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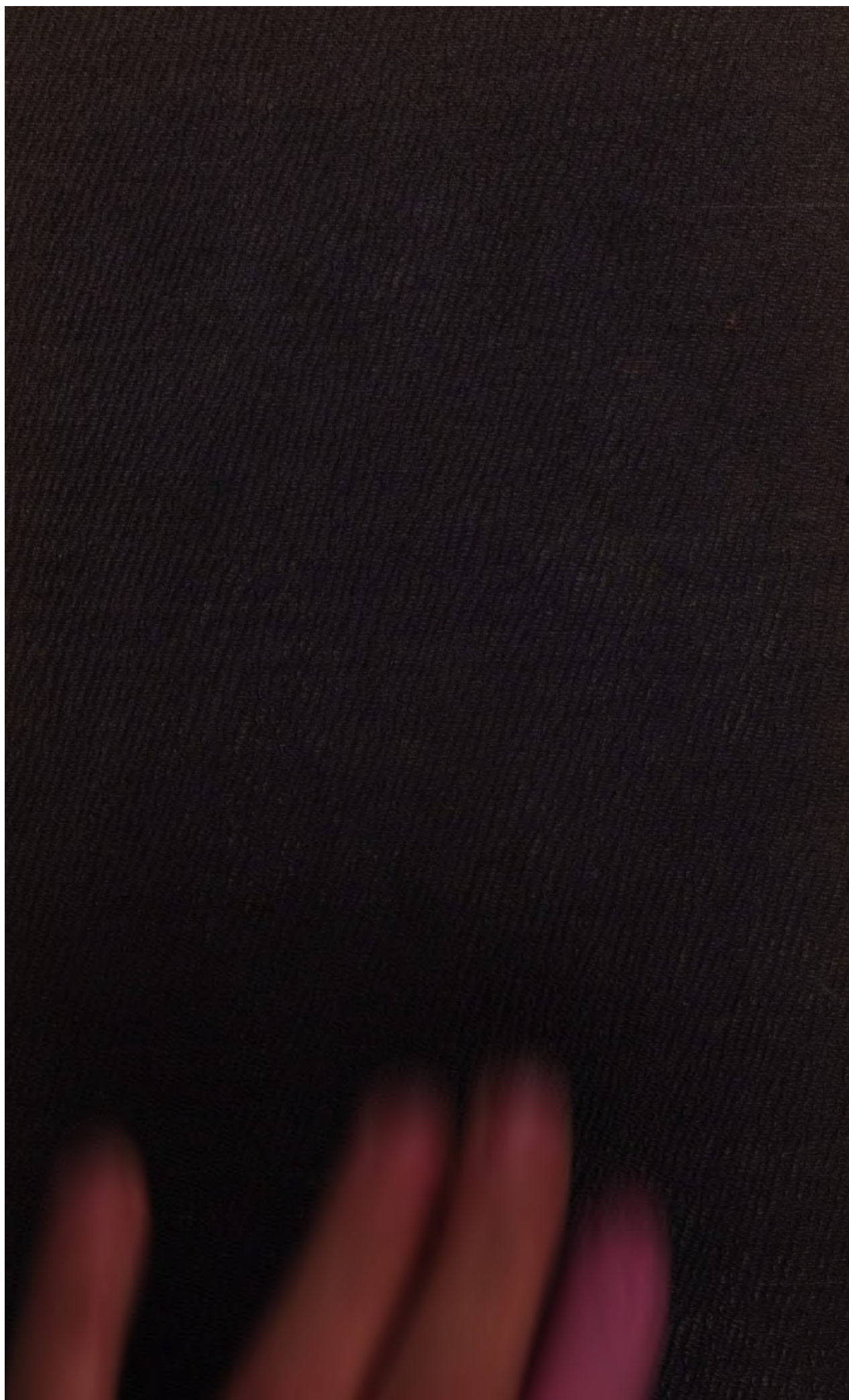
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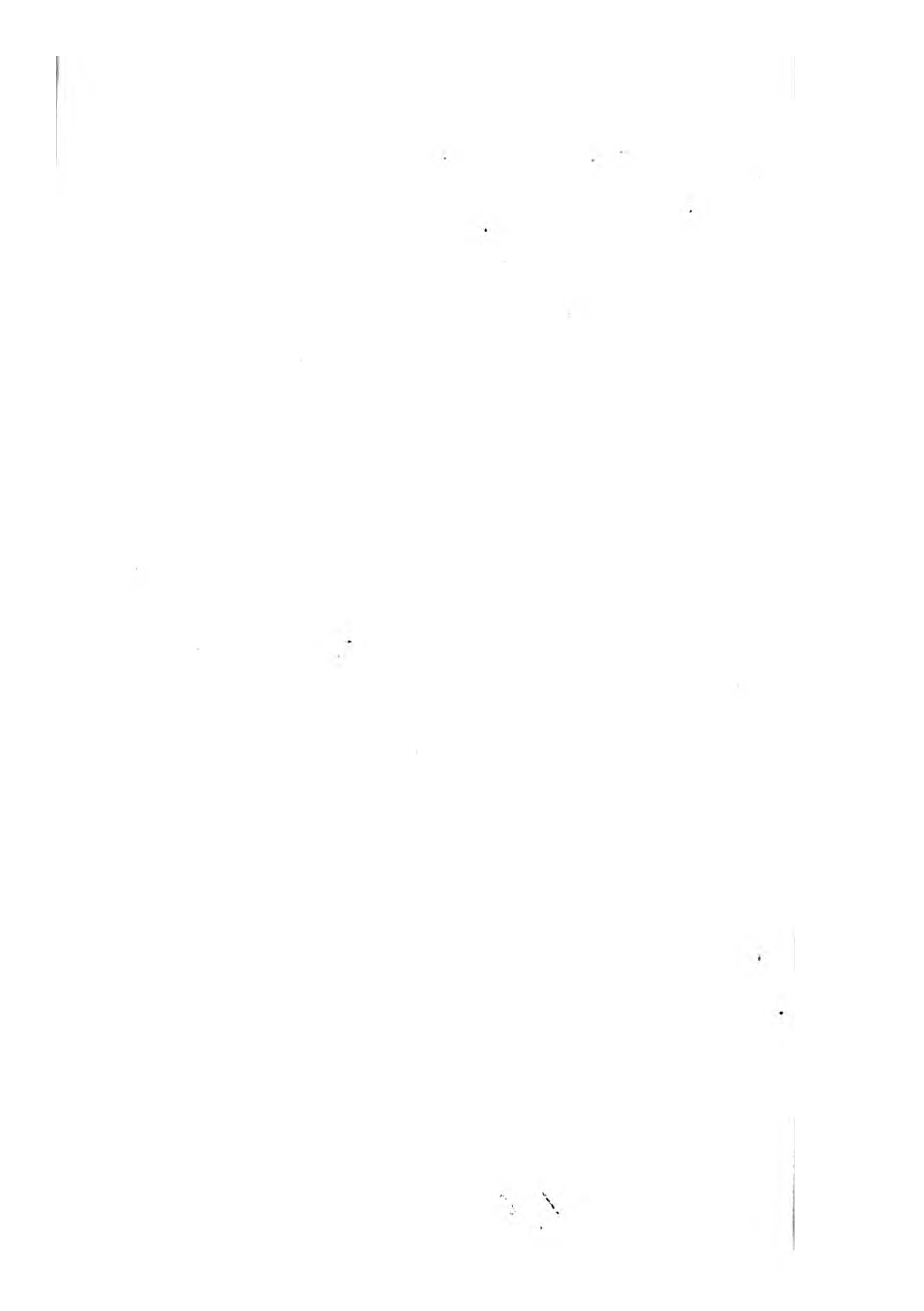
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THE
PROGRESS OF A PAINTER
IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY :

CONTAINING
CONVERSATIONS AND REMARKS UPON ART.

By JOHN BURNET,
AUTHOR OF "PRACTICAL HINTS ON PAINTING," ETC.

"Miscuit utile et dulci."

LONDON :
DAVID BOGUE, FLEET STREET.

1854.

170. l. 45.

LONDON:
Vinton and Son, Printers, Cardington-street,
Hampstead-road.

TO

PETER CUNNINGHAM, ESQ. F.S.A.

THIS WORK

IS INSCRIBED AS A SMALL MARK OF
THE AUTHOR'S REGARD.



P R E F A C E.

THIS work owes its origin to a desire of rendering a difficult and dry part of education agreeable, by colouring with amusement. It does not pretend to give a minute insight into the details of art ; but makes easy of comprehension those general principles of which it is requisite for every one to possess a knowledge, who wishes to derive a gratification from contemplating the beauties of nature or of painting. In giving a connecting link to the conversations, I have fancied that this might be attained

without weariness; and by a change from "grave to gay," instruction, I have thought, might be conveyed without the pain attendant on abstruse thinking. The characters introduced are those with whom I was upon the most intimate terms and their remarks, though ideal, are given, not only according to their opinions on the subject, but nearly in the very words I have heard them utter, so that they are brought upon the scene as sketches from life: if that circumstance does not give them additional weight in the argument, it at least produces a pictorial effect. The anachronisms I have been guilty of are, I hope, pardonable, as they enable me to form groups of more force and interest than a combination of artists who, would, though more correct as to time, have had less influence as to their opinions upon the general subject of the fine arts. With these few observations, I throw my feeble

attempt upon a favourable construction by that public who have received my former writings upon painting in so encouraging a manner.

CHELSEA,

October 25, 1853.



THE
PROGRESS OF A PAINTER
IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

LEARNING that I was a friend of Mr. David Wilkie the artist, a relation of my wife wrote me from Edinburgh, that he had a nephew, who showed so great a talent for drawing, that he intended bringing him up as an artist; but being at the same time fully aware of the difficulties and privations, even a genius undergoes, before he can acquire celebrity to entitle him to patronage, he had set apart a sum for a period of years towards his support, and the furnishing him

with everything necessary for his education as a painter.

On the receipt of this letter, I called on my friend Wilkie, and asked his advice in the matter. He was living then at No. 10, Sol's Row, Hampstead Road, and had on his easel his celebrated picture of the "Blind Fiddler." Laying down his palette and brushes, he entered into a long conversation respecting the anxieties, long study, and disappointments connected with the profession of a Painter, but concluded in his usual kind manner, that although he could not at that time think of taking a pupil, he would at all times be ready to give the lad his best advice in the way of his art.

Emboldened by such cordial expressions, I wrote to my friend to send his nephew up to London, with an advice to impress upon his mind, the necessity of the strictest precaution to control every propensity to engendering loose or careless habits, which youth were liable to fall into, especially

young men from the country. Whether from the anxiety of the boy, or the sanguine temperament of my friend, I had not long to wait before I received a letter announcing our young painter's embarkation on board a Leith and Berwick smack, and a letter of credit on Coutts's house.

As the vessels landed at Miller's wharf, I went next day to leave my card, with instructions to be immediately informed of the smack's arrival. After much anxiety, and the lapse of a fortnight, I received a note from the clerk of the wharf, saying that the "Cut-lugged Sow," Capt. Skipper, had arrived. It was late in the evening before I got down to Lower Thames Street, and was directed to the Red Lion, where I found the captain smoking a pipe with two or three friends in the best parlour.

On my asking after my protégée, he said, "He is ashore at Luckie Menzies', in the wharf-yard; but I'm thinking the lad-die is in bed, for we've had a rough pas-

sage o' it; and naething but the auld 'Cut-lugged Soo' could run through the Swin."

However, as I was anxious to have the young Scotchman safely at home, I reached Mrs. Menzies' house by the help of a boy and lantern. On my mentioning my errand, she said, "He had crept into the store-room, and was tucked up in one of her son's hammocks; but o' he's a queer cratur yon, for he was scarcely in among the ropes and tar-kettles than he out wi' his keeley-vine,* and made me haud the lantern till he took them a' off on paper."

Passing through the kitchen, I traced my way through oars and boat-sails to the back room, where I found my young Scotchman, not undressed, but swinging from side to side in a hammock, enjoying the effect of the scene around him.

The lantern was placed on the floor, and every object vied with each other in melting into obscurity as they receded from the

* A blacklead pencil.

influence of its light, while from a small opening in the background streamed in the cool blue rays of the moonlight. This, he told me afterwards, was what attracted his attention as a beautiful specimen of hot and cold colour, and which for many years he would often call to my memory. Unnoticed, I took a glance at his physiognomy, and expected to find him, like many of his countrymen, with high cheek-bones and red hair; in place of which, however, when he sat up to look at me, his oval face, high forehead, and black curly hair, called up in my mind the portraits of Spenser, the poet. Jumping out of the hammock, he came towards me with the lantern, and after giving him a hearty shake of the hand, and telling him a hackney-coach was waiting to take us home, he tied up a small portfolio, and laid hold of the cordage of a small box, characteristic of the unencumbering luggage of young Scotsmen, we proceeded through the kitchen, I bearing the

lantern, where we found Mrs. Menzies standing with a round whisky-bottle, and a couple of glasses on a small waiter.

“Since ye will gae awa the night,” she said, “ye maun tak a wee drap o’ the Fairntosh, the friend o’ Scotsmen; and I’ll tak ane too, to drink the young gentleman’s health, for a gentleman he soon will be.”

I said we were gratified by her good wishes, and had no doubt he would make his name known in London, as many of his countrymen had done before him.

“I am no afeard o’ that, I hae seen ower mony pass through Downie’s Wharf to doubt that at this time o’ day, did nae I ken my ain townsman, Jamie Shaw, come through this very room, wi’ his hale luggage sma’ enough to have been tied up in a stocking; and frae sweeping out the shop and taking down the shutters, did na he rise to be the chamberlain o’ the city o’ Lonon, and now they tell me that his effigy*

* This is an anachronism ; but I leave it out of regard for the sculptor, Mr. Fillans.

is stanning in the auld town o' Kilmarnock, glowering frae him, like William the Fourth at London Brig, or ony other great man among them: na, na; I hae nae fear; prudence and perseverance are the twa trump cards they play."

However, as the Fairntosh seemed to be taking effect on her garrulity, I made an apology for my abrupt departure, and got into our hackney-coach.

"Drive to Pimlico," I said, "and when you get to Arabella Row, I will pull the string."

During our ride home, my young friend fell fast asleep; and when we arrived at home, as my wife and children had gone to bed, I showed him his room, having in vain importuned him to have some supper. I mentioned we should breakfast at nine o'clock; but, long before that hour, he was up, and had strolled down to the water side. On his return, I introduced him to my wife, who, for the honour of Scotland, had pre-

pared a true Scottish breakfast—dried haddocks, marmalade, oatmeal cakes, preserved cherries, &c. In a few minutes we all got as much at home as if we had known each other all our lives. He praised the beauty of the children, which pleased my wife; and they took kindly to him, which pleased me. The eldest boy undertook to be his guide in showing him the localities of the neighbourhood. My wife was much delighted on looking over his sketch-book, and bespoke the first production of his pencil in London for her album. The breakfast being finished my young friend proposed to start on a sketching excursion until the dinner hour; his young guide seeming equally delighted with himself, begged to be allowed the gratification of carrying his sketch-book. The outer door had scarcely been shut when my wife began to sound her praises in favour of her young relation, and was pleased to think that our house was large enough to give him all the accommodation necessary,

as so handsome a youth and so good-natured as he appeared to be, was in great danger of being imposed upon, in such a place as London; and should he require a larger room to paint in, she suggested that the stable could be easily converted into a studio, as Sir Francis Chantry had done, when he first came to Ecclestone Street. I said I would, in the first instance, consult with my friend Wilkie, whom I would write to, intimating our intention of calling at Sol's Row to-morrow, while she wrote to his uncle announcing the boy's safe arrival. Our dog, Hector, had been shut up previous to their departure, but the kitchen door was no sooner opened to answer the postman's knock, than he bounded up the area stair like a shot, setting up a yell of delight, and rushed down the street with the speed of a mawkin,* as my wife expressed it.

“It is a good sign when the dumb crea-

* A hare.

tures show their fondness for a stranger," she added.

While writing to Wilkie, I could not help reflecting on the precarious profession of an artist; the anxious toil and innumerable disappointments he must undergo before reaching the class even of mediocrity, and when passing beyond that boundary, the cold neglect, "and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes," would seem more than a sensitive mind (and most artists are of that temperament) could endure.

The dinner table-cloth had scarce been spread, before the two rambles returned; the boy carrying the sketch-book under his arm, and our young artist bringing in his hand a couple of large burdock leaves.

"I am glad to see you so punctual to your time," I observed; "there is nothing to be done without regularity. But where is Hector?"

"Ay," answered Charlie, "long before we got to the water-side; he overtook us when

we took a boat at Royal's over to the Red House, in crossing I put him into the water, and made him swim a good way with us, and when we took him in again, he took up his seat at the bow of the boat, but before we landed he jumped ashore, right into the mud, and ran up the bank keeping at a distance from us the whole day. In returning, I intended to have made him wash himself by swimming, but Hector was not to be caught; and when he saw us fairly into the boat, he took to his heels and made for Battersea-bridge; so he has had a long run, but he overtook us before we got to the bottom of the street, and made for the kitchen stairs, where, I dare say, he is now stretched out before the fire."

"Poor fellow! I don't expect, Charles, he will follow you to the water-side again; but let us sit down to dinner; you both must be starving. Did you make any sketches?"

"Yes, father, we drew the white and the red wind-mills."

“ Well, well, be seated; we will look at them by-and-by.”

As my wife had dined in the forenoon with the children, we had little ceremony to attend to, so set about satisfying our appetites in a steady and business-like manner, health and exercise proving a surer stimulus than all the provocatives of either Dr. Kitchener, or Soyer, or both of them combined.

The cloth being removed, the dessert was scarce placed upon the table when our young friends made their appearance, their rosy cheeks shining like Norfolk biffins, and their eyes glistening with delight; the presence of the stranger now, however, was no longer the principal point of attraction, but all eyes were riveted upon a dish of oranges, garnished with laurel-leaves, and supported on each side by two plates containing almonds and raisins, and preserved plums. When they were all seated, and had received their several portions from the hands

of their mother, she, with anxious curiosity, came round to enjoy a sight of the sketches of her young countryman, in which Charley did the honours of explaining. The first was a drawing of the white windmill, with the red one in the distance; and on the top of the bank he called our attention to where Hector was seated, who, since crossing the river, had kept sufficiently aloof, ready for a start on the appearance of either of us approaching him. Poor fellow, I don't wonder at it, for cook says he never took to the water; but she has now made a gentleman of him with soap and warm suds.

The children came round to see poor Hector, who was to them a greater point of attraction than either the white or red windmills; the youngest touched him with his finger, as a proof of his recognition of the likeness; in fact, this sketch where Hector was introduced seemed to produce more interest than the red windmill, and

the Red House into the bargain; this other sketch Charley was anxious to redeem from an inferiority, by drawing our attention to some figures firing at a pigeon escaped from the grounds enclosed for pigeon-shooting, at the back of the Red House. I could not help remarking how much interest is often given to pictures by little incidents, trifling of themselves, yet stamping the scenes with a local fidelity when judiciously introduced; the third drawing was a cow tethered to a ring in the ground, with two old pollard willows against the sky in the background; this sketch struck me as possessing more character than either of the others, and I ventured to prognosticate, that when we went to Wilkie in the morning, he would be of my opinion.

"Oh, no," my young friend replied, with a modest accent, "I would never think of showing so great an artist these rude scraps; I have others more finished."

“Well, well,” I replied; “take those you prefer also; but, as these are the last executed, and not with any premeditation of exhibiting to judges, he will be more pleased with their affinity to truthful representation; I know his shrewd discernment, and he has risen to eminence by searching investigation into the leading feature of the several characters.” After tea my wife sat down to the piano, and played some of her old Scottish tunes, viz., “The Laird of Cockpen,” “John o’ Badenyond,” “Roy’s Wife of Aldavalloch;” but what pleased our young friend most, was her singing “Maggie Lauder.”

“It makes me fancy I am still in Auld Reekie,” he exclaimed.

He declined having any supper; so giving him his slippers and bed-candle, he went off to bed.

As it had been arranged that we should start for the Hampstead Road immediately after breakfast, my young friend was up at

an early hour arranging such sketches as he thought most likely to gain Wilkie's good opinion, and a letter of introduction from Mr. John Graham, the Master of the Edinburgh Academy, under whom Wilkie had received his instruction in the art.

CHAPTER II.

MR. Wilkie received us most kindly in his painting room, unlike many artists who make a mystery of their mode of proceeding. When I introduced my young friend, Mr. Knox, he said—

“Really, I have no doubt, from the resemblance, that he is the lineal descendant of the great reformer, and hope he will one day do credit to the name he bears; for my old master, Mr. John Graham, mentions him in his letter with great confidence, that by his natural taste and perseverance, he will one day arrive at eminence, and gain a

distinctive appellation, as the Scottish Cuyp or Paul Potter. I am glad," he continued, "that he has chosen that branch of the profession, since historical painting has never met with much encouragement in England; from the collections we possess here of the Dutch and Flemish schools, our taste seems to turn into similar subjects. From the sketches he has brought me, I perceive a largeness of style which is only to be found in the works of the best painters, and is applicable to the humblest walks of the art, as well as to the highest; it is the great counteractor of littleness and meanness, and though it may be learned by studying the works of those who have most excelled, yet, as in the instance before us, we see it may be intuitive, and depend in some measure on the eye and natural turn of the mind. Nevertheless, I suspect my young friend has seen works which have given a bias to his mode of drawing."

Knox told us he had been early led, by his

uncle, to see the prints of Rembrandt, Paul Potter, and Mark de Bye, in the portfolios of Mr. M'Gowan, John Clerk, and Mr. Walker.

"Aha!" exclaimed Wilkie, "I thought a spark must have been set to the train from some source. Johnny M'Gowan has given the artists of Edinburgh a bias, in their treatment of subjects, that will not easily be eradicated. So it is, also, with other departments of the art. We know that the single picture of Velasquez, in the possession of the Earl of Lauderdale, produced a similarity both in the natural character and breadth of effect inherent in the portraits of Raeburn and those who have followed him in the same wake; both Vandyke and Sir Joshua Reynolds owe their natural simplicity and breadth of effect in their works to the same source. Considering the few good pictures to be seen in the Scottish collections, it is gratifying to reflect that the rising generation have so little to unlearn. In London, Mr. Knox will have the advantage of

seeing the choicest specimens of the school his genius seems to give a preference to. I shall give him a letter of introduction to my friend Mr. William Seguiet, who has the superintendence of all the principal collections, and, in return, will be glad to hear my young student's remarks on what strikes him as excellent in the different masters. Lord Grosvenor's gallery is at present closed, but he will be able to see the pictures in Cleveland House, those in John Julius Angerstein's, and, above all, the pictures of Henry Philip Hope, in Park-lane. This collection embraces the finest specimens of several of the Dutch school, and is referred to in the tour of Sir Joshua Reynolds through Holland and Flanders. Nevertheless, he must never forget to look carefully and constantly at Nature as the great fountain from which all their beauties were extracted; and by all means get the palette on his thumb as soon as possible; as Reynolds justly observes, oil colour is the material with which

he is to work, and only to use the port-crayon when palette and brushes are not at hand."

I could not help expressing how deeply I felt Mr. Wilkie's kindness in behalf of his young countryman, and did not doubt but his advice would take deep root in his memory, and bring forth estimable proofs. We would not now trespass longer on his valuable time; but before taking leave, my friend was anxious to have a glimpse of his picture now in hand.

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" and he lifted the panel on the easel. "The subject is one that I have often seen at country fairs, and have introduced the parties into my picture of the Pitlassie Fair, held in Fifeshire; but, in this instance, I have brought them in doors. I am just engaged at present finishing the principal figure; you see, I have got a small lay figure, for the purpose of copying the drapery, and light and shade; it has its advantages, and the contrary; but

the Dutch masters seem to have made use of small models, as the dress is larger, and more simple in the folds; the heads and hands—of course, I take nature for my guide.”

I remarked to him, that it was observed by those who had seen its progress, that the mode of proceeding was different from his last picture—the Village Politicians.

“Well,” he said, “it is in a certain degree different in its progress; I made a general effect of the picture in the first instance, and gradually carried out the detail and finish; perhaps the most customary mode; but I found the heads and minute portions interfered with by what was sketched in before. This painting I began at the right hand, as you see, and painted figure after figure right across, having a small sketch of the whole composition. I fancy by this method the original ground is purer and less disturbed by previous painting; each method has its advantages, and practice

alone must decide on what the artist thinks the best."

While he was speaking, a thundering knock at the outer door was followed by the announcement of the Marquis of Tweedledum.

"Ah! my dear Wilkie, I am so glad to find you at home; I am anxious to have you to meet the Duchess of Dalmehow, and two or three friends, who dine with me; she is quite in raptures with your picture of the Politicians, and worries Lord Mansfield for being the fortunate possessor. I trust you will have an opportunity of giving her Grace a chance of getting a work of yours shortly; we dine at six for seven precisely, for the purpose of going to the Opera to see the ballet. Now, don't make any excuse, I won't stop to listen to it; if you have any studies to bring with you, she may fix on a subject instant: seven o'clock to a second. Bye, bye, my dear Wilkie; now don't move a step I beg." Upon which he closed the

door after him, leaving Mr. Wilkie standing in the middle of the floor.

After making a profound bow, on which the door was closed, Mr. Wilkie turned round, and observed "it was very unfortunate, as he intended to have gone to the lecture at the Royal Academy, and taken his young friend to hear Fuseli; but there is a certain homage we must pay to the influence of men of rank in all countries. But I must finish the day's work before the colour gets tacky; if you will be kind enough and be my model for a short time, I will give our friend an opportunity of seeing my mode of painting. Now," continued he, "just sit down, and put this red nightcap on; you see I put a red cap on the fiddler, for the purpose of giving what we call *point*, to balance the light side of the picture, and draw the spectator's attention to the principal figure; and for that purpose I have dressed him in cool grey colour to give the red greater force; but that rule, in guiding us in these

matters, our young friend will soon acquire by the study of those masters who have excelled in colouring, particularly the paintings of the Dutch masters, where Reynolds says we ought to go to learn the grammar of the art, as others go to learn the rudiments of the English language."

I had scarcely been long seated with my red nightcap on my head, when the servant announced the arrival of a man with a dog.

"Well, well, send them up; that is the dog I have represented in the picture as having taken refuge under the chair of his mistress, but roused afterwards by the high notes of the fiddler's music."

Presently entered a rough-clad man like a Smithfield drover, with a mongrel sheep dog, what Berwick calls in his Natural History a ban-dog.

"Now," added our painter, "as I have had more trouble with that part of the group than any other, I must just take advantage of his presence."

Putting down his palette, he asked Knox to take charge of the brute, who, sitting down on the floor, held him fast by the neck and shoulders. Selecting one or two fitches* he commenced painting the head; but as it seemed difficult to catch the peculiar expression that dogs assume under the influence of music, he quietly took up his fiddle, and played a few notes of a Scottish tune. The brute turned round with a disturbed look on the artist, accompanied by a low growl afterwards terminating in a loud howl.

“I now have it,” said Wilkie; “you may let Colie loose:” but, unfortunately, just at that moment the servant opened the door to announce the Honourable Lady Crumbie, when Colie, seeing the coast clear, and regardless of having his portrait painted, rushed down stairs, nearly upsetting her ladyship on the landing-place.

* A particular sort of brush.

“Oh! Mr. Wilkie,” exclaimed her Ladyship, as she entered, “why do you keep such curs in your house? I have had a severe fright with a dog running against me on the stairs.”

“I am very sorry, my lady, for the unfortunate circumstance, but the dog got frightened at my scraping on the fiddle.”

“Ah, poor brute!” replied Lady Crumbie, “there is every excuse to be made for him, unless, Mr. Wilkie, you handle the bow equal to your pencil.”

“Ah, here is the picture I am so anxious to see! the fact is, as I am going down to Lord Mansfield, at Hampstead, I could not resist the opportunity of calling, *en passant*, as Lord Leven is to be there, who is a great admirer of yours, and I know his Lordship will be glad I have called to pay my respects to our Scottish Teniers, as his Lordship has christened you.”

“I am proud to think his Lordship interests himself in so humble an individual,”

replied Wilkie, "and if your Ladyship sits down in the sitters' chair (wheeling round a large two-armed chair at the same time), I will explain the picture to your Ladyship."

"Oh, Mr. Wilkie, that is very severe; you are as bad as Sir Thomas Lawrence—he told me, when I sat to him for my portrait, that I must have a bishop's whole-length canvass."

Having seated herself in the large chair before the easel, Wilkie began an explanation of the picture, asking Knox and myself to stand behind her Ladyship.

"But only think," he said, "Mr. Thompson, you have been sitting all this time with the Fiddler's nightcap on your head."

"Well, I declare, Mr. Wilkie, I thought the gentleman was a lay-figure all this time."

"My Lady, painters' models never move; in that respect, artists are often highly honoured; for the first people in the country are often proud in mentioning that they sat to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, for their

hands and figures. We are glad to avail ourselves of the assistance of our friends. But I will now give your ladyship a description of the picture, though, as I may say with Canning in his *Knifegrinder*, ‘there is no story to tell;’ and, as this young gentleman is about to become a painter, I trust your Ladyship will excuse me going into detail.”

“The subject of the picture is a Blind Fiddler, who, we suppose, is come into a cottage for a little shelter from the snow or rain, as I have endeavoured to indicate by the boy who leads him, warming his hands by the fire; his fiddle-case, stick, and bundle, are laid beside him, not only to give consequence to him as the principal figure, but to convey the idea of his passing from village to village, and, perhaps, which is very common in Scotland, taking up his abode in a barn; next to him is his wife, who travels the country with him, and sells her laces, garters, trinkets, and other matters represented in the basket on the ground.”

nae doubt—old Fraser took tae his bed with an aith that he never would rise out of it till the Prince landed in his ain country—when he heard of his arrival in the highlands, he jumped up, and cried ‘Is the laddie come? gie me my breeks!’ Na, na, Mr. Wilkie, if you wish the painting to be palatable to Scotsmen, ye maun put a crown on the head of the figure, instead of an English hat.”

“Perhaps your Ladyship’s in the right,” replied Wilkie.

“Right! there is nae room for doubting about it; but, now I must take my leave, as I must get to Hampstead to Lord Mansfield’s. I am delighted with the picture, and will say so to Lord Leven, but not a word about the *Pretender*.”

Saying so, her ladyship rose with the magnificence of a Turkey cock, when he spreads out his plumage in a rage.

“Dear me,” exclaimed Wilkie when she had gone, “it is astonishing how easily some

people's tempers are flurried—it only shows us how careful we should be of our words before we let them out of our mouths.”

Knox suggested that, perhaps, it was the portrait of the dog that produced her ladyship's ire; but the observations of Mr. Wilkie would never be eradicated from his memory.

“My dear Mr. Wilkie,” I remarked, “we have already trespassed too long on your precious time, we will, therefore, take our leave, with many thanks for your kindness.”

“Well, well, I will just ring the bell, you see,” was Mr. Wilkie's reply, “for the tray, as it is just the time I take a little luncheon—you will have nothing but an oatmeal cake and salt butter, and a kebuck frae the Carse o' Gowrie, but you will get a bottle of Preston Pans beer, which I am sure you both must want after your long walk.”

Before we could offer an apology, the servant entered with the tray, when we sat down.

“The cake I can recommend; I have always a barrel of Scots oatmeal sent up by my mother—and the cheese, in the opinion of my friend Allan Cunningham, is superior to Dunlap.”

And, certainly, it was excellent, and equal praises ought to be accorded to the ale; but the hearty welcome with which it was given would have made anything agreeable.

On our leaving, Wilkie gave strong injunctions to my young friend Knox to call as often as he pleased, and to bring his pictures with him, that he might give his advice on any difficulties that might arise in his progress.

On our way home, my young painter was loud in the praises of his talented countryman, especially his great goodnature, and entire absence from pride and affectation.

“I only hope,” he added, “that by perseverance I may render myself worthy of his friendship.”

“Why,” I observed, “the homage paid to

so young an artist might reasonably be expected to influence his native modesty, and give an air of greater consequence to his behaviour ; but his Scottish shrewdness enables him to discern the exact quantum valeat. He has read, if he has not learned by actual experience, that both poets and painters when they arrive at notoriety, are courted by the aristocracy, as giving an *éclat* to their discernment, and passing off upon the public their character of patrons ; often, however, in place of giving a commission, they are contented with bestowing their condescension in inviting them to their houses. Unless they have them on the first bloom of their bursting forth, they decline having them at all—as it is, when they are taken up by the public in general, they are passed over as rarities that have lost their novelty ; and now, my dear young friend, let me put you on your guard with respect to these caresses. If you paint, you are invited to the dinner-table, that you may be made a

vehicle for his lordship to show off his knowledge of the art, by drawing the attention of his guests to his erudition, struck from the flint of your conversation—in the same manner as a nobleman who is a dabbler in poetry, invites a rising poet, whilst in private he asks the one to touch on his pictures, and the other to revise his verses. Shakespeare says, ‘Don’t let the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, draw your fond heart to woman;’ and, though these words are put in the mouth of one who counterfeits madness, yet they are not without pregnancy of thought. Neither should ‘ribbons, stars, and a’ that,’ as your poet Burns has it, lead you to pay greater homage to men adorned with such gew-gaw emblems; if you are gifted with the smallest spark of genius, you possess greater adornment, since one is the gift of God, the other is the gift of man;—but I am getting sentimental, my dear young friend, so I will change the conversation,

and as we are near Holborn, we will call at Brown's, the colourman, and get the articles Wilkie has marked down in his list."

On reaching home, we found the several things had arrived—easel, palette, brushes, canvass, and colours. My young friend, putting the palette on his thumb, said, "I regret that I cannot, with any hope, say with the young Italian,* 'I too am a painter,' after seeing Mr. Wilkie's picture to-day."

* Anche io sono pittore.

CHAPTER III.

KNOX's favourite morning stroll was to a retired lane, leading from Pimlico to Westminster, called the Willow walk, from the number of pollard willows running down on each side; highly picturesque in a general view, and affording excellent specimens of individual trees for study—strongly reminding the artist of the character of many of the Dutch pictures. His sketch-book, by degrees, became very much filled with portions of these picturesque scenes, afterwards serving as back-grounds to his groups of cattle.

In one of these morning excursions, he unexpectedly met a Scottish artist, who had given him a few lessons in Edinburgh, and who was now settled in London, as scene-painter, at Astley's theatre. The meeting was one of pleasant surprise on both sides; and Mr. Scaife, at parting, wrote his address in Knox's sketch-book, with a pressing invitation for next evening to tea, as there were one or two of his countrymen to be there, and their being artists would be a double pleasure.

Knox replied, being quite unacquainted with London, he would take the liberty of bringing the gentlemen with whom he was residing.

"By all means," was the reply.

On looking over his sketch-book, I found the locality was Bishop's walk, Lambeth, and the house on the right-hand side as you go up to the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace, and is now tenanted by a boat-builder—for I have often looked at the house

since, in passing by to Vauxhall Gardens. The scene was indelibly imprinted upon my memory, for much hilarity, and also for being the source of much interesting chit-chat, connected with the fine arts.

On our arrival the next evening at six o'clock, the hour named, we found most of the party present, which shows that good-fellowship is a greater incitement to punctuality, than the dry incentive of etiquette.

As I soon became known to most of the party, and I had previously been acquainted with some of them, I may here enumerate the individuals who formed the group, most of whom, alas! are now no more; but their memory will survive them by their talents and industry that gave them publicity.

Our host was Mr. David Scaife, a scene-painter at Astley's Amphitheatre, but possessing many qualities connected with art. In his earlier days he was a water-colour draughtsman in Edinburgh, and disputed

the palm with others of that profession, confined principally within the precincts of the Scottish metropolis; among whom I may mention Carfrac, W. H. Williams, afterwards known from his views in Greece, which gained him the soubriquet of Greek Williams. He had also for a competitor, Alston, and the drawings of Farrington, the R.A., sent down annually to Scotland for sale.

It may be worth mentioning, that at the time I allude to, the fashion began amongst water-colour painters to use a very rough drawing-paper, manufactured by the Messrs. Whatman, which gave their works a richness of surface, still practised by the present artists. The printsellers and dealers in drawings not only supplied the amateurs, but furnished the libraries with examples to be lent out to schools and pupils. These, our artist Scaife used to manufacture at two-and-sixpence each, and supply the shops, not by dozens, but by hundreds. One

of the great disseminators of such incentives to artistic knowledge was Finlay of Glasgow, who was answerable in his lifetime for the particular bias given to the taste of the present generation, reaching from the Gallowgate to the auld town of Kilmarnock.

Detail could not be much expected in works manufactured at so cheap a rate. But the drawings of Scaife always possessed breadth of effect and chasteness of colour, engendered by the works of Girtin, which at that time were in their zenith. How drawings of this excellence could be produced at so cheap a rate, may be a mystery to many. But the way Scaife took to produce this result was, by dividing a large sheet of Whatman's grand elephant into twelve compartments with pencil; and, having outlined in each a subject of rock, hill, or dale, according to his sketches, or his imagination, he then saturated the paper as thoroughly as a wet blanket, and laid it down

on a table, and commenced with grey colour or neutral tint, until every subject was charged with its light and shade. The next process was to apply colour to suit the various designs, and then allowed the whole to dry; the consequence was, that it not only facilitated the advancement of the drawings, but gave a firmness and solidity to the manipulation. The detail was afterwards supplied by the hair pencil; and where lights were required, such as foliage, or small stones in the foreground, he touched them with water, and then rubbed the drawing (while the touches were wet) either with bread, or gave it a blow with the sleeve of his coat. The consequence was an appearance of finish, which effect he heightened by touching in shadows and portions of colour. I have been thus particular, as many of Turner's finest early drawings are conducted on the same principle. I have, perhaps, devoted too minute a description to the characteristics of this artist.

But, as he was the giver of the entertainment, it is but proper; besides which, I think something may be elicited in the way of art by dwelling on particulars.

The next I should wish to name as one of the company, was the late William Etty, R.A., whose works possess all the grandeur of composition and colour of the Venetian school. Yet in manner and simplicity he was a perfect child, as far as ostentation and arrogance were visible. At this period he was little known, and less encouraged. Indeed, the first purchaser of one of his large works was his friend and brother-artist John Martin, deservedly popularly known for his picture of "Belshazzar's Feast," and other designs of the same class. This patronage, however kind, was doubtful encouragement to one whose palette was set to the production of works of historical painting. It seemed something akin to the poet Burns raising a tombstone to his brother-poet Fergusson. Etty's perseverance

and industry, notwithstanding his want of patrons, ultimately secured him from what Haydon, Hilton, and others were made to feel. Amongst the youngest of the party was Patrick Nasmyth, celebrated as a landscape painter, and afterwards known as the English Hobbima. I must also not omit the remembrance of Peter Gibson, a great admirer of the ancient masters, and, finally professor of painting in Dolor University (little known to those born south of the Tweed). Gibson was a character of that peculiar cast, which you often meet with in the drama, but seldom in real life. Without affectation, yet he would use Latin words, such as calling Holborn *natus foramen*; and when ordering a shoulder of mutton, he would desire his maid to bring the *scapula*. All these are now dead, and, therefore, may be mentioned, as I wish, in this narrative, to abstain from taking such liberty with the living—although, in this instance, I may break through the rule, in noticing another

of the guests, Mr. John Wilson, the landscape painter, at that time a scene-painter at Astley's Amphitheatre, and who, I trust, will excuse me for so doing, since it gives me an opportunity of mentioning that he was the teacher of both Stanfield and Roberts, the academicians, who commenced their career in art as scene-painters.

With such an assemblage for a tea-party, the conversation naturally turned upon painting; and while Scaife was cleaning his palette, Gibson undertook the office of brewing and decocting the Chinese plant. During the boiling of the kettle, he commenced his remarks upon an unfinished picture on the easel. The subject was a view of Battersea fields from Cheyne walk.

"Why, Davey, man, this is a new style; it is more like one of your scenes, painted in size, instead of oil."

"Well, I mean it to have that appearance, as distemper colour is more luminous than

oil ; besides Reynolds recommends the dry manner, and says that the best pictures of Nicolo Poussin are painted on this principle."

"God bless me ! that is not what Sir Joshua means. The dry manner is where the outline is severe and cutting in effect ; and the colouring opposed in the several tints, in place of being blended and harmonised together, as we see in the pictures of Titian and Rubens."

"Well, but the landscape is not finished. I intend to varnish the water," was the reply, "which will give it a greater look of nature, as the water appears wet and shining, while everything else looks opaque and dry."

"Worse and worse," retorted the professor. "I never heard a greater barbarism—it will no more be a transcript of the harmony existing in nature, than a lady's grotto composed of plate glass, bits of stone, and dry moss."

“That is true respecting the treatment of flesh,” observed Etty. “Many would imagine that wax-work was a closer imitation than sculpture, but the very attempt to give individuality stamps it with meanness.”

“But I think the kettle boils, so let us have a cup of Souchong, with as little appearance to water as possible.”

Knox, while listening to the argument, had prepared a plate of bread and butter. But the professor, before filling up the teapot, looked in the first place towards the fire, and seeing no steam coming out of the spout, declined until that signal was exhibited as a proof of the water having received a superfluity of caloric.

“It will be some time, then, before we have our tea,” observed one of our company, “as all the steam is escaping up the chimney; for whoever put on the kettle has forgotten to put on the lid; but when the lid is put on I have no doubt the spout will

exhibit that signal which old women watch for with so much anxiety."

