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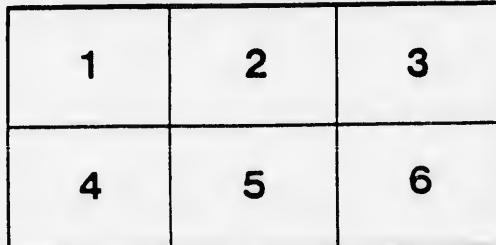
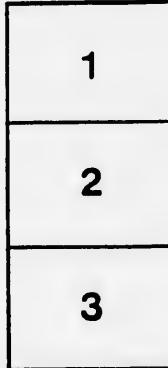
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At Association Hall

1865.

CATALOGUE

OF

OIL AND WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS,

ENGRAVINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS,

AND OTHER

WORKS OF ART,

LENT FOR THE OCCASION, AND

EXHIBITED AT THE MECHANICS' HALL,

MONTREAL.

FEBRUARY 27, 1865.

Candidat, ouvert pour copie et possible vente.

Montreal:

GERALD SPAN PRESS, 209 NOTRE DAME STREET,

1865.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



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Art Association Exhibition,

1865.

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FEBRUARY 27, 1865.

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1865.

OIL PAINTING.

I. In one notable way English art differs from that of all other European schools. They have their root more or less in mediæval times; ours, in modern. They are influenced in style or subject by native earlier masters; we, by foreigners only. Our eighteenth century painters had to create the belief that England was able to produce Art; Italy, France, Germany and the Netherlands could point to former triumphs with pride, or study them with emulation. The key to the first period of the English school is given by this peculiar position of circumstances.

II. It is intended, in this and the following summaries, to give a catalogue of names, or attempt to characterize every painter represented in the Exhibition; but to sketch the spirit of each School in its main phases, with the causes that guided its development. This will be done best by following the course of the greater artists; for these, like the greatest men or greatest books of any period, not only embrace the aims of inferior minds, presenting them in a surer and clearer form, but add to what they could do, all that lies within the prerogative of genius. Four such men—a large number for our century—occur in the eighteenth:—Hogarth (1697—1764); Wilson (1713—1782); Reynolds (1723—1792); Gainsborough (1727—1782). Thus the life of Gainsborough, the latest born, covers thirty-seven years of the life of Hogarth, the earliest. How then did previous Art affect these great contemporaries? By what elements of their own did they found up English school in a country which had hitherto known little but the naturalized art of Holbein and Zuccaro,—of Rubens, Vandyke, Lely, or Kneller? How far did they carry native painting? A reply to these enquiries will at once contain the essential story of the British art of the last century, and prepare us, in some degree, to understand that of the present.

III. In his life not less than in his works, Hogarth presents a sturdy protest against all previous styles. No man more distinctively and decidedly original and creative—not even Phidias of Athens, or Giotto of Florence,—ever handled art: no one, for good or for evil, was ever less affected by pre-existing influences, or by contemporary criticism. The modern art of Europe began as completely with him as its modern poetry with Dante; and as Dante's fellow-countrymen were at first unable to believe that a great poem could be written in their mother tongue, so Hogarth's were incredulous that England could produce a painter. He first, with a serious and widely-extended scheme, put into painting what Fielding put into novel-writing; he brought the canvass down from mythology and pageantry, and made it tell the real story of common life,—its pathos, its meanness, its baseness, humours, tears, laughter, triumphs, and depths of degradation. Clowns, tops, lords, rebels, politicians, gamblers, labourers, soldiers, brides, mistresses, spendthrifts, poets, musicians, madmen—nay, the very wigs and queues and walking-sticks of the age—all move and live on the stage of his marvellous theatre. In a sense true of no other artist, Hogarth held up his mirror to nature, and gave back the form and pressure of the time with a strength only equalled by his subtlety. Shakespeare (always exceptional) excepted, no artist, not even Crabbe, has drawn so many characters for us, has given us so much healthy laughter—so much of ‘the sorrowing by which the heart is made better.’ Yet, in this prodigality of power, one thing is wanting—not perhaps to his mind, but to his pictures,—the charm of beauty is not conspicuous here. Occasional touches of grace or repose occur, the severity is not without sweetness; yet the higher sphere of loveliness is hardly reached; there is no clear sense of the poetry of nature. Through his stern, honest-hearted rejection of Italian art, abused and ill-estimated as he saw it by the men of taste about him, he missed this gift in marked intensity.

IV. Not so with Hogarth's immediate successors. The sense of beauty, the love of innocence,—no artists have enjoyed these more deeply than Reynolds and Gainsborough; nor in management of color, in light and shade, in gracefulness of line, and delineation of character, have they been often equalled. Their art, in technical

pictor, who based on that of their great festal processions. In them and, in fact, that bold style of portraiture which began at Gironde and Toulouse in 1615, and was continued by Velasquez in Spain, in Flanders—Vandyke and Rubens, to this latter and, however, that their boldness must suffice. Rubens and Vandyke began this modern manner in portraiture, introducing greater variety in costumes, and furniture, and, as sacred art was declining, giving their portraits a more ornamental and independent character. Gainsborough and Reynolds fell early, complete, over masterly. Their drawing is ingeniously careless, blained at rather than worked out. Their color is not thought always in intention, but done hardly more than a suggestion of tint, and the canvases, already blathed by oiling or looping in oil, are too often to the loss of those simple, early methods which made Van Eyck's pictures look more recent than Sir Joshua's. Our artists, in these periods failed, to equal their masters; in others, they learned some traditionality lessons from them, which, but for Bargevin, would have been lost. Their drawing implies that which the self-taught Hogarth was happily free. It is to shallow, and some principles that he derived to be content with each sufficient, and shewing many shapes—² that Wilson established with conventional lines, and putting on Cotes' Chart, would have been modelled with the real human creatures he could draw so well, when unaided by precedent, and painting for himself only.

V. A. C., after full reasoning of what in them was deficient, or of a temporary character, Reynolds, and Gainsborough stand amongst the very few great portrait painters of antiquity. No one less, indeed, in any age, excelled the airy grace and finish of Hogarth, than the claim of naturalness, in this profound feeling. (No shade like naturalness, indeed, of Wilkie.) to the indescribable thoughts on the inward man, in his high and holy sanctity. And yet their art, in its own day, met with much cavilling, from papists and puritans, which itself is almost heretical to us. Many were lately living who used to wonder how, in the noble gallery of their rival Welsh Reynolds, pronounced, he thought it, most fit for the purpose of praise with what is called an academy for Gainsborough, and himself, as good, "gracious in the great style," as anything in Portraits were, in truth, and more really historical pictures.

Mr. the latter is, indeed, the greater artist. His figures—the ladies of Miss Beauchamp, the Mrs. Beauchamp, the Duchess of Devonshire and Child, the

Countess of Huntingdon, stamp themselves more vividly on our memories, as poetical as any painted thanch-thatched, they are more deeply and essentially. And while this deeper grace, Reynolds commands something of what he so admiringly admires of figure, an occasional, even manner attaches to him in the girls and children.

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never held it, nor has the mind expressed it? It is an idea residing in the heart of the artist, which no is always laboring to imprint, and which he dies at last without imprinting.

VI. Hogarth was the most original of these men; Wilson the least. Yet his picture's prove that it hon in a more intelligent age. He would have freed himself from the mannerism of his predecessors. His landscape wants the grand composition of Gainsborough; his English sky, and air, and fleshiness; it wants also, the picturesqueness, the energy of detail, which we are accustomed. But, unluckily, he is the only one who is predominantly poetical, in the word most appropriate to her by the tallest poets, is predominantly poetical, she has largeness, nobleness, and tenderness; beside the Poetry of the sea, of the tenderness of the meadow-grass, the agitation of storm, and the repose of the aurora. These great elementary features of the landscape were Wilson's portion. His tempests, the calm, the quiet tranquillity of mildness, or twilight, vertexed, portentous rains, mists, and breath, and statelinesses—in such scenes his true poetical spirit found what he could render with force and unmasking realities. In the representation of these he had to foister into English art, nor has so formal many followers.—The landscapes of Marstrand (1731—1811), though as far from the best, equal to Wilson's in grace, are from the grand conception of Wilson's, or Gainsborough's, present a poor resemblance to common English scenes, and are sometimes touched with a happy facility.

VII. The chief direction in which the Italian and Flanders school influenced the English was by raising a false idea of the historical style. Subjects from the past, to be elated in aureoled dresses, and painted on a large scale, were required for what was called the "dignity of art," portraiture and landscape were thought beneath it. A few attempts, in which fine colour, and the painter's own crayon and resources, relieved the general unmannered impossibilities, were made by Reynolds; others by West, Harry, Northcote, Hayman, Fuseli, and Opie. Where the theories chosen inflicted true historical conditions, belonged to sombre times, and could be painted as they really might have been, as with Wilson's "Death of Wolfe," some grand success was attained; and Colpey's "Major Poyntz" is magnifico. But in these works, generally, we see rigid high qualities thrown away on a flat system; though wasted by Barry force by Opie, grace by West, fancy by Fuseli. As in all living arts, there is an severe unity in painting, where the main aim is not truthfulness, but to move the audience to admiration, and in the qualities of drawing, colour, and expression, these artist-saints are rarely reached, and indeed, their aim was singular, can touch higher rank, be claimed for tho minor portrait-painters—Opie, Rowney, Owen, Indiana, Hall, and Jackson. With these a more recently popular manner may be properly joined, Lawrence, though the influence whose style is a caricature of patriotic painting, not requiring more detailed notice, though very bel developed in occasional likenesses of greater life and character, has uniformly descended (as from Chantrey) to our own days. It would be unfair to the artist named, as mere followers of greater men. There is much natural sweetness in Rowney and Lawrence, whose delicate felicity, and power of rendering the picturesque elements of face, for a while concealed his mannerism and want of power. Others have more or less force and vigour. There is a largeness and freedom of style about the half-century, historical groups on which they sometimes ventured, yet it can hardly be said that they carried the art further, or rank among the great of all time.

