J. M. W. TURNER (1775 - 1851)

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PREFACE

WHEN asked by Messrs. Bell to write "The Life of Turner" for their Series of "British Artists," I at first refused, for my ideas flow but slowly, and I have not the pen of a ready writer. Moreover, the only time I can spare for literary work is after the light has failed for painting. On being again pressed I agreed to undertake the task, mainly influenced by my admiration for the work of the inimitable poet-painter who has been my study and delight since boyhood.

The first thing to be done was to read all the books on the subject. To my consternation I soon found that at least seven lives of Turner had already been published. Later, in my search among the sketch-books stowed away in the basement of the National Gallery, I met a gentleman engaged on yet another exhaustive Turner biography.

What chance has my little book against so many by professional writers? How can I expect to put down anything that has not been better said before?

My only hope is that, being a painter, I may look at Turner's life and work from a point of view different from that of a literary man. Gilbert Hamerton, it is true, did draw a little, but his books were very much better than his pictures. An artist should be better able to distinguish and note the influences and beauties, the difficulties and limitations of another artist's work, than a critic or a teller of tales.

I have tried to describe the masterpieces of Turner as they appear to a fellow painter travelling, however remotely, along the same road.

The biographical facts are mostly gleaned from that confused tangle of oft-told anecdote and exaggerated description compiled by Walter Thornbury in 1861. I have sorted and arranged these scattered scraps of history in chronological order to the best of my ability. The task was not an easy one, but night after night as I went slowly through the trials and triumphs of Turner, the uncouth old wizard, with his rough manners and tender heart, somehow became more and more real to me, until at last he seemed a friend that I had known all my life.

If I can only paint the man and his works for my reader as clearly as they stand before me, my labour of love will not have been in vain.

W. L. WYLLIE.

- J. M. W. TURNER

Chapter 1

Life of J. M. W. Turner

In the year 1775 a barber lived in a dark little shop, No. 26, Maiden Lane, standing on the left of Hand Court, which lies close to the south-west corner of Covent Garden. There was a gloomy, low archway, with an iron gate, and coming out of the sunlight a stranger would have to stand a moment in the dim light before he could see the narrow door to the left which led into the hairdresser's shop. There was a window gay with both bob and cauliflower wigs, the name over the door was Turner. Mr. Turner was a cheerful little man, spare and muscular, with small blue eyes, a hook nose, a projecting chin, and a fresh, healthy complexion. He talked fast with a rather transatlantic twang, but always had a smile upon his face. The barber had come to London in early life from South Molton, in Devonshire, and had married a lady named Mallord or Marshall, who lived in the village of Islington. The barber's wife had pale blue eyes, an aquiline nose, and a slight fall to her lower lip. Her hair was well frizzed, and she wore a cap, with large flappers. Report said the little woman had a terrible temper and led her husband a sad life. She held herself very erect, and her aspect was rather masculine.

Dr. Shand, author of "Gallops in the Antipodes," claims Mrs. Turner as first cousin to his grandmother, so we may suppose that she came from a rather superior class.

On Saint George's Day, the 23rd of April, a boy was born to this worthy couple, and on the 14th of May the child was baptised in the parish church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, and given the name of Joseph Mallord William Turner. The surroundings were not calculated, one would say, to breed and foster a great genius. The house was dark and small, the windows long and low, the narrow stairs were steep and winding, the rooms low-pitched and confined, and if we are to believe Mr. Duroveray, the barber lived most of his time in the cellar under his shop. The district round about was theatrical, and these were the days of the great David Garrick. There was also the studio of a society of artists opposite, in what had once been "the Cider Cellar." Maiden Lane had seen better days, and men of note had lived in it. Archbishop Sancroft, in the days when he was Dean of York; Andrew Marvell, on a poor second floor, and Voltaire also spent

three years at the sign of the "White Perruke."

Leaving the lane, and looking out at the London of that day, one cannot say that the moment was propitious for the appearance of the most splendid painter of landscape that the world has seen. Portrait art was at its highest pitch. Reynolds was working in Leicester Square, and Gainsborough, who had left Bath the year before, had taken a house in Pall Mall. Both held levees where the rank and fashion met, the beauties in powdered toupees, hoops, high-heeled shoes, the men in short pigtails and striped silk knee breeches. West was painting classical subjects for King George III, and Wilson was neglected by all except Paul Sandby, the fashionable drawing master. Hogarth had been dead eleven years.

Except for portraiture, English Art was either without life, insipid or classic, or a monstrous and indelicate caricature. The so-called humorous mezzotints which have come down to us show what wretched stuff our forefathers were content to gaze at in the shop windows, or bring home for the amusement of their families. Utterly without drawing or proportion, light and shade, or perspective, these hideous representations of the vices and follies of the time, often obscene, never suggesting a graceful thought or a beautiful line, bear witness to the coarseness of taste in 1775.

Turning to literature, Richardson, Sterne, Gray, Smollett, and Goldsmith were dead; but Dr. Johnson, Burke, Sheridan, Thomson, and Cowper, were writing; Robert Burns was just growing up at Alloway, and Walter Scott about four years old.

Captain Cook was homeward bound, having been away three years on his wonderful voyage. Napoleon was seven years old, and Wellington six, Talleyrand twenty-one, Catherine of Russia and Frederick the Great were engaged in the partition of Poland.

The English government of that day had treated the colonies of America in a very high-handed and tyrannical fashion and four days before the birth of Turner a British force, marching to seize some arms and powder, was attacked, and thus began the unfortunate and needless war, which lost us the fairest parts of the new world, and the sturdy Anglo-Saxon settlers, who would have been loyal to the old country had they only been dealt with fairly.

There is a story of a visit paid by Turner when about five years old to a house in Carburton Street, where lived a silversmith with a taste for art, who pried about and bought drawings cheap. The boy went with his father, who called to curl Mr. Tompkinson's hair. Whilst the frizzing and powdering proceeded, a rampant lion emblazoned on a silver salver attracted the child's fancy, and, when at home once more in Maiden Lane, he took pencil and paper, and drew from memory the very lion. A son of Stothard remembers that his father in early life went to the shop to get his hair cut, and the old man remarked to him in conversation, "My son, sir, is going to be a painter." A year or two later we hear that small water-colour drawings, copied by the boy from Sandby's, used to hang round the entrance door, ticketed at prices varying from one to three shillings. Years afterwards, Mr. Trimmer and Turner were looking over some prints. Turner took up one of them, a mezzotint of a Vanderveld, an upright,

a ship running before the wind, and said with emotion, "Ah, that made me a painter!"

In 1785 the boy was sent to a day school kept by a Mr. John White, near the "Three Pigeons," at Brentford Butts. There were fifty boys and ten girls. He boarded with an uncle of his mother's, a butcher, called Marshall.

An old schoolfellow tells how young Turner drew birds and flowers from the windows. Many of these early sketches, says Bell, were taken by stealth. Afterwards he went to the Soho Academy, and studied under a Mr. Palice, a floral drawing master.

At thirteen he was short and thickset, his face handsome, but with large features of a Jewish type, clear gray-blue eyes and arched eyebrows; a boy careless of dress, but sturdy and determined.

His father now sent William to a third school, kept by a Mr. Coleman at Margate, and the journey was made in a hoy, a bluff-bowed cutter-rigged craft, with a long bowsprit and heavy main boom. One can fancy the joy of this trip to such a boy. The Pool crowded with countless colliers, Indiamen, and barges; the Royal Dockyards of Deptford and Woolwich, where the new line of battleships stood building on the slips; Greenwich Hospital and Park, with picturesque pensioners sitting in the sun; the marshy flats on which the malefactors hung in chains; then the winding river spreading out into the yellow sandbanks and choppy waters of the Queen's channel; and, lastly, the open sea, with the chalk cliffs of Thanet shining clear and bright in the pure air.

Turner was not a mere home-bred boy, knowing nothing of the water, for he had often been boating and sketching on the Thames with his friend Girtin. With what a quick eye he must have noted the rippling waves, the changing lights playing on the ever-moving landscape, the pale blue hills, which showed up so faintly on the horizon, slowly taking shape and colour as the stout old packet worked its way down the crowded waterway — everything new and wonderfully strange.

Thornbury speaks of this as a blundering, miserable journey; but to Turner it must have been unalloyed bliss. Margate was then a quiet little seaside village; and here the boy met many pleasant people, and to the very end of his life, he always had an affection for the white cliffs and broad sands of this bright little port.

As time went on the genius began to turn a penny. There was a rage for illustrated topographical works, and these soon gave artists employment far more congenial than the insolent patronage that had been meted out in this age of artifice and conventionality. There seems to have been some work in colouring engravings. The two boys, Turner and Girtin, went often on the river, or out into the fields towards Hampstead. The country was quite close to Maiden Lane. There were haystacks in Osnaburg Street, and in the New Road turnstiles and meadows. Where Harley Street now is Whitefield preached in the fields, and there was a farm behind Russell Street.

Turner also paid visits to Bristol, and stayed with a Mr. Harraway, an old friend of his father's, a great fishmonger and glue boiler. Many of the drawings he made and gave to his host are still extant.

He sketched Clifton many times, and there is a view of Oxford of about the same date. There is also a portrait of himself painted during one of the visits to Mr. Harraway. The face is said to be "weakly drawn, simple, and boyish; the long, luxuriant, curling hair streams down upon his shoulders and frilled jacket; and the nostrils and mouth are delicately traced with carefulness, indeed, that amounts to timidity." (Thornbury.)

- ST. MARY REDCLIFFE, BRISTOL, 1814

This little portrait, in its black-wood frame, used to belong to Ruskin. It represents a boy of fifteen. He painted the two Harraway children and also his friend Girtin.

He is known to have attended a school in St. Martin's Lane, where the Academician, Paul Sandby, taught drawing. Soon the clever boy busied himself up in his bedroom colouring prints for a printseller. He was also employed in touching up amateurs' drawings, and adding skies and backgrounds to architects' designs. To Mr. Thomas Malton, in Long Acre, he was indebted for his knowledge of perspective, and in after life Turner always spoke of his master with hearty commendation.

Mr. Duroveray possessed a drawing after the manner of Sandby, signed "W. Turner," which he bought from the window in Maiden Lane. Others of the pale wash imitations of the same artist, were purchased by Mr. Crowle to adorn the splendid illustrated copy of Pennant's "London," in seventeen volumes, now in the print-room of the British Museum.

Porden, an architect, who in after years built the Brighton Pavilion for the Prince Regent, also gave work to the young artist, who painted gravel walks, blue skies, grass tufts, and patches of dock round the Corinthian mansions. At last Porden came to Hand Court, proposing to take young Turner as an apprentice without a premium; but the old barber, who saw that money was coming in from his son's earnings, refused the generous offer.

Dr. Munro, mad-doctor to George III, was also attracted by the drawings in the barber's window, and though one would hardly call the prices munificent, still the lad was earning a living, and doing credit to his teachers.

The father now arranged with Mr. Hardwick, an architect, that the boy should go to his office, and much of the work he then did survives. In a sketch of Wanstead Church, built by his master, we are told the sky is finely treated. Hardwick also had some drawings of the same date of Isleworth and Lambeth, with the river and boats.

About 1789 Turner became a student of the Royal Academy. As a proof of fitness he had to submit a drawing of a Greek statue in chalk, and was then admitted as a probationer to make three more drawings within the walls of Somerset House — another Greek figure; an outline of the same, showing all the muscles; and last, a skeleton in the same attitude as the chalk drawing.

These, accepted by his judges, entitled him to a "bone" or ticket of admission to the schools, good for seven years and marked with his name. No doubt Turner stippled, and rubbed out, and altered, and worried at the impossible renderings of the calm and classic features of Discobolus and Germanicus, and, listening

to the noises in the streets outside, watched the clouds flying across the narrow slit of blue sky to be seen from Somerset House, wishing himself miles away, out on the breezy hill-top, or the glistening river, just as thousands of Academy students have done ever since. No doubt the work was tiresome and monotonous, as it is to all of us; but there is not the least justification for Ruskin's remarks on the teaching of the Academy schools: "It taught Turner nothing, not even the one thing it might have done — the mechanical process of safe oil painting, safe vehicles and permanent colours. Turner from the beginning was led into constrained, unnatural error. Diligently debarred from every ordinary help to success, the one thing which the Academy ought to have taught him (barring the simple and safe use of oil colour) it never taught him; but it carefully repressed his perceptions of truth, his capacities of invention, and his tendencies of choice. For him it was impossible to do right but in a spirit of defiance; and the first condition of his progress in learning was the power to forget."

In spite of Ruskin there can be no question but that working from the antique must have been a great help to Turner at this time of his life. The work he did for architects must also have taught him a great deal, and later on he showed how well he had learned the lesson. The end of the eighteenth century was, as I have before remarked, a most depressing time as far as taste was concerned. It was quite impossible for Turner to rise at once above his surroundings. Ruskin has written pages in abuse of this age of darkness, lamenting that Turner should have been surrounded by all the classic influences which made him the man we know and reverence. To suppose that such a genius could have risen without teaching and hard work is absurd. Turner learned all that his age had to teach him, and then went on to better things. It is no use now our trying to fancy what he might have been had his impulses been turned to the "Gothic fields of imagination."

Once when Sir Joshua Reynolds was lecturing to a great crowd in Somerset House, the floor suddenly gave way causing a dreadful panic. Sir Joshua alone remained unmoved. When asked what were his thoughts at that terrible moment, his reply was, "I was thinking that if we all perished, the art of England would have been thrown back five hundred years." He little thought that Turner, the young student standing beside him, would have been the greatest loss of all.

About this period Turner was allowed to copy two of Reynolds's wonderful portraits. Perhaps he might have turned towards the one branch of the arts which was really alive and flourishing at this time, had it not been for the death of the Great Master, who, one day in July, whilst painting a portrait of Lady Beauchamp, found his eyes beginning to fail. Putting down his pallet and brushes he said, "I know that all things on earth must come to an end, and now I have come to mine."

Soon after this his remains were laid in state in Somerset House, the room all draped with black cloth.

Turner's portrait of himself at the age of seventeen, now in the National Gallery, shows that he had learnt a great deal from the great portrait painter.

According to a catalogue of Turner's works at the Royal Academy, published by Boone in 1857, the first exhibited picture was Dover Castle, assigned to 1787,

when the boy would be but twelve years old. There is also a drawing of Wanstead mentioned. It seems, however, that both these works were by another painter of the same name, and that the very first water-colour sent by J. M. W. Turner to the Royal Academy was a view of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, with Westminster Bridge beyond. It was only 14 × 10, and was exhibited in 1790. All this time Turner continued to colour prints and wash in skies for architects. When, in after life, his friends expressed wonder at his having thus worked at half-a-crown a night, he used to say, "Well! and what could be better practice?" An old architect told Thornbury he had often paid the boy a guinea for putting in a background, calling for that purpose at his father's shop in Maiden Lane. On no occasion was he allowed to see Turner draw, and all he did was concealed in his bedroom.

Turner at this time, says Mr. Lovell Reeve, was a short, sturdy, sailor-like youth, endowed with a vigorous constitution, and inured to hard beds and simple fare. He used to tramp the country with his baggage tied up in a handkerchief, sketching as he went. One of his first tours was to Oxford, to execute some commissions for his patron, Mr. Henderson. A poor artist, named Cooke, walked with him until his feet got sore and he was left behind whilst the indefatigable Turner walked on. As for sleeping, any humble village public-house at which he could obtain shelter was good enough for him.

When he was at school at Margate, Turner had formed an acquaintance with the family of one of the boys, and to his schoolfellow's sister he soon became attached. We may suppose that in some of his walking tours he revisited the Isle of Thanet, and at last he became engaged. When he went away Turner left his sweetheart a portrait of himself, and promised to write often.

But the months followed each other, and no letters came. Turner was working hard in London, or wandering about England, painting its beauties and making a name for himself. The poor girl, made wretched by a stepmother, who, it appears, intercepted all the letters, waited on with no news from her lover, except the scraps of records in the newspapers describing his pictures. Two years rolled by, and another lover came to press his suit, when, believing herself forsaken, and unable any longer to resist the chance of disengaging herself from her stepmother's persecution, she at last yielded to her suitor's importunities. The day for the marriage was fixed and everything prepared, when within a week of the appointed day, Turner suddenly arrived from a distant tour. He had written constantly, and though he had received no replies, his faith had remained unshaken. One can only imagine what these two poor creatures said to each other; but the lady, reckoning her honour involved, felt that it was then too late, and Turner in bitter grief left her, vowing he would never marry. The union, which took place a few days afterwards, proved most unhappy, and thus did the wickedness of a bad woman spoil two lives.

- MARINE STUDY

The young artist never recovered from this disappointment, and was for ever afterwards dwelling on the loss he had sustained. That he loved this lady there can be no doubt. The misery of his whole scathed life, and the constant dwelling

on these sad words, "the Fallacies of Hope," are fully sufficient to prove that. He gradually began to change, and became self-concentrated and reserved; more fond of money and at the same time his passionate devotion to his art became intensified.

Mr. Bell, an engraver, left some notes of his introduction to Turner in 1795, and says that he stood by in the little room in Maiden Lane while the artist made his first attempt in oil from a sketch in crayon, which had been taken on the previous day, of a sunset on the river at Battersea. The boat in which the drawing was made had grounded whilst the work was going on, and had only been floated again with great labour. He also describes a larger picture of fishing boats in a gale off the Needles.

Bell went on a tour with Turner which lasted six weeks. They went to Margate, Canterbury, Rochester, and here we meet another story of the first oil picture, which is now said to have been painted in the parsonage at Foots Cray. It represented the Norman Keep of Rochester, with fishermen pulling their boats ashore in a storm. The picture was in the style of De Loutherbourg, carefully but thinly painted, so much so that the oil had made the colour run down the picture. I think there must have been some mistake about both these stones, and that Turner painted in oil some time before. The portrait of himself proves that he was by no means a beginner in that medium, even when he was only seventeen. On one of his tours the thrifty young artist is reported to have lived for five days on a guinea.

The mad-doctor Munro, of Adelphi Terrace, used to ask Turner and Girtin to his house, where in the winter evenings they had to do an hour or two sketching and colouring for half-a-crown each and supper. The doctor's rooms were full of pictures. A Wild Landscape, by Salvator Rosa; The Condemnation of Hainan by Rembrandt; a Gainsborough; A Man leading Horses; a Snuyders; and many others. There were also fat portfolios, full of Canaletti drawings, De Loutherbourgs, Hearnes, Sandbys, and Cozens — all sorts of subjects — Neapolitan coasts, Swiss views, Kentish scenes, castles and cathedrals in blue and India ink, Italian buildings in black chalk, cottages from the river on blue paper heightened with white, together with pen washed bistre, and pen-and-ink drawings by Ostade, Paul Potter, Vandervelde, and Claude.

The half-crown drawings included a view of London from Temple Gardens, Hadley Church, Willesden, shipping in Dover Harbour, imitations of De Loutherbourg, the ruins of the Savoy Palace, and a street in Dartford, copied from a sketch. Mr. Henderson lived in the same terrace, and here also the two lads met to draw and copy as they did at their other patrons'. They copied prints and engravings by Malton and Canaletti views of London, the Mansion House, St. George's, Hanover Square, with a sedan chair passing, Dover with pigtailed boatmen, Tintern, and subjects on the Thames, varied from sketches by Mr. Henderson. It is said that in every case the copies were better than the originals.

When Dr. Munro died, in 1833, Turner attended the sale of his pictures and bought up a great many of his own drawings. It is also said that the doctor once gave Turner a commission for one hundred drawings, but that rising artist abstained from executing it.

De Loutherbourg, the Polish noble, born in Strasburg, who was paid £400 a year by David Garrick for painting the scenery of Drury Lane Theatre, and famous for his picture of Lord Howe's Victory, The Glorious First of June, seems to have had a great influence on the young painter's style.

It must not be supposed that all the drawings executed about this time were as brilliant and full of colour and light as the later water-colours painted by the master. Colours, paper, and all that pertained to art, were very primitive. In the beginning a picture of this sort was little more than an outline, worked up and shaded with india ink or bistre, and then washed over with faint tints of blue, brown, yellow, green, and red. Whatever force the drawing possessed was the result of the dark under-washes of black tinted with transparent colour over it.

In many cases the sketches, though powerful in effect, were very slight so far as colour was concerned, in fact little more than monochrome. Any attempt to increase the brilliancy of the drawings by leaving out the black and painting in the shadows, frankly, with strong colour seems to have been against the practice of the time. It may be that the painters of the eighteenth century were so accustomed to laying in their shadows with black or dark brown, and working over with thin colour, that they could not break themselves of the habit. It was not in water-colour only that the shadows were colourless: the oil-pictures had all of them the same peculiarity.

This early fashion of painting in water-colour is now called the stained or tinted manner. It was only by small degrees that Girtin and Turner could advance towards the rendering of objects in their true colours. Step by step, at first in a nervous, tentative fashion, they tried to increase the brilliancy of the colour, perhaps hardly aware what they were wishing for. Now and then one of them would produce something quite different from the old fashion with the black shadows — but in the next drawing the underwash would come again with all its old persistency.