Accordingly on the lid being on, the excess of the caloric displayed itself. The tea being then brewed, on the most scientific principles, each cup was filled with a request that every one would add the sugar and cream suited to his fancy. Some one observing that the tea had a peculiar taste, several began sipping with the greatest precaution, and as a general opinion was given of the truth of the observation, Scaife as the major-domo felt his honour implicated, and on tasting his own, he found it tasted a little of mastic varnish; "but," continued he, "I can account for this, as the cup I have had a little varnish in it, and may have not been properly rinsed out; but there must have been too much tea used, as it is very strong; perhaps if the tea-pot is filled up again it will lose the bitter taste which black tea engenders."

After doing so, however, something obstruct-

ed its flowing through the spout, which on being examined, a congealed leather-looking substance was extracted. Our philosopher, on taking it in his hand, pronounced it a species of fungus from the water-cask, derived from the Latin words *funus* a funeral and *ago* to do; but all fungi do not cause death.

“What,” said Nasmyth, “is there death in the pot? ’Gad, sirs, we must all have a little of Scaife’s Glenlivet, as an antidote.”

“No, Peter,” replied Gibson, “I do not say that all the tribe of fungi are poisonous: on the contrary, mushrooms are highly nutritious, and the elder Pliny speaks in the praise of such.”

“Let me look at it,” says Scaife, after which he burst out laughing, announcing he was sorry to interrupt so much learning, but, it was nothing but a clot of smudge and *megulp*; for, on cleaning his palette, instead of throwing it off his knife behind the fire, it must have gone into the tea-kettle.

“Well, Davey, I wish you had used it rather upon your picture, as it would have improved *that*, but it has not improved the tea.”

The servant was then called in to take away the kettle and tea-things, and after undergoing ablution to bring them in again, and in the meantime to bring us some tumblers, and a jug of cold water.

“As our friend Nasmyth’s idea is a good one, we will christen old Glenlivet wi’ caller water.”

The big green bottle of mountain-dew was placed on the table, with a circle of glasses, like Jupiter and his satellites, and a Scots pint stoup of spring water, from the Bishop’s Gardens, near the Lollard’s Tower.

During the interregnum, while the tea-kettle was reaching boiling point, the professor proposed reading to us a part of a manuscript, which he was about to place in the printer’s hands, for the better educating of

the working-classes and young aspirants to the position of artists, or, at least acquiring, a knowledge of the common principles of design. We were all delighted at the suggestion, and drew our chairs round the table,

“Well content to feast both soul and body,
And stir about the toddy,”

as Burns has it. Pulling out the roll of paper from his pocket, he proceeded to read the following portion, which was silently and anxiously listened to.

“As we are all out of leading strings, I may, I suppose, omit reading the preface to the work.”

“No, no,” was the general exclamation.

“Well then, I shall just take a sip to lubricate the tonsils, and begin.”

After so doing, he commenced reading the following preface:—

“‘Man is an imitative animal, and if taught the power of using a pencil, will be

able to copy with more or less correctness any object placed before him. The great secret seems to be, to put that power within his grasp in youth. My desire in this work is to do so. It has been said, that a boy must possess an intuitive taste to follow up artistic instruction with success. Giotto, the restorer of Painting in Italy, was discovered drawing upon a stone without the walls of Florence, while herding a few goats, and was taken home by Cimabue, and instructed in the rudiments of the art. Salvator Rosa was found, when a boy, drawing on the plastered walls of a convent; but we see the same precocious signs even in our own time as we walk along the streets, and few pavements are without the rude representations of men and other objects. If these indications are directed into a proper channel, the eye becomes capable of correctness and variety. Drawing, like writing, requires settled forms to be given as examples, for we find those who draw from imagina-

tion only, seldom, if ever, arrive at any great degree of correctness. Next to the want of reflective observation, is the absence of some defined object to reflect upon. But any form, even the most simple, serves as a step to the mastery of the most complicated. Hence, those forms easiest to be copied are the best to start from. I propose dividing the work into separate portions, and separate periods of publication, which will counteract the impetuous inclination of youth to arrive at the conclusion too suddenly; but which, to comprehend, is found by experience to require a lengthened period of study. It is also found, that separate payments, for cheap publications, bring them more within the reach of the working-classes, or the limited means of young men.' "

Having finished the preface, he waited to receive the *placite*, which was most unanimously awarded him. He then proceeded to the first part of the work beginning thus:—

“‘In commencing a course of drawing or writing, those lines are generally taken which are most easily copied, such as horizontal lines and upright lines; also oblique lines, that the hand may be exercised to draw in all directions. Next, a combination of these lines, which, when joining, formed a square or triangle,—many objects in nature being comprehended within these forms, especially when seen in a perspective point of view. If these forms are cut out in paper, they will better explain the various changes which take place when set upright on a table, or laid flat. In the meantime, the hand ought to be practised in forming irregular lines, or a combination of various shapes, such as we perceive in foliage, or an assemblage of the leaves in trees, and lines also, such as we find in the ramification of the branches. When the hand can master these, we may proceed to objects more complicated.’ ”

About this time the tea-kettle, having

received its quantity of caloric, began to boil over, and as if in wrath at being neglected and slighted, nearly extinguished the fire in its spite; upon hearing and seeing which the lecturer coolly put his papers into his pocket again, and commenced once more to the decoction of the produce of the Ching-fou department.

Whether it was the absence of the *me-gulp*, or the skilful treatment of our friend • the philosopher, I do not know; but all agreed that the tea was excellent, as a proof of which everyone applied for a second cup, and some for a third,—the conversation turning upon the propriety of teaching the principles of Painting to the million. Some contended, that though in many cases the working-classes would be benefited, yet the art itself might pass into disrepute, from becoming too common and imperfectly represented, by falling into the hands of ignorant pretenders, who would distribute what might be called spurious forgeries.

In the midst of this debate, a thundering knocking was heard at the door, and a heavy tread of some one coming up stairs preceded the entry of a burly, fat visitor.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, but was not aware that my friend Mr. Scaife had company; don't let me disturb you, I pray. But, my dear Scaife, 'here's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot,' as sailors say.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Astley?—Mr. Astley, of the Amphitheatre, gentlemen."

"Matter! why the pantomime of the Enchanted Palace will be damned in consequence of the impossibility of harlequin performing one of the principal feats. The two giants guarding the secret gate are rendered a complete bar to the devil himself entering—their heads are a thousand times too small."

"That cannot be," replied Scaife, "as they are not only in the exact proportion of the figures of Michael Angelo, but are designed

upon the best principles of the antique. The gentleman is present who sketched them in."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon, Mr. Scaife, if I have offended him by saying anything against Michael Angelo, or any other member of the antique; but, did you tell the gentleman, that harlequin was to enter the palace by jumping down one of their throats? The property-man tells me their mouths must be at least two feet and a-half wide. How that can be accomplished in heads only two feet in bulk, I cannot comprehend!"

"Well, as it is partly my fault in not mentioning the feat that was to be performed, my young friend here, who draws the human figure, will, I hope, accompany me, and sketch in the heads, while I get the flesh-colour mixed, and put the salamander in the fire."

"Well, well, that will make it all right. In the meanwhile, as I have the gig at the

door, I will go forward and give the property-man instructions. I must get back as soon as possible, as the spotted Arabian Jenny Diver is to perform a *pas seul* in the ring, before the pantomime begins, and I must give her a few words of encouragement on her leaving the stable. Sarvant, gentlemen; excuse me, as young Ducrow will be all on the fidget."

"There goes a Goth," remarked Gibson; "old Philip Astley cares no more about Michael Angelo or Raphael than he does for Billy Upton, the poet of the theatre, and considers Joe Grimaldi a greater genius than either. I shall never forget assisting Scaife in one of his Italian scenes, by painting in the sky, in imitation of one of Gaspar Poussin's, where those white, rolling clouds are introduced with so much truth and beauty; and, on the old dragoon coming into the painting-room, he first looked at me, then at the scene, and then went up to Scaife, ex-

claiming, 'No! no! no pancake painters here, by G—d.'"

"Painting," observed Mr. Scaife, "he considers nothing, and no science equal to the science of horsemanship. He says the Duke of Newcastle is the only English nobleman worth speaking about."

"Well, Davey, you and your young friend Mr. Knox had better be off, or we will have the modern Attila back again."

"Well, Peter," replied Scaife, "entertain our friends till we come back again, which will not be long; and keep up a good fire, as I have got half-a-dozen of the real Finhorn haddies that want cooking."

Our young artist and his friend then left, for the purpose of converting the grand designs from Michael Angelo into caricatures, thereby verifying the saying, that "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

During their absence, a conversation

arose between Etty and Gibson, respecting scene-painting; Etty affirming that it would lead to an engendering of breadth and effect; the other considering it injurious to minute detail, and also to the presence of that juicy and transparent quality of colour, which is to be found in the best pictures from Titian down to Hobbima. One thing they both agreed in, that in no department of the art had so great improvement taken place as in scene-painting; and when we reflect that the scenery, painted for the opera of "The Maid of the Mill," by Richards, was considered worthy of being engraved by the first artist of his day, viz., Woolett, and compare such feeble and common designs with those of Grieve's and others, we cannot but be struck with the extraordinary advancement which the comparison confirms.

I ventured to remark, that though the scenery in the theatres of Paris is more luminous, and painted in a brighter tone of

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT morning my wife was quite delighted to hear of her relation's *debüt* in scene-painting; and the children listened with open mouths to his description of harlequin jumping down the giant's mouth, and wished to know if the giant eat him. Charlie begged him to make a drawing on his slate, which received the timorous praises of the youthful spectators, with strong injunctions to Charlie not to rub it out.

I could not help reflecting, when looking upon the cheerful expression the incidents of the previous evening had produced upon

his countenance, that the day was not far distant when he might repeat with confidence Correggio's exclamation.

Before coming down to breakfast, Knox had made a few notes in his diary, of the remarks he had heard the previous evening, a custom he had commenced in Edinburgh, one that ought to be adopted by everyone, who has leisure to write, and anything to write about. The diaries of Pepys and Evelyn exhibit striking pictures of the times in which they lived; the diaries of Byron and Moore leave off at an age when others only begin. The diaries and note-books of artists cannot be commenced too early, as they record appearances and effects in nature which stamp her features upon the memory. What would a bookseller of the present day not give for a diary of Shakespeare, if such a thing be in existence?

This was the first day that our young friend placed his canvass upon the easel, so diffident was he of his own abilities, and so

fearful, lest his first attempt in oil painting should be a failure, and so dishearten him from proceeding. But, remembering the aphorism of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "that we must not allow theory to precede practice too far, but that they ought to advance hand in hand;" and emboldened by this advice, he proceeded to wash the surface with a little chalk and water, to get rid of the grease; and, selecting a subject from his sketch-book, he transferred it to the canvass. The subject was a view of the *Willow Walk*—a scene with which he was so well acquainted, that he might have exclaimed with Scott, who (describing the road to Blackford hills) says, "Not a stone lies on that road to me unknown." Knox might have said, "Not a tree stands in that walk unknown to me." After drawing in the outline with a blacklead pencil, he proceeded to wash in the light and shade with burnt Sienna water-colour.

I have been thus particular in describing

the progress of the work, as it was Charlie's first lesson, who had been permitted to be present; and from that moment I perceived that the boy had made up his mind; so much are we often led into the choice of a profession, by a combination of circumstances. I remember the observation of an old comedian, who intended his son for the profession of an architect,—“The moment he got behind the scenes, and smelt the lamp, I knew his destiny was decided.” Shakespeare uses it nearly in the same sense,—“There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.”

This day's post brought Knox a kind letter from Mr. Wilkie, enclosing tickets of admission to the galleries of the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Grosvenor, with an invitation to tea on the day we went to Lord Grosvenor's, as it would be half-way to Sol's row. The public days were, at that time, Fridays in June. Knox was quite delighted, especially as he heard there was

a beautiful picture, by Paul Potter, in the collection, where a row of willow trees were introduced, similar to those in the Willow walk, and not unlike the picture he had just commenced.

Friday seemed to us both long in coming; but it came at last, when we started for Grosvenor-street (in most invitations I found myself included, not as a *cicerone*, but more as a *valet de place*). Being a fine day, the rooms were crowded (the large gallery not being then finished) with the rank and fashion forming the principal portion of the *reunion*, with a small sprinkling of artists, among whom, Knox was recognised by the Rev. Mr. Thomson, of Duddingston, afterwards known as the Scottish Turner: in one of whose landscapes Knox had drawn a group of cows.

After taking a lengthened pinch of snuff, which seemed to make every vein thrill with joy, he took our young painter heartily by the hand, exclaiming,—

“My dear young friend, I am delighted to meet you, especially in such a place as London—the true hothouse for rearing young artists; you must keep a great watch though upon the influence of demoralising matter; but you are in good hands, those of one, whom I understand is a namesake of my own.” (I bowed.) “My friend Wilkie told me you were in town: I trust you will in time do credit to our country, as our friend David has done. It was a saying of old King Jamie to his courtiers, ‘Send me up men that will be an honour to us, and not decayed off-shoots of our poor nobility, sent up to fatten among the English pock-puddings.’”

“I have no fear of him,” I replied.

While we were talking, we were joined by a red-faced, square, short man, who, taking Mr. Thomson by the hand, said,—

“Well, minister, I am glad to see you. I hope they are a’ weel at the manse, man?”

"They are a' brawly, Turner, thank ye for speering."

"No no, John Thomson, I cannot compete with you in Scottish dialect; I'll try you in the painting line."

"Ah, there you are on your throne, and 'we, planets who are not able without *your* light to shine.'"

"Allow me to introduce a new planet to your hemisphere,—Mr. Knox, from Edinburgh; Mr. Knox—William Mallord Turner, the sole patentee of sunshine."

"Umph, Thomson, I wish he had joined some other company than that of the paper-stainers. We will have painters as 'plentiful as blackberries.' I trust though he will do us honour, for I see it mentioned in 'The Fallacies of Hope,'

'Of all the ills with which mankind are curst,
Bad poets and bad painters are the worst.'

But I will leave you now in the hands of Mr. Seguiet, who I see coming up, as he

deals in the black masters, and light and darkness cannot exist in the same spot."

The great painter would not stop; in fact, it was a wonder to see Turner at any of the galleries. I suspect it was to meet Sir John Leicester, who I saw in the other room; he had just finished a picture, for Sir John, of a "Sea Beach—Sun rising through a Mist."

Knox was anxious to know what pictures were his favorites in the collection.

"As to that, it is difficult to say," replied Mr. Segurier; "he is very chary in giving his opinion; had he been bred a solicitor, he would have put his conversation (even at his client's dinner-table) down in his bill. The pictures I have found him standing before, are the view of 'Teniers' House,' and the 'Sea-Shore,' by Gainsborough.

"My young friend here is more taken with the Paul Potter than any other."

"Ah! that is a gem," replied Segurier.

"My Lord gave twelve hundred guineas for it to Mr. Crawford; it would bring two thousand at Christie's."

"That," I said, "ought to give you encouragement, my dear Knox, to study landscapes and cattle, as the most saleable branch of the profession."

"I have a ticket for him in my pocket," said Segulier, "to admit him into William Henry Hope's, in Park-lane, where he will see two unrivalled Potters, and a marvellous group of cows, by Cuyp. In fact, the whole collection consists of the choicest specimens of the Dutch School. They were painted for the Hopes of Amsterdam, and have never been out of the family. But I must leave you to examine the pictures here at your leisure; I see Sir George and Lady Beaumont, who are fond of a gossip about art."

"You will find Mr. Segulier a valuable acquaintance for you, my dear Knox," observed the minister; "and, when your

pictures arrive at that state to deserve patronage, Segulier will procure it for you, as he is hand in glove with all the picture-buyers and patrons in England."

"I am afraid it will be a long time before my pictures are worth purchasing," replied Knox.

"Never fear," said the minister, taking a magnificent pinch of Hardham's thirty-seven. "*Nil desperandum* ; remember the proverb, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' I have often thought the weaver of Kilmar-nock's toast, 'The Lord give us a good conceit of ourselves,' is not altogether to be despised: for modesty and virtue stand a poor chance in this world, when coming in contact with impudence and assurance. But I will give you an opportunity of following Segulier's advice, of examining the pictures at your leisure ; and rest assured, that no one will be more delighted to hear of your success than the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston."

While Knox was carefully going round, examining the various pictures, I could not help reflecting, that nothing but his amiable disposition would have gained those "golden opinions from all sorts of people," which, when coupled with attractive talent, would weigh down all obstruction. But should his works fall short of early promise, the flattering height anticipation would place him on, would only be the greater and more sorely felt. These gloomy forebodings were interrupted by the arrival of the hour of closing the gallery (four o'clock), and we bent our way to Sol's row, my young friend wrapt up in deep thought, scarcely uttering a word but "yes" or "no," till we arrived at the Hampstead-road. Wilkie received us with the greatest kindness, his large blue eyes glistening with pleasure.

"Well, I am delighted to see you," he exclaimed; "I am sure Knox must have glow'ed his een out at Lord Grosvenor's

gallery. I am anxious to hear his ideas upon the pictures; but, as there is drouth in thinking, we'll hae a dish o' tea in the first instance. I always drink tea at five o'clock, except on Academy nights, when I dine, on my way there, at John o'Groat's house, in Rupert Street; and, as I suppose you both took an early dinner, I have ordered some kippered salmon to be broiled. Study seemed to have made Knox hungry as well as dry, for he did ample justice to the Scots salmon. Wilkie, after the second cup, said,—

“Weel, now let's hear the *uncoes*; and who did you see? Any one you knew?”

Knox said, he met an acquaintance, the Rev. Mr. Thomson, of Duddingston.

“Dear, dear, only think, you met the minister John Tamson; then you met a good man and a clever, though the folks in Auld Reekie think he ought to let the painting alone; but the easel does not interfere wi' the pulpit. They deprived

John Home of his manse for writing the tragedy of Douglas, which contains as much moral doctrine as many of the sermons o' Dr. Blair. But, being the son of a clergyman, I must not venture an opinion upon the matter."

Knox continued, "We were introduced by him to his friend Mr. Turner."

"Then," said Wilkie, "you saw the most brilliant artist of the day."

"That may be," remarked Knox, but a little polish would not hurt him; he is truly a diamond in the rough; besides, his words are so cold they become icicles before they reach you."

"Well, well, his thoughts breathe, though his words certainly don't burn; but his pictures are hot enough," replied Wilkie. "And who else did you see?"

"I was introduced to your friend Mr. Seguiet," replied Knox, "and his kindness quite removed the chilliness Turner's conversation had produced upon me."

"Ah, Mr. Segulier's manner is very different; and, though not a painter, no one knows better than Segulier what constitutes a good picture. Now let me hear what pictures pleased you most; you looked at the small Paul Potter, of course."

"I did," said Knox, "and a marvellous work it is. Even the cattle in the distance are painted with the greatest truth and finish; the row of willow trees is nature itself,—full of detail, and yet possessing the greatest breadth of effect. I was also much charmed with the view of 'Teniers' House;' it does not remind one of a picture, but looks like a scene seen out of a window, with the sash thrown up."

"Ah," said Wilkie, "it is full of light and freshness of colour. And did you notice two portraits, by Rembrandt, of a gentleman with a hawk, and his lady with a fan."

"I did," said Knox, "and could scarce get away from them; I have never seen

pictures by Rembrandt before to-day, and fancied the portraits of Raeburn were perfection."

"Well," replied Wilkie, "Raeburn's are more in the style of Velasquez; and did you observe the small gem, by Rembrandt, 'The Salutation of the Virgin?'"

"Yes, yes, and a wonderful work it is: in fact, I have known Rembrandt only by means of his etchings; but I perceive his colouring is even superior to his light and shade. When I see the height that these painters have risen to, it seems almost hopeless to expect to get up even half-way. But your progress, Mr. Wilkie, inspires me with greater confidence. If a love for the art and constant study can accomplish anything, I hope to acquire what they two can produce."

"I don't fear for your success, my dear sir," remarked Wilkie. "Always when you see anything in nature or painting that pleases you, try to find out the reason

for its so doing ; and when anything offends you, in like manner investigate the cause. I often get as much instruction by looking at bad pictures, as at good ; for by finding out why they are so, we learn what to avoid. We must learn to read pictures and nature, as others learn to read books."

"I see," I remarked, "that the Progress of a Painter is as laborious as the Pilgrim's Progress."

"Yes," Mr. Thomson, "but Shakespeare says, 'The labour we delight in physicks pain : ' the lives of painters are like their pictures, composed of light and shade ; is n't it so, Mr. Knox ? "

"Why, I am not capable of judging ; my life has not been of that chequered yarn mentioned by Shakespeare. The white thread has predominated, but I sometimes have a foreboding that the cold colour will predominate over the warm ; and our poet Campbell tells us, 'that coming events cast their shadows before.' "

“Yes, but,” observed Wilkie, “it is a wizard who utters that speech;—you have not caught that ‘vaporous drop that fell from the corner of the moon’ which Hecate distilled to raise such artificial sprites,—the maul-stick is our magic wand, with which we dispel such ‘black spirits and blue,’ unless you wish to be a painter of hobgoblins, like my friend Fuseli, who eats raw pork before going to bed to bring ‘the nightmare and her ninefold,’ for the purpose of painting her to the life. But we will leave off this bandying of our wits, and have the tea-things removed, as I wish to show you a sketch of a picture I am about to commence for Lord Mulgrave.”

“I beg pardon, my dear sir,” observed Mr. Knox, “for giving way to such low spirits; it is very ungrateful in me, when everyone is striving to make me happy. The cloud is passed by.”

Wilkie produced his study for the “Rent Day,” and began an explanation of the picture.

“ I have laid the scene in the steward’s room, where the tenants are assembled to pay their rents. The steward, seated at the table, is listening to a farmer who is paying, and calling his attention to some disputed point. His clerk is represented casting up the account. The next tenant stands at the table, with his rent ready in a bag, waiting his turn with patience. The female, seated next to this figure, you may imagine a widow, with a child in her arms, and her little girl on the ground. This group I intend shall receive the principal mass of light, as the dresses of the women and children are better adapted for that purpose ; besides, it draws the attention of the spectator to a pleasing part of the composition. The two figures behind, one holding the other by the button, to express if possible the detainer wishes the assistance of a loan. The two seated, I have endeavoured to give expression and variety of character to, by one of the having a ‘sair

barking host,' as we say in Scotland, and the other having his rent quite safe in his pocket. The figure behind them, I mean as the nobleman's servant drawing a well-corked bottle of wine to regale the tenants, who are dining in a recess in the background, to which they have retired after paying their rent. The whole of course will be enriched with accessories appropriate to the scene, such as the landlord's fat French pug-dog, sleeping on the rug before the fire, and the farmer's colie, watching the dinner-table. The great thing, I find, in these subjects, is to introduce as much variety of character and expression as possible." While continuing his explanation, Mr. Jackson, the artist, was announced.

"Ah, my dear Wilkie, I am glad to find you at home, as I bring you an invitation to dine with Lord Mulgrave, at the Admiralty, on Sunday, at six. He trusts you will make a point of coming, as you will meet

your friends Sir George Beaumont and Sir Ridley Colborn, Sunday being the only day of leisure his Lordship has to himself; and he also hopes that you won't object to bring the sketch of the picture you have commenced, as they intend to discuss its merits over a bottle of the real vino tinto."

"Well, I suppose I must, though I may say, my father the minister would hardly have approved of it."

"Well, well, my dear Wilkie, I shall say you will be there, so be punctual. Excuse me leaving so abruptly, as I am going to sup with old Northcote, to meet Hazlit."

"Jackson will one day be the first portrait painter of his day," observed Wilkie. "He is a protégé of Lord Mulgrave's, being born at Scarborough. His Lordship's family employed old Mr. Jackson to make the children's clothes. The son, however, had a soul above buttons, as the common saying is, and exchanged the needle for the

pencil. His first essays were the portraits of the ministers, for the embellishment of the Evangelical Magazine, for which he received seven shillings each; they are done in black-lead, and are really surprising when we consider they were the production of an untaught boy. But we will leave off chit-chat about the fine arts for this day at least, as Knox must be pretty well satiated with the subject. If you just wait a moment till I change my coat, I will walk as far as Portland-road with you, for the purpose of calling on Sir Francis Bourgeois. I like always to have a little stroll and fresh air every day; and just put the window up, to give the painting-room the same benefit."

On our reaching Charlotte-street, our friend took his leave, not without impressing upon Knox the baneful effects of giving way to lowness of spirits.

It being a fine summer's evening, we extended our walk home through Hyde-park.

The rays of a glorious setting sun dispelled the clouds of despondency, and my young friend became quite cheerful by the time we had arrived at Pimlico, giving ocular demonstration, by demolishing some ham and chicken, which my dear wife had provided for us.

CHAPTER V.

NEXT morning Knox was stirring with the lark, and inserted into his book his own remarks, and those of others, upon the pictures and conversation of the preceding day; so that by breakfast-time he was ready to commence his day's labour.

His palette was no sooner on his thumb than he began rubbing out his line of willow trees, saying, that he found minute finish and detail were not incompatible with breadth of effect. The Paul Potter, at Lord Grosvenor's, seemed to have given him a new light upon this subject. Nevertheless,

after painting some hours, he strolled out to observe their appearance in nature; remarking, that however beneficial it may be to study the excellent works of those who have preceded us, we must never neglect to refer on every occasion to nature herself.

While he was absent, I mentioned to my wife that I had noticed he seemed subject to lowness of spirits, and even my friend Wilkie observed the same thing.

“I trust he will not turn out like the youth mentioned in Gray’s *Elegy in a Churchyard*.”

“I do not fear that ‘Melancholy may mark him for her own,’ I replied; “but happen what will, he will not die unknown to fame.”

“He studies too closely,” she remarked; “and I have been thinking he ought to have a little change. Suppose, after dinner to-day, we take a boat up to Richmond. He has frequently expressed a wish to see it.”

“With all my heart; and give us a bot-

tle of your oldest port; study is a dry affair."

While my wife was hastening the dinner, our young artist returned.

"Well, Knox," I asked, "have you seen anything in a new light?"

"I have," was his reply, "but I did not see it till I had looked at the Paul Potter yesterday. However, I have also seen something in nature, which even Potter does not come up to. The great use of looking at the works of our predecessors seems to be that they teach us what to adopt, and what to omit. But I believe if we view nature only through the spectacles of other painters, we will be educated with a bias, and ultimately end in being copyists."

"Well," I observed, "we had pictures yesterday, we will have nature to-day. Mrs. Thomson has arranged for a trip up to Richmond; and after dinner the boat will be waiting for us; I hope you will agree with her suggestion."

“I’ll be most delighted above all things; and I hope Charlie and Hector will be of the party.”

“Why, as to Charlie, he wo’nt require much coaxing; but as for Hector, all the coaxing in the world wo’nt get him again into a boat.”

But, lo, the dinner smoked upon the board, graced with a bottle of the wedding port, which was now getting reduced in quantity as it increased in quality; and made its appearance only on red-letter days, of which this was one.

After a hasty meal, on the cloth being removed, Knox gave as a toast,—

“The memory of Paul Potter and the Dutch School.”

After which my wife, before leaving the table, begged permission also to give one; she gave,—

“The health of David Wilkie, and the rising artists of the Scottish School,” which

was drunk with great glee; and while she got her bonnet and tippet on, and Charlie collected the sketch-books and pencils, Knox and I qualified one of the receptacles of the wedding port for a situation amongst the dead men in the cellar.

A few minutes brought us down to the river, and the wind and tide being favourable, we glided through Battersea Bridge with gentle velocity. Knox had never been higher up the Thames, so that every object on each bank became one of attraction to his scrutinising eye; and Charlie undertook the task of showman. The river was sprinkled with fishing-boats, some drawing their nets, and others lifting up eel pots, giving a picturesque character to the scene; while numerous swans, crossing the glittering reflection of the sun, combined to complete the beauty of the picture. Knox remarked, that no rivers in Scotland offered the same inducements for painting. The points he admired most, were the

groups of trees above Cremorne House, Old Putney Bridge, Barnes' Elms, the Creek leading up to Isleworth, the view looking through Kew Bridge, and the approach to Richmond Bridge. We landed by the bridge, and having received the extent of our furlough from our waterman, who proposed rowing back with the return of tide, we wended our way along the towing path, and ascending the hill leading to the terrace, rested on one of the seats at the top.

Beautiful as is the view from this point at all seasons of the year, it never seemed more enchanting than it did on this occasion. Our young painter was lost in wonder at the great expanse of beautiful scenery, and exclaimed,—

“The English may well be proud of the luxuriant scenery of their country. I question if any region in the globe can bring a scene in successful competition with this.”

After resting a little, we strolled into Richmond-park, and viewed the scene once

more from this vantage-ground. This certainly is the best situation to join the poet Thomson* in his beautiful description (written upon a board, and nailed upon one of the trees at the end of the walk, and which my wife made Charlie copy off in his sketch-book, out of compliment to her countryman, for the purpose of being inserted into her album), beginning,—

“ Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course ?”
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose ?
 All is the same with thee. Say shall we wind
 Along the stream ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the smiling harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all her pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ? † Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape ; now the raptured eye,
 Exulting swift to huge Augusta send ;
 Now to the sister hills, ‡ that skirt her plain ;
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.”

* This used to be the Poet's favourite walk. He now lies buried in Richmond churchyard.

† The old name for Richmond, signifying in Saxon, shining or splendour.

‡ Highgate and Hampstead.

By this time the termination of our furlough was drawing near, and we proceeded to retrace our footsteps, filled with joyful praises of the beauties of nature, and

“ Looking through Nature up to Nature’s God,”

as Thomson expresses it, in his “ Hymn to the Seasons.”

On reaching the bridge, we found it covered with a multitude of people, listening to the strains of music issuing from a party, whose boat was moored under the centre arch.

The sun had sunk behind a group of trees; but his glorious bright red rays were gilding the congregated small clouds in the zenith. While the pic-nic party were finishing their favourite glee of “ Glorious Apollo,” they started on their journey homewards, having had their large stone ale bottle replenished; for being what may

be termed a moveable feast, their beef, bread, and ale had been laid siege to at three several refreshment stations, on their progress up the river. As they rowed out from under the bridge, they received three hearty cheers from the free-list audience above, and began to ply their oars to the time of the steersman, who commenced, in a stentorian voice, Moore's Canadian boat-song, "Row, brothers, row."

As we followed in their wake, along with some others, containing brothers of the angle, our boatman informed us they were a party from Lambeth, among whom were one or two professional singers; but this being a closed day at Vauxhall Gardens, they had made holiday. As they descended the river, their rowing became more irregular; and once or twice they run their boat on the shallow gravel. The last mishap of this nature was off the wall, at Chelsea College Gardens; when it required one of them to get out to assist



in getting her off, but not before they had knocked a hole in the bottom that required constant baling all the way home. We left them at Royal's, opposite the Red-house; but we afterwards heard from our boatman that their boat sunk as she landed at Searle's (to whom it belonged), with all the plates and dishes on board. The party then took shelter in the Mitre Public Tavern, to dry their clothes and drink their sweethearts and wives, as if it had been Saturday night at sea.

On our reaching home we enjoyed some hot tea and cold chicken, and were delighted with our excursion; but none more so than Knox, who used to talk of it for years afterwards.

On his making his appearance next morning at breakfast, he seemed as cheerful as ever I had seen him. So, great changes often spring from the most trifling circumstances. The fresh scene, and the

cheerful face of nature, seemed to have shed its influence upon his own.

As this was Sunday, and as each Sunday was spent pretty much in the same way, I shall describe one of them.

In the morning, before he came down stairs, he perused a small pocket Bible—an old relic of his family—while my wife was hearing the children their catechism. At breakfast Charlie read a chapter in the Old or New Testament. My wife and Knox generally went to the Scottish Church, in Swallow-street, while Charlie and I either went to Westminster Abbey, or the Old Church at Chelsea, which had many attractions for me, both on account of my being married in that church, and all our children being baptised there and entered in its registry. We dined early, for the purpose of allowing the servants to go to worship in the afternoon or evening. After tea, Charlie read us a sermon, or a passage out of some religious history;

Blair's Sermons, and Stackhouse's History of the Bible, and the learned Josephus, were my wife's favourites. While she was putting the children to bed, and hearing them say their prayers, I generally indulged in a cigar, and a glass of weak whiskey-and-water, or a tumbler of Elliot's Pimlico ale. As we dined earlier on that day, we generally took supper; thus, as our friend the philosopher would say, *ex uno disce omnes*.

Knox, like my friend Wilkie, had early formed a resolution not to put his palette on his thumb upon a Sunday. Nor do I ever recollect seeing Wilkie painting on Sunday but once, when he was painting the picture of the "Vagrants with the Bear and Monkey;" the latter he had out of the exhibition at Exeter 'Change; and the excuse Wilkie made was in his jocular way,—

"You see," he observed, "this gentle-

man is a public character, and can only be spared from his duties upon a Sunday."

Many weekdays are equally monotonous in the progress of a painter through life; but any incident that can either amuse or instruct, I shall relate, even at the expense of being thought tiresome.

CHAPTER VI.

THURSDAY evening seemed to arrive as if Time himself strove to keep pace with the increased speed of everything around him. But time seems never long to those he smiles on. It is only when he frowns that we think him loitering.

Our way lay over Westminster-bridge, Gibson living at that time in a street nearly opposite Astley's Amphitheatre. On crossing the bridge, Knox stopped on the middle to enjoy the view looking up the river. The sun, as Shakespeare says, had played the alchemist's part, and converted the sur-

face of the muddy Thames into a sheet of gold. Even the dull old tower of Lambeth church, and the walls of the Palace library, partook of his lustrous rays. I have often thought, that to the eyes of an artist, all nature is a continual treat.

A few minutes brought us to the philosopher's domicile. Several of the company having already arrived, upon our appearance he set about brewing the refreshing beverage; and, while so doing, he opened the door, and called out to his servant Betsey,—

“Where is the lac?”

“Coming, Squire:” as she entered she said she had kept the milk in the back kitchen, to keep it cool.

“That is right. What is tea in Latin, Betsey?”

“The Romans had no tea, Squire, and therefore no word for it.”

“Properly answered! No lady in England could have answered better. Now

let us have the panem ; and while the tea is brewing, I wish Knox to look at the picture on the easel. I have been painting a portrait of a cow—none of your Smithfield brutes ; it is the true Holstein breed, which were the cattle Paul Potter painted. Knox said,—

“ I have been looking at it ; it seems rather long in the legs.”

“ That’s impossible,” replied our philosopher ; “ it is traced from one of Marc de Bye’s ; but as soon as the tea-pot is filled, I will look at it with you. Too long in the legs, say you,” he continued, going up to the easel ; “ by heavens ! you are right,” taking up the picture and laying it flat on the carpet : “ It was all right two hours ago ; but the heat of the weather, and the weakness of the megulp, and the admixture of too much wax, have caused the legs to run ; it looks as if the poor brute was on stilts. It was Wilkie who advised me to use wax in the megulp, for the

purpose of giving a fat, pulpy look to the picture. But I ought to have remembered what a pupil of mine, the Honourable Miss Keppell, told me. She said, a picture of her ancestor, Admiral Keppell, by Reynolds, hung over the dining-room fire-place, and every year she could observe the chin to lengthen."

Some one observed that Sir William Beechy used a good deal of wax with great advantage.

"Well, well, it may be so," said Gibson; "*Chacun a son gout*, as they say in Dunkirk.—No, no, my young friend Knox, if you can't make a good picture of pure drying oil and varnish, all the gumptions in the world will be of no avail."

Etty said, "Titian seems to have used no wax."

"No, my dear sir," Gibson added; "nor Paul Veronese either. Livy mentions the Romans writing on wax tables; but it was with a *stilus*."

"That, perhaps, is the origin of what Sir Joshua Reynolds calls the Roman style," observed Scaife.

"God bless my soul," said Gibson, *stilus* is an iron pen, to indent in the tables, with one of which Julius Cæsar stabbed one of the conspirators in the neck. But, while we are disputing about wax, the tea will be waxing too strong.

"Egad, Gibson, I hope there is neither wax nor megulp in this cup of tea," observed Nasmyth."

"No more of that, if you love me, Peter," replied Scaife.

"Gibson has used all his megulp on his cow's legs."

The philosopher turned round, and rung the bell, ordering Betsey to bring a fresh supply of *aqua pura*.

Knox hoped, while the tea-kettle was receiving its proper quantity of caloric, the professor would read us the continuation of his lecture on painting; and lifting up

the picture at the same time from the floor, set it on the easel upside down, suggesting that by that means the animal's legs might return to their original length.

Gibson, as the quickest way of silencing and putting an end to their jokes, pulled out a drawer, and took out a parcel of papers.

“ I forget where I left off on the former evening; but I will read a few remarks, as they come to hand. Of Form, which is a very essential part, I say,—

“ ‘ Form is the great foundation of Design. By this boundary-line alone the various objects are defined and recognised. Even light and shade possess their various distinctive shapes. The harmony of colouring, likewise, arises from the arrangement and quantities of each tint. Hence, the paramount necessity of having a correct outline in the first instance. The great fault in beginners is, adopting a loose mode of sketching, or trusting to their

imagination only, like the scribbling of a child imitating writing, who never was taught to form a single letter. Such habits are not only worthless, but incapacitate the pupil from drawing objects from nature correctly. The early works of all the great masters in painting, exhibit even severity and hardness of outline; and it is only in their later pictures that we perceive a freedom of handling, and a looseness of colour. Young people are anxious to arrive at this power in their outset. There is no railroad that leads to excellence; and we ought to remember what Lord Bacon says in matters of this kind, 'Let us take time, that we may arrive at the end of our journey the sooner.' After this part of the subject I introduce a few remarks on Perspective; but as I have mislaid my diagrams, without which it is impossible to explain, I will pass on to Light and Shade.

“The application of chiaro-scuro to objects

gives them an intelligible character. It simplifies the multiplicity of outlines, making one part project, and another retire. It renders one part of the outline cutting and sharp, and gives softness and delicacy to other portions. It renders the whole agreeable to the eye, by collecting the lights and darks into varied and pleasing shapes. With such an auxiliary we can easily conceive what advantage an outline acquires, if it be properly applied, and what destruction it causes when injudiciously and ignorantly used. Next to correctness of outline, therefore, the study of this branch of the art is of paramount importance,—for even colour is often but an adjunct to its power. In the earlier stages of painting, its use was confined to the mere relief of each object separately—putting the emphasis upon every figure. But as art advanced, whole groups were cast into shadow, and the principal portions only were made predominant.

This mode not only gives the work the firmness and solidity of nature, but keeps the attention of the spectator fixed upon the leading characters of the subject. The Venetians have carried this part of the art to perfection; but Rembrandt reduced the mass of light from one-fourth to one-eighth of the whole. This mode certainly gives the lights more brilliancy, but as Reynolds justly remarks, 'it costs too much.' This power with the assistance of colour, is also the foundation of aerial perspective,'"—

But while Gibson was proceeding to enter upon the subject, Betsey entered to announce the arrival of Augustus Cosmo Churchill.

"What! interrupted again in my lecture! But this is a worse intrusion than old Philip Astley. This is a puppy of the Marlborough breed, without the true spot on the skull. Tell the goose to walk up. What is the Latin for goose, Betsey?"

“*Anser*, Squire.”

“Well answered; let him waddle up stairs.”

“Ah! my dear Gibson.”

“Ah! my dear Churchill.”

“Gentlemen, keep your seats,—Churchill is one of us.”

“And proud to be so, my dear fellow! Poets and painters are nature’s illustrators. But, what the devil have we here? A cow turned upside down! Egad, I always turn my portraits in the same position; it gives us a new view of them;—and, upon my soul, I often think they look better so. Ah! several fresh landscapes, I see: as much individuality as ever. Too much keeping in them. Nothing but the ideal will sell now-a-days. Transcripts of nature wo’nt do in the advanced state the art has arrived at. You remember the tree you painted in on the background of Lady Fanny Flummery’s portrait? Next

day, when she came to give me the last sitting, good Lord! how she did stare,—‘Why, Mr. Churchill,’ she exclaimed, ‘this is the picture of a tree—not of a young lady!’”

“You ought to have painted the head up with sufficient force, to keep the tree in its place,” said Gibson.

“No, my dear fellow, I adopted, a quicker plan; as, by good luck, it was still wet, with one or two whisks of a large brush I soon took the individuality out of it. If Reynolds himself had painted it, the pretensions to nature could not have been more effectually eradicated. The head, though delicate, at once assumed its superiority. But it is precisely the same with trees in a landscape; they are all too faithful transcripts of nature. I remember, when I was staying at Cossey Park, painting the Jerningham family, a man used to come from Norwich to teach the young ladies to draw; one day, when they return-

ed, I took up one of their sketch-books; there the trees from those in the park were copied sure enough: but it required no one from Norwich to teach them that. I put the book behind my back, and with a few loose touches of a black-lead pencil gave them an idea what a tree ought to be; they saw the difference at once, and wished to take it down stairs to show their master, who was dining with the steward; but I would not permit it. I am the last person in the world to hurt any poor man's feelings, so cut it out and put it in the fire."

"I wonder, sir, that you don't paint landscape," observed Nasmyth.

"Paint landscape! I have painted landscape; and have been offered large sums to finish the education of amateur artists, by even royalty itself; but no, I prefer a higher branch of the art,—'to paint the human face divine,' as the poet says."