VIII. Hogarth decided steps onward were made by Bird and Willie. The former (1725—1750), a painter little known, and not of commanding power, deserves indeed as one of the very first who successfully worked in that style, which was destined, with him, to be the leading feature in modern art. His subjects mark this man;—"The Saturday Night," "The Will," "The Country Auction," "The Castle";—incidents of common life, and such suggestive of some little tale, half-humorous or half-contemplative. It is by the introduction of the last elements, that his author, with which from Wilkie onwards we are familiar, is distinguished from earlier attempts. Processions and ceremonies had been painted long before in Venice, surely in France, in Italy, in Holland; but the touch of the Will is all that wanting in these works, although here and there painters (notably Jan Steen) soon on the very verge of that new field, into which, through some law, imperative as those to which we artificially contrived, they were unable to penetrate.

IX. This style, and landscape—reigned no longer, as the scene of some recorded human story, but as the representation either of nature embodiing man's fortunes in

her own faunes, or of nature in her solitary splendour—and, tho art of this con-

try not less distinctly than religious subjects mark that of the fourteenth. Hardly known to our great grandmothers, what could have rendered them so prominent now? In itself, infinite the risk is great of considering, as cause, what is only itself, an effect on some larger and bolder, underhanded reason. Yet it is indisputable that the growth of the Bardeon, in painting, runs parallel with the great outbreaks of novel writing from about 1470 onwards, with the social classes which gave birth to them; of particular to the mercantile than to the educated classes, with the fashion of trades and interests which (in another sphere) found expression in forms, Scott, Caxton, and Wodehouse. It would be rash and inviolate to attempt to name precisely the author of the age who might be placed in the first rank with the rest of the class. But of those whose talents to excellence none will deny, Wynter and Melchior represent the style most satisfactorily, and will be here treated as typical of many others. Every reader may, if a true man, has undoubtedly, like the greater, his own gifts and methods. Yet the aim of many known men is expressed on the whole by the lines above defined; and sparser fails here to train their individual characteristics, although two clearly marked divisions of this school are to be noticed. Historical incidents, viewed mainly in their picturisation character, or in the light of sentiment, have been chosen by one; scriptorial by the other; divisions, "The Rose" and dignity of Fasthæt, to whom the latter direction of French art is mainly due, have not yet been reached by his followers.

X. In Horapollo's *Symbolica*, a direct model is generally assumed; they are De Poer on canvases. In Wynter's (1475-1500) the more is substituted, beneath his wish to point the scene, in all its fulness, "the mind of the artist." His taste is thus more truly and especially no settled; for the mind of Wynter's generation is smaller, living mainly within the field of Saxon personages. Here, however, like Bartsch, the regions and triumphs, and like the poet, in proportion as he removes from his base and less success, do we think of him always as the painter of "The Kent Play," of "The Fisher," and the "Johannes' Hunt"? Yet his later works have a chain and a variety, which lead him to the early fable of hand and eye, he might find, in such scenes as have fallen below his earlier excellence. In evidence for this minute finish of his first paintings, we are accustomed to the apertures of common stucco, expressive; they make us feel the loss of all losses, the most irrecoverable, which a nation sustains in the premature death of genius. Not so with Melchior, who has been spared to outlast a century through a long life of unusual gifts, planted in musical industry. His power of invention is probably less spontaneous than Wynter's, his presentation of the scene less delicate; his subjects drawn often from books; but with felicity of line, when a deep and greenish green are they exhibited! No Pagan work for the last fifty years of this century, equals Melchior's masterly drawing, and his sculpturesque taste. His finish and beauty; no one has brought so pure, so thorough, and colour truly, are the first fundamental necessities of painting as art; nor will graceful feelings, or drift in thought, or sense of high and honour—no pictorial *intuition*, in a word, however excellent—stand for want of these plainer requisites. Two men may be named, among many, who have hence fallen short of Melchior, for which they appeal, most on account of their technical skill. Addison, in his *Iconologia*, almost as us pointers thus as designers. But viewed thus, we owe to Leslie many scenes of a thoughtful, delicate ungracious humour in which the very genius of Addison seems to reproduce itself; to Stanhope, many which in tenderness, purity, and certain mysticisms and taciturn graves, rank second only to the designs of Raphael. And as Sustard renders us of Florence and Roma, so the glorious days of Ver, for example (1557-1570), He whom among his contemporaries successfully derives himself to represent the nine human form, which he painted with a brilliant transparency of colour rarely seen, beyond the limits of "fantasy." It is time that he tried portraiture, landscapes, subjects sacred and historical, and often with happy, almost always with striking, results; but too for human form restricted him in this main to what may be called subjects of fancy. This was unfortunate; for sensus finitum to those?—whether the genitius mythology of Greece, or that later artificial mythology, which for three centuries has infested Europe—united have for us the less genuine, head and heart-felt interest. But if a less unreal theme engaged him when he was with Cleopatra in her glory on the Cydans, or Youth at the paw,

works which are for all time, and rank among our best national treasure.

XII. Millais's work, like Dürer's, stands apart from the style of domestic infection, though not so much by virtue of date in subject as by greater elevation of tone and corresponding splendour of execution. His art, in fact, like Wilkie's, ranges over life in all its variety, from knight to churl, selecting always, though not always with equal success, themes which appeal strongly to passion or to imagination. Millais, with Holman Hunt, may be said to have taken up the rôle of inheritance of colour from Italy, although with the difference that they have not followed the execution, often so good, and surely, of that celebrated colourist. Nature lies in thousand aspects, and in this alike in infinite; but that Vision which we call Art, from time to time turns to mirror some of her attributes which had hitherto been less represented. Thus, more recently than any former artist, Millais and Hunt, with others, have aimed at fidelity and minuteness, tressing less to resemblance than to fact; and there is hence a subtlety of handling and of expression in their works of which the eighteenth century, and the artists trained in that style, supply few examples. He also, and the general acceptance between them of the prevalent taste of the age displayed in an accurate portraiture rendering of postures of foreign habits to which mad historians and travellers have accustomed us. Many of Hunt's pictures n. a. tools of this tendency, yet they are not realized through infinite detail; the details, with the main idea, are rather vivified by his own intense, direct faculty of realisation. A certain, an almost tragic, interest pervades his work; it strikes us with a strange earnestness. Nor has any other French artist rivalled him in the force with which he has thrown these qualities into a religious nut.

XIII. An era in which pictures are mainly destined for the abiding of private houses, and the subjects popular are domestic incident or landscape, will be unequal to grand treatment; the historic style, even when richly understood and treated with vitality. We have here lost, as it were, a steady list—Hirayama, whose characteristically Japanese art, in whose art perspective powerfully trends over detail, the details with the main idea, are rather vivified by his own intense, direct mimic, or historically proved, aspirants). Cross and Matsuji. The latter, though not very successful in harmony and grace, in management of light and shade, has given us many fine inventions in his latest designs rendering an elevation and a power which are not often conferred by the years of advanced maturity. Cross (1819-1850), little known during his brief career, has received a tardy and too late recognition. A few works which display for substance left him tissue to execute, though like those of Maesius, deficient in the graces of colour, and numerous can niches historical pictures in dramatic truth, grandeur of arrangement, and delicacy of line, nor in the works, paint English and life-size delineation of human form, has any English artist, how greater master?

