things.

With the best wishes of Lady Beaumont and myself,

I am truly yours,

George Beaumont.

From JOHN SCOTT.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Paris, 9th October, 1817.

I can perfectly sympathise with all your feelings in leaving your old abode, and even think I should not feel myself at home with you in any other. I hope you will always continue to find that "in action is the wisdom and nobility of human nature," and in "speculative sensibilities something comparatively weak and distempered." To continue through life strong in that opinion one must either be very lucky, or, very thoughtless. May your belief have no reference but to the first cause. For myself it is because I see everybody acting round about me, and myself in the middle of them, to so very little purpose compared with the wear and tear of the material that I am set upon wondering and regretting. A determined, exclusive, fixed and monopolizing attention to any one pursuit, or direction to any one aim in which "self" was concentrated and bound up, would, I know, relieve this; but it would be in the same way that one feels comfortable in buttoning up one's own coat very tight on seeing a beggar starving in the cold. You have quite mistaken me if you imagine that I have ever mentioned Rousseau as a *right thinker!* I merely alluded to him as a person whose feelings, right or wrong, had an intensity which conveyed them like pointed lightnings to the imagination. He was evidently diseased in mind, and has many errors in taste, as well as in principle, to answer for. I regard him only as a genuine specimen, as a certain fashion, of human nature, his impulses being too strong for craft, for forms, for laws and customs to destroy their characteristic truth and vivid powers. A specimen of this sort is always highly interesting, for we may contemplate it as a study. As to making an enumeration of where Rousseau is practically wrong, he is so seldom right that I would never think of it; yet our common nature thus wound up, and fermented, and working, is something to be enthusiastic upon, I think, and when one's own sympathies are touched by its corresponding action, we are wrapt up in the stimulus. But that Rousseau is a glory to anybody I should scarcely imagine. Everybody who has ever written upon him has treated him as a splendid eccentricity; but when one of these luminous irregularities comes into view the nations wonder, and even admire.

With regard to my present views on the Christian religion, when you write about the clearness of duty and the sublime influence of prayer upon the mind, you write what I can most fully join you in; but these two points have no more to do with the veracity of the Christian religion than chemistry. The points are—1. Did God make the world in the way and at the time said in Genesis? 2. Was the Mosaic dispensation His inspired work? 3. Does the dispensation of Christ naturally result from the former, as it pretends, and was the latter founded by the Son, yet equal of God, who was crucified on earth to save the souls of men, he being the Great Author of the starry heavens and the Creator of the unfathomable universe? This is the Christian religion, and this I not only disbelieve myself, but I *know* in my own mind it cannot be true, and am further immutably convinced that no one whose intellect is equal to mine (which is not saying anything enormous) *can* believe it, if he brings his heart and soul up to the subject in the good faith and earnestness which I have used.

Believe me to remain always,
Your most sincere friend,
JOHN SCOTT.

Fragment of reply to JOHN SCOTT.

No date, 1817.

Though Christianity is built on the Mosaic dispensation and on the Ten Commandments, yet it goes further, and completes what was not complete in the former. I deny that clearness of duty and the influence of prayer have nothing to do with the Christian religion. They have everything to do with it, for when was clearness of duty known before, or that prayer—holy, pure, pious, and submissive prayer—should be effectual and granted? I see nothing more absurd or inconsistent in the Great Spirit of the universe at a time of moral depravity taking on Himself flesh to propagate and instil a moral doctrine for the guidance of men here, to the happiness of their immortal souls hereafter by the extirpation of evil, than that the same great and infinite Creator should in the midst of His sublimities and endless world give a heart and a liver to a flea. Are the assurances that He will forgive, is the

eternal happiness or misery of a soul, *being immortal*, nothing? Are the duties of father, son, and wife, and of all to their God nothing? And if they are anything, where are these duties so informed, so laid down, so distinctively developed as in the Mosaic and Christian dispensations? How comes it that the Jews, dull and inert intellectually, with a language comparatively poor and barren, to whom we owe nothing in science or art, who were in character a dastardly, cruel, and ungrateful race, are the people to whom we owe the worship of the one God; to whom we owe a code of moral law that has been the foundation of all the codes of law of intellectual Europe? Why did not the great monarchies, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, Egyptian, and Greek contribute something in the midst of their science and their intellectual skill towards these important points? How comes it that this dastardly people should have survived the wreck of all the mighty empires of the earth? How comes it that they predicted a Being should arise from out of them who should change the morals of mankind, lay open the hope of future existence, be persecuted and murdered? How comes it He did arise? How comes it that they in the earliest period of their history, when in the desert they should be told that if they were vicious they should be scattered and become a jest and a byeword among nations, and that they are so? You will not believe that the predictions were made previous to the event? But we know that so scrupulous were the Jews of the text of their Scripture that an order of men was specially created to keep the text uninterpolated. They themselves believe the Scriptures, but maintain that they are not yet accomplished.

Now no deist can refute their antiquity. The historical record as a record only bears truth on the face of it. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" one touch of unaffected truth and feeling throws truth over others not so deep or so palpable. Everything is told that all may be believed. The relation being a relation, and not a work of inventive genius selected and combined for the development of a passion or an object, deep touches of nature cannot be so often expected as to make you exclaim. Nothing is chosen, all is told like a journal of a day, therefore the author made no pretensions to high intellect, or the beau-ideal or deep skill in human nature. When deep touches do occur we may naturally

infer they happened, as we infer that others happened, when not so deep, because they are not continued as under invention. On the return of the Jews from captivity, and when the foundations of the new temple were being laid, many old men who remembered the former temple in all its glory, "wept with a loud voice" (Ezra iii. 12). Now this is a touch of nature that makes all the rest credible as a relation. My time and studies do not allow me to compare dates, to examine translations, and to collect historical evidence, but I seek for the evidence of a thing in its natural sympathies. Here if the temple was rebuilding it must have been destroyed, and so on up to first causes connected in a link.

If the miracles in Christianity be true, and if twelve men had always been deceived that would have been the greater miracle of the two, the rest follows. There is every reason to believe that the miracles are true from historical tradition only. No one at the time, or for two hundred years after, ventured to contradict the fact; they could not. They admitted that the miracles were performed, but endeavoured to destroy their effect by asserting that they were performed by the influence of the devil. Hume and his followers always put their perception of what they imagine must be truth (as far as their range of capacity goes) against, first, a thing related which can be proved to be historically true as to time and date; and secondly, naturally true as to inherent and internal evidence, considering the nature of man and his mental and corporeal formation. Let us set aside, however, historical evidence and look only at the internal and natural proof in favour of the truth of the miracles. How would men naturally act when suddenly cured of their blindness, lameness, &c.? If we see in the relation one touch of natural consequence which physically must have occurred under the circumstances, we cannot reject the fact; for the narrators were not men deeply skilled in the knowledge of the physical properties of the human frame, any more than they were skilled in knowledge of the metaphysical properties of the human intellect. Take the case of the lame man at the beautiful gate. "Silver and gold have I none, but what I have give I thee; in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk. And he took him by the right hand and lift him up, and immediately his feet and ankles received strength, and he *leaping up, stood* and *walked,* and

entered the temple *leaping* and praising God." Now mark this, the muscles unused to the influence of will contracted involuntarily, and he *leaped up*, as he must have done, and then walked, and then they again spasmodically contracted and he leaped again, and in the first impulse of thinking he praised God. But observe what follows. The novelty over for the moment, the man reflected, and his heart misgiving him lest it was but a charm, and that he who had lain for years an impotent burden should be walking, he could not tell how, his mind sank (had he been a woman he would have fainted) and, terrified lest he should as instantaneously return to his decrepitude, the lame man "held Peter and John." Shakespeare could not have felt more truly how a human being in such a situation would have acted than the apostolic historian has told us how he saw this man act. He who refuses to believe this miracle must shut his heart to all testimony on the relation of his fellow-creatures that exists. But if this miracle be true, as it must be to my capacity, why then Peter and John performed one, and so on up to first causes.*

What distresses me and seems so incomprehensible to me is that because in the Christian religion there are points one cannot explain and things one cannot account for, such as the relation of the Father and the Son and the procession of the Holy Ghost, and which if explained and accounted for would leave no difficulties, you assume at once that Christianity cannot be true and ought not to be believed. But are there not things which cannot be contradicted, such as the Sermon on the Mount and the Crucifixion, and can only be accounted for on the ground of its authenticity? Supposing you were told that in one hour you must appear before God, what would you do? Pester yourself with disquisitions on merit or demerit, on the existence and functions of the Supreme Being, on the relations of the Father

* This is Shelley's great stumbling-block. The predictions are so clear that he is obliged to acknowledge that fact, but then he shuffles off by denying that we have any proof they were written previous to the event. This is always the subterfuge of philosophic disbelief. "The fifty-third chapter of Isaiah," says Shelley, "is more explicit, yet it does not exceed in clearness the Oracle of Delphos." Show me an Oracle of Delphos which predicted a nation should be dispersed and punished, a Messiah arise whom they should kill, that in consequence their city should be razed, and they themselves made a byeword among nations. Show me an Oracle of Delphos that predicted anything like this, and prove to me that it was accomplished, and is now accomplishing under our very eyes. You cannot, then, wholly disbelieve predictions in which such events are clearly foretold, and are actually happening at this very day.—B. R. H.

and the Son, and on the origin of evil? No; you would examine yourself whether you truly repented, strain all to forgive all and to make your body a temple for purity, and then cast yourself upon His mercy and forgiveness. But this *is* the Christian religion, and where can you find it elsewhere than in Christianity? It is nothing to me whether God created the world as related in Genesis or not, or whether evil came into the world by an apple. Evil did exist when Moses brought the Jews from Egypt. It was sufficient for him to tell them that if they followed the commandments of God instead of flattering their own foul desires, the influence of evil would be weakened, and then when they acted as they ought Christ should come and complete the fabric. Then consider the influence of Christianity. Has it not had influence on society and on the feelings of mankind, in the institution of marriage and all the social duties, in the refined and intellectual pagan world? Were there ever such institutions for the relief of the sick and poor as hospitals? No, nothing of the kind. Now Christianity has not failed in reforming the world—it is reforming it. The horrible and disgusting depravity of that world at the time of our Saviour's teaching not only shows us that a new revelation was demanded, but to what depths of iniquity and wickedness mankind could fall under the influence of intellect alone, even with the teaching and example of such men as Plato and Socrates, Seneca and Aristotle. The advance to good from evil since the days of Tiberius is enormous and progressive. The institution of charities and hospitals, the abolition of human slavery and all the human sacrifices, ameliorations of the condition of man are proofs. It is not true that Christianity has made its way by persecutions, and imprisonments, and deeds of unexampled atrocity, as the enemies of Christianity assert. It has made its way in spite of persecution and by the very reverse of such practices. In the first place, how could the apostles do such things? They were not the ruling powers of the world. They had no power to fling pagans to the wild beasts; the Christians have burned each other for abstruse metaphysical differences which formed no part of the simple teaching of Christ, but they have never burned or tortured or sacrificed Mahometans, Hindoos, or Pagans. Diocletian first began by putting 100,000 Christians to death because one tore his edict! Trajan flung them to

feed the lions, and Julian slaughtered thousands; yet Christianity established itself in spite of such persecution. But all atrocious deeds were first practised against themselves. You never hear the mild philosophers who feel so acutely for human nature display any feeling for the poor suffering mangled Christians. Voltaire, Gibbon, Hume, and Shelley have a certain range of capacity, not of the highest order. They have talent enough to torture truth, and sophisticate for falsehood, but not candour enough to make allowance for any want, if its allowance should be against them. The great object should be not to cavil because a thing is *far from being, &c.*, but to be willing to acknowledge when it *goes the greatest part of the way* towards, &c., and that is the candid and unprejudiced capacity, and every man must acknowledge that all the evidences of Christianity, exclusive of one's own personal conviction from experience of its sublime efficacy, do go the greater part of the way towards its proof.

To conclude this long and I fear incoherent letter, a "determined, exclusive, fixed, and monopolising attention as you say to one aim in which self is concentrated and bound up, would relieve your present feelings, but it would be in the same way a relief as buttoning over your coat when you meet a starving beggar." You are mistaken, my dear Scott. A determined and monopolising pursuit to one aim, in which self is completely sacrificed to the glory or reformation of a great country, is breasting a battery of guns with *your* coat open, while others button up theirs and are off. Howard, I take it, was one of this monopolising order, with Clarkson, Wellington, Ledyard, Mungo Park, and others. In truth a man has no need to button up his coat while a beggar is starving, nor need he be without speculative sensibilities, but he must not let either the one or the other interfere with the more important call of the three.

Believe me ever sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HORATIO SMITH.

West Cottage, Ryde,
Wednesday, 23rd February, 1817.

DEAR HAYDON,

If you ever doubted that idleness was the root of all evil, you will believe when I tell you that this letter is the

fruit of it, though I really wanted to assure you that I had not been inattentive to the wish expressed in your balloon parlour respecting an introduction to Miss F——.

Knowing little or nothing of Mr. or Mrs. W—— I applied to herself, but found she was so much distressed and vexed by Mr. —— violation of the pledge exacted when she allowed her miniature to be shown, that she recoiled from the proposition under a notion that artists in general have no attachment to fair forms unless when they can be rendered subservient to their art, as cannibals are only humane to their captives when they mean to have them for supper; a suspicion that was confirmed when I admitted that you had been recommended *to take off her head.* Indirectly I inquired whether she knew Lord and Lady Elgin, when she assured me that she had never spoken to either, and did not even know them by sight, so that your friend the marble stealer must add the grace of wanton fibbing to his other accomplishments, for which he deserves a cross-buttock from his own Theseus. . . .

Let me find your bust at Knightsbridge and yourself at Lisson Grove, comfortably housed and proceeding to work like a giant refreshed. Pray don't break your promise of leaving the R.A.'s to their own exposure or of fighting them only with the *brush.* By the bye I wish you would invent a substitute for that vile word 'brush.' Ancient writers spoke of their *stile,* which we have so far adopted as to make the mere instrument expressive of the genius that guided it. Modern writers have their pen or their muse; sculptors have their chisel, all clean and unobjectionable utensils, but a brush is full of mean and dirty associations, suggesting nothing but a clothes brush, a hearth brush, a blacking brush. How would it sound should any one contemplating the drapery of one of your figures in 'Jerusalem,' exclaim, "There I recognise Haydon's brush;" might it not be conjectured that you were his valet? Pray let the artists think of a word and double it, and then take away the word they thought of first.

Adieu, my dear Michel Angelo; may you beat all your rivals with the *brush,* and then you will never have your nose broken.

Yours cordially,

HORATIO SMITH.

From HORATIO SMITH.

3rd June, 1817.

God bless your precious eyes. Pray keep them till they have conferred immortality on your name, for you cannot, like Milton, perpetuate your fame after you have lost them. They are public property, and I am sure they shan't be strained for me when they should be spared for posterity. *Nurse* them, *nurse* them, till you are as lynx-eyed as Argus, and I will then give you a call with my little girl. She is besides looking gaunt and grisly at present, and I should be sorry to have a sketch of her ghost instead of herself. Adieu, take care of your twinklers, and tell your landlord that if he gives you another such notice to quit, you are determined not to *wink* at it, for it not only irritates you but your pupils.

Ever yours,

HORATIO SMITH.

From Sir DAVID WILKIE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Glasgow, 7th August, 1817.

On leaving Edinburgh I went up by the steamboat to pay a visit to Mr. Dugald Stewart, who lives in the ancient house of Kenveil on the banks of the Forth. He received me very kindly, and I remained with him for two days. He lives retired, but in good circumstances, in the same kind of house that I should think Voltaire must have lived in when in Switzerland. His manner and also that of his family seems highly cultivated, but there is really more simplicity about him than I expected. You would never dream that he had written a book, and though not a reserved man, he in no instance leads the conversation to his own particular studies. You never see him trying to say a good thing or a smart thing, but with all this you never lose sight of his superiority in learning and information, and never forget that you are in the presence of a judge, and of an uncommon man.

On leaving him I went up to Stirling and from thence to Glasgow, where one of the first persons I waited on was Dr. Chalmers. He was really glad to see me. One of the first

persons he inquired for was yourself. He takes a lively interest I know in all that you are doing. I have only now to ask what you are doing?

Ever sincerely yours,
DAVID WILKIE.

From CANOVA (*literally transcribed*).

Rome, 2 Décembre 1817.

Je viens de recevoir la lettre que vous me fîtes l'honneur de m'écrire le dix du mois passé pour m'annoncer l'expédition du plâtre de l'Ulysse que vous m'avez envoyé à la vente. Je la reçu il y a quelques semaines, et je croyais en remercier le cher W. Hamilton duquel j'en avais écrit et parlé tant de fois. J'apprends à présent que c'est *vous* qui avez voulu m'en faire un présent, et je vous prie de vouloir bien excuser ma faute innocente et d'agréer les sentiments de mon âme reconnaissante à votre bonté. Vous ne pourriez, à vous dire vrai, me donner un témoigne* d'amitié plus marqué, et vous ne vous êtes pas trompé sur le désir ardent que j'avais de posséder quelques morceaux de ces fameux chefs-d'œuvre de l'art qui ont famé mon admiration, et qui feront toujours le sujet des envies des artistes.

Vous voyez qu'en vous témoignant ma haute reconnaissance, je veux bien me charger du devoir de vous rendre quelque service; et de vous prouver par les faits que l'on ne peut pas être plus sensible que je le suis au précieux souvenir que vous daignez avoir de moi, de l'estime dont vous m'honorez. Je vous renouvelle maintenant les assurances de mon respect et la considération.

AN. CANOVA.

From CANOVA.

Roma, 20 Luglio 1818.

La vostra lettera del 27 dello scorso mese mi da una nova testimonianza del gentile animo vostro inverso di me. Io non posso nè voglio gareggiare con voi; e solamente mi rallegro dell' aver potuto meritare tanto da voi.

Certe è, che io godo assai la vostra cortese benevolenza; e vorrei saper darvi alcun gagno della gratitudine, da cui è penetrato il mio cuore.

* Témoignage.

Spiacemi non poter rispondere adequatamente alla domanda che mi fate sull' epoca precisa in cui si credono esseguite le statue di Monte Cavallo. Gli antiquaii ed erudite non sono d'accordo su questo punto; e chi le suppone d' un tempo, e chi di un altro quello che sembra poi di dubbio, si è che sono due rispettivi monumenti dell' arte antica, e che contengono, per modo di essprimermi, gli elementi, e quasi dirci il canone geometrico delle forme umane; senza però quella ultima perfezione che giustamente voi, e tutti li conoscitori veri desiderano.

Le vostre osservazioni mi sembrano molto ragionevole e ben penetrate; e per esse aposatemente, si vede come voi, profondamente abbia penetrato i misteri dell' arte. Non altrimente l' ardito Belzoni squarciava il velo delle tenebre, coll' aprirsi la via nelle "*si nom*" incognite piramide che sepoli? di quella ammirabile nazione.

Io sono grato della curiosa notizia che mi avete favorito e che io comunicai subito a questa nostra Romana Accademia di Archeologia.

Non dovete prendre alcuna meraviglia dell' aver inteso che il Signor Hayter veniva aggregiato all' accademia di San Luca mentre per fatto membro di [*illegible*] non di merito, ma di onore, e questo secondo grado non richiede salere ed eccellenza somma nell' arte come quella del Prep. Con. Nept., il quale veramente per suo proprio diritto venne fatto nostro collega di merito.

Cuo bapti per [*illegible*] il vostro dubbio su tale proposito, Mi preme infinitamente di mandarvi il promesso essempio in gesso della una Venere, e farò molto trebbio di darvi con esso un nuovo argumento per obbligare maggiormente la mia riconoscenza alla singolare vostra predilezione per me e per le opere mie.

Ho terminato il colosale modello in creta rappresentando Carlo III, Re di Napoli e poi di Spagna, sopra il gigantesco cavallo che devesi ora fondere in bronzo per la Reale Casa di Napoli. La prego di voler credere alla costante e sincera considerazione colla quale mi prego essere.

CANOVA.

From CANOVA.

Roma, 18 Giugno 1818.

Ho ricevuto la lettera del primo del mese scorso, con la quale a Lei piaceva darmi un nuovo attestato della sua gran

benevolenza. Sono molto riconoscente alle lodi ch' ella fa della mia Venere acquistata dal Signor Rauchese di [*illegible*] e mi onerano molto le riflessioni sue riguardo a quell' opera, la quale certamente non può meritare tutto quel pregio, ch' ella si compiace di attribuirmi. Ciò per altro mi prova splendidamente ch' il di Lei compatimento e favore alle opere mie è dettato più dal cuore che dall' intelleto, il quale si lascia guidare potentemente dell' affezione verso l' autore.

Mi piace sommamente che io posso darle un qualche segno della mia gratitudine e perchè sembra di voler accettare un gesso di qualche opera mia, io [*illegible*] in tal effetto di mandarle un gesso dell' ultima Venere che ho modellata diversamente dall' altra di mi. Ella conoscia il marmo che io deggio esseguire e già si abbozza per conto del Signor Tommasso Hope.

S' ella mal asperade giusta e mi sarà molto caro ch' ella lo intenghi in segno della stima e riconoscenza mia.

Dallo resto io era sicuro che i marmi d' Elgin doveano produrre una specie di rivvoluzione nella scultura; e sono lieto d' intendere come il mio presagio abbia già cominciato ad avverarsi, fatto la speciale di Lei scorta.

Il Signor Hamilton mi ha scritto appunto sul proposito del Cupido antico e [*illegible*] com' egli prometti di vedere un gesso.

Mi continui la sua preziosa amicizia, e mi creda, con sensi della più perfetta confidenza e d' attaccamento.

CANOVA.

From M. OLENIN, *President of the Imperial Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg.*

SIR, 15th (27th) November, 1817.

As President of the Imperial Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg, I think it my duty to thank you for your kind intentions and the particular marks of attention you pay to this important establishment. As for the choice of the casts, I refer to your care, relying entirely upon the knowledge you have of this art. As for the value of them, after what has been said by such an eminent artist as M. Canova, is quite sufficient; and though I have not seen them, I am entirely contented with what I have seen in the works entitled 'The Elgin Marbles,' and read in 'The Judgment of Connoisseurs on Works of Art,' &c.

I hope, Sir, that our correspondence will not end here, and that you will be so kind as to pursue it for the benefit of arts in Russia. As we enjoin the same attachment for the same cause, I have resolved to begin my desired acquaintance with you by sending, for your own use, some casts from the best remains of antiquity that are in the possession of his Imperial Majesty at St. Petersburg, as the beautiful bust of Achilles, a statue of Venus, a true antique Grecian work which the connoisseurs of fine arts think to be equal to the Venus of Medicis, and a small statue of Silenus, which articles I hope you will receive as a mark of the esteem I have for you, and remain

ALEXIS OLENIN.

To M. OLENIN, *President of the Imperial Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg.*

SIR, London, 22nd January, 1818.

I had the honour of receiving your very flattering letter, and beg to express my thanks to you for your very high opinion of me, which I hope will be increased and not diminished by a further knowledge.

The present you have sent me is one of the highest compliments ever paid me in my life: I esteem it deeply. To be distinguished by eminent strangers, where no prejudice is supposed to exist, is always considered a complete sanction to any high opinion of one's own countrymen. Accept then, dear Sir, my sincere thanks, and be assured that to continue a correspondence with you will always be one of my greatest pleasures. I hope that you, as well as the Imperial Academy, will always consider me at their service for the improvement of taste or the advancement of art in Russia. Depend on it a new light is about to shine forth on the world from the preservation of the Elgin Marbles.

I hope you will do me the honour to accept a cast of the Ilissus, from the moulds first made for me, the negro's body, two of the best bas-reliefs, and some little fragments. These shall be got ready immediately and be sent to you without delay; you will then form an idea from the exquisite fragment of the rest. The cast of the Ilissus, made for my own studies, was made without including the left arm, on which it rests, because there was drapery, which was of little use, but it con-

tributes to the support of the figure and therefore assists the expression of the action. This arm will be in the cast sent for the Academy. You will thus, Sir, be able to judge of the great principles of these Divine things; you will then see that Nature and the inherent property of things are never sacrificed to a false and affected "beau-ideal." You will see that as the body is stretched on one side and bent on the other—that the forms of each side vary in each shape as the action varies, the shape of every part being dependent on the action. This principle, so simple, was never violated in the best era of Greece: whether they represented gods or men (as they knew they were obliged to represent gods by human form), they made the form of their gods subservient to the great laws to which the human form must always bend. I feel convinced and sure you will agree with me that there was but one period of art in the world that can be called perfect, viz., the period of Phidias, whose great principle was to restore every object represented to the qualities and properties bestowed on that object at its creation, adapted to its instincts and pursuits and cleared from the effects of accident or disease. Thus, a god was but a human being in his highest perfection, with none of his properties violated; a horse was characteristically a horse, a cow a cow, a dog a dog, a fish a fish, and so forth; essentially and characteristically a horse, a cow, a dog, a fish; whereas in the time of Alexander and of the Roman Emperors the artists then living attempted to elevate nature by a violation of many of the great principles of nature, and never suffered action or repose to disturb the shape of the figures they made, if action or repose at all interfered with the "beau-ideal" of the human form they had fixed on in their own minds as a standard of perfection. This "beau-ideal" was making Nature bend to a capricious system of their own, and never bending their system to the laws of Nature. The ideal beauty of Phidias was but to restore to each object its essential qualities given by God, and to leave them to the influence of action or repose, gravitation or compression, to which all objects must submit, whatever be their properties, "if they think, act, walk, sit, stand, run, or lie, in this world, for which they were created."

I have the honour, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From WILLIAM HAMILTON.

DEAR HAYDON, Foreign Office, 9th February, 1818.

The Archduke Maximilian will be at your Exhibition at 1 P.M. next Saturday.

Ever yours,

W. HAMILTON.

To His Excellency M. OLENIN.

London, 8th July, 1818.

I hope by this time that my casts of the Ilissus, Theseus, and other Elgin fragments, with the cast of the body of the Negro, have arrived safely, and that they have not disappointed yourself, or the other eminent members of the Imperial Academy. The first shipment of casts for the Imperial Academy are now being packed and embarking, and full particulars will be given to you by M. Smernove. The twelve Metopes and the Frieze I selected myself, and they are as fine casts as have ever been taken from the Museum, the Metopes especially. The Theseus and Ilissus I have not seen, being laid up in my eyes from painting in too strong a light, but Mr. Westmacott assures me that they are very fine casts, with the draperies more complete than in those which I sent for your own private studio.

Before the Metopes are permitted to be seen they should be arranged about eight feet above the ground, and then they will have their full effect upon the spectators. The Greeks were remarkable for sacrificing everything to the point of view, and you will find the outside thigh of the Theseus, though shorter than the other by that position in nature, still a little shortened for the sake of effect. The reason for this I take to be as follows:—The Theseus was placed, according to Stuart's 'Athens,' at the extreme point in one of the Pediments. As the best view of all the figures in the Pediment must have been directly opposite the centre, at a certain distance, had both the thighs been of the same length, the outside thigh and knee would have hidden the inside thigh and knee, and have given the figure a most unpleasing appearance. But by foreshorten-

ing the outside thigh, and by making it also a little shorter, the leg and thigh inside were seen, and the whole figure had its full effect.

The Metopes and Frieze are evidently executed by different hands, some parts being inferior to others; but all the large figures of the two Pediments are equal in excellence. There is no variety in their execution: they are all grand, elevated, sublime, and natural. The best account that has yet appeared upon these matchless productions is by Visconti, which I very much regret I have not sent to your Excellency, but which I will do the very first opportunity. And yet Visconti shows in this work that he is more remarkable for learning than for his taste or feeling for nature. He describes the Ilissus as a figure *in strong action!* It is in the most perfect repose, resting upon his arm and upon his thighs, one side bent, and the other stretched, and his bowels hanging down, without the least appearance of the muscles being contracted by action.

This is sufficient to prove how little connoisseurs know of the principles of nature. I dare say M. Visconti never in his life examined a naked figure either in action or repose; and yet his opinion would be quoted, and preferred to our opinion, who have studied nature for the whole of our lives.

Had you or I, Sir, given an opinion upon a passage in Greek literature, without ever having read a single Greek author, we ought not to have been very angry with M. Visconti if he had laughed in our faces. We only claim the same privilege as artists.

I shall be extremely happy to be of any service to the Imperial Academy that I can in respect to the choice of colours and materials of art. Our small, red, sable brushes are much superior to the French, but, for the large hog's-hair brushes, the French are infinitely our superiors. I get all my brushes of that kind from Paris.

We have in England a very fine deep lake called *lac-lake*, which we get from India, and which I feel convinced was used by the Venetians in their rich glazing. It is the only lake that stands with any certainty.

I had the honour last week of being presented to the Grand Duke Michael at the Elgin Marbles, and of attending his Imperial Highness round the Museum. He has a most imposing

air, but did not seem to me to possess so fine a taste for art as the Grand Duke Nicolas. Indeed, I never met with any one who felt their beauty more completely at once than did the Grand Duke Nicolas. From what I could judge of his intellect and disposition, I should say the Russians will, indeed, be a fortunate and happy nation if he lives to become their future Emperor.

Believe me to remain,

Your Excellency's most faithful and obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

Extract from a Letter to His Excellency M. OLENIN.

London, 10th August, 1818.

It is impossible for me to express the pleasure I felt in being informed by Mr. Smirnove that the casts from the Elgin Marbles, which I had the honour to send you, had safely arrived, and have been received by your Excellency and the Professors with the true feeling of their beauties and principles of execution. The way in which these marbles have been felt at St. Petersburg says more for the soundness of Russian feeling for art than any other proof that could have been given, and I have not the slightest doubt that your great nation will become as celebrated in painting and sculpture as in every other department where intellect can be shown.

The Elgin Marbles were never more completely felt in England than by the expression in your Excellency's letter, and I shall never forget to the day of my death the pleasure I experienced in hearing the translation of the Russian Proverb which you wrote to Mr. Smirnove. Had not the superiority of the Elgin Marbles been at once acknowledged in Russia over what we had hitherto admired, I should not have felt satisfied with the promise given by such judgments, but Russian artists, to see at once their elevation above other works of art, went to my soul like electricity. By the time you receive this, I hope the first shipment of the great body of casts will have arrived, and that the Metopes, with the remainder of the friezes with the fragments of Neptune's breast will completely confirm all the high notions that you have formed of these divine works.

In the Neptune's breast you will observe a most astonishing instance of the union of a simple fact of nature with the highest abstracted form. Under the left arm-pit you will see a wrinkle of skin, which must be so in consequence of the arm being down; and thus, the space to contain the same quantity of skin not being so great as when the arm is up, the skin of course *must* wrinkle. In the other arm, which is elevated, the space from the side to the arm being greater, the skin of course *must* be stretched, and there is no wrinkle. In the fragment of the Negro's chest which I sent you, under the left arm-pit you will see the wrinkle of skin. It is for this reason I cast the Negro, because in the movement of his body he developed the principles of the Elgin Marbles. Now, Sir, how simple is this! Yet what other artist but Phidias would have ventured to put the wrinkle of human skin in the form of a God! On the sides of the ribs of the same fragment you will also find the veins marked, which Winkelmann and other theorists have ever considered as incompatible with the form of a Divinity. But Phidias knew that, as we could only represent a God by a human form, the finest human form, even if for Jove himself, must have had a heart, liver, and bowels, bones, muscles, and tendons, and a skin to cover all. Phidias also knew that if a God had a skin, it must yield to flexion and tension, and consequently must be stretched or wrinkled up; because if his skin could not be stretched or wrinkled up, it would be of little use to the motion of his body, and Jove himself would have found it very inconvenient to have had a skin that would not have been so yielding. Now, Sir, you will find none of these effects of action or repose on the skin of the Apollo, or on any other antique figure that we have hitherto admired; and it is this union of the truths and probabilities of common life, joined to elevated and ideal nature, that goes at once to our hearts and sympathies in the Elgin Marbles, and makes them superior to all the works of art hitherto known in the world.