"Are there any of your portraits in the

Royal Academy this year?" asked Etty in a soft tone of voice.

"No, sir! nor ever will be. I sent one portrait, one year, at the particular desire of my sitter, and, egad, though he was a marquis, the fellows hung it at the top of the room, over the door, as you enter. When I send another portrait to the Royal Academy, I hope they will turn it out. But I must be going, as I have an engagement at Vauxhall Gardens, to meet Lady Nightshade and her children. Her ladyship goes at this unfashionable hour for the dear creatures' sakes; and I know they will be all on the tiptoe of expectation till I make my appearance, as I happen to be a great favourite. Adieu, *mes freres*."

"There goes a fool!" exclaimed Gibson. "Touchstone, in 'As you Like It,' is a perfect Solon to such an ass. If such fools receive the patronage of the higher orders of society, I will say with Jaques, 'O that

I were a fool! I am ambitious for a motley coat.' ”

“ Betsey, bring up the *cena*. We have no chance of educating society, when such pestilential vapours hang upon the skirts of science. Modest merit stands no chance in contending with such an accumulation of plausible impudence. A tiny fly may as well try to escape from the complicated meshes of a bloated spider's web, or out of a pot of new megulp.”

“ You are angry, Squire !” said Betsey, spreading the supper cloth. “ You have often told me that ‘ *Ira furor brevis est*. ’ ”

“ So it is, Betsey ; but it is virtuous to be angry in such a cause as this. A banker's clerk may detect a money forgery, but such forgeries as pictorial impostors commit are beyond the reach of detection by the million.”

“ The Royal Academy,” observed Etty, “ seems to have taken his measure.”

“ Well, thank God for it,” said Gibson,

“with all their faults they are capable of doing some good; but even their contempt the creature will turn to his advantage, and create a degree of sympathy in the breasts of his patrons, by describing it as jealousy of his talents. But I am now quite cool, and wo’nt give him the credit of being able to disturb the harmony of our evening. We’ll commence with some toasted kipper and Preston Pans beer. Betsey, bring up the *salmonis ex flumine Clydo*.”

A little eating, drinking, and agreeable chit-chat, restored the equanimity of our tempers.

Astley entered, with his cane up, like a sword.

“‘Forbear! and eat no more.’ I have provided for you. Hearing that some friends were with you, among whom was our Scottish artist, newly arrived, my daughter has provided supper, of which nor she nor I partake until your plates are served. Till then, I wish you all to view

a piece, that by the crowded state of boxes, pit, and gallery, promises great things!"

Gibson said,—

"Great Philip of Macedon, we are all thy slaves, and wait thy great behest. What name doth grace the play-bill of to-night?"

Astley answered,—

"Let cogitation rest in sweet oblivion; for guessing were fruitless; no one could divine; the appellation, '*Maternal Impossibility*,' stares us in every street!—placarded high on walls! Egad, I feel a little *elevee*. The fact is, I have been dining at the King's Arms, in Palace-yard, after a hard battle with the magistrates, about having our license renewed in my son's name. Some psalm-singing shutters-up of places of amusement wished to close old Philip Astley's Amphitheatre and Vauxhall Gardens, as places of demoralization to the people. What next, I wonder! I must say, we were all indebted to that glorious play-

writer and lessee Brinsley Sheridan. In a speech he made in the House of Commons last night, upon the amusements of the people, he contended that they were the great safety-valves against the bursting out of sedition; and that the more a nation was taxed, the more places of amusement ought to be opened. Amongst others, he introduced our house. He said,—

‘I saw young Astley with his beaver on,
His cuises on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground, like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.’

And, by the way, we are in time to see young John go through the same part in the circle. I’ll go on before, as I am not so supple as I once was.”

“We’ll follow,” replied Scaife. “Old Philip Astley’s days of horsemanship are

gone by; but before he got so fat, when a sergeant of dragoons, he could ride down a street at full gallop, and pick up a handkerchief off the ground. But let's be jogging, that young Knox may see what horsemanship is."

"I did not think that Master Astley had been a man of this mettle," observed our philosopher; "it proves the correctness of the proverb, '*In vino veritas.*' In future, I will appeal from 'Philip sober to Philip drunk,' and reverse the Greek saying."

We arrived at the amphitheatre in time to see his son John go through his various evolutions in horsemanship, with so much grace and ease as brought down thunders of applause from the audience, confirmatory of what they had seen in the newspaper report of Sheridan's speech. The melodramatic piece of "*Maternal Impossibility*" commenced to a house crowded to suffocation, the audience consisting chiefly of females, no doubt attracted by the name

on the play-bills, which kept up the excitement to the last, in expectation of the *denouement*, which must have been swallowed up in the red and blue lights that preceded the fall of the curtain, for it never made its appearance.

After the drop-scene, young Mrs. John Astley (who had performed the part of the heroine) came forward, and was received with the same honours that had greeted her husband in the circle.

Old Astley, who sat with us in the box reserved for our party, conducted us to his sanctum sanctorum, where a splendid supper was laid, the heroine presiding, covered with spangles and smiles.

Glasses of iced champagne all round opened the attack, and after the oppressive heat of the theatre were most delicious. Young John, at the foot of the table, did the honours of carving, and displayed the same dexterity in handling the knife and fork that he had shown in handling the

reins. After we had demolished some of the ham and chicken, oyster-patties, &c., Gibson asked why the piece was called "Maternal Impossibility;" for he could not discover the applicability of such a title; at which old Astley fell into such an immoderate fit of laughter, that I was afraid he would break a blood-vessel. After recovering the power of speech, he replied,—

"The fitness of the title! No. You, my dear sir, nor anyone else, could discover the appropriate fitness of such a name. But, as I had the honour of giving it, I will explain: In the first place, do me the honour of taking a glass of cool champagne with me. The piece was written by our poet Mr. Upton, under the title of the 'Persian Mother.' 'The Persian fiddlestick,' I said; I 'wonder you have not called it the Persian Gulf!' 'Well,' he said, 'what would you call it, Mr. Astley?' 'Why, Mr. Upton, I would call it Maternal Impossibility.' 'But, my dear Mr. Astley, the piece has no reference

to such a title.' 'What the devil has the piece to do with it! or the public either?' I said; 'a good title is of as much importance to a play, as to a lease; and though your idol Shakespeare says,—

'What's in a name,

A rose will smell as sweet by any other name,'—

that may be very well with roses certainly, but with a play it is everything; indeed it is of as much importance as the play itself.' I remember a case, tried at law, where the chief actor in a new piece altered the name to the one under which it was performed. What was the consequence? after some time a dispute took place between the actor and manager. The judge decreed that the play could not be acted under that title without the actor's authority. That, I think, decides the importance of a name, and the copyright also which it carries; and the crowded house

to-night shows clearly its importance. But a truce to talking; let me give you a toast, 'The art of painting!' What would our pantomime, melodramas, and even the great drama itself be, without the presence of scenery?"

That remark met with general assent; but Mrs. Astley, rising to change her dress, previous to her going home, raised us all from our seats, and by this time the night having arrived "at the wee short hour ayont the twal," we took our departure, very much gratified with our evening's amusement. Knox and I found ourselves obliged to go a greater round on our way home, being shut out from the route through the Birdcage-walk. However, the journey seemed soon at an end, so much were we engaged in talking over the incidents of the performance, and other matters; and, though late to bed, Knox had inserted in his note-book many remarks previous to coming down to breakfast. The children were anxious to hear his account of our

adventures; but when he told them of the wonderful feats of Astley's horsemanship they listened in amazement, while his imitation of the clown's jokes in the circle convulsed them with laughter; and when my wife promised to take them to see the Christmas pantomime, and the real clown himself, they set up a loud hurrah, which rousing Hector, who was sleeping on the rug, he joined them in a joyous bark. After breakfast our young painter returned to his easel, resolved not to put any wax into his megulp, and to paint the two cows introduced in his picture with very little vehicle. Charlie, who was his constant companion, was gradually imbibing a knowledge of the art; and so absorbed in its enchanting pleasures had he become, that his fishing, boating, and every other amusement, became neglected. Could life proceed without the interruption of troubles, a short one even would be a gift from heaven, and the longest would appear too short.

CHAPTER VII.

IN Knox's youthful career, each day brought its share of happiness, and the monotony of its progress was enlivened by the creation of fresh productions from his pencil. As he had set himself a task to finish his picture by the end of the week, when Saturday evening arrived, it witnessed the last touches being put on the study of the *Willow Walk*; when coming down stairs to tea, he brought it with him, and gracefully (with a few flattering compliments to my wife for her kind attentions) presented it as his first offering, with a hope

she would keep it in remembrance of him. She replied, that when he became celebrated as a painter, she should still set a higher value on it than on any other of his works, and would immediately have it framed, and hung up in her sitting-room.

"I must borrow it on Monday, if the colour is dry, as I promised to show it to Mr. Wilkie, to get his remarks."

Charlie, having cleaned the palette and washed the brushes, joined our tea-table with a satisfied smile on his countenance, alternately looking at his mother and the picture, as much as to say, "You see what *we* have done;" in fact, he was the principal figure in the composition; for he was introduced as the cow-boy with Hector watching the two cows; Knox had painted him making a whistle, and as a proof of its veracity, Charlie took his reed from his pocket, and gave us a shrill blast.

After tea, we strolled into the Five-fields, to see a cricket-match played by the trades-

men in the neighbourhood, a game Knox had never witnessed in Scotland. While looking on the game, my wife drew my attention to our baker, who, though a Scotsman, seemed the most dexterous player of the party. Knox thought it a game well suited for lads and boys; but the Scotch game of golf he considered better calculated for men, "especially," he added, "old men." I tried to interest him by explaining the innings, the bowlings, and batting, but I could perceive his mind was not on the game. It was in the Willow-walk, or perhaps thinking how Wilkie would like his picture. Charlie, on the contrary, entered into the spirit of the game, and clapped his hands with as great glee as the rest of them when a great innings was gained. He told us he had often played match on Putney-common when at school there.

My wife, on our return home, proceeded to superintend the feet-washing of the chil-

dren, while Knox and I waited her appearance at the supper-table, he reading a book, and I smoking a cigar. On my wife joining us at our bread and cheese, she brought in her hand a letter just received by the post, inviting her to the Scottish Chapel, in Hatton-garden, to hear a young Scots minister preach. Though only a short time in London, he had already created so great a sensation by his eloquent and forcible style, that the chapel was always crowded; but her friend, who resided on the premises, and being one of the elders, would conduct her through his private house, and impressed upon her the necessity of being early.

"Here is a fine opportunity for Knox hearing one of his gifted countrymen," she said; "the great orator Mr. Canning, and many of the nobility, are quite charmed with his style."

"I heard of him before I left Scotland," Knox observed, "if it is the minister

I mean, it is Mr. Edward Irving, a pupil of Dr. Chalmers."

"The same, I have no doubt; and in the morning we will set off at nine o'clock, as Holborn is rather a long walk."

"Well," I said, "Charlie and I will support our own establishment, and go to Westminster Abbey."

Our simple meal being over, we took up our bed-candles and retired for the night.

In the morning Mrs. Thomson looked up her best bib and tucker, and appeared at breakfast in her best apparel, affirming that it was but proper we ought to pay as much respect to the house of God, as we at least do when we go to a theatre.

Knox came down with his pocket Bible in his hand, as a text reference; and on putting it down on the table, he turned his picture round from the wall, and touched several parts with his finger to ascertain whether it would be quite dry on the morrow. As usual, while the tea was

brewing, Charlie read us a chapter from the Bible; after breakfast my wife thought it would be prudent to order the dinner an hour later, observing that some of the celebrated Scottish preachers did not seem limited to any particular rule as to time. Charlie and I convoyed them as far as Buckingham Palace, that we might enjoy a walk, and have an opportunity of admiring the beauties of the Abbey before the service, telling Knox, I expected his opinions of the sermon on his return.

On their return, my wife began a very circumstantial account of their access to the chapel. The street round the door was literally crowded, and a line of carriages and flies reached up to Holborn, so that the scene was more like the approaches to a theatre than a church; but by Knox making way for her through the throng, they arrived at the door of their friend, who was finishing breakfast, and received them most kindly. As he was the schoolmaster

at a Scottish establishment connected with the chapel, he had a private stair leading into the back entrance, using the chapel on week-days for the examination of the boys.

Through this way he led Knox and her; also a clergyman of the Church of England, who being anxious to hear Mr. Irving, had got permission from his rector to do so, which, he observed to them, he considered a very kind favour, especially considering the great difference in the mode of worship between the two establishments.

"In fact" (my wife concluding her part of the narration) "he seemed to think it necessary to make an apology for being seen there at all."

Having confided to Knox that part of the narration relative to the sermon, he began as follows:—

"On our entering the chapel, although the doors were not yet opened, we found it almost half full of first-rate people. Seve-

ral literary characters and members of parliament were pointed out to me, among others, Mr. Canning, a fine intelligent-looking person, with a bald head, who was seated on the stairs of the pulpit, reading some paper. On the hour for opening the doors arriving, the rush was like a river that had overflowed its banks, and every seat in pew and passage, ay, and every space sufficient for standing-room, were occupied in a moment; such is the power of genius in creating followers! In a few minutes the precentor entered from a side door, bearing high up with both hands a large Bible, which with great solemnity he deposited on the pulpit cushion. Presently the Rev. Edward Irving ascended the pulpit, and, after kneeling down for a short space, he looked round the congregation with a serious air. He is a tall man; with large commanding features, and hair as black as a raven's wing, which he wears parted on the forehead, and falling in large

masses on the shoulders, after the fashion of some of the apostles. After a brief pause, he said, in a deep sonorous voice, ‘Dearly beloved and Christian brethren—you will find written in the Book of God, in the twenty-fourth chapter of Genesis, and at the sixty-third verse, these words, *And Isaac went out to meditate in the field, at the eventide.* At this time you might have heard even a pin drop. In expatiating on the text, in the most persuasive and eloquent language, he expounded on the influence of meditation upon the mind of man,—its efficacy in drawing us into communion with the Deity,—the putting our trust in the blessing of God’s providence, such as Isaac had,—and the utter hopelessness of those who disregarded this electric chain, till half the audience seemed bathed in tears. I turned round to our clerical friend, who was in our pew, and asked him what he thought of our Scottish preacher.

While endeavouring to hide his feelings, in a broken voice, he replied,—

“That man belongs to no particular church ; he is of the Church of God.”

When Knox had done with his account of the sermon, I said,—

“My dear young friend, you almost persuade me to be an Irvingite,”—so well had he explained the striking effects of his countryman’s eloquence.

On our coming down on Monday morning to breakfast, we found our two artists busy packing up the picture, upon which so much depended ; and though not quite dry, by putting the companion canvass in front, separated from each other by pieces of cork at each corner, they were tied up quite safe from injury.

Knox said he felt as nervous as a school-boy going up for examination ; but he knew he had a gentle critic to look to.

I proposed to Charlie to go and get a

large sheet of brown paper to wrap round them ; but he said the people might think it was a small box containing patterns of lace.

A little addition was made to the breakfast on the occasion ; and on their starting my wife threw one of her old slippers after them.

On their arrival at the domicile of our great Scottish artist, he received them in the kindest manner ; and while Charlie was undoing the string, he took down a study off his easel, to make room for Knox's picture. Knox, at the same time, asked if he would remove a small picture by Teniers likewise.

"No, no," said Wilkie, smiling ; "you must have a judge on the bench to try you. I will only be your counsel, to give my opinion;" so the picture was placed on the easel alongside the Fleming.

"Well, really," Wilkie exclaimed, "it is surprising ! there is very little fault to lay

to your charge; and that I will be able to explain away. Your arrangement is good, and the drawing of the several objects is in many instances pretty near the mark; and where that is a failure, practice will give your eye the power of judging more correctly. The colouring, which is so essential in your department of the art, is the most faulty."

"I see that clearly now, looking at my picture and the one by Teniers alternately," observed Knox. "Points that I wished to tell (both warm and cold colours, and which did tell powerfully in nature) I could not get to have their value, even by using the colour fresh off the palette."

"How could they?" said Wilkie; "your other colours are all on too high a key;—they want neutral tint and delicacy of hue. The pictures by the Dutch masters possess very little positive colour, consequently when they want a point introduced

such as a red cap, or any powerful object, its force is tremendous."

"I observed in nature, the green was very strong," said Knox; "but it did not look harsh or offensive, as it does in my picture."

"No, my good fellow; but in nature, colour is spread over a large surface, and numberless grey tints and cool reflections of the sky are intermingled. In your picture, there is not room for such a mode of subduing harshness of colour; therefore, we are obliged to reduce them on the palette, by breaking them, or mixing several tints together; of that you will acquire a knowledge in time. With regard to your handling, some parts are capital, such as the leafage and touch of the willow trees. These of course you did with sables; but in the representation of the hair of the animals, for example, you will find goat's-hair pencils and fitches better adapted for your purpose. French brushes are also good

to lay in broad masses with. A workman can't work well without good tools. You are in the right road; be industrious, and persevere;—labour, we are told, is the lot of man,—it certainly is the lot of an artist, if he wishes to arrive at excellence; and in the lives of all the great artists who have preceded us, we find that the brush was scarcely ever out of their hands. By the way, Seguier told me, he would be glad to let you make a study of any small Dutch pictures he may have; you will see his pictures in his warehouse, in Coventry-street, Haymarket. These will serve you as guides.—Now, my young lad, we will tie up the picture again. Who is this boy?"

"He is the gentleman's son in whose house I am residing. He is my factotum, figure, model, and everything."

"Really," replied Wilkie, "I thought I recognised him as the herd-boy."

At this time the servant entered to announce Dr. Darling.

"Well, well, show the Doctor into the parlour; I will be down in a minute. He is come, no doubt," observed Wilkie, "to have a chat about our great preacher Edward Irving, whom we heard yesterday."

"I heard him also," said Knox.

"Why, really! Did you ever hear such preaching before?"

"No," replied Knox, "nor the whole of the congregation either, for all eyes seemed riveted on him by his doctrine."

"They could not be otherwise," said Wilkie; "they were astonished at his doctrine: for his 'word was with power.' It was like a grand historical picture of our Saviour preaching in the Synagogue; or Paul preaching at Athens, in Raphael's cartoon."

"And he seemed grand, even when wrapt in meditation," observed Knox.

"Ay, ay," said Wilkie, "these are the productions of genius, whether in preach-

ing, painting, or poetry ; but I must wait upon the Doctor, for the time of a physician is of more value than that of a painter.— Give my regards at home. I will come and see you soon.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE seems no profession better suited to soften and break down the angry passions of man, than that of a landscape painter. When abroad in the woods or in the fields, his life becomes a life of meditation. With such a sensitive and amiable disposition as Knox possessed, even from his childhood, this abstraction from the scenes of worldly strife produced a continual smile upon his countenance; and even when sad or serious, it seemed a "smiling in grief." That kindness of expression which beamed upon others, returned to him again with tenfold

progeny. Hence the number of those who took an interest in his progress.

Next to his sketch-book, the poems of Thomson were his constant companion, which he used to say were a collection of refined studies from nature, forming innumerable subjects for the painter's pencil.

About this time our young artist made use of a larger sketch-book, composed of different coloured papers, for black and white chalk, and also white drawing-paper, for water-colours. He also extended his walks as far as Lord Spencer's wood, at Battersea-common, and to the village of Wandsworth, which, seen from the Thames, formed the subject of his second picture. An old fisherman, standing up in a boat, drawing up his net, and a boy pulling with two oars, formed the group, in which Charlie made his second appearance upon canvass, dressed in a dark blue pea-jacket and red cap. Two Peter-boats, with their brown cloth covers, formed a dark mass in the back-

ground, in conjunction with the fishermen's cottages on the river side. The setting sun, gilding the surface of the water, gave it quite a Cuyp effect, which master he studied in its progress, to get a knowledge of his golden hues of colour, and his sharp and liquid handling; at the same time, testing their correctness by frequent visits to the waterside, to observe the colour of objects, and their reflections under the same effect of light.

These splendid pictures by this great master were, "The River Scene," at the Stafford gallery; "The Prince of Orange Embarking," in Lord Grosvenor's; and "The Fishing under the Ice," in the Duke of Bedford's; certainly the finest pictures of their class in England.

About this time also, Knox had got a small porphyry grinding-stone and muller, on which each portion of bladder colours was subjected to a fresh grinding, and which Charlie managed with the skill

of a first-rate colourman, observing as he placed each modicum on the palette, that they stood up like pieces of fresh butter.

Anxious that Knox should have, from time to time, a little amusement to break the monotony of a studious life, I readily embraced every opportunity that offered. Therefore, on lord-mayor's day a ticket, for self and friend, to dine with the Skinners' Company, at their hall, on Dowgate-hill, gave me the gratification of showing Knox the festivities of a city feast.

As the procession to Westminster Hall of the lord mayor to count the hobnails, with the effigies of the ancient preservers of the city, Gog and Magog, with their henchmen, in brass and steel armour, intersects the route from Pimlico to Cheapside, we had to start early to arrive at the Hall in time. We just reached Bridge-street, Blackfriars, at the moment the saturnalian crowd was passing, where we were of necessity detained, till an opportunity offered of

darting across to the street, leading to Printing-House-square, that site of the great political news-manufactory, regulated by the vane on the top of the building: hence, that shifting of opinion, that seems moved by all the winds that blow,—

“All the quarters that they know
I’ the shipman’s card.”

Tracing our way through the back streets brought us uninterrupted to the foot of Dowgate-hill. The Hall of the ancient company of Skinners offers little inducement from without for the contemplation of the man of taste. Its merits, like a lantern, lie within. On our passing through the outer court, we were ushered up into the drawing-room where most of the guests had already arrived. My friend, the master of the company, and those who were attendants in the lord mayor’s procession, presently made their appearance.

I introduced my young friend Knox to him, as an artist, who, I had no doubt, would make his name known, as his great ancestor had done before him. He cordially shook him by the hand, and introduced us to his namesake Dr. Knox, the master of Tunbridge School, the grammar-school on the foundation of the Skinners' Company. On our descending into the Hall, I found the master had kindly placed me at the principal table, between Dr. Knox and my young friend. A short grace from the Doctor opened our attack upon the contents described in the bill of fare, with spoons, and knives and forks, much to the amusement of Knox, who said it reminded him of the old song, beginning with the words of Shakespeare,

“ ‘ Oh ! ’tis merry in the hall,
 When the beards wag all ! ’
 Give me this, and give me that—
 More fat ! and more fat ! ’ ”

But no sooner had the first demonstration

been destroyed, than a fresh relay was brought up, which was also demolished in an equally quick space of time; and as no quarter was given, the third and fourth reinforcements were placed *hors de combat*, till at last the furious onslaught of war to the knife was softened down in orange jellies, blancmanges, au lait d'amandes, cheese-cakes, and cabinet-puddings.

“Now comes in the sweet of the night.”

After the Doctor had returned thanks, the cloth was removed, and the jingling of glasses was heard through the whole hall; and when the dessert was put upon the table, a large gilt cup was placed before the master, covered with antique chasing, and surmounted on the top of the lid by a cock, with its wings extended, in the act of crowing. What such an emblem signified I did not learn. Perhaps it indicated that the ancient corporation of Skinners did not depart till the crowing of this

herald of the morn. Be that as it may, the master entered into a long history of the company, and told us of a deadly feud that took place between the Skinners' Company, and that of the Merchant Tailors, each claiming precedence, especially in attending the lord-mayor, in their barges to Westminster Hall. From club-law (and the apprentices of London were devils in those days) it reverted to civil law; and the judges, unable to settle so great a matter connected with city privileges, unanimously decided that the Merchant Tailors' Company should take precedence one year, and the Skinners' the year following, and so alternately,—concluding his account of the transaction by saying,—

“The companies are now cordially united in the bond of amity and friendship; I therefore drink to you all in a loving cup, delighted to see you in our hall, and hope you will join me in drinking prosperity to the worshipful company of Skinners, and

the company of Merchant Tailors; and may they flourish root and branch."

The loving cup was then passed round, every one repeating the toast as he drank.

"The King," and the other routine of toasts were then drank, when one of the members of the court stood up and said,—

"Gentlemen, I call upon you to charge your glasses; our worthy master has given me permission to give a toast, and as this is the day on which the mayor of this great metropolis is inducted into his chair, I will preface the toast I am about to propose by a few brief words. The City of London, gentlemen, holds a high place in history. Of matters of religion I will not speak in this place; but the citizens of London were always strenuous advocates of protestantism in its purest form. Of our loyalty to our sovereigns, we can point to the bloody dagger upon our shield as a proof. But tyranny in the rulers, and licentiousness in the people, have always found

within our walls an inexorable foe. Gentlemen, our numerous and magnificent charities are so well known, that any eulogium of mine would but dim their splendour. Of the lord-mayors of London—the Sir William Walworths,—the Sir Thomas Greshams,—and the Beckfords, speak both for themselves and us; and though from the change of custom, no eminent merchants, and citizens, claim the honour of chief magistrate, yet, we must not imagine, that the race of eminent men is extinct. I will give you, gentlemen, the City of London and the trade thereof ! upstanding with three.”

The next toast was given by the master, who stood up, and said,—

“ Gentlemen, amongst other toasts we have given the pious memory of the founder of Tunbridge School, one of the noblest foundations in England. But, gentlemen, the noblest foundations are of no avail unless we have talent and virtue to carry

out, to practical benefit, the intentions of such men. The founder has embodied the soundest regulations to accomplish such results, which have produced the happiest effects; but none in a more satisfactory manner than the assiduity and talents of the present master, the Rev. Dr. Knox, whom we have the pleasure of having with us. I therefore, without further preface, propose the health of Dr. Knox, and a life of much happiness to him."

The toast was received with that respect which his calling entitled him to, and also being connected with the grammar-school on the foundation of the Skinners' Company.

On rising to return thanks for the warm and cordial manner in which the toast had been received, he said,—

"Nothing has lightened the task of instructing youth in the higher branches of education, so much as the kindness and support I have always received from the

masters and court of the Skinners' Company. For though, according to rotation, the masters have changed, yet every succeeding master seems actuated by the most honourable principle of carrying out the intentions of the founder, and that in the kindest manner. When Sir Andrew Judd founded the grammar-school at Tunbridge, and Sutton established that noble forcing-house of learning in Charter House Square, neither they, nor the numerous benevolent and patriotic founders of similar establishments all over England, could have had any idea of the extent, and influential effects they have produced on the prosperity and happiness of this great nation. Nor do I despair of education being still more extensively carried out, and many branches grafted on the parent stem. Amongst others, I would mention the art of design. The taste of a country is mainly indebted, both in the improvement of society and of its manufactures, to the art of painting;

and as I have on my left hand, a young member of that profession, I will, if you will allow me, propose 'The Fine Arts.'"

Knox, upon rising to return thanks for the toast, said,—

"Master and Gentlemen,—I feel incompetent, on this occasion, to be a proper representative of the fine arts; and though descended from one who never feared the face of man, yet in the distance of that descent, the courage necessary for speaking in public is obliterated. I can only say, that by diligence and perseverance, I hope to avoid adding discredit to so honourable an appellation as that of artist. On behalf of the professors of painting, I return you all my feeble thanks."

On our young artist resuming his seat, his namesake roused him from his bashful embarrassment by shaking him by the hand, alleging that his short speech would have gained him a rise on the first form in Tunbridge School.

After a few more toasts, and several songs, of a comic character, from Mr. Taylor, during which the occupiers of the seats at the three long tables, gave a vociferous character to their happiness; amidst which the master and his friends retired to the drawing-room to take coffee; a young member begged the master to introduce him to our artist.

“Mr. Knox, permit me to introduce you to one of our common-councilmen—Mr. Silvertongue.”

“My dear young friend,” the councilman replied, “I am delighted to have the pleasure of your acquaintance. Our friend the master knows my devoted attachment to the fine arts, and to its professors. I assure you I look forward to the time when I may be the humble instrument of spreading knowledge of the fine arts through the city. And when you do me the honour of a call (at the same time presenting his card) you will meet with a most cordial reception.”

Knox thanked him for his exceeding kindness, and after taking leave of Dr. Knox and the master, we left highly gratified with the hospitality of the most worshipful company of Skinners.

CHAPTER IX.

AT this season of the year, Knox employed himself wholly in his painting-room till dinner-time, making the most of the shortness of the daylight. After dinner he generally remained with the children, whom he called his "Infant Academy;" and as they had become trained as models, his sketch-books became filled with them, in the various attitudes of standing, sitting, or sleeping. Even Hector and the cat supplied subjects for his pencil, all of which—independent of improving him in drawing and light and shade—furnished him with

hints for his future pictures. This formed Charlie's first life academy, as it was in this school he learned the power of drawing from nature.

After the academy hours terminated, we had, either a quiet rubber at whist, or a game of chess, at which my wife played excellently. Afterwards she gave us a little music, when Knox and I would have a hit at backgammon, or a game at draughts, at which, like most Scotsmen, he was quite an adept. In this manner, most of his winter evenings were passed, except when he would take down some favourite author, out of my small library ; and though I took in "The Globe," evening paper, he seldom looked in to it, alleging that the goddess of painting was too jealous to allow her votaries to trouble their minds with politics. Nevertheless, when we happened to have any argument upon the subject, he seemed to warm with the spirit of his ancestor, for the education of the masses of the people,

and the extension of their political powers ; so I avoided such discussions as much as possible on that account, as they only served to ruffle his temper, which on all other occasions was so mild and gentle.

Whilst progressing with his picture of the River Scene, Mr. Segulier lent him a small picture, by Cuyp, of a Canal, of which he made a careful study, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of his liquid pencil, and his golden hue of colouring. With such a work upon his easel, it became a subject of reference for the guidance of his eye. He also made innumerable notes in his sketch-book, on the reflection of near and distant objects in the water, both when it was still and agitated, so that he was able to represent such effects with truth and precision. This enquiry into the cause of the various changes in nature, he said, seemed to be the foundation of that comprehensive and expressive style of painting, observable in the pictures of the Dutch school.

One day we were agreeably surprised by a visit from our friend Wilkie. He had been calling on Sir Willoughby Gordon, at Chelsea, and came on to Pimlico. As it was near dinner-time, my wife begged of him to give us the honour of his company.

“Wi’ sma’ persuasion he agreed,”

and while the cloth was laying he went up to Knox’s studio.

As good luck would have it, my wife had a present of a hare, which she made into soup, the best way according to Scotch people, of cooking it. This, with a small leg of mutton, and a few tiny kickshaws, made a very good absorbent ground (as Wilkie termed it) for a bottle of the wedding port, to which, on this great occasion, was added another of claret.

Our celebrated painter expressed himself much pleased with the progress his young protégé was making in the art; and said be-

tween the study of nature and the pictures of the Dutch masters, Knox was sure to arrive at excellence. *Perseverando* ought to be his motto

“The pencil of Cuyp,” he said, “seemed peculiarly adapted for river scenes, and those of Hobbima and Ruysdael for landscapes. You ought to be highly obliged to Seguier for the loan of such works, as without our availing ourselves of the productions of those who have preceded us, the art (as Reynolds remarks) must always be in its infancy.”

By this time dinner was announced; and Wilkie was placed in the post of honour at my wife’s right hand. He was helped twice to the soup which

“Aft he praised, and aft he ca’d it gude,”

and said,

“Mrs. Thamson, I really think it better than our auld Scottish dish of cocky-leekie.”

The mutton came also in for a share of praise, and we all seemed fast arriving at that state of happiness which a dinner produces upon the nerves of Englishmen. After the cloth was removed, the dessert made its appearance; the children following in single file, like the spectre kings in *Macbeth*. Previous to taking their seats at the board, each came up with a curtsy or bow, and shook hands with the gentleman. Wilkie had not expended all his praise on the hare soup, as each of them received an equal share. The youngest he placed next to him, saying he was like Sir Joshua's picture of the infant Jupiter.

One cannot with propriety compliment a married lady when she is present, but you can convey the same gratification by praising her children, and my wife "felt weel pleased to think her children were respected like the lave."

"Knox can never be in want of models

while these subjects for his pencil are present."

My wife said,—

"Mr. Knox must show you his sketch-book; I believe they all have a place in it."

"Well! well," Wilkie replied, "let them have their share of the good things of this life; after which we will hold a council of war."

A distribution accordingly took place pretty much after the fashion of the world, the greatest receiving the greatest share, except the youngest who being Wilkie's pet for the evening verified the old saying, that "a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse."

After the demolition of the dessert, Charlie brought down the sketch-books, and placed them on the table before the great man, when my wife proposed taking the children out of the way.

No, no," said Wilkie, "they are the witnesses, and Knox's sketches must be

tried by their evidence; even doggie must remain in court."

As he turned over the leaves, the words "excellent," "capital," escaped from his lips, and when he came to a sketch of his pet asleep on the rug, with Hector in its arms, he said it reminded him of some of Owen's early studies. He particularly wished to draw Knox's attention to the advantage of sketching by candle light, both on account of the great breadth of the shadows, and the losing in softness, large portions of the outline, qualities observable in the best works of the Venetian and Spanish masters whose style seems founded upon the contemplation of nature seen under such circumstances, and which was carried out by Reynolds to the greatest extent in his portraits, and a work possessing that quality is almost sure to attract, even if it has nothing else to recommend it.

"There is another thing my dear young friend that I perceive in these sketches,

that is with all their breadth they still exhibit many portions of detail and a good deal of minute finish, whereas many studies both from nature and imagination are devoid of this great characteristic of truth. By and by I hope you will put them on canvass, the size of life, which will probably give you a great command over your materials, and likewise give you the power of great precision when you paint heads and figures of a small size. I have found my having painted many portraits of a large size most excellent practice, both in acquiring a greatness of form and a command of the brush. You have plenty of excellent models, and there seems to be nothing better to counteract the dry and angular style we see in the earlier masters, than the full and soft outlines we find in children. Correggio's manner appears to be founded upon this principle."

The models of the infant academy having now retired, tea and coffee were

brought in, after which our distinguished visitor took his departure, leaving us all highly delighted. Afterwards Knox and Charlie sat down to take notes of the lecture with all the assiduity of newspaper-reporters.

A party of our Lambeth friends having proposed a sketching excursion to Epping Forest, I was desired to secure places in the Epping stage, that leaves the Flowerpot, corner of Bishopsgate-street; which I did, allowing them three days' notice, with instructions to be punctual, as it left at half-past nine precisely. At the time appointed we all arrived, and started for the Eagle Tavern, on the skirts of the forest. At that time there was little to interest the artist from Shoreditch to the river Lea, which was then the great resort of old Isaac Walton's brethren of the angle; and if there was little to interest them then, there is now still less, for we have the produce of a hundred brickfields spread out on each side of the

way in the most primitive style of architecture. On our arrival at the Eagle we found our luncheon packed up in two hampers, and a light cart ready to start for High Beech, the rendezvous appointed for our pic-nic party.

While the cloth was being spread on the grass, and the contents of the hampers laid out, a small group of gipsies came towards us, being from time immemorial the privileged hangers-on of the pic-nic parties frequenting High Beech scenery, forming a great addition to the picturesque effects of the whole as they gradually approached us. One asked whether we would take her likeness; another, if she should tell our fortunes. Thinking this the quickest mode of getting rid of their importunities, I beckoned one to come forward, and gave her a shilling to tell me mine.

"No, no," she said, laughing, "your fortune is settled long since; but I will tell this young gentleman's fortune," at the same

time going up to Knox, who was leaning against a tree, making a slight sketch of the group.

"I know that already," he said; "I shall be a painter."

"That may be," she replied; "but there is something in your countenance that bespeaks a chequered life; the thread of your destiny is held not by your own hand."

"Well, well, if you must do something for your fee, be brief," laying his port-crayon on his sketch-book.

The gipsy examining his palm seriously, casting her scrutinizing eye alternately from his hand to his face, and calling a younger female towards her,—

"Look here, Zobell;" she said, "these lines cross each other not in a common course, they are wove in chequered yarn."

The young Egyptian, who came forward laughing, suddenly changed her expression, and putting aside her large masses of black hair with both hands, looked wistfully in

Knox's face; while I could observe a tear dim her large dark eye.

Knox, amidst all this mysterious sadness burst out laughing.

"Well, well," the fortune-teller said, "rejoice, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and remove sorrow from thy heart; but for all your jeering and scoffing, sorrow will come."

"Well," observed Knox, "but can't you throw in a little pleasure into your prophecy? What about my lady love?"

"Well, I can see that you doubt such a circumstance also; but for all your philosophy you will have a lady love. Fishes are taken in nets, and birds are caught in snares; but though you will be beloved by a beauteous woman and a rich, yet a greater person than you will wed her. But your friends call you. When the things come to pass, you will think of the fortune-teller of High Beech."

"Come along, Knox, and take your share

of the good cheer. Here are chickens and ham, and a couple of lobsters, large enough to do honour to the coast of Norway."

"Well, Knox," said Gibson, "I thought the auld spae-wife was making a model of your hand. I suppose she chalked out your life and fortunes."

"Yes," he replied, "but it was sketched with black chalk—it was quite in the Rembrandt style—the sunshine did not amount to one-eighth of the whole."

"Egad, I see she has a litte dashed your spirits," observed Nasmyth. "Take a glass of wine with me—golden sherry is a glorious colour for the high lights."

"Well, I must say," the philosopher remarked, "we seem to be enjoying the *otium super viridem*, as Virgil expresses it, and also in the same situation, under the shade of a wide-spreading beech tree."*

* Tityre, tu patuli recubans sub tegmeni fagi.

“By the way,” said Knox, “Gray, in his Elegy, uses the same idea,—

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

“The beech may be very well for poets,” remarked Nasmyth, “but give me an old oak, both for the character of the leaves, and its branches. I have observed Ruysdael seems to have been of the same opinion; and from the specimens I have noticed, I mean to come down and stop a fortnight at the Eagle, and paint one or two studies from nature.”

“Now,” said Scaife, “let us set about sketching. I propose that every one wander as he pleases, and meet at the Eagle in the evening, in time for the return coach to town.”

“Ah! Davey,” remarked Gibson, “you stole that idea from Shakespeare. Macbeth

says, 'Let every man be master of his time till seven at night, to make society the sweeter welcome,' and that is the hour the coach passes the Eagle."

I could not help often observing that those connected with the theatres inadvertently fall into the use of ideas they have heard on the stage. Presently each rose up and putting their sketch-books under their arms moved off in various directions, while I remained behind to assist the lad in re-loading the two hampers with the empty plates, and the knives and forks, leaving the fragments of bread and meat for the gipsies and their children, who quickly occupied the position we had vacated.

On our reaching the inn, I settled with the landlord, including tea and some Epping sausages, which I ordered to be cooked on the artists' return. Till then a gossip with mine host, a couple of cigars, and a stroll on the green, beguiled away the time.

Towards the appointed hour each re-

turned, like straggling bees to the hive, with the stores he had gleaned in the forest. Mr. Scaife and Charlie were the two latest arrivals, and very jaded and tired they both seemed. The tea and sausages refreshed the whole party, who displayed to each other the contents of their sketch-books.

Knox's folio contained a careful study of a group of cows chewing the cud, beside a stunted dwarf oak, surrounded with brambles and wild plants; and amongst slight memorandums was a sketch of our pic-nic party. Gibson's principal study was a clump of beech trees, through the openings of whose stems a great extent of distant scenery was seen. Nasmyth said it was too undefined; and he had found that sketches from nature, unless very carefully made out, were of no service in making pictures from.

"But, my dear Peter," remarked Gibson, "in sketching from nature, the great use seems to be, that we imprint her character-

istic features on our memory, by tracing her forms, for mere gazing at them would never educate the eye. But now let us see your studies."

The chief one was a careful drawing of an old oak, with its staghorns-top (as the foresters call the withered branches) and a few dock leaves at the base.

"Quite a Wynant's, Peter; but it seems absurd to come twelve miles to draw a docken."

"Now, Scaife, empty your portfolio."

"Why, Charlie and I wandered on, in search of Queen Elizabeth's hunting lodge, which they told us was but a couple of miles off; but they must have meant Scotch miles, or else we must have lost our way; and when we came to it, we found little to draw. However, I have made a study of the large hall, and the broad staircase, both of which will work up into a couple of scenes."

"Oh, father," said Charlie, "I wish I had

brought Hector, for there are thousands of rabbits close to the house, that kept running in and out of their holes as if for the purpose of coaxing us to try and catch them."

"Hector would have spoilt their sport then," said I; "but Hector would have been shot for his pains, for the keepers have strict charge from the lord of the manor to shoot all such poachers."

By this time we heard the guard of our coach sounding his horn as the signal of its approach; and as it carried the mail-bags, we had just time to take our places, some outside and some in. An hour brought us to Bishopsgate-street; when Knox, Charlie, and I, took the Chelsea stage, the others going across to London Bridge.

CHAPTER X.

IN the morning, previous to coming down stairs, Knox had written down in his notebook the observations of the preceding day.

At breakfast, my wife asked him what he thought of the gipsy's prophecy.

"Poor things!" he replied, "they are the last remnants of a barbarous age. Warlocks, witches, conjurors, exorcisers, and their spirits, are all swallowed up in the bright sunshine of the light of reason, or driven into the dark caves of ignorance."