XIV. Except by a more minute inquiry and greater care at realization of the scene in all points, the historian of this century does not essentially differ from that of the eighteenth; but landscape painting, as already noticed, is the second distinctive style of our own age. As with the art of domestic incident, this mode of art is also in strict sympathy with corresponding phases in literature and taste. As the former was contemporary with the modern novel, so the latter has appeared simultaneously with the love of travelling and the love of natural description. These pastimes (we may just so call them) are, no doubt, in part to simple increased opportunity; to recent wealth and peace, and multiplied facilities for journeying. Perhaps the more familiar connection with nature in her localities of her term, the simple sight of Western Scotland, or Naples, or Mount Vesuvius, has inspired the wish to transmit to our walls what, in verse or in actual vision, has so delighted our senses; perhaps the poetry of physical science has enlightened and enlarged our sympathies; perhaps the very contrast with the civilization which enables men to travel readily, deprives their appreciation of the scenes in which civilization lies no part, and even the powers of man seem but a little thing before the majesty of nature. However this may be, the love of landscape has been a plankton of modern English art, and gives it its most essentially original character. We no longer see trees and mountains through the impertey eyes of Claudio or Poussin; we do not imagine the subtleties by the standard of City, or the twilight after the proportion of Rembrandt. Yet this great advance was not made at once. A few artists of whom Crom and Bonington were perhaps the most gifted, worked in a mixed style, blending the realities of nature with the traditions of the schools. Others felt the inadequacy of earlier attempts, but have been able to free themselves entirely from a different influence. Something of this

part of the stores is filled with the genuine art of Stafford; more with that of Daniel at LiverpooL. Yet we owe the ancient pictures of ancient temples and castles, of classical and Gothic, which we owe to the last, no aid than that of present,—comparatively without rival—in all former centuries. The scenery of Italy, whether that of pretious sites in fairy lands, or of the hardy hills, is marvelously copied; the scenes, as a creation beyond the fancy of any painter, as tho' skilful drawing of Stafford in rock and sea, and land and sky, was beyond that of achievement. Foreign soldiers are familiar to these men; others have none except originally painted, not our England. Considered first in time, though not in rank, distinction in drawing; musical in execution, mingled with grace and variety of colour, copies has however rended a few copies of English landscape with trees, and figures, and noble simplicity. Cresswick has a grace and a poetry to which a numerous number hardly fails full play. These artists have taken the level of the copies, the gray of dawn or shadowy skies for their special medium, and the copies, the grey of sunset over dark plains, or the clouds which gather and grow above forest, ablysses. I hold the azzuro and general of the Atlantic, or the chis and meadows of southland's fair land—not only inferior, such scenes as these, they either to the travellers, eye beneath hill and plain, but however fine in the style of their indolence with regard to less than personal insight. Others, as Lewis, have however foreign lands—Greece, Egypt, and Syria, before them;—as their tools, and by no means impotent for more detailed and accurate delineation. Land has given us the glory of sunset over dark plains, or the clouds which gather and grow above forest, ablysses. I hold the azzuro and general of the Atlantic, or the chis and meadows of southland's fair land—not only inferior, such scenes as these, they either to the travellers, eye beneath hill and plain, but however fine in the style of their indolence with regard to less than personal insight.

technical method, he refined it by repeating it in oils the translucent style of water colors. This Turner learned early from the great watercolorists, Cozens and Girtin, who in their time, had no school. Yet the lesson was not fully felt till his manhood. His first style in oils (altered by the inheritance art of former landscapists, though careful and ingenuous in its original state) is now free from the heaviness and sentimental arrangement which he heard praised in Dousset and Vandyck. Like Rubens, this Turner, in his first oil painting, did not paint his figures in the foreground, but left them to the imagination of the spectator. The first picture of his life, 'The Shipwrecked Fisherman' (1802), is a fine example of this. In this picture, the fisherman is seen in the distance, clinging to a log, while his wife and child are swimming near him. The scene is set in a dark, stormy sea, with a large ship in the background, partially buried in the waves. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the fisherman's face and hands, and deep shadows in the water and on the ship. The composition is simple, focusing on the central figure and the vastness of the sea.

XVII.—"The name of Shakspeare," says Mr. Hallam, "is thus established in our literature—it is the greatest in all literature." Turner's son of the world has won to whom no other world could be compared without exultation. He claims to be the greatest of English poets; and I think he is. The greater part of his life has been spent at work for health him in quality of culture, as well as in quality of fame. In his last days, however, he turned his thoughts more directly to purposes, than to those of literary fame. His desire to teach the nobility of education, was manifested by a chapter of *Lectures* on the subject, which he still had the strength to write, though he was so nearly blind. He wrote also a *History of England*, which, to others, whose study had not occupied their strength, was but monosyllables; but, to him, it was a masterpiece; yet even of them he is treated with veneration and admiration, which the best writers had not attained to. Compare him with Titian, in the forest, Ruthens in the meadow, or Rinaldo in the bower, and you attainably—With the sternness of Salvator Rosa, or the repose of Tiepolo;—with the grandeur of Linnaeus, the exactness of Linck, the gaiety of Landseer—but, in one has included and surpassed them all—Yes! for his art could have Turner's most peculiar merit, hardly to be expressed for himself. He has made the lowest approach to painting the history of nature, his aim in this, in his rendering of her deeper poetry. That poor poetry springs, naturally, from the presence of human beings; either contrasted with embodied and enveloped in nature; nor without the touch of humanity, are our profoundest sympathies ever awakened. To impress on his works this sentiment, the painter does not necessarily require, that man should form a part of his representation. There are pictures by Turner more peopleless, in their waste wildness, than tho' most elaborate landscape-paintings. But it is still the sense of the Human element which gives the character and splendour to the sky; which recalls the past in the present; and awes the mind with the terrors of the future.—There is a terrible sadness about his works, a moral sadness and desirer than the mere physical; the radiance of the human earth dashes out through many of these pictures, like the light of a lamp in a dark room; it contrasts the fair of man, his passions, and his infelicities, with the landscape around him, or unites them to itself, as a reflection of the drama of life, or the mournful theory of nature, birth and death, stories of man's strength and degradation, passion and despair, scenes written in the scenes and azures of Turner's skies, or revealed by the seas, hills, sides, and rocks he painted so lovingly. In his art there is a spirit, stirring in the atmosphere, and a voice of more than mortal power, that can move the heart;—

XVIII. What a strange power and fascination we have here! What an art more
astounding!—

moreful than magic! What a man and incomparable poetry! But there is that in all great art which rums in beyond words—*for why should not have on vied or painted?* If these brith houses in any instance lead the spectator to the field of soul for appreciating excellence, let him long there, and pass on to what they describe. And, in strict proportion to his own reach, vivacity, and truth of mind, he will find no idle or easy task before him—so variations for the styles which such a collection presents, so many the phases of thought and feeling displayed, so much to absorb in the sight, so much to learn, to be unfolded. Yet to sympathize with each great Master, and (what follows only on such sympathy) with each lesser Master, after his merits, fervently and impartially, without fear and without fancifulness, is no doubtful gain to the purer pleasure and higher elevation of the soul. For, as with the affections and the conscience, Purity in taste is absolutely proportionate to Strength; and when once the mind has made itself to grasp and to delight in Excellence, those who love most will be found to love most wisely.

WATER COLOUR PAINTING.

I. In some fashion water-colour painting is the oldest form of the art. Besides its employment in Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Italy, early period and awfully named, the Middle Ages was the art, 'called Illumination' in Paris, carried to complete elaboration. A few painters in France, Italy, and England, as illumination proper failed before the printing-press, tried some form of water colours; but Turner is the only great artist of the time who did the case to which they might be turned. No school, however, was founded by his example, though there existed, notably, numerous discourses, sketches, and finished works. But as an independent art, it only distinguished from others, not merely by the older, what at once and in every place, for love of art, presented water-colour painting, but also by a decided originality of style, and a corresponding in the country where it was born. That it was not destined to fulfil hope to spread far beyond the English School, Norwell, Palmer, and other Englishmen, in their various attempts, seem to have been fully prepared. In exact proportion to the success of these efforts, however, we may judge of the present condition of the art. These schools have, however, given rise to a number of local schools, whose names are well known, and need not be noticed.

II. Brief as its name lies between our Water-colour Schools, nevertheless, we may distinguish three classes. In the first place, S. Cotman, was, certainly, the most eminent master of the art, and the one who has done most to establish it in England. He is the author of the 'Landscape Sketches' and 'Water-colours' of 1817, and of 'A Series of Landscapes and Landings in the Lake District' of 1824. Both presented a peculiar and fascinating character, and were, indeed, the first to bring out poetry in landscape painting, and to make it a distinct art. His figures in figure-scenes, or the architecture of his signs, and what he has done in this way, though not equalled, are yet unequalled. Much of the same painter's subsequent work, however, is not equalled, and hence many of the early water-colour drawings show poverty because of the brilliancy to which we are accustomed. These, however, due to the character of Cozens (died 1791) and Girtin (1775-1807), the founders of the school, fully deserve notice. By the first, the art was practised in the most primitive style, Girtin adding certain washes of colour, till in his later work the tones of Nature, in her salient moulds, are clearly visible. Much of the same, however, has passed into the style of J. S. Crome, a rather later artist, whose tender and imaginative apprehension of Nature places him above nearly his contemporaries. Many who, for the first time, so accidentally viewing water-colours, will, at first, turn away from their calm grey or golden tenderness; at the spectator's study them with care, concentrating his mind on the scenes represented—Indian villages, or northern lakes, or the romantic ruins of England—will find the poetry of the painter sink into his heart with tranquil persuasion, as he stands before these visions of sweet serenity.