Believe me to remain,

With every expression of my respect,

Your faithful servant,

B. R. Haydon.

Extract from a Letter to His Excellency M. OLENIN.

I hope M. Smirnove has informed you of the extreme delight I experienced on receiving your handsome present of casts. They have answered all the expectations you had led me to form of their excellence. The head of the Silenus, for beauty of execution and intense truth of expression, is one of the finest specimens I know of Greek sculpture. It is universally admired, and has made a great noise among those whose judgment I estimate. The swing of the body, the protrusion of the bowels from the action of leaning, the pressure of the muscles of the left arm and shoulder, as well as the hanging over of the pectoral muscles, from the skin being filled out with fat, as well as the delicacy of the hands, has so much the character of a fat man. With respect to the Venus the trunk is singularly beautiful; the legs, feet, and head, I think very inferior; but the trunk is superior certainly to the Venus de Medicis, and, being of a younger age, has a more agreeable character. The lower part of the trunk of the Venus de Medicis has the skin wrinkled . . . . all proofs of great truth and knowledge of nature in the sculptor. In the Venus which you have done me the honour to send from the Palais de la Tauride, the skin is tight, &c., &c. It is, indeed, a most beautiful statue, and has all the air of a fresh and pure Virgin, young, elastic, and lovely, uninjured by the passions of our nature, and without having suffered from the anxieties of life. I venture to think the bending of the body and its consequences upon the fore-part more perfect than in the Venus de Medicis. The slenderness of its lovely waist, and "la souplesse gracieuse" of the hips are beyond all expression. . . .

B. R. HAYDON.

From SOUTHEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Keswick, 27th March, 1818.

Your letter travelled by the Wagon and did not reach me till Wednesday last. I answer it by the first post. The will and the desire to be instrumental in bringing about so great an object* are not wanting, but you will not suspect me of

* The decoration of our churches and cathedrals by paintings of sacred subjects.—ED.

any affectation of diffidence, when I express a distrust of my competence for the task. I have arrived at that time of life, and that state of mind in which men learn their own weakness and their own ignorance, if they are ever capable of attaining to that knowledge. In matters of art I am entirely ignorant: for although I never should be pleased with a bad picture, and can feel, I believe, the full merit of certain pictures, as far as relates to their conception and effects, other works which are acknowledged to be of the highest excellence have little or none to me—a decisive proof that I have not the faculty required for relishing them.

This, however, is in my power. I can take your pamphlet for my text, repeat its arguments, and enforce them as well as I am able, and then cast the bread upon the waters. Furnish me, therefore, with the needful facts, and then no time shall be lost.

The light you have followed has been a light from heaven, and let happen what will, you are on the summit.

Oh! never let us doubt the elevation of this glorious country in Art as well as in arms, and in general happiness as well as in arts, if we can but preserve it from the bestial mob rule which would involve everything in one common destruction. I see the danger distinctly, and while I live will stand up manfully against it. I have hitherto had little reason to distrust my own foresight in political affairs, reasoning from the past to the present, and the more I regard the aspects of these times the worse they appear. And yet, were there but one vigorous mind at the helm all might be well, one man, who had full confidence in himself, and, therefore, could claim and command the confidence of the great well-meaning majority of the people. Alas! all Revolutions have been brought about by a few knaves acting upon a multitude of fools—while honest men have lain quiet—till they became the victims.

Believe me yours, with the highest respect,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From SOUTHEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Keswick, 3rd April, 1818.

Your packet is safe. You have made me see the subject clearly and feel it strongly. What I can do shall be

done without delay, though probably not in time for the number of the 'Quarterly Review' now printing, for that, I believe, will speedily be published. But I will lose no time, and will endeavour to lose as little as possible of the life and spirit of your pleading.

I thank you for what you have told me of yourself. It is in such things that true heroism is displayed, and how much of this is there in the world, of which the world knows nothing! God bless you, my dear Sir, and may you live to reap the rich rewards of that fame which you have so amply deserved.

Believe me, with the greatest respect,

Sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From his Aunt, MRS. PARTRIDGE.

MY DEAR BENJAMIN, Ardenza, 7th April, 1818.

I received your letter of the 3rd February, and should have answered it immediately, but I was desirous first to see the bust you had sent to me, and then to procure for you the paint you desired, for which I wrote to a Russian lady at Rome, who politely purchased the particular yellow at the shop you directed, and sent it by a private hand to Leghorn. I have sent it off to you this morning by packet. I must thank you for the fine bust, which arrived perfectly safe. I brought it myself yesterday in the carriage to Ardenza, where I hope it will remain, for many years, an ornament to the habitation and an honour to the inhabitants. The cast sent by David does not please in general, though many, who I suppose are judges, discover in the form of the head both capacity and genius. If Lavater had contemplated it, he would have approached the lines in due order and have done justice to the original. But the bust makes a more pleasing impression on our weak minds from the advantage of the hair and eyes.

My dear nephew, if the Duchess of Parma* visits our country you may depend upon her coming to your studio. The princess is an amateur in painting, with a cultivated

* Marie Louise, Ex-Empress of the French.—ED.

mind, improved by her eventful life. She understands English, has read our best authors with attention, and purchases every new publication. I cannot, however, give you much hopes of seeing her in England. The European Powers will never consent to such a project during the life of Buonaparte. The little boy (the King of Rome) does not reside with his mother. He is educated under the Emperor of Austria, and, I understand, is a smart animated child. The Duchess told me she had not seen her son for three years, but hoped to go to Vienna this spring.

I have the pleasure to tell you that the Mordwinoffs are all (except their married daughter) coming to pay a visit to the Ardenza this year. The Emperor has graciously granted Mordwinoff two years' absence to travel and complete the education of his son. Their route is to be Germany, Italy, France, England and Sweden: so you will see them in London. You will be much pleased and gratified with your uncle, who possesses the finest abilities with an excellent heart and disposition. How goes on your picture? Great expectations are raised, and sincerely do I desire its success—here enters a little of self, for in such a case we might flatter ourselves with the hope of seeing you in Italy, which, do me justice to believe, would give real pleasure to your most

Affectionate aunt,

E. Partridge.

From His Excellency the Count Bombilles, *Chargé d'affaires, &c.*

My dear Sir, Lisbon, 18th April, 1818.

It is here where I have now been residing these ten months that I received the copy of your last publication, which you were so kind to send me. This mark of remembrance was particularly gratifying to me, and I hope the place from which I date this letter will be the best apology for my having so long delayed returning you my best thanks.

I think you have, in your pamphlets,* very successfully defended a very good cause, and aware, as I am, of the sound

* Pamphlets on 'New Churches,' and 'Elgin Marbles,' &c., &c.

judgment that has ever distinguished your nation, and of the taste for real beauty and fine arts, which is now more than ever diffused amongst its members, I do not doubt that a glorious issue will crown your noble efforts.

If ever my fate brings me back to England, one of the things that will cause me some real pleasure will certainly be the sight of your great picture in its state of perfection. Those parts which were finished when I was in London gave me already a very high opinion of it. Not that I should boast of being a connoisseur, which I am very far from, but when a picture speaks to our feelings, whoever is not utterly deprived of that better part of ourself may become a judge as to its intellectual worth.

I am now in a country where the fine arts stand very low, but in the case that, here or anywhere else, I could be of any service to you, it would certainly afford me great pleasure to give you a proof of the esteem and perfect consideration, with which

I am, dear Sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,

TH. BOMBILLES,

Chargé d'affaires to H. I. M. the Emperor of Austria.

A M. le Comte de BOMBILLES, *Chargé d'affaires de S.M. l'Emp. d'Autriche à Lisbonne.*

CHER M. LE COMTE, London, 27th May, 1818.

I was exceedingly happy to find you had received my little pamphlet and that it met your approbation. It has also met with the approbation of all the leading men here, much more so, indeed, than I expected. The pamphlet will not effect its object at once, but it is one step towards it. Great revolutions are not brought about in a moment. Everybody acknowledges the truth of what I have endeavoured to express, but Government says that it cannot afford to spare any money yet for the public encouragement of painting. I have no doubt that Government will do so in the end, as the state of the country is improving fast.

I can assure you I value the opinion of one who judges wholly from what he feels in preference to that of the greatest

connoisseur, who generally judges without any feeling at all. You may not know anything of the art of painting as an art, but of the expression, the character, and whether the story be well or ill told, you can judge, and so can every one of general good taste for the pathos or the beauty of nature. Every man cannot tell how Raphael's cartoons were executed, but every man can feel whether the passion be well expressed, because that refers to the general feelings of our hearts, while the other is wholly addressed to an acquired sensation, the result of professional experience.

Since I had the honour of seeing you I have removed into a nice house, with a very large atelier, such a one, indeed, as no painter, in Paris or London, can exceed for light, air, and convenience. My other rooms were too small, and my health suffered very much from confinement, so that, unfortunately, my picture was delayed coming out this season, but I hope to complete it by the next. I have finished all the heads but the head of Christ, and that I hope to finish in the next fortnight. I can assure you it has occupied my mind night and day for the last three months, and I hope to God I shall be permitted to give a new idea of His Divine face to the world. May I prove that this is no presumption!

I shall be most happy to hear from you again, and I hope you will not remove to a new country without honouring me by information. . . . .

We have this year a very fine exhibition of Italian and Flemish Schools at the British Gallery, and which will do great good to the public taste. There is every reason, I think, to expect that we shall at last rear our heads in painting. If I can only see my glorious country as high in historical painting as she is in every other department, I shall die content. I have but this wish on earth, and I will devote my life to accomplish it. You must own that eminent foreigners have hitherto judged us unjustly with regard to the arts. They invariably attributed our not shining in them to a natural incapacity, when it was entirely owing to local causes, which are fast removing. But I am afraid I fatigue you, so pray

Believe me, with great respect,

Yours most faithfully,

B. R. HAYDON.

From M. Hamel.

My dear Sir, 15th June, 1818.

I am again in the metropolis of dear England, and should be happy to see you, but it must be to-day or to-morrow, for I am going out of town with the Grand Duke Michael. I got your letter in Paris. Have you seen the Grand Duke? How far are your people advanced towards 'Jerusalem?' Let me hear from you. At any rate I shall hope to see you after our return.

Believe me, yours most truly,

P. Hamel.

To William Hamilton, Esq., *Foreign Office.*

My dear Sir, London, 9th July, 1818.

I wrote you a note and sent it to the Foreign Office about a week ago, thinking you were in town, but I heard afterwards you had gone to Scotland. It will perhaps be in your power, now you are there, to bring me, when you return, or send me by post, an accurate profile drawing, about the miniature size, of Lord Elgin's head. You would oblige me very much indeed by acceding to my request, as we have long been contemplating a medal struck with the 'Theseus' on one side, and Lord Elgin's head on the other. The drawing of the 'Theseus' is already finished, and the business only waits for an authentic likeness of Lord Elgin.

I am still suffering in my eyes, and am obliged to employ a friend, even to write this letter. An Italian pupil of Canova's has entered himself as a student at the Elgin Marbles for two years, and we expect two Spaniards will shortly do the same thing. Italians and Spaniards coming to study the art in England! This is as it should be, and but the commencement of part of the glory that will accrue to the country from their purchase. If you are near Lord Elgin, I hope you will read this to him.

Though Visconti did great good by his publication on the Elgin Marbles at the time, and his conjectures as to whom they represented, are perhaps without objection, yet his notion as to the Ilissus being in action, and his opinions concerning the style of the marbles, are completely erroneous, which I intend

to prove in a short paper. I shall have an etching of the Ilissus, and undeniably prove that the Gladiator, the Torso, and the Laocoon, are as opposite in style to the Elgin Marbles as any two things can possibly be.

The first shipment of the casts for Russia are embarked. Those I sent in April, by this time, I suppose, are arrived, and I am anxious to hear what effect they have had. With my respects to Mrs. Hamilton,

Pray believe me truly and faithfully yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

P.S.—I desire my respects also to Lord Elgin. I attended the Grand Duke Michael round the marbles the other day. He did not seem to have the taste of his brother, the Grand Duke Nicolas, nor to feel their beauties half so strongly. He exclaimed, "Que la ganache du cheval *était cassée!*" which showed that he did not feel much this fine fragment.

B. R. H.

From WILLIAM HAMILTON.

DEAR HAYDON, Foreign Office (no date), 1818.

If you have a mind to go to Italy free of expense, I think I can accommodate you with a bag of dispatches as far as Naples. If you agree, pray let me see you in a day or two.

Yours,

WM. HAMILTON.

From WILLIAM HAMILTON.

DEAR HAYDON, Foreign Office, 28th October, 1818.

In the hopes of seeing you to-day (I was prevented coming to the office as early as I ought), I had omitted to say in my letter of yesterday that you need not travel with courier rapidity, nor need to travel by night, unless you prefer it. We, of course, should not wish you to linger on the road, but it is not an affair of life or death, and we shall pay you the full expenses of a postchaise, &c.

Yours,

WM. HAMILTON.

We should be ready about the end of this week; but a few days delay is of no consequence; indeed I had rather say Tuesday or Wednesday in next week.

Yours,

W. H.

We might probably arrange also for the expenses of your return.*

W. H.

From Edward du Bois.

My dear Sir, 7th January, 1819.

I have found 'Hunt's Pocket-book' not only agreeable, but useful, for it has instructed me touching your whereabouts.

Had I known your address before, I should have thanked you for your kind and friendly attention. I availed myself of your note, and visiting the British Gallery, had my reward. Your pupils are worthy of their master, and let them rest their fame on that. To you I say what was never before said to *man*, "Bring forth male children only, for thy undaunted mettle should compose nothing but males."

When the ducks have eaten up all the dirt, I mean to seek you in 'The Grove,' and treat myself with a sight of your idol.

I know what you have done.

" Nescio quid majus nascitur."

Yours, truly,

Ed. du Bois.

From Sir George Beaumont.

My dear Sir, Cole-Orton Hall, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, 29th November, 1818.

Although I agree with you that the practice of permitting young students to paint, before they have a competent

* Haydon was at this time in the midst of his 'Jerusalem,' and his position in the art did not, in his own opinion, justify him in leaving England. He therefore declined Mr. Hamilton's kind offer.—Ed.

knowledge of drawing, has been carried too far, and been productive of much evil, yet I think the opposite extreme is to be equally avoided. An artist's eye ought certainly to be before his hand, or he will never improve; but if it has too great an advantage, he will be discouraged. The question with me is, whether these young men, with whom you have taken such laudable pains to instruct, and who have produced drawings which have met with so much approbation, may not, when they have to contend with the entirely different and far more difficult practice of the pencil, and consequently produce pictures vexatiously inferior to their drawings, give up the *new art* as hopeless; or, as other eminent artists have done who were devoted to drawing, persuade themselves colouring was a matter of no consequence! *You*, who are acknowledged to possess an exquisite taste for this delicious ornament of art, will, I know, deprecate such a consequence, at any rate. Surely, as the pencil is the weapon with which they have to fight their way to fame, it would be better they should paint their drawings, even if it were with two colours.

Indeed I cannot but think your objection to an early use of the pencil has arisen, in a great measure, from the abuse of it, for I cannot but agree with Sir Joshua that both arts may be acquired at the same time, and it is the business of the teacher to take care that the fascination of colour does not beguile them into negligence of drawing. I believe it is generally acknowledged that, if exquisite colouring could be superadded to correct design, a perfect work would be produced—at least, superior to anything yet known in art.

It is to be observed that of those artists who have eminently excelled in the ornamental branches of colouring and pencil have left few drawings, and that those whose drawings we possess in abundance, if their pictures are not positively dry and inlaid, yet they do not possess the relish and fascination of the Venetian and Flemish artists.

Now I think this seems to teach that both have been extreme cases, and that a middle course is the best chance of producing the desired effect. Life is too short to afford three or four years to drawing only.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

Geo. Beaumont.

From GOETHE, *on receiving his copies of the 'Theseus' and 'Fates,' by* BEWICK.

SIR, Weimar, 16th February, 1819.

In answer to your polite letter which you did me the honour of addressing to me last November, permit me to remark that if such young men as Messrs. Bewick and Landseer have great reason to rejoice at having found in you so able and so distinguished a master, you must, on the other hand, feel an equal degree of satisfaction to have had it in your power to bring your pupils acquainted with such excellent models as those which your country of late has had the good fortune to acquire.*

Those of us at Weimar who love and admire the arts share your enthusiasm for the remains of the most glorious period, and hold ourselves indebted to you for having enabled us to participate, to such a degree, in the enjoyment and contemplation of those works by means of such happy copies.

We look forward with pleasure (though we may not live to witness it) to the incalculable effect and influence which will be produced upon the arts by those precious relics, in England as well as in other countries.

I have the honour to be, with great regard, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

J. W. GOETHE.

From Sir GEORGE BEAUMONT.

MY DEAR SIR, No date, 1819.

I confess I am sorry you have answered your opponents. Depend on it they will think you wounded and redouble their attacks; your peace will be disturbed, and your time consumed in this unprofitable and detestable warfare.

Abjure your pen, seize your pencil, exert the powers with which Nature has so amply supplied you, and *paint them into the earth!*

You know this was always my advice, and I really think had there been no such thing as a pen in the world, all your wishes would have been accomplished long ago.

* The Elgin Marbles.—ED.

Excuse my zeal for your welfare, and believe me to be your sincere well-wisher,

G. H. BEAUMONT.

From one of his Pupils.

MY DEAR HONOURED SIR, 7th August, 1819.

I have taken the liberty to ask a few friends (Mr. Thomson and part of his family) to see your picture. Under your leave I will call with them to-morrow between the hours of one and three. . . . .

I remain, dear Sir, your devoted son (for you have ever been a father to me),

EDWARD CHATFIELD.*

From His Excellency the Count MORDWINOFF.

Liverpool, 13 Août 1819.

Nous ne vous avons pas écrit, mon cher Haydon, car nous n'avions rien à vous écrire, excepté les assurances de nos affections dont vous pouviez être assuré sans des protestations de notre part. Votre très-affectionnée tante craint pour vos yeux, et je suis d'accord avec elle qu'ils doivent être ménagés, car si vous devenez aveugle vous ne ferez pas le nombre de tableaux que Raphaël a produit et répandu dans les régions les plus éloignées de l'Italie. Je veux voir les vôtres en Russie après que votre imagination sera tempérée et plus frugale en nombre. Venez vous associer auprès des Madonnas et des Èves romaines, qui sont jalouses des regards des amateurs et veulent les avoir fixés sur elles seules. Nous quittons Liverpool en peu de jours pour voir votre oncle Cobley à Wells. Vers la fin d'Août nous serons à Londres. Harriet et toute la famille vous saluent tendrement.

MORDWINOFF.

From His Excellency the Count MORDWINOFF.

Londres, 29 Août 1819.

Je vous envoie, mon cher neveu, deux coffres pour lesquels vous aurez la bonté de trouver une petite place chez vous jusqu'à

* Edward Chatfield was another of those many young boys who came to Haydon to ask advice, and staid to get instruction.—ED.

notre retour. Je vous ai écrit hier pour les chevaux. Nous serions charmés de partir demain matin à sept heures.

Je vous salue de tout mon cœur. Nous vous attendons aujourd'hui dans la journée, après que vous aurez donné quelques grands coups de pinceaux pour faire arriver toute l'assemblée juive, qui se presse en foule de sortir de votre Tableau, pour crier: "Hosanna à l'immortel Haydon, le Benjamin des Chrétiens." Adieu!

MORDWINOFF.

To Lord ELGIN.

MY LORD, No date, 1819.

Your kind letter gave me great pleasure, as all your letters must. You will be sorry to hear of the death of poor young Harlowe, who distinguished himself so much at Rome. He was a young man of very great promise, and had become very sensible to his faults by seeing the fine works in Italy. He caught cold on the Alps by getting out of a warm coach to make a sketch in the snow. He got worse daily. I attended his funeral on Tuesday last. He was honourably and respectably buried.

There is every reason to believe Belzoni is still living.

I hope your Lordship has received a small essay of mine on a comparison between the Elgin horse's head and the Venetian horse's head, by Lysippus, in which I have proved the superiority in essence and style of the Elgin horse's head over the other.

I sent it to you through the Foreign Office about two months since.

I have read with great pleasure Quatremère de Quincy's 'Letters,' addressed to you from London. One likes to see one's conviction, as an artist, of the superiority of these divine works sanctioned by so celebrated an antiquary, and though, if he had doubted them, it would not have shaken my belief, founded as it is upon the unalterable principles of nature, yet it is a pleasure to find him of the same opinion. He says that he thinks Phidias went over, with his own hand, the large figures of the Pediment. Indeed, there can be no doubt of it. In the large figures of the pedestal there is no difference of style. The same mighty hand reigns throughout, whereas in the Metopes and frieze there is a difference in style.

It was also a great pleasure to me to see that Q. de Q. says in the large figures by Phidias there was perhaps less of his own hand than in the marble figures from the great number of workmen he was obliged to employ.

I am happy to be able to tell your Lordship that Taste is advancing with rapid strides in England, and that, in order to feel the pulse, as it were, of the people, I collected all the large drawings of my pupils from the Cartoons and Elgin Marbles, and arranged them for exhibition. I had a private day, and the most distinguished nobility all attended, and then opened the exhibition to the public for a short time. To the astonishment of those who denied the taste of the English nation, chalk drawings, without any of the common attractions of colour, and light and shadow, which have always been thought indispensable to an English exhibition, were enthusiastically received by the public, the nobility, the ministers, foreign ambassadors, &c.

I consider this success to be the greatest point hitherto gained in English art, and doubt not of its ultimately leading to the most favourable results.

Believe me,

B. R. HAYDON.

To MRS. SIDDONS.

MADAM, St. John's Wood Place, March 27th, 1820.

I hope I may be pardoned for venturing to express again my gratitude for your unhesitating decision on Saturday.

I have ever estimated you, Madam, as the great high priestess at the shrine of Nature;—as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be admitted within the veil of her temple;—as one whose immortality was long since decided. You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being. The whole evening I could not avoid believing I had held converse with a spirit of my own imagination, whom for years I had pictured in solitude as the organ of Nature herself, in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world.

By this liberty I know I risk all prospect of any future notice from you, yet I rely on your goodness to pardon the indelicacy as well as rudeness of the intrusion.

I am, Madam,
With the most respectful admiration,
Your faithful servant,
B. R. HAYDON.

From MRS. SIDDONS.

SIR, 27, Upper Baker Street, Regent's Park.

In answer to your very flattering note I can no otherwise reply than in the words of Hamlet, that the suffrage of one so great a genius "o'erweighs a whole theatre of others."

Your time must of course be so completely devoted to your divine art, that I can scarcely hope you will find leisure to gratify me by calling here when it may not be out of your way to do me that favour; yet I doubt; I will not despair, and I remain,

With the utmost admiration,
Your most obliged servant,
S. SIDDONS.

From JOHN HUNT.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Upper Cheddon, near Taunton, April, 1820.

Though you have not heard from me of late, I have neither forgotten you nor your labours, as both my brother Robert and my son can testify. Your success has delighted me. If I did not from the bottom of my soul wish you well, still I should be gratified at finding my opinion respecting your talents well founded. I was ever convinced that you had "the head to conceive and the hand to execute" glorious works in your beautiful art, and you have now in open day proved yourself a worthy follower of the Raphaels and the Rubenses. Honour, and profit, and health attend you!

Your letter gave me great pleasure, for though you infinitely overrate my little services, yet I love a warm heart, and mine has been pained of late too often by the odious selfishness of more than one. Your head of my brother is the chief orna-

ment of my humble but comfortable cottage, where there is a bed for *you*, and a cordial welcome at all times.

Go on, "right trusty and well beloved," and let your light "so shine before men that they may see your good works," at once an honour to yourself, your friends, and your country.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN HUNT.

From SOUTHEY.

DEAR SIR, London, 28th June, 1820.

Among the things which I have left undone during my restless life in this part of the world, there is no one which vexes me so much as the neglect of which I must needs seem guilty towards you. But when you hear that I have been residing sometimes at Streatham, sometimes at Richmond, that I have been at Cambridge, at Oxford, at Tunbridge, and that during the last ten weeks I have never slept more than three nights successively in the same bed, you may be more disposed to excuse me.

I have seen your great picture, one of the very few things which I have found time to see, and of those few it was the first. I missed the traditional countenance. On every other point it fully equalled my high expectations: so that, I am told by others, that repeated visits would have reconciled me to the change.

My endeavour on behalf of Historic Painting is likely soon to find its way to the light. I have reason to believe that it will appear in the next number.*

I leave this abominable city to-night in the mail coach. Farewell, Sir; forgive me for delaying what I always intended to do till it was too late, and believe me to be, with great and true respect,

Yours faithfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Wednesday afternoon.

My hand shakes so with heat and fatigue of packing that I fear it will hardly be legible.

* 'Quarterly Review' (October 1820).

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 1st July, 1820.

Your letter reached me when I was in the Kingdom (so-called) of Fife, and now that I am returned from that foreign domain I hasten to return you thanks for the honour you have done me in giving your son my name. I am only afraid I shall be able very indifferently to discharge my duties as godfather, as I have slender means of assisting my young friends. . . .

My daughter Lockhart and her family are just leaving for Abbotsford, where I will join them in a few days, which must excuse a short letter.

I am, with my best compliments to Mrs. Haydon, and kind wishes to the little infant,

Always your sincere friend,

WALTER SCOTT.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, 27th December, 1820.

I have great pleasure in pointing out whatever may be useful or agreeable to you. A complete course of Scottish History will run as follows:—

Dalrymple's (Lord Hailes's) 'Annals of Scotland,' 3 vols., 8vo. This is a book drily written, but drawn from good sources, and containing many passages of great spirit. It brings down the history of Scotland from the earliest sources that can be relied on to the accession of the Stuarts.

John Pinkerton has written the History of Scotland from the point where Lord Hailes concludes down to the conclusion of James V.; a work of meritorious labour, but not delivered in a very pleasing style or manner.

Where Pinkerton's history concludes begins the classical history of the late Dr. Robertson, which conducts you by a very pleasing path through the interesting reign of Queen Mary, and down to the union of the Crowns by the acceptance of James VI.

Mr. Laing (?) has written the History of Scotland, but in rather an elaborate manner, from the union of the Crowns down to that of the Kingdoms in 1707, which completes the History of Scotland, though you may look at some account of the

rebellion (so called) in 1715 and 1745. There is a prolix account of the former by one Rae, and of the last by John Horner (?), author of 'Douglas.' The last, though much decried, is the best book we have on a very curious subject.

I am afraid you will think I have cut you out quite as much labour as the subject is worth, but if you wish to find subjects for the pencil I believe you will have the best chance of finding them in some of the old historians or writers of memoirs, who, without being either so full or so accurate as the philosophical historians of the last or present century, had, nevertheless, the art of placing their actors clearly before you. An old writer, called Lindsay of Pittscotti, has left a History of Scotland, which is written in a very rude and homely style, yet is often picturesque in the highest degree. The work has been lately reprinted, and is easily come by, but I am afraid you will have much difficulty with the Scotch phraseology and spelling.

I forgot to add you should have MacPherson's Map of Scotland with the index at your hand. There is no reading Scotch history usefully without it, and by a very simple mode of reference it points out the situation of almost every place mentioned in that course of study.

I cannot omit saying that, in turning your thoughts to Scottish history, it will give me an uncommon degree of pleasure should it incline your pencil towards that field also, and should that prove the case, I beg you will command any assistance which can be rendered by such an old grubber amongst not-known antiquities as myself respecting incidents, costume, or the like.

I am, dear Sir, very much yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

I am at present at Lord Haddington's, so have not had it in my power to be quite so accurate as if I had been in my own room, but I believe I am correct on the whole.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 7th January, 1821.

I just scribble a few lines to thank you for your letter, and to add in reply that at any time you may command any information I have about either incident or costume, should you

find a Scottish subject which hits your fancy. In general there is a great error in dressing ancient Scottish men like our Highlanders, who wore a dress, as they spoke a language, as foreign to the Lowland Scottish as to the English. I remember battling this point with poor Bird, who had a great fancy to put my countrymen, the spearmen of Tiviotdale, who fought and fell at Chevy Chase, into plaids and filabegs. I was obliged at last to compound for one Highland chief, for the tartan harmonised so much with some of the other colours, the artist would not part with him.

Adieu, my dear Sir; proceed to exert your talents in prosecution and in representation of what is good and great, and so, as Ophelia says, "God be with your labour!" I am very happy to have seen you, and hope to show you one day some of our scenery.

By the way, there is a tale of our country which, were the subject, well known as it is, but a local and obscure tradition, strikes me as not unfit for the pencil, and I will tell it you in three words.

In ancient times there lived on the Scottish frontier, just opposite to England, a champion belonging to the clan of Armstrong called the Laird's Jock, one of the most powerful men of his time in stature and presence, and one of the bravest and most approved in arms. He wielded a tremendously large and heavy two-handed sword, which no one on the west border could use save himself. After living very many (years) without a rival, Jock-of-the-Side became old and bedridden, and could no longer stir from home. His family consisted of a son and daughter, the first a fine young warrior, though not equal to his father; and the last a beautiful young woman. About this time an English champion of the name of Foster, ancient rivals of the Armstrongs, and Englishman to boot, gave a challenge to any man on the Scottish side to single combat. These challenges were frequent among the Borderers, and always fought with great fairness, and attended with great interest. The Laird's Jock's son accepted the challenge, and his father presented him on the occasion with the large two-handed sword which he himself had been used to wield in battle. He also insisted on witnessing the combat, and was conveyed in a litter to a place called Turner's Holm, just on the frontier of both kingdoms, where he was placed, wrapped up with great care, under the charge of his daughter. The champions met, and young Armstrong was slain; and Foster, seizing the sword, waved it in token of triumph. The old

champion never dropped a tear for his son, but when he saw his renowned weapon in the hands of an Englishman, he set up a hideous cry, which is said to have been heard at an incredible distance, and exclaiming, "My sword! my sword!" dropped into his daughter's arms, and expired.

I think that the despair of the old giant, contrasted with the beautiful female in all her sorrows, and with the accompaniments of the field of combat, are no bad subject for a sketch *à la mode* of Salvator, though perhaps better adapted for sculpture.

Yours, at length,
WALTER SCOTT.

From SOUTHEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Keswick, 11th October, 1820.

It is very gratifying to me to know that you are satisfied with my good endeavours; and the more gratifying, inasmuch as the paper, having been delayed nearly two years in the editor's hands, has suffered considerably by mutilation on its way to the press. I had quoted much more largely from your pamphlet, and in what follows the extract, not only sentences but whole paragraphs have been cut out.

Mr. Gifford has more than once promised me that he would not take these unwarrantable liberties with my papers, but I believe he might as well promise to abstain from food, as from the exercise of his editorial authority. . . . .

The press has great power for immediate evil, much less for bringing about any immediate good. But truth and good principles make their way slowly, they are to make it at last. And I have no doubt that whenever the government finds itself at ease concerning the revenues, the arts will feel the benefit. The disposition is not wanting.

You have great subjects in hand, and if any man can be equal to them you can. I wish you health to complete them, and many more, and all the success you desire and deserve. But whatever your immediate reward may be, your great object is attained. You have proved the excellency of British art, and secured that triumph for your country.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with great respect,
Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Sir George Beaumont.

My dear Sir George, 26th December, 1820.

I know you and Lady Beaumont will be pleased to hear that I and my picture ('Jerusalem') were received in Edinburgh with enthusiasm. I can assure you I shall never forget the treatment I experienced from the inhabitants as long as I exist.