It is very hard to break away from old ingrained habits, and besides, the tinted monochrome must have been a much more easy task than the complicated exercise of thinking out a subject in colour, in tone, and arrangement all at once. Who painted the first true water-colour, in the present meaning of the word, I think could not be determined at this moment. Paul Sandby has been called the father of water-colour painting. Girtin has also the credit, whilst Cozens and John Smith are said to have produced, now and then, isolated examples of true water-colours. Turner, so far back as 1787, did a clumsy, ill-drawn sketch, Nuneham Courtenay; now in the National Gallery. In it the features of the landscape are depicted with heavy masses of colour without a trace of the black underpainting, but as he was only twelve years old at the time, it is quite possible that this may be a bit of boyish impatience to rush on to colour before the subject had been carried through to its completion in black or gray, as was the fashion in those days. No doubt one of the reasons, for the long time that the old-fashioned under-painting lasted, was the fact that a great many of the drawings were painted expressly for engraving purposes. Of course, it was very important that the arrangement of the light and shade and composition should

be carried to great perfection, whilst the brilliancy of the colour was quite a minor consideration.

Any one who has tried to carry out a design in strong, vivid colour, united to a powerful scheme of light and shade, well knows the tremendous difficulties of such a combination, and it is therefore not strange that Turner should have gone on producing black pictures and drawings in the stained fashion long after he had discovered the secret of pure colour.

It seems that Turner gave lessons in painting about this time, but it does not appear that he was very popular with fashionable people. His manner was rough and odd, and he often let his pupils paint on as they liked without correction.

An architectural draughtsman, whose name was Dayes, thus describes Turner: "He may be considered a striking instance of how much may be gained by industry (if accompanied by temperance) even without the assistance of a master. The way he acquired his professional powers was borrowing where he could a drawing or picture to copy from, or by making a sketch of any one in the Exhibition early in the morning and finishing it at home. By such practices, and by patient perseverance, he has overcome all the difficulties of the art; so that the fine taste and colour which his drawings possess are scarcely to be found in any other, and are accompanied by a broad, firm chiaroscuro and a light and elegant touch. This man must be loved for his works, for his person is not striking, nor his conversation brilliant."

In the Royal Academy of 1791 we find two drawings by Turner, King John's Palace, Eltham; and Sweakley, near Uxbridge. In 1792, Malmesbury Abbey (an interior of the ruins with a man, a dog and some pigs), and a sketch of The Pantheon, the morning after the fire. The year following he had three drawings, A View on the Avon, Bristol; which was hung in the ante-room, and The Gate of St. Augustine's Monastery, Canterbury; also The Rising Squall; and Hot Wells, from St. Vincent's Rock. Perhaps these may have been painted when on a visit to his friends, the Harraways, at Bristol.

In 1794, the time of the Reign of Terror in Paris, he had five drawings in the Exhibition: A Fall on the River Monach, Cardigan; Christchurch Gate, Canterbury; Tintern Abbey; and St. Anselm's Chapel, Canterbury. The last was a sketch of the Porch of Great Malvern Abbey. We may suppose it did not sell in the Academy, and that Turner settled his frame-maker's bill with it, for there is a note to that effect on the back. He also drew Rochester; and Chepstow; for Walker's "Copperplate Magazine."

- STUDIES OF A SHIPWRECK No.1 - No.4

Figure 1.1: STUDIES OF A SHIPWRECK No.1

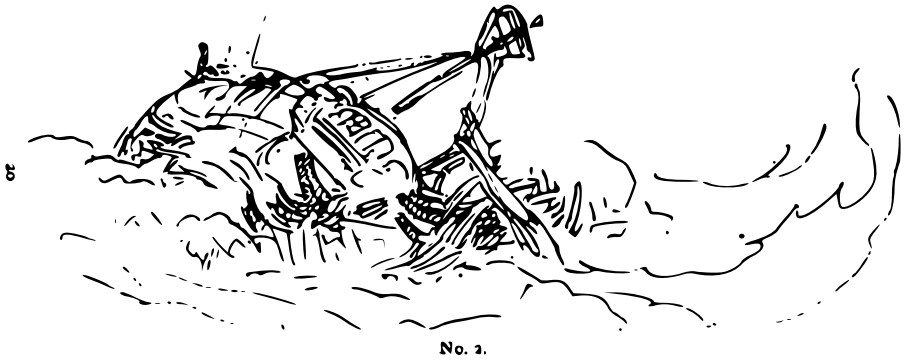

Figure 1.2: STUDIES OF A SHIPWRECK No.2

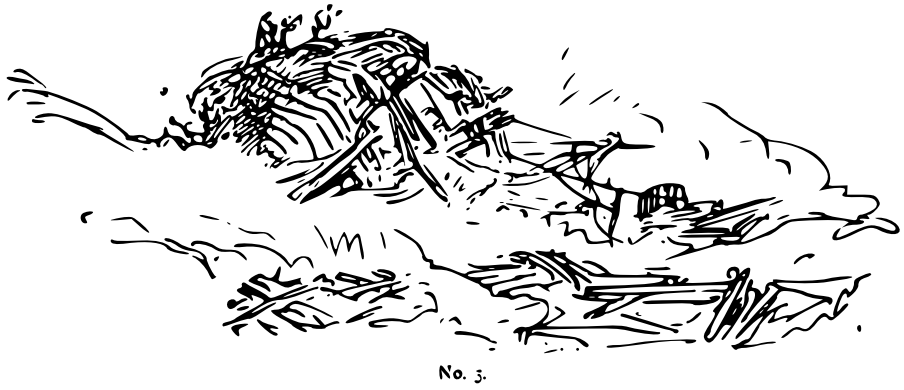

Figure 1.3: STUDIES OF A SHIPWRECK No.3

Figure 1.4: STUDIES OF A SHIPWRECK No.4

In 1795, Turner made pictures of Nottingham; Bridgnorth; Matlock; and Birmingham; for the "Copperplate Magazine," and the Tower of London for the "Pocket Magazine." In the Academy there were five Turner drawings: St. Hugh's Porch, Lincoln Cathedral; Marford Mill, Wrexham; West Entrance of Peterborough Cathedral; The Transept of Tintern Abbey; The Welsh Bridge, Shrewsbury; A View near the Devil's Bridge; Choir in King's College Chapel, Cambridge; and Cathedral Church, Lincoln. When Walter Thornbury wrote his "Life of J. M. W. Turner," there were old people still living who remembered Turner in the year 1795, when he was twenty, and taught drawing in London, Hadley, and other places. One of them described him as eccentric, but kind and amusing. Thornbury says he was too reserved and too tongue-tied to be able to teach what he knew, even if he had cared to disclose his hard-earned secrets. Blake, who was one of his pupils, complained of being left quite alone. As to the methods of water-colour painting, Ruskin has written pages about Turner's sponging without friction, laying in the chief masses in broad tints, never effacing anything, but working the details over these broad tints. How he brought out the soft lights with the point of a brush, and the brighter ones with the end of a stick. That he had a wonderful method of taking out high lights with bread, and damped, soaked, and pumped on his paper, drew the broken edges of clouds with a quiver of the brush, and lastly, dashed in the warm touches of light.

Writing of colour, Ruskin says: "That Turner began to introduce it with evident joyfulness and longing in his rude and simple studies, just as a child, if it could be supposed to govern itself by a fully developed intellect, would cautiously, but with infinite pleasure, add now and then a tiny dish of fruit or other dangerous luxury to the simple order of its daily fare. Thus in the foregrounds of his most severe drawings we not unfrequently find him indulging in the luxury of a peacock. A rainbow is another of his most frequently permitted indulgences."

Next year he drew Chester; Leith; Peterborough; Tunbridge; and Bath.

Thornbury says: "About 1795 the mode of working water-colour began to change, monochrome being abandoned. The local colour was laid on at once on its proper spot, and shadowed and tinted with graduated tones varied by reflections."

In 1796 Turner exhibited eleven drawings: Fishermen at Sea; Close Gate, Salisbury; St. Erasmus in Westminster Abbey, with Turner's name and "natus 1775," the date of his birth, on a gravestone in the foreground. I wonder if he ever thought he might be buried in the Abbey? As a matter of fact he lies in St. Paul's. Wolverhampton; Landilo Bridge; and Dynevor Castle; A Cottage at Ely; Chale Farm, Isle of Wight; Llandaff Cathedral; Waltham Abbey; Interior of Ely Minster; and the West Front of Bath Abbey.

About 1797, Turner paid his first visit to Yorkshire, and its beauties impressed him very much. The Wolds were almost the first really wild scenery he had seen; and he always seems to have been tinged in after life by recollections of the Yorkshire hills. Ruskin even goes so far as to say that Turner always seized with instant eagerness, and every appearance of contentment on forms of mountain which are rounded into banks above and cut into precipices below, as is the case

in most elevated tablelands in the chalk coteaux of the Seine, the basalt borders of the Rhine and the lower gorges of the Alps. And that Turner literally humbled the grander Swiss mountains to make them resemble the Yorkshire scaurs.

Further, Ruskin says, "The first instance, therefore, of Turner's mountain drawing was from those shores of Wharf which I believe he never could revisit without tears; nay, which for all the latter part of his life he never could speak of but his voice faltered." And then "The scenery whose influence I can trace most definitely throughout his works, varied as they are, is that of Yorkshire. Of all his drawings, I think those of the Yorkshire series have the most heart in them, the most affectionate, simple, unwearied, serious finishing of truth. There is in them little seeking after effect, but strong love of place; little exhibition of the artist's own powers or peculiarities, but intense appreciation of the smallest local minutiae. ... I am in the habit of looking to the Yorkshire drawings as indicating one of the culminating points in Turner's career. In these he attained the highest degree of what he had up to that time attempted — namely, finish and quantity of form united with expression of atmosphere and light without colour. His early drawings are singularly instructive in this definiteness and simplicity of aim." This is Ruskin's description of the journey: "At last fortune wills that the lad's true life shall begin, and one summer's evening, after Turner's wonderful stage-coach experiences on the north road, which gave him a love for stage coaches ever after, he finds himself sitting alone among the Yorkshire hills. For the first time the silence of Nature around him, her freedom sealed to him, her glory opened to him. Peace at last and freedom at last and loveliness at last."

In 1797 four drawings were in the exhibition: Transept of Ewenny Priory, Glamorganshire; the Choir of Salisbury Cathedral; Ely Cathedral, South Transept; and the North Porch of Salisbury Cathedral. In the same Academy Turner had in oil, Moonlight; a study at Millbank, a very faithful rendering of just such a scene as may often be witnessed on a calm summer night. Besides, there was a picture of Fishermen coming ashore at Sunset previous to a Gale.

In this year Turner left Maiden Lane and took a house in Hand Court, round the corner. Girtin was living at 35, Drury Lane, and no doubt the two friends saw a great deal of each other, for Turner had a great admiration for the work of his chum. They seem to have painted just the same sort of subjects, for we find the titles of his drawings, St. Albans Church; two views of Jedburg; two of St. Cuthbert's; Holy Island; views of York and of Ouse Bridge. Next year Turner exhibited Morning among the Coniston Fells; a very poetic picture, quite characteristic of what afterwards came to be recognized as his own individual hills and clouds. With the title was a quotation from Milton:

> Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
>
> From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
>
> Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold
>
> In honour of the world's great Author rise.

- DURHAM CATHEDRAL

This picture (47 × 35) is now in the National Gallery. Then Dunstanborough Castle, N.E. Coast of Northumberland; afterwards engraved in the "Liber Studiorum," and Winesdale, Yorkshire; an Autumnal morning. Besides there were six water-colours: The Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire, engraved in Brittons' "Architectural Antiquities," and also with variations in the "Liber Studiorum," Norham Castle on the Tweed, Summer's Morn; with a quotation from Thomson. This drawing must have marked a turning point in Turner's career, for years afterwards, when he was out with Cadell, the Edinburgh bookseller, making sketches for the "Provincial Antiquities," the artist suddenly took off his hat and made a low bow to the ruins. "What the devil are you about now?" "Oh," was the reply, "I made a drawing or painting of Norham several years since. It took; and from that day to this I have had as much to do as my hands could execute." Turner was fond of the subject, and used it to illustrate Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and also with slight alterations in the "Liber Studiorum." Besides the foregoing there were Holy Island Cathedral, Northumberland; of which there is is an engraving in the "Liber"; Ambleside Mill, Westmoreland; The Dormitory and Transept of Fountains Abbey — Evening; with a quotation from Thomson; and A Study in September of the Farm House, Mr. Lock's Park, Mickleham, Surrey. What a roving time the young painter must have had tramping the country with his kit tied up in a handkerchief at the end of a stick! He would sit down and sketch whatever took his fancy, tramping on to the next striking view, or eating his bread and cheese at a wayside inn. There are rooms full of tin boxes loaded with his sketches in the National Gallery. I have turned over some of his drawing-books full of notes and outlines, scraps and memoranda, drawn on both sides of the paper, some in black chalk and others in white. In one or two the subjects cross each other, or more often one view is spread right across two sheets. Many of the books are now only empty covers, for Ruskin has cut out the drawings to sort them into groups.

Now begins the first of his nine years of drawings for the "Oxford Almanack." In the Academy of 1799 there were five oil pictures: Fishermen becalmed, previous to a Storm — Twilight; Harlech Castle, from Twgwyn Ferry — Summer's evening, twilight; Battle of the Nile, at ten o'clock, when "L' Orient" blew up, from the station of the gunboats, between the battery and Castle of Aboukir.

> Immediate in a flame But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd
>
> From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
>
> Imbowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
>
> And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
>
> Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
>
> Of iron globes. —
>
> MILTON's Paradise Lost.

Buttermere Lake, with a part of Cromack Water, Cumberland — a shower; now in the National Gallery. There were also eight water-colours: Kilgerran Castle

on the Twyvey — hazy sunrise previous to a sultry day; Sunny Morning (the cattle by S. Gilpin); Abergavenny Bridge, Monmouthshire — clearing up after a showery day; Salisbury Cathedral, inside of the Chapter House; West Front of Salisbury Cathedral; Caernarvon Castle, Morning, from Dr. Langhorris "Visions of Fancy"; Warkworth Castle, Northumberland — thunderstorm approaching at sunset.

In this year Turner was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. He also made a number of drawings of Fonthill in Wiltshire, the so-called Abbey built by Beckford, the alderman's son, at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds. This voluptuous genius wrote the marvellous Eastern tale of "Vathek" when he was twenty-three.

Another literary patron of the artist was Dr. Whitaker, vicar of the parish of Whalley in Lancashire. This archaeologist, who was writing a history of Richmondshire, employed Turner to make designs for the plates which were to illustrate it. There is a letter written by a Mr. Wilson, describing how he tried to settle a ludicrous dispute between a Mr. Townley and Turner the draughtsman. An old and very bad painting of Gawthorp, as it stood in the last century, with its clipped yews and parterres, had been found. This he insisted would be more characteristic than Turner's own sketch, which he asked him to lay aside and copy the other. Turner, abhorring the landscape, refused, and wrote very tragically on the subject. Mr. Wilson said he tried to make a compromise, which he feared would not succeed, as the painter had all the irritability of youthful genius. The end of the affair was that Turner kept his drawing, and the bad picture was sent to be engraved.

I wonder what Dr. Whitaker, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Townley would have said had they been told that in time to come the "History of Richmondshire," would be bought at very fancy prices, not for antiquarian lore or for the genealogy of county families, but only for the plates of Turner the draughtsman.

In the Academy of 1800, besides Carnarvon Castle, North Wales; there were five "Views of the Gothic Abbey now building at Fonthill, the seat of William Beckford, Esqre," no doubt those that were painted the year before. A well-known picture-dealer remembered being down with Beckford when the three lunched together in a tent on a spot selected by the artist. One of the two oil pictures also belonged to the imaginative writer of weird tales. The subject was typical of him: The Fifth Plague of Egypt. And the Lord sent thunder and hail and the fire ran along the ground. But the title should have read the Seventh Plague. The last was Dolbadern Castle, North Wales; a mountain glen in the style of Wilson. This is said to be the diploma picture, but Turner was not elected Academician until two years after. In December, this year, one Mary Turner, of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was admitted into Bethlehem Hospital insane; it seems likely that this was Turner's mother.

- STONYHURST

Girtin was two years older than Turner, and seemed to have got away from the fashion of painting everything with black shadows rather sooner than Turner, who, though he had a great admiration for his friend's brown landscapes, continued

to work himself in little more than tinted monochrome. There is a story that a dealer, after trying to bargain with Turner for some time, at last said: "The picture's too dear. I have a better one below that cost less." "Have you?" said the artist. "Yes, I have, in a fly at the door." Then said Turner, "If you have, it is one of Tom Girtin's."

In 1801 there were four water-colours in the Academy. London — Autumnal Morning, a view from a hill looking over the river towards St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey; Pembroke Castle, South Wales — thunderstorm approaching; St. Donafs Castle, South Wales — Summer Evening; and The Chapter House, Salisbury. There were two oil pictures of Turner's, The Army of the Medes destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind, foretold by Jeremiah; and Dutch Boats in a Gale — fishermen endeavouring to put their fish on board. A Mr. Caldwell wrote at this time as follows: "A new artist has started up — one Turner. He had before exhibited stained drawings, but now paints landscapes in oil, beats Loutherbourg and every other artist all to nothing. A painter of my acquaintance and a good judge declares his painting as magic; that it is worth every landscape painter's while to make a pilgrimage to see and study his works."

The year 1802 saw Turner elected a full member of the Academy, and Tom Girtin, showing symptoms of consumption, was ordered to try a warmer climate. He went to Paris in the spring, and there he painted a series of drawings for the Duke of Bedford. In the autumn he was back at home, and in November he died. Some unknown person put up a monument to him in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. Turner was much affected, and always spoke of Poor Tom with deep feeling. A very fine collection of Girtin's and Turner's early work was given to the print room of the British Museum by Henderson, for whom the boys had worked in Adelphi Terrace years before.

In this year Turner moved to a house in Harley Street, and as the Tory Government had put a tax on hair powder some time before, wigs began to go out of fashion. The dark shop was shut, and the little barber gave up most of his trade. We learn that, years afterwards, when Turner must have been very well off, the old man used still to go up, at stated times, to dress the wigs of a few of his old customers round Maiden Lane who were faithful to the ancient fashion. The father and son lived on very friendly terms together. The elder strained the canvases, attended to the studio, showed in visitors, and looked after the dinner, even if he did not himself cook it.

There was peace now with France, and Turner started on his first Continental journey, landing at Calais from the old sailing packet which at that time was the only link between the two countries. Here he made the studies for that wonderful picture we all know so well. From there he pushed on to the wine country and Savoy, and at last reached the Alps. What a tour this must have been through the wonderland which had been so long closed to Englishmen by the war. This year he exhibited four pictures: Fishermen upon a Lee-shore in Squally Weather; The Tenth Plague of Egypt, now in the National Gallery; Ships bearing up for Anchorage, and the Jason, a dark Salvator Rosa-like picture, wonderfully suggestive of horror. Also four water-colours, the fruits of his journey to Scotland the year before: The Fall of the Clyde, Lanarkshire — noon (vide Akenside's

"Hymn to the Naiads"); Kilchurn Castle, with the Cruchan Ben Mountains, Scotland — noon. Hamerton gives many pages descriptive of the real Kitchurn and writes a long description of the differences between Turner and nature. I daresay the artist only worked from a slight sketch, and thus lost a great deal of the character of the place. It must also be borne in mind that it was not the fashion at this, time to make any attempt to paint the real appearance of any scene. Edinburgh New Town, Castle, etc., from the Water of Leith; Ben Lomond Mountains, Scotland; The Traveller (vide Ossian's "War of Caros"). We catch but one or two glimpses of Turner on his travels. He told one fellow-traveller that to mix oil with water-colours was dangerous, and expressed his dislike of drawing with pens because they were apt to sputter. He used to stick wafers on pictures to show their faults, and preferred to spit in his powder colours to damping them with water. At Boulogne he was last seen in a boat, bobbing off the shore, drawing in an anxious, absorbed way, and heedless of all else. In 1803, Turner exhibited the great Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea, an English Packet arriving. A wonderfully spirited composition, full of life and action. We are told that this is a recollection of Vanderveld, but if the subject was painted in imitation of the great Dutchman, Turner certainly very much improved on his forerunner. Vanderveld could never have painted anything as grand as Calais Pier, any more than Salvator Rosa could have outdone the Jason. Ruskin objects that nobody is wet, but it must be borne in mind that realistic treatment in a subject of this sort was never attempted in the early part of the last century. No one ever tried to paint such a scene just as it appeared in nature, and why should Turner be expected to throw over all the teaching of his time, to strive to present a literal transcript of nature? No one else thought of such a thing. In portrait art the painters of the early nineteenth century did mostly try to paint their sitters as they looked in the still north light of the studio, but even then they often put in an impossible background of forest or garden, or perhaps, if the model were a sailor, a sea-fight, but the lighting of the whole was that of a room with a tall window. The sky was never brilliant, nor was it reflected in the foreshortened surfaces of the sitter's face.

- CALAIS PIER, 1803

Grass was never green, the leaves of trees were always brown or black, and the branches treated in a conventional manner as taught by the drawing masters of the day.