To the same school, its figure-drawings, including Cristall and Livermore; and in it also were found two men singularly interested in their life, and in their genius, gifted respectively with exquisite fancy and intense imagination, and to whom England is indebted for a long series of works, which take them all in, no other water-colourists in this style have equaled. But it is hardly as art that the strange creations of visionary Blake appeal to us; tho drawing and execution are rarely successful; it is in the force of the penetrative imagination that their value lies,—in their almost infinite intensity—in their sublime suggestions of some earlier world of patriarchal days, and the mysteries of spiritual and celestial existence. Such was not the region familiar to the gentle-hearted Stichard, sharing in some degree the delusions of Blake as an artist, and hence unsatisfactory in his larger oil paintings, in his water-colour designs he shows a delicacy of feeling and

a place, than which Art has no more enduringly attractive qualities. Especially in his youthful works the *cis*-tiny church, a pane of seitzer Evanscent Nations and broad lines of monotonous fondness, with exception also of Reynolds and Gainsborough's *Elegian* art has been seldom fortuné. But, as Blake saw it, Shadwell's world is things through a meek life; Fortune, so we must admit, that Shadwell's world is often much the creation of domineering Fancy—another and a better world. It may be, however, that this is not all. Without the depth and impressiveness, as it will be, in the *am* and *an* of Blake's art, yet without the depth and impressiveness, as it will be, in the *want* and *failure* of Blake's art.

sceases richest in tone—garniture and gilding, lacquered ceiling, or where the moon of summer bathes river-side cities and rains with tiny silver—
All round the same day, finding that the earlier landscape painters, whom he had hitherto frequently followed in their form and arrangement, could teach him nothing in colour—nay, that, in the system of Poussin or Vandyck, truth and vivacity in colour were impossible—he waited in a manner exclusively his own. This second style, characterized as showing “delicate delineation of handling, cheerful moods of mind, brilliant colour, distinctness of pencil, and elegant at first composition,” gradually passing, till within a few years of his death, into “swiftness of handling,” tenderness and lenitiveness of mind, expansion of harmony of colour, and perpetual reference to nature only. To this partition of water-colour the *Sunset at Sea*, and *Syrinx*, and *Hedda Helle*, belong. They illustrate, lastly, Turner’s method of execution—delineation and decisive, little aided by the mechanical expedients of “spraying” or “rolling”—but relying mainly on pure colour and in one of all with absolute determination of its effect. I also quote described by the poet, Turner’s hand seems to have moved without infringing and without staying, and although some suggestions add to the art are ascribed to his invention, yet his general practice in water-colours was of that simple and direct kind with which perfect knowledge is always satisfied.

IV.—In the same pure school of water-colours, long gone, Penry, Roslyn, Barrett, Conolly, Fielding, David Cox, Dawkin, Hunt, and others. They are men of education and taste, and yet, not unlike in their views, in their general love of Nature, in the general selection of their subjects, and in the poetical aspect from which they are regarded.

Traveling after Turner, is our greatest master of space and time, and in rendering certain effects of mist, sulphur in their darkness and their subjects has never been surpassed. Indeed, in his method most resembling the earlier period seized especially upon the perspectives in the works of men, and, with English, Scott, and Palmer, brought home to us innumerable records of cathedral mosaics, in which place and elsewhere, in every city of Europe; and this powerfully at the time he foretold the prosperity of the long peace and the tendencies of this century had altered all the rules of ancient days, and the times when architecture retained beauty of form and originality of treatment. How many must have received their first impulse to travel from Prout's views—how many have left, when they saw their subjects that they owed much of their power to their teacher! But this noble sympathy appears with ever greater depth and power in the work of David Cox. If Prout did as well the picturesqueness of foreign lands, Cox has an attraction more forcible—the grandeur and the beauty of our own. There is a wide difference here, strikingly during, style and the substance, in the works of Turner; yet Cox must be ranked fully second to him in his poetical conception of the landscape. Those who are ignorant will hear to know the intense imagination which penetrates his works; what mystery he saw in the common field or cottage; with what an intensity of sympathy he watched the wreathings of the stream beneath, the gloom of forests, scenes, the visionary shades of wild horizons and dreary lands, of his last red gleam that elated away from the heights of Grange-Dunes—but those who know him will care for any works of enigma, Lewis, and W. Hunt, than he does for his own two great splendid colonists, not of the landscape, but in figures seen near, and what is absurdly called, "still life." In both as we saw with Turner, an infinite variety can be found, led them straight to a nobly simple and decisive method of painting; whilst the sense of the large relations of light, and shade, which always unites a group as opposed to a brilliant or lively colourist, has kept their work broad. As it is remarkable and ingenuous in its immobility. Here, too, we find that division of labour and mutual support which has only been possible to modern art in the locomotive Age. Whilst Louis has brought the life of Spain and Turkey home, familiarizing us with the people, and their manners, and the country, or the valley of Egypt, as it emerged, and under his hands, Hunt has glorified our own fruits and flowers with a mystery almost unknown to any former painter. Their respective scales of colour are adjusted with equal skill to their subjects;—treated with perceiving tenderness by the one, by the other with sufficient glow;—treated with perceiving tenderness by the one, by the other with the fire of the entablature in Hunt.

V.—Many other less known and less noted, Muller, for whose early death we lost an artist of brilliant promise; Catherwood and others, distinguished for figure painting; Hardinge, G. Phipps, Gashmore, Boyce, Davidson, and many more, for different places;



aspects of the landscape." These names bring us to our own days and to the later development of the art. While recognizing the merits of much that now goes on exhibitions with skilful and pleasant work, it cannot fail to be observed that water-colours appear to be passing beyond the earlier—nay if not so indeed, the natural?—limits of this material, and enlarging more and more in variety with the effects and the methods of oil painting. Two issues of this tendency are uncertain; 1. It may hold sway for a time as a fashion, or lead to the establishment of another school of art, like that which of old was practised under the name of *Tempera*, and applied with eminent success in easel-painting, in miniatures, in the sixteenth century. But meanwhile, the peculiar facilities of water-colouring expose its defects from an opposite source. "Among our artists," says the writer already quoted, "the chief want is that of sobriety and definite purpose. We have too much picture-manufacturing—too much making up of my figures, with a certain quantity of foliage, and a certain quantity of sky, and a certain quantity of water; a little bit of all that is pretty—a little sun and a little moon, a lone pine and a touch of him, a little sentiment and little sadness, and a little humour and a little anticunction—all very nicely associated in every charming picture, but not working together for a definite end. It is probable that imaginative minds, used to reading or carrying out with their full might all they set their hands to do, will often appeal to such deficiencies, and feel, with pain, that so much natural skill and observation are not turned to their highest purposes, employed for the most avail. Yet it will not be forgotten, say, that this art addresses itself immediately to pleasure; that the poetry of nature and her hold on the human heart never ceases; that among our painters there have been some indeed, within the space of but fifty years, who rank in the same class with Wordsworth or Keats, or Thomson. One of these men, looking back on his childhood, complained that the visionary gleam and the glory of his early years had passed:

"There was a fine we-mountain, grove and stream,
The earth, and every mountain, grove,

To me it seemed

Apparent, in emblematic light,

The story and the fictions of a dream.

It was a scene of beauty,

Be bright or dark,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

It is hoped that many readers will remember the lesson of deeper consolation with which this great lover of nature concludes his poem. "Tutto seruo non rivo," something analogous should not be extended to the career of modern art.

ENGRAVING.

1. This, of all the Fine Arts of design the most popular and the most generally diffused, appears to be at the same time that of which the technical processes are least familiar. It is, therefore, thought that a few words mainly on this point will be the most useful introduction to the masterpieces of modern work here collected. The three forms of Engraving which include almost the whole art, employ respectively the tools of wood, stone, and metal to reproduce the impressions of plane surfaces. The first is *lithography*, projecting pictures; the second, on surfaces of plane surfaces, whence it is derived its name, and *engraving*,—whether the artist has chemically prepared to receive it; in the third, *wood engraving*,—whether the artist cuts away, forces the light, what he leaves, the lines. In *Lithography*,—whether plain, or in colours,—what he lays on with ink or chalk is repeated on the paper, and the lines in are reproduced by the printing-ink. This is on metal only that the lines he cuts in are reproduced by the printing-ink. This latter art is the true *Lithography*, in the strict sense, and the one which bears the name by custom. It is also by its nature capable of the greatest variety in style, and of the most powerful or of the most delicate effects in execution. The texture of wood does not carry cuttings of the freedom and complexity possible in metal, and strokes cannot be laid so close as to strengthen and graduate the effect. Nor can the surfaces of lithography in its different tones, drawn with ink or chalk, approach the varied tones and gradations of the lines which may be sunk into the steel or copper. Engraving on Metal thus holds the first rank, and may claim precedence in our brief notice.

II. Of the three principal forms of Engraving on Metal that in which the design is entirely expressed by lines is the most powerful, durable, and difficult. Line Engraving is therefore confined to important works, or those exerted with sufficient care to be capable of having complete reproduction. In its first form it was thus employed by Michael's *Engraver*, Martino Raimondio, to multiply his master's designs, and by the great German painter, Durer, to publish his own. These cuts were made directly on the surface of the plate, and finished, drawing; small in size, simple in outline, and never reaching farther than the texture of objects or the effects of sky and air in landscape,—they are, however, of unequalled grace and power for Form and Expression. As the Sixteenth century advanced, and Painting degenerated, these qualities were lost from the composition Art; and hence long Engraving took a new direction, attempting to replace not Drawing, but Pictures. This attempt required larger size, greater complexity and care in the set of the lines, more attention to the texture of objects and to landscapes,—and all the preservation of the tono and light and shade of the original details;—but all the pre-sentation of the tono and light and shade of the original. Thus the modern style was gradually formed; aiming at translating Colours, whilst the old style idealized. Besides, to trace the development of this Art would be to sketch the progress of Oil Painting: it must suffice here to add that it was hardly before this century that Litho Engraving, especially in France, filled its object by reproducing the complete general effect of Pictures (so far as that effect does not essentially depend on Colour)—whether grotesques or landscapes.