The (Exhibition) room here is infinitely better lighted than in London, and the picture ('Entry into Jerusalem') never looked so well. Whatever prejudices you may naturally attribute to me about the head of Christ, I am happy to tell you the leading men here and the inhabitants generally feel at least my intentions better than they were felt in London. I take this to be owing to their minds here being present in a more unadulterated state. Their taste has not been corrupted, or their remembrance preoccupied by the common receipt-heads of Carlo Dolci, Carlo Maratti, and all the host of mediocrity which for the last one hundred and fifty years has hovered over and fed upon the works of Raphael without digesting one atom of their strength.

Wilson said to me precisely what Mrs. Siddons said.* Wilson, God knows, had no prejudices in my favour. He had been for three years ridiculing my talents in 'Blackwood,' and would willingly have denied what little merit the picture has; but, like a fine fellow, he acknowledged his sensations with a candour I shall not forget.

I never spoke to Mrs. Siddons in my life before, and is not her sensation to be of value? What benefit could she derive from praising me? I assure you I esteem her immediate impressions on matters of expression to be of more value than the united reasonings of the rest of mankind, and posterity will be inclined to give her opinion the same deference. . . . . My next Christ, I am convinced, will be liked better, not because it will be different, but because it will not be so new. . . . .

Believe me,

B. R. Haydon.

* Mrs. Siddons, on first seeing this picture, studied the head of Christ most attentively for several minutes, the great world awaiting her verdict in silence. Then she turned to Sir George Beaumont and said, "It is completely successful." —Ed.

From Sir W. ALLAN.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Edinburgh, 3rd January, 1821.

I intended to have written to you some time ago, but I have been much occupied in packing my things for a journey into the country, where I intend to reside for some time. I find it will be impossible for me to get my picture finished in time for the exhibition by remaining longer in Edinburgh, from the number of acquaintances and friends that daily call at my lodgings, the greater part of whom are generally strangers, and of course I must pay them some attention. By that means the post of showing the lions generally falls to my lot, which is the very "diable" for killing time. Running about from place to place, one day climbing up Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, another day strolling from the Castle and Calton, West Bow, Cowgate, Canongate, &c.

On Christmas day I dined with Sir Walter Scott and family, and spent the evening most delightfully. Sir Walter was in fine spirits, and our amusements were heightened with glorious music on the harp, guitar, and Border bagpipe, also many excellent songs, but more especially the Border ballads, which were most exquisitely sung, and the accompaniment on the bagpipe gave a wildness to the whole that it is difficult to describe. I wish very much that you had been there, for I am persuaded you would have enjoyed it if I may be allowed to judge from the effect the Gaelic lament had upon you when sung by Miss C—— at Lockhart's.

Mr. Nicholson, Wilson, Williams, and all your friends here beg to join me in our best respects to you, and wish you many happy returns of the season.

I am, my dear Haydon, yours truly,

WILLIAM ALLAN.

P.S.—Pray remember me to Wilkie and all his family, and if you meet Callender tell him I shall be in London about the middle of March.

ON A PUBLIC FUNERAL FOR MRS. SIDDONS.

To the Editor of the 'Times.'

SIR, 1821.

You say, "What is the art of a stage player? A contingent and dependent one." May I ask what are all arts,

viz. poetry, painting, and music, but contingent and dependent?

If opposite characters did not exist in nature and had never existed, if their collision had not produced great events, and elicited great passions, what would have become of the art of poetry and painting?

Nature furnishes the historian, the historian the poet, and the painter, and the poet furnishes the actor, but is the actor tied down to the mere representation by action and expression of what the poet says any more than the poet or the painter to the mere detail of what really happened in life? Surely not. And it is here that begins the actor's art: here he shows his susceptibility, his tact for character, his feeling for nature, in fact, the portion of invention which belongs to him.

For instance, Garrick knew a man who had gone mad through causing the death of his only boy by accidentally dropping him out of a window into the street, and Garrick had seen the poor lunatic go through in his insanity all the pathetic agonies of his sufferings. This scene Garrick used to act in private till tears fell from the eyes of his friends. Now here life furnished him with a certain fact. It could not do more to a poet, but the degree of pathos with which this was represented either by poetry, painting, or acting, would prove the genius of the man who had observed it. The greatest poet can be said to do scarcely more for the great actor than the historian does for the poet, viz. furnish him with characters and hints. The poet makes each man think consistently with his character; the painter, look, and the actor, do, as he would look and act in expression and action. For example: in Macbeth—

"*Macbeth.* . . . Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macbeth. When?
Lady Macbeth. Now.
Macbeth. As I descended?
Lady Macbeth. Ay.
Macbeth. Hark!"

In reading this we all imagine actions and expressions accompanying such thoughts. We all imagine what the great actor realizes not by being dependent or contingent, but by the help of his own instinct for nature, by the help of his own imagination satisfying the mind of the spectator through his

eye by giving the very actions such as would accompany two illustrious murderers who had just slaughtered an innocent king, and who met on the staircase after the deed was done.

If a great actor has not murdered a king, how can he do this? By a portion of the same power by which Shakespeare did it, viz. imagination, original, innate, and gifted as much as poets and painters, though not to the same degree.

I therefore take the liberty of saying the genius of the great actor is not trivial, contingent, and dependent, but a power, a thing by itself put in force by the poet or by nature, and is capable, though not to the same degree, of showing invention and originality.

With respect to Rousseau's assertions I deny their truth. The actor was of the greatest use to the Greeks in their barbarous ages. Rousseau admits his utility at a period "moderately corrupt, but not in a pure state." Surely as we are moderately corrupt and not in a very pure condition, it follows the great actor may be of use to us.

"What even abstracts the mind from sensual pleasure must advance the dignity of our nature," says Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Is there any art on earth which more contributes to abstract the mind from sensual gratification than the highest efforts of the tragic actor? What mind was not always benefited by witnessing the fall of Wolsey, the sufferings of Catherine, the guilt of Lady Macbeth, and all the high efforts of Mrs. Siddons, and what proof of degradation would it be in any nation to mark their respect for such a great genius by a funeral public and solemn?

In my opinion it would be a proof that *panis et circenses*, as well as consols and cash, were less in our thoughts than usual.

Is not the art of the great portrait painter entirely contingent and dependent? What is it? To catch the most pleasing expression in his sitter's face, to remember it, to transfer it. If he did not see it he could not reproduce it, and if he must see it before he can reproduce it there is an end of invention. Yet we bury our great portrait painters publicly and in St. Paul's.

But a great actor or actress who realises to our imagination by action and expression the great characters of history, and poets who impress upon youth and age the dangers of ambition, the consequences of unregulated love, the horrors of gambling,

the guilt of murder, and the injustice of despotism, their art is contingent and trivial, and they are not worthy of being laid in the sanctuary of moral poets, moral painters, and ministers who never waged war with the liberties of mankind.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ALPHA (B. R. Haydon).

From Judge FIELD.

Sydney, New South Wales,
18th November, 1821.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

Your letter made me proud indeed. I asked only for the masques, and you have sent me an autograph. When I quit this country, I shall bequeath the manuscript and the masques to a little museum we have lately formed here. The letter shall accompany one I have received from Campbell, the poet. In a hundred or two years Australasia may be curious to know who these great poets and painters were, and then she shall find in the Sydney Museum an original old letter from the painter of the well-known picture 'The Raising of Lazarus,' to one Field, of whom nobody knows anything, but who must have had the delight of being an early and intimate friend of the great painter. . . . . Horace Smith tells me constantly of my old friends, and Lamb occasionally delights me by taking advantage of my distance to send me all sorts of lies about you all.

Thank you for your critique of Byron's tragedy.* I have since read it, and entirely agree with you. It is a very fine reading drama, but it has not character, plot, and stage science enough to act well. This is my judgment; and I am Lord Chancellor, and Lord Chief Justice too here.

Do me the honour to recall my name to Wordsworth as one of his most ardent admirers. My respects also to Wilkie. Health to him and *eyes* to you, my dear Haydon; for well do I remember what you suffered during the long gestation of 'Solomon,' and the longer of 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.' My wife saw these two *chefs-d'œuvre*, and never forgets you. Farewell!

Ever your faithful friend,

B. FIELD.

* Marino Faliero.

From WAGNER.

MY DEAR SIR, Berlin, 10th March, 1822.

After a long lapse of time I received your letter, dated 3rd November, and six copies of the wood-cut after your 'Dentatus.' I come to present to you my best thanks for the copy you had the goodness to favour me with.

According to your desire, I presented one copy to the Academy at Berlin, and you will have received the thanks of Minister Altenstein for it. The third copy was sent to Goethe, who, I presume, has written to you since about it. The fourth to the President Olenin, at St. Petersburgh, and the fifth to the Academy at Dresden, where it was received with grateful acknowledgments, and the sixth to the Director of the Picture Gallery at Stuttgart, who expresses likewise his thanks, and, as all of them do, their admiration unanimously for the extraordinary skill in the execution of this wood-cut.

I believe it exhibits all that this branch of art can possibly produce, and that it has done more than what wood-cutting can afford proportionately with its means.*

The merited success which your pictures have met with gave me infinite satisfaction, and believe me, it will always be with the same feelings I shall hear of its continuation.

Yours very truly,

WAGNER.

From C. LAMB.

DEAR HAYDON, India House, 9th October, 1822.

Poor Godwin has been turned out of his house and business in Skinner Street, and if he does not pay two years' arrears of rent, he will have the whole stock, furniture, &c., of his new house (in the Strand) seized when term begins. We are trying to raise a subscription for him. My object in writing this is simply to ask you, if this is a kind of case which would be likely to interest Mrs. Coutts in his behalf; and *who* in your opinion is the best person to speak with her on his behalf. Without the aid of from 300*l.* to 400*l.* by that time, early in November, he must be ruined. You are the only person I can

* The wood-cut was executed by Harvey.—ED.

think of, of her acquaintance, and can, perhaps, if not yourself, recommend the person most likely to influence her. Shelley had engaged to clear him of all demands, and he has gone down to the deep insolvent.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

Is Sir Walter to be applied to, and by what channel?

From C. LAMB.

DEAR H., Tuesday, 29th.

I have written a very respectful letter to Sir W. S. Godwin did not write, because he leaves all to his committee, as I will explain to you. If this rascally weather holds, you will see but one of us on that day.

Yours, with many thanks,

C. LAMB.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, (No date).

I am much obliged to Mr. Lamb and you for giving me an opportunity of contributing my mite to the relief of Mr. Godwin, whose distresses I sincerely commiserate. I enclose a cheque for 10*l.*, which I beg Mr. Lamb will have the kindness to apply as he judges best in this case. I should not wish my name to be made public as a subscriber (supposing publicity to be given to the matter at all), because I dissent from Mr. Godwin's theory of politics and morality as sincerely as I admire his genius, and it would be indelicate to attempt to draw such a distinction in the mode of subscribing.

I was much amused with Mr. Godwin's conversation upon his return from Edinburgh, some years ago, when he passed a day at this place. I beg my respects to Mr. Lamb, whom I should be happy to see in Scotland, though I have not forgotten his metropolitan preference of houses to rocks, and citizens to wild rustics and highland men.

You should have been in Edinburgh to see the King's reception, which had something very wild and chivalrous in it,

resembling more what we read in Olivier or Froissart, than anything I ever saw.

I congratulate you on the progress of 'Lazarus.' I fear it will be long ere I have the pleasure to see it, but I have no doubt it will add to your deserved laurels.

Believe me, my dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

From JAMES ELMES.

DEAR HAYDON, 8, Regent Street, Pall Mall, 17th July, 1823.

In answer to your letter of this morning, concerning a charge made against you in the 'British Press,' of its being notorious that you wrote critiques on your own works in the *Examiner* and in the *Annals of the Fine Arts*, although I think it scarcely worth your notice, yet as you seem to wish my opinion thereon, I have no hesitation to avow that, during the five years that the 'Annals of the Fine Arts' were published, of which I was sole editor and part proprietor, no criticisms or praises on your own works, or on those of others that were printed, were written by you, or even seen by you, till in print.

I believe I was your first encomiast in the 'Monthly Magazine,' on your picture of the 'Repose in Egypt,' when I then wrote my friend, Prince Hoare, who in consequence introduced me to you, as a young friend then studying from his cartoon of the 'Murder of the Innocents.' Of the 'Examiner,' of course, I know nothing, but the similarity of Mr. Robert Hunt's initials, R. H., to yours, B. R. H., may have led some careless readers to the conclusion you complain of; but I am certain I have heard Mr. Robert Hunt declare a number of times that you never wrote criticisms in the 'Examiner' on your own, or other works, except such as had your name at length, or your initials in full.

I am, dear Haydon, yours faithfully,

JAMES ELMES.*

* This and the succeeding letter exonerate Haydon from the charge that in the 'Art Annals' and 'Examiner' newspapers he was in the habit of criticising the works of living artists. He never did so. But the suspicion arose from the similarity of the initials between Robert Hunt and his own.—ED.

From JOHN HUNT.

DEAR HAYDON, 4, Maida Hill West, 17th November, 1823.

You ask "Am I, or was I ever, the author of any criticisms on modern works of art, signed R. H. in the 'Examiner'?" and, "Did I ever in my life criticise a modern picture, or influence you or your brother, Mr. Robert Hunt, directly or indirectly to give favourable or unfavourable opinions of any modern picture or any modern artist?"

In reply, I have to state that you certainly never wrote any articles in the 'Examiner' under the signature of R. H. (which were written by my brother Robert), that you never criticised any modern picture or artist in that paper, and that you never to my knowledge, directly or indirectly, induced any writer in the 'Examiner' to give favourable or unfavourable opinions respecting works of art or their authors.

I remain yours truly,
JOHN HUNT.

From AMELIA OPIE.

DEAR FRIEND, Colegate, 8/6/1824.

I am not able to call on thee to-day, but if thou wilt breakfast with me next 2nd day (Monday) at nine o'clock I will accompany thee back to Bethell Street.

If thou canst not come on Monday perhaps Tuesday would suit thee, and I will see thee and the pictures on Monday. *En attendant*,

Thine respectfully,
AMELIA OPIE.

From MR. TATHAM.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Alpha Road, 27th January, 1825.

So far as the cares and anxieties of a large domestic circle have given me time, I have reflected since my last very interesting interview with you upon the discussion (so near to my heart) you entered upon, to enlighten, counsel, and lead the steps of a boy who will, I am sure, ever feel it his honour and credit to be esteemed by *you*, worthy of *your* regard in art.

Far be from me adulation and flattery, yet if you keep memoranda of such remarks as those you so eloquently made at that period of time, I am very confident you will greatly contribute by their exposition to the benefit of art and the sound establishment of the principles upon which alone you could have produced works that are an honour to the age.

May you, my dear friend, long find the "mens sana et in corpore sano," and at length reap the fruit of your labours, the esteem of all true lovers of real art, and the admiration of youth taught by you in a school where principles and practice accord, and leave at last to posterity a name and a fame that time can never erase.

Ever yours most sincerely,

C. H. TATHAM.

From Sir JOHN HOBHOUSE.

SIR, 19th May, 1825.

You have asked me whether I can be of service to you. I am sorry to say I cannot. I have neither money, nor taste, nor vanity enough to be a collector of pictures or a patron of painters. But there are many individuals who have all these requisites, besides being very worthy and benevolent persons. To such men I should recommend you to apply. I do not recollect having made use of any expression in the conversation which I had with you which could lead you to believe that I had the power of being of use to you.*

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. C. HOBHOUSE.

To the EDITOR *of the* 'Times.'

SIR, November, 1825.

Your conduct in bringing Mrs. Belzoni's misfortunes before the public, is an honour to your heart and to your understanding.

* This letter is an instance of how often, like all recluses, Haydon made too much of the common courtesies of Society, and mistook for real interest the polite flatteries of visitors to his studio. Hence misunderstanding, loss of acquaintance, and perhaps real injury of prospects and position.—ED.

France, in her estimation of men of science, and her care to provide for their connections, is at least a century in advance of England.

The English take care of their navy and army, because if they did not nobody would fight in either department. They take care also of the widows of their officers, but a man may sacrifice his fortune and his life to science, art, and antiquities, may be the means, the principal means of enriching England by his discoveries, and his widow's only resource after his death shall be the pity of her countrymen! Surely, the widow of a man of science, of a poet, or of a painter, ought to be as much an object of public sympathy and protection as the widow of a purser of a seventy-four-gun ship! Surely, the widow of Belzoni, who did so much by his energy for England's public collections, ought to be provided with a decent competence and placed above want.

If the widow of such a man be unfit for the provision of the Government, the public will not, cannot be dead to so just a right.

Let those only who have read Belzoni's work, have been interested by his perseverance and delighted by his success, let them only subscribe and an independence will be secured for Belzoni's widow.

And she amply deserves it. She has incurred no debts for herself; she has lived, as she travelled, with the merest necessities about them, and she has often been without even them, and her troubles have been brought upon her by the debts of a former tenant, of which she had no previous knowledge.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A FRIEND OF BELZONI.

From GEORGE BORROW.

DEAR SIR, 26, Bryanstone Street, Portman Square.

I should feel extremely obliged if you would allow me to sit to you as soon as possible. I am going to the South of France in little better than a fortnight, and I would sooner lose

a thousand pounds than not have the honour of appearing in the picture.

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE BORROW.*

From Sir DAVID WILKIE.

Rome, 4th January, 1826.

I can assure you, dear Haydon, there is not a friend I have whose letter could have gratified me more than yours did, when it reached me from Milan on my arrival in this enduring city—the repository of the great master-works of that art to which we are devoted. The objects you refer to I had already seen. The Leonardo da Vinci, that once perfect work, is now but a shadow past all power of revival. Its material is said to have been fresco or tempera, but oil, I think it was, beyond all doubt. Like other pictures of that date in oil, it is cracked regularly, the small spaces flaked off, leaving the dry plaister tinged only with what it may have absorbed of the paint; the head of Christ, with its fine expression, and a few other parts, though faded, alone retaining their surface. Leonardo had an eye for softness and depth, incompatible with fresco, and if our copy in the Royal Academy ever was like the original, and copies are seldom so rich as that they copy from, it must have had the rich juiciness that art alone can give. The cartoon of the 'School of Athens' I saw, but was more interested with those Ottley has.

From Milan we proceeded to Genoa, thence by the coast of the Mediterranean to Pisa. Cimabue and Giotto appear to me scarcely better than the Chinese or Hindoos, in much like them, in many parts inferior, and in air and expression alone—religion being the theme—far above them. The 'Madonna' of the former, once the wonder of Florence, would not now surprise us upon a box, but it was then new and alone, and addressing itself to the devotional thoughts of man gave, by being the wonder of the time, the greatest stimulus that could be given to himself and to his followers. Thus, as the art grew and improved under their hands, that mind and

* This is interesting as coming from George Borrow, seeing what (illnatured) fun he tries to make out of the 'Historical Painter' in 'Lavengro.' Possibly his portrait was not considered successful.—ED.

thought, and whatever is directed to the common apprehensions of unlearned man is never wanting. Far otherwise has it been since art attained its growth. Too proud to submit to ordinary judgment, it strove to please the learned, the connoisseur, and, what is as bad, the artist. Foreshortening, contrast, intricate light and shadow, and dexterity of hand, has engrossed everything, and they seem to have refined till they painted themselves out of society altogether. In the early people, down to Fra Bartolomeo and Pietro Perugino, expression of the story is uppermost, and with the mighty men that followed, this seems to have given them all their prominence in art.

In coming by Pisa, one reason was to see your good aunt, Mrs. Partridge, at Leghorn. I determined to see her, and having found our early crony, David and I sallied forth with my cousin Lister, on a fine afternoon to the Ardenza, and soon reached the villa, and a beautiful villa it is. David's sister we saw first, and she reminded me of your sister Harriet; she and her brother both seemed to regard me as an old friend; showed me all over the house, with the pictures, the fossils, and other curiosities there collected. Your aunt, who had been in Leghorn, then arrived. She was most kind, inquired particularly about you, said she had long expected to see you, and that she yet hoped you would come to Italy. She talked with interest about her family. She told me much about the last visit she had from her sister, the Countess Mordwinoff, from Russia. She had remembered her only in her youth and beauty, and was shocked to find that supplanted by age and decay, although she herself must be nearly seventy. Yet it was not until the Countess smiled, and in some of her English words that she could trace the resemblance, and in one of her daughters only could she discover the sister of her own youth. We spent a very merry afternoon, and were delighted with our visit, and, on our return to Leghorn, started next day for Florence; but Rome being the object of all our thoughts, I must there conduct you. We passed by the desolate road of Sienna. The Pinturicchios, I saw, bearing the hand of Raphael distinctly; these, whether helped or not, are in the freshest state of any fresco I have seen, give a clear idea of fresco when new, and with the arabesques that surround them make this sacristy the most beautifully ornamented one I have

ever witnessed. By Radicofani and Viterbo, through a country dreary, wintry, and declining, we reached at last the Imperial City in the expanded Campagna, like the great Tadmor in the desert; and here, after putting up and feeling disappointed with houses, streets, Tiber and everything, we hastened to St. Peter's, whose rich and expansive interior realized every expectation. Then I could not help feeling gratefully thankful after all the fatigues and troubles I had gone through, that I was now in Rome, and that one of the day-dreams of my youth had been accomplished.

Philips and Hilton had arrived by Perugia the day before me; slight things upon such things make deep impressions. They told me *they had been in the Sistine Chapel!* They avoided all remark till we should see it together. They accordingly, with Richard Cook and myself, went next day in a body. We passed upstairs and through the Loggia of Raphael, then through to the first Stanza—impression unfavourable. 'Battle of Constantine' looked grey and chalky. Proceeded to second: the 'Attila' looked warm, light, and elegant, but the 'Bolseno,' when we hid the window, looked with amazing truth and richness. By this time the dimness of fresco had worn off, and this last, with the 'Heliodorus,' began to glow upon us with all the tone and richness of oil. Fresco, however, being limited in its power of depth, the 'St. Peter in Prison,' fine as it is arranged, is black and colourless, and in material for want of what oil alone can give, *a failure.*

But of all, the 'School of Athens' is the most elegant. Though suffering much from change, parts of it are most highly finished; and the French, who object to the later pictures, think this in the purest taste of any. Raphael himself, however, from the 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' and this to the 'Incendio del Borgo,' the last in the order of painting them, has gradually enlarged his figures and his style of drawing from a dry and hard, to a full and rounder manner of painting. They looked less in size than I expected, and also worse in condition. From thence by many intricate stairs we proceeded to the Capella Sistina, and on entering I looked to the end, but not seeing the 'Last Judgment,' guessed that I was immediately under it, and in turning, knew that I should see upon the wall and ceiling what Raphael and Reynolds had both imitated and admired. The effect produced by shapes was rich beyond anything, but the

hue was grey and slaty; and this wearing off, as it always does in fresco, I was gratified to find that even in colour a rich and harmonious arrangement of tints was observed on the whole. No uncouth vulgarity, no violent contrasts, no unbroken tints, but refinements such as you see in Correggio and Titian, and such breadth of light and shadow, that the [*illegible*] of the first class, is yet subordinate to the living principle of mind and intelligence that beams pre-eminent through the whole. What we least expected was, to see in them much of the feeling, and even colour of Sir Joshua, impressing us with the undoubted sincerity of that great man's (*opinion*). Of your question of whether different draperies are expressed, we have duly considered. There are different-sized folds, and as much difference of stuffs as the subjects admit of, and much more detail than the strict modern costumists allow. One of the Sibyls has stays laced, and a gown with hemmings. Other dresses have fringes, and Goliath's shoulder is trimmed with binding like the work of the tailor. I think Sir Joshua carried his imitation farther than the works, either of Raphael or M. Angelo will bear him out; but the French, far stricter, condemn both as well as the learned Poussin, as ignorant pretenders in statistics, as well as in form and taste. But this would be an endless subject to discuss.

Fresco has excited my attention much, it decays sooner than oil, and is incapable of being repaired and refreshed like oil. To the common eye, too, when old, it is not so inviting. The points are admired by those who cannot comprehend the frescoes of Raphael: but, after all, fresco, when new, as I have seen them, is gay, and luminous, and ornamental, and from the space it allows, capable of combinations that oil can never pretend to. Query, might it not be revived in England? Might not the halls at Windsor, and the House of Lords, be so painted, as Hampton Court and the Museum, though in oil, were heretofore? I wonder no English artist here has ever thought of learning fresco. I applaud the Germans for the attempt, Gothic as it is, and I think I know the chief of the sect worthy to be so employed in his own country and gone to gain honour.

Now, dear Haydon, let me conclude with what I feel you are most anxious I should say something about, viz., the expediency of your *own visit to Rome!* This question must be uppermost

and of deep interest to you. Prudence in the first place is to be considered. Your family, as well as yourself, is to be looked to, and let me be the last to advise you against prudence; but if the ways and means and the time is to be found, Rome and Italy is of all places that you should see. No style of art can be so high or so low that has mind or sentiment for its object, as not to be forgotten by the contemplation of the works of that school, where mind has been most pre-eminent. Two ways are open, to come with your family for years, or to take a run as Hilton has done. I shall not say which is most suitable, but either is better than not coming at all, or delaying it till too late. Give my best regards to Mrs. Haydon, to whom with yourself I put this for your mature consideration.

Ever yours most truly,

DAVID WILKIE.

From MR. FITZGERALD, *Solicitor.*

DEAR SIR, 2, Lawrence Pounteney Hill, 1st January, 1826.

You overrate the trifling share of civility which you have experienced here, and be assured it gave me much pleasure to find that it afforded you any accommodation. Had you only that portion of what the world calls wealth, to which your genius and talents so richly entitle you, you would have no occasion to ask for favours; but it seems to be the common lot of those upon whom Nature has been lavish with her best gifts and treasures, not to be overloaded with treasures of another sort; and no wonder it should be so, since they are of a different order of men, and can scarcely be considered as any part of the common race. They are, as it were, ordained to diffuse delight and instruction to all about them, while they are perfectly indifferent about themselves, and seek only immortality in their works. It is no small pleasure that it should fall to the lot of one of us to be kind to one of those extraordinary mortals.

Believe me, yours respectfully,

A. FITZGERALD.*

* In his Journal for this day, Haydon heads this letter, "A lawyer's letter worth preserving.' He met with few such lawyers in his career, but they exist, nevertheless, as this letter proves. Lawyers are possibly not so bad as they are

SAMUEL HART *to his good friend* B. R. HAYDON.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 13th April, 1826.

It has been a matter of surprise, and to some of exultation, that Moses, throughout the whole Code of his Laws, has never in one instance noticed the rewards and punishments that are to follow hereafter; neither, say they, has he at all hinted at them, nor given any passage in the Old Testament from which any inference can be drawn of a future state. I am happy to say I can contradict it, and will prove incontrovertibly that one of the first grand ordinances in that sacred book relates to a future existence, and that the soul of man is to be hereafter made accountable for its actions in this world. Let us refer to Gen. ix. 5. Thus—

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require, at the hand of *every beast* will I require it, and at the hand of man: at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man."

In reading this verse in the Bible, it will appear most clearly that the Almighty intended to guard mankind against the horrid crime of self-destruction in the first instance; but, then, it will very naturally be asked what is meant by that part of the verse, "*at the hand of every beast* will I require it?" Surely they cannot be cautioned against destroying each other. There must then be something wrong here, and so there is. The mistranslation of a word causes it to read, what I had almost been prompted to say, nonsense. The original Hebrew has the word חַיָּה (chaya). Now it is obvious to every scholar who is conversant with the Hebrew language, that this word is taken in a *twofold* sense, it either signifies a *beast*, or it can be construed "the *soul of man*;" with this difference, that when it is to be understood as meaning the former, we shall invariably find it accompanied by a description of what nature the beast is, as "the beasts of the earth," "beasts of the field," "beasts of the wood or wilderness," an "evil" or "wicked beast." But whenever it is intended to be understood as "the soul of man," it is unattended by any other substantive or an adjective, but simply the word "chaya."

painted. I remember a famous old lawyer in the Midland Counties, on being upbraided by an angry rector for daring to put him into the County Court, "Lawyers are all rogues, Sir." "May be; may be; but there be middling parsons too, Sir."—ED.

Now in this verse the word appears unattended by any descriptive auxiliary, consequently it cannot read "*beast*," but must unquestionably mean the "soul," and the verse should read thus—

"And surely your blood of your lives will I require: at the hand of every SOUL will I require it; and at the hand of man, at the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man."

Can anything in the world be more plain than this reading of the text, by which it appears most distinctly that the divine legislator, Moses, predicted very early in the relation of his code of laws, the reward and punishment that was to follow hereafter?

Isaiah vii. verse 14. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son," &c.

To every correct reader of the Hebrew language it must appear most clearly, that in this verse the translation of a particular word has been purposely corrupted to answer some particular end. In the original Hebrew it reads thus: הִנֵּה הָעַלְמָה הָרָה "Behold a young woman has conceived." "*Nglmo*" signifies a "young woman" (a noun substantive, feminine gender). The masculine is עֶלֶם (ngelem), a "youth." The same word is made use of by Saul when he saw David approach with the head of Goliath, and runs thus in the Bible: בֶּן־מִי־זֶה הָעָלֶם "whose son is this youth?" Now, to denote a female who had not yet known man, and who was a virgin, would have been designated by the word בְּתוּלָה (b'thula, a pure virgin), a noun substantive, feminine gender. Mark well, there is no masculine gender to this noun substantive. The reason is very obvious and requires no further explanation.

"Shall conceive," is not so in the original Hebrew. The word in the original is הָרָה (harah), a verb in the third person singular, feminine gender, of the first conjugation,* present tense, and signifies she "has born," or "doth bear;" whereas, if it were intended to be construed "she shall or will conceive," it would have been written תַּהַר (tahar), *i.e.*, the future tense third person singular, feminine gender, first conjugation. The translation of the verse in question should be, "Behold a young woman has conceived," or "is conceived of a son," and

* The Hebrew has seven conjugations.—ED.

the miracle relates to her actually having conceived a son and not a daughter, is a prophecy relating undoubtedly to the local situation of the Jews at that time (as appears by the context), with Rezina, and Pekah the son of Remaliah, and to no other circumstance. That poetic and most elegant writer, Isaiah, would have been more explicit in his prophecy had he intended it to relate to any event at a greater distance of time.

Yours truly,

S. HART.

From SAMUEL HART.

MY DEAR SIR, 16th August, 1826.

I thought I was not mistaken this morning when I positively told you that there was a prophecy against Damascus; therefore be so good as refer to the 17th chapter of Isaiah, and you will immediately see my opinion confirmed. Excuse me putting you to the expense of postage, but I know you think nothing of it when it tends to literary research.

Truly yours,

S. HART.

From SAMUEL HART.

Wednesday, noon.

I quoted the Hebrew to you this morning, as it seemed to have made an impression on my mind, and find it on reference correct.

"*Maso Damesheck,*" id est—the burden of Damascus.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 23rd February, 1826.

I have received your kind letter, and have little to say in answer but what is reasonably indifferent to myself and will be agreeable to you. I have lost a large fortune, but I have ample competence remaining behind, and so I am just like an oak that loses its leaves and keeps its branches. If I had ever been a great admirer of money, I might have been at this moment very rich, for I should have had all I have lost, and much more. But I knew no mode of clipping the wings of

fortune, so I might also have lost what I have set my heart upon, and I should then have been like a man who had lost his whole clothes, whereas at present I only feel like one who has forgot his greatcoat. I am secure at (all events ?) of the perils which make bad fortune really painful, for my family are provided for, and so is my own and my wife's comforts for the time we may live. Others will regret my losses more than I do.

It would be gross affectation to say I am glad of such a loss, but many things make it more indifferent to me than I believe it would be to most people. I will feel delighted by receiving your mark of kindness. I can only hope it has not taken up too much of your valuable time.

Believe me, dear Sir, yours ever,

WALTER SCOTT.

P.S.—I hope things go on well with you, as your genius deserves. There is one comfort in the Fine Arts, that the actual profit may be lost, but the pleasure of pursuing them defies fortune.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 28th June, 1826.