"It is silly, I confess," she said, "to give credence to their prophecies; for who can

look into the womb of time, and tell what seeds will grow and what will not? Yet as you tell me, your favourite Shakespere writes, 'many dreams come true.' "

" Ah, that may be," Knox observed, " but more turn out quite the reverse. Besides, when we dream, we are never sound asleep, and the brain becomes confused between sleeping and waking; but these are matters we must leave to philosophers to solve, though my favourite, as you call him, says 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy;' but if troubles come, I must '*jook and let the jaw gae bye*;' they don't 'cast their shadows before,' as our countryman Campbell says they do to wizards; but to business,—while Charlie gets my canvass and palette ready, I will go as far as Park-lane and take a fresh look at Mr. Hope's pictures,* particularly the Cuyp."

* Then in the collection of Henry Philip Hope, now in that of T. Hope.

white squares of marble on the floor, and diffused over the whole by the silvery grey wall in the back-ground. The warm colour commences with the red-painted side of the open window, by which the light enters; it is spread over the turkey pattern of the table cover, in which the red and yellow colours predominate; and extend into the centre of the picture by the red chair-back cover, his broad black hat hanging on the corner of which, coming in contact with the light wall behind it, has amazing force. On the wall hangs, in a rich gilt frame, a warm picture of goats and sheep. Thus we perceive the same principle of arranging the warm and cold colour may be extended to any variety of composition. This picture is named "The Letter Writer," but many connoisseurs consider it a portrait of Paul Potter, from the resemblance it bears to the likeness of this artist in the gallery at the Hague.

All the pictures in this collection are of

the purest quality, and as many of them were no doubt painted for the ancestors of that family to which they now belong, the study of such works are of incalculable advantage to an artist. In one of the Paul Potters, a stable in shadow, the light shining in at a back window on a man and horse, seen inside through the open door, has a powerful effect; the figures outside, one boy helping another upon a horse, being also in shade. The other is a young bull, in a spirited attitude, with a cow lying beside him: a stormy sky gives great animation to the scene; the light leaves of the willow trees in the back-ground, coming against the dark cloud, have a beautiful and strong natural effect.

In comparing the works of the best artists with similar subjects in nature, we find of course, what may be expected, a variety in the mode of pencilling, such as we see in the handwriting of different authors; this, in a literary work, is of no consequence, as it

is all reduced into type before publication ; in painting it is otherwise, since an artist's translations are all seen in the original manuscript ; and as nature has no particular style, she is equally favourable to all ; but nature expects that every touch shall express, as to its softness or hardness, the character of the object it is meant to represent ; nevertheless, we find a certain harmony accordance predominates in every celebrated artist's pictures ; hence all know a work by Cuyp, Potter, Claude, or Ruysdael, even though they see but a portion of them. These peculiarities, when carried out to extremes, are denominated *mannerisms*. I have been led into these remarks by the studies I made yesterday from nature, and my observations to-day from the pictures in Mr Hope's gallery ; and even with the little experience I have yet had, I doubt whether a work would be more agreeable by having the cattle painted by Potter, and the landscape by Cuyp. Every part of a

work ought to go well together, as I think Reynolds expresses it. These inferior and minor considerations are still of infinite import, since the public in general see only these and nothing of a greater depth. The higher requisites of course are, the arrangement of the composition, and application of the best adaptation of light and shade and colour, and all these combining to produce the most favourable impression upon the spectator. To work out these theoretic principles into a practical result, great practical application is indispensable for acquiring a complete mastery over the pencil; and also a continual reference to nature, and to the best pictures for the education of the eye, and the formation of correct taste."

Before Charlie had finished transcribing these notes from Knox's memorandum-book, dinner was announced; and my wife, thinking that yesterday we had a banyan dinner, gave us a glorious dish of hotch-potch, a favourite dish with Knox,

and indeed with most Scotchmen. One always regrets that it can be made only in hot weather, when green peas are in season. And as a friend of mine in Elberfeldt had sent me a case of Rhenish wine as a *bon-bouche*, I opened a bottle of Rudesheimer, thinking, perhaps rightly, that the spirits of Scotsmen as well as Englishmen might be raised by a little of the good things of this world. The good old Rhenish showed the truth of the aphorism. After dinner, turning to my wife, Knox said,—

“My dear madam, I have to apologize to you for being so sad and sentimental at breakfast; it must appear very ungrateful while I am receiving so much kindness and attention.”

“Oh, don’t name it,” she replied; “ladies are fond of sentiment.”

“That may be, but I am always vexed with myself when I am the origin of any metaphysical disquisition. I have been subject to sadness at times from a child,

and these fits don't seem to wear off. I sometimes look with envy on the cow-boy in the Willow Walk, healthy and fresh as the wild weeds he lies amongst, and I dare say as free from care. His only occupation seems to be making whistles from the *bootree** bush over his head, or munching a whang o' bread and cheese."

I observed that his troubles would likely come upon him, as they do upon most others, when he grew up.

"That may be," Knox replied; "but a grocer's assistant, who serves out tea and sugar all day behind a counter, cannot have his nervous system rendered so sensitive as one who follows a studious profession. The mind of such a man seems to feed upon that which ought to go towards nourishing the body. Studious men are generally thin. You remember what the great expounder of nature writes on that subject: he makes Cæsar say,—

* Elderberry.

‘Let me have men about me that are fat
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights.
Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much.’—

“That is not always the case,” my wife remarked; “Samuel Johnson was corpulent; yet he was a great thinker; and many others I could mention were cast in a similar mould.”

“No doubt, no doubt,” said Knox, “it is in some men’s nature to be so; but let us have the bairns in, they are the true natural specimens of those ‘that sleep o’ nights.’”

One would have imagined that they had been listening, for no sooner was the door opened than they entered like the pit audience of a theatre, and took their seats as quickly; and in a moment reminded us of the portraits of neighbour Flamborough’s children, each with an apple in its hand, which was held up in triumph, every one boasting of having the biggest. After the

dessert was over, we had the table removed, and my wife sat down to the piano with her book of Scotch reels before her, while I took up a position, to use a military phrase, beside the empty grate with my ammunition case of Habana cigars on the chimney-piece. My wife opened the concert with "The Laird of Cockpen," by way of the overture, followed by a medley of hornpipes, strathspeys, and reels, till she came to Tullochgorum, when Knox could sit nae longer, as he said, but jumping up gave us the Highland fling in the true Caledonian style, much to the amusement of us all. When finished he cried, "Richard's himself again," and insisted on the children joining him in a foursome reel, hearing which they all rose and set off to the air of "The deel's awa' wi' the exciseman," the elder girls dragging the younger by the hand through the mazes of the merry dance; who with their laughter made as much noise as a full band:

even Hector "for joy barkit wi' them," and threaded through the openings with as much glee as Burns' dog Luath. When I looked upon the scene, I could not help reflecting how much happiness was lost to mankind from the selfish tyranny of one class over another, and how little Christianity had yet done towards civilization. But lighting a fresh cigar, I consoled myself with the certain hope that education of the masses would prevent their rulers from setting one nation against another, merely for the purpose of keeping themselves in power.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE morning Mr. Scaife called upon us to accompany him to Covent Garden Theatre, to see some scenes Mr. Capon had painted for the tragedy of Macbeth, which John Kemble was bringing out with new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

“Capon,” said he, “has been down in Scotland, and went to Perth, to make studies of the vicinity, Birnam Wood, the palace of Scone, and Dunsinane Hill. He had even traced the foundation remnants of Macbeth’s castle, so anxious is Kemble to have a fac-simile of the scenery. We have no time to lose, as

Capon has invited a few friends to rehearse the scenes before."

We arrived at the theatre in time to see the first scene, and we found our friend Gibson among the party. In scene first there was nothing particular to remark, except it represented a flat country, with a dark thunder-and-lightning sky, not unlike the broad effects of some of Girtin's drawings, whose style at this period began to be appreciated and imitated. The next, the camp scene, near Fores, might have been painted by any one, and I have no doubt was got up by one of the assistants. The third scene, where Macbeth and Banquo make their appearance, was not a heath, as mentioned in the play, but reminded us of a composition of Zuccarelli's of the same subject, with the figures painted by Mortimer, and now familiar to every one from the beautiful engraving by Woollett.

"Aha!" exclaimed Gibson, "I see where you have been."

“Why,” observed Capon, “I was anxious to give a variety.”

“Very good, but not at the expense of truth. My good fellow, you have introduced more trees into the scene than Samuel Johnson saw in his whole journey through Scotland; besides, the idea of your taking a hint from an Italian painter, applicable to Scottish landscape! Zuccarelli, though patronized by the nobility of this country, never did anything worthy of imitation. The only sensible observation I ever heard of his was, that he thought it strange he should be invited to this country, when they had so superior an artist already in Richard Wilson.”

The next scene that called for any remarks was the entrance to the castle. Capon owned he had taken a hint from the gateways of Carisbrook and Warwick Castles, for, generally speaking, those he had seen in the north were very bald, and even when entire could not warrant the fine

description in Shakespeare, where the king is made to observe, (reading from the play)—

“‘This castle hath a pleasant seat, the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.’

“Banquo remarks—

‘This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved masonry, that the heaven’s breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt,
I have observed, the air is delicate.’

“I was anxious to follow out our great dramatist in this scene, as the public attention has been drawn to the passage by a note of Sir Joshua Reynolds’, wherein the beautiful contrast that the gentle and soft description forms, to the horrid and tumultuous scene of the murder that follows, is pointed out.”

The caldron scene, where a dark cave forms the back-ground, and the red fire was seen glaring under the boiling caldron, was very well managed, and formed quite a Rembrandt.

"What a fine picture," said Gibson, "Reynolds has made of this subject, and he has dressed Macbeth as he ought to be, like a warrior."

"Ah!" observed Capon, "after we have passed the scenes in review, we will go down into the green-room, where there is to be a slight rehearsal of the dresses and properties. You will see John Kemble as a Scottish noble, not dressed, as Garrick played the part, in a full court suit, with bag wig, and dress sword. We have a picture of him and Mrs. Pritchard, by Zofany, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, in the scene after the murder, attired in such strange guise. These things appear very absurd to us now, when we have seen the effects pictorial propriety

has produced on our stage costume; but let me show you the great scene of the castle of Dunsinane. The view is taken from without the walls, where Macbeth exclaims:—

‘ Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, *They come*; our castle’s strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.’

“Some people would have these lines read, ‘on the outward walls the cry is still, *They come*;

’ but I coincide with Kemble’s idea, and have painted the banners of the different Thanes hanging over the walls.”

“What is become of that standard mentioned by Burns?—

‘ Through hostile ranks and ruined gaps,
Old Scotia’s bloody lion bore.’ ”

“Ah! my dear Gibson, where should the royal standard be, but on the keep? There it flies, and shows the uncongenial brute

rampant, on a field of gold. The whole plan of the castle I constructed from a survey of the indications of the walls of Dunsinane; and while I was so engaged, the old cotter who assisted me said, that down in the vale below it was a fearful place for ague. Our great bard seems to have been acquainted with everything; but we will now go down to the stage, and see some of the dresses and decorations, after which we will have a rump steak done in the painting room."

On going down to the stage, we found Mr. Kemble in the full costume of a Highland chieftain, lecturing the witches for being too comic for the supernatural grandeur of their characters, and more fitted for the farces at Sadler's Wells, or the Surrey, than the classic dignity of the Theatre Royal of Covent Garden. The costumes he also objected to as being too much like the sign of old Mother Red Cap at Camden Town, or the frontispiece to Mother Bunch's fairy

tales. He afterwards went through the ghost scene at the supper table, and proposed at one time to leave out the spectre of Banquo entirely, as it was completely unseen by the guests, and might have a more sublime effect. Some one mentioned that Fuseli, the great painter of witches and ghosts, thought the same, and instanced a picture by Rembrandt, of the Disciples at Emmaus, who are looking in amazement at an empty chair.

As the scenes were not yet down on the stage, little could be done ; but the sinking of the caldron, and several matters more under the control of the property-man, underwent a rehearsal.

On our returning to the painting room we found a glorious fire for a beef steak, and the gridiron flanked by a couple of salamanders, so that Wewitzer's recipe could be carried out to perfection.

As a motto for the beef-steak club, he gave, " If it were done, when 'tis done, then

'twere well it were done quickly,"—thus applying the words of Macbeth to the cooking of a steak.

"By the way," said Gibson, "my young friend Knox, perhaps, never has heard of the Beefsteak Club, now having some of our greatest men enrolled in the list of members."

"Ay!" observed Capon, "in this very room it took its rise. One day Garrick came up to see a scene painting, which he wished to show two noble friends; and finding Lambert (who was scene-painter then) cooking a steak, they were so tempted, by the novelty of eating one hot off the gridiron, that they soon demolished the artist's dinner, and finding it so delicious they sent out for another. The circumstance being talked of amongst the frequenters of the theatre, a club was formed, confining the dinner to rump steak only. Lambert you know was succeeded by Richards as scene-painter, but could they see what the

art has arrived at, they would be rather astonished."

"That may be," said Gibson; "but scene-painting is capable of being carried to a much higher degree of perfection. It has already begun to show the influence of the principles of painting upon every branch of the art, nor will the decorations and dresses remain in a dormant state. Our great actor Kemble, though he has done much to reform the stage in these matters, has made only a move in the right direction; and as education enables the masses of the people to comprehend what is correct, even the tragedy of 'Macbeth' will be brought out on the stage more conformable to the costume and habits of that time. The idea of dressing Banquo and Macbeth in tartan philibegs is barbarous and absurd. Not only were the varieties of plaid, which now distinguish the several Scottish clans, unknown, but tartan dresses are but of yesterday, compared with the

period when Duncan reigned as king of Scotland. The costume was then similar to that of the Norwegians and Danes, their constant invaders. It is also equally absurd to put sheephead-hilted Highland broadswords in their hands; the hilts of all swords at that period were simple bars across, upon which, after the introduction of Christianity, people were sworn. Hamlet alludes to this, in causing Horatio and attendants 'to swear upon his sword.' But still, with all these imperfections, what great advantages John Kemble possesses, compared with Richard Burbage!"

"Ay!" exclaimed Capon, "and what would Shakespeare himself have given to have had the assistance of our scenery?"

"That is something," replied Gibson; "but then we should have lost some of the finest passages in his works, wherein he makes use of description to help our imaginations in lieu of it. Scenes follow each other into the oblivious recesses of

the lumber-room, but the glorious imaginary pictures his words embody, become more fresh and beautiful as time and taste advance."

Having now finished a relay of rump steaks, and several bottles of sherry (which we afterwards heard were put into the account, for Mr. Capon was not upon the establishment, but engaged as a painter for this great occasion), we took our departure.

CHAPTER XII

WHILE Knox was continually engaged in contemplating the works of the best masters, for the purpose of learning the art of composition and arrangement of colour, he referred constantly to nature as the source from which their materials were derived. One of the methods he took to accomplish this, was his converting the lower part of our garden into an assemblage of wild plants, pieces of rock, stems of decayed trees, interspersed with brambles and straggling weeds; these he painted on the spot, under the various effects of

sunshine or dull light. Such commencements of his pictures served his eye as points to start from having rendered them with the full force of the palette; also, writing in his note-book his observations on their general appearance and individual character. A few extracts from his memorandums will explain the nature of these remarks.

“Of Plants—The upper side of most leaves being smooth, receive the blue and grey tones of the sky, hence they are less violent in colour; but those portions that are seen where the light shines through, are more transparent and brilliant. I find the best mode of representing these appearances, is by painting grey tints over the surface while wet, and glazing with transparent colour those portions in shadow where the light shines through. Cuyp, I observe, often makes the shadows on the ground very dark, which throws the whole clump of leaves into breadth. I find Cuyp

very sparing of his touches of high light, which give the bright effect of sunshine; he is equally sparing of strong points of colour. The smaller these portions of harsh colour and high light are given, the more value and force they receive, and the greater breadth and delicacy they confer upon the general mass. Potter, Wynants, and several of the Dutch school, give more correct imitations of the individual weeds; but they are tame portraits compared with Cuyp's mode of rendering these objects; by his vivacious touches of light and colour he gives them life and motion. Plants and weeds may be painted too strong, and made of too great consequence; the best artists prevent this result by making the composition of the whole picture require the presence of these accessories as a necessary portion. The great difficulty in composition seems to be, giving the most studied and careful arrangement the careless and accidental appearance of nature: plants as well

as trees ought to be of that character which belongs to the situation expressed in the picture, and where they are most commonly found. Everything from the foreground to the sky ought to combine for the purpose of stamping the work with the impress of truth. We hear of that facile appearance of handling that seems to mock at toil, yet the engendering of this dexterity generally ends in mannerism. Even the works of Cuyp are sometimes tainted with this vice. I have observed that those artists who worked with the greatest rapidity, show it in a greater degree in their pictures, such as Berghem compared with Hobbima or Ruysdael, and Teniers compared with Adrian Ostade, or Terburg. In the higher branches of the art, this mechanical dexterity seems to have obliterated the intensity of thought—they are more picturesque than mental; we find this in the compositions of Tintoret, Paul Veronese, and Rubens, compared

with those of Leonardi, or Raphael In this department of painting it is more reprehensible, as the mind, not the eye, should be addressed. Even in sketching from nature, this loose manner ought not to be indulged to a great extent. I find many of my studies of little service when I come to put them on canvass."

I had frequently thought, that of the numerous friends from whom Knox had received attentions, and to whose kindness he had been indebted for much instruction, some demonstration should be made on his part, though a young man, as a mere matter of reciprocity. An opportunity now offered, on the sale of his first picture exhibited, which was purchased off the walls of the British Institution, then just founded. He seemed to feel that he was now an artist, and entitled to mix with his brethren on that footing. He therefore requested me to invite our Lambeth friends to dinner, and to add, if possible, the

presence of his distinguished countryman, Mr. Wilkie. Every one not only responded to the invitation, but observed the same punctuality as if it had been to the table of the prime minister; so much influence have virtue and talent, when enshrined in sensible and prepossessing manners. As I have already mentioned the minutiae of several dinners, it will be sufficient to say everything was provided most agreeable to the taste of Scotchmen, of whom the greatest portion consisted. Charlie of course was one of the party, as by this time he was acknowledged to be a member of the fraternity; and though he spoke little, yet he seemed to swallow up every remark upon art that was uttered.

My wife said it reminded her of the saying of Burns, describing Captain Grose,—

“A chield’s amang you taking notes.”

The children on this great occasion were obliged to take their allowance of the

dinner in the next room ; but, from the noise they made, we could gather that the impulses of nature were superior to their admiration of the old masters.

On the cloth being removed, my friend Wilkie now proposed a toast, and after asking us to charge our glasses, he said,—

“I beg to propose the health of and success to our young friend Knox: not that I ought to arrogate that honour to myself, but, being one of the first in London who gave him any hints towards advancing his knowledge in the art, I feel it incumbent on me to do so, especially as his progress redounds so much to the credit of every one who has assisted him in his conception of the difficulties of our art. I need not dilate upon the position of an artist, for unless he acquits himself well, he will not only bring discredit upon himself, but will bring a slur upon the whole body. Our young friend has freed us from any misgivings on that head, for I prophesy

that he will add another name to those eminent artists who have made it a pride for us to belong to the profession. I will therefore, without further preface, give you, Health and prosperity to our brother artist."

Knox, in responding to the toast, said—

"My dear friends, I feel exceedingly grateful for the interest you have all taken in my welfare and progress in the arts. To your kind encouragement and example I am chiefly indebted for the position I now am placed in; for though but only on the threshold, I feel that I have hold of the clue that will enable me to thread the mazes of the building. In return, I beg leave to drink health and happiness to you all; and rest assured, however we may be separated in our progress through life, I shall never forget the kindness of all present."

Fearing that he would get too sentimental, Knox abruptly sat down. A few more

toasts were given, such as "The patrons of painting," &c. &c.; and before concluding, Gibson rose to give "The health of John Graham," and "The Scottish Academy."

"Before he became master of the Academy, it was merely a drawing-school, and when he introduced painting in oil, the trustees and directors remonstrated with him, as a departure from the intention of its founders, who intended it as a school of design for tablecloths and paper-hangings. We will drink, John Graham and the Scottish Academy."

After the toast was drunk, Wilkie rose, and said—

"As I am the only student of the Scottish Academy present, I beg permission to make a few observations.

"We are all aware that the Trustees, Academy in Scotland was founded for the express purpose of advancing the manufactures of the country; and part of the money arising from the sale of the forfeited

estates after the rebellion was applied for that purpose. I need not allude to the mismanagement, in many cases, of the funds, for why should we expect our own countrymen to be better than those born in England or Ireland? But when it was suggested that a knowledge of the higher branches of art, and a practical education in oil painting, would assist towards such knowledge, a hue and cry was raised, what was to become of the Dunfermline weavers of damask tablecloths, or the tambourers of Glasgow muslins. No one, they urged, would descend to the inferior walks who had gained any celebrity in the higher. Poor Graham was about to be driven from his purpose; and as I was one of the first who made use of palette and brushes in the Academy, he came in one day with the secretary's letter of remonstrances in his hand. After reading it to us, he said, 'Gentlemen, you see the matter rests in your own power. Some-

thing must be done to appease the patrons of flax-growing and muslin-weaving; and as Raphael himself condescended to design for tapestry, you can't refuse to send in to the board some specimens.' Some of us did so; and their interdict was removed. I need not tell you that it is now put on the same footing as the Royal Academy of London, and to my old friend John Graham we are indebted for this advantage. I could not allow this opportunity to escape without adding my feeble testimony to his talents."

"No doubt it is all very well," observed Scaife, "but academies don't teach us to paint landscapes."

"No," added Nasmyth, "nor to draw trees. Egad, a month in Windsor Forest, or on the side of Ben Lomond, is worth a life-time spent in Somerset House."

"Yes," observed Etty, "but you will not learn the principles found in the antique, or gain a knowledge of colour, as you do

in the life academy. The Royal Academy was founded for the purpose of teaching the art of design and delineating the human figure ; and it may be remarked that this understanding of the higher branches leads, as it often has done, to a better conception of landscape and the humbler walks of the art, witness the landscapes of Titian, Anabile Carracci, Rubens, and other historical painters. Good taste acquired in the study of antique sculpture may be seen to pervade everything which emanates from the pencils of such students."

"My dear Etty," said Gibson, "though a landscape painter, I quite agree with you ; and what we have remaining of Greek sculpture, architecture, and specimens of their pottery, nay even of their smallest ornament, all tend to confirm you in your observation ; even at the revival of art in the fifteenth century we find its influence on the ornamental productions of that period. The board of trustees in Edin-

burgh were wrong in attempting to stifle Graham's elevating the education of the Academy. The time will come when we shall have academies and schools for instruction in the various branches of manufacture all over England and Scotland; and every university ought to have a professor of painting attached to it."

"As far as carpets, table-covers, and window-curtains, are concerned, I imagine," observed Scaife, "that we must consult natural productions for the foundation of a variety of patterns. Plants and flowers, when symmetrically arranged, are suggestive of the greatest diversity. The Corinthian capital is a convincing proof of this, and the whole richness of effect spread over Gothic architecture owes its origin to the same source."

"Egad, Davey," said Nasmyth, "I thought you would bring in old mother Nature for her share; suppose we drink to

the memory of Gainsborough and Wilson, two of her English pupils."

"With all my heart," said Knox ; "and let us make a trio of it, by joining in the toast our countryman Jacob More."

"Ay, ay," said Wilkie, "a good addition. His works are little known in England, but he certainly may be set down as one of the Scottish worthies. He and our friend's father Alexander Nasmyth, must be considered the founders of landscape-painting in Scotland; therefore on this occasion you must permit me to give you the health of Alexander Nasmyth."

This toast called up Patrick to return thanks, who said,—

"Mr. Wilkie, and gentlemen, I beg to offer my best wishes in return for your drinking my father's health. Our friend Gibson, who was his pupil, could do it more effectively, but not with a greater sense of the obligation. Like Jacob More, my father

studied in Italy; and on his return established a class for teaching the art; by his knowledge and example he laid a foundation for that branch of the profession which will not be easily obliterated in Scotland; and if by perseverance and a constant study of nature I can make the name known in London, I shall feel proud of being worthy of belonging to his school. I drink all your healths in return."

After a little more chit-chat, Mr. Wilkie proposed we should adjourn to the drawing-room, when we would enjoy a little music. Tea and coffee were ready, and the children all on the tiptoe of expectation, standing in a row, like a file of soldiers to undergo the inspection of a staff of officers; but no regiment ever received so high commendations as were passed upon this muster of recruits. Tea and coffee being served, my wife sat down to the piano, and with the assistance of a young lady, a neighbour

of ours, played us some of Beethoven and Weber's charming music; after which Mr. Wilkie rose to depart, excusing himself for refusing Mrs. Thomson's pressing invitation to stop supper after the Scottish fashion, observing, that never at any time could he do much in keeping up the hospitable customs of his country, but since his residence in London, his close application and intense study had obliged him to be very abstemious; but turning round to his friends, he said,—

“I leave you those who will do ample justice to the social habits of our native Caledonia.”

When he had left, I could not help remarking that our friend looked more careworn than he did when he took up his first abode in Norton-street. Like a great actor, who raises a furor by his first performance, he finds incessant application necessary to keep up the favourable impression he has created, and great courage

to withstand the criticism of a thousand yelping curs that carp at him.

"I have no doubt Wilkie will live to surmount both."

"We must be all sensible of that," observed Gibson; "but he cannot expect that every succeeding picture can create the same sensation that the first did. We have seen that already; for though his 'Blind Fiddler' is a much superior work of art to the 'Village Politicians,' it passed more silently before the eyes of the public; and unless he strikes out something in a different style, or class of subjects, he will not keep his present elevated position. A host of imitators will arise, the inferiority of whose works the public have not the knowledge to discern."

"I tremble already," said Knox, "when I think of the difficulties a painter has to contend with."

"Ah! my dear young friend," continued Gibson, "the difficulties of the art are our

salvation, for if every tom-fool who puts a palette on his thumb could be a painter, there would be no credit in the profession; but he must run the gauntlet through a host of claimants, whose assistance he must call into his aid,—perseverance, deep study, continual reflection, constant application, a delight in pursuit of the art, a diffidence in his own abilities, a courage to overcome all obstacles, and his whole life devoted to the pursuit. ‘*Vita brevis ars longa*,’ says the proverb. Butler says of a soldier,—

‘ Ah me ! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with cold iron ; ’

so too we may say of any one who meddles with palette and brushes. But you have nothing to fear; you are one of Nature’s chosen disciples, and she is never wrong. But there is one thing she exacts from her votaries—their entire devotion.”

“ That is all very well,” remarked Scaife ; “but then she ought to keep us

better, and not put us so often on board wages."

"Why, Davey, she does it for our advantage; whom she loves most she chastises. Adversity is the mother of invention. What does Shakespeare tell us?—

'Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in her head.'"

"Yes," said Nasmyth; "but we can't live for a century without eating, like a toad; nor can we sell the jewel out of his head, as they did those out of the eyes of the antique statues."

"I have heard people remark," said Etty, "that we ought to be content with bread and cheese, being engaged in so glorious a profession as that of painting; especially historical painting."

"Never mind, my dear Etty, you ought to sacrifice everything for the civilization of your country; as old Lord Lovat said, '*Dulce et decorum pro patria mori.*'"

since their first leaving the studios of their respective painters. Reynolds says, in his second lecture, speaking of the old masters, 'I must inform you however, that old pictures, deservedly celebrated for their colouring, are often so changed by dirt and varnish, that we ought not to wonder if they do not appear equal to their reputation in the eyes of experienced painters.'

"These remarks of Sir Joshua's," observed Gibson, "have given a license to all picture-dealers, not only to remove the dust and dirt, but many of them have and do remove both varnish and paint. They fancy blackness arises from the effects of time upon the colours, and therefore remove the appellation of the dark masters from their faces. In Paris they are doing wonders in this mode of restoration; and the pictures now in the Louvre, collected from all quarters, are undergoing this process of ablution. The French dealers, I verily believe, would scrub an Ethiopian white."

“What then becomes of the glazings?” enquired Knox.

“The glazings!” exclaimed Gibson; “gone with the scumblings, and ‘like an unsubstantial pageant faded, leave not a wrack behind.’ Many of the dealers deny that the old masters glazed at all; and therefore as they remove one glazing after another, cry out in ecstasy, ‘How bright! how brilliant! how fresh it looks! as if it were just taken from the painter’s easel.’”

“Poor Titian! Poor Paul Veronese and Tintoretto!” observed Etty, “upon how small a thread hangs your posthumous reputation!”

“Egad,” said Nasmyth, “such picture-cleaners are robbers of the dead!”

“Ay,” replied Gibson, “and often of the living likewise; for many a picture, after undergoing their process of restoration, is deteriorated a hundred per cent.; and is indeed of no value at all; for as Hudibras says,—

‘Th’ intrinsic value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring.’

“Who are to be the judges?” said Scaife; “for unless the painter himself could return and tell them what his intentions were, both with respect to light and shade and tone of colour, it must resolve itself into a mere matter of opinion.”

“Why, my dear Davey, the picture-dealers themselves; for having been guilty of the same practices, they can at a glance detect a work that has passed through the operation of cleaning; and they are not more charitable, nor possessed of greater amount of Christian feeling, than other classes of society. But, for the sake of our young friend Knox, I will give a short description of the progress of a picture to its perfection, and its downward decline to destruction; and as it is rather a dry subject, we will fill our glasses, and drink a toast, in which, I am sure, friend Etty will join,—‘The immortal memory of the Venetian colourists.’ We all remember the

motto the Carraccis wrote over the door of their school of painting,—

‘Il disegno di Michael Angelo, e colorito di Titiano.’

“In the production of a picture, as far as the light and shade and colouring are concerned, the manipulation is conducted in the following progressive stages. First, with regard to the colour of the ground on which it is to be painted:—if on a white ground, the shadows are put in, in the first instance, with a warm brown that enables the artist to deepen in the finishing with black and cool touches, and washes, without disturbing the transparency: we perceive this in some of the Venetian pictures left unfinished at the death of Titian and Tintoretto. These masses were preserved, unloaded with paint, even to the last; not that these artists, or others, preserved this transparency always. On the contrary, we find many of the finest works much loaded with colour in the shadows, as well as in the light portions. In

searching into this mode of treatment, I was struck with the depth and quantity of colour in the shadows of some of Correggio's,—particularly in the celebrated picture called "The Day," representing the Virgin and Child, with Saint Jerome and the Magdalene ; but, as a general rule, they seem to have kept their shadows retiring, and less obtrusive than the lights, which are always more loaded with paint, especially if the picture is on a dark canvass, as many of the Italian works are,—even approaching to a dark Indian red, or umber-coloured canvass, in which case the ground is made use of to a great degree in the shadows. We have an example of this treatment, in the pictures of the " Loves of the Gods," by Titian, in the Marlborough collection, at Blenheim, these being painted on brown leather, with the borders stamped and gilt; in fact, some of the ornaments in the pictures themselves are gilded: as light is reflected in a greater degree from an impervious body,

than from one through which it can partially penetrate. The higher and broader masses that receive it are painted with thicker and less transparent colour, while the shadows are enriched with a juicy and rich vehicle. Now, in observing how they produce a union between the lights and shadows in the progress of colouring, we find it is by keeping those parts that come in contact in accordance with the shadows, unless when a strong opposition point is wanted; then a colour of a greater contrast is adopted; now these harmonies arise either from the parts being painted with warmer colour in the first instance, or from being glazed with tints of the same hue.

“ In describing glazing and scumbling, the first is by making use of transparent colour, the other by using that which is opaque. The one acts upon the picture like a glass, to deepen and enrich the several parts it covers; the other, like a fine gauze, gives a delicacy and refinement to the op-

position of harsh tints. In glazing any colour for the purpose of giving it force, alternate washes of hot and cold tints are used, for the sake of giving it that tone most suitable to the general effect of the whole work. The application of scumbling reconciles the various harshnesses of the first painting without darkening them. I have been thus particular in endeavouring to make their effect understood, that we may perceive the result likely to arise in removing what is called the varnish, or repeated coats of varnish. But, before entering upon the process of picture-cleaning, it will be necessary to mention the effect of time upon a picture. It is thrown completely out of harmony by the fading of those colours having a vegetable basis, and the indestructible quality of such as have a mineral one, such as several of the oxides. These changes are not perceptible until the several coats of varnish are removed, which have acted as a general glaze, after which the

whole work appears as a picture of discordant spots of blue, red, and yellow. In taking off these several coats of varnish, mixed and unmixed with harmonious glazings, continued friction with the point of the finger is adopted in the first instance, which of necessity takes off the edge of the sharp pencilling, especially that of the Dutch and Flemish schools, such as the works of Teniers, Cuyp, Berghem, &c. But if such a process is not sufficient to remove the dark oleaginous varnishes and glazing, spirits of wine is made use of, which completely destroys the soft liquid appearance of the picture; for we must remember that the oil with which all the colours are mixed gradually comes to the surface after a lapse of time, which gives even flake white a yellow transparent character; consequently when this is removed, the white assumes the character of plaster of Paris, and even the ultramarines, and other rich colours, appear like distemper painting.

Now it is that the restorer is called in, who, though a painter, is generally of a second-rate character, and cannot comprehend the subtle niceties of the work, which have all disappeared; but even if the original painter could be called out of his grave, he would stand aghast to see the havoc that time and the picture-cleaner have made on the several colours, and how different its effect since it left his easel. However, knowing what his intentions were, he would set about reviving with fresh pigment, those colours that had fled, and deepen and enrich those tones that the merciless and ignorant hand of the cleaner had destroyed; after which, though he could not restore the finished pencilling and sharp touches, he would replace them with similar, equally full of spirit and expression. But the dealer's assistant is not permitted to do this, even if he were capable. Any repairing, if discernible, reduces the value of the work, consequently he has recourse to stippling the different colours, like the pro-

cess of miniature painting ; but even this method is capable of being detected, especially by experienced dealers, who have been at one time guilty of the like method, and who, of course, make no secret of exposing the faults of their rivals. When we reflect upon these matters, and consider the various changes that governments and private possessors of pictures have undergone, and the ignorance of the quacks that were called in from time to time when the art was less understood, we may safely assert that there is scarcely a work of art that has not been greatly deteriorated ; especially when we see what is done in these days of greater enlightenment on the subject. When I was in Paris, at the time the Louvre was in its glory, many of the pictures looked pure and untouched, being under the management of Denon, and Monsieur Hacker ; but afterwards, when they were removed to their old abodes, several of them underwent so thorough a cleaning,

that the linen looked completely bleached and whitewashed."

"Well, well," observed Scaife, "our works will in time be served in the same manner."

"There it is," said Etty, "that authors have the advantage over us; the printing press has preserved their works, but the works of an artist are swallowed up in the dark ages of time. Where now are the works of Apelles, Protogenes, or Parrhasius? No one now living has ever seen the smallest remnant of them; while the works of Homer, Pindar, or Xenophon, are in the hands of every school-boy."

"Egad," said Nasmyth, "we are obliged to old Time for swallowing up those giants; they are as happy in his womb as either Homer or Pindar, and our feeble attempts cannot be tried by a comparison; whereas the modern poets have always the works of the Greek poets to contend with."

"Egad, the picture-cleaners are also part of old Time's help-mates."

“After all,” observed Knox, “players are worse off than either poets or painters. Shakespeare says,—

‘A poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more.’”

“Ah! my dear Knox, Macbeth alludes to all mankind being actors, and we know most of them are heard no more after the curtain falls, on making their exit. But as long as the history of the English stage is in existence, the names of Burbage, Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, and Kean, will adorn a page of its progress. But to return to the subject of the old masters,” continued Gibson. “As it has been proved frequently that living artists are often mistaken with regard to the authenticity and name of the painter of a work of art, who is the proprietor of such a picture to consult? or who is a gentleman to employ as a guide in the

purchase of such a class of paintings ?* We may concede to a painter of such subjects the knowledge of the work being either an original or a copy ; but, from pictures of any particular master more frequently passing under the observation of the dealer, *he* is more likely to be correct in naming the painter, and also as to its value in the market. But I hear the sound of cups and saucers, so we will adjourn to the next room and have a dish of coffee.

“ Well, Betsey, we have been disputing about glazing. What is a glaze ? ”

“ Why, squire, a glaze is what you put over beef.”

“ Quite right, as to cookery ; and half the English people would give the same answer ; and if a glazier were asked, he would reply, Putting a glass over the picture.”

* Not one third of the pictures by the old masters are genuine in all the collections of England, Scotland, and Ireland ; hence the loss of their reputation.

“Egad,” said Nasmyth, “whatever the picture-cleaners may say, we all belong to the painters and glaziers’ company. But where is the cow you glazed? I see all your works but *Hawkey*.”*

“Why, Peter, whatever faults my pictures may have else, unfortunately there is no want of keeping in them; as to the Cow, I sent her down to the kitchen, thinking the heat would dry the megulp, but from there being too much wax in it, it still remains tachy. I must, however, leave cattle pieces to our friend Knox, he is their true Vandyke. Paul Potter, the prince of cow painters, seldom gives them that meek expression of gentleness, characteristic of the animal, and Cuyp’s cattle are a combination of square markings, destitute of delicate intermediate touches—his aim seems always to have been clearness of colour, and dexterity of handling, which he preserves at any sacrifice: this quality,

* The Cow.

however captivating it may be to the eye, stops short of satisfying calm contemplation : hence the works of Teniers are eclipsed by those of Ostade, and the portraits of Frank Hals by those of Vandyke. But, instead of talking about art, let us take a stroll into the green fields, and contemplate the beauties of nature ; we shall shortly be deprived of that privilege, and old London, in place of having a green mantle round her, will be hemmed in with walls of brick."

We took a boat at Westminster for Battersea, the nearest point to debouch from under the smoky canopy of the city ; we landed by the white windmill, whose sails were lighted up by the setting sun. Perhaps there is no object so picturesque in form, or better suited for a picture, than a mill ; hence we have them introduced into paintings in every variety of shape,—water-mills, undershot and overshot ; mills with sails ; mills round and square, with wooden

stairs, and projecting levers, with and without surrounding galleries; we have two beautiful specimens of each kind in the etchings of Rembrandt, and of Waterloo; indeed, from the innumerable Dutch pictures where this object is introduced, we may have imbibed a predilection in its favour.

The glorious sun was setting behind Battersea church, electro-typing with gold the slow-returning Thames through every opening pier of the old wooden bridge; and numerous boats and barges, floating down with the tide, shook from their sides a million fluttering lights, like flakes of molten gold; while, interspersed, the silver swans, sailing across the stream, produced in reality one of those gorgeous scenes that Cuyp and Turner have created by their magic pencils. As we landed, we simultaneously broke out in praise of Nature's painting.

"Egad," said Nasmyth, "what is the

use of going to Italy for subjects, when we can get them outside our own doors? anything will make a picture, if it is properly treated."

"Yes," said Scaife, "if you give us water and sky as component parts. Old Graham used to say, that water was as great an embellishment to a landscape, as a female figure was to an historical subject; and old Philip Astley is of the same opinion as regards a melodrama; and as to the value of skies, give Turner canvass enough, he will make a picture out of an old pump as the principal object."

"Ah!" observed Knox, "Turner is a very Prospero in magic, whether in creating skies like this before us, or the sun, 'shorn of his beams,' and struggling through the mist, or darting his luminous rays from the nadir to the zenith. His skies are full of form and endless variety of delicate hues, and in his treatment of water he is equally magnificent. When I stood before Lord

Yarborough's picture of *The Wreck*, Shakespeare's lines, where he makes *Miranda*, in '*The Tempest*,' exclaim,—

'If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them ;
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out,'

seemed stamped upon the canvass."

"Well done, Knox," said Nasmyth. "Egad! the poetry of Turner and Shakespeare seems infectious; who knows but you may supply the place of Billy Upton! I see Astley has printed at the bottom of his play bills, 'N.B.—A good poet wanted.' But let us follow Gibson and Etty,"—and turning to the boatman, he told him to haul the boat ashore, and go to the Red House and get himself some of Whitbread's entire, adding,— "We shall want you in an hour."

On our overtaking Gibson and Etty, we found them in praise of Cobbett,

who christened the parks, the lungs of London.

“And who knows,” said Gibson, “but these very fields may be some time hence turned into another lobe for the Londoners!”

“Ah!” exclaimed Scaife, “your genuine cockney is not of a rural nature; he does not, as the patriarchs of old, ‘retire into the fields at the fall of eve, to meditate;’ at the fall of eve, if he retires anywhere, it is into the tap-room; and if he meditates, it is upon the ‘Courant,’ or the ‘Evening Sun.’”

“Yes, my dear Davey,” said Gibson; “but don’t you think it is the duty of government to find means for decoying them out of these dens of foul air, and tobacco-smoke, and in place of reading all the nonsense spoken by members of Parliament, to read and contemplate the great book of Nature.”

“That,” observed Knox, “would be

leading them back into a primitive state, for savages read nothing but the great book of nature; but they might have books teaching wisdom and morality, to take into the fields with them."

"Ah ha!" said Gibson, "books on morality are not sufficiently exciting; besides, we owe our great freedom and good government to the knowledge and perception the lower and middle classes have of political matters; when they lose the interest they take in politics, our liberties will be wavering, and our advance, in a better distribution of comforts, retrograde. Pressure from without is our only check upon the misapplication of the produce of labour, and nothing will contribute more to increase the strength of the people than a knowledge of *meum* and *tuum*. It is useless in our aristocracy quoting the writings of Vatel, Puffendorf, or Grotius. Virtue, common sense, and a total absence of selfishness, will give them greater weight than all the law-logic in

the world. Religion is the great engine by which mankind are governed, but even that, when tainted with superstition, loses its power, especially when the people learn wisdom; but, like a true free-mason, I will not speak of religion, nor indeed of any other subject but our art."