In the Calais Pier the light and shade is just that of Turner's own studio in Harley Street, the inky clouds throw black shadows just as a table or a sofa would in a room, the pale blue sky is not reflected anywhere either in the tumbling water or the tarry sides of the fishing boats. If my reader wishes to grasp the width of the gulf between realism and Turner, let him go to the Tait Gallery and study Henry Moore's Newhaven Packet, or Millais's Fringe of the Moor, and when he has noted the brilliancy of the light and shade on the driving scud, and the perfection of the drawing of the dancing waves, every facet reflecting its own little strip of cloud with almost mathematical accuracy, and yet the whole seeming to heave before our very eyes, then turn to Millais's

fresh green meadow, where the grass seems to be actually springing up in the glorious sunshine, and the heather sparkles with dew in the fresh mountain air. Neither Moore nor Millais are a bit like Turner. One would say they knew a hundred facts that Turner never dreamt of. And yet when we are back among the conventional black old pictures, such as The Shipwreck; The Spithead; or even the impossible, gloomy Garden of the Hesperides, we feel that, after all, the old Wizard was a worker of wonders, and that he in his dark London room, with little more than black, brown, and gray, could move us to awe, terror, or wonder by the thousand-and-one secrets which he had at his fingers' ends; but which we moderns in the struggle to be realistic may perhaps have forgotten, or even, it may be, have never tried to learn.

- A SHIPWRECK, 1805

Besides the Calais Pier, there was the Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Maçon, painted for the first Lord Yarborough, a Claude-like stretch of country, with a winding river, spanned by a round-arched bridge, a town, terraced hillsides and pale blue mountains, clumps of conventional trees and peasants dancing. Burnet tells us that when first painted it was full of vivid greens and yellows; but I fancy this is only his way of putting it no one painted green in those days. Then there were two pictures of Bonnville, Savoy; one with Mont Blanc and the other with the castle of St. Michael (The Holy Family; is quite the conventional Old Master), and St. Hughes denouncing Vengeance on the Shepherd of Cormayeurs in the Valley of Aoust; a landscape view with small figures. Glacier and Source of the Arveron; a fine composition of the Mer de Glace.

This year in May the peace with France came to an end, and the Giant Usurper, as our newspapers called the First Consul, began the menace of invasion. 340,000 volunteers were raised in England, 70,000 in Ireland, and 25,000 Sea Fencibles; there were 469 ships of war, and 800 gunboats made ready.

There is no record of any part being taken by Turner in preparation for the defence of the country against the great fleet of flat-bottomed boats which were to carry the French over the Channel. Indeed, if we may judge by the titles of his pictures, things went on quite quietly. In 1804 he exhibited a classic subject, Narcissus, melting and languishing away, and the slighted Echo, sighing back his sighs, and answering sadly to the lovers' moan:

"Ah! youth beloved in vain!" Narcissus cries;
"Ah! youth beloved in vain!" the Nymph replies,
"Farewell!" says he, the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, "Farewell!"

There was A View of Edinburgh from Calton Hill, a water-colour, and Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men-of-War, a Vanderveld sort of subject of old-time ships. I have no doubt he continued to work as hard as ever, constantly adding to his knowledge of nature and observing everything. Engravings were published of Inverary, Loch Lomond, Patterdale, Abingdon, Newbury, Donnington Castle, and the inside of Brase-nose College. It was mostly by these that he made his living.

In 1805, the year of Nelson's wonderful chase of Villeneuve to the West Indies, and, later, of his glorious death at the moment of victory at Trafalgar, Turner painted his tremendous picture of The Shipwreck — one of the most spirited of his seascapes. I am never tired of looking at this wonderful composition, and the more I study it the more I find to wonder at and admire. The masterly way in which knowledge and artifice are woven together, the endless modulations of light merging into shadow, the variety of the tones, each little fleck of foam or swirl of inky water seeming to play its part in the building up of the harmonious whole. The swing and action of the figures, too, are also among the marvels of this sombre record of man's battle with the might of the remorseless elements. Not only is each attitude right in itself and full of meaning; but it also forms part of a group, and the group in its turn takes its proper place in the picture. Of course if artifice of this sort were used in a commonplace manner, the result would be most uninteresting and wearisome. But Turner has added the salt of his learning and observation of nature. Each incident is not only the record of some quickly-moving phase which passed before his eye; but it is much more than that; it is a selection of the best of many changing aspects. Ruskin might object that the sea is not like real water, and that nobody is wet. Another critic may remark that the heavily laden boat in the centre must swamp in a moment, and that clouds and craft do not throw such jet black shadows. Very true, but why criticise The Shipwreck from a realistic point of view? It was never meant to be a literal transcript of nature. As for colour, it has so little, that it might almost as well be painted in black, white, and brown. The light and shade is that of a room, not of the open air. In fact, the art is the art of a hundred years ago.

At the British Institution he exhibited The Goddess of Discord in the Garden of the Hesperides. Ruskin has written a great many pages to prove how very unreal this picture is, and how much better it would have been if the mountains had been full of endless fracture and detail; if the torrent had worn itself a bed, as a real torrent does.

- STUDY: THE PILOTS BOAT

He points out what a wonderful lesson it would be for us all, if we could for a moment set a true piece of Swiss foreground and mountain beside that brown shore and those barren crags. Before we agree to this, let us consider what the picture represents. The daughters of Hesperus, dwelling in the wonderful garden in the Atlas, guarded by the dragon Ladon, were perfectly unreal persons living in a land of dreams and fancy. If Turner had placed them in a realistic mountain valley, where everything was quite possible and proper, how very unsatisfactory it all would have been. Besides, it was not the fashion, for in the days of George III artists never attempted to paint either the sky blue or the grass green. Later on, when Constable tried to introduce a little green into his trees, Sir George Beaumont brought out an old brown riddle as a sample of the sort of colour the trees ought to be.

1806 found him still at 64, Harley Street, and he exhibited The Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and Pembroke Castle, a view across an inlet ruffled by

a strong breeze. On a stretch of wet sand are fishermen with their catch, an anchor, and some timber. His picture of Saltash; must also belong to this period, if we may judge by, the inscription on the brick wall: "England expects that every man will do his duty. "Only one engraving was published this year, Exeter College, for the 'Oxford Almanack.' "

Two pictures, now in the National Gallery, were painted in 1807, A Country Blacksmith, disputing upon the Price of Iron, and the Price charged to the Butcher for shoeing his Pony (a Wilkie-like composition), and the Sun Rising through Vapour — Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish. It is curious that in this picture, a work that the painter thought worthy to be bequeathed to the nation, the figures of the fishermen should be taken almost exactly from a picture by Teniers, and the men-of-war are the snub-nosed high-pooped ships of Vanderveld's time, with sprit topmast at the bowsprit end and lateen mizzens. One would almost fancy that Turner wished to show the world how well he could imitate the two Dutch painters, just as, later on, he went out of his way to break a lance with Claude Lorraine.

Nearly a hundred years before, this great landscape painter had etched plates of all his pictures, which he published under the name of the "Liber Veritatis"; and in 1806 a Mr. W. F. Wells suggested to Turner that he should produce a book of the same sort, calling it the "Liber Studiorum."

Miss Wells gives the following description of the beginning of the "Liber" proposed by her father. "After long and continued persuasion, Turner at last gave way; and one day, when he was staying with us in Kent (he always spent a part of the autumn at our cottage), he said, "Well Gaffer, I see there will be no peace till I comply; so give me a piece of paper. There now! Rule the size for me and tell me what I am to do." My father said, "Well, divide your subject into classes, say, Pastoral, Marine, Elegant Pastoral, and so forth." Nothing could have suited Turner's fancy better. The work should be at once produced and Claude should be outdone.

- HOLY ISLAND CATHEDRAL

The "Liber Studiorum" was published, at odd times, in parts of five plates each, proofs at twenty-five shillings, and prints at fifteen shillings. Turner etched the subjects himself upon the copper in strong trenchant leading lines, and engravers were engaged to copy his wash drawings in mezzotint over the etched work. Unfortunately, there were misunderstandings and quarrels. Turner was always vigorous and exacting in any bargain, and, expecting others to be as punctual as he was himself, fought with his engravers.

C. G. Lewis, engraver, was paid six guineas for aqua-tinting an etching, but the price was so small, that he would not undertake any more, and this led to a quarrel, which lasted some years. Charles Turner, the next man, had eight guineas. His engagement was that he should engrave fifty drawings, and attend to the printing, publishing, and delivery of the numbers. The engraver got through the first twenty plates, and then asked for more money. The artist flew into a great rage, and the result was that the two men did not speak for nineteen years. Finally other engravers were paid as much as twelve guineas a plate. The

Lost Sailor was engraved by the artist himself. Mistrusting the publishers, he tried to put the book on the market. His servants were set to sewing the covers on, and many proofs were stolen or lost. The public did not understand the mixture of line and mezzotint, and the "Liber" was often suspended, once for as long as three years. Only seventy of one hundred plates were finished, and ten not carried further than the drawings.

Much more successful were the line engravings which during a long life, were Turner's chief source of income. As the years went on the master gradually drew about him, and taught, a school of engravers, who raised their art to a much higher level than had ever been dreamt of in the old days. Turner, with a lump of black chalk in one hand and white chalk in the other, would ask: "Which will you have it done with?" Then he would pull the proof together, darkening a little there, or brightening here, slowly weaving the whole into the perfect work of art, full to overflowing with details, and faithfully recorded beauties. Yet each incident was so subordinated and kept in its place that it was made to form but a half-noticed chord, here and there, in the grand symphony of the subject. Line engraving was at its zenith, when Turner was alive and active. However hard and exacting he may have been in his dealings with those who toiled so long and painfully to render the minute finish of his water-colours, we may be sure that the whole of his efforts were directed towards making each plate as perfect as possible. When Turner died, engraving began to go down hill. One by one his interpreters followed him, and when Miller, Goodall, Wallis, Cooke, Cousins, Heath, and Allen, were no more, the art died too.

A picture was required as a companion to the sea fight by De Loutherbourg, twelve feet by eight, representing the "Queen Charlotte" engaging the "Montagne" in the battle of the glorious 1st of June; and Turner, as the first marine painter of the day, was asked to undertake to paint the "Victory" at Trafalgar. Here is a description of the work taken from James's "Naval History": "In due time the large area of canvas which, to correspond with the other picture, became necessary for this, was covered with all the varied tints which Mr. Turner knows so well how to mingle and combine, to give effect to his pictures and excite the admiration of the beholder."

- MORPETH, 1809

"Unfortunately for the subject which this splendid picture is meant to represent, scarcely a line of truth, beyond perhaps the broadside view of the 'Victory's' hull, is to be seen upon it. To say what time of the day, or what particular incident, in the 'Victory's' proceedings, is meant to be referred to, we do not pretend; for the telegraphic message is going up, which was hoisted at about 11 h. 40 m. a.m., the mizen topmast is falling, which went about 1 p.m., a strong light is reflected upon the 'Victory's' bow and sides from the burning 'Achille,' which ship did not catch fire until 4 h. 30 m., nor explode until 5 h. 45 m. p.m.; the fore topmast, or rather, if our memory is correct, the foremast of the British three decker is falling, which never fell at all, and the 'Redoubtable' is sinking under the bows of the 'Victory,' although the French ship did not sink until the night of the 22nd, and then under the stern of the 'Swiftsure.' "

Nelson's Flag-Captain, Hardy, pronounced it to be "more like a street scene than a battle, and the ships more like houses than men-o'-war." One old Greenwich pensioner said: "I can't make English of it, sir, I can't make English of it. It wants altering altogether." Whilst another exclaimed: "What a Trafalgar! It's a d — deal more like a brickfield. We ought to have had a Huggins." Huggins, almost forgotten now, was a painter of ships in these days of oak and hemp.

Let us candidly confess that all these critics were in the right, and that the great picture is not in the least like what really took place off Cape Trafalgar. It was not Turner's way to paint literal transcripts of any subjects. Even if the principal objects were buildings or mountains, the artist thought nothing of shifting whole streets, diverting rivers, and filling up valleys; and it was not to be expected that he would be very particular about his facts, when he came to paint a battle. Others were the same. De Loutherbourg went so far as to paint the "Queen Charlotte" not where she was on the glorious 1st of June, but where the Admiral wanted her to be. And even Huggins, when his work is taken bit by bit in this cold matter-of-fact twentieth century, does not strike us as particularly truthful.

Whilst Turner was at work, he was criticised and instructed daily by the naval men about the Court. It is said, that during eleven days, he altered the rigging to suit the fancy of every fresh visitor, and he did it with the greatest good humour; in fact he often joked about having worked all these days without pay or profit. I think it was quite characteristic of the artist that he should crowd into one picture the incidents that happened during two days. Just as he would, at another time, paint a town from two or three different points of view, or try to represent daylight, sunset, and moonlight, all at the same time.

Whatever faults the Greenwich picture of the battle may have, it certainly has one quality; it makes all other work near it look like dross, and stands out a thing apart.

In 1808, Turner, besides his house in Harley Street, had a new address at West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith. It is said he wanted to be near de Loutherbourg, for he was never too proud to learn of anyone. Mrs. de Loutherbourg one day shut the door in Turner's face, saying, he had picked up too much from her husband.

He was now appointed Professor of Perspective at the Royal Academy Schools, an honour of which he was proud, for he always took care that the fact should be stated after his name in the catalogue of the exhibition. There can be no doubt that Turner thoroughly understood the principles and practice of the science, for many of the pictures, now in the National Gallery, could not have been produced unless he had had perspective at his fingers' ends. But though he took immense pains, and prepared very elaborate drawings, there can be no doubt that Turner was not very successful as a teacher. As Thornbury says, "He had every disadvantage, humble birth, little or no education, ungainly manners, eccentricity, and a shy, retiring nature." Besides these, the new Professor had a singular want of power to express even the simplest ideas either in words or writing. All his life he had been forcing his fingers to express his thoughts, not in sound, but in light and shade, colour and form. Mr. Nesbit has written a

book called "The Insanity of Genius," in which he tries to prove that a genius has one part of his brain unduly nourished and strengthened at the expense of some other part. This theory would seem to apply to Turner with some force. One corner of his brain, the corner which recorded impressions of colour, form, and light and shade, and then with matchless cunning arranged and wove these into his wonderful compositions, must have been abnormally developed by long practice. But quick as his delicate ringers were to follow his fancy, or express his emotions in line or tint, yet the same fingers, when used to convey his thoughts in written words, seem to have been powerless, except for the production of involved and meaningless sentences. I think the students must have learnt much more from Turner's drawings (which demonstrated not only the construction and projection of all sorts of architectural subjects with sun shadows and reflections), than his explanations of them, which, if they resembled his other writing, must have been very difficult to understand.

In the Royal Academy, Turner exhibited a picture with one of his usual long-winded titles, The Unpaid Bill, or, The Dentist reproving his Son's Prodigality; and in the British Institution, another, The Battle of Trafalgar, as seen from the mizzen starboard shrouds of the Victory; this picture is now in the National Gallery, as also the dark and gloomy Jason. There were two engravings for the "Oxford Almanack," and Parts II and III of the "Liber Studiorum."

- GREENWICH, 1811

In 1809 Spithead, Boats Crew recovering an Anchor; was shown with two pictures of Tabley, Cheshire; one, A Windy Day; and the other Calm Morning. The hundredth work exhibited at the Academy was The Garretier's Petition, with a quotation:

Aid me ye powers! Oh, bid my thoughts to roll,
calling on the muse to descend, and finish well his "long sought line."
There is a plan of Parnassus on the wall.

Besides Sir J. F. Leicester, Turner had other patrons. The Earl of Lonsdale, for whom he painted Lowther Castle, and Lord Egremont, owner of Petworth, where the painter was a welcome guest until 1837, when the rough, cunning, honest old nobleman died. Thornbury tells us Egremont liked Turner, and the pair of eccentric men got on well together.

- PETWORTH PARK, 1810

London, from Greenwich, was painted this year; he also published "Liber Studiorum," No. IV. When the copper of these plates began to show signs of wear, Turner used to alter the light and shade, and work upon the subjects until they looked quite fresh again. He has been censured for this, and even called dishonest, but I think the worked-up plates must have been quite worth the money paid for them, even though they may have been changed a bit from the first states.

In his efforts to attain perfection, Turner was sometimes very hard towards his engravers. Charles Turner had produced a very fine mezzotint of The Shipwreck,

33 × 23. Lupton began a plate of Calais Pier to match this, but when the proofs were shown to Turner, he insisted on making the boats much larger, and pulled the whole subject so much about that at last the unhappy engraver gave up the work in disgust, and the plate was never published.

Here is a description of the artist's appearance and dress about this time: "The very moral of a master carpenter, with lobster red face, twinkling staring grey eyes, white tie, blue coat with brass buttons, crab-shell turned-up boots, large fluffy hat, and enormous umbrella."

In 1810 he exhibited the two views of Lowther Castle he had painted the year before; he also painted Abingdon Berkshire (a peaceful, quiet evening, with cattle and horses standing knee-deep in the still river), for Lord Egremont; and the Wreck of the "Minotaur" on the Haak Sands for Lord Yarborough. I think this last the most splendid sea picture that has ever been painted; the power of the waves and the littleness of man have never been so magnificently suggested. The forefront of the composition is filled with floating masts and spars. Shipwrecked sailors and marines cling to them desperately, whilst the bluff-bowed Dutch boats, tossed like playthings on the great rollers, are manoeuvring to come to the rescue. The "Minotaur" herself lies dismasted right on her broadside, and the whole scene is one of death and horror.

Amongst other friends made by the artist, Mr. Fawkes of Farnley Hall may be noted. This kind and hospitable squire first became acquainted with Turner about 1802 when he was drawing Richmond for Whitaker. As the years rolled on, his house was slowly rilled with Turner's work; even as lately as 1870 there were ten thousand pounds' worth of his water-colour drawings and oil pictures still left. The painter shot, fished, played with the children, and made drawings of the picnic parties and the grouse shooting, the house and the estate, the oak-panelled study and the white drawing-room, the Cromwell relics and the conservatory.

One day, returning from a frolic, the painter insisted on driving home, tandem, over some rough country, and upset the cart, after which he was known as "Overturner" in the family. Some writers have made out that our genius was gloomy and misanthropic, but, if we are to believe the members of the Fawkes' household, Turner was full of fun and high spirits.

In 1811 there was Mercury and Hersé, with a quotation from Ovid; Apollo killing the Python, a wonderfully suggested monster, writhing and coiling round the masses of rock, which it grinds to dust in its death agony, whilst the Sun God watches calmly the effect of his arrows — quite a sombre composition, like The Jason, or The Garden of Hesperides, with the grandeur that only Turner could give.

There was a picture of Chryses, with some lines from Pope's "Iliad"; Somer Hill; Whalley Bridge and Abbey; Windsor Park, with horses by Gilpin, R.A.; November; Flounder Fishing; May; Chickens, and Scarborough Town and Castle. When the exhibition was hung, Turner found that a picture by a young artist galled Bird had somehow been crowded out. He went to the other members of the hanging committee, and reminded them of the forgotten work, insisting that it was too good to reject. To this they all agreed, but declined to unhang the

wall again. Turner had one more good look at Bird's picture, and then he went to one of his own of the same size, and, taking it down, hung the young artist's picture in its place. How many of us would have done as much?

One stormy day at Farnley, says young Mr. Fawkes, "Turner called to me loudly from the doorway, 'Hawkey! Hawkey! Come here! Come here! Look at this thunderstorm — Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it sublime?' All the time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some better drawing block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed; he was entranced. There was the storm rolling, and sweeping, and shafting out, its lightning over the Yorkshire hills. Presently the storm passed, and he finished. 'There, Hawkey,' said he, 'in two years you will see this again, and call it Hannibal crossing the Alps' "

In due time the picture was painted, and a magnificent work it proved. The storm forms a vast arch right across the sky, and through it the sun shines in a sickly manner, on the hard-pressed Carthaginian army, dimly suggested, winding through a rocky valley. This was the first time that Turner quoted some lines from that long, rambling, unpublished poem he called "The Fallacies of Hope":

- COAST OF YORKSHIRE, 1811

  Craft, treachery, and fraud — Salassian force,
  Hung on the fainting rear! then Plunder seized
  The victor and the captive — Saguntum's spoil,
  Alike became their prey; still the chief advanced.
  Looked on the sun with hope; low, broad, and wan.
  While the fierce archer of the downward year
  Stains Italy's blanch'd barrier with storms.
  In vain each pass ensanguined deep with dead,
  Or rocky fragments, wide destruction roll'd,
  Still on Campania's fertile plains he thought,
  But the loud breeze sobbed, Capua's joys beware.

For nearly forty years this poem went on, and at intervals Turner would put some lines from it to one of his pictures in the catalogues of the exhibitions — sometimes it was classic, at others quite topical. It treated of every possible subject from the Deluge, to Napoleon at St. Helena. It was quite characteristic of Turner in its mystery. I doubt if the poet himself could have explained the meaning of some parts of it — they are wonderfully obscure, and often without rhyme. But now and then, reading down the page of halting verse, one comes to a line which suggests in a dim fashion some grand image, or, perhaps, a thought which would have been magnificent if the writer had only been capable of expressing it in suitable words.