III. The artists who probably contributed most to the final advance in Line Engraving were our countrymen, Strango, Sharp, and Woolllett, who towards the middle of the Eighteenth century were among the first to take definitely successful steps in this larger manner. Strango is not always faithful to the expression of his originals, but in a blended tenderness and brilliancy of effect do is yet unequalled, and to his invention is due that curious network of lines by which *Stranger* Engravers aim at representing every surface, however varied. *The Child and Angel* (Giulio), *The Sleeping Child* and *Angel* (Giulio), are amongst Strango's master-pieces. Sharp's work is more severe and meaningful, his *Juda Haunter* (Reynolds) is of the highest merit. Woolllett's prints from Wilson and Claude exhibit the beginning of that Art which within fifty years became capable of rendering the

In infinite sweetness and ingenuity of Turner, Line Engraving was then carried on and refined by Maclennan of Bonn and P. Müller in Germany. The *Supper at Cana* (which the *Transfiguration* and *Virgin with the Goldfinch* [Raphael], the *Adoration* [Giotto], the *Madonna* [Sant' Andrea] of Mantua, etc., among others, announced), their lost success. At the same period lived Lanci of Milan, whose engravings—the *Madonna of the Lake* (Vinci), the *Magdalene* (Correggio), etc.—are also at the *Morocco of the Virgin* (Raphael) in perhaps the best masterpieces of this art for truth and tenderness. Descenders in France found works of more vigor, and, in Italy, less faithful and delicate. His *Belle Jardinière* and *Madonna* of the *Rocks*, are rather spirited translations than reproductions of Gaudenzio Ferrari and Leonardeschi Vinci painted. Amongst later Laine Engravers, Gainsborough, Tiepolo, in Italy; with the English, Carter, Miller, Cooke, Willmore, Sandys, and Keller; with the French, Boulard and Huet, deserve respectful enumeration. Numerous, faint, and feeble, they all left behind them, at least so much of beauty and nobility, as will the world's reach, must last forever. I owned that Lino Engraving is scarcely to be considered a competitor over Europe;—the sacrifice of all its weak languages and impressions which mark all good Painting, to the display of unemphasized clarity in the conduct of the lines. The *Saints* of Lino Engraver who appears to have given up style variety and vivacity sufficient to render and only the signs, but the very faint and meager of the original. In Scotland, Mr. Venice has written, from Titian's *Madonna* and *Lambada* are stand alone in the history of Art.

desire,—this frequently attempted condition appears to have now a second name—*imitation*—and it is evidently
its own inherent difficulty.

VII. Amongst one of those branches of art which for the last hundred years
have flourished most in England, Lapland, and C. America, in pure, or in mixed style, are our most considerable recent masters.
Landscape and Picturesque, in a mixed style, are our most original and most firmly based
but even their excellent works do not appear to gratify great serious minds from
the paintings of Sir J. Reynolds, which was produced in the eighteenth century by
S. Reynolds, M. Gandy, J. B. Smith, Watson, and others. Few of these genius fail
in some artistic quality, but health and transparency; sound (the *foundation*)
and strength (the *body*, *action*, and *delightful example*) possess a chiaro-
technique, which will not only place them amongst the most treasured treasures of art,
but also give them a wide popularity.

VIII. In the two forms of *Landscape* painting, hitherto noticed, the incisions are
usually produced by tools.

In the third, *Painting*, no lines are mainly produced by any
accident, these lines are sketched with fine paint, though as very fine cuts through
the wash laid fast over the copper or steel plate; though the action can be
done with the brush, yet it is the unaided hand for
the expressed surface to a depth required by its strength, unites the greatest freedom
of expression. Hence *Picturing*, of all forms of *Landscape*, unites the greatest freedom
with force; and as the process is not essentially different from that of Drawing, in
which force is usually followed by many Painters, *Picturing*, have thus a value essentially their
own; they are the second work of the original designer, free from the crudities of
one of translation, and another hand. Every European School of Overlaid in turn has
been successful in this art. The schools of the School of Overlaid in Germany, have
been successively in this art. The school of *Alhambra*, more or less known, and appreciated. But
of *Gothic* in Spain, in *Italy*, in *England*, in *France*, and in *Germany*, in *Austria*, and *Russia*, in
our own days the excellency of the French and the deficiency of English artists have
caused the mention to an excellence which, except at *Bombay* of India, has never
been equalled. Nor has even he surpassed the spirit, variety, and picturesqueness
of Crusk-shafts,—shee. Therearth, our greatest *Humourist* in *England*, as the plateau
of *Villa*. Of the many forms of which, from the Shoo employed at first, as the plateau

has been called Lithography, detailed notice will not be appropriate to us, as the processes belong more to mechanical agency than to pure art. In all the prints or the same : a drawing on a flat surface receives the ink, whether by unprinted or varied tints ; which by chemical means is kept from adhering to the untouched portion of the surface. The rapid progress of this, the most easy and inexpensive of all modes of engraving, during the forty years since its invention, especially in the production of colored designs (chromos), is lost to us, where the reproduction of effects, and also of delicate scenes of nature, are most needed. But instruction to the general texture, the art will not take an equal place with Metal or Wood Engraving.

The Woodcut was the earliest method by which designs were reproduced, and has a long and eventful history before the sixteenth century. At the time it had so greatly declined as hardly to rank among Fine Arts. From that period, Wood-Engraving was raised at once to excellency by the most unusual skill of a provincial Schoolmaster of Northumberland (1752-1817). He was, perhaps, happy that a man so gifted should have found the tool, temper, and have been able to begin his art; now he had rarely, if ever, had any master, than to reproduce drawings—

The older woodcut had rarely, if ever, had any master, than to reproduce drawings—

Bewick indeed can effectively, in light and shade, a delicate and varied to his work which gave woodcuts hereafter an independent existence in pictorial expression. This is at least one of the most distinct in the history of art, — for educated by his eminent good sense, truth to nature, and tenderness in feeling. His woodcut of a swan was to others, what the designs, where possible, by white lines laid on blue, are to us, as it were, from darkness upwards to light. His lines followed, as far as they could, the natural treatment or law of his material; for this lies cut well in reality even the natural treatment or law of his material, for this lies cut into the wood, in tame the whites, as those cut by the line-engraver from the darks, of the line-engraver, and the power of execution of such art is indicated by this difference between his prints and those of the engravers. The first, and invention of Bewick's other gifts are shown in the evanescing singularity, truth, and invention of his woodcut. We cannot be too carefully studied; they have a direction increasing their point, a decided and singularly analogous to those in Art.

Wood Engraving
on size or material.
If Bewick's porchetta excellence has not been since equalled, Wood Engraving has been not in France and England carried off to a wonderful height in this art and brilliancy.—The aim has, perhaps, lain too decidedly in this direction, as in competition with etching &c., vain struggle, which risks loss in the material treatment and natural effects of the woodcut, already indicated. By a return within the strict limits fixed by the material, by moderation and study from nature, no admirable skill which a multitude of artists have attained will, no doubt, be able to bring Wood Engraving below long to further neglect.



OIL PAINTINGS.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
1	Scene on the Hudson near West Point.	Mignot	Jno. Caverhill
2	Pastoral Scene.....	J. Negreack	Capt. Raynes
3	Sheep	Carpenter	Mr. McCulloch
4	Death of the Duke of Guise	E. Cawell	Capt. Raynes
5	My Mother's Grave	W. McDuff	Thos. McDuff
6	Street Scene in Holland	Roberto Canaletto	Mr. McCulloch
7	Do. do. do.	do.	do.
8	Portrait.....	J. S. Powers	Artist
9	My Ain Fire-side	W. McDuff	Thos. McDuff
10	Lady Sealing a Letter	Wm. Hart	Capt. Raynes
11	Sandymount Sands	McElroy	Dr. Scott
12	The Adoration (15th Century)	Unknown	Capt. Raynes
13	Group of Sheep	C. Jones	Jno. Caverhill
14	Child's Head	Grenze	Mr. McCulloch
15	Owls' Head Mountain (sketch)	J. Fraser	T. D. King
16	Portrait of the Bishop of Montreal	J. Fraser
17	*Ewe and Lamb's	H. Hancock	Artist
18	Group of Sheep	Unknown	Mr. McCulloch
19	A. Interior
20	Port of Longue-Métole (copy fm. Brasilia) J. Fraser	C. A. Low
21	S. o Panza and the Duchess	(after Leslie). F. Lawford

** The preceding pages are reprinted from the Catalogue of the Fine Arts Collection at the Exhibition of All Nations, held in London in 1862. They are from the pen of F. T. Palgrave, Esq., and give such an admirable sketch of Oil and Water Colour Painting, and of Engraving, that the Council have thought they could not do better than to copy them.

** The Council take this opportunity of presenting their thanks to Artists and others who have kindly furnished Pictures and other Works of Art for this Exhibition. Special thanks are due to Messrs. Hewlett & Camp of New York, the latter of whom has lent us many valuable Pictures from his private collection.