Gibson and Etty were stretched out on the grass, like the figures in some of Watteau's 'Fetes Champêtres.'

"Here we are," said Gibson, "enjoying the '*otium super viridem*,' as Virgil has it."

"Or, as the Psalmist says, 'lying down in green pastures, beside the still waters,'" observed Knox. "There is nothing more luxurious, after a course of study, than to be thoroughly idle: I have sometimes, when drawing a cow chewing the cud, wished myself equally divested of the cares of life; and I often reflect on the interview of Sully with Henry the Fourth of France, who found the king creeping on his hands and knees, his children making a horse

of him, and riding and clambering on his back; it requires a great mind to throw off the 'pomp and circumstance of royalty,' and exhibit the original stamp of man. Our great bard Shakespeare had the good sense and control over his habits to retire into private life before he was too old to enjoy it. And what do you say to Cincinnatus, who, when the ambassadors went to implore him to return to Rome, found him outside his door, paring turnips for supper?"

"Ah! my dear Knox, these examples may be often imitated, but are very rarely original. I remember the late Lord Buchan was found by his brother, Henry Erskine, one day, digging in the garden, when he exclaimed, 'Here am I, Harry, enjoying the *otium cum digin a tatie*.*' 'Well,' his brother replied, 'give me the *otium cum dig na-tatis*,' which, by the way," continued Gibson, "was the purer

* A potato.

Latin. But now, having sniffed the caller air, we'll return home,

‘The boat lies at the ferry,
Where we'll go over, and be merry;’

and, in place of the dews of the evening, we will have some of the mountain dew.”

“I must have you put me ashore at Royal's, as I wish to get home, therefore you must excuse me,” said Knox.

“No, no, my good fellow, ‘I will not excuse you. You shall not be excused, excuses shall not be admitted: there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excused;’ as old Shallow says.”

“Well then, Gibson, you shall all go home with me; it is your nearest way, and we will make it a half-way house; if we have none of the dew from Ben Nevis, we will have some from Ben Lomond. And there is Charlie, I declare, fishing at the end of yon barge, we will send him on as

an avant courier. Well, Charlie, my boy, what sport have you had?"

"None," he replied; "on the contrary, the roach and dace have made sport of me."

"That's unfortunate. I was in hopes our friends would have had something for supper out of your creel; but we must put up with the contents of the amory,—if you go a-head, and say, we are coming to take our bread and cheese."

Charlie didn't stop to furnish a reply to retard his embassy, but scampered off quite delighted, in expectation of hearing some discussion upon art. Knox, on turning round, said,—

"This is, likely, the very spot that Cæsar stood upon when he crossed the Thames from Surrey into Middlesex. I am informed this is the nearest fordable place, and several relics have been found to give colour to the suggestion."

"Such a circumstance is only curious to

remark," said Gibson, "how little changed the river Thames still remains, through so long a lapse of time."

A short walk brought the party to Pimlico, where, as usual, they all received a hearty welcome; for Knox was one of those characters who are not only esteemed in their own person, but create an esteem which is extended to those whom they associate with. Even Hector welcomed them with a lengthened wag of his tail.

"We have got nothing very tempting for your suppers, gentlemen, after your walk," said my wife; but, as far as a fine Yorkshire ham and a cold beef-steak pie can go towards a makeshift, they are on the table, and a bowl of salad fresh cut from the garden."

"Our friends were to have supped with me," said Gibson, "but I am sure they would not have come so well off. As for friend Etty, a York ham must be a treat, being a countryman of his ain. I am sorry

the children are all gone to bed ; there is not a greater garnish to a table than a circle of smiling faces, it is like a valentine with a painted border of cupids."

"Ah! Mr. Gibson, candle-light is a great destroyer of fresh colour ; they must get up in early morn to gather bloom for their roses. You painters seem all fond of children, especially the unmarried painters ; Reynolds, that old bachelor, was fond of children."

"Yes," said Gibson, "Sir Joshua's notion was, that a painter, like a soldier, 'is better accommodated than with a wife ;' when he heard that Flaxman was married, he said, 'Then he is ruined as an artist.' "

"Yet Rubens, a greater artist than Reynolds, had three wives," observed Knox.

"So may you perhaps, my dear Knox, or you will not be like your great ancestor, for illustrious John had three wives."

"It is time enough for our young friend to think of those matters," said my wife ;

“but handsome men have strong temptations placed in their path through life’s journey.”

“Nonsense, my dear Mrs. Thompson ; let us talk of the fine arts.”

“Egad !” said Nasmyth, “courting is a branch of the fine arts, and our friend will find its power some day ; but, as he is looking serious, we will change the discourse. I have been admiring your carpet, it is exceedingly pretty.”

“I am glad you like it,” I observed, “and will give you its history. I went in to a friend’s carpet warehouse the other day, where a couple of dozen patterns or more, were rolled out on the floor ; knowing my acquaintance with several artists, he said,—‘Well, Mr. Thompson, give me your opinion, as a man of taste :’ after a careful survey of the whole, I fixed upon this ; when my friend burst out into a laugh, joined by several of his men in chorus ;—‘My dear Thompson, we have had that unfortunate carpet in our ware-

house these twelve years, and we generally roll it out, as a contrast to our fresh stock. It was designed by a man of genius too, but we don't make carpets for artists; the public have a taste of their own, and we make carpets to sell, not to educate the eye; when the tastes of the people improve, either by studying pictures, or reading works on the principles of beauty, we shall be glad to follow, and have our stock trodden under foot; till then, the only book we consult is our ledger, the surest guide to enable us to meet the tax-gatherer in the face.' Well then, I replied, it only rests with the nobility, or people of consequence, to set a good example, as the middle classes generally imitate their superiors. 'Well,' he said, 'when that takes place, our friend on the floor will rise in the market; in the meantime, if you are in want of a carpet, we will let you have it at cost price.' Done, I said, send me home fifty yards, made fifteen by eighteen. 'Book him, Mr. Drugget; I

think we shall have still a remnant left as a foil.' 'Yes, Sir,' the clerk replied, 'too large a one, unfortunately.' 'Poor old housekeeper!' my friend said; 'I assure you, Mr. Thomson, I part with him as with an old acquaintance, he has been the means of our selling many carpets, and now he's sold himself.'"

"Thus I have a 'plain unvarnished tale delivered,' and with proper emphasis and sound discretion," observed Gibson; "and, since taste is on the carpet, it will be apropos to say a few words on the subject. You are all aware that, even as late as the reign of Charles the First, the nobility had many of their rooms covered with rushes, a custom both unsightly and uncleanly, for fresh rushes were often spread over the old, under which remained beef bones, or other refuse from the table. The first introduction of carpets, such as are now termed Brussels, was about one hundred and fifty years ago, when religious persecution obliged many

of the Protestants of the Low Countries to take refuge in England, and amongst other trades, many weavers set up their looms in Bunhill-fields, and places adjacent; hence the produce of the looms received the appellation of Brussels, being the city from which the refugees had been driven. That quality of carpet is very much improved since that period, but still the colours are limited to five only, whatever pattern is represented.* In the Venetian pictures, we generally find the floor covered with a cloth of one colour, either red or a dull purple, though no doubt, from their trade with the Levant, they must have received carpets from Turkey, if such articles were in use at so early a time. It is certain, that both in Turkey and in Persia, carpets of a small size, and what we now call rugs, were manufactured for the votaries of Mahomet

* Bright & Co. have taken out a patent for printing carpets after leaving the loom, when the colours can, by such process, be extended to twelve or more if necessary.

to kneel upon, and which have a particular mark at one end, that was pointed towards Mecca, when they performed their early worship,—these were distributed over Europe as table-covers, and used in England and other countries as hearth-rugs; the pattern is small, such as we see in their shawls, and often interspersed with figures of tigers and antelopes. The English imitations often consist of a single figure, such as a lion or a tiger, couchant.”

“Speaking of the application of carpets to other purposes than what originally was intended,” I said, “I heard an anecdote the other day strongly confirmatory of this. The Spanish government in Mexico being overthrown, every one was anxious to export merchandise into the young republic; amongst other things, a cockney manufacturer sent over a venture of grates, fenders, and fire-shovels, and got a friend to join him in an equal quantity of hearth-rugs; as might be concluded, the grates and

fire-irons are still on hand, the rugs were not only all sold, but an order arrived from the agent to send over as many more of similar patterns as could be procured ; one or two of the hunters of the wild cattle having seen these rugs in the agent's store, bought them as saddle-cloths, and on returning to their friends, their horse-furniture was so much admired and coveted, that in one day the whole were sold, and orders for thousands given at any price ; and now, we have those throwers of the lasso, the Guachos, galloping over the plains, sitting on the productions of Kidderminster."

"Egad," said Nasmyth, "and very good saddle-cloths they make. I have seen some of Astley's people, when airing their horses in the morning, sitting on the same sort of thing."

CHAPTER XIV.

I AM about to relate a circumstance which, though it throws but little light upon the peculiar character of our young painter in a pictorial sense, yet, trifling as it was, it seemed to lay the foundation for that insidious encroachment on his health, to which a predisposition to consumption from an hereditary taint had given an easy access. One evening, as Knox and Charlie were returning from sketching, when near the old Church in Chelsea, their attention was arrested by a youth bathing in the Thames, and evidently struggling for life; Knox called

to a couple of men rowing in a boat close by, but they gave little heed; he also urged a waterman to launch his boat, but he said he would run to the next public-house, where the drags were kept, and then put off. Knox, perceiving that no time was to be lost, threw his coat and hat on the bank and rushed into the water. A few strokes brought him to the spot, just as the body sunk; but being an excellent swimmer he dived after it, and brought it to the surface, and, holding it under one arm, he swam ashore. Life seemed gone; but laying the body upon the rudder of a boat he ordered the people to take it to Don Saltero's coffee-house, in Cheyne Walk. Fortunately, a medical gentleman was enjoying a cigar in the coffee-room, who, ordering the body upstairs, adopted the method recommended by the Humane Society to restore animation, advising Knox to strip his wet clothes off, and get into bed. The landlord, Mr. Waldie, took Knox under his care, and

finding he was a countryman of his own, made him a tumbler of whiskey and water, hot; while Charlie ran home for a dry suit of clothes. Bursting through the crowd collected outside the door, the distracted mother of the boy rushed up stairs, with a scream of agony, and falling on her knees beside the apparent corpse of her son gurgled forth heart-broken prayers to the Almighty for the restoration of her child. Her agonising screams were incessant, while the surgeon was applying the remedies; but on the boy opening his eyes and looking towards her, the stimulating efforts of nature seemed withdrawn, and she fell senseless on the floor. Standing by was the little boy who had charge of his companion's clothes. When he saw his young friend alive again, he burst into tears of joy, and said,—

“Oh, Dick! I wish I could swim; when I saw you struggling on the surface of the water on your back, throwing out your legs

and arms, I wished I had had a rope to have thrown to you. I got hold of a large oar out of the coal barge you jumped from, but it was too heavy for me to throw; we will never bathe there again, as the barges rest upon a pier, which makes the water twice as deep as it appears."

"Ah," said the restored youth, "I will get two bundles of corks before I bathe again."

By this time Charlie and I had returned with a suit of dry clothes; but Mr. Waldie advised that Knox, whom he had put between the blankets, should lie quiet till he got warm. The first thing the mother did when she recovered, was to go up to the bed-room, and falling on her knees, kissed the extended hand of the preserver of her child, with fervent prayers to God to pour down blessings on him, which would be far greater than anything a poor widow-woman could bestow. While these matters were going forward up-stairs,

I was anxious to hear something of the house's history, and on our landlord returning to the coffee-room, we begged that he would comply with our request; whereon taking up a pipe, and filling it with the genuine bird's-eye, he took his seat in the old arm-chair, which from its primitive, antique form may have been coeval with the establishment. After a few whiffs, he commenced his narrative.

"This house was originally founded by Mr. Salter, hair dresser to Sir Hans Sloane, the celebrated physician, who, for the better establishing the place in notoriety, furnished him with duplicates and odds and ends out of his own collection of antiquities, and specimens of natural and botanical history, which were spread out in a room up stairs; formerly, a rival exhibition to the great antiquary of Lambeth, John Tradescant's. As he was a garrulous, talkative person, as most barbers are, a wag likened him to the barber in 'Don Quixote,' and

dubbed him Don Saltero, which name the house adopted and has borne since 1698. At that time Chelsea was a village, unconnected with London, except by a few straggling houses, and miserably bad roads; it gained a certain notoriety from Dean Atterbury, Dean Swift, Addison, and Sir Richard Steele, frequenting the house; in fact, Steele, in one of his papers in the 'Tatler,'* gives a long description of the house, and its curiosities and historical tittle-tattle; the essay indeed was written upon that small round table at which the gentleman is enjoying his Welsh rabbit. Without going back to the time of Sir Thomas More, whose house stood behind us, Chelsea boasts a long line of worthies who resided here, and tended to make the vicinity celebrated even down to my time. George Canning has made Don Saltero's coffee-room a half-way house from Old Brompton to the House of Commons, taking water

* See Tatler, No. 34.

down to St. Stephen's Chapel. A congregation of these reminiscences will always secure a certain interest to the Don's foundation; but even the situation, though now a mere extension of the metropolis, will lead the citizens out of the smoke and dust to inhale a purer air on the banks of the Thames, with a moving panorama of the boats and barges passing up and down."

Our medical friend, who I found was attached to Chelsea Hospital, observed that Willie Waldie was a very appropriate successor to the Don.

"But, Mr. Waldie," he continued, "I never could learn the history of that old painting in the corner."

"As to the history of that painting, I never could obtain its birth or parentage. My brother James, who had the lease before me, found it on the premises, and it may certainly, from its antiquity, have been left as an heir-loom to the establishment by the great Don himself; an

artist, who sometimes pays us a visit, told me that it represented a gentleman from the principalities travelling to town on St. David's day; he wears a leek in his hat, and rides on a mountain goat, both emblems of Wales; he said it was very likely to have been used as a sign, and originally swung outside the door of a tavern, just as we see the painting of the goat and boots does at the corner of Park-street, on the Fulham-road, giving a name to the house."

"It may," I observed, "have been intended for a portrait of the great Cadwallader, the Welsh king."

"It must be something of that sort," said Waldie; "for, the other night, when we had a Welsh gentleman here, I thought I should have lost his majesty. Some Westminster scholars, who had been rowing down from Richmond, stopped here to refresh, when they began chaffing about the picture, and finding by his brogue, as we say in

Scotland, that the gent was from Wales, one asked another what flower that was in the captain's hat. Some guessed one thing, some another; suddenly, as if making a discovery, one said it was a leek, the emblem of the patron saint St. Davy, who lived on that vegetable, except on high days and holidays, when he regaled himself with a Welsh rabbit: the mountaineer could contain his native wrath no longer, but exclaimed, 'By Got, if I could meet with the painter, I would cut out the leek and make him eat it, as I saw a countryman of ours make a player do on the stage the other night.' Finding the conversation getting too warm, I changed it into another channel, by stating, that more leeks and sybots were eaten in Scotland than in Wales or England; and in fact the only good thing that King Jamie brought with him, was the Scotch dish of cockie leekie."

At this part of Mr. Waldie's gossip, Knox, who had got out of bed and dressed, entered

the coffee room; I thought he looked pale and serious, but on our rising, and the medical man, and several of the company, shaking him by the hand, he resumed his wonted smile.

Mr. Waldie said, he was proud, as a countryman, to have the honour of taking him by the hand, as he was one of those who, either in great or small emergencies, would uphold the credit that old Caledonia had established in every quarter of the globe; and in future Don Saltero's will become celebrated in history for feats of swimming, as it was in Dr. Franklin's lifetime, who mentions, "that after viewing the curiosities, he stripped here and swam down to Blackfriars Bridge, performing many feats both on the surface and under the water, to the astonishment and amusement of those who followed him on the banks."

"But, my dear sir," continued Mr. Waldie, "you have this day performed equal feats, not for the amusement of the bystanders,

but for the preservation of the life of a fellow-creature."

Knox replied, that he had done no more than thousands had done before, and under more dangerous circumstances.

As he expressed a wish to get home, we took our departure, followed by the fervent wishes of the company for his health and happiness. On our way he walked quick, and spoke little, and on our reaching home he preferred going to bed, in place of remaining up to supper.

Next morning Knox did not make his appearance till breakfast time, when he entered full of thought, with his small Bible in his hand, which hastily, as if recollecting himself, he put into his pocket, as at all times he had a great aversion of making a parade of his religion. Instead of partaking of tea or coffee, he preferred a little milk and bread; after breakfast he asked Charlie to go up to Cheyne Walk, and enquire after the boy's health.

On my wife leaving the breakfast table, Knox mentioned that he had, in the night, a slight return of the attack which occurred after bathing the last time in Scotland, and which produced the rupture of a small blood-vessel upon the lungs. Being advised before leaving Edinburgh never to attempt going into the water, as it caused too great a shock, I observed, "What a pity it was that he did not remember that advice last evening!"

"If I had," he said, angrily, "I certainly should not have let a fellow-creature lose his life from any medical advice; had the poor boy been drowned, I never would have forgiven myself. A little quiet will bring all right again; but, even if otherwise, I am quite satisfied with myself. Our line of life is drawn out, and no precaution can obliterate or alter it; if the hairs of our head are numbered, surely the days of our life are I will stroll into the fields."

Not feeling in the vein for painting

he set out with Hector to his favourite stroll in the Willow-walk, taking his memorandum-book with him, for the purpose of noting down anything that occurred. On sauntering to the bottom of the lane he found an old man, with fisherman's boots on, cutting down the willow offshoots, which grew in the marshy swamp, the other side of the ditch ; while his donkey was enjoying the demolition of a group of thistles on its banks. At one time the whole swamp had been planted with willow wands, and leased out to basket-makers, but was now cleared by Lord Grosvenor's agents for the purpose of building on. While contemplating the picturesque character of the scene, the old man recrossed the ditch with a bundle of willow wands in his arms, and laying them down beside the ass, hoped that Knox was not sent to warn him off the last resort he had of procuring a mouthful of bread.

“For now that I am alone in the world,”

said he, "working up a few willow twigs into eel-pots is the only means left of keeping outside of the workhouse door, which I have always strived through a long and troublesome existence to keep clear of."

"So far from driving you out of gleaning a few twigs out of a rooted-up bed," said Knox, "I would rather purchase for you a yearly supply. Young as I am, I have already seen enough of wretchedness in the world, to make me feel for the old and the poor."

"You are young indeed to come forth and mourn the miseries of man. Alas!" he continued, "mankind move in circles, and those that go round in the inner seldom are aware of what exists in the outer circle, for being attracted to the centre their eyes look inward."

"You must not judge so severely," said Knox; "there are some whose rays of virtue extend to the utmost boundary."

"They must possess a spark of the Divinity within them," replied the old man; "I have

never yet met with one who has gone outside the barrier society has placed between the upper and lower class."

"That may be; but education," Knox remarked, "will enable the lower class to press inward, so that in course of time, the two will come in contact."

By this time the old man had bound his willow wands into two fagots, and placed them on his donkey's back. Knox being in a contemplative mood, strolled down the lane, as he found the old man lived in a cottage hard by.

"I was just in want," said Knox, "of a couple of eel-pots to paint in a picture," and would accompany him home; for notwithstanding his mind was diverted into a more serious subject than painting, he could not help loitering behind to take a survey of the pictorial appearance of the fisherman, in his large boots, and red night-cap under his hat, leading his donkey with its burden of willows; and even Hector contributed to-

wards the completion of the picture. It was just such a group as his friend Wilkie would have painted, only he would have chosen a different point of view, and painted the figures coming towards him, for the purpose of showing their faces. When we arrived at a few straggling cottages, if so they may be termed, as they had little of the rural character about them, I could detect my old fisherman's hut by the wicker-work hung outside the door. Taking the willow bundles off the donkey's back, he led him through the premises to the back yard, in which was a small out-house, serving as a stable, pig-stye, store-house, &c. ; the principal apartment not only served "for parlour, kitchen, and hall," but was also the manufactory of the various articles of wicker-work, and an exhibition of the same. Knox was much struck with the strong natural character the whole presented, and saw at a glance how absurd it is for artists to invent such a scene out of their own

imagination. He quite forgot his lassitude, and regretted not having his sketch-book with him. When the old man had arranged all his domestic matters, he said,—

“Now, sir, what sort of eel-pots do you want? I have some that are put in front of waterfalls, and others for sinking in the river.”

Not knowing the difference, Knox said he would have one of each, and paying for them, gave him a little extra to get some tobacco, observing, that it must be very lonely living by himself. The fisherman said he had become so completely identified with his trade, that each article was converted into a companion ; nor did he ever wish to mingle with men, though at one time he was the gayest of the gay, and went by the name of the jolly young waterman. Knox said he should very much like to hear his history. As if he had been an automaton, he moved mechanically to the cupboard, and took down a tobacco box, and short pipe, which having filled

and struck a light in the tinder, he proceeded in his narrative.

“Some people are said to have supped with sorrow, but in my life, I have breakfasted, dined, and supped with sorrow ; indeed, my whole life has been a tragedy of trouble, especially from the age of forty till eighty, which I entered upon yesterday. This ’bacco box is the only relic left to remind me that I ever was married : my children are gone, and my old woman is gone after them,”—taking up the tobacco box, and wiping it with his coat sleeve as a tear dropped upon it ; “Bah ! I believe I am getting childish,—this box was given me by my dear old woman, that now lies in Lambeth churchyard. I remember the day well, it was when I rowed with the champion of the Thames, Billy Taylor, for Dogget’s coat and badge, ay, and won it too ; and there it hangs, moth-eaten. After dining at the Swan, t’other side of Battersea bridge, my

dear Susan presented me with this box in the garden, the letters are worn out now, but on one side was 'Susan Sprightly,' and on the other was a couple of lines from Dibdin's song,—

‘ If you love me as I love you,
Nought but death shall part us two.’

“ Ah! and death was the only thing that did part us. She was a fine woman then, and more worth rowing for than Dogget's coat and badge, and the freedom of the Fishmonger's company into the bargain; but, if you will excuse me, I must take a little gin-and-water; as when I think of her and my two sons, it seems as if the Lord had forgotten to send for me—and here I am left high and dry, like an old wreck on the beach.”

“ Were your sons grown up?” Knox asked.

“ Ah! two handsomer men never handled an oar on the Thames. They were the admiration of all except one infernal villain,

who I hope is now reaping his reward in the other world. During a hard press in Westminster after the mutiny at the Nore, this detestable wretch informed the press-gang of my sons' retreat; and while they lay concealed in the loft, to which that ladder leads, the scoundrels broke open the door and carried them both off, scarcely allowing them to dress themselves: had I been at home instead of towing up an East Indiaman from Sheerness, I would have shot the first man that entered, though I might have run the risk of being hanged at the Old Bailey in consequence. Talk of an Englishman's house being his castle! it's a farce, and the conscription carried on in France is liberty itself compared with the tyrannical plan of manning the navy in England. I will not live to see it, but you may, when a press-gang will not dare show its face in the streets; and their cutlasses will be wrenched from their hands and broken over their heads."

Knox ventured to remark that it was the

apathy of the people that permitted such tyranny to take place.

"No," he replied, "it is the rascality of the people, who send men into parliament who tolerate such laws; but you must excuse my warmth, having lost my wife and children by such abominable regulations. My two dear boys were carried aboard the tender, and sent to join Lord Duncan's fleet, then about to sail to meet Admiral De Winter. The battle of Copenhagen soon followed; and when every one was illuminating their houses for joy, my miserable hovel was in darkness,—both my sons were amongst the list of killed. But my misery did not end here. My dear wife lost her reason when the news was told her inadvertently."

"No doubt the country made some compensation," observed Knox.

"What compensation? Do you mean prize-money? or more properly speaking blood-money! I could not bring my mind to enquire after it for a length of time, and

when I did, the little pittance that fell to their share was all swallowed up by the expenses of the navy agent ; they offered to place my wife in a pauper lunatic asylum certainly, but I preferred maintaining her at my own expense, and in my own cabin, as I had promised at the altar."

"Your life," said Knox, "has been spun with a black thread ; but be of good faith, there is another and a better world."

"There cannot be a much worse," he replied ; "but amongst all my troubles I have to be thankful to God for a long enjoyment of excellent health ; and if you enjoy that you enjoy much, for pain is a greater tyrant than poverty ; but now let me take home your eel-pots."

"No," said Knox, "thank you, I can carry them myself ; they are not heavy."

Knox promised to call again soon, and make a drawing of his cottage. On getting into the Willow-walk, he met Charlie coming down the lane, who insisted on

carrying his purchase. He enquired how he found the boy.

"Why," he replied, "he was sitting up in bed stringing up two bundles of pieces of cork a fisherman had given him, for the purpose of learning to swim with."

Knox, on his return home, described the locality of the fisherman's cottage, which I found was one of a row of small irregular brick buildings known as the *pest-houses*, from the sick, west of Temple-bar, being sent thither during the great plague of London. They were situated on a swampy piece of ground contiguous to the penitentiary prison at Milbank, now built on a gratuitous grant from Lord Grosvenor, whose land likewise comprised the cottages in question.

The children were very much amused with the eel-pots, which they designated cats' cradles, and one of them put pussy in to take rightful possession. In consequence Hector looked in after her, as if claiming equal right, but his head was the only part

that could get admittance. Charlie made a better claim, as he made a drawing from one of them on their arrival, being struck with their picturesque character, and likewise their colour and great detail.

Knox said, that it was impossible to paint such things from memory, or even slight sketches, as their introduction from nature stamped the whole picture with reality; but he added they ought not to be painted as if just out of the hands of the manufacturer, but tinted with the various hues that long immersion in the water gives them; also the irregularities that broken wands and slimy weeds produced, as Wilkie remarked to him regarding the pots and pans in the pictures of Teniers, and those of Adrian Ostade. "Teniers," he said, "paints them as if they were fresh from the tinman's shop, but Ostade gives them with all the *clures* and dents that long use has given them, and also the *clouts* the kettles have received frae the tinker." Continuing his remarks, he said,

"It is a good method to paint some of the objects from nature into your picture, as it begets a fidelity in the treatment of those portions worked out from the imagination. The great fault of the early masters was, not in painting still life too correctly, but their being unable to paint the expression and colour of the human figure with equal power and fidelity."

The picture Knox had on his easel, was a group of cows on the bank of the Thames, lying close together, something like those in a picture by Cuyp he had seen in the Bourgeois collection, and in the fore-ground an old fisherman and a boy putting eel-pots into a boat, on the edge of the river; in the back-ground the moon was rising amidst interspersing clouds, which, though cool in the shadows, received in the illuminated portions a yellow tinge, which he had observed in nature, also in the pictures of Vanderneer, totally unlike a modern painter, whose moonlight pieces resemble a new

shilling upon a plate. Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that Rubens seemed to think it was necessary to keep the shadows warmer than warranted by nature, for the sake of an agreeable tone of colour, and he instances a small picture of this master in his possession. Knox had also observed some pictures by Turner, where the moon is introduced while the landscape and buildings were lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, an effect often to be observed in nature, but never carried out to the extent this great colourist has done ; this distribution of hot and cold colour Knox had often noticed when a boy, though untaught by the authorities of the great masters of colouring. Having written in his note-book, these remarks upon the effects in nature and those observable in the works of the best masters, he constantly referred to them on all occasions.

Meditating a visit to the basket-maker's cottage, Knox had prepared a panel for the purpose of making a study of the general

effect in oil colour and, drawing the matters detail on paper with a black-lead pencil. By thus keeping the minute portions separate and undisturbed by colour or light and shade, they served to copy from in painting the finished picture; Charlie had set the palette and placed it with brushes in a small tin box ready for their departure after breakfast.

They were fortunate in finding the old waterman at home, busy in making an eel-pot, and working in his shirt, forming an admirable focus for the principal light, a quality that no picture can dispense with. On Knox entering, the old man wished to leave off work, and explain the articles distributed about the cottage, but Knox begged him to remain seated, and proceed with his work as if no person were present. As every thing was arranged by accident in the most pictorial manner, Knox commenced at once with his sketch. Charlie set up a pair of steps, used for removing the several articles

from the wall, and knocking a couple of nails in the back of them, made a capital easel, so that by the time Knox had chalked in the general form, everything was ready for placing the palette on his thumb. Nothing could be more conducive towards forming the most complete arrangement, so that Knox commenced painting in the figure at work in the first instance. The principal light was prevented from being a spot by a gleam of sunshine entering the half-opened door, and falling upon the steps and earthen floor ; while, in a recess in the back ground, a small dim window, with a skreen of vine leaves out side, such as we see in some of the interiors of Ostade, served to soften down the light into half-tint. Thus it is, that Nature often composes the most beautiful pictures for the scientific eye to avail itself of, which, to the uneducated, are like tales told in an unknown tongue : even while Knox was proceeding, a little child crawled

to the threshold and looked in, forming a most appropriate contrast to the old man at work. When the sketch was finished, Knox asked his model to come and take a look.

“ Ah ! ” said he, “ there I am sure enough, and my Sunday shirt on too ; it wants but one thing to make it perfect.”

“ What’s that ? ” asked Knox.

“ It wants poor old Tom sleeping on the floor beside me ; he was my only companion, and even he is gone.”

“ Poor fellow ! he shall be introduced,” said Knox ; “ it wants a connecting link between the figures and the light of the door.”

“ Ah ! poor Tom, he was a very rare colour, tortoiseshell, clean white and brown,” said the old man, “ but his beauty, could not save him ; some infernal villain threw a poisoned piece of meat over into the back-yard, that killed him. I often think of having another, for company’s sake, but I

shall never get such a favourite as my old messmate."

Knox painted in Tom, to the delight of his master, and the improvement of the picture. In the mean time, Charlie had made a faithful facsimile of the various articles of wickerwork in their several situations, more natural than if arranged by the studied skill of a painter; even Dogget's old coat and badge looked as if introduced for the purpose of breaking the monotony of colour of the eel-pots and baskets. Knox, upon leaving, gave him five shillings, observing that he had extracted as many guineas out of his picturesque hut: it was with great persuasion he could get the old man to take them, but Knox prevailed, by telling him when the picture was advanced he would come again, and put the finishing touches to it; but, alas, for the uncertainty of all sublunary arrangements! well it may be said, "Man appoints, but God disappoints."

After the lapse of a fortnight Knox returned with his picture ready for the finishing touches, but he found the shutters up, and the door closed. The tenant had gone to that place "where the weary are at rest," or, as Burns beautifully expresses it,—

"There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither grief nor care,
But the day's aye fair,
In the land o' the leal."

END OF VOL. I.

THE
PROGRESS OF A PAINTER
IN
THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST other methods for acquiring a knowledge of his art, Knox pursued the advice given him by his friend Wilkie, to make studies from nature the size of life; and practised painting portraits with a success that would have laid the foundation for a high position in this department of the art, had his taste and inclination not been directed to rural subjects. His principal model was Charlie, whom he painted in various positions, and under various

effects of light and shade ; and though without caring much about the likeness, his correct eye and good taste for colour gave him great power in this branch of his studies. These were generally obliterated by a fresh ground of white paint to serve for a new picture.* One of these however my wife begged him to spare, and it now hangs up in her bed-room, as a remembrance of the painter and his sitter ; also of an anecdote connected with the work,—for when it was finished, and standing on the easel previous to its passing into oblivion, one of the children strolled into the painting-room, and seeing the picture, uttered a loud scream, and ran down stairs.

“What is the matter, my love ?” enquired her mother.

“Oh mamma! Knox has squeezed Charlie flat.”

* The late Sir Augustus Callcot frequently pursued the same course of study, and some of his early landscapes are painted on the back of portraits.

One day when Wilkie and his friend Jackson had been at Chantry's, to see a bust of Raphael Smith the engraver considered one of his best works, they called on Knox, when the conversation turning upon portrait-painting, my wife brought down the portrait of Charlie and placed it before them, mentioning the above anecdote, the identity of the likeness being corroborated by Hector setting up a bark of joyous recognition.

"Well, really!" said Wilkie, "that verifies the remark of Northcote;* and, in this instance, though it shows what Knox could accomplish were he to apply himself to portrait painting, yet we must bear in mind, that likeness forms but a part of the requisites for portraiture."

"I have been made sensible of that,"

* Northcote, when a pupil of Reynolds, observing several portraits left on Sir Joshua's hands as not sufficiently like, remarked that there were some people who did not consider the picture a likeness unless the house-dog would go up and bark at it.

observed Knox, "since turning my attention to that branch of the profession; and though all the portraits of Pitt, Fox, Nelson, or Wellington, are no doubt to a certain extent true representations of the men, they differ exceedingly, considered as works of art, according to the capacity of the various artists who have painted them."

"That is a very just remark," said Jackson, taking one of his pleasurable pinches of snuff; "and if you only compare the various portraits of the first person you have named, you will perceive some hardly removed from caricatures; others, mere likenesses and nothing else; while the half length by Hoppner, is not only a likeness, but an excellent work of art."

"Ay!" observed Wilkie; "that is what will carry a work down to posterity, prized and preserved by the descendants of those who have sat to Vandyke or Reynolds; while their portraits by Hudson, and others, are either stowed away in the

garret, or brought down stairs to ornament the old housekeeper's room."

"True," said Jackson, taking another pinch of Lundyfoot; "and the portraits left on Reynolds' hands brought thrice as much at his sale as the original charge; and are now bought up by their descendants at any price: the pictures of eminent men, handed down to us, are not valuable on account of their accurate resemblance, for no survivor can tell us whether they were so or not; they are valuable as works of art, and as such they will be preserved."

"Ben Jonson," said Knox, "had guaranteed a portrait of Shakespeare as being a good likeness."

"True," replied Wilkie; "but that was an engraving which, by the way, differs from all the paintings we have of him, and is quite at variance with the casts from his bust in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon. The print represents him as having a long

nose, while the bust indicates a short nose and a long upper lip. By the way, it is a curious fact, that the profile of the bust and those of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott are so similar, that if copied upon paper and changed alternately, you cannot detect one from the other : and their being all poets, makes the affinity still more singular."

"Well, my dear Wilkie," said Jackson, "your own profile might be added, which shows that poets and painters are nearly allied."

"Well, well, I may be like them in profile," said Wilkie, "but certainly not from any other point of view ; and by-the-by," continued he, "from what Chantry was observing with regard to the treatment of busts,—viz, that he considered them as if copied from pictures, with a strong effect of light and shade, such as we see in many of Sir Joshua's and of Raeburn's, we ought to apply the same rule to guide us in our

treatment, especially in portraits of men. Many of Reynolds' depend mainly upon the shadows the several features produce."

"That, no doubt," said Jackson, "is a safe guide as far as the portraits of men are considered; especially of eminent men, who have, generally speaking, more characteristic features than the undistinguished bulk of mankind; but with the female sex it is quite otherwise; they depend principally upon beauty, and delicacy of colour, for their characteristic feature. Hence few sculptors venture to attempt the female head, conscious of the difficulty of making a likeness, except when viewed in direct profile. Certainly the expression and colour of the eye is an immense difficulty sculptors have to contend with. I observe lately that Lawrence, in his female portraits, gives the greatest attention to the beauty of this organ, as being the greatest point of attraction in women. They are certainly finished with greater minuteness

and brilliancy than those of Reynolds. But Sir Joshua gives a softer and more unassuming character to the eyes of his ladies."

My wife ventured to remark, that the portraits of Reynolds always look like ladies and gentlemen.

"Well," observed Wilkie, "you are quite right there ; they always look like high-bred people."

Jackson agreed in that ; and said it seemed to arise in a great measure from his abstaining from strong harsh colour in the flesh.

"They have the refined look of fine sculpture, delicately tinted ; light and shade seem to swallow up strong colour, and that is one reason why Reynolds' portraits engrave better than any other painter's, especially in mezzotint, which depends entirely upon light and shade for its perfection. I mean in future to trust entirely upon a bust-like character for my portraits, and

have begun one or two, with pure flake white, ivory black, and Indian red, as a ground-work. I was led into this by contemplating Reynolds' treatment of flesh, and tried it in painting a figure of Galatea from Raphael, for Lord Mulgrave. But we must be thinking of Newman-street, as I have got a sitter at three o'clock."

"Well," said Wilkie, "I am sure my young friend Knox ought to be highly obliged to you for your instructive remarks; for although his walk is confined to cattle and landscape, yet general principles apply to every branch of our profession; and as Reynolds justly remarks, the style of painting observable in the works of Jan Steen might be applied to compositions of the highest historical class."

"Certainly," said Jackson, taking a hearty extract from his snuff-box; "but our friend must not copy his horses from those of Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci's."

"No, no," said Wilkie, "nor his cows from those of Claude Gelee."

On their taking leave, Knox expressed himself much indebted for their instructive remarks. Their conversation seemed to have led his ideas of improvement into a fresh path; for no sooner was tea over, than Charlie and he started for Lambeth, for the purpose of purchasing some clay from a pottery there. On their return home, they called on one of Chantry's assistants, who furnished Knox with a set of modelling tools, which Charlie displayed to us in triumph: having learnt their several names and uses, the clay was wrapt in a damp cloth ready for use; and Knox, next morning, brought down in his hand the model of a cow's head, which he placed by the window to receive the influence of the sunshine; from the variety of effects a change of position produced, he resolved to make small models not only of single animals, but whole groups; he had seen

some of the groups of figures Wilkie had made, for the purpose of getting a hint for his compositions.

Wilkie having appointed to meet Knox the following day, at John o'Groat's, in Rupert-street (at that time frequented by many students of the Royal Academy), and accompany him, after dinner, to Somerset House, to hear a lecture from Fuseli, then keeper, he proceeded thither.

"Let us go early," observed Wilkie, "as Fuseli wishes us to see a picture he is engaged upon."

On our getting up stairs to his apartments, we heard him calling out for Samuel. This was the porter of the Academy, and also the model in the school of painting, so that Sam was a most useful member of the fine arts. Those drawings, by the students, in the Life Academy, that have escaped the destructive hand of careless neglect, show by their delineation the proportion of his figure, how well he was

qualified for his situation ; and Wilkie has handed down his likeness to posterity in his picture of "The Rent-day." Sam is the tenant who is leaning over the table with some bank-notes in his hand, and disputing with the steward as to the rent due. Fuseli, on the present occasion, wanted him for a model, but on our entering his painting-room, he dismissed him, to order some tea and coffee.

Turning round to Wilkie, he said,—

"I am glad you are come early, and also that you have brought your young countryman with you, as by the drawings he has made in the Antique Academy, he seems to know more of character and chiaro-scuro than of correct purity of form ; but I told him the other night, that it was no use to draw like Rembrandt, unless he could colour like Rembrandt ; for even the great master of the Dutch school loses his power over our feelings by the incorrectness of his forms ; and had the materials of which his great compo-

sition of the 'Ecce Homo' is made up, been equal to the conception, and the light and shade, it would have been superhuman. The same may be said of 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by Lievens; but the greatest colourist that perhaps ever existed (for we have no remnants of the ancients to judge from) was not faultless in his forms. Had Titian possessed the purity of form observable in the works of Raffaele, or the sublime creations of Michael Angelo, the world would have seen the productions of a perfect painter; yet, compared with Rubens, his faults assume the character of beauties. I have just been writing on this subject, as part of the lecture for to-night, which I will read to you. I say—but I must put on my glasses, for though I paint without spectacles I find that I cannot read now without them—speaking of the higher departments of painting, invention and form, I proceed to observe, 'Whilst the superior principles of the art were receiving the homage of Tuscany

and Rome, the inferior but more alluring charm of colour began to spread its fascination at Venice, from the palette of Giorgione, and irresistibly entranced every eye that approached the magic of Titiano Vecelli of Cadore. To no colourist, before or after him, did nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to Titiano. His organ, universal and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered her simplest or her most compound appearances, with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substances before him, and on these established his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint which no imitation has attained, and first expressed the negative nature of shade; his are the charms of glazing, and the mystery of reflexes, by which he detached, rounded, connected, or enriched his objects. His harmony is less indebted to the force of light and shade, or the artifices of contrast, than to a due

balance of colour, equally remote from monotony and spots. His backgrounds seem to be dictated by nature. Landscape, whether it be considered as the transcript of a spot, or the rich combination of congenial objects, or as the scene of a phenomenon, dates its origin from him; he is the father of portrait painting, of resemblance with form, character with dignity, and costume with subordination.' I then go on to show that painting required another charm to its complete perfection—harmony: which was furnished by the angelic pencil of Correggio; but as you will hear the whole lecture to-night, I shall only weary you by listening to a tale twice told."

"No, Mr. Fuseli," observed Wilkie, "such truisms, couched in so noble a style of language, can never be heard too often."