In the National Gallery there are twenty thousand drawings and studies painted by Turner — some directly from nature, and left just as they were done;

others, perhaps, recollections of passing effects or schemes, to be carried out at some future time. These are of all periods, from the rude scrawl of the boy of twelve, youthful attempts to wrestle with the difficulties of rendering Gothic windows, Norman castles, or Corinthian porticoes, on to imitations of Salvator Rosa or Poussin. Many of these are quite inartistic, but if we go on to later work we may discover how power slowly came to the patient, ever striving student. There are scraps of memoranda of all sorts of detail, attitudes of figures at work, vessels under way or at anchor, carts and horses, sheep and pigs, life studies from the nude, branches of trees, some of them treated in quite a conventional drawing-master fashion. Indeed, to the very last, Turner always painted and drew the copybook tree of his early days. Then there are jottings of effects or arrangements, of light and shade in bewildering variety, now and then, one of them may have jet black for shadows, and clean white paper for lights. A great many are drawn in pen and ink, as though Turner, in his search for the marrow of his subject, had determined to draw with the fewest possible lines. Often a sketch is drawn across two sheets of a book, and on the back of each sheet there may be more sketches, some upside down, and others right way up, the drawings so interlaced that it is difficult to say which is which. One can fancy the blunt old painter striding round the country with his great blue umbrella, stopping whenever anything took his fancy to make a note (sometimes a mere hieroglyphic scribble, at other times a more elaborate drawing), but always full of character.

- CHICHESTER CANAL

In the autobiography of Cyrus Redding there are several descriptions of little journeys with Turner about Devonshire. One trip was to Bur Island in a half-decked boat; the excuse was to eat lobsters fresh from the sea. It was blowing hard. "We mounted the ridges bravely; the artist enjoyed the scene. He sat in the stern sheets, intently watching the sea, and not at all affected by the motion." Then there is a description of the seasick passengers and the heavy surf. ... "All this time Turner was silent, watching the tumultuous scene — the little island and the solitary hut it held, the bay, in the bight of which it lay, and the dark long Bolt Head to seaward against the rocky shore of which the waves broke with fury, made the artist become absorbed in contemplation, not uttering a syllable. While the shell-fish were preparing, Turner with a pencil clambered nearly to the summit of the Island and seemed writing rather than drawing. How he succeeded, owing to the violence of the wind, I do not know."

There was also a picnic at Mount Edgcumbe, which was given by Turner in excellent taste. "The donor of the feast, too, was agreeable, terse, blunt, almost epigrammatic at times, but always pleasant for one not given to waste his words, nor studious of refined bearing." In one place he was much struck, took a sketch, and when it was done, said: "We shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till Sunday; because we can't."

It was to the honour of several of the inhabitants of Plymouth that boats, horses, and tables were ready for his use. during the time he remained. Everybody felt that in paying him attention they were honouring a most extraordinary

genius, whose artistic merit had not been exaggerated. Among other places, Turner was invited to Saltram; the house was full of pictures, but it was not possible to get him to express any opinion regarding them. At last he came to Stubb's picture of Phaeton and the Horses of the Sun, and came out with the monosyllable, "Fine!"

"Turner in retiring to rest had to pass my bed-room door, and I remarked to him that its walls were covered with paintings by Angelica Kauffman — 'nymphs and men like nymphs as effeminate as possible.' ... He wished me 'Good-night in your seraglio!' "

Here is another description of a trip in which a party had reached the head of the Tamar. Turner was much struck with the bridge. The party consisted of four. To go down the river in the night was impracticable on account of the mud banks. The vehicle would only hold two. There was an inn, but no beds could be obtained. Turner said he would rather stay, would anyone volunteer with him? I volunteered. Our friends drove off, and the painter and myself soon adjourned to the miserable little inn. Very good bread and cheese were produced, and the home-brewed suited Turner, who expatiated upon his success with a degree of excitement which, with his usual dry, short mode of expressing his feelings, could hardly be supposed. I found the artist could, when he pleased, make sound, pithy, though somewhat caustic remarks upon men and things with a fluency rarely heard from him. We talked much of the Academy, and he admitted that it was not all it might be made with regard to art. The 'clock that ticked against the wall' sounded twelve; I proposed to go to sleep. Turner, leaning his elbows upon the table, and putting his feet upon a second chair, took a position sufficiently easy and fell asleep ...

- OIL SKETCH

"Before six in the morning he rose and went down towards the river. ... Turner sketched the bridge, but appeared from where I stood to be changing his position several times, as if he had tried more than one sketch and could not please himself as to the best point. I saw that bridge and a part of the scene afterwards in a painting in his gallery. He had made several additions to the scenery ... and, if I remember rightly, he had introduced into it some of the fictitious characters of the heathen mythology."

In 1812 Turner moved to a house in Queen Anne Street, W., close to Portland Place. He had a picture gallery, and soon gathered together a collection of his own work. No doubt at first these were merely his unsold pictures hung upon the walls of the dingy, untidy room. As time went on, he added some very fine examples — some bought at sales, others exchanged or bartered with his patrons. His gallery at last became his hobby. The rain ran through the skylight and soaked the walls, but he was always adding to his treasures though the damp and dirt played sad havoc with them. In the Royal Academy this year he exhibited a View of the Castle of St. Michael, near Bonneville, Savoy; View of the High Street, Oxford; and another view of the town from the Abingdon Road; also the Hannibal, before mentioned. Then there were engravings of Fountains Abbey, and parts 8, 9, and 10 of the "Liber Studiorum."

In the 1813 exhibition there was the Frosty Morning, a brown, thinly-painted picture. Some horses and carts, with figures, stand by the roadside under the bare branches of some mean trees. I fancy this must have changed a good deal, for there is now no trace of the hoar frost, the painting of which made such a sensation at the time. Archdeacon Fisher, writing to Constable in praise of one of his pictures, said: "I only like one better, and that is a picture of pictures — The Frost, by Turner. But there! you need not repine at this decision of mine. You are a great man and, like Bonaparte, are only to be beaten by a frost."

Besides this there was a picture of The Deluge, perhaps the one now in the National Gallery.

In 1814 Turner, besides his house in town, bought a little place at Twickenham, which he at first called Solus Lodge and afterwards Sandycombe. He designed the doorway himself. His old father used to dig in the garden and look after the household. Here they soon got to know the Vicar of Heston, who was very fond of pictures, and even undertook to teach Turner Greek in return for lessons in painting. We hear, however, that the painter floundered sadly in the verbs and never made any real progress. At last, after trying hard for some time, he said: "I fear I must give it up, Trimmer. You get on better with your painting than I do with my Greek."

The young Trimmers, who were still living when Thornbury wrote his "Life of Turner," remembered him as an ugly, slovenly, old man, and described how he made them laugh, and how pleasant and sociable he was. From their descriptions we can picture the life at Sandycombe, and the whole surroundings of the place — the garden running down to the Thames, where the summer house stood in which some of the best pictures were painted; the boys who came bird-nesting, and against whom Turner waged war, and in revenge was named Black-birdy; the square pond dug by himself, covered with water lilies, and filled with trout brought from the Brent in a can; and also the pike that got among them; the fishing expeditions with Chantrey the sculptor; the boat kept at Richmond, and the large canvases painted in her direct from nature. In the judgment of the boys these last were his very finest productions — "No re-touching, every thing firmly in its place." Then the gig and the quadruped — Old Crop Ear, a cross between a horse and a pony, which sat for the horses in the Frosty Morning. Turner was very happy in catching the stiff look of the fore legs. There were sketching trips in the gig, and the boys said that Turner painted faster than he drove, and they remembered walking with him by the river side, under the blaze of the great comet.

In the house itself everything was very modest. Two-pronged forks, knives with large ends, and earthenware in strict keeping. "I remember," says young Mr. Trimmer, "Turner saying one day, "Old Dad, have you not any wine?" Turner senior produced a bottle of currant wine."

"Queen Anne Street was just as homely. You were always welcome to what he had, and if it was near dinner time he always pressed you to stay and brought out cake and wine. The cake he would good-naturedly stuff into my pockets."

"When he called on me once, he spoke with rapture of a picture of, I think, Poussin's Jonah Cast on Shore, calling it a wonderful picture, and dispatching us

to see it. I have heard him speak most enthusiastically in praise of Gainsborough's execution, and Wilson's tone, and he plainly thought himself their inferior. We were one day looking at a Vanderveld, and on some one observing, 'I think you could go beyond that,' he shook his head and said, 'I can't paint like him.' "

The following letter is said to be an offer of marriage. Turner was about forty, and the lady mentioned was a relation of the Trimmers.

Queen Anne Street. Tuesday, August 1st, 1815.

> MY DEAR SIR,
>
> I lament that all hope of the pleasure of seeing you or getting to Heston must for the present probably vanish. My father told me on Saturday last when I was as usual compelled to return to town the same day, that you and Mrs. Trimmer would leave Heston for Suffolk as tomorrow, Wednesday. In the first place I am glad to hear that her health is so far established as to be equal to the journey, and to give me your utmost hope for her benefiting by the sea air being fully realised; 'Twill give me great pleasure to hear, and the earlier the better.'
>
> After next Tuesday, if you have a moment's time to spare, a line will reach me at Farnley Hall, near Otley, Yorkshire, and for some time, as Mr. Fawkes talks of keeping me in the North by a trip to the Lakes, and until November; therefore I suspect I am not to see Sandycombe. Sandycombe sounds just now in my ears as an act of folly when I reflect how little I have been able to be there this year and less chance perhaps for the next. In looking forward to a continental excursion, and poor Daddy seems as much plagued with weeds as I am with disappointment — that if Miss would but waive bashfulness, or in other words make an offer instead of expecting one, the same might change occupiers; but not to trouble you further allow me with most sincere respect to Mrs. Trimmer and family, to consider myself
>
> Your most truly obliged,
>
> J. M. W. TURNER.

- SAINT GOTHARD, 1815

I leave my reader to guess whether the painter meant this letter to be taken as an intimation that Barkis was willing. Whichever way the words were intended to be understood matters little now, the lady did not "waive bashfulness," or "make an offer," and Turner continued to the end a lonely old bachelor.

In 1814, "Cooke's Southern Coast" was begun with St. Michael's Mount, Pool; Land's End; Weymouth; Lulworth Cove, and Corfe Castle these engravings were published almost every year until 1826. There were many misunderstandings and quarrels with the publisher. Seven pounds ten was the price originally paid for each drawing, but eventually the amount was raised to ten pounds. The letterpress of the "Coast" was written by W. Combe, the author of "Dr. Syntax."

Turner tried his hand at a description of St. Michael's Mount. Here is a letter about it:

Friday afternoon.

> MY DEAR SIR,
>
> I am really concerned to be obliged to say that Mr. T——s account is the most extraordinary composition I have ever read. It is impossible for me to connect it, for in some parts I do not understand it. The punctuation is everywhere defective, and here I have done what I could, and have sent the proofs to Mr. Bulmer. I think the revises should be sent to Mr. T—— to request his attention to the whole, and particularly the part that I have marked as unintelligible. In my private opinion it is scarcely an admissible article in its present state; but as he has signed his name to it he will be liable to the sole blame for its imperfections
>
> Your faithful humble servant
>
> W. C.

There is another letter later asking Cooke, if he does not mean to drive Mr. T—— stark staring mad, to get two uncorrected sheets from Mr. Bulmer.

Turner and Carew, the sculptor, were once fishing in a pond at Petworth; said the latter: "Turner, they tell me you're very rich." Turner chuckled and said, "Am I?" "Yes, everybody says so." "Ah!" replied he, "I would give it all up again to be twenty years of age again." This year he had only one picture in the Academy, Dido and Æneas, with a quotation from Dryden. There was also one at the British Institution, Apuleia in Search of Apuleius. These were the stirring times of the last phases of the Peninsular War, the retreat from Moscow, the battles of Leipsic, Orthes, Toulouse, the surrender of Paris, and the abdication of Napoleon.

- CROSSING THE BROOK, 1815
- LA GRANDE CARTREUSE, 1816

In 1815, Turner exhibited Bligh Sand, near Sheerness. A fleet of Thames shrimpers is beating to windward, close to a spit of mud, marked by a buoy. The sun is just breaking through the black clouds at the top of the picture, and yet its rays are twisted back in characteristic Turner fashion, so that the light is shining full on the sails of the distant shrimpers. The colour is little more than black and brown, but the sky is very fine, and space is well suggested.

Crossing the Brook was evidently worked out from the sketches made in Devonshire with Cyrus Redding. Though the colour is so pale as to be little more than monochrome, there is a most perfect rendering of a beautiful river, winding away for miles and miles through rolling hills and valleys, until at last in the haze it reaches the sea, which is only suggested. A great white summer cloud rises into the gray sky, magnificently drawn and modelled, and in the foreground is a group of trees painted in the conventional drawing-master fashion of the

period, but nevertheless exactly suited to their semi-classic surroundings. Space and distance have never been more finely suggested.

My friend Mr. David Murray was once painting in an orchard at Dittisham on the Dart, a picture he afterwards called All adown a Devon Valley, when an old man came up to watch the progress of the work, and, after a while, getting into conversation, he told how when he was a boy, a little man, with a tiny water-colour box and sketch book, had painted the very same view, and had given him sixpence for holding a great blue umbrella over him whilst he worked. His whole attention seemed concentrated on his sketch, and he paid no heed to the drizzle which was falling all the time. The boy found out afterwards that this was the great Turner. "Well," said Murray, "I would have given much more than sixpence to have been allowed to hold that blue umbrella."

Up to this time the master had only used colour very sparingly, and all shadows had been painted with black or brown, but in Dido building Carthage, or the Rise of the Carthaginean Empire, we may see the first attempt to break with the old traditions. Turner himself evidently considered this to be his best picture, for though he talked of being rolled up in it and buried, with Carthage for a winding sheet, yet he had made up his mind that it should be bequeathed to his country, to be hung between two Claudes in the National Gallery. The subject is treated in quite a conventional manner; it would seem as though Turner had looked at the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, and had taken it, bit by bit, determined to outdo it in every part. In each picture the setting sun shines right in the middle. There are in each the same tall Renaissance columns, and little groups of figures. Perhaps it was when Turner set out to wrestle for a fall with Claude that he began to think of putting more colour into his pictures; for The Queen of Sheba and The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca, which hang on each side of the Carthage, are by no means colourless. We must admit that it was a bold thing to attempt to go one better than the old master in his own manner, and on his own classic ground; and in spite of Turner's much greater power I somehow feel that Claude, who was not trying to imitate anyone, but was only striving to render nature in his own childlike, simple way, has rather the best of the battle.

- DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE, 1815
- THE FELUCCA, 1819

I have heard two musicians play a nocturne by Chopin. The first one not a great performer, but a sympathetic toiler, thinking only of the melody. The second, one of those brilliant executants who could do nothing that was not absolutely right, strummed away, thinking only of the cleverness of the performer.

Of course there is some splendid work in the Carthage. The painting of the galleys, hauled up in the misty distance, is as fine as anything Turner has done. In spite of this, however, there is ever such a slight suggestion of the drop scene in the conventionality of the treatment, which somehow reminds me of the brilliant but uninteresting player.

Another picture, this busy year of the hundred days, and of the crowning victory of Waterloo, was The Battle of Fort Rock. It had a long quotation from the "Fallacies of Hope" MS.

> The snow capt mountain, and huge towers of ice,
> Thrust forth their dreary barriers in vain;
> Onward the van progressive forced its way,
> Propelled; as the wild Reuss by native glacers fed,
> Rolls on impetuous, with every check gains force
> By the constraint upraised; till to its gathering powers
> All yielding down the pass wide devastation pours
> Her own destructive course. Thus rapine stalked
> Triumphant; and plundering hordes exulting strew'd,
> Fair Italy thy plains with woe.

There were also The Eruption of the Souffrur Mountain in the Island of St. Vincent at Midnight, on the 30th of April, 1812; from a sketch taken at the time by Hugh P. Kean, Esq.: The Passage of Mount St. Gothard, taken from the centre of the Teufels Bruck: The Great Fall of the Riechenbach; and The Lake of Lucerne, from the Landing-place at Fluelen.

The peace which closed the great war with France did not usher in a time of prosperity. There was a debt of eight hundred millions, and the taxes were very heavy. Bad harvests, the disbanding of a great mass of men, and the stagnation of trade caused riots and a rapid increase of crime and ruin, and men were hanged in those good old days for very little; sheep stealing was quite enough to bring a thief to the gallows.

In 1816 Turner exhibited two pictures of The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius; one restored and the other taken from a sketch by H. Gully Knight, Esq. The following year he showed The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire.

> At Hope's delusive smile,
> The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride
> Were to the insidious conqueror's grasp resign'd;
> While o'er the western wave th' ensanguined sun,
> In gathering haze, a stormy signal spread,
> And set portentous.

- ROME FROM THE VATICAN, 1820

In the exhibition of 1818 Raby Castle; Dort or Dordrecht; The Packet Boat from Rotterdam becalmed; The Field of Waterloo:

> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse — friend, foe, in one red burial blent.
> and a Landscape: Composition of Tivoli.

The engraving for the "Southern Coast" continued, and in 1819 Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire" begins.

In the Academy there was that grand picture, Entrance of the Meuse — Orang Merchantman on the bar going to pieces, Brill Church bearing S.E. by S., Marensluys, E. by S.; now in the National Gallery, and also Richmond Hill on Prince Regent's Birthday. The grass and trees are very brown, but the short-waisted ladies with their beaux are gracefully suggested. This year the last part of the "Liber Studiorum" appeared: The East Gate, Winchelsea; Isis; Ben Arthur; Interior of a Church; and The Woman of Samaria. After this the work came to an end, with the remaining twenty plates still unpublished.

Turner must have paid a visit to Italy as well as Holland, for besides the view of Tivoli he now shows, in 1820, Rome from the Vatican — Raffaelle accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his pictures for the decoration of the Loggia. This is a very unfortunate choice of subject, for Turner, in his efforts to squeeze in as much of Rome and St. Peter's as possible, has taken such a wide angle view that the whole looks distorted. He made a number of drawings from sketches taken in Italy by means of the camera obscura for "Hakewell's Picturesque Italy"; Some of his finest work was done for "The History of Richmond," Ingleborough; High Force; Kerby Lonsdale; Churchyard; Wycliff; and the Junction of the Greta and Tees.

In Sir Walter Scott's company Turner went to several of the scenes of his poems: Smallholm Craigs, Jedburgh, Asheshel, Carlisle, Newark, and Edinburgh. Scott told the painter that the habit of lying here on the turf among the sheep and lambs when a lame boy, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals.

Turner also stayed with Mr. Thomson, of Duddingston in Edinburgh, and, on leaving, pressed the reverend artist to return the compliment if he ever came to London. This Mr. Thomson unexpectedly did. Turner invited his visitor to dine. A day was fixed, but it happened that in the course of the day Thomson called upon a nobleman who also asked him to dine. He pleaded that he was engaged to Turner, but the nobleman directed Thomson to bring Turner with him. The artist accordingly was waited on, and accepted after a little demur : "Well, if I must, I s'pose I must, but —" Before he had time to complete the sentence, his father, who had been listening while preparing a canvas for his son, exclaimed: "Go, Billy, go; the mutton needn't be cooked, Billy."

Among the four hundred framed drawings kept in the cases on the ground floor of the National Gallery, a good many of the Italian sketches may be ascribed to this period. They have been, for the most part, painted direct from nature, and were left without subsequent touching up.

- ROME, BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE AND COLOSSEUM, 1829

It is a perfect education to go through these one by one, and in them to follow the master in his wanderings. Among them are most exquisite records, like that of Tivoli, drawn with the utmost perfection of dainty skill. All the little towers, roofs, and garden walls perched on the jutting rock, half hidden in trees and shrubs, suggested with the most loving tenderness. The sky is washed in with only a few touches, but each mark seems to be absolutely right, the wooded valley stretching away for miles to the pale mountains just visible; all suggested in the very simplest way, just put in straight and left.

Then there are some of the Roman Campagna with the winding Tiber and the Alban Hill, old broken aqueducts standing up out of the dried-up grass.

A perfect outline drawing is that one of the palace of the mad Queen Joanna, half surrounded by the sea, and in the distance the piled up houses clustered thick upon the steep sides of St. Elmo.

There are quite a number of sketches of the half-ruined buildings of Naples, perched in delightful confusion among the cypresses and palms under the quiet volcano which pours out a soft column of white straight into the still air.

In other drawings Capri rises jagged and torn from the waters of the bay. It is just as though we were looking at the very scene itself. These are but a few taken almost at hazard from this treasure house. No one who has not gone through the works painted face to face with nature can have a notion of the greatness of Turner.

When any picture of Turner's came up at Christie's, the artist used to send some one to bid for it, to add to his collection, or if that was not possible, at any rate to keep it from going too cheap. One day when the bidding was brisk, a clean, ruddy-cheeked butcher boy in blue made several advances of £5 before Mr. Christie noticed him: at last he was asked for his authority, and produced a note from the artist instructing the strange emissary to try to get the picture.

In 1821 Turner did not exhibit any pictures, but six engravings appeared in Whitaker's "History of Richmondshire," Aste Hall; High Tore; Brignols Church; The Crook of Lune; Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard; and Weathercote Cave.

In the "Southern Coast" there were Lulworth Castle; Torbay from Brixham; and Minehead.

Next year he had one small picture, What You Will. There were seven more plates in the "Richmondshire History": St. Agatha's Abbey; Eggleston Abbey; Marrick Abbey; Simmer Lake; Mossdale Fall, Ingleborough; Hornby Castle; and Heysham and Camberland Mounts.