I should long since have thanked you for your valuable and most acceptable picture, which was at once a kind and flattering token of your recollection, and which is most interesting to me on that account, as well as a token of your regard. But misfortune seldom comes unattended, and latterly it assumed its most cruel shape, by depriving me of my companion through nearly thirty years weal and woe, making a blank which time cannot fill up, though doubtless it will blunt the acute sense of sorrow with which it is now attended.

You were kind enough to allude in a former letter to my pecuniary losses, which, though heavy in amount, will be attended, if God grant me health, with no ultimate inconvenience worthy a man thinking about. Indeed, at the very worst, I have a very ample life income of my own, and my family are provided for, as they succeed to a considerable fortune independent of me.

WALTER SCOTT.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MY DEAR SIR, 25, Pall Mall, 15th November, 1826.

A battle, said a person fully well acquainted with the subject, in fact, the "Hero of Waterloo" himself—is "very like a ball." Everybody knows the partner he himself danced with, but knows little about the other couples, so the more extensive the inquiries that are made, the more accurate information will be obtained. If you even jot down a few lines of such anecdotes, addressed to me at Edinburgh (under cover if bulky, to Mr. Croker, Admiralty), I will receive them safe. I should be glad to receive such a mark of your kindness. Particularly I should be desirous to know Shaw's fate. I am in possession of his skull, poor fellow.*

I venture to offer my respects to Lord Egremont, whom I had the honour of meeting some years ago.

I am truly yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

To Mr. BROUGHAM.

DEAR SIR, London, 20th May, 1827.

Permit me to congratulate you on having given young Lough† a commission.

His figure of 'Milo' is one of the most extraordinary proofs of the vigour of innate power perhaps ever given. It contains evidence of acuteness quite extraordinary, oppressed as he must have been by great obstructions.

I conscientiously believe that with proper encouragement, if he be not spoiled by early praise, he will be one of the greatest sculptors since the best ages of Greece—with no

* Shaw was a Life Guardsman, killed at Waterloo. He was a remarkably well-made man, and an old model of my father's. The first French cuirassier who attacked him, Shaw parried his blow, and before the Frenchman could recover himself, Shaw cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off like a bit of apple." Shaw afterwards captured an eagle, but lost it, and getting too far away from his troop was surrounded by lancers and speared.—ED.

† Lough, the sculptor, came out in public this year. Amidst all his own harassing distresses, Haydon, who was never insensible to the wants or talents of young artists, exerted himself with all his energy to make Lough's Exhibition successful, and to obtain from his own friends prompt recognition of the young sculptor's great talents.—ED.

exception — not even Michel Angelo, Bernini, or Canova. There is such distinct proof of his endeavouring, to the best of his knowledge, to combine the style of the antique with the beauties and truth of individual nature.

Faithfully yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

Extract from a Letter of the Duke of BEDFORD.

1st August, 1827.

I am extremely happy to hear that you are again restored to your professional pursuits and your family, and (if) I have been in the slightest degree instrumental in this desirable event, it will afford me great satisfaction. . . . . If your trustees should devise no more advantageous mode of disposing of this picture (Eucles) when finished, you may consider it a commission given by me for its completion, as I feel confident that it will be a very valuable work, and that the best energies of your mind will be called forth to render it so.

The extraordinary scene * you describe to me must have been a fine subject for a Hogarthian pencil. You may rely on my not mentioning your intention to paint it to any one.

Yours ever,

BEDFORD.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MY DEAR SIR, Abbotsford, Melrose, 2nd August, 1827.

Most deeply do I regret the circumstances which render this trifling remittance, which I now send, of the least consequence to you, and am doubly sorry as my present means do not permit, as I would have desired, to enlarge it. But in a few weeks I will be in cash again, and shall have a little at your command, and should the present unpleasant circumstance continue, I will be happy to do something to relieve them.

It is indeed very hard that with talents which should enrich you, you should be subject to so much distress. I trust, however, to hear that you are liberated soon from your present

* The 'Mock Election,' subsequently purchased by the King, George IV., and now in the Royal Collection.—ED.

unhappy situation, since it seems as unfavourable for the interest of your creditors as for your own comfort, that you should remain in a situation where it must be impossible for you to exert your own powers, either for their benefit or your own.

I am with regard, yours faithfully,

WALTER SCOTT.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT.

MY DEAR SIR, 4th August.

I will speak to Lockhart, for I expect him daily, about what can be done for the subscription. My countrymen are not slow in rendering personal honours and personal attention to the men of genius who visit them, for they have some taste, and plenty of beef and mutton. But cash being scarce with them, I never have great hopes when that is the article wanted. My own situation, still greatly embarrassed, though the weather is clearing to leeward,* will make it improper for me to give more as a subscriber than a small sum, for there may be people capable of saying I should pay all my own debts before I assist others.

I am in haste, but very truly, yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

Extract from a Letter of Mr. JOSEPH STRUTT, *enclosing* 100*l.*

Derby, 20th July, 1827.

I do not indeed wonder at your anxiety, and I feel for you. Look forward, however, with hope—all may yet be well. Keep your noble mind composed! You may yet have plenty of employment; be industrious, be economical—you will yet be *independent.* Trust and hope! I like the plan proposed. Let me know what is done. I may yet be of use to you, for I am well disposed to be your friend.

JOSEPH STRUTT.

* This may seem of no consequence, as what is to leeward must be blown over, but Scott was right, for it may work back, and hence the old sea saying, "Always look to leeward for your weather."—ED.

From Serjeant TALFOURD.

MY DEAR SIR, Gloucester, 5th September, 1827

I thank you heartily for your letter which was duly forwarded to me, and which gave me great pleasure. The subscription list, which I saw in the 'Morning Chronicle,' fell so far short of my hopes that I feared you would be disheartened,* and I am most happy to find that I was mistaken. As to any feeling of "painful obligation" towards individuals or the public, if a hundred times as much were done, it would be entirely misplaced. Your cause is a general and an immortal cause, and those who sustain it only do honour to themselves, and their duty to those who are to come after them. It seems to me surprising that men who have themselves sufficient for the wants and desires of those who depend on them, and who have no chance of being remembered when they are gone, should not eagerly embrace the opportunity of ennobling themselves by the delightful consciousness that by assisting in the restoration of a great artist to serenity and comfort, and setting at liberty faculties which must be lost under the pressure of external needs, they obtain some portion in works which will shed their sweetness on distant ages. Some such thought I yet hope may animate minds whose selfishness is not of the grossest order to raise the small sum which is essential to your entire freedom from care, and when this is done how largely will every subscriber remain your debtor!

I have before my return to attend to a writ of inquiry in Berkshire, and therefore I shall not be in town till towards the end of next week. When I arrive I will call on you, and as soon as your leisure serves, will sit to you for my portrait. A profitable Circuit has put it quite within my convenience to give you at once the whole price, which I mention without reserve, as it may be convenient to you to know that you may rely on having that sum at the end of next week. In spite of your endeavours I must insist on keeping my subscription entirely distinct from this mere matter of business, for I would

* A subscription of five hundred guineas was opened by Lord Francis Leveson Gower, Mr. Lockhart, and Mr. Burn, for the purchase of the picture of 'Eucles,' which was ultimately raffled for and won by Newman Smith, Esq., of Dulwich. It is now in the possession of Mrs. Newman Smith, of Great Cumberland Place, Hyde Park.—ED.

not for the world commit such a fraud on my own little interest in your future as allowing this to enter into any other dealings between us.

I trust when I arrive I shall find Mrs. Haydon safe and doing well. Pray give my best compliments to her, and

Believe me ever faithfully yours,

T. N. TALFOURD.

From C. H. TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR SIR, Seven-Oaks, 25th October, 1827.

I cannot learn exactly how the 'Reigning Vice' has sold, but I should fear slowly, for a second edition is not yet called for. I rather expected that the poem would become popular from its treating of subjects now talked of, and from its sketches of character. But I am a nameless person, and have no Colburn to puff me into popularity. No one ventures to praise till the reviewers have set the fashion. If you send the work to Jeffrey, will you be so good as to mention that young Macaulay (of whom you have heard I dare say) has written to me that he shall be happy to review the work if Mr. Jeffrey proposes it. Being a friend of mine he feels a delicacy about making the offer himself. . . . .

With my best wishes and regards,

I am your very sincere friend,

CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSHEND.

From F. JEFFREY.

MY DEAR SIR, Edinborough, 4th November, 1827.

Indeed, I have not forgotten you, and have often, since I had the pleasure of seeing you here, enquired after your fortunes with an interest which their unpropitious aspect frequently made very painful. It is a great gratification to me to find that you are getting out of your undeserved difficulties, and are again at work with undaunted heart and unclouded hope on a subject that (is) likely to be popular.

I do not think I have seen the poem of which you speak so highly, but I shall immediately send for it, and if I find it at

all answerable to your description I shall willingly give an account of it in the 'Review.' If you have any reason indeed to know that Mr. Macaulay actually thinks so well of it as to be willing to undertake the task of giving it a character, I shall scarcely require any other proof of its being entitled to the distinction you require for it. As I have just finished a new number of the 'Review,' and it cannot possibly appear before next January, it will probably be right that I should read it myself and confer with him on the subject.

Do me the justice to believe, my dear Sir, that it will always be a grateful —— to be able to serve and oblige you, and that I am always,

Yours very faithfully,

F. JEFFREY.

From T. CAMPBELL.

DEAR SIR, 4th December, 1827.

I know no express statements of the ancients against dissection, excepting that it was a law of Athens that the dead should be buried, and should not be disturbed.

The proofs in ancient writers that it was held sacrilege to mangle a dead body are given, I know, in Sprengel's 'Geschichte der Chemie,' or 'History of Physic.'

I find a note in my own Memoranda referring to him at vol. i. p. 222, but I cannot, after much search, lay my hand on Sprengel.

That the superstition of the Greeks attached extreme horror to a body being unburied you need no other proof than Hector's speech to Achilles before his death, and the circumstance of burying a corpse being the subject of Sophocles's Antigone. By looking at the first note in Franklin's translation of Sophocles you will see that that horror was a notorious circumstance in their creed.*

I remain, yours truly,

T. CAMPBELL.

* But this proves nothing. This superstition was popular, so was the belief in the gods and goddesses of Homer. But as the men of intellect certainly disbelieved in the one—Socrates was content to die, sooner than profess a belief in the gods of his country—so the men of science were as likely to disregard the other when opposed to the interests of science.—ED.

From C. H. TOWNSHEND.

Keswick, 9th February, 1828.

Since I came here we have not lacked excellent society, good cheer, and Christmas gambols. Southey is as frolicksome as a child, with all his fine sense and varied information, and preserves "a young lamb's heart amongst the full grown flocks," as Wordsworth says. We have had that poet also amongst us. He is a favourite author of mine, but is rather prosy in real life. He has not Southey's elastic spirits and extensive information, but is somewhat too solemn and didactic. I shall leave this exquisite scenery with reluctance. Pray remember us most kindly to Mrs. Haydon, of whom we hope to hear a good account.

Ever most sincerely yours,

C. HARE TOWNSHEND.

From Lord LEVESON GOWER.

MY DEAR SIR, Dublin, 12th October, 1828.

I am much obliged to you for the spirited sketch of your picture, which I sincerely hope will have the same success as its predecessor. There is a great field nearly untouched in the line in which you have hit, at least I know no one else but yourself who has ever attempted to unite the moral of Hogarth with the excellence in execution of the great models of art in Italy and Spain. I name the latter, because I believe you are as great an admirer of Velasquez as I am.

Believe me, ever yours sincerely,

LEVESON GOWER.

To Lord LEVESON GOWER.

MY DEAR LORD, London, 23rd October, 1828.

It is impossible for me not to express my admiration at the concentrated essence of your criticism at the style of art I have taken up.

The field is indeed untouched, and I came into it with all the advantages that a severe education in the highest style can give me. I drew and dissected, as Burke says, "knife in

hand," for two years before I touched a brush, and whether I paint high or low, landscape or animals, shall ever feel the advantages of such a system. No one can carry heroic design into moral and familiar life, but he who has first acquired the principles in a higher department.

I thank you most gratefully for wishing my present picture the same success as the last. I heard from Lord Mount Charles yesterday, saying that my little present to the King of maps and sketches had been graciously received by his Majesty. I have to thank your Lordship for the use of your name to which I owe this high honour.

I wish to add that in painting these familiar subjects I proceed as in history. I draw every figure first from the naked, and make studies for every limb before painting.

I once saw a cartoon by Raphael in which three hands were drawn on one arm, as he had not decided where to place the hand in the picture.

Pray believe me, your Lordship's

Most grateful and obliged servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE.

MY DEAR SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, 17th March, 1828.

In reading Cennini's work on the mechanical processes of Art, I met with a mode of making a vehicle which is liquid and exquisite. I have never spent two hours in searching after vehicle in my life, but as Cennini was a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, who was a pupil of Angelo Gaddi, who was a pupil of Giotto, I thought it worth while to try something of his recommendation, as an experiment, knowing, as you do, the simplicity of those early great men. He says, "While pure linseed oil is simmering on the fire, put into every pound of liquid oil one ounce of liquid varnish." I took pure drying oil, previously boiled eight hours in a chafing-dish (with nothing in it), and to every pint I threw in an ounce of fine picked mastick, boiling the whole two hours more, and I assure you it is a divine vehicle, just holding the brush sufficient to give a gummy touch. It cannot crack, from the tough nature of pure oil.

You told me you like the 'Mock Election'; both the side groups are painted up at once with this "material."

Faithfully yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From John MARTIN, *the Painter.*

DEAR SIR, 30, Allsopp Terrace, New Road, 7th June, 1829.

I perfectly recollect the conversation we held last autumn in a box facing the palace in Kensington Gardens, and also your asking me if I did not think that "Sir Walter Scott relating a story to all the most eminent characters of the day" would be a most interesting subject for a picture. I fully concurred, and thought it particularly adapted to your pencil.*

Yours truly,

JOHN MARTIN.

To THOMAS MOORE.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 23rd January, 1830.

Unable to bear the prosy procrastination of library readers, I ventured on an indulgence, and bought your book ('Life of Lord Byron'), which I have read and re-read with delight and melancholy.

The world will soon acknowledge it as one of the most exquisite pieces of biography in the language, and although Sheridan's was delightful, yet in style of writing and calmness of deduction you have beaten it hollow.

Perhaps you should not have concluded that marriage for men of great genius was likely to be unhappy because many of such men who were married had been so. Might not the caution have been applied to the character of the woman to be chosen?

Surely, when a man of great genius marries a woman who is perfectly content with the reflection of his splendour, and is

* This must be in reference to the well-known picture, the painter of which would seem to have taken all the credit of the idea to himself, when it would appear he got it from Haydon, who is vexed at being anticipated. Haydon suffered from this frequently, and in more ways than one. Hazlitt used to take captive some of his most telling expressions, and ruthlessly print them as his own.—ED.

willing to be informed by him alone, who watches his moments of abstraction, and never intrudes, though lovely as an angel, into his solitude; but when she sees he wishes for solitude no longer, such a wife would have softened and subdued and not lost Byron, have saved Milton from all his domestic harassings, and have doubled the tranquillity of Bacon or Locke.

I venture to think you may do injury to the thoughtless and unsettled by laying down such a principle as the one I take the liberty to allude to; and will you pardon my saying that I think posterity will not bear you out in placing Byron by the side of Shakespeare? Byron says of himself (p. 640), "*I could not write upon any thing without some personal experience and foundation.*" Herein, as it appears to me, is contained the whole principle of his genius. He required the stimulus of personal suffering or experience to develope any human feeling, and the excitement of personal observation of spots rendered immortal by others to describe his scenery.

Ought this *degree* of invention to be put on the same level with the self-acting, innate pouring-out of Shakespeare's faculty? Shakespeare, who immortalised what he touched by the radiance of his own power, however obscure before; who invented characters independent of his own experience, and conveyed their essence to the reader by a few words, making each man develope himself? Surely not!

I wish that I had known Lord Byron. Douglas Kinnaird promised, when I was introduced to him, to introduce me to Byron; but we never met again.

Pray pardon this letter, and

Believe me, ever your admirer,

B. R. HAYDON.

From C. H. TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Keswick, 15th March, 1830.

I was glad to receive such unequivocal proofs of your success in the papers which you were so good as to send me. I had also seen favourable notices of your two great works ('Eucles' and 'Punch') in the 'Observer,' the 'Literary Gazette,' the 'Court Journal,' &c., &c., so that every voice

seems to unite in your praise. They all seem astonished (as well they may) that you are not at the head of the Royal Academy. Will you ever have justice done you on this side of the grave? I long to see 'Eucles' in its finished state, and 'Punch.' Are you not the only instance on record of two such dissimilar works (each first-rate in its style) proceeding from the brush of one individual? Southey is pleased to hear of your success. As to Wordsworth, I neither see him, nor am likely to see him, for you must know that I have been discovered by him to be the author of a certain essay, in four parts, on the 'Theory and Writings of — Wordsworth,' which appeared recently in 'Blackwood.' This said essay did not please the bard, and he wrote to Southey a note, which, in mighty plain terms, declined all further acquaintance with so audacious a profligate. I did not think that literary vanity could be carried so far, for the essay was anything but hostile. It allotted him, as some think, an undue share of merit, and it was wholly free from anything personal. I only regret the matter on Southey's account, and because I am sorry to lose the acquaintance of Wordsworth's family, who are really amiable. Wordsworth himself I always thought *very heavy in hand*—the prince of prosers—yet he is a glorious poet. What a paradox!

Since I wrote to you last I have spent a week at Edinburgh with Wilson. Unfortunately I caught cold on the journey, and was able to go out very little. Sir Walter also was too unwell to see anybody, so that I met with many disappointments. Altogether, I was disappointed in Edinburgh. The city is much smaller than I expected, and the boasted new town is a London on a little scale. The old town, and the view from the North Bridge, cannot be overpraised. It is perhaps the finest architectural combination in Europe.

The second part of the 'Reigning Vice' is about to appear in 'Blackwood.' I like Wilson more and more. He is truly kind-hearted.

Believe me, my dear Haydon,

Yours, ever sincerely,

C. Hare Townshend.

From Dr. HAVILAND.

DEAR SIR, Cambridge, 19th June, 1830.

I fully agree with you in thinking that an acquaintance with the fine arts, and the study of the principles on which they depend, is a very essential part of a gentleman's education. I believe, too, that lectures on this subject would meet with encouragement here, particularly if they were given by a competent person. The great difficulty would arise in finding a person qualified to perform the duties of the professorship, supposing such a one founded. Our professorships are commonly limited to graduates of the University, and in establishing one nothing more is required than to give or bequeath a sum of money sufficient for that purpose. The founder usually determines the method by which the appointment is to take place, whether by election or otherwise.

I was not surprised, though much grieved, at the date of your letter.* I had previously hoped that your recent success in a more profitable employment of your pencil than the one by which you had acquired so much eminence would have been the means of preserving you from all pecuniary difficulties. There is certainly in this country a lamentable deficiency in the true love of the Fine Arts.

Believe me, &c.,

J. HAVILAND.

From WASHINGTON IRVING.

8, Argyle Street, London,
2nd September, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sorry you should think anything—anything which fell from you in the course of my visit the other morning could be otherwise than interesting to me. The grievances of an artist of genius by distinction belong to the history of his art, and are not like the sordid concerns of men of mercenary and vulgar callings. I hope, for the credit of the arts in England, you may not long have the same reason of complaint, but that those whose rank and opulence give them the means of patronage, who have so publicly and repeatedly acknowledged the

* The King's Bench Prison.—ED.

superiority of your talents, will bestow more effectual encouragement than mere empty praise.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect and esteem,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Lord DURHAM, *on the loss of his Son.*

30th September, 1831.

No one living, dear Lord Durham, feels more sympathy for you and Lady Durham than I do. After all the anxiety of infancy, all the cares of education, all the anticipations of future eminence, to lose such a beautiful boy in the budding spring of life is a pang time may soften, but will never obliterate.

Yet, after all, is it not an escape? When it pleases God to take from us a dear child, and to Himself, ought we to repine? Consider what is life, and where it leaves us. And although his rank and station would have secured him from the lesser ills and afflictions, and have saved him from being stretched upon the rack of this tough world, yet all classes have their afflictions, and at least you will not lament he has now missed for ever the piercing sorrow which his parents feel for him. Pray pardon my saying that employment, active and instant, is your only refuge.

Believe me, with every expression of my warmest sympathy for yourself and Lady Durham,

B. R. HAYDON.

From GOETHE.

MY DEAR SIR, Weimar, 1st December, 1831.

The letter which you have had the kindness to address to me has afforded me the greatest pleasure; for as my soul has been elevated for many years by the contemplation of the important pictures formerly sent to me, which occupy an honourable station in my house, it cannot but be highly gratifying to me to learn that you still remember me, and embrace this opportunity of convincing me that you do so.

Most gladly will I add my name to the list of subscribers to

your very valuable painting,* and I shall give directions to my banker here to forward you the amount of my ticket, through the hands of his correspondents in London, Messrs. Coutts and Co.

Reserving to myself the liberty at a future period for further information, as well about the matter in question and the picture that is to be raffled for, as concerning other objects of Art, I beg to conclude the present letter by recommending myself to your friendly remembrance.

W. VON GOETHE.

From EDWARD SMITH.

DEAR HAYDON, Sunday, 22nd February, 1832.

I was not able to send the Bible yesterday, and I therefore take the opportunity of sending it this morning, that I may at the same time make one particular request, which I hope thou wilt yield to, and that is, "That no part of the picture now in hand for me may be painted on this day,"† because if I knew of such a thing being done I should always have such associations with the picture as would render it a painful rather than a pleasing one to me. I wish to encourage thee to act by the book thou art now about to honour by thy pencil, for the more the mind is obediently subjected thereto, the more shall we find the favour of Him who can bless us or otherwise as He sees meet. But this is commonplace, yet duty is so simple a thing, and disobedience so common, and too often so pleasant as to afford a very sufficient apology for a friendly hint. Did we strive to live and walk in the spirit so often adverted to, in the New Testament more especially, we should avoid many hurtful and painful things, have fewer occasions for repentance, and more of acknowledgment of and trust in Him who gives His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. This is simple scripture, and wherever any habitual breach of God's commands is indulged in, whether it involves a want of love to Him, or towards our neighbour, or of due respect for ourselves, it is well for us to be reminded that the Scriptures which we profess to believe in will be our condemnation in the last day. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

* 'Xenophon and the Ten Thousand.'—ED.

† It was not my father's practice to paint on Sundays.—ED.

meekness, temperance, these are the fruits not of the spirit which is of this world, thou knowest, Haydon, but of the spirit which is of God. Let us seek this spirit, let us pray for it, let us walk in it and obey it, and then, whatever others do, we shall feel our hearts clothed with charity, in which we shall love even our enemies, so far, at least, as not to speak evil of them.

Perhaps thou wilt perceive that in these hints I am disposed to lay an embargo on some of thy habits of speaking, which savour of a different nature to what I have alluded to? If so, I hope it will break no bones, nor show me to be other than thy real friend.

EDWARD SMITH.

To Lord DURHAM, *upon his sending his Portrait as a Memento.*

MY DEAR LORD, London, 16th May, 1832.

I have never felt more honoured. I will put your speech upon the second reading (of the Reform Bill) behind the engraving, and leave it as a sacred deposit with my children.

The power Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed of catching, remembering, and transferring the happiest expressions was never more strikingly displayed.

In future I shall certainly claim for myself some share of repute for political sagacity. Your triumph—that of the people—will yet be complete. The people of England have an instinct that they will now either lay the foundation of ultimate slavery or of complete emancipation, and that the great battle for the constitutional liberty of the world is fighting here.

Believe me to remain, yours most gratefully,

B. R. HAYDON.

From JOS. SCHOLEFIELD.

MY DEAR SIR, Birmingham, 19th September, 1832.

You cannot feel more mortified than myself at the want of patriotism and public spirit in the non-support to your

intended national work;* but we are by misgovernment become an impoverished people, and to add to our misery we are also a degraded people. The rascally Tory system has lowered the poor Englishman in the eyes of all Europe as well as in his own eyes. If the new Parliament does not assert the rights of our countrymen and give them redress for their wrongs, it ought to be sunk into the sea. If I were wealthy enough you should never want an order for a painting, but shame on our king and nobles and rich commoners that they permit such a man as yourself to suffer all the pangs of poverty without remorse, and apparently without shame.

I shall not, however, fail to continue to solicit subscribers. My friend Attwood has sent me your letter: he will not advance any money.

Believe me most unfeignedly
Your friend and well-wisher
JOS. SCHOLEFIELD.

To the Right Hon. EDWARD ELLICE.

MY DEAR SIR, 4th May, 1833.

Your advice is excellent, but the constitution of the Royal Academy and its reformation must be after consideration, when its defects are proved by investigation and report.

The Royal Academy to be effectually reformed must be based in its reformation upon a system of encouragement for High Art. For let the Academy be ever so reformed, and High Art left without support, the Academy will again in a few years fall back into its present corruption.

How can it be otherwise? Portrait painting has the most effective support, consequently more portraits are produced than any other kind of pictures, and there are more portrait than any other class of painters. The portrait painters monopolise the power, the opulence and the rank. Why is this? Because High Art is not supported in England, and historical

* This intended "national work" was a great picture in commemoration of the Reform Meeting on New Hall Common, in May 1832. But the Birmingham Reformers had no desire for any other patriotic commemoration of the event than a feast. The plan of a picture failed, and the picture when half done was abandoned. Out of the list of subscribers to the picture, upwards of one hundred of the Birmingham gentlemen never paid up their subscription.—ED.

painters in number, rank, or wealth, have not that consideration, whatever be their genius, in a commercial country, which would enable them to, at least, divide the empire with the former.

First, place the historical painter where he ought to be, then, reform the Academy. Limit the number of portrait painters, limit the number of portraits; abolish canvassing for the honours; root out that detestable and selfish regulation which sanctions the reception of the works of the best artists outside of the Academy to make up their exhibition, and yet refuses to these artists the privilege of doing something to their productions that, under the circumstance of situation and light, the public may see their works to the best advantage, a privilege the academicians make full use of to enhance, unfairly, their own works.

You say that I "allude to errors *past*," but, my dear Sir, they exist *now*. The foundation of the Royal Academy has really done little else than to embody the portrait painters in a phalanx, who wield it for their own exclusive advantage. They *hate* "High Art." They hate the probability and possibility of the people acquiring knowledge in Art. They dread the consequences which would ensue from a proper support to historical painting. All their actions prove it. They obstructed and destroyed the only prospect it ever had under Lord Castlereagh, and now when 50,000*l.* are to be voted for a *National* Gallery, they step in and get 25,000*l.* out of it, to do what? Double their own power and entrench their own prejudices. If the House grants these men one guinea without a scrutiny into their conduct and right, Parliament will sign the death warrant of highest art.

Believe me, truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord PALMERSTON.

DEAR LORD PALMERSTON, 4th November, 1833.

You have more than once, with characteristic kindness, hinted to me that I should paint the 'Conference' at the Foreign Office. I need hardly tell you how highly honoured I should feel to be entrusted with such a commission, and with

what energy I should devote myself to its execution as soon as I have finished Lady Grey's picture.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Your faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Lord PALMERSTON.

DEAR SIR, Broadlands, 10th November, 1833.

All matters in this world, great and small, turn on finance, and before I answer your note I should like to know what would be about the expense of such a picture of the 'Conference' as you suggest.

The members would be Talleyrand for France, Esterhazy and Wessemberg for Austria, Lieven and Matuszewich for Russia, Bulow for Prussia, myself for England, Dedel for Holland, and Van de Weyer for Belgium.

I return to town to-morrow, so direct your answer to Stanhope Street.

Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

PALMERSTON.

To Lord PALMERSTON.

MY DEAR LORD, London, 12th November, 1833.

I know your axiom to be too true. If the portraits are the full size of life, and full length, as there would be nine portraits the price would be eight hundred guineas. If half the size of life and yet full length, five hundred guineas. If the size of life, like some of Sir Joshua's groups, as far as the knees, five hundred guineas.

I love my art; I do all myself because I love it, and I never make a "job" of a picture and hurry it over by the assistance of others.

You will do me the kindness to understand distinctly that I wish to meet your views, because I wish to paint the picture.

I am, my dear Lord, your faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Lord PALMERSTON.

MY DEAR SIR, 26th November, 1833.

I ought to have sooner answered your note of the 12th. I am much obliged to you for the explanation it contains and I will think the matter over between this and the spring, and if I should feel up to a 'Conference' I will let you hear from me again.

My dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

PALMERSTON.

To Lord PALMERSTON.

MY DEAR LORD, London, 28th November, 1833.

Permit me to thank you for your kind note. I shall pray heartily all the winter that you may be "up to a Conference" in the spring.

In the meantime, would it not be prudent to secure, by a sketch, Talleyrand? He is old and may drop off all of a sudden. But I leave that to your Lordship's discretion.

Believe me, my dear Lord, faithfully yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Mr. EDWARD ELLICE.

MY DEAR MR. ELLICE, London, 23rd April, 1834.

The exhibition of the 'Reform Banquet' has failed. I am losing money every day. The middle class do not support it at all. The nobility only come and they do not make the mass. Those who gave me commissions *do not keep their word.* I have every prospect, if not instantly employed, of being ruined, of involving Lord Grey's picture by inability to pay the rent of the exhibition rooms, and in fact of sinking again into that state of degradation, humiliation, and disgrace, out of which I hoped Lord Grey's commission would have extricated me, both by its influence and success. My dear Mr. Ellice, this is no exaggeration, no playing on your feelings by inference, it is fact, and I think it my duty in time to say so. I do not want you to mix yourself with my affairs, I only appeal to you if I deserve to be in this situation.

I am yours gratefully,

B. R. HAYDON.

From EDWARD ELLICE.

DEAR SIR, War Office, 24th April, 1834.

My father desires me to tell you that he can give no advice on the subject of your letter of this morning.

He would have written to you himself, but he is obliged to go down to a Committee at the House of Commons and has not had time.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD ELLICE, jun.*

From DAVID, *the Painter.*

MONSIEUR, Paris, 24 Mai 1834.

Une circonstance de mon voyage en Angleterre s'est gravée profondément dans mon cœur, c'est d'avoir eu l'avantage de faire votre connaissance. J'en ai conservé une vive reconnaissance à mon ami Thiers, qui m'avait procuré cet avantage. Je prends aujourd'hui la liberté de vous présenter mon bien bon ami, M. Cerrier, peintre bien distingué. Il va en Angleterre pour voir les hommes remarquables dans les arts. C'est pour cela que je lui donne cette lettre d'introduction auprès de vous.

Recevez, etc.

DAVID.

Extract from a Letter to Lord MELBOURNE.

Sandgate, 6th September, 1834.

Lord Bexley, Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Grey have all *admitted to me* the principle of public support of High Art. It is true Lord Grey said, "If money is voted, it will be *a job!*" But what argument is this? It may be reasoning, but it is bad reasoning. Are we, my dear Lord, to abstain from doing an acknowledged good *for fear* of the probable mixture of evil? On this principle God would never have created Adam or Eve.

* This was Edward Ellice's reply, referred to in the Memoir.—ED.

These ministers have missed their opportunity. I'll pray God to inspire you with a conviction of its importance to the art, industry, and manufactures of this country.

Ever, my dear Lord, yours faithfully,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Lord DURHAM.

DEAR SIR, Lambton Castle, 9th November, 1834.

What I said at Edinburgh has been correctly reported. I did say that "I regretted every hour which passed over the existence of recognised and unreformed abuses."

I am as anxious as you can be for the encouragement of the art of painting, but the mode you suggest of announcing that desire is not the most desirable.

Yours truly,

DURHAM.

To Lord MELBOURNE, *on his Resignation in November* 1834.

London, 16th November.

Oh, my dear Lord, what will become of *high* art, though, I think, *deep* art seems flourishing! I shall put on mourning. You have been scandalously used before the country had an opportunity to judge of your power.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, 6th December, 1834.