"Ah, my dear Wilkie, you flatter me by saying so; but if I don't tire you, I shall tire myself; therefore, I will get your opinion, and that of my young friend here, upon the

picture on the easel. The subject is taken from a superstition existing in Norway, that when a man is found murdered, the murderer is discovered by the suspected person being brought to view the body ; if guilty, the wounds bleed out afresh. You will perceive by the composition, that I have had in my mind 'The Miracle of St. Mark,' by Tintoretto, and the picture of 'Professor Tulpeus,' by Rembrandt, where the dead body on the dissecting table makes the principal mass of flesh colour for all the heads and hands of the picture. The point of time I have chosen, is when the murderer touches the body, and recoils with horror at the bleeding wounds proclaiming forth his guilt, his inward consciousness stifling his screams, while those females, gazing on the body fall back with afright as if it were returning into life, and the gaping wounds out of their mouths pouring forth streams of uncoagulated blood. The officers of justice already close round their prisoner,

the voice of the victim's blood crying out to them from the corpse: the mixed expression in his countenance, described by writers, I have attempted in vain, though it has been changed so often; under that head which now remains there are twenty others, some better and some worse, for it would not have done to have covered his face with his hands, as the Greek painter Timanthes did with a cloak."*

"Well, really now," exclaimed Wilkie, "I think you have succeeded to a miracle; each feature seems struggling with its neigh-

* The circumstance here alluded to is the picture of "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia," wherein Timanthes hid the face of Agamemnon in his mantle. Falconet, remarking upon this subject, says, "Though this thought has been praised by the first critics, it must be considered that they were not painters." But, after all, I believe the idea is not in consequence of any fine imagination of the painter, but merely copied from the description of Euripides; whose words are, "Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance towards the fatal altar; he groaned, he turned aside his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with his robe."

bour for precedence in proving his guilt. In expressing mixed passion, writers have the advantage over us, as they can describe, by a combination of words, an assemblage of passions, that place the painter's skill at defiance."

"Poets have that advantage over us, certainly," said Fuseli; "but it is glorious to contend with difficulties, for even if we fail, it is the failure of one who fights with giants. But here is Samuel with the tea and coffee, these we shall be able to manage without any difficulty or failure; but, 'look, how our partner's rapt.' My young friend, what rivets your attention in my picture?"

"I have been reflecting," said Knox, "on the villany of our race: we have been murderers from the creation, and will be to the end of the world."

"Ah!" observed Fuseli, "that gives the historical painter a greater number of subjects to paint from; but what have you to remark upon the picture before you?"

“That it wants a mass of dark.”

“I thought it had that quality ; I draped most of the figures in dark dresses for that purpose.”

“Why not spread darkness over the whole scene, even as if the sun itself were darkened, and ‘seeling night scarf’d up the tender eye of pitiful day?’ but I beg pardon for giving utterance to my feelings in so dictatorial a manner,—they at times gain complete mastery over everything.”

“My dear sir, I am glad any work of mine can stir the human mind, but I am afraid when it is suspended on the walls upstairs, it will create little or no sensation: the public are a set of stocks and stones, ‘who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise.’ But I must prepare for lecture ; Mr. Wilkie will take you with him to a seat where you will hear it, if the students will only be silent.”

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The lecture he delivered was the second of the course, relating chiefly to Italian art, and was listened to with the greatest attention.

CHAPTER II.

KNOX returning one morning from sketching in Lord Spencer's wood, at Battersea, told us he had made a fresh acquaintance.

"While Charlie and I were busy drawing, a tall thin gentleman, with a long rod, to which was attached a large green silk net-bag, came running up to us, exclaiming, as soon as he could recover breath, 'Have you seen the Admiral?' I replied, 'I have seen no one.' 'I mean a butterfly,' he said; 'look here,' taking out of his pocket a thin box, in which were several butterflies and insects pinned upon cork,

pointing to a splendid specimen of red and black colour; 'I mean the fellow to that. 'I know nothing of entomology,' I replied.' 'Then you ought, for there are many beautiful arrangements of colour to be seen in the butterfly and moth tribe, which supply artists with hints of harmonious arrangements of colour. Stothard, the academician, and several other artists, are members of our society; but independent of entomology making us acquainted with splendid specimens of colour, it forms an interesting branch of natural history, showing the endless resources she displays in rearing the numerous tribes of insects, and the certain methods she adopts for their preservation: there is,' he continued, 'a striking instance before you, at the foot of that oak tree you have been making a drawing of. You observe several long-bodied flies hovering over the bush at its root, these are called ichneumons, and they know there are caterpillars under

it.' 'Yes,' said Charlie, 'I saw a fight between one of them and a green cabbage worm. 'Yes, my young friend,' observed our naturalist; 'the caterpillar knew its enemy, and instinctively writhed about, and dropped from leaf to leaf to avoid it; these flies perforate the insect and deposit their larvæ in the opening, which is nourished in its chrysalis state until it arrives at maturity, when it eats its way through the body, and flies away.' "

"Dear me," observed my wife, "what a cruel creature to kill its nurse!"

"No," said Knox, "it is arranged by Providence that it should do so, whose ways are inscrutable to us poor ignorant creatures, that can do nothing but find fault. On our way home he told us many wonderful instances, showing the provision made to preserve even the smallest beetle. I will not rest till I get a work on entomology."

"And I will make a collection of butter-

flies," said Charlie; "the gentleman showed me the way they were pinned on the cork bottom, inside the box."

Nor was it long before he had made a gauze net, and bought one or two of the boxes made on purpose. But on his first essay upon his new amusement of butterfly-hunting, he was nearly bringing himself and his companion into serious trouble; for one day while on Battersea Common they were set upon by a rude fellow, of the gipsy tribe. Knox was sketching a donkey browsing upon a bramble bush, while Charlie, with his butterfly net, was running after a beautiful specimen called the Emperor. On his passing one of the gipsy's tents, a mongrel cur rushed out and caught him by the trowsers, on which he struck the brute over the nose, which sent him back howling. This roused its master, who was asleep on the grass.

"You young scoundrel," he exclaimed, "how dare you strike my dog?"

Charlie expostulated with him, but to no purpose ; the blackguard seized the net, and broke the rod in two, threatening to break the pieces over his head. This brought Knox to his assistance ; but the fellow swore he would serve him in the same manner ; on hearing which a young gipsy, who was engaged plucking a fowl, came out of the tent, and throwing it down, laid hold of the fellow by his neck-handkerchief, exclaiming,—

“Gourlay, if you touch that young gentleman, you will repent it the longest day you live ; and if your dog dares to move, he will have my knife in his throat. Go back to your lair,” thrusting him from her ; “you are always bringing the whole tribe into trouble ;” and turning to Knox, she continued, “You have nothing to fear wherever my tent is pitched.”

Knox thanked her, saying, he hoped she would not suffer anything on his account.

"Fear not for me," she replied, "nor for yourself, from any of our party."

Charlie, on relating the adventure, told us he thought it was one of the gipsies we met with in Epping Forest.

I said I would send over a constable, to rid the Common of them.

"No," replied Knox; "not on any consideration."

Next day I found they had departed; for Hector and I took a stroll in that direction. This matter, trifling as it was, seemed to have ruffled him; and lest it should be brought to his recollection at any future time, he tore the leaf out of his sketch-book on which the drawing of the ass had been begun. Neither did he go to Lord Spencer's park for some time after.

In a few months he became a very good entomologist, Charlie supplying him with many specimens of butterflies and moths, exemplifying the most harmonious arrange-

ments of colour; also the "shard-borne beetles," of the brightest emerald, such as the rose-bush beetle, or that still richer green whose habitat is in the willow stem; nor was the red-speckled tiny one left out, by children christened ladybird.

CHAPTER III.

PREVIOUS to going to Pall Mall for the purpose of viewing the pictures of John Julius Angerstein, Knox received a note from Wilkie, to meet him at Sir George Beaumont's, by invitation, to breakfast, at ten o'clock, corner house in Grosvenor-square and Audley-street. This was very gratifying to our artist, as he knew Sir George had some fine pictures, particularly one or two Claudes, and a splendid landscape by Rubens.

He reached the baronet's door as Audley

chapel was striking ten, and St. George's church

“Had sworn the fact was true,”

as Burns says. Wilkie had already arrived, and introduced Knox to Sir George, who received him in the most affable and agreeable manner. Breakfast was laid in the gallery; and beside the Rubens' landscape stood a picture on an easel, upon which our amateur artist was engaged.

“You see, my young friend,” said Sir George, “painting is infectious; but there is one great obstacle to our ever arriving at eminence—the stimulating power of necessity. But by our dabbling in paint ourselves, we become more susceptible of enjoying the productions of eminent men, and likewise the beautiful pictures in nature. The translations of her works into painting enables us the more easily to comprehend the hidden combinations in the original. In fact, though nature furnishes the materials, it is

the painter's province to select her most interesting features, and, by his arrangements of light and shade, and colour, place them in the most favourable point of view : that, I believe, Wilkie, is what artists aim at."

"Certainly, Sir George ; that is the point we aim at. The next aim is, to hide the art by which it is accomplished : but, in doing this, we often throw away some of the strongest principles of the science. We cannot with safety lay aside the scaffolding on which a picture is composed, any more than a poet can dispense with the plan on which his poem is constructed. We cannot disguise or hide these things from ourselves ; and to impoverish the principle for the purpose of hiding it from the public, seems quite unnecessary ; for the public, generally speaking, cannot perceive it ;—nay, even if it is explained to them, they cannot always comprehend it."

"My dear Wilke, that picture on the easel is a proof of the justness of your re-

mark. When first laid in, it had a principal light and a mass of dark, and a rich variety of outline. In endeavouring to weave it up into the picturesque wild irregularity of nature, it has become a perfect chaos, sans light, sans dark, sans everything."

"It is now, however, in a capital state of harmony, Sir George; and only wants a principal point to give an eye to the whole."

"Well, my dear Wilkie, there is the palette and brushes; give it that precious jewel, which renders even an ugly toad attractive."

Wilkie took up the palette, and put a touch of black in contrast with one of pure white, and a red blot gave the picture, not only the force of nature, but threw the whole into a mass of breadth.

"Now," he said, "if my young friend Knox will transform these two spots into a couple of cows, I will make a cow-boy of the third."

“Ah, my dear Wilkie, do not let people say there is no science necessary: in one moment you have solved a problem, which I have been puzzling my brains for a whole fortnight to discover. But *allons à nos moutons*, here is breakfast. Let us lay in an absorbent ground,—there are some excellent broiled trout, from Collerton; a pheasant, and some mutton cutlets.”

While tea and coffee were served out, our artists did ample justice to the more substantial portion of the breakfast table; while the worthy baronet kept constantly turning round to look at the metamorphosis our friend Wilkie had produced on his picture, exclaiming,—

“I feel as silly as the Spaniard at the breakfast-table, when Columbus set the egg up on one end.”

Knox having finished breakfast, took up the palette, and proceeded to paint in two cows, with that certainty and effective execution, which an artist performs who

is master of his pencils; Sir George gazing with the greatest intensity. When finished Knox rose, observing that he had endeavoured to carry out his friend Mr. Wilkie's suggestions as far as lay in his poor capability, adding, that Wilkie's more practised hand would give a few finishing touches, when he painted in the figure.

"No, my young friend; Cuyp himself could not add a single touch that would improve them; and while our friend is adding a boy and dog, I will go round the gallery with you. The first picture I wish to call your attention to is this little Claude, 'The Annunciation of the Virgin.' It has long been a favourite of mine, and the more I become acquainted with its beauties, the more I am enamoured of it—it is so broad in effect, and yet filled with the most finished detail—two qualities here to be seen successfully united. It seems to be a continued repetition of glazings; and while wet painted into with fresh yet har-

monious hues. For delicacy of finish and beauty of composition and colour, this picture is esteemed one of the most perfect specimens of this master we have in England; and, I may add, less damaged by the hands of the picture-restorers. Nothing can exceed the delicate tones of the sky and distance, nor the full umbrageous touch in the foliage and foreground. Reynolds used to consider Claude the Correggio of landscape-painters, both on account of his chaste colour, and his soft effects of *chiaroscuro*. These other two, by the same master, 'The Narcissus' and its companion, possess the same breadth, but in a greater degree, having less variety of tint and fewer minute touches of handling. My friend Mr. Constable, the landscape painter, used to say that these two pictures convinced him that Claude and Rembrandt worked upon the same principles—breadth of light and shade, and simplicity of tone. That little upright Claude you are looking at, is perhaps a close

study from nature. It has all the appearance of being painted upon the spot."

"These transcripts from nature," observed Knox, "though not perfect as compositions, are invaluable as works of reference to refresh our eye with in combining the wild, accidental imagery of natural objects."

"True, my young friend; these studies are true counteractors of what we term fireside compositions. Nature, like an unbridled colt, can seldom be broken in to regularity without betraying the apparent influences of the menage. Let me now draw your attention to these two landscapes by Richard Wilson; they possess all the wild appearance of nature, regulated by the most consummate skill. They represent 'The Villa of Macenas,' and 'The Niobe Family.' They are true transcripts of natural imagery under the influence of the most ennobling effects of light and shade, and likewise possess a brightness, equally distant from what your artists term foxiness on one hand,

and rawness on the other. ‘The Niobe,’ which you are looking at, is the picture Reynolds censures in his lecture, as possessing too great a resemblance to common nature, to fit it for the introduction of an historical combination of figures, and insinuates that the clouds on which Apollo is standing, ought to be more ideal and poetic.”

“As to that,” observed Knox, “the figures seem less poetic than the sky: that thunder-cloud, riven in twain, and rising upwards to the zenith, strikes me to be much grander than the bags of smoke we see in some of the higher branches of the early historical pictures.”

“Reynolds, my young friend,” said Sir George, “was perhaps wrong in censuring, even for the sake of instruction, the work of a contemporary artist. That picture above, ‘The Return to the Ark,’ by Sebastian Bourdon, he considered a perfect specimen of a poetic landscape, wild—yet

totally removed from common nature, and partaking more of the character of a troubled dream. I must say, I have always considered Richard Wilson's skies exceedingly grand, though pure transcripts of nature in her most sublime mood. Salvator Rosa, Nicolo Poussin, and Annibale Carracci, have given us some great examples: but Dicky, as his friends used to call him, was equal to 'the greatest Roman of them all.' I knew him well; indeed, I consider him as my master, for the little that I can do was learned at his easel. His favourite principle was breadth, without which no landscape to his mind could be perfect."

"I have early noticed that quality in all the engravings after his works," said Knox; "but I see it regulates his colouring as well as his chiaro-scuro."

"Yes. Everything was referred by him to that standard; and I believe the English school will long retain the influence of his example. I observe in 'The Niobe,' and

the companion, the principal mass of light is in the sky, and towards the centre of the picture."

"But waving these peculiarities," said Knox, "which are now become a hackney principle from their reference to natural effects in nine cases out of ten, I am by the simple yet harmonious methods struck which he adopts in bringing down to the foreground, in 'The Niobe,' the reverberations, if such a phrase may be used, the light glances from the sky to the figure of the Apollo, and descends to the children of Niobe, where it ought to fall. In the companion, the light of the sky and the light ruins of the villa of Macenas, with the river rushing through the empty halls, are repeated below by the fragment of the building and a mutilated statue, indicative of the taste and habits of its former possessor—the great patron of literature and the fine arts. Even the gurgling stream, issuing out of the sybil's cave, calls up to

memory the remembrance of bygone days, when Tivoli was the haunt of Naiads and Dryads, and those prophetic foretellers of the hidden events of heathen revelation. The landscapes of Wilson appear to me carried out in the most trifling accessories, highly suggestive of times and events long since passed away; and even when embellished with monks, crosses, and all the encrustations of popery, they seem to possess an inherent grandeur which nothing can destroy."

"That no doubt arises from that dreamy and poetic feature with which antiquity envelopes the various remains," observed Sir George "ancient Italy, compared with modern Italy, must always have a superior advantage. The mind is thrown back into recollections, hallowed by time and that *scuro* which objects acquire when viewed through the medium of history only; whereas modern rites and ceremonies have all the garish light of open day, and seem decked with

mummery and gew-gaws to catch the eye of the uneducated and vulgar spectators."

"The obscure mantle," observed Knox, "is the great source of sublimity, and is the great distinctive character between the early revivers of the art, and the professors of painting, from Correggio down to Rembrandt. Reynolds seems to think the ancients were unacquainted with the magical effects of chiaro-scuro; yet a knowledge of perspective and the art of composition no doubt paved the way for the introduction of masses of shadow. The profile flatness and bright colours of Egyptian art must have early taken root in Greece, and by its influence retarded a closer imitation of nature; in like manner, the paintings of Taddeo Gaddi, Cimabue, Giotto, and other revivers of the art in Italy, have prejudiced painters in favour of a dry severity in treating historical subjects; we who live to have seen works of Correggio and Titian, have the advantage of com-

paring them with the pictures of their predecessors."

By this time Wilkie having finished painting in the figure, joined his friends, when Sir George hastened to the easel, and expressed himself quite surprised and delighted with the change produced on his picture.

"I must take it to show Lady Beaumont," said Sir George, "while you show your young friend the Rubens landscape."

After removing the easel from before it, Wilkie proceeded to give the history of its birth, parentage, and education.

"It has justly been remarked," he observed, "that many of the best landscapes are from the pencils of historical painters. Titian, Carracci, Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, and Rubens, are celebrated for their productions in this department of the art; which no doubt arises from their being educated in the higher branches of composition and colour, which they transfer to landscape:

even Rembrandt and Teniers are examples of this application,—the one from breadth of light and shade, the other for the silvery effects and facile appearance of nature. Their landscapes appear as recreations from the more severe study of historical productions. The adaptation of their landscape backgrounds to the several groups of figures seems to engender this higher quality as an extension of the composition. We see this in the buildings and background in several of the early Venetian masters, particularly in the pictures of Bellini, whom Titian seems to have studied. But let us return to Rubens; most of his landscapes were painted during a tour through the Netherlands, which he took for the benefit of his health, and no doubt were painted on the spot; they are in general slight, but full of the freshness and vivacity of nature; twenty or thirty have been engraved by Bolswert, which prints you must have seen in Edinburgh, as Johnny M'Gowan had a

set of proofs. This picture, and the companion, in the possession of Mr. Champernon, in Portman-square, are of a much larger size than those which Bolswert engraved,* but evidently painted at the same time. When in the possession of Mr. Campion, it was bought in at his sale ; but Sir George having a great desire to possess it, I believe it was purchased by Lady Beaumont, and presented to him, so that it is become a great favourite. If you stand a little back, you will perceive it is laid out upon the great broad principles that characterise many of the works of Rubens. The chief light is in the sky, and composed of yellow and blue, carried into the distance by cool grey and delicate green ; and, as it approaches the foreground, falling into rich brown ; both in the lights and darks, the principal mass of dark running across the

* Bolswert has also engraved several of the larger landscapes, such as "The Haymakers Returning," now in the gallery at Vienna.

picture, interspersed with red and brown, such as the woman with the red jacket, and the brown horses in the wagons. 'The Watering Place,' in the collection of the Duke of Buccleugh, is conducted on the same principles."

By this time Sir George returned with the picture, mentioning how much Lady Beaumont was delighted with the introduction of the figures, and had enjoined him not to touch it any more, but as soon as it was dry to let it be added to her collection at Collerton.

"And now," he added, "as you are going down to Pall-Mall, I have ordered the carriage, having to meet my brother-directors of the British Gallery at the Dilletanti Society, so will set you down at the bottom of St. James's-street? By-the-bye, you ought to take your young friend some morning to see the pictures in their room there, especially the two splendid groups by Sir Joshua; they are, perhaps, his finest works."

"I will make a point of doing so," replied Wilkie.

On arriving at the Angerstein Gallery,* Wilkie and Knox were agreeably surprised to meet Etty and Nasmyth. They, like themselves, had come to take a lesson from the contemplation of the works of those celebrated artists who had preceded them. The first picture that attracted Knox's attention was the Cuyp, one of the most carefully finished works of that master. Wilkie called his observation to the variety of animals introduced into the composition,—a combination often to be observed in the works of Paul Potter; next, to the treatment of the hot and cold colour, particularly in the dress of the figure on horseback; though red and powerful it was yet delicate, gaining its force from the cool

*The Angerstein Gallery was purchased by the Government for seventy thousand pounds, and formed the nucleus of the National Gallery.

colours contiguous to it, such as the grey horse, the blue colour of the woman's petticoat, the black cow, &c.; while it was revived and repeated by the warm brown cow, and ultimately led into the distance by the subdued tints of the farther groups. Knox remarked, that the plan of the composition seemed to be constructed on the same principles as the Cuyps in the Earl of Ellesmere and the Duke of Bedford's collections; the greatest mass being at one side of the picture, and the repetition of the lines blending into the distant objects and forms in the sky.

Nasmyth thought the trees and foliage in general wanted that fulness and pulpy pencilling observable in most of Cuyp's works, and that though not timid, it was nevertheless smooth, and had less of his bravura character, and the general outlines were more edgy. The weeds in the foreground he particularly admired, with the sharp light touches and dark broad shadows,

forming an admirable base to the whole picture.

“Now,” said Nasmyth, “let us take a look at the Claudes, and whatever may be said of his works, for or against, we must all allow his landscapes hold a very distinct place in pictorial representations of nature; not so much on account of their classic character, as their possessing a peculiar feature totally different from the Dutch and Flemish pictures: and even from some of the Italian masters such as Salvator Rosa and Annibale Carracci, and those of Titian also. Their principal feature seems breadth of light and shade, and a certain amenity of colour; he never seems to have been striving after bold displays of *ad captandum* effects, either in the general look of the whole, or the bravura handling of individual parts. Having often the sun introduced into the centre of the picture, in the hands of many other artists it becomes a spot or blot; under Claude’s treatment it gradually subsides, losing itself

in delicate grey tones either in the clouds or buildings, which in their turn are made to amalgamate with the soft yellow light, by the introduction of blue, and cold grey colours, from flags of vessels or cool patches of foliage, also the cold shadows of buildings. These introductions have now become stronger than at first painting, as most other colours have faded, but the ultramarine of which these tints are composed is, in a certain degree, indestructible. These colours are kept in their place by the introduction of strong red and brown draperies on the figures in the foreground. The red and warm colours are rendered more effective from many of the pictures of Claude being views of seaports, thereby rendering the deep blue of the water a greater contrast. The grey tones of his clouds are extended by the buildings and other objects possessing a neutral tone of colour. His aerial perspective is generally laid out upon the broadest principles, without being ostensibly

apparent, whereas the works of our own artist Turner, when composed upon the same principles, are more easily seen through and comprehended, like a work translated from a learned and dead language into our mother tongue; but, egad, I am afraid I am talking too much like our friend the professor in place of a fellow-student."

"Not at all," replied Knox; "we who are young and enquiring, are more likely to receive strong impressions, and explain them as clearly as those whose ideas have become blunted by time. Having never seen many of the works of Claude, I yet seem to comprehend the position his pictures hold, compared with those of Hobbima, Ruysdael, and others of the Dutch school, that have been more particularly my constant study; while their works, with all their rugged and picturesque character, appear to me now more easily to be defined: but here comes our friend Wilkie, who is most anxious to descant upon the two Rembrandts: but another time

I shall be delighted to renew our investigation of the principles of the classic painter of Italian scenery."

On Wilkie's joining, he said,—

"Now that you have settled the discussion respecting the Claudes, I should like to draw our friend Knox's attention to the two Rembrandts; as he is particularly attached to the great master of *chiaro-scuro*."

"Egad! Wilkie, he cannot be more attached, or think more highly of the great Dutchman than I do; his landscapes, particularly judging from his etchings, are the perfection of rendering nature in her most captivating dress; and Hobbima, Ruysdael, and indeed all the landscape painters of the Dutch school, conduct their pictures upon the principles extracted from the study of his works. Even Cuyp himself is indebted to a knowledge of what constitutes breadth of effect, both in light and shade, and colour, to the great genius of Amsterdam: but I will consign our friend

Knox over to your guidance, who is already pretty well saturated with an admiration of Rembrandt's transcendent qualities."

"Well, well," said Wilkie, "as I have had an opportunity of studying these two pictures oftener than either you or our friend Etty, I will make a few observations on them. The picture I wish to call your attention to in the first instance is, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' one of the most highly finished works of Rembrandt, indeed so much so that many artists suppose that his pupil Gerard Dow may have painted upon the heads; and hands; I can only say, even if he did so, Rembrandt must have gone over them afterwards, as this picture possesses all the character and breadth of the master. The expression, though the heads are on so small a scale, is quite marvellous; just look through this magnifying glass, it will show you that the most minute detail is not incompatible with the greatest breadth of

effect, the handling has all the sharpness and freedom of a sketch. He certainly must have used a glass in some parts. In many of the smallest heads in his etchings we see the same strong expression joined to the greatest finish."

"That has often struck me as wonderful," said Knox; "but here we see the same results produced by a brush, which an etching needle may be supposed more capable of producing. The numerous quantity of his etchings, no doubt must have given him that certainty of touch when he substituted the pencil for the etching point. I have thought of taking up the practice of etching to assist me in bringing about the same results."

"Well," replied Wilkie, "I have got one or two copper plates to try my hand on myself. But from the detail let me just draw your attention to the general effect. The principal light you perceive is cool—a principle often adopted by Correggio, from

whose works he no doubt got the arrangement; for though we do not know that Rembrandt ever was out of his own country, yet many copies of the great painter of Parma may have got to Holland, nay indeed during the Duke of Alva's residence in the Low Countries he may have seen original works of the master; a single picture is often sufficient for this purpose.

"The hands and heads of this picture I observe," said Knox, "do not look isolated spots, though of a warm colour."

"No," replied Wilkie, "because they are surrounded by draperies and shadows of a warm tint; while the foreground and extreme distance are cool, a rich glow of reflected light is spread over the half tint: only look at the tone of the upper part of the picture where the Holy of Holies is placed; from the two pillars Jachin and Boaz at the foot, to the throne of the high priest. It is a tone of colour which nothing but a combination of gold and silver in shadow can pro-

duce; and in this upper group you observe Rembrandt has kept the figures less defined and more mixed up with their background, thereby producing that indistinctness which objects assume at a distance.* Now let us look at the smaller picture, 'The Nativity;' we find the high light delicate in tone, while the reds and stronger colours which surround it are a little way removed. The idea of the light being thrown on the child, from a candle we may suppose Joseph to have in his hand, looks as if Rembrandt had the picture of the 'Notte' in his mind; but in Correggio the idea is more sublime, inasmuch as the light emanates from the infant Saviour in a supernatural manner, emblematical of the words 'I am the light of the world.' The treatment of this picture is strongly characteristic of Rem-

* In after-life, when Wilkie painted his picture of "John Knox preaching in Saint Andrew's Cathedral," he adopted the same mode of treatment in the figures in the gallery.

brandt's best manner, and the handling throughout is broad and masterly in the extreme, though apparently slight; the forms and colours of the several objects are exact imitations of nature seen under the influence of subdued candle light."

"How beautifully the cool tints approach with the group entering at the side," observed Knox; "and what point is given by the lantern one of the shepherds carries. This work altogether gives me a very high idea of the power of light and shade of which he was master."

"Well, now," said Wilkie, "let us look at the small picture by Correggio, Etty is admiring. You will find how great a resemblance exists between the two great masters of the Italian and Dutch schools! Here you perceive the principal light is cool, and repeated in the cool grey sky, while the warm yellow and red colours are spread upon the angel descending in the corner of the picture. We find here, also, the shadows of a warm

brown colour, which gives depth and transparency to them without blackness. The dress of our Saviour, Correggio has confined to blue and white, which not only is emblematical of purity, but is the only mixture which retains its luminous qualities in twilight, when all other colours are absorbed in shadow.”*

“There has been a friend of mine,” said Etty, “who has been looking at this picture with me, who pronounces it an old Italian copy. He has just returned from Madrid, where he saw the original, and describes it as full and juicy, and the shadows, especially the foreground, which appears full of blisters, as if shrivelled up by the sun.”

“Well, that report has been made,” said Wilkie, “but this may be a duplicate; unfortunately there are no Correggios in this country that we might test it by; and as there is some talk of Government purchas-

* Since the discovery of photography, this fact has received greater confirmation.

ing this collection at a future period, it becomes a delicate question to give an opinion upon."*

* This matter in dispute is now set at rest, as after the battle of Vitoria, the original picture, along with others, was captured in the baggage of Joseph Buonaparte, and is now in the collection at Apsley House. It fully bears out the character Etty's friend gave of it.

CHAPTER IV.

KNOX rose as usual at the screech* of day, and, after preparing his palette, proceeded to write down in his journal the observations of the past evening, while Charlie ground those colours required for the particular picture on the easel. After a few hours' painting, his custom was to walk out into the fields to inhale the freshness of the morn, previous to the breakfast hour. In this he imitated the example of Scott in

* A Scottish phrase, borrowed from the crying of a child at its birth.

writing, and Turner in painting, both of whom were early risers.

These meditating musings were peculiar to our painter, whose spirits were a constant change from light to dark uncontrollable to his power, but oftener inclining to the serious turn, and sometimes increasing to sadness. In these strollings Hector was his constant companion, generally in advance from a complete knowledge of his usual route. Frequently some wild plants were brought home which he replanted in his pictorial part of the garden, as studies for his painting. At this period he had two pictures in hand for exhibition at the British Institution; one, "Cattle returning home in a Shower," which was embellished with several accessories peculiar to the subject—such as their reflection in the wet road, and a group of poultry collected under a small bush with their dripping feathers: his practice was, to create something of a story for the purpose of giving a poetical turn to

the piece, and in this he was borne out by the example of his countryman Thomson, whose "Seasons" are filled with innumerable pictures and studies from nature. The other painting represented "Cattle crossing a small Brook, a Girl following with a small Dog in her arm;" this picture was considered a near approach to Cuyp in the warm tone of colour and liquid pencilling. These were the first that brought him into notice, as a successful imitator of nature based upon the principles inherent in the best masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

After painting for two or three hours on these subjects, this being one of the days of admission to the Stafford Gallery,* he set off in time to see the collection before the arrival of those who make such exhibitions mere receptacles for exhibiting each other. He was fortunate in meeting several who avail themselves of such opportunities of

* Now forming the Ellesmere Collection.

studying the pictures of the celebrated artists who have preceded themselves. Amongst others present were his friends Wilkie, Nasmyth, and Etty. As he entered the gallery, Nasmyth called out to him to join, as Wilkie was just holding forth on the merits of Cuyp.

“ Ah, my dear Knox,” Wilkie said, “ you are just in time to hear what I was observing respecting this great example, the ‘ Canal of Dort;’ I said, in Cuyp you found the principles of breadth of light, breadth of colour, and that harmony arising from the lines composing the different shapes of objects. Ay, even to the agreement of his very handling, his style seems the very opposite to the Roman, which, as Reynolds says, is like a combination of clanging instruments producing harmony out of discordant sounds; whereas the melifluous pencil of Cuyp spreads over the whole subject, as if nature were viewed through a coloured glass, tinging everything with golden hue. Those

who attempt to imitate this sunny brightness often end in what is called *foxy*, and *horny* colouring. Cuyp seems to counteract this disagreeable quality by interspersing portions of delicious grey tones; this is often produced by scumbling the sky and distance with a delicate yellow tone, and wiping it off the shadows. That small picture opposite gives us a complete insight into his repetition of forms; the irregular shapes of the ruined castle find an agreement in the clouds above it. By the way, perhaps the pencilling of every object in this work wants that variety of touch observable in nature. It is like a page of writing containing various matters rendered in the same free running hand. This extreme dexterity may become a vice if carried too far, as we see it is in some of Berghem's landscapes. There are certain works where this loose free manner of handling is more allowable, indeed, more advantageous than a careful defined pencilling: for example, if we

compare that large picture by Vandewelde, with the similar subject painted by Turner, we perceive at once the superiority produced by this free and undefined handling. The figures and vessels in Vandewelde's picture are as defined and dry in their outline as the lay figures and models from which they may have been painted. They do not give the spectator the smallest idea as if the whole scene were in motion, for even the water looks as if the waves were arrested by instantaneous freezing. Turner's whole work is full of motion, and every form conveys that unsteady character which nature presents under the influence of a gale. The one is a representation of still life—the other, Agitation personified.

“Egad,” said Nasmyth, “young Vandewelde always reminds me of his father's works, when he paints beyond a certain size. His small works are perfection, whether a calm, or fresh breeze, is depicted. A small subject in the other room, of ‘Ships in a

Gale,' is full of motion, and rendered with most delicate colouring."

"They do so," said Wilkie, "and his small pictures confirm the correctness of public estimation. By the way, these two small Wouvermans adjoining, convey a complete notion of the advantage which arises from the defining, and losing the outline of the several objects by their coming in contact with others of a similar colour, and only rendered sharp and cutting in very small portions; but even this excellence, though constituting the perfection of this style of painting, ought to be guarded against, as Reynolds remarks it is liable to approach too near to fan painting, especially when the softener is used to excess. But, if you take Knox to look at the Hobbima, and the small Paul Potter, I am anxious to have a quiet examination of 'The Cottage Door,' by Ostade, before the sight-seers arrive; Etty seems to be taking the same advantage with regard to the Titians."

“As for the Paul Potter,” replied Nasmyth, “our friend Knox is more capable of giving me a lesson upon that master than I am; but Hobbima and Wynants I am pretty familiar with: this Hobbima, though small, gives us a complete insight into his tone of colour and handling. His trees are in general of a deep dull green, and his touch, full of a juicy vehicle, carried out even to the extremities of the foliage against the sky, enriched by repeated glazings of hot and cold tints, interspersed with cool grey, either on the wood work of his cottages, or the stems of his trees. The light of his skies is repeated often by a chalky road running through his wooded villages, or by means of light willow trees or patches of sunshine, or reflections in still water; his landscapes are in greater masses than those of Wynants, and softer shapes than the trees of Ruysdael, and less angular in the touch of the leaves. We have some wonderful specimens in England even larger than a half-length

canvass; but this small landscape gives us a complete idea of his manner."

"I have seen those at Lord Grosvenor's," observed Knox, "which fully carry out the truth of your description; his liquid pencil gives one the idea as if a shower had just passed over the foliage; it has completely that appearance, and it is quite refreshing to look at his pictures. We often see the same effect in those of Cuyp, though his pencilling is more sharp and edgy. Compared with these artists, the works of Wynants look dry and less vivid; even the pictures of Claude want in some measure this delicious quality. The two Claudes in this collection, however, are less faulty in this particular than many others—especially the picture of 'Mount Horeb.'"

By this time the rooms began to fill with people of fashion, many of whom honoured Mr. Wilkie with a few words of recognition and compliment. The conversational remarks of our artists upon the pictures were put a

stop to until the close of the gallery, when they adjourned to the Green-park for a stroll. Taking a few gulps of the pure fresh air,—

“There is something refreshing in nature,” said Nasmyth, “which pictures never can convey. We seem to delight in being able to toss about our arms, and throw ourselves into her wide-spread lap, and enjoy her sweet refreshing breath; she does not like to be confined in frames, but revels in liberty.”

“Everything rejoices in freedom,” observed Knox; “our spirits even cannot brook to be ‘cribbed, cabined, and confined.’ You remember when King John was carried out into the open air, he exclaimed, ‘Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room; it would not out at windows, nor at doors.’”

“Space,” said Wilkie, “is a delicious quality to give a picture—the eye delights in looking into unrestrained expanse. The frame obstructs it in looking to the right or left, but aerial perspective enables the spectator to gratify this vision with the greatest

expanse of distance. He is pleased when everything seems to keep its relative distance from the eye."

"That sensation," said Etty, "ought to be conveyed with regard to landscape ; but in historical painting it is the mind that is to be addressed not the eye, when every minor consideration must give way to the painter's propriety, as the best means of effecting his object. Conscious of this, we smile at the description given of the excellences recorded of the great historical painters of Greece, in describing a picture of Jupiter with his thunderbolt in his hand, which the spectator imagined projected from the canvass. Another describes a scene, where an open door was represented, against which a frightened dog dashed its brains out in trying to escape. If these puerilities are all that could be recorded of them, we, not they, ought to be called the ancients ; they lived when the art was in its

infancy,—we live when it is old and learned.”

“Judging from their description, they must have had many excellences,” observed Wilkie, “though imperfectly handed down by learned writers, who are, generally speaking, indifferent judges of painting. We find most people in our own time, very imperfect judges of what constitutes the excellences of painting, and they fancy correct imitation, when it produces complete description, is the perfection of art.”

“I was struck with the absurdity of such an idea,” said Etty, “when looking at those two glorious pictures by Titian, in the gallery to-day. Titian gives you the general look of the colour of objects—not the individual tints of which they are comprised.”

“Egad,” said Nasmyth, “his landscapes possess the same high quality that his figures convey. In place of attempting to paint every leaf of a tree, like Perugino and even

Raffaello, he gives you the masses the leaves produce ; generalising, as far as colour is concerned, is the great soul of painting ; but I must now get home and get to work, and Etty is coming with me to paint in two boys bathing, in the true Titian style."

"Well," observed Wilkie, "I will go home with Knox, and see how near his picture comes to the small Potter I saw him studying to-day in the gallery."

CHAPTER V.

DURING Knox's progress in his profession, he had regularly kept up a correspondence with his uncle; and from the moment that his labours became productive, he had abstained from touching any sums standing to his credit at Coutts's house; he felt pleased that he had done so, notwithstanding the constant solicitations of his uncle to the contrary, always impressing upon his mind, that being unmarried he had left Knox his sole heir; but alas the uncertainty of all sublunary events! After a protracted illness, Knox received a letter from the executor,

announcing his uncle's death, and total ruin of the property in the West Indies. On the receipt of the letter, Knox drew out the money and remitted it to Edinburgh, resolving to exert himself more strenuously in his profession, though at this time he was seldom a day without the palette being on his thumb, even to the injury of his health, which evidently was giving way under incessant study.

Troubles seem seldom to come alone, but love to congregate in each other's company, like bubbles on an agitated whirlpool, the larger attracting the less; and when the feelings are once disturbed, the smallest annoyance serves to keep up the current of vexation. Knox was made sensible of the truth of these remarks. After receiving the news of his uncle's death, and before the shock had lost its vibration, two of his favourite pictures, the proceeds from which he was calculating upon, were returned from the exhibition unsold. At any other time

this circumstance would have passed by with little effect, as he had a certain confidence in the power of his pencil ; but now it seemed to rouse his attention to a sense of the precariousness of his profession. Another annoyance followed, as if anxious to trip up the heels of its predecessors. While we were out for the day to look at the Cartoons at Hampton Court, the gardener, instead of coming himself, sent one of his men, who having no instructions to the contrary, not only trimmed the bushes, but pulled up all the wild plants and weeds that Knox had been at such pains to cultivate as studies for his pencil. I make no doubt he considered that the garden had been dreadfully neglected, and that he would gain much praise to his master for his own assiduity. Amongst the other wild productions of nature was a splendid Scotch thistle that his friend the minister of Duddingstone, had sent him when a plant, and was at this time in high perfection and full bloom. At first sight of

the wreck the besom of destruction had made, Knox muttered an inward imprecation against the worker of this havoc, but instantly checking himself, turned on his heel and went up stairs to his painting-room, locking the door after him.

“This is, indeed, most unfortunate,” observed my wife.

Charlie said, he thought, on looking over the wall, several weeds that were not cut with the spade might be replanted ; but I, knowing the disposition of our friend, said,

“No, it will but irritate him the more when he beholds the withered and inanimate appearance of his favourites—for the animal and vegetable kingdom, to his vivid imagination, were equally possessed with a vital principle ; but one thing, Charles, you can do ; that is, by degrees and unnoticed, introduce similar plants and weeds, which will grow up like a fresh progeny to supplant those destroyed ; and in the mean time I will write to his friend in Duddingstone to

send him another plant of the emblem of Scotland."

After a little time Knox came down, serious but with a cheerful countenance. He said how wrong it was to let trifling matters create so much vexation! it is like children who cry when the tail of their kite is ravelled or tangled;—light breezes ruffle the surface of the water, but never disturb the bottom where weightier matters lie hid. Let us have a cup of tea, and afterwards a little music, some melancholy and appropriate tune, such as the 'Flowers of the Forest,' or 'Lochiel's Lament.'"

"Well, well," I observed, "I am glad it has passed over; but it will never happen again, for Mr. Buck ought to have come himself, and not sent his assistant; he shall hear of it to-morrow."

"I beg," said Knox, "that he hears nothing about it; this assistant of his, I have no doubt, is a Scotchman, for half the gardeners here are Scotchmen, and they

do their work in a most effective manner. Honest man! he thought it was 'an unweeded garden that grows to seed,' so applied the hoe, the scythe, and spade, in right earnest; but if a Scotchman, I wonder he did not spare the symbol of old Caledonia; however, its avenging motto will not be wreaked upon him by any act of mine,—but the music, the music, for

‘In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart.’

After supper Charlie read to us the passages in the Acts of the Apostles from which the subjects of the Cartoons are taken; upon which Knox commented.

Next morning he wrote down in his note-book the following observations, which Charlie extracted and transferred into his own. They were written in the order in which the scenes occur in Scripture, in place of being arranged as they now hang in the

room fitted up for them by William the Third. At the end Knox had added a note, expressing a hope that if ever we should think the fine arts of sufficient importance towards improving the taste of the people, that these examples would form part of the collection.

THE CARTOONS AT HAMPTON COURT.

“The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.”—
Luke v. 8.

“Raffaelle has been blamed by some critics for the smallness of the boat, but the text mentions a small ship or boat in which the disciples came on shore, as they were only two hundred cubits from land: the ship in which the other disciples are on board is not represented in the picture.

“Christ’s Charge to Peter.”—John xxi. 16.