1823 brought that wonderful work The Bay of Baiae, with Apollo and the Sibyl. Only eight years before, the Crossing the Brook was painted in little more than black, brown, and palest blue, and now Turner has thrown aside the inky shadows and cold gray skies, and has burst out in a perfect blaze of splendid colour.

Years ago, when I was a student at the old Academy schools in Trafalgar Square, I used to stroll out at the luncheon hour, or after closing time, to have a look at the Old Masters in the National Gallery next door. Somehow my feet always seemed to carry me to this, my favourite picture at that time.

- BAY OF BAIAE, 1823

I think the blue sea breaking gently on the sandy shore is one of the most perfect of Turner's visions of Italy. The little jetty, the fishing boats, the castle, and the volcanic hills thickly wooded and piled ridge beyond ridge as they pale into the haze, are all most splendidly painted; the ruins half hidden in vines and long trailing creepers are well done, and take their places in the scheme. There are thin rich glazes and strong yellows in the foreground, and two very conventional stone pines which throw a most unnatural dark shadow right across the foreground. The Sibyl, holding up the cryptic handful of sand to Apollo as a request for many years of life, is painted quite carelessly; indeed, one would almost fancy that the whole of the near objects were forced up in that rich, juicy fashion, merely to drive back the delicate middle distance and enhance its beauty. There is no doubt that it does produce that effect, for if you shut out that part of the composition with your hand, the rest of the picture suffers, though the foreground is nothing by itself. By the way, the Cumaen Sibyl was seven hundred years old and quite bent and wrinkled when the pious Æneas first came to Italy. It is characteristic of Turner that she should be represented quite young and buxom, with the ruins of the baths of Nero, the sixteenth-century castle at Baja, and the Monte Nuovo, which was only upheaved in 1538, as a background. One peculiarity of the artist's which has been noticed is that the further branches on the trees are painted pale and faint, as though they were fronds of seaweed seen through muddy water. I have no doubt that this was purposely done to produce an illusion and to make the spectator fancy that the back part of the foliage was really away in the distance. In these days, when stern realism is the fashion, to us moderns this sort of artifice seems a little strained.

It had in the catalogue a quotation from "The Fallacies of Hope":

Waft me to sunny Baiae's shore.

After the picture returned from the exhibition, it hung in Turner's dusty studio, where it must have looked quite like a window opened in the wall to which contemporary artists likened it.

Jones, who admired the work, was discussing its merits with a traveller who had been to the spot and found that the real locality had been rather freely treated, or, as Thornbury puts it, "Half the scene was sheer invention." This is not quite the fact, for the Baiae is more topographical than most of Turner's pictures. Jones took a bit of chalk and wrote across the frame "Splendide Mendax," but Turner only laughed, and the joke remained for years, for it was never effaced.

- CAREW CASTLE, PEMBROKE, 1824

In 1824 the British National Gallery of pictures was founded by the purchase of the collection of John Julius Angerstein's thirty-eight pictures, nine of them by British artists. This, the nucleus of the present exhibition in Trafalgar Square, was secured to the nation by a grant of Parliament made in April. Afterwards Sir George Beaumont gave sixteen pictures, including five by British artists. At a meeting at Somerset House, attended by Sir Robert Peel, Lord Harding, and

many noted men, it was decided to buy two pictures of Turner and to present them to the National Gallery. A memorial was drawn up and Turner's old friend Griffiths was asked to present it. The offer was £5,000 for the two pictures, The Rise of Carthage (the Dido) and The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire — "Rome being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war or ruin her by compliance. The enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children."

Griffiths took the memorial, and when Turner had read it, "his eyes brightened," says Thornbury; "he was deeply moved, even to tears, for he was capable of intense feeling. He expressed his pride and delight at such a noble offer from such men. But his eye caught the word Carthage and he exclaimed sternly: 'No, no, they shall not have it'; and upon Griffiths turning to go, he called out after him: 'Oh, Griffiths! make my compliments to the memorialists and tell them Carthage may some day become the property of the nation.' The picture, it is said, was originally painted for £100, and the buyer had declined to take it when the critics and the press began to attack it." At any rate, the painter must now have felt much gratified; he went about saying to himself, "This is a great triumph!"

Turner always meant his pictures of the Carthaginian Empire to be typical of Great Britain in its war with France. He intended the fate of the enervated, luxurious citizens to be an awful warning to his countrymen of what might befall them if they gave way to slothfulness and ease; Imperial France, of course, was a personification of old Rome.

Next year Turner exhibited no picture, but he was very busy making water-colours for the engravers. W. B. Cooke's "Rivers of England" came out with mezzotints of Totnes; Dartmouth; Dartmouth Castle; Stangate Creek; Rochester; Warkworth; Kirkstall Abbey; Kirkstall Loch; Norham; Newcastle; Shields; Brougham Castle; Arundel; Moore Park; Mouth of the Number; and Okehampton. Then there were Margate; Rye; Clovelly; Hythe; Ramsgate; and St. Maues; for the "Southern Coast," also published by Cooke. Ehrenbreitstein; drawn in 1819, from the quay at Coblentz, during the demolition of the fortress, was also, with the Eddystone Lighthouse; published this year.

In 1825 the Harbour of Dieppe (Changment de Domicile); was exhibited at the Academy; and Brighton; Boscastle; and Combe Martin; published in the "Southern Coast." Seven drawings were done for Murray's edition of Lord Byron's Works, some of them from sketches by Allison — The Temple of Minerva; Cape Colonna; Tombe of Cecilia Metella; Negroponte; Acropolis of Athens; Malta; Rhodes; and the Drachenfels.

- NEWCASTLE
- FORT PITT CHATHAM, 1837

This year his great patron and friend, Mr. Fawkes, died. Turner was very much affected, and though often invited, would never go to Farnley again as he could not bear to visit his old haunts, the scenes of so many innocent pleasures and

jollifications. Some years before Turner had been up the Rhine, and on his return he had landed at Hull, and had come straight on to Farnley, where he produced from the breast pocket of his great coat a roll of fifty-three drawings, perfect little suggestions of nature, though painted at the rate of three a day.

Mr. Fawkes bought the whole for £500; years afterwards his son, Hawkesworth, brought the set up to the dismal house in Queen Ann Street to show to their creator. The old man turned them over until he came to one — Twilight in the Lorelei, a gray, dim drawing, with one or two specks of light from craft on the river. His eyes filled with tears, and he could only say: "But, Hawkey! but, Hawkey! "He was thinking of old happy days and the friend gone for ever. For twenty-four long years one of those famous Yorkshire goose-pies was regularly sent from Farnley to Turner. Just before Christmas, 1851, the twenty-fifth was packed and ready, when news reached Yorkshire that the famous painter had gone to his long rest.

Farnley is full of mementos of the painter. There is the Two-decker taking in Stores, drawn from memory, to show a lady, who had never seen one, what a line-of-battleship looked like. This was done in three hours, and Ruskin looked upon it as a miracle of memory and observation, though I must confess, that with all the practice and experience that Turner had, it does not seem at all wonderful that he should have been able to draw what he knew by heart. There were birds that he had shot and then painted. There were views on the Wharfe, the old porch flower garden, the dairy, the oak room, old staircase, the study, and a hundred other records, some done with loving care and others rougher jottings. Last, there is a caricature of Turner himself, drawn by Mr. Fawkes, which was thought by old friends to be very like, "a little Jewish-nosed man in an ill-cut brown tail coat, striped waistcoat, and enormous frilled shirt, the feet and hands notably small, sketching on a small piece of paper, held down almost level with his waist." Once Mr. Fawkes had been driving over the Simplon Pass when he met a well-known little thick-set man, walking with no luggage except a large faded umbrella. It was the original of his caricature.

In the exhibition of 1826 there was Cologne: the Arrival of a Packet Boat — Evening; Forum Romanum; for Mr. Soame's museum, The Seat of William Moffatt, Esq., Mortlake — Early Summer, morning.

There is a story told of the Cologne, which is quite characteristic of Turner, and shows how tender-hearted he was.

This picture, remarkable for a very brilliant sky, happened to be hung next to two portraits by Lawrence, which not being painted in so high a key were very much injured by the juxtaposition. Sir Thomas was in despair; the works that had looked so bright in his studio now seemed dull and earthy. Turner listened, and at last got to work on his sky. He took some water-colour lamp-black and went all over it. "Why, Turner, what have you done to your picture?" said a friend, who had seen it before the alteration. "Oh! it's all right; it will all wash off after the close of the exhibition. And poor Lawrence was so unhappy." This is the man who has been accused of greed and rapacity. He was so conscientious that when he caught a fish that was at all undersized he would always appeal to some bystander to know if it ought not to be put back in the river.

- BOLTON ABBEY, 1826

Stanfield had painted a seapiece, which he called Throwing the Painter, but he was not able to get it finished in time for the exhibition, so Callcott facetiously called his Missing the Painter. Next year Turner, who wanted to keep the joke up, painted a picture which he called Now for the Painter — passengers going on board. Detractors of the character of the artist have made out that Turner chose this title in a spirit of bombast, and that he wished to imply that he, Turner, was the real painter. But is this at all likely? Surely it was but a harmless bit of fun. The painter spoken of is the nautical term for the rope by which a boat is towed. The picture represents the entrance to Calais harbour. In the forefront, bobbing in the lumpy water, is a round-sterned Dutch-looking boat, crowded with passengers and their luggage. One hand forward is stowing the sail, whilst the steersman, who has his helm hard a-port, waves his hand to a bluff-bowed, three-masted lugger, which seems to be luffing round to pick him up; for a man stands up in her by the mizzenmast with a heaving-line in his hand. I am afraid they are going to make a very clumsy job of getting alongside, for the head of the boat is at right

angles to the course of the lugger, so even if the sailor in the tall hat does manage to get his painter aboard, there will be a terrible jerk when a turn is taken. Perhaps, however, the lugger will go round and make another shot, in which case the title should be Calcott's — Missing the Painter. The sails of the chasse-maree are very badly set, and one wonders if she won't miss stays when the helm is put down. The sky is most beautiful — a great cumulus cloud crossed by light scud, darkens towards the north as though rain might soon come on. In those days vessels could not get into Calais at low water, and passengers had to be brought off or landed in small boats; perhaps this is a recollection of one of Turner's journeys: I see the letters on the flag spell "Pas de Calais."

In 1827 there was another picture of Mortlake Terrace, seat of William Moffatt, Esq. — Evening. It is said that Turner thinking that some dark object was wanted in the foreground, cut a dog out in black paper, and stuck it on to try the effect, which was so good that he left it sticking there. Let us hope it remains to this day.

- COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, 1827 TO 1838

The other pictures this year were A Scene in Derbyshire —

When first the sun with beacon red —

Port Ruysdael; and Rembrandt's Daughter; which was afterwards hung at Petworth; Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire came in 1828. The sun is in the middle of the picture, and under it is a shining path of glitter. There are the modern classic buildings, which were always introduced into Turner's Carthaginian subjects; the usual crowd of figures and the tall pine we know so well. I suppose it is as unlike the real Carthage as anything can be. Two pictures of East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.; The Regatta — Beating to Windward; and The Regatta — Starting for their new Moorings; and a figure picture, Boccaccio Relating the

Tale of the Bird-cage; painted in rivalry to Stothard. Leslie tells how Turner said he wished he could paint like him, saying that he was the Giotto of England.

Turner went to Italy for the third time in the autumn of this year. Here is part of a letter to his friend Jones: "Genoa and all the sea coast, from Nice to Spezzia, is remarkably rugged and fine; so is Massa. Tell that fat fellow Chantrey, that I did think of him then (but not the first or the last time) of the thousands he had made out of these marble crags which only afforded me a sour bottle of wine and a sketch; but he deserves everything which is good, though he did give me a fit of the spleen at Carrara."

Here is another letter, dated Rome, 6th November:

> MY DEAR CHANTREY,
>
> I intended long before this (but you will say fudge) to have written; but even now, very little information have I to give you in matters of art, for I have confined myself to the painting department at Corso; and having finished one, am about the second, and getting on with Lord E's, which I began the very first touch at Rome; but as the folk here talked that
>
> I would show them not. I finished a small three feet four to stop their gabbing — so now to business.
>
> Sculpture of course first, for it carries away all the patronage, so it is said, in Rome; but all seem to share in the goodwill of the patrons of the day. Gott's studio is full, Wyatt and Rennie, Ewing, Buxton, all employed. Gibson has two groups in hand, Venus and Cupid and the Rape of Hylas (three figures), very forward, though I doubt much if it will be in time (taking the long voyage into the scale) for the exhibition, though it is for England. Its style is something like The Psyche, being two standing figures of nymphs leaning enamoured over the youthful Hylas with his pitcher. The Venus is a sitting figure with the Cupid in attendance, and if it had wings like a dove to flee away and be at rest, the rest would not be the worse for the change. Thorwaldsten is closely engaged on the late Pope's Pius VII. monument. Portraits of the superior animal man is to be found in all. In some the inferior — viz. greyhounds and poodles, cats and monkeys, etc. etc.
>
> Pray give my remembrances to Jones and Stokes, and tell him I have not seen a bit of coal stratum for months. My love to Mrs. Chantrey and take the same and good wishes of yours most truly.
>
> J. M. W. TURNER.

The "three feet by four" was the beautiful View of Orvieto. afterwards shown in the Academy and now in the National Gallery. The distant town, perched upon a rock, rising out of a valley bathed in sunlight, is most gorgeous in colour. It is quite like what one remembers to have seen on some evening when everything is at its best just before the sun sinks. The art with which the hills

and wood-crowned knolls are made to fade away one beyond the other into space, is perfect.

- MALVERN ABBEY AND GATE, 1827 TO 1838

But there is the usual drawing-master tree, and the thin, unreal foreground one sees in so many of Turner's later pictures. It is as though he had cared nothing for the foreground itself, but merely painted it to throw back and keep in its place the superb middle distance, which I suppose was really all the painter tried for. Two sketchy women are washing linen at a very glazy, unsubstantial fountain, and there is a suggestion of vines and gourds, like such stuff as dreams are made of. Mr. Rippingille, who made inquiries in Rome as to the appreciation Turner met with there, did not find that his work was at all esteemed. There was an English tradesman living there, whose name was Turner. He sold English mustard, and the Roman jokers said that one Turner sold mustard and the other painted with it. Some intelligent Romans wondered that the English could be so devoid of taste as to admire and tolerate such extravagant productions. I suppose the hot colour in the foreground was what the benighted people laughed at. They must have been rather blind to fail to understand the beauty of the distance.

Turner must have left Italy on the 22nd of January, 1829, for there was a picture entitled: Messieurs les Voyageurs on their Return from Italy (par la Diligence) in a Snow-drift upon Mount Tarra. The other pictures were: The Banks of the Loire, now in the Schwabe Collection at Hamburg; Linlithgow Palace, which stands on a height overlooking a lake in which some boys are bathing; The Loretto Necklace, an Italian town perched on a wooded knoll, down which rushes a waterfall. There is an aqueduct and some distant mountains, and in the foreground, under the conventional Turner tree, are the two little figures which give the name to the picture. Besides this, there was Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, from Homer's "Odyssey," a most wonderful kaleidoscopic composition, lighted from all directions, a fiery sunrise on one side of the picture, and on the other the galley of Ulysses in full sunlight, her long lateen yards crowded with the sailors who are loosing the bellying sails and hoisting strange pennants. The oars are lashing the water, and round the prow, in a sort of green phosphorescence, are many sea-nymphs gambolling like dolphins, beyond are arched rocks and fairy caves with lights twinkling in misty grottoes. Above are piled mountain peaks which melt into the clouds, and the dim outline of the Cyclops is seen in the mists, resting his head upon his hand, and calling down vengeance upon the Greeks who have blinded him. Polyphemus is the finest suggestion of a figure Turner ever painted. He is made to look enormous, and there is something pathetic in his attitude of impotent fury which somehow makes one pity him. One does not find out Ulysses until after looking at the picture for some time, though he is in red and stands in a prominent place upon the poop, nor does one at first see the figure of Phoebus rising with his horses from the sea. There are two more Greek ships, black against the sunrise, and the whole is one of the most extraordinary dreams ever put upon canvas. It is quite impossible even to try to criticize such a picture, for it is so utterly unlike

anything we have ever seen (unless perhaps in the transformation scene at a pantomime), so that we can only stand and wonder at its magnificence.

- ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS
- TIVOLI, 1830

In 1830, Turner exhibited Pilate washing his Hands: "When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it" (St. Matthew, xxvii, 24).

This picture is now in the National Gallery. I don't know whom Turner was trying to outdo when he painted it; perhaps some long forgotten master. Then there was Palestrina; composition with a quotation from the MS. of the "Fallacies of Hope":

> Or from yon mural rock, high crown'd Praeneste,
>
> Where misdeeming of his strength the Carthaginian stood,
>
> And marked, with eagle eye, Rome as his victim.

I have never seen this picture, but it is described as a view over an extensive prospect. A town crowns vast rocky heights; there is a triumphal arch, a cascade, a glade, a flock of goats, and two children, amid fragments of ancient architecture upon the ground, and beyond blue sky with white clouds.

> Besides there was Jessica:
>
> Shylock. Jessica, shut the window, I say.
>
> Merchant of Venice.

This was painted in Rome, as his letter to Chantrey shows. The Lord E. was George, third Earl of Egremont. Calais sands, low water — Poissards collecting bait; The Fish Market on the Sands — the Sun rising through Vapour; and Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence, a sketch from memory.

The funeral took place in the snow, and Wilkie, who was next to Turner, whispered, "That's a fine effect," but Turner considered the remark untimely, and turned away in disgust; nevertheless he could not resist trying to realize the scene when he got home. The sketch is now in the National Gallery. One sees the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral, with the procession moving up the steps. The statue of Queen Anne and the carriages are all in deep snow.

This year the banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, brought out his "Italy," sumptuously printed, bound, and illustrated with splendid drawings by Turner, engraved by all the finest talent of the time. The subjects were The Lake of Geneva; Tells Chapel; St. Maurice; The Great St. Bernard (with figures by Stothard, and dogs by Landseer); The Battle of Marengo; Aosta; Martigny; The Alps; Como; Venice; Florence; Villa of Galileo; Villa Madonna; Rome; The Campagna; Castle of St. Angelo; Tivoli, Ruins; Scene with Banditti; Naples; Paestum; Amalfi; The Felucca and Farewell.

Turner and Rogers got on very well together. The poet was rallied for bringing out his rather mild effusions in such a magnificent setting, but he certainly made a most attractive book. I remember when I was a boy, there was a pawnbroker's shop in High Street, Camden Town, where a tray full of Turner's engravings to Rogers's poems were for sale at a penny each. All my spare pocket money at that time used to be spent in

Turners, and little scraps of rhyme were attached. I can remember some of them even now. The poet enriched his house in St. James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, and gems. His conversation was said to be rich and various, abounding in wit, eloquence, shrewd observation, and interesting personal anecdote. When quite a boy he longed for an interview with the great Dr. Johnson, and twice presented himself at his door in Bolt Court; but the first time he called the Doctor was out, and the second time, after he had rung the bell, the heart of the young poet failed him, and he ran away without waiting for the door to open.

In September of this year a great blow fell upon Turner. His old father died, and the painter was never the same man again. The good parson, Mr. Trimmer, brought him away to stay at Heston, and the family did their best to cheer him up; but Turner was fearfully out of spirits and always felt his loss. In truth, it must be admitted that the old man was, to a great extent, responsible for the education which helped to make Turner the man he afterwards became. He taught him hard work, he taught him thrift, he helped his art in every possible way. Money was not plentiful in the family, but whatever fees were wanted for tuition were always forthcoming. Then when the boy began to make a name and could afford to take a house with a studio, the old barber left his shop and came to watch over his gifted son, waiting on him and doing a hundred little useful jobs, straining the canvases, digging the garden, doing the marketing, even cooking the dinner at times, and always looking after his interests in every way. The two were always on the best of terms in their simple frugal manage, saving the pennies, and happy in their own way. One can fancy what a blank the cheerful, chatty old man left, and how the dusty, untidy house became more dismal and mouldy when he was gone.

He was buried in the parish church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, where the painter had been baptized years before, and (the following epitaph, evidently written by Turner himself, was placed over the grave:

> In the vault
> Beneath and near this Place
> are deposited the remains of
> WILLIAM TURNER
> many years an inhabitant of this parish
> who died September 21st, 1830.
> To his memory and of his wife MARY ANN
> their son J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

has placed this Tablet.

August, 1832.

In the Royal Academy of 1831 there were seven pictures, Lifeboat and Manby Apparatus going off to a stranded Vessel making Signals (blue lights) of Distress, now in the South Kensington Museum. Gorlestone Pier is in middle distance, and the breakers are tumbling on to the sandy shore. The old-time lifeboat, not at all the shape of our modern craft, is struggling to reach the wreck which sending up a rocket, is only just guishable through the driving spray. In the foreground are the stumps of another wreck sticking out of the sand, and many boats and figures are dotted along high-water mark.