I have read your excellent reply to the deputation from Derby this morning with unfeigned delight. You will rise every hour in public feeling, and you will yet realise all that those who know you have predicted of you.

You will be back again in office shortly, *I know*, and if you are, and you then forget "historical painting," may you never carry a single measure with success!

Ever, my dear Lord, sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Earl Grey.

Howick, 10th December, 1834.

Had I the means of the Duke of Northumberland, I should feel no difficulty in following the example which you quote. But at the end of four years in office with the demands of a numerous family upon me, and threatened at this moment with the additional expense of a contested election, I find myself deprived of the power of complying with your request. I am sorry, therefore, to be under the necessity of adding that I can do no more than I have already done.*

I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,

Grey.

To Lord Stanley *on his inaugural Speech at Glasgow.*

My Lord, London, 23rd December, 1834.

I honour you for your moral courage in boldly speaking of the necessity of deep religious feeling. It was new and grand.

Be assured half the liberality in such matters is cant, and proceeds from a total indifference to all religion whatever.

There is a want in our church of such a genius as yourself. There is no great church leader, no zeal, and if ever the church sinks it will be not from the ignorance or want of conscientious conviction, or deficiency of piety in the heads of it, but from submissive apathy.

Look at the Romanists, my Lord! See how united, how persevering, how daring, how defying in their conduct! *They quail* under no circumstances of danger or disbelief. Can that be said of our church now?

In Ireland I am told there are livings which are sinecures, for no congregation of Protestants ever assembles to listen! In such cases would the Romanists have thought of suppressing the livings? Not at all. They would have colonized the villages. Instead of shipping off the English poor to Van Dieman's Land, why not ship them to Ireland, plant colonies of Protestants, and provide congregations for such places? There seems to me to be no energy among our churchmen of this description, no existing genius who is ready to meet all difficulties and be daunted by none. I heartily wish you were our archbishop.

* Haydon had reminded Lord Grey that a Duke of Northumberland had once lent Kemble 10,000*l.* to aid him in his profession, and to have hinted at something of the same kind being done for himself by the Party, or by Lord Grey. —Ed.

Your compliment to Lord Grey was worthy of you. Would that you could have all agreed.

You will perhaps remember that I told you when last you sat to me *where* you would one day be by your face. Every day is adding to my conviction, and when you are where I know you will be, "Prime Minister," I shall put you in mind of my prediction, and claim your protection for the decaying art of my country.

Ever, my Lord,

Your most grateful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Lord MULGRAVE.

DEAR HAYDON, 29th December, 1834.

I have been very busy lately, but as soon as I have a moment to mount my horse, I will turn his head towards his likeness.

Yours truly,

MULGRAVE.

From Earl SPENCER.

MY DEAR SIR, 19th January, 1835.

. . . . You wrote to me about the sketches for the picture of the Birmingham Union. Your letter was unanswered when my father's illness commenced, and that drove everything else from my mind. I have no great ambition to have portraits of those who in courtesy are called the leaders of the Birmingham Union, but who in fact were driven by it wherever it chose to drive them, and if I had, I really could not afford to make the purchase.* My necessary expenses press so hard upon my means that I have not the power of expending money for things even that I wish for, if they are not necessary, nor, which is a good deal worse, of doing many good-natured things which it would gratify me very much to do.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

SPENCER.

* Lord Spencer had only just succeeded to the title and had purchased the chalk studies of the Banquet. The allusion to Attwood and others shows with what contempt the Whig Government regarded those gentlemen.—ED.

To Lord Melbourne.

My dear Lord, London, 22nd June, 1835.

Why do you suffer Spring Rice to manage the estimates in such a way as to advance the interests of the Royal Academy at the expense of the Art? The Academy and he baffle all attempts for a committee of inquiry, and yet the Academy *gets the money*, and in defiance of all parliamentary practice, viz., first, to investigate, and then to grant, whereas what is allowed now is first, the grant and then the investigation, perhaps.

Last year it was, "There are too many committees, wait till next session." I waited, and now it is, "wait again," and yet they get the money! Next year Shee and Spring Rice will look out of the National Gallery windows, and, with a sneer, ask the committee to walk in.

Ever, my dear Lord,
Your grateful servant,
B. R. Haydon.

From Mr. Hart.

My dear Sir, London, 15th November, 1835.

I have reflected on your question: "What mourning was worn by the Jews in the time of the prophets?" If you look at Jeremiah, chap. viii. v. 21, also chap. xiv. v. 2, and again at Isaiah, chap, l. v. 3, it will conclusively appear, and no other inference can be drawn from the passages named, that *black* was the colour decidedly; sackcloth, we know, was the material.

Faithfully yours,
J. Hart, Sen.

To Lord Melbourne.

My dear Lord, London, 30th December, 1835.

As the session approaches I get anxious. In spite of your visible and abominable indifference to the importance of High

Art, I am wedded to the Whigs as a man is to his wife, and I therefore cannot help hoping and believing you will be found equal to the coming crisis.

Next session will settle your predominance or effect your discomfiture, and you will be remembered by posterity as a nobleman who made an attempt you were not justified in, or which your talents proved you fully equal to.

It is great emergencies which bring out the man, and if you fail, adieu to the predominance of the Whigs for ever!

As I believe you to be adequate to a great moment, I hold you up to my circle with confidence (always lamenting your indifference to art), and I venture to think one great evidence of your probable triumph is the rage of the opposite press.

Permit me, in conclusion, to beg of you to leave nothing to Providence but His blessing of your efforts; to anticipate failure from the slightest neglect, to act up to the very last moment as if all depended on the merest trifle, and not to relax night or day till victory crowns you, and not even then, if anything remains to complete it.

You may smile, but believe me this comes from a mind accustomed to success, and schooled in adversity, and well aware of what is requisite in both.

One thing let me beg of you. Not only would I tear all letters into bits, but I would burn the bits and all private communications when done with. I feel perfectly convinced that nothing did Lord Grey's administration so much harm as the treachery connected with the publication of Lord Althorp's and Lord Brougham's letters about the 'Times.'

You may rely on it the rewards held out, and paid, keep traitors on the watch. Do not, I beg of you, disregard this. God send you success, and the conviction at the same time that no minister can ever complete his glory without protecting native genius in art.

I am, my dear Lord,

Your sincere friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

From THEODOR VON HOLST.

46, Upper Charlotte Street,
14th January, 1836.

DEAR SIR,

Accept a thousand thanks for your great kindness in sending me the admissions to your splendid lectures. I cannot express how very highly I was gratified, and I hope much improved by your discourses, the excellence of which I am sure can never be surpassed for energetic love for the great and noble enthusiasm for country and glory of historic art, which, alas! so few can feel with yourself.

I may add that you have awakened in my own unworthy insignificance the more than half-extinguished flame of early ambition. The only regret I feel is that I had not the enviable good fortune to have been under your tuition.

I have the honour to remain, dear Sir,

With the highest consideration and respect,

THEODOR VON HOLST.

From the Hon. W. COWPER.

MY DEAR MR. HAYDON, Chatsworth, 15th September, 1836.

I have only just got your letter, which has followed me here. I feel most deeply grieved to hear of the calamity which has befallen you,* and I do blush for a state of society in which talents and genius, such as yours, meet with such a reward. I had hoped that it was only in history I should have to deplore the fate of men of powerful minds and imagination immured within a prison for debt. I had no right to expect that I should see it in my own day.

I have forwarded your note to Lord Melbourne, at Brocket, and thank you for the feeling of delicacy which dictated it.

If any way in which I could be of use to you should occur to your mind, pray do not hesitate to tell me.

Believe me ever faithfully yours,

WM. COWPER.

* Haydon's arrest and imprisonment for a debt of 18*l.* on 9th September, 1836. —ED.

To his Sister, Mrs. HAVILAND.

MY DEAR HAL, London, 2nd September, 1837.

I dare say you will all be surprised that Her Majesty does nothing for me, but pray do not be. There is no man who would enjoy honours more than myself, but the sacrifice of the thought and action would not suit my nature.

> "Blessed are those
> Who have their honest wills—that seasons
> Comfort——."

I would accept nothing unless I was free, and free I should not be for a moment.

I have received an honour more to my taste in a commission for a picture for a church in Liverpool, "Suffer little children to come unto me," a beautiful subject; so here is a public order after all. Don't say a word about it at Kensington. I shall go on quietly and work away. Do write and tell me the news. Love to all.

Your affectionate

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, London, 27th October, 1837.

Do not on a theory of philosophic geniality reduce England to the level of other nations for fear of the imputations of "prejudice" in wishing her to take the lead.

There are some prejudices which are instincts or virtues, and the glory and predominance of one's fatherland is not the most contemptible among them.

I am ever and always yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, 25th December, 1837.

I cannot help thinking it is a pity that at a certain period of colonial existence there does not exist a law of freedom from the mother country. I do not think we are a noble-

minded nation on these points. We are like a father who is unwilling to give up the rod when his son is twenty-one, because he had the right when the boy was ten years of age.

I wish you health and success and many returns, with all my heart, of this rejoicing time of year.

Ever sincerely yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, Leeds, 2, Park Street, 7th January, 1838.

I hope your worthy President of the Board of Trade has his eyes opened at last about his beautiful School of Design in London—1500*l.* a-year to keep the mechanic as ignorant as before.

Do not let it go on. Your character has been sacrificed to suit the narrow views of his constituents, many of whom believe the mechanic had better remain as ignorant as now, and fear if he learn to draw the figure he will cease to draw flowers. Believe me, my dear Lord, the cause of the superiority of France and Italy in their design is in their union of artist and mechanic. This union is in force in Scotland, and one result at this moment is that, a certain house in Manchester, which manufactures an article of unequalled material, is obliged to send 11,000 dozens annually to Edinborough to have the pattern designed! If desired, names shall be sent. A rival school to the Government school in London is being started by Wise and Ewart, which never would have been the case if the Government school had been founded according to my advice. But Mr. Poulett-Thompson's eyes are perhaps open now, though obstinately shut at my interview.

Believe me,

B. R. HAYDON.

From J. R. PRENTICE, *Secretary of the Edinburgh Society of Artists.*

4, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 23rd December, 1837.

DEAR SIR.

I am happy to inform you that your picture of 'Poictiers' arrived here quite safe this afternoon; and also at the

same time your picture of 'Falstaff and Hal,' which Mr. Hope has had the kindness to honour us with, and for both of which the Edinburgh Society of Artists beg you will accept their most grateful thanks.

Before I conclude, permit me to inform you that when your beautiful and noble picture of 'Poictiers'* was opened and spread out, it was received by the committee with the greatest rapture and delight; and again I beg to say that they can never forget your kindness and generosity in again supporting their efforts, and which I feel confident will be the means of establishing this society on a firm foundation, &c.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

With great respect, &c.,

J. R. PRENTICE.

From HAYDON *to his Wife.*

January, 1838.†

After I was gone, the Council of the Royal Institution (Manchester) appointed a sub-committee to enquire and report on the school of design, and what did these gentlemen do in their innocent ignorance? Why they wrote up to Poulett-Thompson, who replied that the plan of founding a school of design in Manchester *was of no use,* for their school in London was doing nothing, and so the whole project fell to the ground. This is so like the "Poulett-Thompsons" of the world. If we only had professors of art at Oxford and Cambridge, men like Poulett-Thompson, or at least men in his official position, would better understand the enormous value to this country of a sound knowledge of design among mechanics and artists of every class. These official men do not know and cannot be brought to understand that, at first all Academies of art were schools with teachers, schools where the artist and mechanic, the painter and the upholsterer, the decorator and the mechanic, the saddler, the carver, the sculptor, and worker in

* 'The Black Prince and Lord Audley at the battle of Poictiers,' painted for the late Lord Audley.—ED.

† In 1835–6, 1837–8, my father was much interested in pushing the establishment of the school of design at Manchester. It had been started in 1837, but during his absence in London his advice was disregarded, and owing to the action of the Council in London, matters went very wrong. On revisiting Manchester in January, 1838, he writes to my mother.—ED.

metals, all met together, and learned under the same teachers, the great artists of the period, so that each got their knowledge from the highest source. This is the reason why the Greeks, and Italians, and French, so far excel us in their beauty of design.

But our ignorance is so painful, that when we found a school in London, the Authorities actually forbid the mechanic to study the same course as the artist!

I should have said that about a century after the early schools I have spoken of, the modern "Academy" of art, with titles and honours, made its appearance, became exclusive, and ruined the art.

Mr. Fraser, a most influential man here, has, nevertheless, headed a fresh subscription-list, and we make another start once more. At dinner last night I met Mr. Heywood, the banker, and he said, "You will have no difficulty with your school of design; and if the shares bore interest, its success would be assured, though, for my part, I prefer a donation." This is thoroughly commercial, is it not? But in a commercial country one must work by the means in use. When I told them at my last lecture that it was from the union which formerly existed between the artist and the mechanic, in Italy and in Greece, that their metal, and leather, and woodwork, their vases, and candlesticks, and lamps, and saddles, &c., were so superior, the audience cheered me heartily. They saw and appreciated the value of the principle. Oh, be assured my principles will take root in the understanding of intelligent men, and will yet save old England from being eclipsed by her rivals abroad. I may not live to see it, but if the mechanics of this country will only master the principles of art, before fifty years are over we shall be far beyond the foreigner. If they do not, we shall be as far below him.

From W. C. MACREADY.

MY DEAR SIR, Covent Garden Theatre, 3rd February, 1838.

I cannot withhold from you the offer of my best thanks for your most kind and valued congratulations.* *Laudari a*

* Although Haydon never could be brought to admit that Macready was a great actor, he cordially sympathised with him in his efforts to restore a taste for the poetical drama.—ED.

laudato is my sole ambition, and it is gratified in such a notice as yours. For years I have held the faith that Shakespeare, properly illustrated, would give the lie to the vile and indecent canters about public taste. I am borne out in the conviction I have maintained, and it is indeed a gratification to me to see the taste of an audience vindicated by the success that has attended the production of his plays without puff or preliminary notices.

I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on your return, and with many thanks am

Truly yours,

W. C. MACREADY.

From SAMUEL E. COTTAM.

Manchester Mechanics' Institute,
10th February, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have the pleasure of thanking you, in the name of the Directors, for your kind donation of casts from nature.

They are the first of that kind introduced into the Institution, and I hope ere long we shall have those excellent subjects you lately suggested, a goodly group of youths and young men drawing from the *figure*, learning curves from the *figure*, and, whether mechanic or artist, acquiring taste and correct execution from the *figure*. Then may we hope for a reform in our designs.

I remain, &c.

SAML. E. COTTAM.

From J. FRASER, *of Manchester*.

Manchester, 15th, 1838.

MY DEAR HAYDON,

The battle is over and a victory gained; still there is a deal to do, no matter what passed, the result is a public meeting for the promotion of a SCHOOL of DESIGN, in the theatre of the Royal Manchester Institution, on Monday next, the 19th.

You must endeavour to be with us. The human figure was

excluded in the report! I managed, however, to get it placed first in the enumeration of objects of study.

Yours very cordially,

J. W. Fraser.

P.S.—Art and science for ever, not science and art!

From William Hamilton.

Dear Haydon, Stanley Grove, 1st April, 1838.

I return you your article on 'Painting,'* which I have read with much pleasure and instruction, and I am glad to see it is to be finally printed in a volume. . . . The opinions are bold, but, I doubt not, much more correct and more true in principle than the thousand-times repeated namby-pamby observations of flatterers of great names with which all our works on Art are saturated with a vengeance, and the whole article is well calculated to rouse the feelings of those who feel at all. . . . If you could procure me a number of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' I should like to buy it, and read the article once or twice over.

Yours ever,

Wm. Hamilton.

To Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B., *on the Nelson Monument.*

Dear Sir George Cockburn, London, 9th April, 1838.

A monument to Nelson's glory should not, in my humble opinion, be the ordinary one of Neptune, Fame, and Victory, cannons and shot, cables, anchors and ship's prows, &c. &c., but a Temple; inside a statue, simple and solitary, and on the pedestal I would put

"Nelson.
"A little body with a mighty heart."

The four sides of the four walls should be painted with

* Printed in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'—Ed.

four of the most striking events in his glorious career. For example:—

1. Receiving the swords of the Spanish officers on the quarter-deck of the 'San Josef.'
2. The battle of the Nile.
3. Signing and reading the letter to the Crown Prince at Copenhagen.
4. Trafalgar and death.

If you think this suggestion worth the attention of the committee, perhaps you will do me the honour to lay the proposition before them.

I am, dear Sir George,

Your faithful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

London, 8th May, 1838.

Yes, my dear Lord, I congratulate you on the admirable pendant to my 'Banquet,' by Wilkie. Is this like you? Though I did not show your fine eye, did I not do justice to the profile? Did you not say it was "excellent"? Did not Lord Lansdowne say "it is a handsome likeness"? Was not everybody pleased? and did you not all run away directly the Royal Academicians abused it?

On the morning of the battle of Culloden, one Highlander was overheard to say to his next man, "Weel, God stond by the right." "Na, na," said his next man, "God stawnd by Hawmilton's regiment, right or wrang."

Your Lordship and all of you should have stood by "Hawmilton's regiment, right or wrang," as Hawmilton's regiment stood by you.

However, I am glad to see you have stood long enough to make the deity of caution paint you all. By the Lord! that says more for the security of your administration than a majority in the House.

Of Hayter's 'Queen' nothing can be said; it is the negation of every excellence which characterises High Art. Her Majesty's affections must be strong; she has forgotten nobody who had

her attention in her seclusion, down to Fozard, her stirrup-holder, and she has remembered *every one who did not.* It is to be regretted that the genius displayed so far is not quite equivalent to the warmth of heart which stimulated its employment. Another proof—if one were wanted—that the higher patronage does not, cannot create genius.

Ever, dear Lord, yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From SOUTHEY.

DEAR SIR, Lymington, 25th October, 1838.

Upon the subject of your letter (design for Nelson's monument), wishing you all possible success in the undertaking, I can only express what perhaps you may think me prejudiced in maintaining, viz., a great dislike to allegory, either in painting or sculpture. 'Britannia' is to me an abomination, though no one more heartily wishes that Britain may continue to rule the waves. Setting allegory aside, your conceptions appear such as I might expect from you, and the design is worthy of you.

Believe me, &c.,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To his Wife.

Leeds, 3rd November, 1838.

I dined at Dr. Hook's last night with a large party. Two of the sons of Sir John Sinclair were present. I asked the elder if he was the one Buonaparte had detained in Prussia in 1806. It was his brother, then only a boy of sixteen. He was travelling from Berlin, and came into the neighbourhood of the French armies, was captured by the patrols, and brought a prisoner to headquarters. He was then brought before Napoleon. Buonaparte was in his tent, with a large map on the table, and Berthier was with him. He looked up fiercely at Sinclair, and asked him where he had come from, and where he was going? Sinclair replied that his father had sent him to travel; and described his journeys. Napoleon sent for one of his suite who understood English, and ordered him to read

Sinclair's letters. The aide-de-camp read the letters, and told the Emperor that they confirmed the boy's statement. Napoleon then asked him about his studies, and how far he had got on in Greek. Sinclair said that he was then reading 'Thucydides.' Napoleon said, "Bravo! now you must stay here until something decisive has taken place;" and in a day or two after the battles of Auerstädt and Jena were fought and won, and the boy was allowed to continue his journey. As I remembered the incident being related in 1806-7, it was satisfactory to have it confirmed by Sinclair's own brother.*

* Mr., afterwards Sir George Sinclair, was travelling with a companion, Mr. Kegel, from Gotha to Leipsic, and the Prussians being ill informed of the roads by which the French were advancing, told him he was quite safe to go by way of Gleina and Kostritz, where the French outposts captured him, carried him to Murat, who sent him on to the Emperor. It is curious to find by Mr. Sinclair's account that although this was only a few days before the battle of Jena, Napoleon did not know where Jena was on the map, and could not find it. But this was a trifle compared to the blunder of the Prussians, who did not know where Napoleon was. Sir George Sinclair's account is so interesting it is worth quoting. When brought to the Emperor's tent, Count Frohberg opened the door, saying, "Voilà, Sire, le jeune Anglais dont je viens de parler à votre Majesté." The door closed, Mr. Sinclair made a low bow, and on raising his eyes saw a little figure arrayed in a white night-cap and dressing-gown; an officer in uniform, Marshal Berthier, the Minister at War, standing by his side. "The Emperor stood still with his arms crossed, and a cup of coffee in his right hand: he surveyed me attentively, and said 'Qui êtes-vous?' My reply was, 'Sire, je suis sujet de S. M. Britannique.' 'D'où venez-vous?' 'Sire, je viens de Gotha en Saxe; et en me rendant de là à Leipzig, j'ai été arrêté par quelques soldats des avant-postes, qui m'ont mené à Gera chez le Grand-Duc de Berg; et S. A. m'a envoyé ici pour avoir l'honneur d'être examiné par V. M.' 'Par où êtes-vous passé?' 'Sire, je suis passé par Weimar, Erfurt, et Jena, d'où n'ayant pas pu procurer des chevaux pour nous conduire plus loin que jusqu'à Gleina ——' 'Où est Gleina? et qu'est-ce que c'est?' 'Gleina, Sire, est un petit village appartenant au Duc de Gotha.'

"Upon hearing that I had passed through these places, he paused and then said, 'Tracez-moi le plan de votre route.' He then sat down at a table, on which a map of Germany was spread. . . . and leaning his face upon his thumb and forefinger looked me full in the face, and said, 'Quel jour êtes-vous parti de Gotha?' At that moment I had forgotten the exact day of our departure; I began to calculate. This pause, though but a short one, excited the Emperor's impatience. 'Je vous demande, quel jour êtes-vous parti de Gotha?' His abrupt manner, and a significant look, which I saw him exchange with Berthier, would have very much interrupted my calculation, had I not concluded it, and named the exact day of our departure. He then looked for Gotha in the map, and asked me a number of questions as to the strength of the Prussians in that place, the reports prevalent in regard to their probable movements, &c. He next sought out Erfurt, and inquired whether I had observed any troops in motion between the two places? He was very minute in his interrogatories with regard to Erfurt. He asked how strong the garrison was there? I replied, that this was a point which I had not had any opportunity of ascertaining. He asked me if I had been at the parade? I replied in the affirmative. 'How many regiments were present?' 'Sire, I cannot tell; the Duke of Brunswick was then at Erfurt, and there seemed to be almost as many officers as soldiers assembled on the parade.' 'Is Erfurt a well-fortified town?' 'Sire, I know very little about the strength of fortifications.' 'Y a-t-il un château à Erfurt?' Upon

At Manchester last week they told me that Chantrey, Wilkie, and Shee had been there, and that Chantrey grumbled at the *School of Design;* but they told me their influence was gone. The School is getting on pretty well. I am to make a report to the Committee. It is infinitely better than it was, but on my second visit I had to find fault.

this point I felt some doubts; but was afraid to plead ignorance again, lest he should imagine that it was feigned. I therefore boldly said, 'Oui, Sire, il y a un château.' After inquiring whether I had made any observations on the road between Erfurt and Weimar, he proceeded to question me minutely as to the state of the latter place, the number of troops quartered there, the destination of the Grand Duke, &c.

"On my mentioning that Jena was the next place at which we stopped, Napoleon did not immediately discover its exact situation on the map. I, therefore, had to point to it with my finger, and show him the place at which he so soon afterwards achieved so brilliant and decisive a victory. He inquired who commanded at Jena, what was the state of the town, whether I knew any particulars about the garrison, &c.; and then made similar inquiries with regard to Gleina and the intervening road.

"Having followed up the investigation until the moment when we were arrested, he paused, and looked at me very earnestly. 'Comment!' said he, 'voulez-vous que je croie tout ce que vous dites? Les Anglais ne voyagent pas ordinairement à pied sans domestique, et comme cela' (looking at my dress, which consisted in an old box-coat of rough and dark materials, which I had for some time previously only worn as a cover round my legs, when travelling in a carriage, but which I had been glad to resume as an article of dress, over my other clothes, when obliged to travel on foot). 'Il est vrai, Sire,' I replied, 'que cela peut paraître un peu singulier, mais des circonstances impérieuses, et l'impossibilité de trouver des chevaux, nous ont obligés à cette démarche; d'ailleurs, je crois que j'ai dans ma poche des lettres qui prouveront la vérité de tout ce que j'ai dit au sujet de moi-même.'

"I then drew out of the pocket of the old box-coat some letters. When I laid these upon the table, Napoleon pushed them quickly towards Count Frohberg, nodding to him rapidly with his head. The Count immediately took up the letters, and said to the Emperor, whilst opening them, that, from having examined and conversed with me during our journey, he thought he could be responsible for the truth of everything I had said.

"After cursorily glancing through some of the papers, he said, 'These letters are of no consequence, and quite of a private nature; for instance, here is one from Mr. Sinclair's father, in which, after reminding him of the attention he had paid to the Greek and Latin languages in England, he expresses a hope that the same care will be bestowed upon the acquisition of the French and German abroad.'

"Napoleon's features here relaxed into a smile; and I never can forget the kindness with which he eyed me, whilst he said, 'Vous avez donc appris le Grec et le Latin; quels auteurs avez-vous lus?'

"I mentioned Homer, Thucydides, Cicero, and Horace; upon which he replied, 'C'est fort bien, c'est fort bien;' and then turning to Berthier, he added, 'Je ne crois pas que ce jeune homme soit espion; mais l'autre qui est avec lui, le sera, et aura amené ce jeune homme avec lui pour être moins suspect.' He then made a slight inclination of the head, as a signal for me to retire; upon which I bowed profoundly, and passed into the ante-chamber; after which Mr. Kegel was introduced."—Pp. 30, 31, 32, 33, 34.

Mr. Kegel was severely examined by the Emperor and minutely questioned. Upon the good pastor remarking that he had believed the French were quite in another direction, and that was also the belief of the Duke of Brunswick and his staff, Napoleon smiled to himself, saying, "Ce sont des perruques. Ils se sont furieusement trompés." (*See* Sir George Sinclair's 'Memoir.')—Ed.

From T. MOORE.

MY DEAR SIR, Sloperton, 10th May, 1838.

Of any communication from you I am most ready to say "better late than never." It was exceedingly kind of you to take so much trouble for me, in the first instance, and not at all surprising that you should forget it all afterwards. As to Sheridan, I have really almost forgot everything about him myself; so many other and different subjects have since occupied my thoughts; as somebody says of the waves of the sea—

> "And one no sooner kissed the shore and died,
> Than a new follower rose."

Even so it has been with my works. The *dying*, I fear, included.

Trusting I may be more lucky in meriting than I have been now, I am sorry to say,

I am very truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

From Sir GEORGE COCKBURN.

DEAR SIR, Leamington, 18th October, 1838.

I have always understood Lord Nelson was mortally wounded *on the quarter-deck* of the 'Victory,' and not on the poop; but if you are desirous to obtain more positive information on this point, I have no doubt Sir Thomas Hardy, who is now Governor of Greenwich Hospital, and who was Lord Nelson's Captain at the time, will answer the question as best authority, if you apply to him.

As regards you and the question, I am not sure where Lord Nelson wrote his letter to the Crown Prince; whether a table and paper were brought to him on purpose on one of the gun-decks, or whether he went to the orlop or cockpit (where alone such materials were deposited when the ship was cleared for action), I cannot affirm, but my impression is the latter was the case. Mr. Scott, of 22, New Bridge Street, who is the son of Lord Nelson's then Secretary, might perhaps be able to

give you more minute information from his father's papers. I hope you are in the enjoyment of good health, and

Remain, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

GEORGE COCKBURN.

From Sir THOMAS HARDY.

Greenwich Hospital, 7th November, 1838.

Sir Thomas Hardy presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and begs to inform him that Admiral Lord Nelson was mortally wounded on the quarter-deck of the 'Victory' at the battle of Trafalgar, and died in the cockpit.

His Lordship wrote the letter to the Crown Prince at the battle of Copenhagen in his Lordship's cabin on board the 'Elephant' in the heat of the battle, and sent to the cockpit for a lighted candle, in order that he might seal it with his arms.

From Sir THOMAS HARDY.

Greenwich Hospital, 13th November.

I was not on board the 'Elephant' at the time Lord Nelson wrote the letter. Captain Foley commanded that ship, to which the Admiral had shifted his flag from the 'Prince George' (his proper flag-ship, of which I was the Captain), as the 'Elephant' drew less water, and could approach nearer to the enemy.*

I remain,

T. M. HARDY.

To his Wife.

Liverpool, 20th November, 1838.

. . . . I have just been over the Mechanics' Schools here. There are seven hundred boys being instructed, six hours a-day, an hour a-day on six different subjects. I object strongly to this, for I will defy them to retain anything effectually, and one-half of the boys will probably end with disease of the brain.

* These letters show what immense trouble Haydon took to get at the facts of any picture he was painting from the best authorities.—ED.

This is some of the new-fangled trash of the theorists on education—the idealogues, as Buonaparte used to call them. After the boys were gone I discussed the subject with the classical master, a Trinity man, and he agreed with me that no boy could become a classical scholar under such a system. I object to all these exceedingly refined theories in education, which are gradually coming to the front. I believe the effect will be to render the next generation active in mind, but not steady-minded. They will get tired over a long investigation, and fly off to ten thousand other things.

As an institution, of course it is very magnificent, but I distrust the system. I'll bet my existence the rising generation will be coxcombical smatterers. They must be under such a system. I find no provision for moral or religious instruction. *That*, of course, belongs to *sects*. *That* is prejudice. "Thou shalt not commit adultery" is only a civil crime in the new cant, and marriage is no longer a religious act. We shall see. No boy of mine shall ever be taught after this fashion. They would not have been worth a straw if they had been, whereas now either of them would puzzle the masters here. When will people learn to let Nature alone? This coming age will be a restless, petty, theoretical, inquisitive, pestering age. The age of fidget, hurry, and restlessness, but not deep—no, nor thinking. Neither grand in Art nor elevated in imagination.

B. R. H.

From Lord FRANCIS EGERTON.

Warley, 14th December, 1838.

I hear from Liverpool that you are engaged in an undertaking there that I think you will like.* I hope whoever superintends the affair will let you have your own way as to the treatment. I have told the Secretary to put my name down as a subscriber for any sum subscribed by the principal people there, as to give more would look political on my part in that very political quarter. . . . . I have sometimes thought of the subject of the Duke of Wellington, but never could hit on any individual incident which would specially attract me if

* The historical picture of the 'Duke of Wellington,' subscribed for by the gentlemen of Liverpool.—ED.

I were a painter. In person he is to my fancy more picturesque now than he ever was.

The mere portrait with a prancing horse or a red curtain would give me low spirits if I had to do it.

Believe me yours,

FRANCIS EGERTON.

From Lord FRANCIS EGERTON.

Warley, 17th December.

It seems to me your notion of the Duke surveying the field of Waterloo twenty years after the battle is admirable. The victor on the field would be a very good subject for a picture of mighty detail and costume in the present style, but between such a picture and the sentiment of the other there would be something like the difference between Wouvermann's and any great painter of the Italian school.

You will find a difficulty in getting sittings from the Duke, a difficulty which you share with Sir Francis Chantrey, who, I know, has failed in getting sittings for a bust bespoke by the Oxford people long before his installation. Perhaps the House of Lords would relieve you of a part of this.

There is, unfortunately, no good picture of Copenhagen. Lord Fitzroy Somerset has, I rather think, a bad portrait of him, from which Cockerell's bronze was taken, but he will complain of that as a likeness.

Lawrence's, in my opinion, is too bad to give you much assistance. Copenhagen was a picturesque little horse. The Duke rode him sixteen hours, and, when he dismounted, narrowly escaped a kick, which might have been fatal, from the spirited animal.

I remain, &c.,

F. EGERTON.

From THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

MY DEAR SIR, Liverpool, 15th December, 1838.