“This design is taken from the last chapter of St. John, where Christ, addressing St. Peter, says, ‘Simon son of Jonas, lovest thou me? he saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, he saith unto him, Feed my sheep.’ In relating an event, the ear is the organ addressed; in transferring the circumstance to canvass,

the painter addresses the eye, and avails himself of every means his art is capable of in telling his story. Hence we see the sheep represented as if they were actually present, in place of being alluded to only in an allegorical sense. But Raffaele has extended this license to a still greater extent, for these Cartoons, being designed for tapestries to be worked for the chamber of Leo the Xth. in the Vatican, he has represented St. Peter on his knees receiving the keys of heaven and hell from our Saviour, as the last gift upon earth to the founder of the Roman Catholic Church. But I must speak as an artist, not as a churchman, for Raffaele in these compositions was not a free agent, as the church availed itself of the power of the pencil to illustrate its history and assist its influence."

"The Beautiful Gate."—Acts iii. 6 and 7.

"In this design the lame man is represented as begging at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, looking wistfully up at Peter and John. 'Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none ; but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk ; and he took him by the right hand and lifted *him* up, and immediately his feet and ancle bones received strength.' This cartoon seems well suited for a rich effect in tapestry, arising principally from the twisted and highly ornamented columns stretching

across the scene, though their style belongs to the Byzantine and later period of architecture. Raffaele took the columns from those preserved in the Vatican as coming originally from Jerusalem."

"The Death of Ananias."—Acts v. 5.

"This is considered one of the finest compositions of the whole Cartoons; it is taken at the time when Peter says, 'Thou hast not lied unto men but unto God; and Ananias hearing these words fell down, and gave up the ghost.' The instantaneous effect of the action is likened by the critics to a stone falling in the water communicating its influence but to the inner circle, those figures only in contact being agitated by the dead body on the floor, as yet unseen by the other figures in the picture,* amongst whom is seen his wife Sapphira entering and engaged counting part of the money; for though it is mentioned in the text, that it was not till the space of three hours after that she entered, yet Raffaele has availed himself of the license allowed to all painters in combining by-gone, present, and forthcoming incidents to explain his story; for poets and historians have many pages to describe events upon, but the painter has but one. Raffaele has extended this license to a greater degree in his celebrated picture of the Transfiguration."

* See Fuseli's Lectures on Painting.

“Sacrifice at Lystra.”—Acts xiv. 13 and 14.

“The subject of this cartoon is taken from that part of Scripture where Paul and Barnabas after having cured a lame man, a cripple from his mother’s womb, were followed by the people, saying, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men—and they called Barnabas Jupiter, and Paul Mercurius, because he was the chief speaker.’ Raffaello has represented the scene when they were about to sacrifice oxen to them, and Paul rending his clothes; in the crowd is seen the lame man restored, in the act of adoration, having thrown down his crutches. In the back ground is a statue of Mercury, and in the front of the picture is a figure crowned with ivy bringing in a ram to sacrifice to that deity. Raffaello has given a reality to the composition by copying a representation of the sacrifice from an antique bas-relief existing in Rome.”

“Elymas the Sorcerer struck blind.”—Acts xiii. 11.

“Paul and Barnabas having been sent for, while residing on the isle of Paphos, by the deputy of the country Sergius Paulus to hear the word of God, they were opposed by a Jew named Elymas, who sought to turn away the deputy from the faith. Raffaello has represented the deputy in the centre between Paul and his opponent, Paul with outstretched hand as if pro-



nouncing these words, ‘And now behold the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind not seeing the sun for a season; and immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness, and he went about seeking some one to lead him by the hand.’ Raffaele, like our great Shakespeare, often uses the simplest means of telling the story, and relies upon his own power for placing it before our eyes in the most natural point of view; his figures, like great actors on the stage, seemed guided by the impulses of truth alone, without searching for studied attitudes. ‘He completely anticipates the advice of the immortal dramatist in suiting the action to the word.’ ”

“Paul Preaching at Athens.”—Acts xvii.

“Paul is here represented preaching on the steps of the Areopagus, in the midst of Mars’ Hill, in presence of the philosophers of the sects of the Epicureans, the Stoics, and Cynics, represented as in doubt and undecided as to the truth of his doctrine. Raffaele has introduced in the foreground Dionysius the Areopagite and a woman named Damaris, as converts to the truth.”

CHAPTER VI.

SHAKESPEARE says, "our thread of life is of a mingled yarn." In many instances, the dark portion is spun by ourselves; but larger portions are often woven by circumstances over which we have no control; and he who expects in this chaotic compound of good and evil, into which he is thrown, to get hold of the clue which is to lead him through the labyrinths of darkness into light and happiness, will often be disappointed. Burns remarks, "The best laid plans of mice and men gae aft awry." Hence, we are not altogether free agents;

nor, on the other hand, can we claim predestination as an excuse for our not striving to the utmost in struggling through the vicissitudes of life. In endeavouring to persevere in doing what we consider right, we must go on through good report and bad report. These reflections arise in recording an accident which befel our artist, whose whole life was a continual shunning of casualties.

The circumstance I am about to relate took place on Wandsworth Common, where he had not been for a long time previous. Knox was seated on the edge of a gravel pit, making a study of a group of cows on the opposite bank; and while intent looking on the subject of his drawing, and engaged scraping the chalk in his portcrayon, he was pushed over from behind, and fell into the gravel pit upon his head, which completely stunned him. When found by the constable of the common, his

knife was still clenched in his hand, and saturated with blood, from his hand being severely cut, in nature's anxious attempt to save him from the unconscious catastrophe. His sketch-book was bedaubed with blood; and beside him lay the body of a man, stabbed to the heart, and "in one red burial blent" the bodies were removed to the "Ferry-boat," the nearest public-house, and a surgeon sent for, who, finding Knox suffering from concussion of the brain, applied remedies, which had the desired effect of restoring animation. He then proceeded to bind up the hand, and ordered him to be put to bed, and kept perfectly quiet. The surgeon next went to examine the body of the man, which by this time had become cold and stiff. A deep wound in the left breast must have penetrated the heart, as the shirt and the whole of the inner garments were saturated.

As however a coroner's inquest had been summoned for the following day, he ab-

stained from further investigation, promising to call in the next morning.

The surgeon having made a post-mortem examination of the body, came into the room where the jury were sitting, and read the following report:—

“ I find the knife, or dagger with which the wound was made, must have been a double-edged weapon, as the perforation throughout its whole extent is incised on both sides, and it must have been at least six inches in length. Had the blow been given by the most skilful anatomist, it could not have been performed in a more effective manner, and must have produced instantaneous death. It has entered through the intercostal muscles, passed through the pleura and very centre of the heart, piercing the left lobe of the lungs, and the latissimus dorsi muscle.”

The coroner, who had studied anatomy in his younger days, explained these matters to the jury in less technical language,

showing clearly that a third person must have been present, possessing a more destructive weapon than the one which remained in Knox's hand, which was a small blunt penknife, used in scraping the chalk in his portcrayon. But though the most careful search had been made, neither the chalk nor the portcrayon could be found; neither could the deposition of Knox throw any light upon the matter, as being intent looking at his study of the cows, he felt himself suddenly pushed from behind into the gravel pit, and pitching on his head, was rendered quite senseless in an instant. The constable having mentioned that a gang of gipsies had been on the borders of the common, the coroner issued his warrant for their apprehension, and adjourned the inquest.

On going to the spot, the constable found that the gipsies had left the previous evening, nor could he glean in what direction they had migrated. On examining the

ground where their tents had been laid, nothing remained but the white ashes of the furze bushes of which their fires were formed, and a few herring and rabbit bones. But behind, where their wagons had stood, was found a mongrel dog, of the lurcher breed, lying in the ditch, with its throat cut, which a boy who herded cows on the common said belonged to Gipsy Bob, the Bristol Pet. It was afterwards found that this very boxer was the man who was killed.

CHAPTER VII.

By the advice of the physician, Knox was ordered a change of air; and though Chelsea and Brompton are both considered the most favourable locations for those who have the smallest tendency to pulmonary complaints, Blackheath was suggested as most likely to renovate his nervous system. He accordingly took up his abode near the two old windmills, in the middle of the heath; at the same time choosing a lodging well sheltered in a hollow, called the Vale, evidently built in the excavation of a gravel

pit, so that the cottage yielded him, to use his countryman Campbell's phrase,

“Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.”

Charlie and Hector were his constant companions, except when he wandered out to hold “sweet converse with nature's imagery.” His favourite haunts were near the keeper's lodge, on the east side of Greenwich-park; and his favourite models for study were the old stunted hawthorn trees, that raise their twisted picturesque stems in the open spaces in the upper park, with which his sketch-book became filled. In the evenings, the setting sun, gleaming through the windows of Lee church, would oftentimes claim his meditation. By degrees these solitary walks seemed to drive out his delight for the busy haunts of men, and stamp his character as a philosopher, not a misanthrope. “Never less alone than when alone,” became realised from his inward reflections. Charlie by this time had made considerable progress in the

art, and had acquired a knowledge of the theory in a greater degree than his practical experience enabled him to keep pace with. Consequently, his pictures, though well composed were deficient in all those qualities that draw the spectator's attention to the work,—viz., harmonious colour, breadth of light and shade, and certain fascination of handling, that, as the poet says, “seems to mock at toil;” and when he endeavoured to embody the axiom which pronounces—

“That laboured lines with cold exactness tire,
 'T is freedom only that gives force and fire”—

his pictures were too unfinished and unmeaning to represent the strong imagery of nature, or the expressive handling of scientific dexterity; for though most young artists are anxious to assume a dexterity of handling, yet unless it is based on a foundation acquired by a long process of practical toil and careful investigation, it

is not only useless, but baneful, and uniformly ends in dissatisfaction to the artist himself, and to all those better informed from contemplating the works of good painters, and the opinions of others more conversant with the true principles of art.

After a few days' residence on Blackheath, during which Charlie had confined his studies to the old windmill and objects contiguous of even a more simple character, one morning, while the sun was shining gloriously over Shooter's Hill, Knox said,—

“As this is a fine clear day, I think we might go into Greenwich-park to the Observatory, and make a sketch from the hill overlooking the Hospital. You ought to make it upon a larger sheet of paper than usual, as there is so much of detail to get in. And before we start,” continued Knox, “I think, Charlie, you ought to refresh your memory respecting Perspective. While we are finishing breakfast, I will read from my note-book what our friend Gibson says,

upon the subject. In his instructions upon drawing, after a few general remarks, he observes, ' Before proceeding further, it will be necessary to say a few words about Perspective,* which teaches us the art of delineating objects as if viewed through a pane of glass. The laws that regulate this science are many,—especially in complicated subjects; but only a few of the most simple will be mentioned in this place. The first line to be noticed is an ideal line, called the horizontal line, as defining the sky at the horizon from the water at sea,

* Parallel Perspective, so called, is when the base line of a building is parallel with the base line of the picture.

Angular Perspective, is when square objects are viewed upon an angle, so that both sides are oblique to the eye.

Geometrical Perspective, is when every part can be measured with the compasses, from their showing no diminution, such as we see in an architectural elevation of a building.

Aerial Perspective is, when the interposition of the atmosphere renders objects less strong and distinct.

or from a level extent on land. This line is always opposite the spectator's eye; hence, if we stand on the sea-shore, it is level with our sight, and if we ascend the highest hill, it rises with us, so that anyone viewing it through a telescope, the tube will be perfectly horizontal. All objects present the upper side or under side according as they are below or above this line, for example—if we stretch out the hand under the eye we see the back of it; if we elevate it above our head, we see the palm. While I am speaking of the horizontal line, I may mention that all lines of buildings, &c., at right angles with the base of the picture terminate at a point on it opposite the observer's eye, called the point of sight. If they are varied in their position, they find their vanishing points on this line, called accidental points.' But," observed Knox, "I will put my note-book in my pocket, and explain any difficulties away when we are looking at the objects in nature."

Breakfast being finished, Charlie took up his paper, sketch-book, and pencils; when passing across the heath, they entered the park by the upper gate, and made for the Observatory through the chesnut walk; until they reached the spot which Turner has chosen, as represented in his "*Liber Studiorum*," when Charlie unfolded his campstool and placed his sketch-book on his knees. The clearness of the atmosphere discovered every portion of this magnificent scene with the greatest precision, even to the extreme distant objects, which were enabled to keep their retired situation by the row of dark pine trees, with their brown stems, that formed the foreground. In commencing his drawing, it seemed impossible to contain such an innumerable multitude of objects in a single sheet of paper; but knowing that Turner had accomplished the representation of the scene on a sheet one third the size, he gathered courage and began.

Knox advised him to hold the paper up,

so that the top edge would touch the horizon and mark the situation of the distant objects upon the upper edge with his pencil; these divisions were then to be carried down to the horizon, marked below, which would at once fix the relative spaces required for each. Knox in the mean time strolled down to contemplate the beauty of the splendid pine trees, promising to return when Charlie had lotted out the spaces on his paper. During Knox's absence Charlie had marked the space for the foreground, and began to draw in the Hospital as the largest and leading feature. This he progressed with, by attending to the general form only, leaving the detail of columns and windows to be filled in afterwards. Knox, on returning, was much pleased with the accuracy displayed, as an instance of the great advantage a little knowledge of perspective is to the student, and proceeded to explain why the several lines of the buildings diminished according to their distance from the specta-

tor; and also the direction those assumed below the horizontal line.

While Knox was so engaged, an old wooden-legged sailor approached from behind, bearing a large telescope and a triangular stand which he erected near our artists. When the apparatus was adjusted, he advanced, and touching his cocked hat, after a true seaman fashion, said,—

“I see, gentleman, you are taking the portrait of our hospital, and have set up my glass that you may see through it what you can’t see with the naked eye.”

Knox replied, that his young friend was at present drawing the building, which he could do without a glass; but when he came to draw the objects in the distance, he would avail himself of the offer.

“The distance! God love you! there are objects you can have no knowledge of without my glass. It brings Limehouse church within three yards of us; ay, and you can tell the hour by the church clock.

My eyes are not so good as they were once, and indeed, like my old admiral Lord Nelson, I can see only with one. But a young gentleman, that looked through it the other day, told me he could behold a blackbird's cage, hanging at a cottage window still further off—that without it he could not even see the cottage itself. This glass belonged to Lieutenant Rivers, who was a midshipman on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar, where, poor gentleman, he lost a leg, as I, and hundreds besides, did in that glorious battle.”

“It was a glorious battle,” observed Knox; “but the hero paid dearly for the glory.”

“Ah,” the old pensioner continued, “but his cool courage never left him; for when he was mortally wounded, and they were carrying him down to the cockpit, he observed that one of the tiller ropes was shot away, and desired it to be replaced——”

As Knox feared a long yarn was likely

to be spun, he called Charlie to him, to observe the level position the telescope presented, fixed as it was upon an object on the horizon ; and when it was inclined to objects underneath, how exactly it represented a counterpart of those lines running upwards to the point of sight. The man of war, not comprehending the meaning of this observation, pulled out of his pocket a small globe of crystal, and desired us to look through it, when he said we should be surprised to see everything turned upside down. A fresh party arriving to view the wonders of optical delusion, we gave him sixpence, and moved out of the way, to give Charlie an opportunity of forwarding his sketch.

While they were contemplating the scene from a change of position, Knox observed that with regard to extensive scenery, a little change produced little variation, provided the point of sight was observed: "but," he continued, "before

we leave the place in which you commenced the sketch, let me draw your attention to one or two points which have been a stumbling-block to many,—especially those whose eyes have not been guided by scientific observation. Most people seem aware that objects diminish according to their distance, but that lines should either appear to rise up, or descend down, does not seem so easy to be comprehended. Now, if a row of columns, such as we see in the building before us, recede from the spectator, the furthest from the eye must of necessity appear shorter from diminution; therefore the connecting portions, though of the same height, must appear to run up to the point of sight, or down, if above the horizontal line; for it must never be lost sight of, that all lines not parallel with the base of the picture, find their vanishing points on the horizontal line. If at right angles with it, they terminate in the point of sight; if oblique, they ter-

minate according to their obliquity, called accidental points. These axioms ought never to be forgotten, as on their base are founded the principles of perspective."

While Charlie was proceeding with his sketch, under the superintendence of Knox, a few straggling deer made their appearance amongst the pine trees, at the foot of the slope, which Knox suggested ought to be introduced, as characteristic of the park being still a royal domain, but mightily changed since the days when King James, with his nobles from Whitehall, used to assemble for the purpose of "chasing the deer and hunting the roe." The undisturbed tenants of the park now mingle in peaceful intercourse with the grim old warriors, from England's wooden walls, now hived in the palace of Greenwich. It reminds me of the lion and the lamb lying down together, for these timid creatures not only eat pieces of bread out of their hands, but will thrust their noses into the pockets

in search of more ; indeed while our artists were engaged in their work one of them approached with the greatest familiarity, when Charlie divided with him half of a roll he held.

Having reserved the minute detail for another time, our artists returned homeward. On setting up Charlie's sketch on the easel, Knox took out of his folio the print, after Turner, of the same scene, engraved in his "Liber Studiorum," and proceeded to comment upon the happy selection he had made, not only of the situation to take the view from, but the faithful introduction of all those objects that combine in giving a leading feature to the scene. The extensive bird's-eye representation, introducing the entire building, with its site on the winding banks of the Thames, with the shipping passing up and down, awaken in the mind of the spectator the noble retreat for our weather-beaten sailors in their old age ; even the introduction of the huge

bulwark, used as a floating hospital for the seamen of all nations, conveys a fine episode to the building itself, in showing the commercial liberality of the country ; and in the foreground, the introduction of the dark pine trees, forms an admirable base to the picture."

"I observe," said Charlie, "many small objects introduced, in the distance and in their exact places too, that most artists would have left out as of no consequence."

"Ah, ha!" said Knox, "Turner knows that the portrait of a place often depends upon small matters of detail. The introduction of minute objects gives a largeness and grandeur to the principle. If Turner leaves out anything, it is those matters that are detrimental to the beauty of the scene, and he heightens and even exaggerates those features that increase its fascination. In this particular he throws Uvedale Price and capability Brown into the shade. Like a clever auctioneer in the sale of an

estate, he omits noticing objectional portions; and clothes, with the glowing description of imaginative beauty, such parts as are only suggestive of ornament. His landscapes are full of poetry,—he is in fact a painter, not facsimilist; but we will have a little more discussion upon this subject after dinner.”

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE KNOX was engaged finishing a study of some trees from a bench in the chesnut walk, an old gentleman, with a delicate young lady, leaning upon his arm, advanced to where he was seated, and begging pardon for the intrusion said,—

“My daughter, who is fond of drawing, came yesterday to look at the view from this point, as we had, in passing, noticed your progress; and on occupying your place, after your departure, my daughter found this portcrayon on the seat, which I presume you left behind you.”

Knox rose, and bowing to the lady, took the portcrayon into his hand, examining it with a look of agitated interest,—

“This is very strange,” he muttered to himself; “this indeed is my portcrayon; but how it came to be on this seat, it is impossible to divine. After leaving yesterday, I returned for a piece of India-rubber I had left behind, and certainly it was not there then, as I examined the seat all over; nor indeed have I had it in my possession these two years.”

“I observed,” the young lady said, “that those spots of red paint were not recent stains.”

“They are not,” replied Knox; “I regret that it ever has been restored to me, as a sad mystery is involved in it.”

“I am very sorry,” she replied, “that I should have found it, as it seems to recal some melancholy reflections.”

“Not at all, not at all; it is useless to repine at events which we cannot counter-

act. There are many under-currents floating across the stream of life that influence our progress towards the wished-for haven ; but now this shade is passed by, like a summer cloud ; and I thank you sincerely for your attention. As your father mentions that you are fond of drawing, perhaps you will do me the honour of taking my sketch-book home with you, and look over its contents at your leisure ; it is only filled with studies here, and on the heath."

"Oh! that is exceeding kind," was her reply, "papa and I will return it on Monday, if papa will allow me to keep it till then."

"Certainly, my dear, you cannot in courtesy refuse so kind an offer;" and turning to Knox, received the book with many expressions of obligation, promising to be at the same spot at ten o'clock on Monday, this being Saturday.

After mutual salutations they took their leave, walking in the direction of Brandenburg House, while Knox remained wrapped

in deep thought, and examining the portcrayon, having taken it out of his pocket. The red spots, he perceived, were not paint, but spots of blood, which had eaten into and rusted the silver. At one end was the identical piece of contè chalk that it contained when last in his possession at Wandsworth common. He carefully wrapped it up in paper, resolving to mention the circumstance to no one. On crossing the heath in his way home, he found Charlie enjoying the game of cricket with the boys belonging to a school, and having bowled out his opponents was throwing up the ball in the air, and catching it with delight. On looking upon the joyous group, Knox felt as one emerging from a dark cellar into the glorious sunshine of day; and seeing some of the members of the Golf Club in their scarlet coats, he joined in the game, most of them being his countrymen several of whom were known to him. On the game being played out they adjourned to the "Green Man" on the heath, the

house where they generally dined; but Knox, though kindly pressed by all of them, begged permission to decline the pleasure.

In the evening he retired early to his bedroom, and wrote in his private memorandum-book the events of that day. After a night of restless sleep, and turning his thoughts into a thousand different directions, he was unable to divine the combination of circumstances that put the portcrayon once more in his possession. Rising even earlier than his wonted hour, he took his morning walk to Shooter's-hill, realising the words of Gray—

“Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon yon upland lawn.”

The beautiful scene detained him beyond his accustomed hour of breakfast, and the freshness of the morning seemed to restore him to his usual tranquillity. Instead of

going to Lewisham church, he proposed to Charlie that they should go to that of Lee, by way of change. Though belonging to the church of Scotland, and at one time so strict in the particular forms of worship that he would have refused to belong to a section of it where the congregation rose to prayer and sat down to sing the psalms. But he had become now more tolerant, and considered such petty distinctions, not only as unworthy of Christian worship, but a total absence of that pure spirit the Great Founder endowed it with. Even the Litany in the service of the church of England he considered a beautiful arrangement of devotional exercise ; and only justified the severe measures his ancestor had recourse to, from the great exertions the Pope was making to restore popery in the land, and acquire power and dominion over the temporal as well as the spiritual affairs of men. But even in this matter, when joked about his ancestor's love for the

picturesque, in converting the cathedrals into ruins, he argued against this assertion, as John Knox himself said it was "the rascal multitude" who, when they once take a thing into their own hands, do not know when to stop.* But every year softened down his descendant's propensity for religious argument.

On Monday morning, after breakfast, our young artist proceeded to the spot he had left on Saturday, while Charlie went forward to the rising ground, by the Observatory, to carry on his drawing of the Hospital.

Knox had not been long seated when he observed the lady and gentleman approaching from the side gate. He instantly rose and went towards them, politely expressing his regret that they should have had the trouble.

"Not at all," said the gentleman ; "my

* See Dr. M'Crie's Life of John Knox. The riots at Perth, May, 1559.

daughter in returning your book has availed herself of the opportunity of bringing her own also, that she may have the benefit of your remarks upon her studies, as many of them are from similar points of view as those sketches you have taken in the park."

"I am afraid my remarks can be of but little service in conveying instruction; I am little more than a student myself."

"We know better," replied the lady, smiling; "and though modesty is generally an attendant on talent, yet genius can't hide its light under a bushel. On our leaving church yesterday, you were pointed out to us by our neighbour Mr. Maconachie, who is a member of the Golf Club."

"Oh!" said Knox, blushing, "he is a countryman, and therefore speaks favourably; we are all very clanish in that respect."

"Nay, I do not judge from what he told us, your studies speak for you in a silent tongue, yet stronger than any of your

countrymen can do. On comparing my own with those in your sketch-book of the same subjects, I was soon convinced of my feebleness."

"Allow me to look at them now, as I feel by prolonging you will teach me to flatter."

"No, my good sir, I shall be glad if you will give me your opinion with the same sincerity I make use of in giving mine ; as it happens we are now at the place where both of us have chosen to make a sketch."

"It is so," said her father, "for here are the marks of the feet of my camp-stool, which I always carry with me ; therefore I will sit down and be umpire."

Knox turned over to his own, and exchanged books with his fair rival, who handed him her own in return, open at the leaf containing the same scene.

Knox, on looking at the drawing and the original in nature, expressed himself very much pleased at the complete absence of

any thing like pretensions of off-hand dexterity.

“But I will not say what I think, lest you may fancy it is your own praises reverberated ; I see enough to convince me that you either have not been taught drawing in the common acceptation of the phrase, or else that you have passed through the ordeal uncontaminated. I look in vain to discover those random off-hand dashes, which drive careful transcripts of nature into an appearance of masterly execution.”

“I have not learnt landscape drawing at school,” said Miss Woodville ; “my fancy led me to figure-drawing, but on comparing your trees with mine, they assume that character more than my own. Your trees look like portraits with their profiles correctly portrayed against the sky ; mine seem destitute of individual likeness. I have been always more anxious to acquire that free scribble, which landscape draughtsmen adopt to represent the

foliage of trees, than to attempt a true representation of the trees themselves."

"That is a deficiency practice will remedy," said Knox; "but you must give more attention to the general shape of the several trees, those profile resemblances that are defined by coming in contact with the sky."

"I see that now most convincingly, and like a naughty child will promise never to do so any more."

"Till the next time," said her father, lifting up his eyes from "The Morning Post."

"La, papa! I did not think you were listening to the lecture."

"Why, Matilda, I am taking a lesson, for as I am to be umpire on the occasion, I must prepare myself for the task."

"Well then, dear papa, you must stand up, and look at the scene in nature, that your eye may confirm what your ear has listened to."

“ Well, now,” he replied, “ I see a difference in both drawings, which I did not perceive when I compared them together at home ; but even now there seems something in the original that neither translations come up to.”

“ Certainly,” observed Knox, “ the absence of colour makes a prodigious distinction. I think it is Addison who says in one of his papers in the ‘ Spectator,’ what a poor show Nature herself would make if all her works were of one hue.*

“ Just so,” he replied ; “ it is the white paper and the blacklead pencil that seem always present to me ; but when I look at this newspaper, I never think of the types, or of the words they form, but of the sense and meaning they convey.”

“ Exactly so,” observed Knox ; “ but had you not learnt to read, these types would have suggested nothing to the mind ; and

See “ Spectator,” No. 413.

the newspaper might be held upside down with equal effect. So it is in a great degree with an uneducated person looking upon the great book of nature. 'He looks through a glass darkly ;' but when the mind is informed, the film is removed."

"I sometimes reason with papa in the same fashion," said the lady, "when he maintains that other people have eyes in their heads as well as artists."

"Well," said Mr. Woodville, "my love, I know what pleases me."

"True, sir; but the beauties and the blemishes in nature may convey the same sensation," Knox observed; "whereas the eye of an artist perceives beauties veiled to other eyes, and can extract pleasure even out of a pigstye."

"And convey it to others too, seemingly," said the old gentleman, laughing, "for our neighbour Mr. Angerstein, of the Woodlands, has one or two pictures by Dutch painters that he delights in, which represent

little better ; and talks of one Ostade as if he were an angel."

"By the bye," said the lady, "pa can give you a note to see his collection in town, as he has nothing down here but one or two family portraits by Mr. Lawrence."

"Thank you, madam, very much; I have seen them several times through the kindness of Mr. Wilkie, the celebrated painter; but I cannot see them too often."

"Oh, do you know Mr. Wilkie? papa met him at the Woodlands, at dinner the other day."

"Yes, I did, and Mr. Angerstein gave him a commission to paint a picture for him," observed her father. "But I am fearful we are trespassing too much upon your time, for my daughter is so enamoured of drawing, that she would prolong the conversation till sunset."

"My time," said Knox, "is never better employed than when in the company of those who are admirers of painting; and

I always feel gratified in being able to convey to others the little knowledge I possess in the art; and if your daughter and yourself will walk with me to the bench where I had the pleasure of meeting you on Saturday, I will finish the study I began."

"Oh, you are exceedingly kind," observed the lady; "but I am afraid you will make me so sensible of my own incapacity, that I shall lose all heart to continue drawing landscapes."

"Nay," said Knox, "if you have learnt to draw the figure, you will find it a much easier branch of the art."

By this time they had arrived at the spot, when Knox requested them both to be seated; for a while he seemed in a reverie but recovered himself in a moment, when he observed the young lady had noticed it.

Taking his own sketch-book in his hand, he said,—

"Before proceeding to compare the two

studies, I shall make a few general remarks applying to all scenery.

“In commencing a sketch from nature, the first thing to be taken into consideration is the general appearance of the whole group, whether of trees, buildings, or any other mass of objects; and to choose that point of view which is the most favourable, on account of its presenting not only the most characteristic, but also the most beautiful and pictorial features: for the whole is a compound of portions, often discordant when viewed singly, but when scientifically combined, productive of the greatest harmony. When we are attracted to take cognisance of the scene, or to make a representation of it on canvass, we ought never to lose sight of that great quality which drew our attention to it at first: that is to be preserved at every sacrifice, for one object often differs from another in but a very small matter; but that difference is vital to its

identity, and that peculiarity ought to be exaggerated even at the expense of truth, as it is that feature alone that stamps it on the memory of the general observer and passer by. No two blades of grass are alike,—neither are two countenances similar. It therefore behoves us to mark that wherein they differ from the tribe. With such a preamble as that, you would consider it right to mark the foliage and ramification of every tree, with the most scrupulous exactness. But it is not so, peculiarities merge in a whole, and we must always bear in mind, that we paint for the public, not for the scrupulous investigation of prying botanists and horticulturists. Most artists have a particular touch in expressing foliage, such as we see Hobbima or Ruysdael have. This is engendered from making choice of a particular tree in preference, such as the oak or the elm; and painting such trees in a mass or clump, in place of composing the picture by introducing an

endless variety, after the fashion of landscape gardens, whose artificial planting perplexes the eye, and removes it out of the unaffected simplicity of natural arrangement. We have an example of that simplicity in the scene before us, where a group of oak trees rises up in a mass of dark against the sky, and are enriched towards the bottom by two or three old hawthorns coming up against them, with irregular shapes in strong light; these, with their grey stems, serve to unite the lower part of the picture with the upper, especially when assisted by portions of the sky appearing through apertures in the large mass in the background. This accidental arrangement in nature so calculated for a picture, is what drew my attention to it in the first instance."

"Ay," his pupil observed, "I see these things now you point them out, and I also notice that in your study they are faithfully attended to; but many of them are left out

in my sketch, as I did not think they were of sufficient importance."

"Aha!" said Knox, "that is a very dangerous doctrine ; we ought not to omit anything in the first instance, as the accidental beauty of the whole may depend upon a very trifle being present ; independently of which it begets a loose manner of drawing, hurtful to correctness of eye."

"Now that I have had these things explained," said the lady, "I shall begin a fresh drawing of the scene to-morrow ; I cannot bear my sketch now."

"Well resolved, Matilda ; I am sure you must see things in a different light after so lucid an instruction ; I fancy that I see differently myself. We will now leave the gentleman to complete his own drawing. Then turning to Knox, he said, "we are both infinitely obliged to you, and hope our mutual friend Mr. Maconachie will be the medium towards our acquaintance."

Knox bowed, saying nothing would give him greater pleasure.

When they left, he strolled on to Charlie at the Observatory, not feeling in a sketching mood. He found Charlie drawing the details of the Hospital, with his old friend of the telescope standing as sentinel by him.

On Knox's approach, the latter touched his hat, and, making a scrape with his foot, said,—

“I hope I see your honour well; I have been giving young master here a description of the building; I have just been saying those two domes, like what is in St. Paul's, are over the chapel on the one side and over the painted hall on the other; but to begin with church first. Over the altar is a picture of St. Paul shipwrecked off the island of Malta by one West, an American. The island went by a different name in those days; the Apostle is shaking a wiper off his hand into a fire they had kindled to

dry their clothes; you would think the brute stood out from the canvass, but it does not, it is only the painter's skill and the power of shade. It must have been a rare place for shipwrecks in those days, as it is a barren rock all round; but we have a glorious harbour to take shelter in, with a fortress stronger than the lion's teeth in the mouth of Portsmouth harbour."

"Have you been there?" asked Knox.

"Been there! Ay, to be sure, and on a great occasion too, when we were searching for the French fleet in every corner of the Mediterranean, but we found it at last, and gave them a sound thrashing for causing us so much trouble to catch them. I shall never forget the little man, when he got sight of them; he walked backwards and forwards on the quarter-deck as if it were for a wager, and his stump of an arm moving up and down like a pump handle at work. They had drawn up in Aboukir Bay, close in shore, thinking they were safe

on one side at all events ; but Nelson was too good a sailor not to know that where their ships could ride at anchor, there was room for a vessel to sail between them and the land ; so he resolved to attack on the side they least expected him. It was a close shave though, for the first ship, 'The Culloden,' run aground, and no efforts of her brave captain could get her into the battle. However, she served as a beacon to all the others, to guard against the like mishap, but every one has heard of the Nile, so I need not spin a yarn about it."

"It must have been a dreadful sight to witness the blowing up of the 'Le Orient,' " said Knox.

"Ay! God love you ; no description can give you any idea of it ; no nor painting neither ; the firing ceased for a few minutes, as if we had been paralyzed by an earthquake ; and every boat was out of the nearest ship to save the poor wounded

fellows struggling in the water; for, mind you, the British sailor, though, possessing the heart of a lion, yet when occasion calls, he is as tender as a lamb."

"War is a dreadful necessity," said Knox; "and you defenders of our country and our commerce ought to be more respected."

"Why, as to that, we are more thought of in war time; but when we are paid off in time of peace we are like the cobbler's dog, and get more kicks than halfpence."

"That is often too true," observed Knox; "but as it is likely to rain, we will part for the present; but here is a shilling for you, as I am afraid you will have few customers for your telescope."

"God bless your honour; this will set me up in 'bacco for a month."

Charlie shut up his sketch-book, and the old veteran shouldered his telescope and stand, stumping down the hill towards the Hospital, or rather perhaps to the tap of the "Old Ship."

CHAPTER IX.

KNOX felt that in spite of every effort to shake off the impression the incidents of Saturday and Monday had made upon his mind, their influence seemed to hover round every idea that engaged his studies. As the best mode of excluding them, or resisting their power, he resolved to remain with closer application to his easel, and when he walked out for his health's sake, it was in the direction of Foot's Cray, and Eltham, once the princely palace of King John, but now converted into a miserable barn, and the

dais receiving the yearly flagellations of the autumnal flail.

“ To what base uses may we come at last !”

Charlie still proceeded with his drawing of the Hospital, and Knox sometimes asked whom he had seen ; and even twice accompanied him as far as the gate into the park, but checked his curiosity and returned. However, his resolution began by degrees to give way, and he determined to avail himself of an opportunity of meeting his friend Mr. Maconachie, at the golf club, on Saturday.

The week seemed longer than usual, but Saturday came at last, when he left off painting earlier that day, as did Charlie also, to meet his half-holiday young friends at cricket.

Knox, on getting across the heath in the direction, found the members assembled, and choosing partners. On his joining

them, his friend Maconachie selected him as one of his side, and having won the first play, he proceeded to tee* his ball after the true Scottish fashion.

The game of golf, while it secures the advantage of exercise, enables the players to enjoy the chit-chat of conversation, either upon accidental varieties of the play, or the general topics of the day. In this respect it is much superior to those amusements that take place within doors.

During the intervals of attending to the game, Knox heard the whole history of the old gentleman and his daughter. He was a retired East-India merchant, left with an only child, her mother having died when she was very young, circumstances which rendered them strongly attached to each other. Mr. Maconachie concluding his

* Teeing the ball : on commencing play, the striker is permitted to place his ball on a small piece of clay, which enables him to give a more powerful stroke.

narrative with a kind invitation from his friend to visit them on Monday, said,—

“ If you call upon me at twelve o'clock on that day, I will be ready, and introduce you in proper form; we are asked to go early for the purpose of seeing the pictures at the Woodlands.”

While this conversation was going on, Knox quite lost sight of the situation of his ball, and when found, it was lying on a small heap of loose gravel. Under these mishaps there was but one course to pursue, so Knox called Tom to give him a *putter*, to drive the ball out of the *cairn*. Tom was the person who carried the different clubs used in the game of golf, and being an old Greenwich man, was christened Tom Bowling, not after his namesake in Dibdin's song, but from his expertness in cricket; for when a match was played by the one-armed against the one-legged pensioners of the Hospital, Tom, like a true British tar, was always on the side victorious—for

though he was winged, it was the left arm, not the right, like his great Norfolk hero. Knox felt that his absence of mind had created a score in his adversary's favour, and the next stroke, as a redeeming quality, he made the ball spin as if it would have flown over Sir Thomas Wilson's park. To describe winnings and losings of the game were superfluous, as, like obsolete words, few now could understand them, and the few golf-players remaining require no detailed account; suffice it to say, that our artist, by his successful manœuvring, contributed towards winning the match for his party. On their adjourning to dinner on this occasion, Knox required but little pressing, as he felt anxious to be better acquainted with his friend Maconachie, who, in using persuasive arguments, added,—

“It is real Scotch dinner, ‘barley broth, a fish frae the Tay, a singed sheep's head and a haunch o' mutton from the Grampian

hills, where ye ken Douglas' 'father fed his flocks, a frugal swain,' and a couple of capper-calzies."

The very description made several of his countrymen's mouths water. Knox enjoyed the roast and boil with that relish which exercise in the open air creates, but was very sparing of the wine, and when the wee drain was sent round after dinner, according to old Caledonian custom, he begged permission to decline, although it was real Scheelehalagen. As many of the party resided in town, tea and coffee made their appearance early, when Knox and his friend returned across the heath, both well pleased with the day's enjoyment.

CHAPTER X.

NEXT morning Charlie and he attended service in the Hospital Chapel, fearful lest he might appear forward in forming acquaintance with his friends he was to meet on Monday. On looking round the chapel, Knox was struck with the silent array of those grim warriors once turbulent and full of action, like the ocean waves when agitated by a storm, but now sunk into the quietness of a calm ; and when the sermon commenced, no clergyman ever had a more attentive congregation. The chap-

lain chose his text from the second epistle of Timothy, the fourth verse, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of *this* life." He commenced by observing that there was no class of men in the world to whom the words of the text were more applicable than British sailors; their whole mind was given to their profession, both in fighting and sailing, but ashore they were as children unacquainted with the cares and deceits of this life. After drawing a picture of Jack on dry land, and one when afloat on the 'mountain wave,' in the wooden walls of old England, he added,—

"When I look round me, I see many noble demonstrations of your powers in action when under

‘ The flag that for a thousand years
Has braved the battle and the breeze,’

but now you are called to fight under

another banner, where I have no fear but that you will testify a like devotion ; nor are courage and piety incompatible, for through a long life as chaplain in the navy, I have always found that a good man was the best sailor in every sense of the word."

Without entering into the details of the sermon, which, richly illustrated with battles and shipwrecks, was listened to with the most silent attention, he concluded by saying,—

"I now call upon you to fight under another banner, bearing the same device as that flag you fought so nobly under—'The cross of Christ.'"

Knox being in a meditative mood, waited at the foot of the chapel steps, after the service, to observe the brave defenders of our country pass by, with their weather-beaten countenances, and many with the loss of arms and legs, giving ocular demonstration of many a hard-fought battle; yet, even in that maimed state, retaining as

cheerful looks as their more fortunate mess-mates. We must feel inward satisfaction in knowing that without their protection commerce could not exist; and our artist could not help reflecting, that they are the harbingers of Peace—the great nurse of the fine arts.

Amongst them Charlie recognised his friend of the hill, who, taking off his cocked hat, hoped he had been quite well, observing that he had missed him up at his station these four days, and adding, that as they were going to dinner in the hall, perhaps his honour and he would like to see them at the mess.

Knox said he would look in when they were all seated at table.

After the boatswain's pipe, Charlie and he went across, and were much pleased with the whole scene, and wondered his friend Wilkie had never made a picture of it, as it was quite as interesting as some of the Italian works, where a group of drones of

monks are seated at their refectory table. Thus it is that every combination is suggestive to the eye of an artist of containing a pictorial character.

CHAPTER XI.

ON Monday morning Knox unconsciously found himself paying more attention to his toilet; and after remaining a few hours at his easel, prepared for his visit to his friend Maconachie, whom he found ready to depart. On passing through the park they were delighted to behold a fleet of merchantmen up the river, spreading out their white sails under the influence of a favourable breeze. Knox looked at it with the eye of an artist, but his friend, contemplating with pleasure the scene in a true commercial point of view, stated, that an

easterly wind having prevailed for nearly a month, had prevented many a richly-laden vessel beating up the channel.

“Ay,” said Knox, “to be stopped by the wind is one thing, yet but for the protection of our British tars they might have been stopped by the enemy’s cruisers.”

“Ay, there you are right, my good friend; and, considering the immense extent of ocean that lies between us and our numerous possessions abroad, we must always keep up an immense force of fighting ships, however quakers and other peaceable men may argue to the contrary; we are a great commercial country, and our property is always passing from every part of the globe to our own shores,—hence we are, in the strict sense of the word, a maritime nation. You remember what our countryman Campbell says on that head,

‘Britannia needs no bulwarks,—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain wave,—
Her home is on the deep.’

"That is a noble picture," said Knox; "yet though we are a maritime nation, it is a curious fact, pictures of shipping have never been favourites with the public in the same degree as others of a different class of subjects."

"That must depend very much, I imagine, upon accidental circumstances," observed his friend, "for we find William the Third was a great patron of marine subjects; as he put two painters on the pension list for the express purpose of painting sea pieces, the elder and younger Vandevelde, whose works I understand still bring high prices; and at the beginning of the present war, Louthembourg was very much engaged in marine pictures, especially battle pieces, two of which we now have in Greenwich Hospital,—viz., 'The Glorious first of June,' and 'The Battle of Camperdown.'"