- CALIGULA'S PALACE, 1831

Caligula's Palace and Bridge:

What now remains of all the mighty bridge
Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
Caligula, but massive fragments left,
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray that tell
How Baiae's shore was loved in times gone by?
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

The rising sun is shining straight through a rent in the palace wall, right into our very eyes; its rays shoot out in a most real fashion through every chink and cranny, and so long as we shut out the rest of the picture with our hands, and look only at the ruin in the middle, the effect is quite what one might very well see in nature. The moment we move our hands and turn a little to the right we come to quite a new state of things. A boy and a girl are sitting on an unsubstantial yellow rock, lighted by quite another sun, which (judging by the shadows thrown upon the ground) must be very nearly behind the spectator's 'head. This second sun must be a much brighter one than the sun that is flashing its rays through the palace, for the white cap and the face and neck of the girl are as light as paint will make them. Just beyond, a goat is in the rays of the sun behind our heads, but when we come to the grove of drawing-master trees, the old state of affairs returns, the conventional foliage standing dark and strong (except for the curious mistiness about the further branches) against the golden sky of morning. In fact, Turner has turned his magic limelight on where his fancy prompted him, and has given us only as much nature as he thought good for us.

I have no idea where the palace of Caligula may be, and as for the "mighty bridge which made the Lucrine Lake an inner pool," Turner seems to have mixed up the Via Herculea, with the bridge of boats which the insane Emperor threw across the Bay of Baiae, in order that he might, clad in the armour of

Alexander the Great, celebrate his triumph over the Parthians. The palace looks as though it were a sort of recollection of the Palazzo di Donna Anna, built in the seventeenth century at Posilipo, and the piled up classic buildings on the left might have been suggested by San Martino.

Vision of Medea:

> Or Medea who in the full tide of witchery
>
> Had lured the dragon, gained her Jason's love,
>
> Had filled the spell-bound bowl with Æson's life,
>
> Yet dashed it to the ground, and raised the poisonous snake
>
> High in the jaundiced sky to writhe its murderous coil,
>
> Infuriate in the wreck of hope withdrew,
>
> And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw.
>
> MS. Fallacies of Hope.

This is quite a figure subject, and was perhaps an attempt to outdo Stothard. The Sorceress is represented waving her wand and performing an incantation. The Fates, the Twins in the dragon chariot, and behind Medea again, throwing her children into the burning palace. There is not much scope for Turner's own peculiar power, and the same may be said of Watteau painting a Study by Fresnoy's rules,

> White when it shines with unstained lustre clear
>
> May bear an object back, or bring it near.
>
> FRESNOY's Art of Painting.

- SKETCH FOR A CLASSIC PICTURE

And also Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy's Visit to their father, Lord Percy, when under attainder upon the supposition of his being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot.

Besides these, there were two shipping subjects, Admiral Van Tromp's barge at the entrance of the Texel, 1645, now in Sir John Soane's Museum, and a stranded Man-of-War fighting. In this arduous service (of reconnaissance) on the French coast, 1805, one of our cruisers took the ground, and had to sustain the attack of the flying artillery along shore, the batteries and the Fort of Vimieux, which fired heated shot, until she could warp off at the rising tide, which set in with all the appearance of a stormy night ("Naval Anecdotes").

This picture is now in New York. I would be very pleased to see it, for I lived for twenty-five years in the corps de garde of the very fort spoken of in the title. As children my brothers and I played on the sands where the French flying artillery fired upon the stranded frigate. We used to swim out to the old fort, and knew every inch of the ground for miles round. Oddly enough, when I was turning over Turner's sketch books in the basement of the National Gallery,

some of the first sets of drawings I opened were outlines of this bit of coast. Two forts stood on the rocks at low water, which are nothing save a heap of ruins now; but I remember them staunch and strong, just as Turner drew them, with the cliffs of La Créche as a background.

In this year, 1831, Turner went to Scotland to make a set of twenty-four drawings for a new edition of Sir Walter Scott's poems. He saw the Trossachs and Loch Katrine for the first time, and went on as far as Corriskin in Skye. This he used to declare was the grandest scene he knew. Clambering about the steep rocks to look for a good point of view, his foot slipped, and if it had not been for one or two tufts of grass which he caught he must have broken his neck.

Some of these engravings are wonderful examples of dainty finish. Take, for example, the perfect little Stirling. Here in a space of only five and a half inches by three, are countless square miles of country. The Forth winding among flat meadows, the stern castle perched upon its crag, the busy town clustered at the base, the hills stretching away one behind the other, until at last you lose them among the clouds. The quarry cut deep into the rock thick with workers, some not so big as a pin's head, yet all as right as they can be. Every fold in the ground carefully thought out and brought into its proper place in the scheme by subtle gradations of light and dark. Was ever work done like this before? Then the exquisite vignette of Dunfermline what a study in tones of the most delicate softness! How grandly Turner has woven the texture of his theme, now dark, now pale, here sharp and clear, there melting into misty vague forms, always beautiful, and always helping towards the perfection of the whole.

- STONEHENGE, 1827 TO 1838
- NORHAM CASTLE

Craigmillar is another tender little glimpse of a ruined castle standing against the sunset.

Norham, a subject Turner was never tired of repeating, is a very delicate twilight effect; the old tower is still lighted by the last faint glow from the sunset, whilst the full moon rises over the hill behind it. This is much grander than the same view drawn at an earlier time. The beautiful little drawing of Edinburgh is quite characteristic of Turner in the strange blending of two effects, Calton Hill and Holyrood being in strong light from a sun which must be a long way to the left, whilst the castle and the Canongate are lighted by another sun which stands in the sky right above them.

Another, of Fort Augustus, is a wonderful instance of the artist's habit of drawing his subject from two or three different points of view. The result is that the water appears to lie at three different levels.

Turner asked Jones what he intended to paint for 1832. "Oh," said the other, "The fiery furnace, with' Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." "A good subject," said J. M. W. T.,-who always loved to pit himself against some other painter, "I'll do it also. What size?" "Kitcat upright." So two panels were ordered, and the two friends set to work to paint the same subject, each in his own way without seeing how the other did it. When the exhibition was hung Jones's picture of the

Fiery Furnace was placed opposite to a very gray Turner of Helvoetsluys — the City of Utrecht, 64, going to Sea. Next to this was Constable's fussy picture of The Opening of Waterloo Bridge. Turner stood and watched the Suffolk painter brightening up the flags and decorations of the city barges. After a while he went up to his own and laid on a daub of red lead about the size of a shilling. "He has been here and fired a gun," said Constable. "Oh," said Cooper, "a coal has bounced across the room from Jones's Fiery Furnace, and has set fire to Turner's sea. "This is all from Thornbury's "Life." The daub of red lead was afterwards turned into a buoy, and it remains to this day. The Turner picture of The Furnace, now in the National Gallery, represents Nebuchadnezzar on his throne beside three queens. There is a great crowd, lit up by the glare, and in the middle a vast spectral figure.

> Besides this there was Staffa, Fingals cave:
>
> Nor of a theme less solemn tells
>
> That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
>
> And still between each awful pause
>
> From the high vault an answer draws.
>
> SIR WALTER SCOTT's Lord of the Isles.

Breakers are dashing against the basaltic columns, the smoke from a er's funnel blending with the dark rain clouds hides the tops of the cliffs. This picture was bought for Mr. Lenox of New York City, by C. R. Leslie, R.A.

- LANDING OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE

Then there was Van Tromp's shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt, which went to the collection of Munro of Novar; and The Prince of Orange, William III, embarked from Holland and landed at Torbay, November 4th, 1688, after a stormy passage. The Protestant east wind has raised quite a big swell, and in the middle of the picture is the state barge of the prince, who is raising his hat to some cheering sailors. Behind a three-decker is bringing up, head to wind, and saluting, and there are many craft beyond, some at anchor and others under way. Though the subject and treatment might have been suggested by Vanderveld, the colour and the painting of the sky and water are not in the least like that master. Turner has thrown aside the old-time blacks and browns and heavy grays, never to return to them. Light and brilliancy is what he tries for now. And in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Italy, he is at his very best:

> And now, fair Italy!
>
> Thou art the garden of the world.
>
> Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
>
> Thy very weeds are beautiful,
>
> thy waste More rich than other climes' fertility;

Thy wreck a glory and thy ruin graced

With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced.

BYRON.

There is no blending of several different effects in this picture, nor is there the least attempt to gain strength by throwing half the subject into shadow, whilst the other half is in sunshine. There are none of the usual artifices of Turner.

It seems as though he had made up his mind to succeed by sheer beauty of handling and of colour, and by nothing else. The pale blue sky, merging into the warm haze, runs right across the subject, without break or variation. The whole of the wonderful wooded landscape, dotted with villas and ruins; the little towns, perched on their hill-tops; the horse-shoe bend of the placid river; everything, from the ruined bridge to the distant mountains, is bathed in the same golden sunshine. There is no rainbow, no sunset or moon-rising, no storm-cloud; simply a beautiful scene on a perfect afternoon. The two little dancing figures are very daintily suggested; but the rest of the foreground is quite unsubstantial and unreal, and the stone pine one of the worst that Turner ever painted. Could there ever be such a feeble branch as that one on the left?

Out of all these works exhibited at the Academy only one sold. The constant issue of engravings was the real secret of Turner's wealth. In 1833 The Rivers of France, at first called "Turner's Annual Tour," was begun. The letterpress was by Leitch Ritchie, author of "Heath's Picturesque Annual." He describes the banks of the Seine, adding many wonderful stories of Norman heroes and heroines, with full details of the most gruesome sieges and massacres. Turner and the author did not travel together, as their tastes were dissimilar. Here is a description of the artist's methods: "His exaggerations, when it suited his purpose, were wonderful; lifting up, for instance, by two or three stories, the steeple, or rather the stunted cone of a village church. I never failed to roast him on the habit. He took my remarks in very good part, sometimes indeed in great glee, never attempting to defend himself otherwise than by rolling back the war into the enemy's camp. In my account of the famous Gilles de Retz, I had attempted to identify that prototype of 'Blue Beard' with the hero of the nursery story by absurdly insisting that his beard was so intensely black that it seemed to have a shade of blue. This tickled the great painter hugely; and his only reply to my bantering was, his little sharp eyes glistening the while, 'Blue Beard! Blue Beard! Black Beard!' "

- CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE ITALY, 1832
- ORLEANS, 1833

The drawings made for the Annual Tour are for the most part in the National Gallery, though Ruskin had one or two of the best. There is quite a change noticeable in the colour, which is not so tender as in the earlier work. Red is put in where there is red in nature, and blue where there is blue; but it does not always seem the right red or the right blue. The sketches seem to be often experiments in colour rather than attempts to render nature. Besides the change

in colour, there is a distinct falling off from the high finish, delicate drawing and subtle tone of the Scott drawings, though The Light Towers of the Heve; Rouen Cathedral; and four or five of the others are quite perfect, and could have been painted by no other hand. It is curious, considering what a very bright green province Normandy is that Turner should never have thought of trying to render the colours of the fields and orchards. No doubt the fashion of the day was too strong for him, for he never did. None of the drawings are exact copies of actual scenes, being in some cases two or three different views united into one subject, yet Turner has succeeded in catching the character of the country, and also a great deal of its beauty.

Ruskin has accused him of being blind to the fine qualities of Gothic architecture, but the artist who could produce that drawing of the front of Rouen Cathedral could never have been insensible to its grandeur.

This year Turner exhibited his first picture of The Queen of the Adriatic, Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, and Custom House, Venice — Canaletti Painting. This was one of the Vernon Collection, and is now in the National Gallery. It is not at all the vague Dream City of his later time; but a rather matter-of-fact, topographical sort of a view, as though it were intended to rival the painter who is represented at work on a raft on the left. It does not strike one as a great success, partly, no doubt, because of the straight line of the Ducal Palace, which runs right across the composition in the most prosaic way, just as though it were a builder's plan, except that the builder would have drawn his walls upright. Of course the picture is a blend of at least two different points of view, St. Marc's is painted as it appears from the Baccino in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, whilst the Dogana di Mare is evidently drawn from a spot some way up the Giudecca Canal. The effect, too, is rather commonplace, blue sky overhead, and the building in a kind of half sunlight. There was also the Ducal Palace, Venice, a view looking across the Piazetta, and introducing the two columns of St. Marc and St. Giorgio. Then there was a subject evidently painted at the time he was illustrating the "Rivers of France" — Mouth of the Seine Quille bœuf.

- ROUEN CATHEDRAL, 1833

"This estuary is so dangerous from its quicksands, that any vessel taking the ground, is liable to be stranded and overwhelmed by the rising tide, which rushes in in one wave"

Beside these, there were three Netherland subjects the Rotterdam Ferry Boat, Van Goyen looking out for a Subject; and Van Tromp returning after the Battle of the Dogger Bank. This year Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations to the "Life and Works of Lord Byron," was published. There were drawings of Gibraltar, Malta, the Acropolis, Temple of Minerva, Rhodes, Cephalonia, and others.

In 1834 Turner exhibited two fanciful pictures, The Fountain of Indolence; which is represented as crowded with sporting Loves and Cupids; while in the distance is a lake and a temple; and in the foreground a figure, with a fishing-rod, lying at the foot of some tall trees. This work is now in New York. The second is based on the myth that Lake Avernus was the overflowing of Acheron, and one

of the entrances to Hades, and that a bough plucked from the tree of Proserpine would enable mortals to enter the dominions of Pluto. It was called The Golden Bough, and a quotation from "The Fallacies of Hope" was sent with it; but the Council at the Academy, for some reason, suppressed the lines, though they left the name of the poem, which should have gone at the foot. The real Lake Avernus is almost completely circular, for it is, in fact, the crater of an extinct volcano. This shape did not take Turner's fancy, and he has altered it a good deal, putting in a temple and the conventional pine-tree, beneath which are reclining figures. On the left is another classic person with a sickle, holding the golden bough, and standing by a pool.

There was also The Grand Canal, Venice, a very much better picture than the one of the year before, and also more true to nature. We are looking out towards the sea from the entrance of the canal; on the right are the Dogana and the steps of Santa Maria della Salute; to the left are the Ducal Palace and St. Marc, whilst the calm water is crowded with queer vessels of all sorts. Thornbury tells how one varnishing day, Jones, who had a picture with a blue sky in it, tried to paint it brighter, to make it strong enough to stand Turner's Venetian picture, which hung alongside. Turner, who saw what was going on, made his sky more blue too, so Jones, who thought that he would get the worst of the battle, painted out the blue sky and filled in a white one. "Ah, Joney, you have done me now," said Turner, and put on no more cobalt.

Then Wreckers — coast of Northumberland, with a steamboat assisting a ship off shore, now in Pittsburg; and St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall; a very striking view of the rock standing high above the shining sand in the misty sunlight. There are all sorts of queer, distorted craft stranded on the crowded foreshore, and fishermen, in striped nightcaps and petticoat trousers, are landing the catch. This picture is in the South Kensington Museum.

- THE DUCAL PALACE AND CANAL, 1833

Thornbury tells how one day Gillott, the pen manufacturer, went to the enchanted house in Queen Anne Street: "Arrived at the blistered, dirty door of the house with the black crusted windows, he pulled the bell, which answered with a querulous, melancholy tinkle. After a long, inhospitable pause, an old woman, with a diseased face, having looked up from the area, presently ascended and tardily opened the door. She snappishly asked Mr. Gillott's business; and when he told her in his blandest voice, 'Can't let 'e in,' was the answer; after which she tried to slam the door. But during the parley the crafty and determined Dives had put his foot in; and now, declining farther interruption, he pushed past the feeble, enraged janitress, and hurried upstairs to the gallery. In a moment Turner was out upon him with the promptitude of a spider whose web has been invaded by another arachnid. Mr. Gillott bowed, introduced himself, and stated that he had come to buy. 'Don't want to sell' or some such rebuff was the answer; but Gillott shut his ears to all Turner's angry vituperations. 'Have you ever seen our Birmingham pictures, Mr. Turner?' he inquired with unruffled placidity. 'Never 'eard of em,' was the answer. Gillott now drew from his pocket a silvery, fragile bundle of Birmingham banknotes (about £4,000 worth). 'Mere paper' observed

Turner with grim humour; a little softened, however, and evidently enjoying the joke. 'To be bartered for mere canvas' said Gillott, waving his hand at the Building of Carthage and its companions. This tone of cool depreciation seemed to have a happy effect.

'You're a rum fellow!' exclaimed the painter; after which he was induced gradually to enter into negotiations, which finally resulted in the deportation in Gillott's cab of some £5,000 worth of Turner's pictures. It was the manufacturers, as I have said, and not the noblemen of England, who were Turner's best patrons."

"On another occasion, according to Mr. Birch, Turner enumerated to Dives various books of sketches that he possessed, and several of which he produced. They are now national property. They were coloured memoranda, valuable as jewels, embracing notes in pencil and chalk; blue gleams of sea and sky; wafts of mist, ochrey sails, and white, frozen waves of Alps. To the eager merchant these were exhibited with a certain savagely selfish satisfaction, such as that wherewith an ill-conditioned old maid exhibits the family diamonds to her poor but pretty niece, or an affluent antiquary sets forth his cameos before a juvenile collector. Turner's delight was expressed by many a chuckle distributed through the interview, during which it was his study to tantalize the inflamed spectator in every possible way; and such was his amiability on the occasion that he even induced him to make several offers. But it was only playing at business; Turner simply was amusing himself by observing the mercury rise again in the well-known price barometer. ... The offers gradually mounted to the large sum of a thousand pounds apiece; when, after deliberately closing them one by one and laying them aside, he proceeded to inquire, 'Well, would you like to have them?' 'Yes, yes!' was the answer, returned with all the impetuosity characteristic of one burning to secure his treasures. 'I dare say you would!' was the final exclamation, to which a slily malicious laugh lent not a little point by way of aggravation."

- SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE, 1835

In 1835 there were Keelmen heaving in Coals by Night, a Tyne subject, the moon with a path of glittering water under it, and many vessels loading by torchlight; The Broad Stone of Honour Ehrenbreitstein, and Tombe of Marceau, from Byron's "Child Harold":

> He was Freedom's champion.
> Here Ehrenbreitstein with her shattered wall
> Yet shows of what she was.
> By Coblentz on a rise of gentle ground,
> There is a small and simple pyramid
> Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
> Beneath its base are Hero's ashes laid,
> Our enemy's — but let not that forbid
> Honour to Marceau. ...

The Rhine at its junction with the Moselle, the fortress, the town, and bridge, with crowds of figures, and the full moon rising in a sunset-flushed sky.

Venice from the porch of Madonna delta Salute; another view of the Grand Canal crowded with boats and gondolas. This picture is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

Line Fishing off Hastings; the clouds are low down and hide the upper part of the cliffs here and there. The way in which the ground is modelled and drawn is quite perfect. The long backbone of the ridge is lost and found again in twenty ways, each different from the others; the sky is as real as it can be, and the town dotted on the side of the slope is beautiful. But as we turn' to the nearer objects, we may see that they are not nearly so well done. A dreadful old brig is sailing towards us very much out, both in drawing and proportion. There is a very slight attempt made to render either the boats or the choppy waves, and how those reflections come to be exactly under the objects throwing them, in all that lumpy water, heaven only knows.

The last picture this year was The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16th, 1834. Here is a part of a letter written by Scarlett Davies at the time: "Turner has painted a large picture of the Burning of the Two Houses of Parliament; but I have heard it spoken of as a failure — a devil of a lot of chrome. He finished it on the walls the last two days before the gallery opened to the public. I am told it was good fun to see the great man whacking away with about fifty stupid apes standing round him, and I understand he was cursedly annoyed — the fools kept peeping into his colour-box and examining all his brushes and colours." Later on he says, speaking of some Turner drawings, "I can assure you a treat. There are parts of some of them wonderful, and by God all other drawings look heavy and vulgar."

In the British Institution Turner exhibited another picture with the same title. Both were taken from the Surrey side of the water, and show the bridge and the towers of Westminster Abbey.

A wonderful personage now comes into our story, no less a figure than the future Slade Professor of Art, John Ruskin, the son of a wealthy wine merchant, who had resolved that his boy should have everything that money could buy, or education bestow. In 1836, when only seventeen, and still a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, Oxford, Ruskin wrote for Blackwood a fervid defence of Turner's pictures. Perhaps this was the dawn of his florid imagination and gorgeous imagery.

It seems he first submitted his article to the artist, who, however, when he had read through it, never even took the trouble to forward it on to the magazine. In fact, we do not even know if Turner cared to do as much as to glance at it. It is quite clear that all Ruskin's extravagant rhetoric in praise of h-is work gave the artist no pleasure. "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do. He puts things into my head and points out meanings in them, that I never intended," was all that Turner would say. Later on Ruskin went to France and Italy to recover from a love passion. He had met, when very young, a beautiful French lady, and wooed her by writing poems, romances, and dramas, but his mute worship was not to her taste, and, after treating the poet with coldness,

indifference, and ridicule, the gay beauty at last married an older man, and the youth took his degree, and then poured out his soul in a more elaborate defence of his hero, Turner. "Modern Painters, vol. i., by a Graduate of Oxford," made a great sensation. The flow of sonorous words strung into beautiful sentences, won over many who were quite blind to the splendid colour and gorgeous imagination of the queer and eccentric old man of Queen Anne Street.

