

ings in this line have been sold at enormous prices, and even in his own day his water-colour picture of Tivoli sold for eighteen hundred guineas.

In 1806 Turner began his *Liber Studiorum*. It was discontinued in 1814, after seventy plates had been issued. Although not remunerative at the time, in later days as high as three thousand pounds has been paid for a single copy of the *Liber*, while the subscription price was only seventeen pounds ten shillings; even before Turner died a copy of it was worth over thirty guineas.

Ruskin says of this great artist: "Turner appears as a man of sympathy absolutely infinite a sympathy so all-embracing, that I know nothing but that of Shakespeare comparable with it. A soldier's wife resting by the roadside is not beneath it; Rizpah watching the dead bodies of her sons, not above it. Nothing can possibly be so mean as that it will not interest his whole mind and carry his whole heart; nothing so great or solemn but that he can raise himself into harmony with it; and it is impossible to prophesy of him at any moment whether the next he will be in laughter or tears."

One of the most celebrated of Turner's pictures was that of the old *Téméraire*, a famous line-of-battle ship, which in the battle of Trafalgar ran in between and captured the French frigates *Redoubtable* and *Fougueux*. Turner saw the *Téméraire* in the Thames after she had become old, and was condemned to be dismantled. The scene is laid at sunset, when the smouldering, red light is vividly reflected on the river, and contrasts with the quiet, gray and pearly tints about the low-hung moon. The majestic old ship looms up through these changing lights, bathed in splendour. The well-known "Slavers Throwing Overboard the Dead and the Dying, a Typhoon Coming On," shown on page 503, is now in the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston. Of this picture Thackeray says: "I don't know whether it is sublime or ridiculous." But Ruskin, in "Modern Painters," says: "I believe if I were reduced to test Turner's immortality upon any single work, I should choose the 'Slave Ship.' Its daring conception, ideal in the highest sense of the word, is based on the purest truth, and wrought out with the concentrated knowledge of a life. Its colour is absolutely perfect, not one false or morbid hue in any part or line, and so modulated that every square inch of canvas is a perfect composition; its drawing as accurate as fearless; the ship buoyant, bending and full of motion; its tones as true as they are wonderful; and the whole picture dedicated to the most