"Certainly," said Knox, "nor are we without pictures of a very high class by the most celebrated painter of our own

time, W. M. Turner; but still the taste of the public is in favour of landscape, and subjects of familiar life."

The conversation upon this topic was interrupted only by their arrival at the house of Mr. Maconachie's friend, who, with his daughter, they found standing upon the portico steps, enjoying the sight of the homeward-bound vessels passing up the Thames.

"There's a sight for a British merchant, Mac!"

"It is so; and Mr. Knox and myself have been enjoying it, he as an artist, and I as a mercantile man; but permit me to introduce him to you in proper form. Mr. Knox, my old and esteemed friend Mr. Woodville; Mr. Woodville, my talented young friend and countryman Mr. Knox, the artist."

"The talents of your young friend are not unknown to my daughter and myself; and we are further gratified at seeing him

at Woodville Lodge, where he will always be kindly received whenever he honours us with his company."

Knox received the invitation with a modest bow, expressing himself highly gratified by so flattering a reception.

"And I am delighted," said Mr. Woodville, "that I shall have the opportunity of introducing you to our great portrait painter who is now at Mr. Angerstein's; so if we make haste to the Woodlands, we shall catch him before he leaves. He is engaged arranging a situation for his portrait of Mrs. Angerstein and Child, with which we are so pleased that I have engaged him to paint Matilda and myself."

"I shall be delighted to have the honour of being introduced to so eminent an artist," replied Knox.

On their arriving at Mr. Angerstein's, they were fortunate in finding our great artist about to leave, who condescendingly consented to return with the party to Wood-

ville Lodge. Lawrence said that his friend Wilkie had spoken highly to him of Knox's talent, and trusted that he would frequently call at Greek-street, as he was forming a collection of drawings by the old masters which would interest him much ; particularly those of the Dutch and Flemish schools, many of which had been collected for him by the Messrs. Woodburn's, when in Holland.

Knox replied nothing would afford him a greater treat, especially the Paul Potters and the Rembrandts, of which his friend Wilkie spoke so highly.

Mr. Woodville said he would take him in the carriage, when he went to Greek-street, to give Mr. Lawrence the several sittings for his portrait.

As Lawrence could not stay to dinner, the party proceeded to partake of luncheon ; and after his departure, Miss Woodville brought out her folios and sketch-book, to get Knox's criticisms and remarks.

In placing her early drawings before him, she wished him to pass over them as merely copies, made under the guidance of her drawing-master, and quite unworthy of his attention. But Knox said,—

“I shall be better able to judge of the progress you have made, though my early works being in oil colour has perhaps not given me so sufficient a knowledge of water-colour drawing as of oil painting. But I perceive you have had the best works placed before you. I can recognise the originals as being the productions of Paul Sandby and Barrett, two of the earlier masters of the English school of water-colour painting, which has now risen to so much eminence in that department. The artists of the present day make a nearer approach to the depth and richness of oil colour, and possess more of the leafy touch and handling, having often recourse to opaque body colour for that purpose.”

“I have tried opaque colour myself,”

observed Miss Woodville ; “ but I have never succeeded in giving that freedom of touch which we see in oil paintings.”

“ That is often the case with our greatest painters, who have begun as water-colour draughtsmen ; even our great landscape painter Turner’s works retain a greater character of the effects being produced by a series of broad washes than the pictures of the Dutch and Flemish masters. Reynolds remarks that the drawings of the great masters are generally comparatively slight, even their sketches were made in oil colour.”

“ I have often wished Matty to practise painting in oil,” said her father ; “ Dr. West of Croomer’s-hill tells me there are some ladies at the Earl of Dartmouth’s, the other side of the heath, who paint beautifully ; and as to its being injurious to health, he says it’s all nonsense.”

“ I should like it of all things,” said his daughter.

“ I believe it is quite a mistake,” observed

Knox. "Yet it has gained so much credit that several of the colourmen in London grind their paints mixed with perfumes for the ladies' palettes."

"One reason, perhaps," said Mr. Macnachie, "is, that there is more trouble in cleaning the palette and washing the brushes."

"Any servant can be taught that, and few amateur artists either wipe the palette or wash the brushes," said Knox.

After a few more remarks on the subject it was arranged to send Charlie next day to Brown's, to order everything requisite for commencing a course of painting in oil. On reverting to an examination of the sketches from nature, Knox was very much pleased with one of the old palace of Queen Elizabeth, by the side of the river, quite a portrait of the rich gothic architecture of the period.

"But now," he observed, "it is the residence of a coal-merchant on the wharf.

One regrets that it should not have been preserved as a remembrance of the period, especially as it would have formed a contrast to the glorious building by Wren."

"Ay," said Mr. Woodville, "that is a building worthy to contain and to shelter the shattered remains of our old warriors who have spent their young days in the wooden walls of old England. It is a noble piece of architecture, worthy of the artist who designed it, and the purpose to which it is adapted."

"Artists ought to respect it," said Macnachie, "for all the blacklead pencils in England are manufactured from the ore on their estates in Cumberland."

"Ah! that was a sad forfeiture; the poor Earl of Derwentwater paid dearly by the loss of life and land for his attachment to the unfortunate house of the Stuart family," observed Knox.

"I was very much amused the other day, when making a drawing of the colonnade,"

observed Miss Woodville, "on seeing one of the pensioners sweeping the lawn, clad in a dress of yellow and red, and asked why he wore such a dress; he replied that he belonged to the band. One gentleman has since told me it is the dress of the hospital turned inside out as a disgrace; another said it was the livery of the Derwentwater family."

"If that is so," said Knox, "it is a pitiful piece of spite in their more fortunate confiscators."

"I do not believe it," said Mr. Woodville; "but one cannot help contrasting the noble retreat provided for our sailors, with the poor workhouse-looking building of Chelsea hospital the veterans of our army retire to."

"That building," said Knox, "is not less mean than the situation; for the common sewer runs along the whole length of their garden. As architecture forms the most practical branch of the fine arts, I have no doubt we shall have improvement take

place in our public buildings similar to that we see in the sister branches of painting and sculpture."

"I hope," said Mr. Woodville, "when that takes place our public buildings will be embellished with paintings and sculpture, as is the case in a great degree on the continent; indeed in the hall of Greenwich hospital is commenced the introduction of statues of our celebrated admirals, and pictures representing sea-fights; and many portraits have been presented by the descendants of those naval heroes."

"I have not been in the Hall," said Knox, "but see from Miss Woodville's drawing of it that it is well adapted for pictorial embellishment, and certainly more appropriate for the statues of naval heroes than Westminster Abbey. I often smile when I look at the statue of Sir Cloudesley Shovel lying there in a Roman dress, with a flowing wig of Queen Anne's time. Only imagine the hero of Trafalgar standing in

Greenwich Hall, dressed in 'the garb of old Gaul,' with his pig-tail attached to his head."

"It certainly would look ridiculous," observed Miss Woodville; "and when they place statues of Admirals Duncan and Nelson in the Hall, which the commissioners talk of doing, I hope they will be in a more modern dress than Sir Cloudesley Shovel's, though Sir Joshua Reynolds ridicules the idea of a statue being draped in modern costume."

"As to that," said Knox, "it must depend upon the sculptor's skill; by the help of a boat-cloak, the scantiness of the modern dress may be very much enriched. Reynolds, like many others at the time, was too much influenced by the dread of innovation; and when West received a commission from Lord Grosvenor to paint a picture of the death of General Wolfe at Quebec, he said the figures ought to be dressed in the Roman costume. West replied, that the soldiers might with

equally propriety have bows and arrows in their hands instead of muskets. West persevered, and painted the picture in his own way—one of the best in the English school, now rendered familiar to every one by the excellent engraving after it by Woollet. We who live now can see the absurdity of these things. During the revolutionary troubles, the arts became neglected, and when, after the Restoration, they in some measure revived, it was not till the time of West, Reynolds, and Roubiliac, that the several branches assumed a character founded upon scientific propriety. But, I am afraid, in place of confining my remarks to your drawings and sketches, Miss Woodville, I am running off into a general lecture upon taste.”

“Not at all,” said Miss Woodville; “I am pleased that any drawings of mine should have elicited your remarks; and I am sure papa and his friend have listened to your observations with equal pleasure.”

Knox proceeded to go through the several sketches, making a sort of running criticism on their faults and beauties; after which the three gentlemen strolled into the grounds, while Miss Woodville remained to attend to household affairs. The house, though modern, was situated in the midst of a well-wooded park, overlooking the Thames. The old gentleman, to encourage his daughter to be out of doors as much as possible in fine weather, had given her a *carte blanche* to remove those trees and branches that obstructed a view of the river from particular points, and Miss Woodville in consequence had opened up many beautiful outlets to the distant scenery; and carrying the walks through masses of shady foliage into open daylight, had produced a variety of combinations worthy of the landscape painter. Nor had rural seats and thick clumps of holly and hawthorn been omitted, reminding one of Shenstone's treatment of his

grounds of the Leasowes, but being more picturesque and rugged. One or two points Knox expressed himself particularly pleased with, but Mr. Woodville said, even these, he thought, would be improved by depriving some of the old oaks of their stag's horns.

"Not at all; they are exactly what Ruysdael would have painted or Shakespeare noticed. In describing a scene in 'As you Like it,' he says,—

'Under an oak whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity.' "

"Matilda used similar arguments to me, and therefore that group remains; a friend of ours, from Deptford, who came to purchase the felled timber, was highly amused with her describing them as fine trees."

"Aha," said Mr. Maconachie, "an artist and a ship-builder look with very different eyes at trees."

the gate behind him. Being a fine morning he preferred riding in the basket, and, after an hour's drive, was set down at the corner of George-street. Having his first oil painting under his arm, his mind was occupied the whole journey on the agreeable surprise he would produce at home. His well-known knock brought young and old into the passage, scarcely allowing the servant to get to the door. The return of Moses from the fair, so beautifully described by Goldsmith, could not have produced a more joyous sensation. His father and mother inquired after Knox's health at the same moment, and all the children with one voice added their solicitations after Hector. Charlie, in the first place, kissed them all, right and left, until he reached the parlour, when he deposited his picture on the piano, delivered Knox's letters to his parents, and the bag of sweetmeats to his eldest sister for division. While his mother was getting out the cake and wine,

the father read Knox's letter with great gratification at our artist's improved health mentioned in it.

"But what picture, Charlie, is this you have brought?"

I have often smiled at the description Wilkie gave of the sensation his first work, sent from the Edinburgh Academy, made in Fifeshire, especially when his father, the minister, called in some of the neighbours to exhibit his son's improvement to them. One mistook a highly foreshortened foot for a strange fish, while others declared they were "nae judges o' the powers of the keelyvine." Knox's painting had, however, gradually initiated his Pimlico friends into the mysteries of the art; nevertheless they were all taken by a burst of surprise on Charlie quietly undoing the wrapper, and pronouncing it a picture from his own palette. His mother, in the fulness of her joy, took him in her arms and kissed him, while the tears glistened in her eyes.

The father pronounced it wonderful, and only showed what perspective and the power of colour can produce. Charlie said it was not yet finished, but he could not resist the pleasure of bringing it with him ; adding, that though Knox had not put a brush upon it, it was entirely owing to his instruction and example.

“Example and perseverance will be a match for genius,” said his father;” it is a difficult profession, but Charlie, if you give your whole mind to it, you cannot fail of gaining a name as an artist, though not perhaps like a ‘Turner or a Wilkie.”

As Charlie had to go to Brown’s, the colourman, he proposed starting, that he might be able to return in time to dinner, arranging to leave Pimlico by the first Blackheath stage in the morning. On his way to Holborn he called at Wardour-street, to get a couple of panels sent down to Knox, who had been advised by Wilkie to paint his small pictures on Davey’s semi-

absorbent grounds, as better adapted for high-finished works than canvass. The evening was spent with that delight which is as easily imagined as described, Charlie relating the long yarns of the Greenwich pensioners of "dangers imminent by flood and field," of battles fought and victories won where there were twenty Frenchmen to one Englishman; or tales of sea serpents and phantom ships; or snoring old Neptune in his oozy-bed, lulled to sleep by the sweet music of a thousand mermaids from out their coral caves. But one which filled their greedy ears the most, was that of a Scotchman on the midnight watch, who saw the witch mentioned in Macbeth go past the stern sailing in a sieve on her voyage to Aleppo; so that the dry discussion on the fine arts gave place, for one night, to the tales of "those who go down into the deep waters, and see strange things."

Next morning Charlie carefully tied up his picture, and bringing away a favourite

bat, hastened through the Birdcage Walk to be in time for the return Blackheath stage. On reaching the "Green Man" at the top of the hill, he found Knox and Hector waiting to welcome him, and eager to inquire into all the Pimlico news. Knox was delighted to hear all the eulogiums that were passed upon his pupil's progress; and Hector made one or two large gyrations, or, as Burns says, "scoured awa' in lang excursion," returning to the point of attraction at each revolution. Knox had just completed a picture of cattle crossing a small wooden bridge, and was enjoying the breezes of the summer morn. The following day he received his two panels, also notice of the delivery of all the painting materials at Woodville Lodge, on which he and Charlie proceeded thither to unpack and prepare the canvass, &c. for commencing a picture. Mr. Woodville received a note from Mr. Lawrence, appointing next day, at twelve o'clock, to take the

first sitting, and inviting Knox at the same time to view his collection of drawings. Mr. Woodville invited Knox to breakfast, as it would be necessary to leave Greenwich at half-past ten, as Lawrence at this time, like Reynolds, frequently took eight sitters in one day, giving an hour to each of them; it was necessary for them to be punctual as to time, otherwise they would of necessity lose their succession; accordingly Mr. Woodville's carriage arrived at a quarter before twelve, when he and Knox were ushered into a room where the several cases containing the drawings were laid out.

Presently Lawrence entered, with that affability of manner which a natural bias and a long intercourse with people of high breeding had engendered; shaking Knox by the hand, he arranged the cases in chronological order before him, commencing with the Italian, German, Fle-

mish, and Dutch schools, in succession.* Our artist however, as metal most attractive, began at the last; and though the collection was but small, compared with what it afterwards amounted to, yet, on

* These drawings were collected during a series of years, and many of them at very high prices. At Sir Thomas Lawrence's death they were offered to the nation for twenty thousand pounds, the price mentioned in his will, he having expressed a wish that the collection should be preserved entire. On the Government declining to purchase, they were broken up and divided. The present King of Holland, then Prince of Orange, selecting the Raffaeles and Michael Angelos alone at the price of twenty thousand pounds; Sir Robert Peel making a selection of the Flemish school to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds; and the Earl of Ellesmere giving a like sum for a selection of the German school. A portion of the Italian school was purchased by subscription for the Taylor Museum at Oxford, for ten thousand pounds, Lord Eldon giving five thousand pounds towards it. Some idea may be formed of their value from the French Government purchasing a single drawing, by Raffaele, "The dead Christ and Attendants," for five hundred guineas.

the return of the painter and his sitter he had still the drawings of the Dutch masters before him, and was then contemplating a drawing by Rembrandt of a candle-light piece, perhaps the very drawing engraved by Mc. Ardell, the finished picture of which is in the possession of Richard Payne Knight.

"Aha," said Lawrence, on entering, "I thought you would stop at the Rembrandts; as few can pass over that work without halting, especially if he is a Rembrandt worshipper."

"I have been stopped at this shrine," replied Knox, "and it might be called the Dutch Holy Family; at least it creates an association of ideas; if an accidental composition, it may have been roughly modelled in clay, as the shadows from the several objects seem so true to nature."

"You may be perfectly right in your conjecture, and we find all the candle-light pieces of Rembrandt convey the

same idea," said Lawrence ; "indeed, I am not sure that all his pictures were not influenced by the effect candle-light produces on objects, both as regards breadth of shadow and brilliancy of light. You remember what Reynolds says upon such a mode of treatment ; he tells us, that Gainsborough used to place his models in a dark room lighted up with a candle, viewing them when painting through a small aperture ; the consequence was, that he gained thereby a greater richness of colour, and a larger expanse of shade. Nothing ennobles a work, or takes it out of the common every-day look, so much as shadow ; it swallows up a thousand trifling objects, and wraps the whole in a portion of that which contributes towards sublimity, independent of which, it amuses the imagination by giving it something to search for."

"True," observed Knox ; "my friend Wilkie makes use of similar remarks,

and talks of objects taking agreeable shapes, and the beautiful forms that a discoloured wall often suggests; but the public cannot appreciate that mode of reasoning, and they smile when an artist talks of good and bad shapes, or of large masses of obscurity. It seems to require a cultivated taste and a comprehensive feeling to extract gratification out of masses of obscurity or perceive the distinction betwixt good and bad shapes."

"Certainly," said Lawrence, "we do not paint to please the million; the opinions of those who are ignorant of the Greek language, in approbation of a translation from Sophocles, Fuseli would pronounce valueless; but still with all our theories and imaginative qualities we must never lose sight of nature, but treat her, as I endeavour to do with my portraits—select the most agreeable point of view, pronounce those features that are attractive, and render the others less offensive by cast-

ing them into shadow ; thus following the advice of your poet Blair,—

‘ That which would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shade.’ ”

Here Mr. Woodville observed that his young friend must feel highly indebted, not only for permission to view the drawings, but also for the valuable advice and instruction he had received.

“ Not at all,” said Lawrence, “ the conversation is, I assure you, equally instructive ; and at any time I hope Mr. Knox will favour me with a call when in town, not only to view the drawings, but to have a refreshing discourse upon art.”

On the servant entering to announce the arrival of a fresh sitter, Knox rose, expressing himself extremely gratified with Mr. Lawrence’s kindness.

On reaching home, they found Charlie had unpacked and arranged everything for the commencement of a picture ; and had

described the various colours, brushes, &c., with as great correctness and precision as Knox himself could have done. Miss Woodville was anxious to begin the first lesson; but her father proposed a walk before dinner, as her health was of greater consequence, promising however to permit her taking up the palette next day.

"In the first place, let us have luncheon," he continued, "for the long ride has given me an appetite."

While lunch was going forward, his daughter asked him concerning his first sitting.

"Why, as to that," he said, "from what I can judge it promises well; but I find Mr. Lawrence confines the first sitting entirely to a drawing of the head in black chalk, with a few touches of white."

"That is now often his practice," said Knox; "nor does he paint on the same canvass on which the drawing is made, but transfers the outline to a fresh cloth, keeping the original

whole is completed ; by this means he can better avail himself of assistance in dead colouring the head, having the original untouched to refer to. Being a beautiful draughtsman, he gives a refined elegance to his portraits in the first instance, which those painters who are less dexterous have to work out by repeated sittings; Reynolds depended entirely upon the brush, making only a very slight sketch with white chalk to commence from."

"Perhaps that is one reason that Sir Joshua recommends the brush in preference to the port-crayon," said Miss Woodville; "but having begun all my drawings with an outline at first, I am afraid I must trust to my blacklead pencil in oil painting also."

Not at all," said Knox; "practice will give you confidence; but these matters will best explain themselves as you proceed."

"Well, I shall go and get my shawl and tippet, as pa has had enough of painting for one day already."

“I have, my dear Matty, but Mr. Lawrence kept me amused the whole time, by relating little anecdotes, or snatches of poetry. Let us stretch across the heath and see what Mac is doing with himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON arriving at Mr. Maconachie's, Mr. Woodville asked the servant if his master was at home.

"Troth is he, sir ; he is always at home to you."

"Well, but Saunders, is he engaged ? what is he doing ?"

"He is just doing what a gentleman sood do ; he is sitting in the muckle chair in the garden, glowering frae him."

And on getting through the house they found the retired merchant as Saunders had described. He was sitting in his arm-

chair, smoking a cheroot, and looking up at the sky, a tumbler of sangaree and the "Bombay Times" by his side.

"I am afraid we are disturbing your meditations, Mac!" said his friend.

"Not at all, my dear sir; you are rather come to my assistance. I am just contriving to kill Time."

"Ah, my dear fellow, that is a difficult affair to attempt. Sleep is the only great abridger of his rule."

"Hogarth, in one of his prints, has made an attempt," said Knox, "in his engraving of 'The End of all Things,' where the world and all that it contains is going to wreck and ruin; he has represented old Time falling back with his scythe, and whiffing out his last pipe with his last puff."

"That is an error," said Miss Woodville. "Time is immortal, though he swallows up everything else in his insatiable maw. It is a beautiful compliment

Dr. Johnson pays our great bard when he says, 'And panting Time toiled after him in vain.' "

"Well, well, Mac—you return back with us to dinner, and if we can't annihilate him, we will arrest his flight; as the poet says—

'In rosy wine to dip his wings,
And seize him as he flies.' "

"With my all heart, Woodville, and we'll send Saunders forward with a bottle of the genuine Chutney I have just received."

Whether it was the Chutney pickle, the seasoned curries, or the anxiety to give old Time's wings a good wetting, or all three combined, the claret began to conduce in a high degree towards the hilarity of the evening. Stories of Indian warfare were the great provocatives of conversation; amongst others, the siege of Seringapatam and the death of Tippoo Saib, with the annexation of the Mysore country. Maconachie claimed

the honour of the siege for his countryman Sir David Baird; while Mr. Woodville gave the laurels to Sir Arthur Wellesley; at all events, General Wellesley, though not belonging to the storming party, concluded the campaign, when Tippoo's two sons were consigned as hostages to the Governor-general Cornwallis.

Knox said he remembered the Panorama of the storming of Seringapatam at Edinburgh, painted by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and where General Baird was introduced; also the 42nd Highlanders belonging to his division.*

"Certainly," said Maconachie; "and I believe the command was given to him out of compliment to his having suffered confinement when a prisoner, taken by Hyder Ali. The prisoners were marched, chained two together, a long distance through a

* One of Wilkie's last works was a picture of this subject, "The finding the body of Tippoo Saib," painted for Lady Baird—quite a Rembrandt effect.

broiling sun; and I remember when his mother heard of it she said, 'Lord help the lad that's chained to our Davey!' for Baird being a strong man, six feet two, he must have lifted his fellow-prisoner off his feet."

"Well, well, Mac, that is very circumstantial; but General Wellesley had powerful interest at that time in India, and was pushed forward on every occasion; witness the glorious battle of Assaye, when he took the whole responsibility upon himself."

"Well, my dear friend, I will not contradict you—*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. I will give him all the laurels he has won both in India and the Peninsula; we will drink, if you please, health and long life to Arthur Duke of Wellington."

"Ay, that I will, and Knox will also join us, though now obliged to be very abstemious; and Matty will strike up 'See the conquering hero comes.'"

"Why, pa, the trumpets, not the piano, are more adapted for martial music; but

you will have it to the utmost of my strength, both by elevating the top and striking the keys in the loudest manner."

"Capital, capital! Miss Woodville," cried Maconachie; "I have not heard it since I was in Edinburgh, when, during the competition of pipers, I heard it struck up on Lord Moira's entering the Assembly-hall in George's-street; only fancy twenty bagpipes and a big drum."

"Ah, Mac! the bagpipe is very well for a field of battle amidst the cannon's roar; but for my own taste I should prefer to hear it on the lee side of a mountain, a mile distant."

By this time it was wearing late, and, turning out a wet night, Saunders had sent the fly for his master.

During Mr. Woodville's visits to Greek-street, Knox always accompanied him for the purpose of looking at Lawrence's collection of drawings. On one of these occasions his friend Wilkie, who had begun a trial of

etching, called for the purpose of going to the British Museum to see the Rembrandt etchings in the print-room—certainly the finest in Europe, though seldom visited even by artists.

On the morning Wilkie called, Lawrence asked him into the painting-room to see his friend's portrait, now completed.

"Well, it is capital," said Wilkie, "and only wants a little touch to make it equal to Reynolds, or Vandyke either."

"Ah, my dear Wilkie! we will never, I am afraid, agree upon that little, though I am sure you are in the right. I tried glazing upon a *con-amore* portrait of Hart Davis of Bristol; there it stands, and though the artists like it, I can't satisfy myself; as a work, to stand the richness of glazing, must be prepared for it in the dead colouring. My style is already, I'm afraid, too strongly fixed for me to change, even if my overwhelming engagements would allow me an opportunity. I never can throw away the

advantage pure white gives to a work of art; and friend Turner is now come to the same conclusion."

"Well, you are both the highest authorities," said Wilkie, "and Seguier maintains that the old masters didn't glaze; but I am afraid I must die in the faith I have adopted; and, like a true disciple, am anxious to convert every one to the creed I profess."*

* The truth of this doctrine was afterwards put to the test, by the directors of the British Institution having one year an exhibition of Sir Joshua Reynolds' works in their gallery, and afterwards an exhibition of the portraits of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The Reynolds exhibition was richness itself, and glowing with deep-toned brightness, so much so, that the best portrait by Titian or Rembrandt might have been interspersed on the walls without gaining the least ascendancy; the gallery during the Lawrence exhibition, on the contrary, looked cold, and many of the pictures chalky; even the surface, though pure white in the draperies, had become of a slate-colour, from the absence of a rich vehicle to preserve the white lead from

“ Well, my dear Wilkie,” said Lawrence, “ you have Jackson and Etty to act as coadjutors, as you call it in Scotland. Isn’t that the phrase, Knox ? ”

“ We call them helpers, Sir Thomas.”

“ Well, gentlemen, I hope no experiments will be tried on my portrait, as my daughter

the action of the hydrogen in the atmosphere. We perceive the same change has taken place in the portraits by Vandyke, painted in this country, compared with those painted in Italy and Flanders ; it is ascribed by the critics to his multiplicity of engagements in England, especially in the later time, when many of his works passed through the hands of his assistants without his afterwards going over them. At all events, the flesh tints, especially of his female portraits, have either faded, or if even glazed, the rich glazings are removed, for they now exhibit a slate-like colour, both in the lights and half-tints. The picture of Gevartius in the National Gallery shows his talent, and several portraits of Charles the First, and others of his court, show us that his power of colouring remained with him to the last, and neither Dobson nor Leley can approach him.

pronounces it perfection, and I am delighted with it ; “and,” added, Wilkie “ we have a proverb that says, ‘It’s gude gear that pleases the merchant.’ ”

That last observation settled the question as to glazing *this* portrait. After arranging the time for his daughter giving the first sitting, Mr. Woodville drove our two young artists to the British Museum, with instructions to meet him at Brooks’s, in St. James’s-street.

On getting into the print-room, the first folio Knox asked to see was the Dutch School, for the purpose of examining the etchings by Paul Potter. After a little search, Mr. Alexander, the then keeper, found them, mixed up in a folio marked the Flemish and Venetian School. At that time many interleaved old portfolios existed, where duplicates or worn-out impressions of the plates were huddled together without the smallest classification. Since then, the knowledge and industry of the various suc-

cessive keepers, viz., Smith, Jose, Otley, and now my friend Mr. Carpenter, have so classified the several schools, that the various masters can be referred to in a moment; add to which, the magnificent collection of the Dutch etchings, procured with great trouble and expense by Mr. Sheepshanks, and now forming part of the prints in the Museum, have served as a guide to classification and arrangement.

Knox having frequently seen the collections of John M'Gowan, John Clerk, and Mr. Walker of Edinburgh, was able to point out many particulars to Wilkie, who had never seen either of these collections, and, since his residence in London, had been too much engrossed by his painting to take the palette scarcely ever off his thumb.

The first etchings of Paul Potter that Knox drew Wilkie's attention to were the set of six, called the Bull Book, from a young bull standing on the frontispiece. They are etched with great precision, and

beautifully drawn, and belonging to that breed most characteristic of the animal: devoid of any strong peculiarity, such as we see in those of Berghem or Cuyp of the Dutch School, or Morland or Ibbetson of the English School. Wilkie was highly pleased with the correctness and with the firmness with which they were etched, and observed that they must have been carefully taken from Nature, of the same size, and traced through the paper on to the copper-plate. Knox said it was very probable, as the etchings after him by Mare de Bie were very similar; the cattle of Adrian Vandewelde, though often more elegant and full of variety in their attitudes, have less of the severe stamp of Nature; and those of Wouvermans are still more faulty, perhaps arising from his constantly painting horses, of which he was so excellent a delineator. The cut plate retaining only the two cows, and the beautifully-etched burdock leaves, Wilkie considered more complete in itself

than in the original state, with the boy driving down the cows in the background ; that part of the composition he considered very inferior, neither did these cows seem so well drawn. Knox observed that the plate uncut was very scarce and valuable ; but wished particularly to draw his attention to the plate of the group of sheep with the piping shepherd in the distance. Wilkie expressed himself quite charmed with the firmness and precision with which the anatomy of the legs and other portions were rendered, and which Potter was so much better able to express, by choosing the time when their fleeces were shorn. “ We are fonder,” he added, “ of painting the fleeces of sheep, or the coats of dogs, than the action of the bones and muscles of the animals, such as Potter and Snyders have expressed.” Knox turned over to some of the dogs etched by Fyt, as showing the same character ; and wished, before going to the Rembrandts, to point out the beautiful etchings of Adrian

Vandevelde, particularly in the hair of the cattle.

“From what I have seen already,” said Wilkie, “I long to have the etching-needle in my hand. But let us now turn to the great master of etching and dry point.”*

• Before entering upon the peculiarity of the etchings by Rembrandt, it may be necessary, for the better comprehending this peculiarity, to notice etching in general. Previous to the invention of etching, drawings and designs were copied by means of the lines being cut in the copper, with a steel instrument termed a graver, such as the engravings of the present day are executed with. Marc Antonio, a pupil of Raffaele, was the first who brought this art to any degree of perfection: his prints after the drawings of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, for purity of drawing and energy of expression, remain still unrivalled. At the same period in Germany, Albrecht Durer flourished, who not only engraved upon copper, but also upon wood under his master Hans Burghmùen, the engraver of the triumphs of Maximilian. Previous to the invention of moveable types, each page was cut in a wood block, which very naturally led to the engraving of designs by the same process, and is still continued to

On turning over to the Rembrandts, Wilkie said—

“Just set up that impression of the Taking down from the Cross; I understand it is one of the first of his prints, if we are to judge from the date at the bottom; yet how very fine and complete! We cannot expect much dignity; but there is a force and truth of Nature about it that overpowers all petty criticism. Joseph of Ari-

the present time. These wood-cuts being printed along with the letter-press, the various lines, whether broad or fine as regards thickness, are of equal colour, from the whole being the result of what is termed surface printing. Many modes have been adopted, such as lowering that part of the block where delicacy is required, or applying greater pressure, by means of padding, to bring out the dark places, but all with very imperfect success. Etching, on the contrary, being bit into the copper by means of aquafortis, in the process of which the finer strokes are stopped up and preserved from its action earlier, and consequently retain less ink from their shallowness,—the process of printing being the reverse of type printing, where the

mathea perhaps is too much like a portrait for his position in an historical picture, and the attitude like a master giving directions to his men at work. But how marvellous is the etching and expression of some of the heads, and how fine the figure in the background, perhaps St. Peter, looking up and wringing his hands ! The composition is certainly less rich than the same subject by Rubens, from the absence of the sheet with which the dead body is in contact, and, perhaps, less severe and grand than the

ink is left on the surface of the lines. Bearing these things in mind, we shall be better able to appreciate the effects of the process adopted, and no doubt invented by Rembrandt ; the dark and strong lines are bit in with the aquafortis, but the fine strokes are made afterwards by the etching-needle, without the acid being applied ; hence the name of such process being termed dry point. With these few observations for the general reader, I must refer those who would wish a more intimate knowledge on the subject to a treatise written a short time since on Rembrandt and his works, with examples, and published by D. Bogue, of Fleet-street.

design of Raffaele, from its formal simplicity."

"The figure upon the ladder," observed Knox, "casts a meanness upon it from the detail in his clothes; and the places on the cross where the hands have been nailed offend, from the strong imitation of the wood and the clotted blood attached to it."

"Well," said Wilkie, "we see many of the early masters give us the same strong resemblances in their detail, but less objectionable from their being in the Italian, in place of the Dutch taste. I understand there is a picture of the same subject in Munich, formerly the Dusseldorf Gallery, which is curious, as there is no instance of Rembrandt etching any of his oil paintings; the fertility of his genius disdained to copy even from himself. Now, just turn to the Hundred Guilder print, it is higher finished with the dry point,* and full of the burr which I

* The etching of Christ Healing the Sick is so called from its selling for a hundred guilders, a large sum for

mean to introduce into my etchings. Ah! that is a magnificent impression, and as soft and juicy in the shadows as one of his pictures. How wonderfully finished the figures are as they emerge from the depths of obscurity! and how luminous the mass of light is preserved by the figures being kept almost in little more than outline!"

"Some people fancy," said Knox, "that it is left unfinished; but that must be a mis-

a single print at that time, and it still retaining the name, shows that it was so considered. Fine impressions of this etching bring high prices, both in England and on the continent; that at the sale of Mr. Esdale's prints reached the sum of three hundred guineas, the largest price known to have been given for any print. Some of Marc Antonio's have reached two hundred, and the print of the Last Supper by Raphael Morgan has gone as high as one hundred and fifty; but these are the only three artists whose works have reached one hundred. Mr. Woodburn gave for an engraving by Finiguerra three hundred, but that was solely on account of its rarity; but the hundred guilder print is valuable from its intrinsic merit as much as its rarity.

take, as a single touch of half-tint in the mass of light seems as if it would totally destroy the great breadth of chiaro-scuro in the composition."

"They argue without reflection, my dear friend," said Wilkie, "who fancy it was left unfinished by the great master of light and shade. Light swallows up minute detail as well as dark does. Rembrandt has given a brilliancy to the light side, and assisted the balance with its opposite in shadow, by that dark mass of burr round the hands of the figure with his hands behind him; that bit of dark adds a hundred guineas to the value of the impression."

"It does," said Knox; "it stamps it with the title of 'extra rare with the burr. Johnny M'Gowan had a proof of the Ephraim Bonus with a clot of dark on the ring upon his hand, leaning upon the banister of the stairs, which he valued on that account at fifty guineas extra—he called it the Black Diamond. Independent of the pleasure of collecting his etchings, Mr.

Seguier says it is a safer and more profitable investment of money than laying it out at compound interest."

"Well, said Wilkie, "when we see the great advance that every year has added to their value, he cannot be far wrong; but it must be first-rate impressions that are purchased: from the increase of taste and the increase of collectors, it is difficult to form an idea what they will realise fifty years hence; for, like Shakespeare, 'he was not for an age, but for all time.'"

"The problems his prints solve in *chiaroscuro*," said Knox, "are as certain as those of Euclid in geometry; and there is no variety of arrangement that he has not elucidated."

"He was certainly a wonderful genius," observed Wilkie, "and of his circumstances or his death nothing is known, as is the case with several other great men; but we must now tear ourselves away from his enchantment, as our friend will be expecting

us at Brooks's. I will set about etching while the fit is upon me." *

On their reaching Brooks's, they found their friend ready for returning to Blackheath, and as Mr. Wilkie had consented to stop with him till next morning, Mr. Woodville had sent a message to Phillimore-place, apprizing Mr. Wilkie's family of the circumstance, and inviting Mr. Maconachie to meet his talented countryman at dinner. On their arrival at Blackheath, Mr. Wilkie was highly complimentary to the young lady, and expressed himself much pleased that she had entered upon the study of oil painting, as being much more comprehensive than water-colour ; and likewise at the mode his friend had adopted in conveying instruction while advancing his picture in her presence, and to be copied by his pupil

* Wilkie followed up his intention, and at intervals amused himself with the dry point in the true Rembrandt manner, leaving at his death ten or a dozen small plates, now becoming scarce.

to the same forwardness during his absence, which Wilkie denominated teaching by example, and arriving at completeness of finish by seeing the progress step by step ; for richness of colour and effect being produced by repeated paintings, it is impossible to arrive at the same result unless the process is seen and explained. Mr. Maconachie being announced, drew off Mr. Wilkie's attention to the gratification his countryman expressed on being introduced to so eminent an artist, as it was the celebrity given to their country by its men of talent that gave Scotchmen a proud position in every quarter of the globe.

“ And deservedly, Mac,” said Mr. Woodville, “ for they all strive to retain unsullied the *prestige* they have received ; but as dinner is ready, Mr. Wilkie will do my daughter the honour of leading her down stairs, while we will follow as train-bearers. Nothing sooner makes all people so much at home as a good dinner, and before the cloth

was removed, Mr. Maconachie was talking and joking with the great painter of the North, as if he had been educated at the same school with him. Champagne is a great loosener of the bonds of ceremony, and conveys a masonic brotherhood.

Wilkie, both on account of his health and abstemious habits, drank sparingly at all times, but even that little seemed sufficient to awaken a social love of glee and merriment. Knox was always guarded in his conviviality, but more so on this occasion from his being in the presence of his great master, whose conversation and remarks produced the greatest hilarity in his spirits.

Wilkie was mightily pleased and astonished at Mr. Maconachie reciting part of the poem of the "Epigoniad," written by Wilkie's uncle when in the University of St. Andrew, where Maconachie afterwards studied.

"Well, only think!" Wilkie said, "that you should have read the 'Epigoniad,' and

told several stories of the author, who, though a learned Greek scholar, was a very absent man, and exceedingly simple-minded in all worldly matters."

Miss Woodville laughed most heartily at Wilkie's earnest and expressive manner in relating an anecdote, investing it with all the richness and drollery of one of his pictures—as Sir Walter Scott said, 'putting a laced coat and a cocked hat upon it.'

Mr. Woodville and Knox were excellent listeners, while the two Scotchmen were rivalling each other, if not with wit, at least with hearty good humour. Wilkie repeated several parts of Allan Ramsay's poem of the "Gentle Shepherd," from which he had painted pictures when in Scotland; and Maconachie repeated passages from "Christ's Kirk on the Green," written by Allan Ramsay, after the Royal Scottish poet King Jamie, especially that verse beginning :—

“ On whumel’d tubs lay twa lang deals,
 On whilk stood mony a bowen,
 Some filled wi’ brochen, some wi’ kail,
 And milk het frae the loan.
 O’ dainties they had routh and wale,
 O’ whilk they were right fon’,
 But naething would gae down but ale,
 Wi’ drunken Donald Don
 The Smith that day.”

Miss Woodville said, it reminded her of Chaucer; but her father remarked, that it would puzzle Faust himself to make it out, though he was supposed to be in league with the devil.

Wilkie said, it was like one of the merry-makings by Teniers, and might be translated into painting, but not into modern English, without losing the character of the subject and force of the language.

Knox observed that, “ things familiar as household words,” lost a great deal of their richness from the want of the deep-toned glazings antiquity gave them; and instanced several proofs from his ancestors’ letters,

written previous to Shakespeare, that have the same strength and richness as the expressions of the great bard.

Wilkie, in corroboration of this fact, mentioned the similarity of the language of the two countries at that period, and the English having undergone a greater change from modern refinement, concluding by saying—

“An auld Scotch wife, perhaps, would be the best interpreter of the obscure passages in Shakspeare’s plays; but I am afraid we are getting too deep in lexicography—it will require the author of the ‘Diversions of Purley’ to extricate us: but if Miss Woodville will give us a little music, it will lead us out of our labyrinth, as that, like painting, is a universal language.”

On the three young people adjourning to the drawing-room, Mr. Woodville ordered coffee to be taken in, but finding his friend Mac more charmed with the Chateau Margot than with Beethoven, ordered a fresh bottle, and his case of cigars. Maconachie was

now happy, and launched out in praise of his countryman.

“ Mr. Wilkie,” he remarked, “ is a specimen of a man whose hard study has not extinguished his natural good humour ; he is not only happy in himself, but the cause of happiness in others. How pleased he was at hearing me recite from the poem of the ‘ Epigoniad ! ’ ”

“ Ay, Mac, you Scotchmen are all fond of family celebrity ; and when you have not that to boast of, you claim a portion of that praise which every Scotchman of talent confers on his country ; but I am glad to find that you are pleased to have dined with a man of genius, for Dr. Johnson says, ‘ Most people would prefer the honour of dining with a duke,’ and,’ he adds, ‘ the world would think more highly of him in consequence.’ ”

“ Now, my dear friend, don’t tell me what Dr. Johnson has said ; I am very happy now, but his name sours the very mother’s

milk of Scotchmen. His friend Boswell was the only Scotchman he could tolerate, because he flattered him, and drew out his conversational powers into light as a Scotch terrier draws out a badger. But I won't let the brock annoy me; I will give you Mr. Wilkie's health, and all men of genius, of whatever nation."

"Why, Mac, you are getting both witty and liberal. Give a Scotchman a bottle of good claret, and he defies the influence of all the sarcasms Samuel Johnson ever uttered. But having now smoked our cigars, we will join your countrymen, and pay them that respect which talent is entitled to."

On entering the drawing-room, they found Miss Woodville singing the plaintive air of the "Flowers of the Forest." After a little more music, Mr. Maconachie took his leave, giving Wilkie a hearty invitation to visit him as often as he was inclined for a little change of air.

I shall conclude the narrative at this place, as having already embraced an investigation into the general principles of the art, especially that department with which our artist is more particularly connected, reserving to myself the intention of continuing it through a supplemental volume if deemed desirable at a later period of his career, when the higher branches will be treated, and other of his artistic friends introduced; for the subject of painting, and its influence upon taste, contain inexhaustible materials.

THE END.