No doubt the Philistines of that time were by slow degrees brought to think there might be some hidden good in the experimental essays of the painter, which were often misunderstood, or looked on as "little better than the freaks of a gifted madman." By a curious coincidence, the more Ruskin laboured to make the indifferent British public admire Turner's work, the more difficult did the task become. The painter, as he grew older, became more daring and original, sometimes dashing in a mere impression of some passing effect, or perhaps, more often, a weird combination of strange tints and colours. This was made more incomprehensible by the unsubstantiality of the foreground. It was given, by way of title, an incoherent verse of strange and vague import, peculiar for what Gilbert Hamerton calls "a sort of thunderous grandeur."

The burning enthusiasm of Ruskin is a wonderful thing to look back upon; he was so full of energy and courage, this gentleman commoner of seventeen. One wonders that he should have thought that the Great Royal Academician (then at the height of honour and fame among his brother artists) required any help to stand as the greatest of them all. I suppose the truth is that Ruskin, having naturally great taste, and a power of distinguishing good from indifferent art, and having also a wonderful gift of writing enchanting prose, felt that he must burst into rapture over something, and so chose the creations of Turner's brain and hand as the most worthy of praise. Unfortunately, in his zeal and energy, Ruskin has been carried far beyond the truth, and gives us a fabulous Turner — about as unlike the real man as can be. To make out that Turner was a neglected genius, and that the noblest intellect of his time never met with a single word or ray of sympathy — that all the world was turned against him — is simply absurd. When we come to descriptions of the pictures, we meet such words as the following: "J. M. W. Turner is the only man who has ever given an entire transcript of the whole system of nature." This is impossible nonsense. The writer's eloquence and devotion have carried him much too far. I am afraid I also have gone on a little too far; for whilst telling of Ruskin in 1836,1 have somehow got on to "Modern Painters," which was not published until 1843. More than this, I have quoted some words written in the fifties.

- BELLINZONA

Let us, therefore, get back to our period, and to the dismal house in Queen Anne Street. Here are some quotations from Thornbury: "The gallery latterly got most dilapidated. The oiled paper of the skylight hung in black sooty furred slips. The damp here and there had free access, and many of the pictures suffered. In one picture a white button of paint that had stood for the sun had dropped off. 'I think some one has picked it off intentionally' said Mr. Goodall. 'I think some one has' replied Turner, quite unmoved. The drugget, once red, was gray and

threadbare, the red cloth on the walls, marked all over with tack holes, had been bought by Turner a bargain."

"Against the wall there were heaps of dirty frames and stacks of dusty pictures, with their faces turned inward. As for the sofa, it seemed dangerous to your future peace to rest on it."

"The sordid and unhappy-looking room was remarkable for a dusty, dirty buffet, in which was the immemorial sherry bottle with the broken cork and one glass. 'It ought to be good' said Turner, 'it's the same bottle you tasted before' This was a year ago. The drawing-room was peopled by filthy tailless cats, pets of the old housekeeper."

"In this sordid den were all the thirty thousand proofs of engravings rotting and mouldering, uncared for by anyone but the cats, who hid behind them."

"Bligh Sand, the well-known picture in the National Gallery, was also useful to the pussies, for it was placed against a broken window, their private entrée, and by squeezing past it they passed in and out at their own sweet wills."

In 1836 the exhibited pictures are all Italian subjects. Juliet and her Nurse is really a moonlight view of the Piazza of St. Mark, crowded with people, and seen from the roof of a building. Close by is the Church of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace. San Giorgio is seen across the water, where the boats are letting off rockets. This was one of the Munroe collection, and is now in New York. Rome from Mount Aventine is also one of the Munroe pictures. It shows the Forum and the Coliseum, and there are figures and goats in the foreground.

- COBLENTZ

Mercury and Argus is an upright composition. The setting sun is shining brightly over a lake studded with islands, and ringed by white buildings. The Turner tree stands almost in the centre, and beyond is a Tuscan town perched upon a wooded crag and seen in sharp perspective, as though one were standing close under it. The two classic personages, who give the title to the work, are sitting on a slope, close to two streams. Io, the white cow, drinks from one of them, and there are other cattle dotted about. This is quite the typical Turner of the thirties. There is everything in it that we have learnt to expect: — the subject from the heathen mythology; the scene a fifteenth-century Italian town, standing white against the sky, whilst a brilliant sun sets beyond it; the wonderful fairylike grottoes and cascades showing half hidden among the trees; the beautiful mountains stretching away ridge beyond ridge, until lost in immeasurable distance; the noble sky; the tall drawing-master tree (this time, by the way, it is quite well drawn), all are here.

Munro, of Novar, having fallen into a great depression of spirits which would not be shaken off, Turner suggested a trip abroad, and the two friends started off to Chamouni. Munro found (as he told Thornbury) that Turner enjoyed himself in his way — a sort of honest Diogenes way — and if you bore with this, it was easy to get on, very pleasantly, with him, so that they even talked of going on to the East. What the painter disliked was teasing questions as to how he got this or that colour.

Once in the Val d'Aosta he got into trouble with a sketch, which he altered and sponged till it became an unpleasant whitey green. He became quite fretful, saying, "I could have done twice as much with the pencil."

"Have you got the sponge?" he would say every morning. Turner never rhapsodized about scenery. He would climb to some distance from his friend, and set to work in a silent, concentrated frame of mind. He used no maulstick; his touch being sure and decisive. On this tour the sketch for The Avalanche was taken, one of the grand pictures of the Munro collection.

He had a commission for a view of Modern Rome and Sir Charles Eastlake was surprised when he saw the trouble Turner had taken to get everything quite in its right place — the Tiber and all the antiquities. He had been asked for a copy, not for an ideal picture. Turner also went on to Venice to make a drawing, but brought back a large picture that Munro never liked. However, the latter sold it a few years afterwards for a great deal more than he gave.

The two friends came homeward by way of Turin. Next year at the British Institution there was exhibited Regulus, sometimes called Regulus leaving Rome, and sometimes Regulus leaving Carthage; though it does not matter much which we call it, for I expect the picture is not in the least like either place. The sun is sinking in a blaze of light, and the path of glitter on the choppy sea is wonderfully real; one almost feels inclined to shade one's eyes when looking at it. There is a great pile of classic buildings (modern classic they seem) and hundreds of figures, some bathing, others pushing off in odd-shaped galleys, whilst on the left light towers and castles stretch away into the haze. I notice in one corner some men are rolling a big barrel. I suppose this is symbolical of the tub, with the nails inside, with which poor Regulus was done to death; a small picture this, and quite a good one.

- WINDERMERE, WESTMORELAND, 1838

In the Academy, Turner showed Story of Apollo and Daphne — Ovid's "Metamorphoses."

> Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart,
>
> But ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart.
>
> As when th' impatient greyhound slipt from far,
>
> Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare;
>
> She in her speed does all her safety lay;
>
> And he with double speed pursues the prey.

This is a view looking down the vale of Tempe to the sea. The arc aqueducts and lines of columns dotted over the plain, and on each side tall mountains, wooded thickly and with cascades dashing out from among the undergrowth. Two of Turner's pear-shaped trees stand in the middle distance by the margin of a stream, and in the foreground Apollo and Daphne are watching a greyhound coursing 'a hare — I suppose a symbol of the pursuit of the nymph by the Sun-God. Cupid had shot a golden shaft into the heart of Apollo, but Daphne

was only wounded with the leaden dart of distrust and dislike. There are many other figures sitting about among the carved blocks of stone, and the picture has a little of the artificial character of a drop scene.

The Parting of Hero and Leander — from the Greek of Musaeus.

> The morning came too soon, with crimsoned blush,
>
> Chiding the tardy night and Cynthia's warning beam;
>
> But Love yet lingered on the terraced steep,
>
> Upheld young Hymen's torch and failing lamp,
>
> The token of departure, never to return.
>
> Wild dashed the Hellespont its straitened surge,
>
> And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall.

The moon is shining in a stormy sky and the dawn just appearing. Two women are standing on the terrace of a palace by the sea, waving a torch to light Hero, who is bending over her lover, already up to his knees in water. Beside these are cupids and sea-nymphs, and beyond, the rocky islands of the Hellespont. Scene. — A Street in Venice.

> Antonio. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
>
> Shylock. I'll have my bond.
>
> Merchant of Venice, Act III, Sc. 3.

This picture is really a view of the Grand Canal, looking towards the Rialto. There are many palaces, crowds of boats and figures, the Doge's state barge with a procession landing with torches, and amongst the monks and nuns are seen the Jew waving the bond at Antonio and Salarino who stands below him. All three of these pictures are now in the National Gallery, so I suppose they were not sold in the Exhibition, the Snow-storm, Avalanche and Inundation — A Scene in the upper part of the Val d'Aout, Piedmont, went into the collection of Munro of Novar.

- ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR DUDLEY CASTLE

There are two portraits of Turner about this time. Linnell shows him in the fantastic full dress of the period, red velvet waistcoat, dandy coat with velvet collar, and a high wall of stiff, black, satin stock, the ends cascading down over his shirt front and fastened with a red coral breast-pin. A hat with the nap carefully brushed the wrong way was also said to be one of his characteristics. Mr. Trimmer also gives us his picture in words.

> "There was that peculiar keenness of expression in his eye that is only seen in men of constant habits of observation. He dressed in black with black gaiters, and though neat was not smart. He was retired in his habits, sensitive in his feelings, fond of children, and an excessively kind-hearted person."

Here is another description:

> "At first sight Turner gave me the notion of a mean-looking little man. In descending a hill while out once on a sketching ramble, he snapped a tendon Achilles, and the enforced limping about thereafter with a stick did not add to his appearance. But all this wore off. To be appreciated he required to be known. Though not polished he was not vulgar. In common with many men of genius he had not a good flow of words; and when heated in argument, got confused, especially, I am told, in his lectures on Perspective, though he was a master of his subject."

Gilbert Hamerton says: "Though unpolished, even positively uncivilised, Turner had a nobility of heart as much above ordinary gentlemanhood as true poetry is above mere versification."

The following oracular utterance appears to have been no LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER written for one of his lectures on perspective at the Royal Academy:

> "Reflections not only appear darker but larger than the object which occasions them; and if the ripple or hollow of the wave is long enough to make an angle with the eye, it is on these undulating lines that the object reflects, and transmits all perpendicular objects lower towards the spectator; but in receding lines, as well as objects, rules seem to lose their power, and those guides that enable us to find some cause for near objects, lose their power or become enfeebled by contraction in remote ones. It has been asserted that all appear equal from the base line of the water; but these axioms I dissent from. It is true that by placing the eye equal to the water it comes up to the rules laid down; but when the water is ruffled on which all things are to be reflected, it is no longer in right angles, but according to the elevation of the spectator becomes more or less an angle of incidence. If the undulating surface of the liquid did not, by current or motion, congregate forms there would be no difficulty in simplifying the rules."

Is not this a wonderfully involved piece of reasoning? One may read it over and over again, but still it is impossible to make out what the professor was trying to demonstrate. Then the strange theory about rules which lose their power and become enfeebled, and the fantastic statement that by placing the eye equal to the water it comes up to the rules laid down, shows clearly that Turner had a mind quite incapable of understanding the laws which govern the reflection of objects in moving water. Of course he had great powers of observation, and his brain must have been full of facts recorded and stored up in his retentive memory; but the moment he tried to marshal his facts or find a reason for the phenomena he knew so well, he was quite at fault.

- LAUSANNE

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that Turner's old master, Tom Malton, must have thoroughly grounded his unpromising pupil; for it must be remembered that Turner was impenetrably dull when he attended the modest little perspective school in Long Acre. And though brought back to Maiden Lane as a boy who would never do anything, the future professor went once more to work and tried again. He must have learnt the practice of perspective in the end, for no one could have constructed imaginative pictures such as Regulus, or Dido Building Carthage without a thorough knowledge of the subject. I am afraid his lectures must have been very hard to understand, notwithstanding the great pains he took to make them intelligible by means of very elaborate drawings.

This year, 1837, the Series of Views in "England and Wales," which had met with so little favour that it had to be discontinued at the twenty-fourth part, was given to Messrs. Southgate for sale by auction, but Turner stepped in and bought the whole privately at the reserved price of £3,000. There were a great many buyers prepared to purchase portions of the work, and going up to one of them, a Mr. Bohn, the artist said: "So, sir, you were going to buy my 'England and Wales' to sell cheap, I suppose — make umbrella prints of them, eh?

But I have taken care of that. No more of my plates shall be worn to shadows."The dealer tried to explain that he only wanted the printed stock, and Turner said he didn't want it, saying, "I only want to keep the coppers out of your clutches." So Bohn was told he might come to breakfast next morning if he wanted to deal. Next day, however, Turner had forgotten all about the breakfast, and would not hear of anything less than £3,000 for the prints alone.

In 1838 there were four pictures, one the famous Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus — Demosthenes taunted by Æschines. This is a wonderful procession of dancing girls madly throwing a white cupid into the air and pirouetting down into a valley. The lady who gives her name to the picture is seen seated in a shell-shaped car drawn by cupids, and she is also symbolized in the foreground by a dog playing with a globe — a suggestion of the beautiful courtesan's sport with the Athenian world. There is a lake, and the portico of a temple with the usual Turner trees. The whole is woven into a bewildering maze of light and colour. Drawing is neglected, and the most audacious expedients resorted to, increasing the brilliancy and the movement of the throng. Some of the faces are white, with vermilion shadows. The head of Demosthenes is twisted out of all likeness to human form. In fact, everything is sacrificed to colour, not the colour of nature, but the tints of some strange dream, in which all is unreal and unsubstantial. Turner was sixty-three now, and with advancing years was throwing the old conventions to the wind, and becoming more and more impressionistic, and less and less easy to understand. Besides the Phryne there were Modern Italy — suggested by Tivoli; The Pifferari; and Ancient Italy — Ovid banished from Rome, both painted for Monro of Novar. Here is a photo-block from the former picture, which was engraved by Miller, who kept one of Turner's letters, written whilst the plate was yet unfinished.

- CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, 1834

  Saturday, October 22, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,

So much time (for I only returned from Scotland last night) since your letter and the arrival of the proof (for Mr. Moon has only sent one), that I hope you have proceeded with the plate, in which case it is evident you must take off three and mark the two for me, if you adopt the same medium of transfer; but, I would say, send them direct. My remarks would be wholly yours, and some inconvenience to both avoided. If you have not done anything, take off one for me. So now to business.

It appears to me that you have ... so far, that I do think I could now recollect sufficiently without the picture before me, but will now write points out and answer your questions, viz., if the sky you ... right, you could advance more confidently; therefore, do not touch the sky at present, but work the rest up to it. The distance may be too dark, though it wants more fine .work, more character of woods down to the very Campagna of Rome, a bare sterile flat much lighter in tone.

The question of a perpendicular line to this water — pray do not think of it until after the very last touched proof, for it has a beautiful quality of silvery softness which is only checked by the rock, which is the most unfortunate in the whole plate. How to advise you here I know not but think fine work would blend the scene with the reflection of it in the water. This is the worst part, and, I fear, will give us some trouble to conquer; and if you can make it take the water in the middle of the plate I should like it better. The houses above, and particularly from the figures, and the parts from and with the boys looking down, are what I most fear about, which range all along the south, and the broken entrance and the shrine want more vigour to detach from the town all the corner figures, etc. The foreground will be required to be more spirited and bold, open work dashing ... like touches and bright lights. So, do all you can in the middle part ... town, and leave it all for the present in front. The figure in front would be better with the white cloth over the face done with one line only; and perhaps a child wrapped up in swaddling-clothes before her would increase the interest of the whole. The ground on which she kneels break into small pebbles or broken pavement. Now for the good parts. The greatest part of the sky, all the left side, the upper castles and palaces and partly round the sybil temple, town, and ... on the right side, and the water in the middle, particularly good, and I hope to keep it untouched if possible.

I am glad to hear you say I can know the picture after the first touched proof, and trust this long letter of directions will be equal to one, and you will be able to proceed with confidence. Write if you feel any difficulty, and believe me, truly yours,

J. M. W. TURNER.

P.S. — Very sorry to hear of the loss you have sustained.

- MODERN ITALY, 1838

As I write I have before me a print of Miller's plate and a photograph from the picture itself. It is very interesting to go bit by bit over the two and to notice how painter and engraver worked together, for the plate is much more a translation than a copy. Many of the details are altered, often, I dare say, by Turner's own directions. One may notice that he asks that his own unsubstantial foreground may be made more spirited and bold, and accordingly Miller has made it much more solid and firm than it is in the picture. It seems rather odd that the engraver should be asked to add extra figures — babes in swaddling clothes. I see that he carried out the idea, and also put one more arch to the aqueduct on the left. The painting is very fine in colour. I remember taking a Belgian artist to see it some years ago. He had never seen any of Turner's work before, and the first thing he said was: "Mais c'est un impressioniste!"

The Ancient Italy is quite the classic composition of this time of Turner's career. The sun is setting right in the middle, over the Pons Aelius, and a bright path of glitter shines down the Tiber almost to our feet. A great pile of Roman buildings rises on the left, terrace above terrace, with many columns, statues, and triumphal arches. There are crowds of figures and boats. On the shore, in the foreground, are vases and rich furniture, with a sarcophagus and a screw jack, and on the other side of the river the tomb of Hadrian and three tall columns, and, nearer, a round temple with a tile roof, very like San Stefano, once called Tempio di Vesta, which stands by the Cloaca Maxima. Turner seems to have moved them up stream and placed both on the other bank of the Tiber. They are painted as though in bright sunlight, but real rays could never be so twisted round the corner from the sun which is setting in the middle of

the picture. Then Ovid, who is shown on the shore, lived in the time of Augustus, and could hardly have seen the tomb of Hadrian, which was not built until at least a hundred years later. The tile roof on the temple is of course a modern addition, and was not in place in the old Roman times.

I am not suggesting that all these anachronisms make Turner's pictures less worthy of our admiration, for the qualities which make a really fine work of art are quite apart from mere historical correctness, or, for that matter, literal truth to nature. Turner cared not a jot for either the one or the other. He hardly ever tried to produce a transcript of any scene just as it appeared to the eye. As I have said many times in this history, his work as a whole is almost always untrue to nature. His light and shade is very seldom correct. His tones are almost always wrong. For instance, he often paints white sails or buildings up against a sunset, which is a thing impossible, and as for his colour, however it may be blended and harmonized into a beautiful whole, one can hardly say that it is the colour we see in nature. Then his drawing (though no man could draw better than Turner when he wished) was often quite grotesque. We may find features either squeezed together into one corner of a face or slanting diagonally across it like handwriting. Anatomy in many cases is quite disregarded, and

as for proportion! We can only say that, more often than not, it is altogether absent. Take, for instance, these men-o'-war in the drawing opposite. They are quite as though modelled in putty, and the press of sail has twisted them into lopsided monstrosities, utterly unlike any craft that ever put to sea.

- RIALTO, 1840
- VESSELS IN A BREEZE

What, then, do we admire in Turner's work? And why do we place him in the very front of all as a painter? I think the real secret of his power lies in his knowledge of what is essential to the making of pure art. He knew exactly what to do so that his work should appeal to the mind. He suggested the beauty of nature and its infinity, without trying to make an actual copy. Never has the profusion and never-ending variety of this wonderful world of ours been brought to our senses as perfectly as in the immeasurable stretches of hill and dale, winding river, and pale, far-distant ocean of Turner's dreamy visions.

A party of the Academy Club were going down to Greenwich, when their steamer passed an old battleship in tow. "There is a fine subject for you, Turner," said Stanfield, and the result was The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up, 1838.

The flag which braved the battle and the breeze No longer owns her.

- THE "FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE," TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP, 1838

Here nature has been thrown aside altogether. There is no attempt to paint a single thing as it really appears. The place where the sun is setting is the darkest part of the sky. The three-decker is not the sturdy structure of heart-of-oak and hemp which pushed its way into the thick of the enemy's line at Trafalgar. It is a diaphanous spectre of mist and moonbeams rigged with cobweb; whilst the tug is the most misshapen craft ever painted — mast, funnel,and paddleboxes are jumbled into a confused mass. As I said a page or so back, mere truth to nature is not essential, provided that some of the beauties which abound in nature may be at least suggested. In this case I think the beauties are only in the choice of the subject, and in the expression of the sentiment that such a scene must always produce. Ruskin says: "The painting of the Téméraire was received with a general feeling of sympathy. No abusive voice, so far as I remember, was ever raised against it. And the feeling was just; for of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted." Pages by the hundred have been written on this one picture, and some of the writers have put down a great deal of nonsense. The statements of Thornbury are the most untrustworthy; First, he states that the "Téméraire" was a prize taken at the battle of the Nile, whilst the truth is that she was built on the Medway at Frindsbury. Then he goes on to say that she was the second ship in Collingwood's division, whilst, as a matter of fact, she was in Nelson's column. Later, he states that the "Téméraire" like a staunch comrade, fell on board the "Redoubtable," but James's "Naval History" asserts that the

"Redoubtable" ran into the "Téméraire" In the "Athenaeum" he writes: "The crown and paragon of the collection is the Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth, which stands out from amongst them as a great flame-coloured Mexican cactus, the very emperor of flowers, would do in a nosegay of simple primroses. We place it first of all his works, because it excels in colour all landscapes, we might almost say, in the world — we place it first because it excels in colour, and it was as a colourist that Turner excelled almost all painters." Here is another bit of Thornbury's: "Grand and warrior-like, stern, like an unconquered veteran, proud of trophy and scar, the 'Téméraire' moves on with its lance-like masts erect, its broad, pale, spectral hull looming stupendous and threatening over a water red as with the blood of past battles." Though, as regards painting, the picture was by no means up to Turner's best work, its sentiment caused a great stir. One purchaser, who had gone into the gallery, early, was so struck by the poetry and beauty of the Turner that he went instantly to Queen Anne Street, where he had a long and interesting interview with the artist, who, though he stated that the Téméraire was his 200 guineas size, could not be induced to put any price upon it. No doubt he had made up his mind to bequeath it to the nation. On Varnishing Day, Geddes, who had a portrait hung over the Téméraire, seeing that his picture suffered by the glowing colours of the sunset below, resolved to paint a bright Turkey carpet. He laid in the lower part of his work with vermilion and went away. By-and-by up came Turner, who saw at once what had been done and exclaiming: "Oh, ho, Mr. Geddes!" rushed off for his pallet knife, with which he loaded on orange, scarlet and yellow.