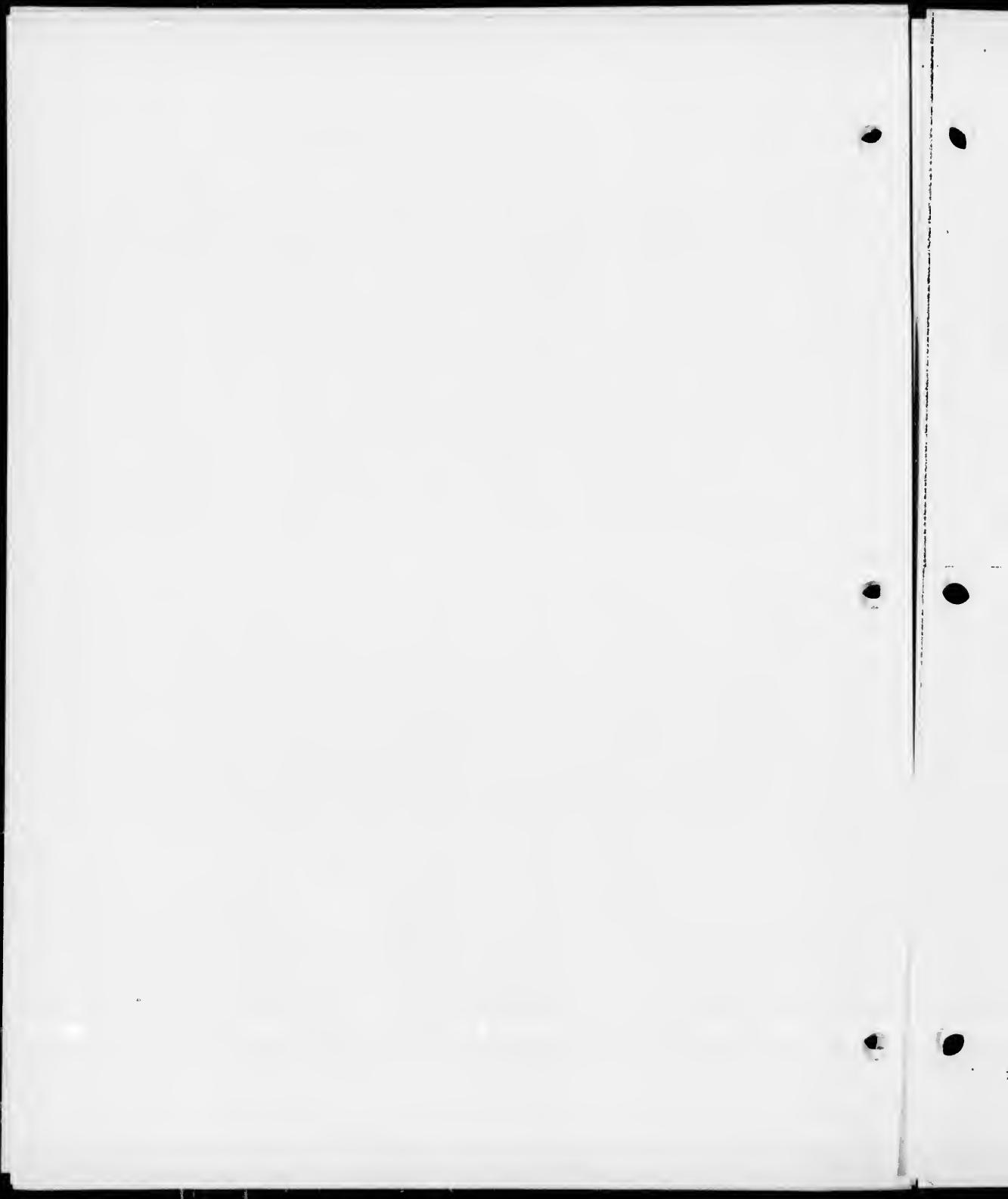
** Those marked thus (*) are for sale. For prices, apply to the Curator.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.	PAINTER.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
22	Interior of a Welsh Cottage.....	C. A. Low			*Fox Hunter's Dream.....	W. H. Beard	Artist, (N.Y.)
23	A Cottage Interior.....	Geo. Anderson, R.A. J. Muir	D. Lorn McDougall		A Sea Coast View.....	E. C. Williams	J. Carus
24	Landscape.....	J. Meadows.....	T. S. Cooper, R. A.	do.	Feeding the Rabbits.....	Th. Gerard	J. Caverhill
25	Sheep.....	T. S. Cooper, R. A.	do.	do.	*The Ramble.....	A. F. Bellows	Artist, (N.Y.)
26	Do.	do.	do.	do.	Prairie Hens.....	W. H. Illays	II. Camp, (N.Y.)
27	Landscape.....	Johann.....	Johann.....	do.	Greenwood Lake.....	J. F. Cropsey	do.
28	*Flower of the Flock.....	H. Hancock	Artist		Barnyard Scene.....	A. F. Tait	do.
29	Landscape.....	Johann.....	Johann.....		Moonlight on the St. Lawrence.....	Gignon	do.
30	Game and Fruit (after Weenix).....	Geo. Bacon	Artist		Learning to Read	Bourges	do.
31	Portrait	J. S. Powers	Artist		Passing Storm.....	Shattuck	(N.Y.)
32	Poultry	H. Lemireus	T. Gramp		*Landscape	J. F. Cropsey	Artist, (N.Y.)
33	A Winter Scene.....	do.			On Lake Memphremagog.....	Kate Du Goulier	Artist
34	Fawns	W. H. Beard	Artist (N.Y.)		A Portrait (after Gerard Dow)	Breckelamp	Jas. Muir
35	Holy Family		Mrs. McCulloch		do.	do.	do.
36	Smokers	J. H. Herrick (N.Y.)			Chaguen Mountain and Orford Lake	R. S. Duncanson	Artist
37	An Old Couple	Geselschap			Boys on the Ice	William Raphael	do.
38	Sunset	Bierstadt	Artist (N.Y.)		Falls of the Chaudiere	R. S. Duncanson	do.
39	*View on the Hudson	Fenschel	(N.Y.)		River St. Anne (Below Quebec)	do.	do.
40	*Landscape	Glo. Innes	(N.Y.)		Skating in Holland	F. De Brackeleer	B. Gilb
41	*Marine View	De How	Artist (N.Y.)		French Flower Girl	J. H. S. Mann	do.
42	*Family Happiness	F. Brackele	(N.Y.)		Card Playing	A. De Brackeleer	do.
43	Card Players	H. Johnson	do.		Interior of a Chapel	— (after Leys)	do.
44	*Landscape	Durand	(N.Y.)		Rembrandt's Studio	J. S. Powers	E. H. Parsons
45	*Drylan, South Wales	T. D. King	Th. Whittle		Portrait	Leslie	S. English
46	*Kitchen Interior	Noterman	— (N.Y.)		Evening on the Thames	A. F. Bellows	do.
47	*Woodland View	W. M. Brown	Artist (N.Y.)		View on the Androscoggin		

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
74	The Nativity.....	(after Correggio)	T. B. Coasetime	No.	PAINTER.
75	*Baptism of Christ	J. M. W. Turner	do.	100	Landscape and Castle
76	*St. Paul Cast Adore.	Dominiui.....	do.	101	The Morning after the Storm
77	Landscape.....	O. Jacobl.....	do.	102	Fall on the Sphugen
78 *	Do.	E. C. Williams.....	A. J. Pell	103	The Vale of Cashmere
79	*The Masters (after Quintin Matsys).....	C. G. Stewart	E. Brinley, Boston	104	Sketch
80	The Forge.....	Leys	do.	105	On the River du Loup
81	Meeting for the Chase.	do.	do.	106	*Landscape with Bull
82	Infant Jesus.....	do.	do.	107	*Interior of Stable
83	Village Inn.....	do.	do.	108	*Landscape
84	Village School.....	do.	do.	109	The Downt
85	Rinaldo and Armida.....	(after Mantegna)	E. Brinley, Boston	110	Nest Sialad from Cap' l Tarig
86	Beatrice Cenci (copy).....	do.	do.	111	Dutch Fishing Boats
87	*St. Catherine at Prayer.....	do.	do.	112	Landscape and Cattle
88	Girl and Fisher.....	C. J. Lewis	do.	113	*Fishing Scene
89	The Oasis in the Desert.....	Marillat	do.	114	*Christ in the Garden
90	Morning Prayer.....	Suminius	do.	115	*Misery
91	Lion and Vulture.....	Gerome	do.	116	Emigrants Going West
92	Court Scene.....	Isabey	do.	117	The Dead Christ
93	Taking the Herd to Water.....	Jadin	do.	118	Jirius's Daughter
94	The Desert.....	Th. Frere	do.	119	Glen Wyde North Wales
95	The Happy Family.....	Nantcuil	do.	120	Adonis
96	The Elopement.....	Baron	do.	121	A Sketch
97 *	Recollections of the Tropics.....	R. S. Dunanson	Artist	122	Sunrise in Italy
98	Scene on the Ottawa	do.	J. T. Chyton	123	*Shakspeare
99	Do. do.	do.	do.	124	Landscape
				125	Scene on the White Mountains

*Painted by a young lady, aged 13 years.