Many thanks for your permission to attend your Lecture on Academies. It has strengthened my opinion on the subject, for the historical detail of facts in support of your prin-

ciples is, in my opinion, irresistibly strong. Wherever you are enabled to lay these facts before the public, the public must be awakened, and the result will be a "School of Design."

I cannot hope to see this glorious reformation of opinion in favour of the Arts; but that you may, and that you may enjoy the reward of your labours and perseverance is the very sincere wish of

Your friend and faithful servant,

THOMAS WINSTANLEY.

To his Wife.

29th April, 1839.

. . . . The tiresome habits of people in the country would drive me stark mad in six months. I'll just give you an instance of Lancashire. Here at Warrington, on arriving this evening, I asked a man, "Is this the way to the Red Lion?" He repeats my words, "Is this the way to the Red Lion?" dropping his head on his breast, and as if lost in thought at the profundity of the question. "Is this the way to the Red Lion?" he said again, looking up and smiling in my face at his own sagacity that an idea had reached him at last. "*Wale,* I just think it may be; but, stop, I'll inquire." This was too much for me, and I darted into a shop. "*Is* this the way to the Red Lion?" I said fiercely to the man behind the counter. "*Wale,*" he replied, "the Red Lion? ar't sure it t'aint the Nag's Head." "God forbid!" I cried in my agony; "I don't know." "Not know," said he; "may be, then, it *is* the Red Lion you want, and *that* is the way; though, stop," he said, "up by the market's the nearest; that is, I think it be; but Mr. Thomas, the printer, knows *wale,* and his house is the first after you've passed the corner. But, *stop a minute,* and I'll just go myself and ask." The intellect of Warrington has evidently not got sufficient employment.

B. R. H.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, Warrington, 2nd May, 1839.

I have met with the most glorious success My last lecture at Newcastle was hailed with cheers and acclamations.

I then went to Hull, where it ended in the same satisfactory manner. At Newcastle a School of Design is formed. I began one at Hull, and now I am here, and my reception as usual.

Be assured the people are alive to sound Art, and only want instruction. My three first lectures are wholly upon the construction of the figure, and are yet listened to with an attention the Greeks could not exceed.

I write you this that your Lordship may be kept *au fait* as to what is going on in the country towns. Be careful, my dear Lord, what you say at the Academy dinner, that interesting entertainment founded to reflect honour on the Art, but made a means to get business for the monopoly.

Ever, my dear Lord,

Your grateful and obliged servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To his Wife.

Manchester, May 1839.

. . . . At first I could not bear the sight of the huge factories in this place. They looked like so many vast mill-prisons, with the eternal hum of forced labour sounding in your ears. The only sign of life, it was a relief to see, was the smoke pouring out of the chimneys. But I am assured the work-people are not harshly treated. I doubt the wisdom of allowing delicate women, and young girls and children, to be employed for so many hours daily in heated work-rooms. Of course, they are employed because their labour is cheaper than that of men. But I think it an evil, and, if pursued, must tell seriously on future generations. The race will deteriorate. The day may yet come when we shall want the bone and muscle that has made England great, to keep her so. But unfortunately, although we are in the habit of boasting so much about our *Habeas Corpus* and our liberties, we allow many serious evils to exist that strike at the roots of our very existence as a nation. In England an immense accumulation of wrong is necessary before you can overcome John Bull's national inclination to leave alone things that do not affect his belly or his pocket, and to resist every change that does. Here, any limit upon labour means fresh expenditure by employers, and

so they resist it; and a loss to the working man's weekly gains, and so they resist it. But there can be no doubt, if the present system continues, the next five-and-twenty years will show decreased statures, diminished physical powers, and a gradual failing in the manufacturing populations. That is my opinion. I am told that in the pottery districts in Staffordshire the entire populations are renewed every five or ten years by fresh blood from the country districts. These things ought to be carefully looked into, for they point to serious results. . . .

B. R. H.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, London, 7th July, 1839.

The affairs of the East may be getting serious, and France may be creeping into her former preponderance, which may and will require another war to reduce and divide; but consider what the state of Europe will certainly be if the President of the Royal Academy is permitted to rule unchecked and unmolested; if the purest despotism in Europe be not reduced to constitutional law; and if the great question of whether the Royal Academy be a private or public body, be not cleared up by some modern Puffendorf or Vattel of palette and paint?

Fruitless inquiries, my dear Lord, if not followed by castigation or reform, generally end by strengthening the vices they were meaned to correct.

Here are men who unblushingly talk of the unsullied purity with which they marched off from the Parliamentary furnace that was heated to disinfect them of all impurities, when by their own returns it appears that in seventy years they have spent 19,750*l.* in *dinners,* and but 4,586*l.* in sending fifteen students to Rome, and in that time have never founded one single school of design.

If this be their "unsullied purity," what must be their imperfections?

Permit me to ask you what has been gained for the Art by the Parliamentary investigation into the Academy which you granted? Have you not, in the very teeth of the evidence, installed them in the National Gallery, a Gallery built and planned for a great public purpose? and have you not doubled

their means and increased their ability to defy the people and trample on the Art?

All I ask of the Government is, are they a private or a public body? If private, let them keep strictly within the limits of private rights. If public, let them not be exempted from that necessary audit and control the Government, as representatives of public power and the public purse, have a right to exercise. But do not permit or connive at their claiming the right to keep their transactions secret under the inviolability of private law when reform approaches, but nevertheless pushing forward to share a public advantage from which their character and claim, if sincere, as a private association must wholly exclude them when the Treasury door opens.

Believe me, dear Lord Melbourne, I have *not* relinquished the contest. I am only carrying my arms. Let me re-assure you also on another point. I have *no personal* resentment to gratify. I want settlement, not movement. I am not one of those whose consequence will be lost by tranquillity. It would probably be increased; but I am actuated solely and wholly by a sincere desire to relieve the Art from its present anomalous condition, and that only can be done by obliging the Royal Academy to rise up to the feeling of the time.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Ever your grateful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Lord FRANCIS EGERTON.

Warley, 31st August, 1839.

I am happy to hear of your feelings of success with your noble subject. I speak against all rule and practice; but I cannot help thinking that a real designer must do better by such casual sketches (as yours after the Duke) than when he gets his subject into a chair, with a made-up face and a regulation window, darkened below, and an orthodox patch of shadow under the nose.

"Anch' io son pittore," i.e., I am always making scrawls of my children, and I have never yet succeeded in getting from them the similitude of anything human when they were once

aware what I was at. At other times, I sometimes consider myself an HB., and moan over the idleness of my youth in not having studied the figure from the skeletons of Albinus to the Elgin Marbles. It seems to me that our painters go to work as people might who, feeling an inclination towards the study of astronomy, should attempt it without a knowledge of arithmetic.

I should be curious to see or know the real history of the "Catalogue Raisonné," to which your pamphlet refers. It was before my time, and I never saw it.

I should be glad to make up my mind as to the question of the Royal Academy as part of the general one of the best mode of propagating the arts of design in this country. . . . . Don't expect me, however, to join the ranks on either side in the "bella plus quam civilia" which are raging.

Your principle that all improvement must be founded on the knowledge of the figure *is, beyond question, the true one.*

I once consulted Denon for a drawing-master in landscape. "Do you draw the figure?" he asked. I said that I had "never attempted anything else," upon which he consented to recommend me the article I wanted.

I will take the earliest opportunity I can of seeing your work.

I remain, &c.

F. EGERTON.

From the Duke of BEDFORD.*

27th September, 1839.

I have received your letter of the 23rd, and have much pleasure in sending you a cheque on my bankers for two additional chances in the raffle for the 'Maid of Saragossa.'

I have received, since I have been here, a copy of your pamphlet on 'Academies of Art.' I read a part of it with much pleasure, as it proved your enthusiasm for the Arts, but there are other parts of which I cannot speak so favourably, as I think you write with unmeasured severity of the Royal Academy.

I was glad to see that you spoke well of the conduct of the

* This was the last letter received from this generous friend of artists. The Duke fell ill and died within three weeks afterwards.—ED.

British Institution "in bringing forward the fine works of the Great Masters," as this measure was mine—suggested to the Institution more than thirty years ago. I was one of the original members of the Society, and it immediately struck me that the surest way of promoting the Fine Arts, and of exciting ambition and emulation in the breasts of young British artists, would be to give them frequent opportunities of seeing the finest works of the old masters, by establishing such an exhibition as now annually takes place. I wrote to a friend of mine (since deceased), then a very influential member of the Institution, and stated my own ideas at some length, requesting him to lay my letter before the directors. I was laughed at by many at the time, and my plan treated as visionary. I was asked whether I thought it likely that persons possessing fine pictures in their collections would lend them to be exhibited at the British Gallery with all the attendant risks? I could only answer that I, myself, would do so with pleasure.

I had the extreme satisfaction of seeing my proposition adopted by the directors, and it is for the public to say whether the measure has tended "to promote the Fine Arts."

I am, &c.,

BEDFORD.

From S. ROGERS.

MY DEAR SIR, St. James's Place, 30th November, 1839.

I need not say how much flattered I am by your offer, or how happy I should be to possess a picture of yours; but, alas! I am poor, having many claims upon me, and I have not an inch uncovered on my walls. But if you will condescend to do what you are so good as to say, I cannot resist your proposal. Mr. Leslie has just painted a small picture for me, 2 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in., and his price was thirty guineas. May I venture to make this same proposal to you?

Your idea of the subject I am delighted with, and I hope you will make no alteration but in the proportions of the figure.

Yours very truly,

S. ROGERS.*

* On the opposite leaf of this note is written, 2nd December, 1839. Rogers called to see (my picture of) 'The Duke,' and said, apropos of my 'Napoleon' at

From Colonel GURWOOD.

MY DEAR SIR, 23, Lowndes Street, 11th December, 1839.

I think I could take it upon myself to say that the Duke of Wellington never took his hat off to cheer on the troops on any one occasion, and that at Waterloo, although constantly under fire, he was in rear of the troops that fought, as all officers generally are, or they would prevent the fire of their own men.

I should say that his Grace never placed himself in a theatrical position, which might be paintable as a *fact*, but there may be many incidents which might make an interesting picture.

Very faithfully yours,
J. GURWOOD.

To his Wife.

Leeds, 16th December, 1839.

. . . . I have hardly seen Dr. Hook; the business of the vicarage is so harassing, that neither he nor any of his curates have been able to get to bed before three in the morning for the whole of this last week. Poor Mrs. Hook is in the midst of hooping-cough, and looks forlorn. But I dine with the vicar on Friday; yesterday I could not. The fact is, I cannot dine at mid-day, as they do on Sundays at the vicarage, so I took a walk for fresh air out to Woodhouse Moor—Woodhouse "mud," it should be, for of all the slimy, slippery, sticky, wet, muddy walks, I never met with anything equal to this. But Leeds is so buried in smoke that every green plot is a paradise; but they do not make the best of their paradise here. Mr. Gott's place in summer is pretty; but the tall chimneys are the end of all landscape about here, and bring you back to bricks and mortality at every point.

You would be astonished at the depth of the religious feeling in Leeds; it is not feeling, it is fury. I am half afraid to open my lips lest I offend some prejudice or the other. The Roman Catholic church is built, and a handsome building it is, and the Romanists are scattering tracts about plentifully, and moving

Drayton Manor, that the only thing Talleyrand and the Duchesse de Dino could not reconcile was the stoutness of Napoleon; and, said Rogers, "I wish you would paint one making him *thinner*, small," and looking keenly at me; "or large." I thought it my duty to offer to paint it small for *him*, and I wrote to him, and this is his answer.

B. R. HAYDON.

heaven and earth to make converts. Dr. Hook, however, keeps the lead; and Hamilton, the Dissenting minister, a fine fellow, seems very sore at the Doctor's name. It is curious; but the vice of professional jealousy runs deep into that sacred profession, whose duty it is to teach us how to overcome the envies and jealousies and petty feelings of our passionate nature. Dr. Hook gave us a splendid sermon yesterday on the Atonement: it was very fine indeed. The crowds which go to church and chapel on Sunday in Leeds are more numerous than in any town I ever saw before; *all* places of worship swarm with worshippers in Leeds. It is very remarkable, very creditable to the ministers, and highly honourable to the people. Leeds appears to me to be one of the best conducted and best behaved towns I know, and I should not be surprised if facts fully bore out this impression; indeed, the resident inhabitants of Leeds, Liverpool, and Manchester are much more religious than in London, and better people. Honest dealing seems to guide them more universally than with us in London. I don't think a Leeds tradesman ever thinks of cheating, or if he does, his religion prevents its practice: this is a good character.

I like Leeds for one reason—they are always so happy to see me, and make me so much "at home," I feel like coming into a large family I have known for years. They are a thoroughly good set at Leeds; they are such domestic, good people. In all that crash, at Leeds no bank went; Mr. Beckett helped them all and kept them up. This was very amiable, and an act of good brotherhood, which makes one a better Christian to hear of.

To his Sister, Mrs. Haviland.

My dear Hal, Sheffield, 3rd January, 1840.

I begin here to-night; Montgomery, the poet, is president. I lodge with two old maiden ladies, who make me die several times in the twenty-four hours. They bore me night and day to know if there be "*anything I want.*" At last I said I want "quiet." Last night one came in with the Sheffield paper, wherein the committee had advertised my lectures for to-night. The old lady looked at me so much as to say, "*and is he before my very eyes!*" gave a deep sigh, and went out again, leaving the paper on the table. Sometimes I hear awful whis-

perings, and then in comes the little girl and says, "Please, Sir, Miss Turner's compliments, and if there is anything you wish, she begs you will mention it." I reply: "I want nothing, my dear, but my breakfast at eight, my luncheon at one, and my dinner at five; and *don't worrit me in the interval.*" Then out goes the girl, and I hear her whisper, "*he says he won't be worrited;*" and then there's a dead silence for an hour; but they can't hold out longer.

Sheffield is the pleasantest place in all the manufacturing towns; the approach is very neat, and the road across the Yorkshire downs beautiful, like the Scotch hills. . . . Frank's going to Fairbairn's has lost him a year at a most critical time. He is entered for the October term, and goes to a private tutor near Oxford, meanwhile, with five or six other young fellows. Fred, I trust, will be off to sea in June. Had he been older he would have been at the bombardment of Acre; I wish he had. Did I ever tell you of his poor brother, when he was quite young, being left in command of the 'Algerine,' and the sailors, thinking him but a youngster, began to take liberties, and would not obey orders? He ordered up the gunner, had a carronade loaded, and told the men if they did not at once go to their work he would fire a gun for assistance from the flag-ship, and he settled them in five minutes. He was a glorious boy. His death has been a great blow to me. . . .

B. R. H.

Extract from Letter to his Wife.

Hull, 3rd January, 1840.

Poor Hilton is gone. All my life they puffed the poor fellow against me, and what has he done? Now they will puff him once more and for the last time. There is nothing mean men take such delight in as pretending great admiration for an inferior man in order to run down a man whose talents they cannot disprove. Hilton was a delicate, amiable, weak creature, who had no invention, and who pilfered from everybody living and dead. Fuseli used to call him the "bold tief." In my second picture I opposed him at the British Gallery for the hundred guinea prize, and I beat both Hilton and Howard who, by the way, the year before, had hung this very picture 'Dentatus,' out of sight in the ante-room of the Royal Academy.

Phillips contended that I had no right to the prize, because I had taken two years to paint 'Dentatus,' but the directors very properly turned a deaf ear to such absurdities.

Hilton had not only no invention, but he did not draw finely. But the academicians pushed him against me just as they pushed Bird against Wilkie. Where is Bird now? And where will Hilton be in a few years? where Bird is now, forgotten; yet I will be bound to say we shall have a huge hue and cry over poor Hilton, and we shall be told that the art has sustained an irreparable loss.

It is curious how malice urges men to praise those they really despise, in order to injure others they have a hatred of.

To Lord MELBOURNE.

MY DEAR LORD, Hull, 8th January, 1840.

It is long since I had the honour of writing. My lectures are still sought after and my reception the same. I have given three successive courses on the 'Principles of Art,' the 'History of Art,' the 'State of Art,' and all have been met by the same enthusiasm.

Wherever the Elgin Marbles were not known, and casts did not exist, I have induced their purchase, and admiration.

I am indeed happy to be convinced that her Majesty is advancing the Court taste by having herself painted in historical compositions. Though small, yet as I trust her Majesty's life will be long, this desire on her part will and must help to turn the Court taste from Dutch boors and the low humour of peasants.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you, the last day of the session, I have spent some days at Walmer with the Duke of Wellington, and I was highly delighted with him.

Nobody need wonder at his military success who hears him talk, or reads his despatches. The sound practical reasons he occasionally gave to us for many of his proceedings in Spain showed his sagacity and his genius, and in my opinion, and I know your Lordship will allow me to be a judge, I declare he tells a story better than any man I ever heard, not excepting Sir Walter Scott.

He gave me sittings for himself, *imagined* to be on the field of Waterloo with Copenhagen twenty years after the battle, and

I flatter myself you will neither be displeased with the picture or the portrait, should you have a moment's leisure to see it in the season when shown.

Your Lordship will see Hilton is dead, the historical painter; a good man, but not a great artist. In early life his merits were overrated by the Royal Academy in order to pit him against me, but I beat him wherever we met.

I first beat him with my second picture for the hundred guinea prize at the British Institution in 1810. He had considerable power, but little originality of invention. He pilfered from all. Fuseli called him "a bold tief." He was not master of the figure, though he knew a great deal of it. His best work is in Chelsea Church, though without one original thought. As keeper of the Royal Academy he will not be easily supplied. Eastlake is the only man fit to be his successor, classically, and as an artist.

To turn to another matter more immediately interesting to you, I believe the reports of distress in these parts to be exaggerated. Into the poorest parts of Leeds and elsewhere I made a point of going, and I saw fires and food, comfort and cleanliness. Where the 10,000 starving poor are would puzzle any man to find, though, of course, misery here and there does exist. Wishing you many happy returns of the season,

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Your grateful servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

To a Pupil.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 21st January, 1840.

I regret to hear of your father's difficulties. As I passed my word to your landlord to pay your rent due if you could not, so that you might be able to return home and help your father; and as you now write to me that you and your father are really unable to pay the rent, I will undoubtedly pay it, so make your mind easy, and don't let it press on you as a debt. I release you from it entirely. You obeyed me strictly, you advanced rapidly, you kept your word of following my instructions, and I kept mine of educating you if you were supported. But do not despair because you are this moment

unfortunate. Take adversity always as a correction, and success more to be feared.

I shall be most happy to see you again as soon as your circumstances and the help of your friends will enable you to come up to London; but you must act with energy, and not forget the precepts I gave you when here.

Yours faithfully,

B. R. Haydon.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Hull, 13th January, 1840.

I wish you could have been present here last night. We had a brilliant discussion. You must know that it is the fashion of the gentlemen here to read papers in their hall; and finding that the audiences to my lectures were double the usual amount on hall nights, and the lectures not admitting of reply, it became evident to me that something was brewing for my benefit; and a few days since they proposed to me to "read a paper" on a hall night. Certain old gentlemen had come to the conclusion that I might be all very well at a lecture, where, like the priest in the pulpit, no one replied to me, and I had it all my own way; but if I were caught on hall night, and laid open to discussion, I should be dissected to the public advantage in their opinion. I agreed at once to the proposal, and chose for my subject 'The Elgin Marbles,' and whether Lord Elgin was justified in removing the marbles from Greece. When I came in, the president sat in awful state, with the treasurer on one side and a vacant chair for me on the other, the platform crowded and the hall full. I read my paper to its conclusion; and then up got a little man, and soon forgot the subject-matter of my paper to fly off to the Academy question. He was called to order. Then up got a second and third, and lastly the president, all praising me highly, but maintaining that I had avoided the real question at issue, viz., as to whether Lord Elgin would not have shown greater regard for posterity if he had left the marbles where he found them. At last came my turn to reply, and I demolished all their flimsy arguments and assertions in ten minutes. I showed that in fifty years whole temples had dis-

appeared. I proved by printed evidence that it was the habit of the Turks to make the figures a target for musket practice; that the heads had been knocked off and polished into shot for their big guns; and that travellers and tourists daily and hourly were breaking off a hand here and a foot there to take home as a memento. If the Turks and the Greeks had relished and understood the merits of these works, I admitted then that the question became altered; but they did not, and indeed could not, and therefore Lord Elgin was justified in removing those invaluable fragments for the mere sake of securing their preservation from further injury. I sat down amidst thunders of applause, and the president putting the question to the vote, Lord Elgin was voted justified *nem. con.* As the president left the chair he whispered to me, "I should have said exactly what you said had I been in your place." I went off home quite satisfied; and the others to supper, to debate the question over again. I was content to leave it where it was.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Oxford, 2nd March, 1840.

Last evening I dined *en famille* with the warden of New College, and spent a very cheerful evening. His eldest daughter has a genius for humorous sketches, and showed me two in particular that made me die with laughing; one was that of an undergraduate, who, very tipsy one night, walked into the warden's kitchen instead of his own rooms, and could not be persuaded of his mistake. The servants therefore locked him in, and called the warden, who went down and tried to persuade the young gentleman to go to his own rooms, but to no purpose. The attitude of this drunken young scamp, standing on his heels and resting against the kitchen dresser, with his cap and tassel over his nose and his eyes, doggedly looking into space between the warden's legs, while the warden stood in front, finger up, was perfectly irresistible. I laughed over it until the tears came into my eyes. It was so true to life. She is a real genius, but of course will never develop her genius, because she will not have to work for a living.

I have learned more of Oxford these last few days than

I ever knew before. The undergraduates abuse the Fellows, the Fellows abuse the warden, and the warden complains of both.

A young fellow here the other day for the loan of 30*l.* down made himself liable for 850*l.*, and will have to pay it.

From (Sir) PETER FAIRBAIRN.

MY DEAR SIR, Leeds, 1st June, 1840.

Up to the moment I was obliged to leave town I was engaged as one of the Anti-Corn Law Committee, with business in connection with that all-absorbing question, affecting as it does the very vitals of the manufacturing and commercial interests of the country. I was indeed sorry it was put out of my power to pay my respects to you personally in Burwood Place, besides the pleasure I should have had in observing the progress you had made in the picture.

I would only beg of you not to hurry the picture before giving time to the colours to sink properly. Between you and me, I am anxious for your fame, as well as the pleasure I hope to have in a first-rate work, but I am well aware this can only be accomplished by a good deal of time and study being dedicated to the subject; I know you will forgive me if I speak out. Do not hurry the work, but take time, and in return you shall not want the means to get on in the interim. In ten days or a fortnight I shall be more in funds than I am at present, when I shall take care you are duly remembered.* Till then,

Believe me, truly yours,

P. FAIRBAIRN.

From T. MOORE.

DEAR MR. HAYDON, Sloperton, 1st December, 1840.

I am delighted to find myself so kindly remembered by you, and trust that some good chance may before long

* In a note underneath this, Haydon calls attention to the breadth of view and liberal tone of this letter, and with the real feeling it displays both for the Art and artist, as compared with the want of feeling and the querulous exactions of those patrons who know little of Art and care less for the artist, worry him with their petty suggestions and complaints instead of leaving him to his own design. —ED.

bring us together. I am not surprised at your success, whether as lecturer or painter, and if you inspire the Broadbrims with a love for the Arts you will indeed do wonders. Mrs. Moore was much pleased by your remembrance of her.

Ever truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

From WILLIAM HAMILTON, *on the Elgin Marbles.*

12 Bolton Row, 25th December, 1840.

I have read your note and paper, and I wish you a merry Christmas amongst your newly enlightened friends.* I hope the feeling you have created amongst them may not be only of a day.

I have read the report of your lecture on the Elgin Marbles, ... and I must trouble you with a few corrections on points which came under my own observation:—

a. The rock on which we split was a rock "à fleur d'eau," off the island of Cerigo, close to the mouth of the harbour.

b. We were not in our direct course for England, but had been obliged to put about the night before, having sprung a leak in a part of the ship where the weight of the marbles laid her too deep in the water.

c. I introduced Canova first to the marbles, and I never shall forget his attitude of astonishment and delight when gazing upon them as if they were really motionless living figures, and when he said, "Oh! that I were a young man, and had to begin again, I should work on totally different principles from what I have done, and form, I hope, an entirely new school."

It was evident, as you say also, that he at once saw that all the *chefs-d'œuvre*, as supposed, of antiquity which he had studied and admired at home or elsewhere, were in his eye as naught. And you are aware that even before he had seen them, or the description given of them to him by Lord Elgin at Rome, Canova had recommended him never to have them touched by the hands of a restorer.

* The abolitionists.—ED.

Indeed, we may date from that period the improved feeling now existing at home respecting the futility of restoring antique fragments, a practice now become almost obsolete, with the great exception, however, of the Ægina Marbles by Thorwaldsen.

d. Payne Knight had delivered his opinion of the (alleged) inferior character of the Elgin Marbles, and of their having been, part at least, set up by Hadrian, whilst Lord Elgin was then a *détenue* amongst other English in France, from whence he was not released until 1806. This was a very unlucky circumstance for their reception in this country—*les absents ont toujours tort.*

e. All the artists who conducted Lord Elgin's operations at Athens were engaged by me (except Luiserni, the landscape painter, who was recommended by *Sir* William Hamilton), and not at Naples, which could not have supplied them, but at Rome, where I went at Lord Elgin's request from Messina.

f. I had nothing to do with the details of the removal of the marbles from Athens (this was under the entire direction of Luiserni), though I happened to be present when the ship 'Mentor,' which was wrecked, sailed from the Piræus with a *portion* of them, about fifteen or eighteen large cases, four of which I recovered that year by means of divers, and the rest were found at the bottom of the sea by the same divers two years after, when the ship had gone to pieces.

g. The divers were not the inhabitants of the coast, i.e. the neighbouring coast. I had to send for them to the islands of Cos, Syene, &c., on the opposite coast of Asia Minor; and I waited their arrival in Cerigo, in which island I remained four months to carry on and complete the undertaking.

h. My valuation before the Committee of the House of Commons is, I believe, acknowledged now by all who think of the subject at all to be at least nearest the real value of the marbles, though still, if now to be valued, far from adequate.

i. I can't swim at all,* and therefore I am not likely to

* *Note by B. R. H.*—"Then you ought to have swum. To put you ashore in a boat destroys the poetry of the whole thing. Horrible!"—Ed.

have escaped from the shipwreck *swimming with my papers in my mouth.* Lord Elgin was fond of a good story.

Ever yours,

W. Hamilton.

To the Bishop of Chichester.

My dear Lord, London, 18th April, 1841.

I am glad Phillips is painting you, for I know no man in English portrait painting who equals his broad, manly power in men. With respect to his high opinion of my talents as an artist, it was a pity he did not perceive them in 1809, when he was one of the hangers of 'Dentatus,' and put it in the dark: a picture executed at twenty-two years of age on principles which, when explained to the University of Oxford thirty-one years afterwards, were received with enthusiasm. However, "blessed is the man to whom the Lord doth not impute sin."

I shall be most happy to see his portrait of you, as I feel sure it will be a fine one; and after he has done, your Lordship must give me a sitting for my collection.

I am, my dear Lord, ever truly yours,

B. R. Haydon.

To a young Lady who had been deaf and dumb through illness.

My dearest Elizabeth, 19th October, 1841.

I am very happy to hear from you; and if you will send up your drawings to me, I will always correct them and send them back. You shall have a drawing-book in a few days, as soon as I have time to get it. Make yourself, my dear Elizabeth, mistress of drawing, because, though God has deprived you of hearing, He has blessed you with sight, the greatest blessing of all the senses; and if you will cultivate drawing, you will never have an irksome moment, and you will never care about hearing. I assure you many people would be glad to be deaf sometimes, they hear such disagreeable things. You cannot put up your hands to your ears, for that would

be rude, but you can shut your eyes in a moment if you do not like to see anything offensive.

I know a good man whom God has deprived of hearing; but he had good eyes, and he studied drawing, and drew beautifully, and he was the happiest man in the world, as you will be the happiest woman, if you learn to draw. Don't draw nonsense; but draw the human head, and face, and eyes, and then you will be able to draw your good papa and mamma, and sister and brother, and that will make you and them very happy.

Trust in God, my dear little friend, and pray to Him every night and every morning, and feel grateful for the many blessings you enjoy in spite of the one affliction He has been pleased to give you. You will find, after all, that you will remember Him more, and pray to Him oftener, and be more blessed than other people who are able to hear everything—and yet forget Him all their lives.

Kind regards to papa and mamma.

Your affectionate friend,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Serjeant TALFOURD.

3, Serjeants' Inn, 23rd October, 1841.

I cannot refrain from expressing to you how much gratified we were by the lecture your kindness afforded us the opportunity of hearing last night on Sir David Wilkie. The details of his early course, steeped in the feeling of old regard, had a double interest from the subject and the relator, which I have scarcely ever (if ever) felt on such an occasion; and the whole, full of instruction for students of Art, was no less affecting and suggestive to us who are only worshippers in the outer gate of the Temple. You did not want admirers, even from the Academy, for Maclise, who sat next to us, expressed himself exceedingly charmed by the entire lecture.

I hope that Sir Robert Peel, who I rejoice to find in friendly communication with you, will take care that in the decoration

* This kindly hope was not realised. The decision of the Commission, of which Sir Robert Peel was the leading member, set aside Haydon from any share in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.—ED.

of the new Houses of Parliament with works of High British Art, you shall have a fair scope for your genius; and if he should accomplish this, I shall be quite reconciled to all the events which have made him what he is—and what, if his life is spared, he will assuredly continue for many years.

Believe me, &c.,

T. N. TALFOURD.

Extract from MR. HAROLD STANLEY, *on German Cartoons.*

Munich, 9th April, 1842.

The Germans seek so little after peculiarity in the execution of their work, or I should rather say manner, that the process of each, with the slightest variation, is the same. Their finished sketch of a composition is in lead-pencil. If for a large work, they are of some considerable size. Kaulbach's, for the 'Battle of the Huns,' was 5 feet; for his 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' 7 feet; the figures being in this smaller, from their number. Professor Hess's are not so large, but more highly finished, and completely studied from nature, so that from them his pupils can finish the cartoon, he having only to retouch. In these sketches they give, with or without nature, the intended expressive action and throw of drapery; in other words, the whole is composed to be afterwards corrected more fully by nature in the large cartoon. Schnorr is the only artist here who works his large cartoon from a slight scribble sketch, merely for the position of the figure. Formerly he employed the same means I have mentioned. He possesses an inconceivable rapidity of execution. With the exception of Hess, they all work their own cartoons. An outline is then made from the sketch on the cartoon, and each individual figure worked out, one by one, beginning, if the subject allows it, of that figure or figures wherein the strongest interest lies; the character or quantity of the shadow being guided by the sketch. The cartoon is worked in charcoal, shadows rubbed in with a stump. Kaulbach, from his great correctness in drawing, is never satisfied until his lines are determined, always runs over them with *coulé*-chalk, and sharpens at the same time the various parts.

When the drawing is finished, it is steamed, and a tracing

of the whole is then made to be applied to the wall. A German hardly ever designs the outline of even the most trifling thing in any other material than charcoal, tracing with it the finest possible line. When satisfied as to its correctness, he sketches over it with a lead-pencil, rubbing in the shadows. They make almost invariably all their studies with a lead-pencil.

Yours very truly,

HAROLD STANLEY.

From HORATIO SMITH.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Brighton, 23rd July, 1842.

I hope you continue in good health, with improved sight, and your old energetic resolution to fight your way manfully to the last, and leave a NAME behind you, if you had nothing else to leave. For me, I feel that I am getting old both in body and intellect, but I am thankful to say that I have no serious ailments, and that my spirits are good. How time runs out! I have no recollection of your children except as youngsters, and I am very glad to find that they promise so well as they advance towards the active business of life. *We* have had our struggles, Heaven knows! but those of the rising generation will be still more arduous, for they will have greater competition and worse times to encounter.