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
100	Landscape and Castle	Illosor	F. B. Matthews	Illosor	F. B. Matthews
101	The Morning after the Storm	Jno. Ritchie	A. Wilson	Jno. Ritchie	A. Wilson
102	Fall on the Sphugen	O. Jacobl	do.	O. Jacobl	do.
103	The Vale of Cashmere	R. S. Dunanson	O. S. Wood	R. S. Dunanson	O. S. Wood
104	Sketch	J.M.W.Turner,R.A.	A. Wilson	J.M.W.Turner,R.A.	A. Wilson
105	On the River du Loup	A. F. Bellows	do.	A. F. Bellows	do.
106	*Landscape with Bull	Vogt	Artist	Vogt	Artist
107	*Interior of Stable	do.	do.	do.	do.
108	*Landscape	Slayer	A. J. Will	do.	do.
109	The Downt	W. C. French	do.	do.	do.
110	Nest Sialad from Cap' l Tarig	Silacy Percy	do.	do.	do.
111	Dutch Fishing Boats	Taylor	do.	do.	do.
112	Landscape and Cattle	W. Shoyer, Sr.	N. Bourassa	do.	do.
113	*Fishing Scene	N. Bourassa	Artist	do.	do.
114	*Christ in the Garden	do.	do.	do.	do.
115	*Misery	O. Jacobl	do.	do.	do.
116	Emigrants Going West	do.	do.	do.	do.
117	The Dead Christ	Miss Bisette	Artist	do.	do.
118	Jirius's Daughter	Rembrandt	Artist	do.	do.
119	Glen Wyde North Wales	Anstell	Artist	do.	do.
120	Adonis	Sir G. Kneller	Artist	do.	do.
121	A Sketch	J.M.W.Turner,R.A.	Artist	do.	do.
122	Sunrise in Italy	W. Havell	Artist	do.	do.
123	*Shakspeare	H. Lincock	Jno. McArthur	do.	do.
124	Landscape	A. F. Bellows	do.	do.	do.
125	Scene on the White Mountains	W. Hart	do.	do.	do.



OIL PAINTINGS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.	No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
126	Mount Desert	W. Hart.....	Jno. McArthur	152	Group of Children	O. Jacobij.....	
127	*Boating up the Thames	E. C. Williams	A. J. Pell	153	On the Thames	E. C. Williams	Alf. Kummer
128	*The Quail Family	A. F. Tait	Boston	154	Landscape	— Lee, R. A.	W. B. Lambe
129	*Chickens	do.	do.	155	Girl in Hammock	F. Stephen	
130	*Still Life	Mrs. S. Anderson	do.	156	Blind Man	do.	
131	*The Swing	P. Rondell	do.	157	Castle on the Rhine	B. Girscher	do.
132	*The Locket	Mrs. S. Anderson	do.	158	Wandering Minstrel	Mr. Provis	
133	*Gathering Grapes	F. Rondell	do.	159	Kitchen Interior	do.	
134	*The Pet Canary	Moses Wright	do.	160	Last Drain	do.	
135	*Fruit	S. L. Garry	do.	161	*View at Nahant	Hazeline	Boston
136	*Vase of Flowers	E. Lynde	do.	162	*Brant Lake	S. W. Griggs	
137	*View on the Hudson	A. F. Bratcher	do.	163	*A Quiet Nook	F. S. Frost	do.
138	*Sunset	O. Jacobij	A. J. Pell	164	*Contemplation	Harriman	do.
139	*Landscape	do.	do.	165	*Moonlight on the Hudson	A. F. Butcher	do.
140	Frederie the Wise	do.	do.	166	*View at Brookline, Mass.	S. B. Hodgson	
141	*Woodcock	De Blois	A. J. Pell	167	*Strawberries in Shell	Geo. H. Hall	do.
142	Landscape	J. Muir	do.	168	*Drapes	do.	do.
143	Conversation Galante	D. Toniers, Jr.	do.	169	*Near Eagle Cliff, Franconia, N. H.	J. A. Colman	
144	Student of Munich	Jno. Whyte	do.	170	*View near Conway, N. H.	G. F. Higgins	do.
145	Portrait	do.	do.	171	*The Approaching Storm	G. N. Chas	do.
146	Indian Encampment	E. Kreighoff	E. Lyman Mills	172	Lake Trout	S. R. Kilburn	
147	Murray Bay	Duncum	Artist	173	*View on the Sea Coast	H. B. Brown	Artist
148	Quebec from Montmorenci	do.	do.	174	Landscape	G. F. Cropsey	
149	Rain at Bainie	J. B. Pyne	do.	175	O. Jacobij	
150	Marine View	J. Meadows	do.	176	Pius VI (after Raphael)	Capt. Raynes	
151	Peter the Great	Alf. Rimmer	do.	177	Landscape	E. J. Frost	

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTER.
1	Pugtah Zobe, Lake Superior.....	W. Armstrong.....	Artist
2	Nipigon River, do.....	do.....	do.
3	Headland near Spanish River.....	W. M. Cresswell.....	do.
4	Rapid at Sault Ste. Marie.....	do.....	do.
5	Group of Flowers from Nature.....	T. D. King.....	
6	Do.....	do.....	do.
7	Mouth of the Saguenay.....	C. J. Way.....	Thos. Rimmer
8	Sketch in North Wales.....	W. B. Lambbe.....	
9	On the Cart near Cathcart.....	Thos. Watt.....	A. A. Watt
10	Do.....	do.....	do.
11	On Loch Fyne.....	do.....	do.
12	Acid of Music, Montreal, (Architectural)	Lawford & Nelson.....	
13	Residence of Jas. Johnson, Esq. (do)	Smith of London.....	C. Pearson.....
14	Landscape.....	D. Lorn McDengall.....	do.
15	Do.....	do.....	do.
16	Trinity Church (Architectural).....	Lawford & Nelson.....	J. Arelle.....
17	Children.....	Thos. McDuff.....	do.
18	Do.....	do.....	do.
19	Indian Encampment.....	do.....	do.
20	Do.....	do.....	do.
21	Residence of Sir Morton Peto, (Archit.), J. Thomas.....	C. P. Thomas.....	

NO.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTER.	PAINTER.	CONTRIBUTER.
22	Erskine Church, C.E., (Architectural).....	C. P. Thomas.....		W. Scott	
23	Landscape.....	Jas. Duncan.....		do.	
24	Do.....	do.....		do.	
25	The Swing				
26	Design for a Church (Architectural).....				
27	Cleopatra and the Ap.....				
28	Passing Snow Storm	(Sepia).		C. J. Way.....	W. Newman
29	View on the Androscoggin	do.		do.	do.
30	A Mountain Solitude.....	do.		do.	do.
31	Fishing off the Gaspé Coast	do.		do.	do.
32	Quiche from Point Levi	do.		do.	do.
33	Montreal Harbour	do.		do.	do.
34	Leghorn in the time of the Red Mandua.....	do.		do.	do.
35	Mouth of the Marguerite	do.		do.	do.
36	Trinity Cape Cove	do.		do.	do.
37	October on the Saguenay	do.		do.	do.
38	View near Tadousac	do.		do.	do.
39	View on the Saguenay	do.		do.	do.
40	Lincoln Cathedral				
41	Angel's Whisper				
42	Assassination of King James of Scotland				
43	Craigmillar Castle				
44	Will Flowers				
45	Little Ducks				
46	Moonlight				
47	Scene on the Gatineau				

W. Scott

J. McPherson

J. Davis

W. Scott

J. McPherson

do.

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

WATER COLOUR PAINTINGS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONSTRUCTOR.	No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	CONSTRUCTOR.
							W. B. Lambé
48	Landscape.....	O. Jacobi	W. Scott	74	Draehenfels.....	do.
49	" Do.	do.	do.	75	Landscape.....	do.
50	South Wales, near Llanelli.....	T. Rowbotham.....	Thos. Kummer	76	Hunting Scene.....	do.
51	The Cluse.....	77	Do.	do.
52	Breast-Mill.....	S. Palmer.....	T. D. King	78	Fishing Boats.....	do.
53	A Tale of Love.....	Uwins, R.A.....	A. Wilson	79	Swiss Scene.....	A. Kriamer
54	A Composition.....	80	A Stormy Sunset.....	B. Dawson
55	Muir's Buildings (Architectural).....	A. C. Hutchinson.....	81	Scene in the White Mountains.....	do.
56	Interior of Trinity Church, do.....	Lawford & Nelson	82	Do.	do.
57	*Bathws-y-Coed.....	McEwan	A. J. Yell	83	Arques.....	Dolby.....
58	Interior of a Church.....	Windeyer & Savage	84	Lake of Cono.....	H. Lyman
59	*Portrait, (Grayon).....	N. Bourassa.....	do.	85	Coast at Nice.....	do.
60	* Do.	do.	do.	86	Rustic Bridg.....	do.
61	Cavaliers Curroising.....	Drummond.....	W. Cunningham	87	Highland Loch.....	do.
62	A Rock near Gaspé.....	C. J. Way.....	do.	88	Bacchus and Ariadne.....	R. J. Leckie
63	Landseas?.....	Jas. McArthur.....	Artist	89	Composition.....	Duncanson.....
64	*Bird's Nest.....	Cruikshanks.....	Boston				Artist
65	*Apple Blossoms.....	do.	do.				Artist
66	Elevation for Store (Architectural).....				C. P. Thomas.....
67	Zingari.....				Artist
68	View of Montreal, ...	Jas. Duncan.....				do.
69	View at Côte St. Antoine.....	do.				H. Lyman
70	Interior of Oxford Cathedral.....	Nash				do.
71	Market Place.....	Hardy, Jr.				do.
72	The Cloisters.....	do.				Jno. Popham
73	Odinhill, North Wales.....	D. Cox				

ENGRAVINGS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
				ENGRAVER.
22	Aurora.....	Guido.....	Raphael Morghen
23	St. John.....	Domenichino.....
24	The Heart of the Andes.....	F. E. Church.....	Wm. Forrest
25	The Wellington Shield	(etching).....	T. Stothard
26	The Glee Maiden.....	Lamb Stothard
27	Oli Nannic, wilt thou gang with me.....	Thos. Faed.....
28	La Liseuse.....	Gerald Dow.....	Wille
29	Bienfaisance.....	Dubufe.....	Picard

ENGRAVINGS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PAINTER.	PAINTER.	ENGRAVER.
1	Italizing the Lamie Man.....	Raphael.....	T. Holloway
2	Le Torrent	A. Calame.....	A. Calame
3	Canterbury Pilgrims	T. Stothard, R.A.....	Schiavocetti
4	Christ's Change to Peter.....	Raphael.....	T. Holloway
5	Solitude.....	A. Calame.....	A. Calame
6	Madonna del San Francisco	Corregio.....	Peter Lutz
7	Christus Consolator	Ary Scheffer.....	Henriquel Dupont
8	Charles le Brun	Largillière.....	G. Edelhick
9	The Altar to the Unknown God	Cyrus Ferrus.....	C. Blennert
10	Louis Philippe	F. Gerard.....	Henriquel Dupont
11	Dejancira and Nessus	Guido.....
12	Mercury and Argus	J. M. W. Turner.....	J. T. Willmore
13	Charles the First	Vandyck.....	J. D. Vandell
14	Madonna de San Sisto	Raphael.....	Nordheim
15	Christ led to Crucifixion	John Hancock.....
16	The Three Marys	A. Carracci.....	Rouillet
17	The Descent from the Cross	(etching).....	Rembrandt
18	Madonna colle Stelle	Carlo Dolci.....	Eduardo Mandel
19	Christ on the Cross	A. Durer.....	Müller
20	School of Athens	Raphael.....
21	Hemicycle des Beaux Arts	De la Roche.....	Henriquel Dupont

PHOTOGRAPHS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PHOTOGRAPHER.		CONTRIBUTOR.
		SUBJECT.	PHOTOGRAPHER.	
22	Two Portraits	W. Notman	W. Notman	W. Notman
23	One do. colored	J. Fraser	J. Fraser	do.
24	Portrait	Mitchell Bros	T. C. Douane	Mitchell Bros.
25	Portrait, colored	do.	T. C. Douane	T. C. Douane
26	Do. do.	do.	do.	do.
27	Canadian Scenery (selections of)	do.	J. Martin	J. Martin
28	Selections.	do.	W. Notman	W. Notman
29	Copies from C. J. Way's Sketches.	do.	do.	do.
30	{ Canadian Scenery	W. Ulstederson	Art Association	Art Association

Eight specimens of the views to be presented to subscribers to the Art Association, who are invited to select any two from these.

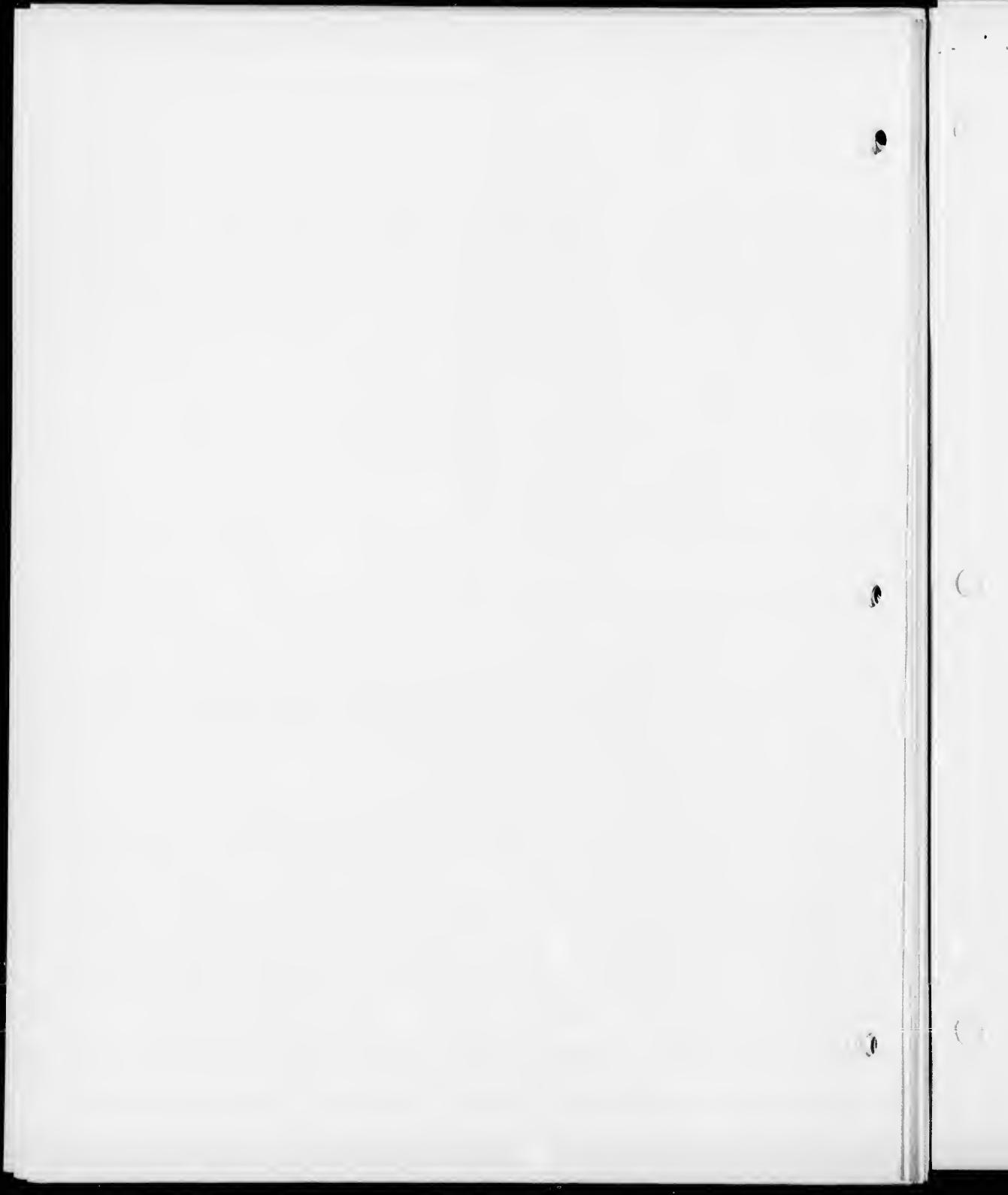
PHOTOGRAPHS.

No.	SUBJECT.	PHOTOGRAPHER.	CONTRIBUTOR.
1	*Paul Preaching at Athens, Raphael.....	T. D. King	
2	*Miraculous Draught of Fishes, do'	do.	
3	*Teeling the Lambs Man, do.	do.	
4	On the Mississipi River.	Henderson	
5	A Country Road.	do.	
6	A Summer Retreat.	do.	
7	Drawing Ice.	do.	
8	Do.	do.	
9	The Hay Meadow.	do.	
10	A Mountain Pass into Spain.	do.	
11	Chateau and Villa de Pan.	do.	
12	Study on a Hill Burn in Dumfries.	do.	
13	Ox Cart and Bearnais Peasant.	do.	
14	View near Lake Beauport.	do.	
15	On Evan Water, Dumfries.	do.	
16	New Portico to the Chateau of Ikeny { IV at T'au	do.	
17	Pont de Sein, Pyrenees	do.	
18	Supposed Head of Our Saviour	do.	Miss Lyman
19	View of Montreal.	do.	W. Scott
20	The Coliseum.	do.	S. J. Levy, M.A.
21	Ruins in Rome.	do.	

ANECUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sketch—Pen and Ink—Trumpeter.....	E. Burnside
Do. do. do. Archduke Leop Land.....	do.
* Do. do. do. Donkey.....	E. Verplackhoven
Portrait Woven in Silk.....	H. B. Small
Cast—Flight into Egypt.....	do.
Do. Crucifixion.....	do.
Do. Descent from the Cross.....	do.
* Lot of Parian Statuettes.....	Mr. Paton
Parian Statuette, Shakespeare.....	T. D. King
* Parian Bust, Michael Angelo.....	J. Paton
* Do. do. Raphael Sanzio.....	do.
Statuette, Dresden, Neptune.....	J. Reynolds
Do. do. Vulcan.....	do.
Gloina and Wedgwood Vases.....	Mr. Paton
Chinese Ornaments, Bronzes, &c.....	Mr. Winter
Collection of Military Medals (two cases).....	Mr. J. C. Davie
Children in Marble (after L. Flere).....	R. Reid.....Artist
Aurora.....	modeled by R. Reid
* Medallion in Marble (Eight).....	do.	do.
* Do. do. (Morning).....	do.	do.
The Wounded Scout (cast after Jno. Rogers).....	T. S. Hunt
Bronzes (grotesque).....	T. Lyman
Do. Shakespeare.....	T. D. King
Do. Medallion.....	N. Bourassa
Imitation Marble Pillars.....	J. Murphy
Two Screens of Grained Wood.....	do.
Centre Table, Marquetric.....	J. & W. Hilton
Hall Table, Walnut.....	J. Thompson
Cabinet, Inlaid.....	J. & W. Hilton
Table (Wellington Shield).....	T. D. King
* Illustrations of Longfellow's Phantom Ship.....	H. Sandham
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INCORPORATED 1851 VICT. CAP. XIII. 1860

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