Ever, dear Haydon, yours very truly,

HORATIO SMITH.

To his Sister, Mrs. HAVILAND.

MY DEAR HARRIET, London, 28th October, 1842.

I have done my cartoon ('Adam and Eve'), and am on 'Curtius.' I mean to paint my own head for him. As I have never done this, I think it but fair.

I really feel uneasy about Art. Eastlake is so decidedly German. The School of Design I founded has got into the hands of two young men with German tendencies, who are doing great mischief. I shall oppose it, and have begun. The French make all mechanics draw and paint the figure first, and then go to ornament. The Germans begin with ornament, and then go to the figure. The French is the sound code, because

the mechanics learn sound Art, and carry sound Art to ornamental Art; while the Germans become corrupted by ornamental Art, and carry bad taste to High Art. Yet in spite of the evidence of the superiority of the French system, Eastlake advised the German system to be adopted. In a few years, if not checked, glare, flatness, hardness, and violence will take the place of colour, harmony, reality, and nature in the English School.

It is a dangerous thing to interfere, but interfere I must—in the public interest and in the interest of Art.

To EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR EASTLAKE, **London, 31st October, 1842.**

If you remain Secretary for the Commission another year, your amiableness will go. What occasion was there for you to write me such an irritable note?* I went to see Hess's picture, as you asked of me, and at once perceived the principle which you have recently engrafted on your own style.

As you had previously belonged to the Council of the School of Design, what trouble could it give you to tell me if you had recommended Herbert as well as Dyce? Because if you did, there is surely some foundation for my fear that, with the very best intentions for the taste of the country, you have a design to engraft German Art on the rising youth, for both Dyce and Herbert are German to the bone and marrow. You are also in correspondence with Cornelius and Schnorr, and surely it is not any insult to you to infer that you will take their advice, and thus become, in spite of yourself, an instrument in their hands to advance their sectarian doctrines.

My system of reform in our Art was to add what we wanted without losing what we have. The German system is to abolish what we have by substituting what we have not.

Every now and then, when I ask you a searching question, you threaten me with a dissolution of intercourse. My dear Eastlake, I am quite passive, and leave the decision to you.

The Art of my country and the elevation of the taste of its people, have been the leading objects of my existence from my

* The note in question is missing, as well as the reply, although once wafered into the Journal.

boyhood. For this I have sacrificed everything that could advance my own personal interests in life; and you may rely on it, that having got the people so far on the road, I shall be ever alive and watchful to any danger which may render them the victims of false theories and barbarian practice, under whatever shelter they be put forth.

I am, dear Eastlake, yours truly,

B. R. HAYDON.

To EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR EASTLAKE, London, 4th November, 1842.

The question between us is, did you or did you not recommend Herbert?

You do not answer this question, but you evade it by saying that I raise "a gratuitous assumption." If you did recommend him, it is not a gratuitous assumption. If you did not, I will admit my error and apologise.

You recommended Dyce as a teacher, and I say and will prove that Dyce is vicious as an artist. I ask you if you recommended Herbert, who is also vicious, though not to the same degree, and you reply that I raise "false assumptions," but you do not answer my question.

With respect to German Art, I wish to speak with all the respect due to an illustrious school; but I can admit of no palliation for adopting, at a more advanced period of Art, a principle that was only acted on in utter ignorance in a period of barbarism.

I will admit of no palliation for leaving out colour, light and shadow, backgrounds, handling and seizing the leading points of objects by a touch, leaving atmosphere to unite the abstraction.

I affirm that the highest quality of expression and form are injured by the omission, and are rendered doubly effectual by the adoption.

I affirm that there is more drawing and comprehension of mind in the mode of drawing a head as it is drawn by Velasquez, than in the 'Hero' of Cornelius or a head of Hess.

As to the Germans speaking with "contempt of English Art," is that any proof we deserve it? My dear Eastlake, how can you be so simple? They want employment over here. They *want a bit of English cake.* Did you ever know a German, from prince to peasant, who did not? And if Cornelius and his fellow-

Germans can persuade the travelling English that we British painters are unfit, or not capable to decorate our own Houses of Parliament, they may succeed in getting a slice. But it is not the less our duty to resist any such attempt.

To conclude; I think you have done English Art great injury by your recommendation of Mr. Dyce to his post at the School of Design; and if Herbert came also under your advice, you have increased that injury.

With regard to your report, we are all very much indebted to you for the valuable materials you have collected, only "forget not England's precedence" of teaching nations how to paint as well as to govern and fight; and believe me a man may yet "be wise, and never see the Louvre."

Believe me yours affectionately,

B. R. HAYDON.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Thursday, 17th November.

Thanks for the ticket of your syllabus of lectures. Success to all your rational views.

Yours always,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

From HAYDON *to* EASTLAKE.

London, 18th November.

You dog! I have no irrational views. I love my country's glory more than I do my life.

I claim for it the same opportunity to raise a name in Art by State employment as the German artists did for Germany when their State employment spread its blessings upon them.

I see no right that they have to intrude upon us when we are in a progressive state, and only want from our Government that which they get from their own.

You wish success to my rational views; I wish confusion to your German ones (if you hold any).

But, my dear Eastlake, let Art never make any difference between *us*. I lament in Art there is not the same breeding as in politics.

Politics in public life make no difference in private friendship, nor ought politics in Art.

I am always yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To his Sister, MRS. HAVILAND.

(No date), 1842.

I have had a kind letter from Eastlake, but still I fear I have been slighted. Of all—Hussey, Barry, West, Reynolds—I am certainly the man who *sacrificed everything*, and by keeping the subject of public employment for painters before the public, have at length brought matters to their present state. My theory at least is admitted to be correct, and practical effect is about to be given to it; yet my pupil is examined and I am omitted. The fact is, tribunals on Art in England are timid for want of knowledge. They have not the energy to act *at once;* but are always putting off the responsibility of placing confidence in any one man, fearing to give any one man a chance of great distinction; and most of all fearing to give me such a chance, because if they were to give it to me, what can they say for rejecting and neglecting me for so long? Eight and thirty years have I been in the Art, and out of those years for *thirty-two years* I have had no commissions; and now, after telling me for eight and thirty years that I am *wrong,* they find out that I am *right!* I wait for the report, and then be assured if I am not done justice to, I will come down with my sledge-hammer of iron truths. Sir Robert Peel may be my friend, and may intend to do me right, but is it not a disgrace to expect me to descend into the arena at fifty-six years of age, and to contend for a prize? I, too, who have painted 'Solomon,' and 'Jerusalem,' and 'Lazarus'! but to give me a commission, oh, no! that would offend the Royal Academy; it would be flying in their faces; and how can I expect justice if I do compete? Who is to bestow it? I competed for the Nelson competition (which ended in the present wretched monument); and although everybody, even Westmacott, said that my plan of combining painting with architecture was the *best,* yet I had no chance.

Now ought I, with all this prejudice against me, risk my reputation a second time? Do write and give me your well-

weighed opinion on the propriety of competing or not with the cartoons.

Ever your affectionate brother,

B. R. HAYDON.

From ELIZABETH BARRETT (BROWNING).

MY DEAR SIR,

My intention was to return by your messenger, when he should come for the picture, some expression of my sense of your very great kindness in trusting it with me, together with this sonnet, but having since heard from my sister that it may be almost as long as I wish (no! it can't be so long) before you send such a messenger, I cannot defer thanking you beyond to-day, lest you should fancy me either struck dumb with the pleasure you conferred, or still worse, born an ungrateful person.

Pray, dear Sir, believe how different is the reality from the last supposition.

I have indeed looked at your picture until I lost my obligation to you in my admiration of your work, but in no other way have I been ungrateful. How could I be so? I have seen the great poet who "reigns over us" twice, face to face, and by you I see him the third time. You have brought me Wordsworth and Helvellyn into this dark and solitary room. How should I not thank you? Judge for yourself, Mr. Haydon.

But you will judge the Sonnet, too, and will probably not acquit it. It confesses to speaking unworthily and weakly the feeling of its writer, but *she* is none the less your obliged

ELIZABETH BARRETT.

P.S.—A letter from our mutual dear friend, Miss Mitford, says that Mr. Lucas had been talking to her rapturously of your cartoon, *the* cartoon which I have seen with my ears.

MRS. BROWNING'S *Sonnet on* HAYDON'S *Picture of* WORDSWORTH, 1842.

"Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,

Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland vallies floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined
Before the sovran thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud;
Takes here his rightful place as Poet-Priest
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer
To the yet higher heavens. A vision free
And noble, Haydon, hath thine art releast.
No portrait this with academic air!
This is the poet and his poetry."

From Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK.

Goodrich Court, Ross, Hereford,
4th February, 1843.

SIR,

Several years have elapsed since I had the pleasure of seeing you, but your great talents live in my memory; I am therefore anxious to return such sort of answers to your queries as most fully suit your purpose.

This will oblige me to refer to contemporary writers in order that you may have good authorities, which I will do as soon as possible.

This, therefore, is merely to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and to assure you that I will pay due attention to its contents.

I remain, Sir, &c.,

SAML. MEYRICK.

From Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, 6th February, 1843.

I cannot give you the full information I could have wished, because I have neither Knighton nor Murimuth in whose annals are the particulars of the scene you intend to represent. Froissart I have searched diligently, but he does not notice the procession through London.

You may certainly have the street, but not in the modern style, with foot pavements at the side. It must be like one in a French town, with a couple of gutters, or one in middle, as at Rouen, for instance, and the houses in the old style, with gables.

Although of much later date, the print by Vertue, published

by the Society of Antiquaries of the procession of Edward VI., through the city, will give you some idea how the hangings and tapestry were arranged; and I dare say Colnaghi could show you other unobjectionable authorities. Please to read 'Lingard's Descriptive History of England.' 8vo. ed., vol. 4, pp. 106. He says that the King of France was on a cream-coloured charger, with magnificent trappings. Turner, in his 'History of England,' says, "a white courser," but as both mention the trappings, I think unless you find anything to the contrary in the authors mentioned on the other side, you would be justified in putting him in armour. The trappings, I conceive, would be a housing of sky-blue, powdered with gold fleur-de-lys. King John's jupon of the same, which may be partly hid by a cloak, if you choose. Turner says, the Black Prince was on a small black pony, with nothing to distinguish him. I should therefore advise you to dress him like Stothard's monumental effigy (the ornament of which is rubbed away from the breast) of William of Hatfield. Put a sword in his military girdle, but none to that of the King of France.

You will find representations of John, King of France, in Monfaucon's 'Monarchie Française,' but the armour of both countries was alike.

I would recommend you to buy a little book which formed one of the library of entertaining knowledge, published by Knight, Ludgate Street, for about 4*s.* 6*d.*, and probably at other booksellers now to be had for less, the 'History of British Costume,' by Planché. This will give you authorities in all cases, and may be fully relied on.

Wishing I could do better as bellows-blower to an excellent performer,

I remain, my dear Sir, truly yours,

SAML. MEYRICK.

From Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Goodrich Court, 7th February, 1843.

Most certainly you may, and ought to put chimneys, not with chimney-pots, as at present; and I should think your buildings ought to be timber-houses, like those in Coventry and Chester.

I find I have Murimuth bound as a 2nd vol. to Twist, and so

lettered. Not a word does he say beyond the arrival of John in England in 1357, so that Knighton is the only author you need examine. Gower would be twenty-seven years of age in 1357, and Chaucer about seventeen or eighteen, as on his legal examination as a witness in 1386 he states himself to be forty years and upwards.

I think you had better ask Colnaghi to show you a sketch by Kerricke, of the equestrian statue of Bernabo Visconte, Duke of Milan, as the leather trappings of the horse would be authority for you for the Black Prince's, and as he is in armour without his bassinet and camail, you might so attire John putting a cap on his head which you might find in Planché. This etching would also show you the form of the saddle. If you wish to put the King of France in a robe of peace, unless Knighton says to the contrary, you would be at perfect liberty to do so, but take care that the illumination in the British Museum be of your date, for there is not one copy of Froissart there that is.

Truly yours,

SAML. MEYRICK.

From Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Goodrich Court, 7th February, 1843.

You have acted a hazardous part in encouraging me to write, now you have taught me how to get such pretty sketches. Nothing can be better than the last you have sent me, and if you like you can put on John a short cloak that would float away behind, as you will find an authority for the same in Montfaucon. As he appears not so much a prisoner as an honoured guest, his head should have some covering, as a light hood, or a cap with a single feather (ostrich), put upright in the front, and bent back by the wind. In this last sketch of the Black Prince you have obviated my objection about the camail, and the positions of both horse and rider are spirited in the extreme. John was at this period aged thirty-eight and the Black Prince twenty-seven.

How capitally you have given the idea of the head of the horse for John! and you have very correctly ornamented his bridle. There is a fine noble dignity that exactly coincides with what you have written.

I can give you no idea of a City Emblem. The banner of the citizens was St. George's Cross without the sword in the first quarter, which, as you know, was added in the ensuing reign.

As yours is a grand procession, and not a hunting match, there would be no impropriety in putting the French king in shoes instead of boots. The custom of so riding on grand occasions was continued to a much later period.

Both your figures should have the dagger at the girdle. See Stothard's 'Monumental Effigies' for the mode of suspending it.

I don't know whether or not the directions of the funeral procession of the Black Prince, given by himself in his last Will, may be of any use to you; but they seem to me so very curious that I hazard their insertion. Of course, the armorial bearings of peace you cannot introduce, they being intended only for the tournament.

"And we will see that two coursers, covered with our arms, and two men, armed in our arms and in our helmets" (one for the tournament and the other for war), "shall go before our said body: that is to say, the one for war with our arms quartered, and the other for peace with our badges of ostrich feathers, with four banners of the same suit: and that every one of those who bear the said banners shall have a chapeau of our arms, and that he who shall be armed for war shall have a man armed bearing after him a black pennon with ostrich feathers."

I remain, truly yours,

SAML. MEYRICK.

P.S.—I am a good deal of the opinion you express, "au secret, mais nous verrons."

From Sir SAMUEL MEYRICK.

MY DEAR SIR, Goodrich Court, 11th February, 1843.

I was about to thank you for your very clever and spirited sketch, and to assure you that no one should see it, when your letter of the 7th was put into my hand. It appears to me that you are quite at liberty to dress the figures either in the garments of peace or war, as best suits your composition, and the authority you mention for John of France seems the very best possible. It may be worth your while to look into

Johne's translation of Froissart, as Turner quotes him alone, chap. clxxiii. pp. 368–70, though I have examined the French original in vain. It is Lingard who gives Murimuth and Knighton as his authorities.

I am not surprised that you have found in Lord Willoughby's stud a horse to your purpose, for I remember some years back he used to drive a splendid animal in his cab that had quite the character of a fine charger. The moment my eyes met your speaking sketch, the idea flashed on my mind that the cartoon was intended for the new Parliament House. I am glad to find my conjecture realised, as I now know that there will at least be one good picture for posterity. Last year I was at Versailles to view the historic series there so much boasted of. I saw nothing of the first class; some pretty good, and the rest colour and canvas. In May I hope to be in London, and should my time admit, will have the pleasure of calling upon you. May I take the liberty?

The camail is far more picturesque as you have drawn it than as represented on the monumental effigies. In these it seems to form an unnatural line, but I take it there was buckram within, as then the space between it and the neck would allow it to give with a cut, and thus be less likely to be severed. Can't you do something between?

Depend on it, there is much more general interest in subjects of the Middle Ages than in those of classic times. All people are not acquainted with the latter, and the costume varies but little, though I admit all you say of the naked in works of art.

In any historic event connected with Scotland you have as great an advantage as if you copied from the Roman Legionaries. So with the Ancient Britons; and this makes me wonder that the 'Landing of Julius Cæsar,' so picturesquely described by himself, has never been sketched for the easel. This should be the commencement of our historic series.

I beg you will apply to me whenever you think I can be of service, for this is the only way I can hope to benefit the art of which I am passionately fond, and if, in a more genial season of the year, you wish to paint from actual armour, the collection here, I think, you will not find of less value than that in the Tower.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

SAML. MEYRICK.

To his Sister, MRS. HAVILAND.

12th July, 1843.

I assure you the cartoons are an honour to the country and to the British School. But the 'Landing of Cæsar,' by Armitage,* is a glaring instance of defective proportion and drawing; and coming from the French School is extraordinary. The English now decidedly draw better. All the young men yesterday crowded about me, and said, "*This is your doing.*" It was an honour to their hearts, and it is true, for to no man are they more indebted than to me.

From CHARLES L. WIGRAM, *on the Death of Rumöhr.*

SIR, Dresden, 28th July, 1843.

I address these few lines to you, believing that it will be preferable to you to hear from a certain source the intelligence of the death of a person in whom you felt interest, rather than read it in the newspapers.

Baron Rumöhr of Lubec expired here on the 25th inst.

During the last eighteen months I was in an almost uninterrupted exchange of friendly intercourse with him, and read several letters from you addressed to him, as he was unaccustomed to read English writing.

His disorder was water on the chest. Two years since he had a fit in Copenhagen, the effects of which greatly impaired his speech, and he here had attacks somewhat similar, but from which he rallied quickly. Some vexatious circumstances, though trifling in themselves, have very likely accelerated his death; he had much vexation about a house he had purchased in Lubec; and in Berlin, where he was part of last winter, the king requested his opinion of some purchases made in Italy by Dr. Waagen.

Rumöhr took me with him to see them, and urged me to support their merit. "Every one here knows you have been long in Italy, and will value what you say; remember that the thing must be supported."

* Mr. Armitage was a pupil of De la Roche, and according to my father's account was purposely brought over by the late Earl of Ellesmere to compete with the English students.—ED.

It is certainly singular that Dr. Waagen should have made such incredible mistakes; but three copies, one purchased by him as an original Correggio; the copy of a known picture by Rubens; another copy of a portrait by Rubens, purchased as a Paul Veronese; and a copy of Claude Lorraine for an original, are among the number.

Besides which, with the exception of *very few* indeed, Dr. Waagen's purchases by no means merited a place in the Museum, or indeed in any collection of merit.

Rumöhr was much vexed that he could not meet the wishes of the king by upholding them, and he left Berlin.

He came hither on his way to Töplitz, where, after six weeks' discomfort rather than severe suffering, he expired suddenly on the 25th July. His age was about 60.

I first made his acquaintance here about twelve years since.

The impression I had received, from what was said about him, was that his religious principles were those of infidelity. A long conversation which I had with him in Lubec, I am thankful to say, satisfied my mind on this point. He never concealed his opinion when asked, and if he spoke the conviction of his mind on this point he was decidedly a Christian in the true acceptation of the word.

I have intruded longer on you than I purposed. Pray accept my excuses, and

Believe me, Sir, &c.,

CHARLES L. WIGRAM.

From the Secretary of Lord NELSON.

DEAR SIR, Brighton, 11th October, 1843.

I shall be most happy to give you all the information in my power relative to the Copenhagen affair, especially the circumstances attending that important event, the sending on shore in the midst of the action Lord Nelson's celebrated note addressed to the "Brothers of Englishmen, the Danes."

Lord Nelson wrote the note at the casing of the rudder head, and as he wrote I took a copy, both of us standing. The original was put in an envelope and sealed with his arms. At first I was going to secure it with a wafer, but he would not allow this to be done, observing that it "must be sealed," or

the enemy "would think it was written and sent on shore in a hurry." The man I sent below for a light never returned, having been killed on his way.

To the best of my recollection the admiral wore a plain, blue, sort of great coat, without epaulettes or gold lace, but on his breast were his several orders, and he wore a plain cocked-hat.

Civilians in those days were not required to wear a uniform. My dress was a plain blue coat, blue trousers, with a white kerseymere waistcoat.

The decks, as you observe, were perfectly clear fore and aft, and the place where the note was written was on the extreme after part of the ship. Captain Foley commanded the 'Elephant.' Captain Thesiger, to the best of my remembrance held no command, but was merely a volunteer on board Sir Hyde Parker's flag-ship, and in consequence of his knowledge of Copenhagen and the Danish language he was considered the fittest officer to be entrusted with the flag of truce.

I shall be very glad to see you on Wednesday, and shall be delighted to give you any further information.

I am, dear Sir,

THOS. WALLIS.

From HAYDON *au* RÉDACTEUR *du* '*Journal des Débats.*'

MONSIEUR,

L'article de M. Delescluze sur la grande composition de M. Delaroche au Palais des Beaux-Arts a vivement fixé mon attention. L'auteur est un homme de beaucoup de talent, et ses remarques sur l'état de l'art en France sont également applicables à l'art en Angleterre. Il déplore avec raison qu'à Paris les jeunes gens soient tous des maîtres isolés et indépendants de tout contrôle, et que l'usage de cinq ou six chefs guidant et dirigeant des écoles soit tombé en désuétude, de sorte qu'il n'y a plus dans la décoration des édifices publics cette unité qui régnait autrefois dans ces travaux quand ils avaient une seule direction.

L'ouvrage récent de M. Delaroche est une exception. Je connais bien le génie de ce peintre et l'admire beaucoup, ayant souvent vu les deux tableaux qu'il a peints pour le Duc de Sutherland et Lord Egerton. J'espère aller voir bientôt sa

nouvelle œuvre au Palais des Beaux-Arts. D'après l'examen que j'en ai lu dans votre journal, je prends la liberté, sans prétendre imposer mon opinion à vos lecteurs, de remarquer qu'à mon avis M. Delaroche a été injuste en plaçant Apelles sur le trône et Phidias à son côté.

Le grand peintre monumental de la Grèce était Polygnotos, et non Apelles. Apelles était le Titien et non pas le Raphaël de son temps. Ses ouvrages étaient des figures et des portraits parfaitement finis, mais non de grandes œuvres nationales comme le Vatican. Apelles était le précurseur de la décadence, comme l'est toujours un talent aussi achevé. Polygnotos a été le grand inventeur, le grand compositeur épique: il a peint un cycle à Delphes, un autre à Thespies, le Poidile et les Propylées à Athènes. Le conseil des Amphictyons avait décrété qu'il serait entretenu aux frais du peuple et il offrit gratuitement ses œuvres à son pays. C'était un génie digne de Phidias: c'était là l'homme qui devait être mis sur le trône, et non pas Apelles, un peintre de portraits fashionables, qui composait des Vénus, mais qui n'était pas un créateur fécond dans le grand style.

Je me permets donc de protester contre l'injustice faite à Polygnotos par un homme aussi éminent que Delaroche, espérant que vous voudrez bien donner place à ma protestation dans votre journal.

B. R. HAYDON.

Un artiste éminent, qui tient le premier rang parmi les peintres en Angleterre, M. Haydon, nous adresse, au sujet du beau travail que M. Paul Delaroche vient de terminer au Palais des Beaux-Arts, les observations précédentes, que nous nous sommes empressés de reproduire.

To his Son FREDERIC, *H.M.S. 'Penelope'*

MY DEAR FREDERIC, **London, 14th March, 1844.**

You must never believe in the "croakers." There are plenty of them in every profession. In the army and navy they seem to abound. A certain class of men could not exist without "croaking." I have lived in the world now more than half a century, and I never remember any period of my life at which I was not assured by these people that England had seen her best days, and her decline had set in. My dear

boy, if you live another fifty years you will hear the same story constantly repeated, and you will see what I see, your glorious country higher and greater than ever. The sun of England is only just rising above the horizon. The fools, to think that because of some passing cloud the glory of England was to set! The people of England are the greatest people on earth; and in proportion as they acquire knowledge and skill, they will improve their machinery and appliances, extend their commerce, and increase their capital. England is wealthy and numerous now. In fifty years her wealth and numbers will be quadrupled. You have no conception of the energy and enterprise of the great nation to which you belong, and of the vast future before it.

There are many dangers I admit; but by giving the people a sound education and training—and by the people I mean the nobility and middle classes quite as much as the working classes, for if anything the nobility want it most—we may escape them. But never despair of your country. Progress is slow; but provided it be not checked by foolish laws or too many laws, it is certain to advance in the right direction. The only things I see likely to inflict injury upon us are the neglect of sound education, and the giving political power to the people before they are prepared to receive it. If ever that be done, you will have trouble in England for a period, and perhaps a great struggle. The fierce democratic hatred of superiority, which lies hid beneath the surface of their labour in the hearts of the working classes, may some day, if not wisely provided for by education, bring about a state of things which I do not like to think of. But yet there is in the English people such a solid substratum of good sense, that follies of that kind would soon work their own cure. But prevention is better than cure.

You are quite right to read history; make yourself master of the histories of Greece and Rome. The English people are in many respects not unlike the Athenians without their Art, and like the Romans without their profligacy. Read your Bible daily. There is no more interesting book in the world; and it is becoming more necessary to read it and study it, because I already perceive a tendency among our scientific men, in all their pride of knowledge and what they call discovery, to set the Bible aside as an Oriental legend. Do

Portrait of Haydon's Wife.
1817.

not believe them. The Mosaic account of the Creation is the most simple and the most natural, and will be found, you may rely on it, confirmed by science, when science has got down to the real facts. Generalisation, founded on our present knowledge of the laws of nature, is the very thing which our present acquaintance with those laws does not justify.

I am convinced that no thoroughly established and settled scientific theory will be found to contradict the truths revealed in the Bible. But you are too young yet for me to enter further upon this subject. I only tell you of it to put you on your guard. You will find many men, old and grown-up men, who will laugh at the Bible. Don't believe them. Mathematics are all very well; but the differential calculus, my dear boy, can never prove or disprove the existence of God. Read your Bible, do your duty, and leave the rest to God.

Ever your affectionate father,

B. R. HAYDON.

To his Wife.

Liverpool, 1st April, 1844.

Poor old Winstanley, Dr. Frekleton and others when building their gallery took me over to show to me as a wonderful thing, and it certainly was, for they had so placed the light, at the sides instead of in the middle, that no picture could ever be seen. I pointed this defect out to them and to their architect, but he laughed at my objections, finished the roof, and brought in the pictures. Not one could be seen. Ashamed of his blunder and of spending so much money, they applied to me for a plan and I sketched one for them and referred them further to the Borter House at Rugby as the true method of lighting a picture gallery. Three hundred pounds more were collected, the roof altered so as to place the light in the middle, and now the pictures are seen to perfection.

The other day when going through their gallery once more to see the effect of my suggestions, I was much amused to hear first one, and then the other, boast *to me* that they had "always said so," &c.

It is the same at Manchester among a certain set. They actually serve up my own lectures to me as their own original

thoughts. I suppose every writer has to submit to this at times, but the effect at first is startling: you doubt your own individuality for a moment. In future I will communicate with nobody privately. If a body want information, the body shall apply for it. Now the old foxes come to me privately, obtain from me all they want, and then bring forward, as their own plan, that which I have furnished them with.

I have been much amused to see that some of these profound gentlemen at their gallery has attributed to Guido a copy of Raphael's Venus in his Cupid and Psyche. I shall say not a word, and somebody by-and-by will find it out, and their profundity will receive a fall. This is unchristian, but I really cannot help it.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Liverpool, 3rd April, 1844.

I lodged last week with a poor widow at Manchester who was one of the few saved from the wreck of the 'Rothsay Castle' steamer in 1831.* Out of the 133 passengers 110 were drowned. She and her husband got fast to a spar with rigging attached to it. *He died* and hung entangled in the ropes, and for eleven hours she floated about in the sea with his dead body under her eyes. She was at last rescued by a boat. Do you not recollect the case? The steamer was on an excursion to the Welsh coast with a party of pleasure. If you talk to her about it, the expression of her face becomes piercingly keen, as if she saw her husband's ghastly corpse before her. She says she saw him die but was too weak to help him. His body was taken up with her. She says she often dreams of the shriek of the passengers when the ship parted in two, and about fifty were swept under at once. Good God, what an awful moment!

Manchester, 9th April, 1844.

Only think of what has happened. I had established here, as you know, a school of design, with the figure as the basis. Some time since, again influenced by those obstinate ignoramuses in London, the council here allowed itself to be

* The 'Rothsay Castle' was wrecked on Puffin Island, off Beaumaris, 17th August, 1831. Since this wreck a lighthouse had been constructed on the S.W. front.—Ed.

persuaded to abolish the figure. The young men behaved admirably well. They met together, subscribed, and continued the figure privately, and waited for my coming down. Now that I have arrived they have brought me their drawings, which are admirable for their accuracy, breadth and finish. This is going on like the early Christians. Persecution like this will make the thing. These councils and pupils are doing here what is being done by councils and pupils in many of the great towns at which I have lectured. Such is the baneful and mischievous influence of that blot of centralised ignorance in London, the moment my back is turned they seek to undo all the good I have done. But if the young men only remain sound, and continue to draw the figure, those gentlemen in London will one day be brought to acknowledge their error. It is pitiable to find such obstinacy and ignorance, wilful intentional ignorance, of what is for this great country's good, in high places.

To R. GRESWELL, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 14th April, 1844.

Permit me to congratulate you on your manly speech at the Artists' Fund Dinner. That is the way to speak out; you have advanced the cause immensely, and I have no fear of its ultimate success.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours respectfully,

B. R. HAYDON.

To CHARLES BARRY.

MY DEAR BARRY, London, 26th April, 1844.

I have seen the octagon room, the robing room, corridor, and all the rooms and halls rising up where brick preparations for frescoes were being made, and I wish to state to you my opinion as follows:—

1. It must be admitted that all fresco decorations should look as if they had been conceived by the architect when he first designed his plan, and *not* as if subsequently invented and forced in.

2. The boundary of each fresco decoration should be the

actual architectural boundary of the space, and not an arbitrary division, which is not necessarily a part of the building, and should be able to exist as a component part, if decoration were absent altogether.

3. It must be admitted that fresco decoration should look as much a portion of the building as the columns on the stone.

These are my three leading points in the admission of fresco in any building—Gothic, Greek, Italian, or Byzantine.

The moment frescoes are made square, or upright, or circular, or angular, unless each shape is an actual part of the architectural plan, they look not like decorative portions, but like pictures in a gallery.

On this ground I objected to Nash's drawings of the entrance chamber, where a series of small square frescoes took away entirely all idea of commemorative design. Now pray, my dear Sir, get rid of all shapes which are not flat portions under pointed arches, and bounded by them. Spaces regulated only by the actual shape of the actual arch give a grand air of series, and would give a spring to the design of the country. But, be assured, unless all your spaces for fresco be enlarged by heightening, as it is impossible to widen, you will be disappointed in the result and so will the country.*

Now, remember, I am cursed with the gift of prophecy, and the attendant curse of never being believed till it is too late.

Truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To R. GRESSWELL, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 27th April, 1844.

If I had waited for "the hearty concurrence of the Royal Academy" what would have become of the Elgin Marbles? What of decoration of the Houses? What of Schools of Design?

No, my dear Sir, you must do what is wanted in spite of the "hearty opposition" of that body, or you will do nothing.

The Royal Academy, as it is constituted, ever has been, and ever will be, a millstone round the neck of the people and the

* This prediction has certainly been verified.—ED.

nobility of this country, and a stubborn and perverse obstruction to the advance of High Art.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR EASTLAKE, London, 8th May, 1844.

One arch of the Royal Exchange is done. Sang has gone to Munich to bring over a host. His assistant remains behind at work, frescoing the second arch, with three pupils.

If they had known me I should have been thrown over. The work is hideous, and the Exchange will be one large and varied Turkey carpet.*

In the walk of the Exchange there are flat spaces 10 feet by 6, where might have been painted in fresco a series of beautiful designs illustrating our great commercial rise and prosperity. All will now be dotted with galvanised squares, spasmodic angles, and sickly flowers.

If this man only knew the forms of men, animals, and plants, he might be a reasonable decorator.

Owing to the influence of exhibitions the old connection between artist, sculptor, and architect is gone out. The artist is no longer thought of as a public character. He is never required to give in his estimates like the two other professions, and when he is employed, it is as a mechanic.

I fear your official position precludes that spirit and searching alertness which is necessary to save the profession from being the laughing-stock of Europe; but I beg to say, if I had been in your position, no German, without vigorous opposition, should have profaned the walls of the Royal Exchange.

It is lamentable.

I am, my dear Eastlake, ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

* When it was proposed to the Committee of the Royal Exchange to decorate the walls by a series of pictures in fresco, illustrating the rise and progress of our Commerce, their reply was, "*We* don't want a picture gallery."—ED.

Extract from a Letter of GIBSON.

London, 29th May, 1844.

. . . It is now twenty-seven years since I waited upon you on my way to Rome. There I have been always learning and practising my Art, surrounded by powerful rivals from different nations. This is my first visit to England since my departure, and for several days I have been on the point of paying my respects to you.

I shall have the pleasure of going to see your celebrated pictures to-morrow, and then I shall have the pleasure of waiting on you.

Believe me, truly yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

From Lord HARDWICK.

Buckingham Palace, 5th June, 1844.

I find the Emperor (Nicolas) is so pressed on all sides in various ways, which, together with the short time he remains in this country, that I am unwilling to interfere in any way. But I venture to throw out the idea to you that Baron Brunnow or Count Orloff would be very proper persons to apply to.

Baron Brunnow is at Ashburton House, and Count Orloff in the Palace.

Yours, &c.,

HARDWICK.*

From the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

SIR, 12th June, 1844.

I am sorry that I cannot comply. You well know that I am not desirous of augmenting my collection of pictures, and I decline, *with much regret*, but *decidedly*, to authorise the execution of your attractive idea. As I would rather you should

* The Emperor Nicolas while visiting the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick held a Court under the cedar-tree near the house. Haydon, who was present, struck with the beauty of the scene, asked leave of the Duke to paint it. The Duke of Devonshire being a Whig, and by way of being a friend to the Poles, appears to have thought Haydon's view of the "attractive idea," a little inconvenient.—ED.

not execute the scene you propose I must refuse to give any facilities towards it.

Believe me, yours, &c.,

DEVONSHIRE.

From BELL, *the Sculptor.*

DEAR SIR, Hopton, Great Yarmouth, 5th July, 1844.

I feel most gratified at your exceeding high praise (my statue) of 'Jane Shore.' 'Laudari a laudato viro' is a great honour, and I well know the value of your approbation; and forgive me if I say also that I am much gratified by the kindness and liberality which has induced you to let me know of it in your own handwriting.

Art should have its freemasonry, but it is not in every case we find it felt. I assure you my own feeling on placing the 'Jane Shore' in the hall was that of disappointment, for I thought neither the light or position suited it, and this feeling I retained until I received your letter. I cannot very well say what my price is for it, as I have no safe-mould of it, and I make it a rule never to part with my original models.

I hope I may have the pleasure of making your acquaintance on my return to London. I must claim, however, that of having been once in your house, on which occasion I accompanied my excellent friend Du Bois, who suggested to me the subject of the statue you do me the honour of approving.

Although now in the country on a most sorrowful mission, your letter has been a gleam of sunshine.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN BELL.

From (Sir) W. TITE.

MY DEAR SIR, New Royal Exchange, 9th July, 1844.

I am asked to give the committee some notion of the cost of decorating the panels of the merchant's area with fresco paintings. I really never felt myself more embarrassed with such a question. Could you help me at all in it? You have seen the size of the panels. Of course they would require a rich fresco border, and then a picture inside. If you could

think of this, and give me your opinion, you would greatly oblige.

Yours very truly,

WM. TITE.

To (Sir) WILLIAM TITE.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 11th July, 1844.

I have always entertained the conviction that historical fresco decoration was essential to the completion of the Royal Exchange. There are twenty-four large spaces and eight smaller ones. The large ones might be filled with a beautiful series of frescoes illustrative of our rise from the earliest to the latest period of commercial greatness. The smaller might contain portraits in *chiaro-oscuro* of the greatest men who have contributed to that rise. The whole series might be, like the building and the ceiling, under the direction of one man and his assistants, as abroad; but if other artists have to share, they should be constrained within their respective boundaries to carry out their part only of one great consistent object, and every subject they paint on that side should first be approved by committee and architect as part of the original scheme.

Unless this be made a positive law, confusion and failure would be the result.

With respect to the estimate, it may be not possible to be correct within 100*l.* But if one man only has the direction he could certainly accomplish the whole without loss for 3500*l.*, the architect supplying the two first coats of mortar.

To conclude: 3500*l.* would prevent any man who undertook the whole from losing; 4000*l.* would put 500*l.* into his pocket, and 5000*l.* would enable him to put by something for his old age. I would be delighted to undertake it for 3500*l.*

I am, dear Sir, yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From (Sir) WILLIAM TITE.

MY DEAR SIR, New Royal Exchange, 16th July, 1844.

The cost of the frescoes staggered the gentlemen who had talked to me about it, and it was impossible to do anything with it.

The matter must, I fear, stand over for the present; and I

hope that when opened, public feeling and a public purse may enable me to bring the subject forward again with a better chance of success than at present.

I am, my dear Sir, &c.,
WM. TITE.

From WILLIAM LOCKHART.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 25th July.

I saw the Cartoon Collection yesterday for the first time, and certainly have a perfect conviction that yours are among the works which should have been rewarded, nay, that they ought to have had some of the highest rewards.

There could have been no doubt whose they were; and I really cannot guess why they were passed over, unless the judges conceived them to be mainly pieces of plagiarism, in which guess, if they made it, I feel sure they were quite mistaken. I am truly grieved at the result. I thought the 'Cæsar' prize cartoon very bad; not to be named in the same day as the 'Caractacus,' 'The Jury Trial,' or your 'Black Prince.' I am *very sorry* you have not one of the first prizes, which I humbly think was your due.

Ever yours truly,
WM. LOCKHART.

To (Sir) W. TITE, *on the completion of the Royal Exchange.*

MY DEAR SIR, London, 29th October, 1844.

I congratulate you, with all my heart, on the successful termination of all your anxieties.

I could have wished a series of grand designs a little more intellectual than mere decoration; but, however, the whole thing is a step, and if we lay the foundation for a subsequent generation to make another, that is something.

I have only now one anxiety. Don't compromise your high position by ever joining the Royal Academy, or sacrifice the principles of independent Art which you have so gloriously carried through.

I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,
B. R. HAYDON.

From GEORGE COMBE.

45, Melville Street, Edinburgh,
4th November, 1844.

MY DEAR MR. HAYDON,

Accept of my best thanks for your 'Lectures on Painting and Design,' which I received last week. They form a highly valuable contribution to the philosophy of Art, and I have no doubt, to the practice of it also, although on this point it does not become me to speak. Your fundamental principles, admirably well represented in your two preliminary skeletons, seem to me unquestionably sound. It has made a great and valuable addition to my own stock of principles, announced in the two letters which I sent you, and I wish that I was again in Venice, Florence, and Rome, with your book in my hand and in my head. But has not your pupil, who drew the human skeleton, Plate A, brought the hind part of the skull too low? Look at the point of insertion of the jaw, and at the hole of the ear in a skull; there is no brain in general below these, and I should say more rarely still does it descend so low as in your pupil's figure. I notice this error because the mistake is frequently made by artists, and from the very same cause to which you so emphatically allude in treating of the muscles, viz., their not knowing the function of the part. They do not dream of the mental character which they are communicating to their figure when they bring down, preposterously, the hind head.

With your criticisms on Michel Angelo I completely agree. Your criticism on his 'Moses,' page 137, is the identical counterpart of what I uttered as I stood before the statue, and what I wrote in my journal when I returned to the house. Your remark, on the same page, that "all the naked heroes of the ancients look like gentlemen stripped," is equally true in fact and in philosophy, and in felicity of expression is excellent. They are gentlemen stripped, i.e. they have the brains and mental qualities of gentlemen, and their forms and proportions are in perfect harmony with their brains (saving always a few individual exceptions).

The criticism in p. 156, that Michel Angelo "could not select the essential from the accidental," is most true. I doubted my own judgment when I first saw Michel Angelo's works, and went back again and again, and examined them minutely, and then wrote their condemnation in the particulars to which

you allude, with the firmest conviction that time would sanction the opinion. Your judgment, therefore, gives me the assurance that I was not deluded by ignorance or stupidity, which for long I really feared.

Your remarks on pp. 302–3, on 'The Last Judgment,' are also so admirable that I must indulge my own vanity, and try your patience by quoting from my own journal under date Rome, 16th Feb., 1844—"Visited the Sistine Chapel in bright sunshine, ascended into the gallery, and examined Michel Angelo's paintings. Intellectual power, and a wild grandeur of style alone carry these works down the stream of time with reputation, and communicate to them interest. 'The Last Judgment' is, to my taste, a collection of horrors. Christ has the abdomen of a woman who has had ten children, and a large thorax, with a low angry expression of countenance, and in attitude is sending the 'Damned to Hell.' The scene is said to be sublime and awful. It is a proof how near the sublime comes to the ridiculous. It is genius, wasting itself in a base alliance with the propensities."

Your criticism on the 'Fallen Angels' is equally just. But my doubt is whether the whole conception of 'Fallen Angels' is not philosophically absurd. A being fit for heaven *can* have no propensities to convert him into a devil. If you (with Milton) give the devil the propensities and intellect *plus*, and the moral sentiments *minus*, he was a devil *ab initio;* and if with such endowments he had existed in the human form he would have borne the stamp of an animal = intellectual man, a finer Hercules, but never have exhibited the pure, elevated beauty, in form and proportions, of a *moral* intellectual being.

Your own excellent remarks on "everything represented in nature having a style of its own," p. 189, apply here exactly. At page 320, speaking of St. Paul, you say, "Reflect for a moment on the dreadful look of a little mean figure, eager and inspired, of St. Paul striking Elymas blind, or preaching the living God to the Athenians."

I doubt the fact of a figure with a mean expression being found in nature in combination with a powerful and inspired mind in the moral and intellectual departments. The spine may be crooked, and the limbs ungainly through disease, but light up such a frame by intense moral and intellectual energy, and it will become lustrous with radiant mind. . . . .

At p. 330, I like your description of Wellington. There is a great manhood if not a dash of genius in the honest, sturdy old Duke. He fears nothing; and goes to the point with the confidence that right and reason can stand their own ground, and need no flummery to support them.

Excuse these crude and disjointed remarks. I could write a volume on your lectures, so rich are they in suggestive power. They are full of poetry and genius, and go thundering on with the might of a massive brain kindled by its noble subject. . . . .

I remain, with every expression of great esteem,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. COMBE.

To EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR EASTLAKE, London, 14th November, 1844.

How could you suffer Rubens' 'Brazen Serpent' to be revived? It was one of his finest Italian pictures, warm from Venetian tone, and all the glazing is gone!

Yours truly,

B. R. HAYDON.

From EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR HAYDON, 7 Fitzroy Square, 16th November.

Without particularly wishing to influence your judgment, or to defend my own, I think it may not be uninteresting to you to know what one of the best living authorities says respecting picture cleaning.

Professor Schlesinger (restorer of the Royal and Public Pictures at Berlin) unexpectedly called on me this morning. Finding he had been to the National Gallery, I was anxious to have his opinion of the 'Brazen Serpent,' which he saw in its uncleaned state (without knowing that anything was to be done to it) some months since.

He said it was one of Rubens' unglazed pictures in perfect preservation, and an interesting specimen as showing how far the master carried his work before glazing.

I reminded him of its previous state, and asked him (by way

of experiment) whether he did not think it advisable in some cases to leave the dirt on pictures, as it often served to harmonise them. He replied, "In that case all old pictures would be alike. We have no right to attempt to alter what the master left fine. Dirt should always be removed where possible. In some cases this is a hazardous experiment, but never so with Rubens' pictures, for I would defy any picture-cleaner living to start Rubens' glazing without tearing the surface to pieces. In this picture the purity is uniform, and the last sharp touches of the brush everywhere visible."

Yours truly,

C. L. EASTLAKE.

To EASTLAKE.

MY DEAR EASTLAKE,

Facts are facts. The picture *was* glazed, and now it is not.

Ever yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

To JOHN FORSTER, Esq.*

MY DEAR MR. FORSTER, London, 2nd December, 1844.

Let us swear eternal friendship—with more sincerity than Canning's Germans—I offer you my thanks.

There is no inconsistency in my urging the youth to stay in England on one page, and on another explaining the good I derived from visiting the Louvre. In the Louvre the works were concentrated. One journey accomplished what took years before. The bad and lazy habits of lounging travel were never indulged. A man went and saw, studied and settled, and came back and got to work. But there was nothing in the Louvre equal to the Cartoons and Elgin Marbles; and therefore the first doctrine remains unimpeached, though good accrued by seeing so many opposite styles united, and their relative value was more easily estimated. Yet I was not opposing all foreign travel, but only such foreign visits as took years, and engendered habits which did more harm than the remainder of a life could disentangle, when the same good could have been attained without this evil.

* On reading a criticism upon one of his 'Lectures,' by Mr. Forster.—ED.

I hope you will come and dine with us some day on such fare as fish, flesh, and humble port and sherry; such as used to entertain Sir Walter, Wordsworth, Keats, Lamb, Hazlitt, and other departed Immortals.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

From the Earl of WESTMORELAND.

MY DEAR MR. HAYDON, Berlin, 23rd January, 1845.

I have anticipated your wishes as to the Emperor of Russia, for at the Prince of Prussia's recommendation I have requested General Rauch, a great favourite with the Emperor, and who went last night to St. Petersburg, to mention the picture—which I showed him, and which he much admired—to the Emperor. I shall hear from him in a few weeks when he decides.

Believe me, very truly yours,

WESTMORELAND.

To Mr. HUXLEY *on his Cartoons.*

DEAR SIR, London, 12th March, 1845.

I assure you, sincerely, I have never been more affected by any works since the Elgin Marbles than by your Correggio cartoons.

I hope they will be secured for the nation, for in conjunction with Raphael's Cartoons and the Elgin Marbles, they would afford examples of excellence no other country could equal.

I cannot say more if I was to write a dozen pages.

Believe me, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

To HENRY HALLAM.

SIR, London, 5th May, 1845.

I beg leave, without the honour of a personal introduction, to express my entire pleasure at your letters in the last Report of the Royal Commission, and to assure you that if

the Commission confines the artists to English subjects alone, the whole thing will end in a Horse Armoury at the Tower.

The designs I made for the Old Houses, and which I have laid before every minister for thirty years, I have begun on my own responsibility. They are on the principles you advocate; and I shall be proud to show you the one I have now in hand as illustrating 'The Injustice of Democracy' as part of the series to illustrate the best form of Government to regulate the species—Man.

I take the liberty of saying I am opposed *in toto* to the present plan of adorning the New Houses, which seems to be mere functional embellishment for functional portions. Pray forgive me, but your letters express my sentiments with more power, more force, more knowledge.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

B. R. HAYDON.

From HENRY HALLAM.

SIR, 24 Wilton Crescent, 14th May.

I ought to have answered your note of the 5th sooner, but have been unable to fix a day when I could with convenience call on you. If I do not hear to the contrary, I will pay you a visit to-morrow at 1 P.M.

The objects contemplated in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament are so different, that they must be expected to clash with each other.

The promotion of the highest style of Art is one thing, the commemoration of important events or persons is another. The latter is likely to predominate.

I am, Sir, your most, &c.,

HENRY HALLAM.

To HENRY HALLAM.

SIR, London, 14th May.

I shall be honoured by the visit of so distinguished a man.

I admit the promotion of High Art is one thing, and the com-

memoration of events and persons another; but I maintain that the commemoration of events and persons ought to be conveyed through High Art, all three being made subservient to the illustration of a political, religious, or moral object. That is my view.

I am, Sir, &c.,

B. R. HAYDON.

From Serjeant TALFOURD.

MY DEAR SIR, Serjeants' Inn, 20th May, 1845.

I have too long delayed to assure you how deeply obliged are we by your most interesting gift. It is not, however, matter of a day. The idea embodied in your portrait of Wordsworth is really one which enriches life, and therefore I regret the less that I did not at once acknowledge it. You justly call it a "Proof of Wordsworth's Head." It *is* so; a convincing and enduring proof of the meditative power so long denied or neglected by the world, but now admitted with an intensity of appreciation which has endowed the living poet, not with popularity, or reputation, or fashion, but with that FAME which usually belongs only to a man when he is deaf to its music.

I did not think there was anything the least indiscreet in your expression of feeling as to Wordsworth's visit to the palace. I quite understand the feeling; but I own I rather incline to look on the incident in the aspect which these Courtly honours wear as the "outward and visible signs" of the late appreciation which genius has wrought out for itself.

As Hazlitt dwells on all the external glories and pomps of his great idol's empire, I am reconciled to Wordsworth receiving these honours by considering how delightful it is that he shall have compelled the Court to pay them.

Believe me, ever truly yours,

T. N. TALFOURD.

To JOHN FORSTER.

MY DEAR SIR, London, 14 Burwood Place, 9th October, 1845.

My seven first Lectures will be published on the 17th; Longmans will send you a copy. I trust you will honour me

by one of your first-rate criticisms. I am delighted at your remarks on Miss Barrett, and so was she. Your criticisms really are treasures.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours,

B. R. HAYDON.

Extracts from a Letter by MISS BARRETT.

. . . . I had felt some apprehension from the thunders in that quarter. The delay had seemed to me ominous; and although a criticism will not kill a book which is not right mortal, and although we authors may say so over and over to ourselves, yet before such a critic as Mr. Forster, of the 'Examiner,' we must not affect an impossible indifference. He is the ablest of English critics, and for his kindness to my little volumes I am grateful.

Ever most faithfully yours,

ELIZABETH BARRETT.

From MR. COBDEN.

MY DEAR SIR, Manchester, 4th February, 1846.

Thank you for your friendly note. There is nothing more gratifying than to find one's public conduct approved by those who are living beyond the eddy of that vortex of agitation into which I was plunged seven years ago, and from which I hope to escape ere the close of the present year. Most confidently do I trust that the closing prediction of your note will be verified, and that I shall live to see my opponents convinced that my labours have been for their benefit.

Believe, me, &c.,

RICHARD COBDEN.

From FRANCIS JEFFREY.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Wednesday, 3rd March, 1843.

I return your "Proof,"* though I am rather sorry to part with it, and think it very interesting.

* Proof of the head of Wordsworth.

The fair creature you sat by was Mrs. Forrest, the wife of the moustached American who was at the other table. They leave this neighbourhood, I am sorry to say, to-morrow, and I have little chance of looking on her loveliness any more in this world. I wish you could have made a picture and a proof of her!

Let us see you again some evening before you go.

Ever yours,

F. JEFFREY.

From Sir RODERICK MURCHISON.

Sir Roderick Murchison presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and, in reply to his note of yesterday, begs to say that he has not a particular recollection of the arrangement of the granite blocks in Bickley Vale, near Plymouth, but he believes that they resemble, more or less, those which he has seen at numerous points in and around Dartmoor, the great centre of the granite of that region. Sir Roderick is by no means prepared to deny that some of these blocks may have been affected by the agency of water expanded into ice at a former period when a glacial sea may have covered large portions of the island; but he believes that both in Devonshire and in Cornwall many of the chaotic appearances of the surface of the granite (in the tors of Cornwall certainly) are due chiefly to the peculiar disintegration of the rock, or rather of its feldspar, as explained by Dr. M'Culloch in the 'Geological Transactions (Old Series), and by other writers.

Some of the appearances may also be due to vibratory action attendant upon the elevation of the land. The cases in Dalecarlia of chaotic assemblages of *stratified* hard sandstone *in situ*, the blocks of which have preserved their angles intact, *cannot* be explained by disintegration.

From GEORGE COMBE.

MY DEAR SIR, Edinburgh, 9th March, 1846.

In your admirable lecture on Friday evening you demolished Alison and Jeffrey out and out.

I agreed with all your own theory of beauty, and thought it excellent, except on one point: that *woman* is not the standard of all beauty in form.

My notions, published in my 'System and Letters on the Fine Arts,' are these, viz.:—

The organ of form is agreeably affected by some forms, and disagreeably by others, *from the adaptation of the form to the organization.* We call the forms which produce the agreeable impressions, beautiful; and the opposite, ugly. This applies to all forms. The forms of a woman and of a column each makes its own impression *independently.* Your theory is really one of association; as much nearly as Alison's or Jeffrey's: for you admit only one set of beautiful forms (woman's), and all others are beautiful in so far as they resemble it: but resemblance is an idea of association.

2ndly. Colours are beautiful from their adaptation to the organ of colour; or ugly when they transgress the laws of the agreeable relations of coloured objects to the organs.

3rdly. Certain *proportions* are beautiful from their adaptation to the organ of size, and ugly when they offend it.

In short, I regard every organ as standing in a definite relation to its own objects. It is agreeably impressed by some, and we call them beautiful; disagreeably, and we call them ugly.

I have no doubt that the charge of bayonets, which you so happily introduced, appeared very beautiful to *destructiveness!*

Excuse me for making these remarks; but I know that you prize an honest opinion, and therefore I offer them.

I remain, my dear Sir, &c.,

GEORGE COMBE.

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

Edinburgh, 13th March, 1846.

Yesterday I dined with old Mr. Cadell, the former partner with Constable, sole proprietor of the Waverley novels, and the possessor of all the manuscripts. He lives some eight miles out of Edinburgh. He has paid by the sale of the novels the greater portion of Sir Walter's debts, and he says there will be twenty shillings in the pound for everybody. Abbotsford is secured; and this old hero, Cadell, has made his own fortune out of the novels already. He has bought a splendid mansion, with six hundred acres of land, has a second wife, eight daughters, but no son. Six of the daughters are very pretty,

blonde to perfection, fair silky hair, the finest complexions, and dark-blue eyes. Watson Gordon, the portrait-painter, was there, an old friend of Wilkie's, and a Mr. Christie. After dinner out came the manuscripts of Waverley, and all the novels; and more beautiful manuscript I never saw. Shakespeare is said to have been the same; without a blot or a correction. Pages of little writing, line after line, and so close that *three* of Sir Walter's pages made sixteen pages of printing. He wrote three pages a day, and hardly ever worked after 1 P.M. How Walter Scott could answer to his conscience for putting his hand to his heart and declaring to George IV. that he was not the author of 'Waverley' is to me painful. From this sight of his manuscripts I will alter my style for the printer. Would you believe it, these invaluable manuscripts are in no way secured from fire. I startled Cadell by saying: "Why don't you secure these papers in a fire-proof box?" He assured me there was no danger. "But," I said, "you don't leave your title-deeds to such risks. Take my advice, and get a box made and fitted with castors, so that it can be rolled out of the house in a few minutes." They all agreed it ought to be done, and I have little doubt it will be. It is astonishing how little precaution people take against fire.

Watson Gordon took me afterwards to Jeffrey's soirée. Gordon himself, the picture of a portrait fag, went home. Up I went, and found Jeffrey's rooms stuffed with blues and no blues, Scotch beauties and Scotch authors, and Jeffrey himself looking very old, feeble, and the piercing expression of his face softening evidently with a submissive quiescence, which he seemed to repose on without a struggle. A lady, to whom I had been presented after one of my lectures, I took in to supper. She was very travelled and very talented. Jeffrey sat next to her, and a very handsome lady sat on my other side. I fear beauty carried the day with me; but I returned to my duty, and after the usual intellectual talk of a soirée, I contrived to escape without eating supper, and got home by midnight. Jeffrey said: "Haydon, you look fat and well, the sure signs of prosperity." Ah! thought I, if you knew the trouble I have to pay my bills you would not say that. But such are the blessings of "appearances."

To Mr. Forster.

My dear Mr. Forster, London, 23rd April, 1846.

I beg to return you my sincere thanks for your masterly notice of my works. All the press has burst out with praise, except that lumbering cargo of weekly common-place and trimming, the . . . . ; and that fourpenny dose of Germanism, mysticism, aphorism, criticism, galvanism, and mesmerism, the . . . .

Yours, &c.,

B. R. Haydon.

From Jos. Gwilt.

Dear Haydon, 20 Abingdon Street, 1st May, 1846.

There is not any book that will give you any insight in early Anglo-Saxon architecture, especially so early as the ninth century. To be near the mark, you may use the arches, columns, and forms of churches at Stukeley, in Buckinghamshire; Barfreston, in Kent; and Avington, in Berkshire. Examples at Waltham Abbey: the transept arches at Southwell, Notts; the nave of the Abbey Church of St. Alban's, Neots; nave of Christchurch, Oxon; castles of Roman or Saxon foundation; Richborough, Kent; Castletown, in Derby; Porchester, in Hampshire; Pevensey, in Sussex; Castor, Norfolk; Burgh, Suffolk; Corfe, Dorchester; Exeter Castle Gateway; Dover, &c., &c.

Yours very truly,

Jos. Gwilt.

To his Son Frederic, H.M.S. 'Vernon.'

My dear Fred, London, 4th May, 1846.*

I am delighted with your account of your battle and fights. Your description is capital, and very picturesque. The roar of the great ship guns, the splitting of the shells, the rush of the Congreve rockets, and the cloud of sulphury flame they leave behind them, must have been very fine. But you will get no credit with the Government; for the Duke was furious at Sir Gore Ouseley intercepting the troops for the Cape of Good Hope, and sending them to Monte Video. Cap-

* This was the last letter I ever received from him, except the one left on his table for me.

tain Hope must be a fine fellow. I almost wish you were in his ship. I wish I had gone to sea myself as a boy. I might have had my head knocked off the first week, and I might not. In any case I could hardly be worse off than I am now, after forty-two years' devotion to the Art of my country. But, my dear boy, you put fresh blood into my heart when I read your account of all your fights with these rascals. The poncho of the South American General that you captured in his tent is a trophy. Keep it and bring it home, and his dress boots too. My dear Fred, I will try what I can do for you at the Admiralty; but when you come to make suggestions to officials on improving the arms and armaments of our ships and crews, you will find it a very different matter to asking a favour such as your removal from one ship to another, or your promotion. The question that you bring up is a very great one, involving great changes in construction, and great expense, and ever since the Reform Bill "economy" is the order of the day.*

* In the latter part of 1845, while serving on the South American Station, I contrived to get lent to the squadron for some four months' active service in the River Plate Expedition, commanded by the late Sir Charles Hotham, K.C.B., with the present Admiral Sir James Hope, K.C.B., second in command. The squadron had to force the passage of the River Parana, and after one pitched battle at Obligado, and repeated daily engagements, at length opened the river to Corrientes, to find it blocked up again on return, when a second severe action at San Lorenzo closed the expedition. From the great splits of iron which only 18-lb. shot tore out of the sides of the iron steamers, and from the difficulty we had in killing the enemy off the tops of the cliffs, by reason of the short range of our muskets, I suggested to my father if we had rifles we should do better, and if the iron steamers sent out were backed with wood, and cased with stouter iron, they would be impenetrable. I think for this I may fairly claim priority over the late French Emperor for the idea of an iron-clad ship for fighting purposes. When I returned to England in 1847–8, I mentioned the subject to the late Sir William Fairbairn, F.R.S., who had constructed the small iron steamers we had in the expedition, and he was much interested. I also tried the Admiralty, but I could get no one to listen to me there further than by an official letter to know if I wished "to be appointed on Foreign Service." It is only fair, however, to add that what first gave form and substance to the vague ideas floating in my mind was seeing the French Admiral, before going into action, stop his chain cables up and down the exposed sides of all his wooden ships—captured prizes—of light scantling. This, and the fractures of our small iron steamers when hit, suggested to me that if a stout combination of layers of wood and iron were made in the building, a ship so constructed would be impenetrable to rifle and cannon shot. I told Sir Charles Hotham of it one middle watch, when the mosquitoes would not let him sleep, and he commended the idea highly, and told me to "work it out." But to work out ideas takes time, and money, and I had neither to spare. But I have lived to see the idea fully developed by others better qualified, and that is some consolation, although they have not yet succeeded in making their ironclads "handy," an indispensable requisite which I ventured to suggest to the Admiralty, in a letter to the 'Times' some twelve years since; nor, in preventing their decay from the inside, which they never will do until they coat their iron with red lead in the first instance, i.e. while the bloom is on it. To cover it with red lead after decay has set in, is like putting pepper on a bad egg.—Ed.

I quite agree with you, and I quite understand and see the folly of giving men carbines that, as you say, won't kill a man at fifty paces, instead of a rifle that will kill a man at five hundred and more. All the men ought to have rifles for such work as you have to do. The marines certainly. I will show your letter at the Admiralty: meantime make the best of what you have got.

And what you tell me about the iron steamers is most interesting. The next time I go to Manchester I will tell Fairbairn, the engineer. But I don't like your idea of covering wooden ships with iron, fighting in perfect security of your own lives against poor wretches who have no security of the kind for their protection. It seems to me unfair, un-English, and unmanly. But, after all, it is the duty of a commander to save the lives of his own men, and to destroy the enemy by every means in his power: and this is only one of them. Your account of the effect of the Congreve rockets is curious. They were first used, I think, at Waterloo, and exactly the same sort of panic was produced. After three rockets had been dropped into them, a whole French regiment broke and ran. I read of the murder of that poor young officer * and his boat's crew. What a horrible thing! Those South American fiends seem to have no generosity or honour, and no feeling for life; but after what you tell me of the little children at the Saladeros pulling out the palpitating hearts of the dying bullocks, I am not surprised at it. Take care that you don't fall into their bloody hands. God protect you, my dear boy, and bring you home in honour to

Your affectionate father,

B. R. Haydon.

P.S.—I enclose you two sketches—one of my 'Nero,' and of 'Trial by Jury' before Alfred. The 'Aristides' you remember. We are all fairly well. Your dear mother will write next mail.

* Mr. Wardlaw. His boat grounded off the enemy's coast, near Buenos Ayres. The Guachos rode into the water, lassoed the crew out one by one, and dragging them to a hut, butchered them like sheep, and then cut them up as the American Consul described it, "into 4-lb. pieces."—Ed.

From Count D'ORSAY.

MY DEAR HAYDON, 5th May, 1846.

I am very proud of your approbation. I was tired to see the Duke dressed as a corporal or as a policeman (as Pickersgill painted him), therefore I did choose the dress you approve, as being very elegant and exact, and suited for what I intended. As to the hands, I did prefer to think of his than Vandyke's, as the characteristic of his hands are very bony; so much so that many of his friends told me they could recognise his hands if the top of the picture was hidden.

I must speak to you of your picture. I went to the private view and admired exceedingly 'Aristides.' It is Raffaelesque, and your sketch of the 'French Revolution' *digne de Michel Angelo.* This is my candid opinion.

I ought to have thanked you sooner for having sent me a ticket, but the fact is that, between my affairs and those of others, my artistic pursuits, and hundreds of letters to answer, I am always behindhand with everything. Au revoir soon.

Believe me yours faithfully,

COUNT D'ORSAY.

From SAMUEL PROUT.

MY DEAR HAYDON, Denmark Hill, 8th June, 1846.

I had not unpacked your parcel when I last wrote, or should have thanked you sooner for a *perfect resemblance.* The profile almost prophesies great things; and as nature has given you a head fitted for a pedestal, I trust it will be inscribed with an immortal name.

Why are you not, as Jackson used to say you would be, P.R.A.?

You may not aspire to such a distinction, but pray keep on on the good old way. Who can forget the holy and lovely humility of the 'Young Penitent,' bending with her mother before the Saviour of the world, as he was approaching Jerusalem?* Let us see more and more of that deeply felt variety of expression, &c., which delighted and attracted crowds to see

* An allusion to Haydon's picture of the 'Entry into Jerusalem.'—ED.

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your pictures. I refer particularly to the 'Entry into Jerusalem,' the 'Judgment of Solomon,' and the 'Raising of Lazarus.' They gave you a grand distinction among artists, pledges that you would achieve a higher eminence.

When I see your increasing glory I shall claim you as my oldest friend, and

Believe me, dear B. R. H., ever most truly,

SAMUEL PROUT.