Ancient Rome, Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus, the Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Caesars restored.

> The clear stream,
>
> Aye, the yellow Tiber, glimmers to her beam,
>
> Even while the sun is setting.

This is one of the vague, indefinite visions of his late period, a most splendid scheme of colour; the full moon sails in a sky all flushed with the glory of the setting sun, and the palaces are a-glow with pale crimson, the foreground and the gilded galleys are in shadow, and a mist hangs over the river where it rushes through the arches. "You might as well have opened a window under my picture!" said Northcote, who had a very dark subject. Turner has been abused because the real landing took place at Brundusium and not at Rome, but he might just as well have called this wonderful dream-city Brundusium; it would suit quite as well.

> Modern Rome — Campo Vaccino.
>
> The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
>
> The sun as yet divides the day with her.
>
> Lord Byron.

This is another view of the Tiber from the right bank. There is a tree and some figures, and in the distance St. Peter's and the Vatican.

Besides these pictures there were Pluto Carrying off Proserpine (Ovid's "Metamorphoses"), a rock crowned with buildings, cascades, rocks, and sculptured slabs; and a picture of Cicero at his villa. The Fountain of Fallacy was shown in the British Institution.

- FALL OF THE TEES, YORKSHIRE, 1827-1838

  Its Rainbow dew diffused fell on each anxious lip,

  Working wild fantasy, imagining

  First Science in the immeasurable

  Abyss of thought,

  Measured her orbit slumbering.

  MS. Fallacies of Hope.

The next year Turner exhibited seven pictures. Bacchus and Ariadne, the first, was circular in shape, and, strangely enough, he has taken the figures out of Titian's great picture in the National Gallery, and has transposed them into a classic scene of his own. The tall, dark, pear-shaped tree is here, also the sun setting in a blaze of light and reflected in the still water. There are arched rocks, wooded hills, and ruined temples, with more sculptured stones right in the foreground. But one wonders what Titian's nymphs and deities are doing in Turner's landscape.

> Venice — The Bridge of Sighs.
>
> I stood upon a bridge, a palace and a prison on each hand. — Byron.

This is not at all a sombre picture; both the ducal palace and the prison are as bright as they can be. There are plenty of gay ladies in queer-shaped boats all doing nothing in particular unless perhaps they may be trying to group themselves to set off the white buildings. The best thing' in the whole composition is the peep up the Rio della Paglia, and indeed one cannot help feeling that if the greater part of the two sides were cut away, leaving only the little canal and the two bridges with their reflections in the water, the whole picture would be very much improved.

Venice from the Canale della Giudecca, Chiesa di S. Maria della Salute, etc. This is a much better arranged subject than the last. The Bridge of Sighs is again seen nearly in the middle of the picture, but this time it is much further off, and the whole front of the Doges' palace, and behind the tower of St. Mark's drawn very much slimmer than the real bell tower was. This went into the collection of John Sheepshank, and is now at South Kensington.

> There was a nightmare of a picture: Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying — Typhoon coming on.
>
> Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay;

Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds

Declare the Typhoon's coming.

Before it sweeps your decks throw overboard

The dead and dying — ne'er heed their chains.

Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!

Where is thy market now?

MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Here there is the red sunset that the painter is said to have always introduced when he wished to suggest bloodshed and death. The ship is sailing away and a long lines of slaves are struggling in the sea among the sharks and gulls, and throwing up their fettered limbs. It would have been very horrible had it been painted in more realistic fashion.

Then there was a little panel, now in the National Gallery: The New Moon; or, "I've lost my Boat, you shan't have your Hoop" In spite of its bizarre title, this is a very delicate, poetic twilight. It shows a wide stretch of shining wet sand on which are dotted, children, dogs, and other figures; a lighthouse is seen in the distance, and a steamer.

- CRYPT, CANTERBURY

The next is also a sea shore, but now the surf is breaking on the shingle under a stormy sky. It was called Rockets and Blue Lights (Close at Hand to warn Steamboats of Shoal-water).

Last there was another panel — Neapolitan Fisher-girls surprised bathing by Moonlight. I have never seen this picture.

In 1841 Turner sent six pictures to the Academy. The Ducal Palace Dogano, with part of San Giorgio, Venice, which was bought by Sir Francis Chantrey on varnishing day, without his even seeing it, for £250. After the sculptor died, the picture was sold at Christie's for the sum of £1,500. At the time this was considered an enormous sum — and again the purchaser had not seen the work. The second was Giudecca la Donna della Salute and San Giorgio. The island is seen in the middle, and the Riva degli Schiavoni on the right. Roseneu, Seat of H.R.H. Prince Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany.

Depositing of John Bellini's three Pictures in La Chiesa Redentore, Venice. The state barge, covered with flags and flowers, is moving down the canal of the Giudecca escorted by a fleet of gondolas. Then there was a circular picture, Dawn of Christianity.

Flight into Egypt

That star has risen.

Gisborn.

and Glaucus and Scylla (Ovid's "Metamorphoses").

In November of this year Turner lost another of his old friends, Chantrey, with whom he had fished and boated in the happy days at Twickenham. Thornbury tells, how the old man called and found Jones, his crony, in the chamber of death, how he could not speak a word, but wrung his hand and then rushed out of the house.

Next year Wilkie died near Gibraltar, and was buried at sea. Turner and Jones agreed that they would commemorate Wilkie by each painting his funeral. Jones treated it as a figure picture seen from the deck of the ship. Turner painted the steamer itself, and, to give it a look of mourning, made the sails quite black. Stanfield, who saw the picture on varnishing day, thought the effect of the sails untrue, but Turner would not alter them, saying, "I only wish I had any colour to make them blacker." The title given was Peace — Burial at Sea.

> The midnight torch gleamed o'er the steamer's side, And merit's corse was yielded to the tide.
>
> MS. Fallacies of Hope.
>
> As a companion to this Turner painted also War — the Exile and the Rock-Limpet.
>
> Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
>
> A soldier's mighty bivouac alone,
>
> Amidst a sea of blood . . .
>
> . . . but can you join your comrades?
>
> MS. Fallacies of Hope.

- BURIAL OF WILKIE, 1842

Of course the sea of blood is represented by a crimson sunset. Napoleon, in cocked hat and jack boots, is standing on some rocks among the puddles at low water, and the reflection of his legs (which are wide apart) in the calm pools gives the figure a very comical appearance. The papers made fun of it. "Punch" printed a sort of parody which was called The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp, and there were also imitations of that mystic manuscript "The Fallacies of Hope." Gilbert a Beckett laughed at the poor old painter in his "Almanac of the Month." Thackeray said sarcastic things in "Ainsworth's Magazine."

Among the Turner pictures most jeered at was Snowstorm — Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals in shallow Water and going by the Lead. The Author was in this storm on the night the Ariel left Harwich. This was called in one paper "A Typhoon bursting in a Simoon over the Whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway; with a ship on fire, an eclipse and the effect of a lunar rainbow."

> O, Art, how vast thy mighty wonders are
>
> To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep;
>
> Maelstrom, thy hand is here.
>
> From an unpublished poem.

Another writer spoke of it as soapsuds and whitewash. I am afraid some of these jokes caused Turner great pain. "A man may be weak in his age," he said to Ruskin once; "but you should not tell him so." Another day he repeated from time to time "soapsuds and whitewash! I wonder what they think the sea's like?" We know that Turner himself never said a depreciatory word of any man's work. Possibly he may have felt the truth of a saying which I have heard expressed by a more modern artist thus: "In the sight of God we are all duffers."

Poor old Turner! (He was sixty-seven, remember.) He had put to sea in the snowstorm; so determined was he to study the tempest that he made the sailors lash him down where he could watch the great waves and drink in the scene. He stayed four hours, and when he tried to record his impressions and give his rendering of what he felt and saw, the critics laughed at him and called his work "soapsuds and whitewash." What did these men know of the sea or of art? Nothing, I fancy, for, by a sort of perverseness, they hit upon just the very picture which shows no signs of waning power. Turner never painted better sky or water than this. There is nothing fantastic or strange about the choppy waves, which are really very like actual rollers when we see them face to face, and are right in midst of them. The steamer I must admit is rather a puzzle (I am not quite sure which is stem and which is stern). This I fancy helps to give a sort of vague horror to the scene, whilst a very correctly drawn vessel with all its running rigging rove rightly would not have the same effect.

There were two more paintings of the city of the Adriatic, The Dogana, San Giorgio, Citella, from the steps of the Europa, and Campo Santo, Venice.

- SNOWSTORM, 1842

And now his mighty champion began to fill the land with praise of Turner's work. This year, 1843, John Ruskin published the first volume of "Modern Painters." Such a wonderful book on art had never before been written. The old masters were taken to task with subtle reasoning, and Turner was lauded and put in the place of honour high above them all. Meanwhile the old painter worked away, troubling his head very little about the genius and eloquence of his youthful disciple. "My own admiration of him," says Mr. Ruskin, "was wild enthusiasm; but it gave him no ray of pleasure. He could not make me at that time understand his main meaning. He loved me but cared nothing for what I said." Always accumulative and versatile, he still tramped about making drawings of everything. He was seen on board the "Magnet," the old Margate steamer, watching the effect of the sun and the boiling of the foam in the wake; and at lunch time eating shrimps out of an immense red silk handkerchief laid across his knees.

King Ludwig of Bavaria built a Walhalla, a sort of Doric temple, on a hill overlooking the Danube and placed in it two hundred marble busts of eminent Germans. It was, opened in October and the event struck Turner's fancy; so he painted a picture of the subject and composed some new lines under a French title, "L'honneur au Roi de Baviére".

> Who rode on thy relentless car, fallacious Hope?

He, though scathed at Ratisbon, poured on
The tide of war, o'er all thy plain, Bavare,
Like the swollen Danube to the gates of Wien.
But peace returns — the morning ray
Beams on the Walhalla, reared to science and the arts
And men renowned of German fatherland.
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

In the picture we look over the river to the temple which stands upon a hill near a sloping bridge; beyond are misty mountains and the valley winding away into space. The foreground is crowded with hundreds of figures sitting and kneeling about; there are musical instruments, a baby in a cradle, and what looks like a fountain. I have no idea what meaning is meant to be conveyed by all this. Turner in his admiration of the King sent the picture to him as a present; but his Majesty, who perhaps had never heard of Turner, and did not understand his picture, sent the gift back again. It now hangs in the National Gallery.

The Sun of Venice going to Sea.
Fair shines the morn and soft the zephyr blows;
Venicia's fisher spreads his sail so gay,
Nor heeds the demon that in grim repose
Expects his evening prey.

Here is a note of Ruskin's with regard to the title: "Turner seems to have revised his own additions to Gray in the catalogues as he did his pictures on the walls, with much discomfiture to the printer and the public. He wanted afterwards to make the first lines of this legend rhyme with each other, and to read:

Fair shines the morn the Zephyr (west wind) blows a gale,
Venetia's fisher spreads his painted sail.

The two readings got confused, and if I remember aright some of the catalogues read, "Soft the Zephyr blows a gale, and spreads his painted sail so gay" — to the great admiration of the collectors of the Sibylline leaves of the "Fallacies of Hope."

- MER DE GLACE, CHAMONIX

Like almost all of Turner's later pictures, it has suffered with time. The sky has darkened and become spotted, and Ruskin says much of the transparency in the green ripples is gone. The very white ducal palace and the domes of St. Mark hardly show in a photograph, but can still be seen in the picture itself, which is even yet a very fine example of the master.

Another Venetian picture this year was Dogana and Madonna delta Salute, Venice; and besides, there were two strange subjects, Shade and Darkness, and The Evening of the Deluge.

The moon puts forth her signs of woe unheeded;
But disobedience slept; the darkening Deluge
Closed around,
And the last token came; the giant frame-work floated,
The scared birds forsook their nightly shelter screaming,
And the beasts waded to the Ark.
Fallacies of Hope.

In this picture, which is in the National Gallery, the animals are crowded on the rocks, which are being slowly covered by the rising water. A heavy cloud hangs overhead, and in the distance mountains shine in the light of the setting sun.

Light and Colour (Goethe's Theory), The Morning after the Deluge, Moses writing the Book of Genesis.

The Ark stood firm on Ararat; th' returning sun
Exhaled earth's humid bubbles, and emulous of light
Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise
Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly
Which rises, flits, expands, and dies.
Fallacies of Hope.

The sun is shining, and in its rays an endless procession of figures advance. In the clouds is a seated figure, I suppose Moses, and below him a coiled serpent.

St. Benedetto looking towards Fusina. This picture is sometimes called the approach to Venice, but this title was given by Turner to another work exhibited in the following year, and sold in the Academy. Ruskin says, "Even San Benedetto is a mistake of Turner's; there being no church nor quarter belonging to that saint on either side of the Giudecca, or in any possible way included in this view." Further on he says, "The buildings on the right are also, for the most part, imaginary in their details, especially in the pretty bridge which connects two of their masses; and yet without one single accurate detail, the picture is the likest thing to what it is meant for — the looking out of the Giudecca landward at sunset — of all that I have ever seen."

There is a long description in Thornbury of a visit paid by a Mr. Hammersley to Queen Anne Street, from which I have taken the following: "I left the door, walked across the street, looked at the house, gained breath, for I had nearly run all the way from Somerset House, and foolish as it will appear, I could have worshipped the dirty windows that let in light enough to one whose soul saw at all times the whole brilliancy of Nature." At last, when steady and calm, the young man knocked at the door, and the old housekeeper, tardily enough, opened the door and let him into the dining-room. "I waited there for a short time, all eyes, all ears, when I heard a shambling, slippered footstep down a flight of stairs — slow measured, yet as of one who was regardless of style or

promptitude — what the world calls shambling, in fact. When the door opened, I, nobody, stood face to face with, to my thinking, the greatest man living. I shall attempt no description; you know how he looked. I saw at once his height, his breadth, his loose dress, his ragged hair, his indifferent quiet — all, indeed, that went to make his physique and some of his mind; but, above all, I saw, felt (and still feel) his penetrating gray eye."

They went out of the cold, cheerless room, to the gallery, which was even less tidy and more forlorn. "It was an Art chaos, all confusion, mouldiness, and wretched litter — most of the pictures, indeed, all those nestling against the wall, being covered with uncleanly sheets." Turner took these off, and disclosed to Hammersley's wondering and reverent observation many of the works that are now so 'well known. After about five minutes Turner turned quickly and said, "This gallery is cold; pray keep your hat on"; but the young enthusiast told him that he could not think of being covered in his presence. He looked at me very steadily and said, "Mr. Hammersley, I shall feel much more comfortable myself if you will comply with my wishes in this respect."

Here is a description of a second visit a little later: "I entered the dingy dining-room as before, and was immediately joined by Turner, who, as before, led me up to his gallery. Our proceedings then resembled our proceedings on the former visit, distinguished from it, however, by the exceeding taciturnity, yet restlessness of my great companion, who walked about and occasionally clutched a letter which he held in his hand. I feared to break the dead silence, varied only by the slippered scrape of Turner's feet as he paced from end to end of the dim and dusty apartment. At last he stood abruptly, and turning to me, said, 'Mr. Hammersley, you must excuse me, I cannot stay another moment; the letter I hold in my hand has just been given to me, and it announces the death of my friend Callcott.' He said no more; I saw his fine gray eyes fill as he vanished, and I left at once."

In 1839 there were seven pictures in the Academy: Ostend a tumbling sea at the entrance to a harbour; fishing boats are in the calm water inside, and there is a tall lighthouse and some windmills partly seen through the mist.

Fishing boats bringing a disabled ship into Port Ruysdael. There is no such harbour. Turner gave the title to show his admiration for the Dutch painter of that name. This is a very brilliant work, touched in as only the master could. The heave of the water, and the vivacity of the boats is perfect. Of course the eye was not so keen or the hand so steady as in past times. We see everything blurred, as though through a white mist.

- RAIN, STEAM, AND SPEED, 1844

Rain, Steam, and Speed; the Great Western Railway. Though there are some fine qualities in the sky and distance, there is so little make and shape about the bridge and engine that the whole is rather unsatisfying. One cannot help thinking that Brunei built a rather more solid fabric than is here suggested. One thing one may remark, that Turner, who began work in the days of stage coaches and highwaymen, saw nothing unpicturesque or commonplace in the iron horse.

Van Tromp going about to please his master ships a sea, getting a good wetting. (vide "Lives of Dutch Painters.") I do not know the story referred to, but the Admiral is represented in a small vessel flying big flags, and with the celebrated broom at the masthead. There are many boats crowded with figures.

Venice — Maria della Salute, another of the misty renderings of this well-worn subject.

> Approach to Venice.
>
> The path lies o'er the sea invisible;
>
> And from the land we went
>
> As to a floating city, steering in,
>
> And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
>
> So smoothly, silently.
>
> ROGERS's Italy.
>
> The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
>
> The sun as yet disputes the day with her.
>
> BYRON.

Venice, Quay, Ducal Palace. Many fishing-boats and gondolas alongside, and in the distance the towers of Saint Mark and San Zaccaria.

Turner's last Swiss journey was in 1845. Old age was coming on. He is now described as stooping very much and always looking down. He had a habit of sticking his hands into his coat pockets and of muttering to himself. He was very much interested in light, and would ask endless questions of Brewster as to all that was known on that subject. Wilkie Collins, who used to carry his father's colour-box to the varnishing days, remembers that Turner, not the more perfect in his balance for the brown sherry of the Academy lunch, would sit on the top of a flight of steps, or a box, like a shabby Bacchus nodding at his pictures. In these latter years it was often his habit to send in his pictures only laid in with white and gray, and do nearly all the finishing on the varnishing days. There were four days of this kind each year, and on those four days Turner worked from morning to night.

This year there were two pictures of whalers (vide Beale's "Voyage," pages 163 and 175), and four of Venice, each with note, "MS. Fallacies of Hope," but with no verses. Perhaps some ruthless compiler of the Academy catalogue cut them out, or was it rather that Turner did not feel equal to composing his ponderous rhymes.

In 1846 there were six more: Returning from the Ball, (St. Martha); Going to the Ball, (San Martina); Hurrah for the Whaler Erebus! another fish! — Beale's 'Voyage'; Undine giving the Ring to Masaniello, Fisherman of Naples; and The Angel standing in the Sun.

And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God;

That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men both free and bond, both small and great. — Revelation, xix, 17, 18.

> The march of arms which glittering in the sun,
>
> The feast of vultures ere the day was done.
>
> ROGERS.

Whalers (boiling blubber) entangled in flaw ice, endeavouring to extricate themselves. The greater part of these pictures are in the National Gallery, and they show Turner's wonderful versatility. Old as he was, he was always trying new experiments and combinations. Some of the whaling subjects are very suggestive of the cold mists and strange effects of the polar sea. In others the ghosts of gondolas drift on pale yellow glassy lagunes melting into opal skies; snow-white domes rise above dream cities of pearl and amber, peopled by vague forms, vapour in human shape.

Turner's mind was to the last the mind of a child, always receptive and inquisitive. Photography was quite in its infancy in these days, and Mr. Mayall tells how the painter, who, though he gave his name correctly, pretended to be a Master in Chancery, called at his studio time after time, always wishing to try curious effects of light, and always asking questions. Mayall took several daguerreotypes of his visitor, one in the act of reading, a position rather favourable, for Turner's eyes were weak and bloodshot. He was much taken with a photograph of Niagara, and was never tired of hearing a description of it. "In short, he had come so often and in such an unobtrusive manner that he had come to be regarded by all my people as 'Our Mr. Turner.'

"I was at that time a struggling artist, much devoted to improving my art, and had just bought a large lens in Paris, six inches in diameter. I let Turner look through it, and the expressions of surprise and admiration were such that I ought at once to have known him in his true character; however, he was very kind to me, and by some sort of innuendo he kept up his Mastership in Chancery so well that I did not. Whatever others may have said of his parsimonious habits, I cannot recollect one act of his that would lead me to infer that he was other than a liberal, kind-hearted old gentleman."

This went on until 1848, when Mayall met Turner at a soirée of the Royal Society. The painter at once began to speak of his old topic of the spectrum, and some one coming up asked the photographer if he knew that he was speaking to the Turner. It seems as though the painter did not care to be known in his true character, for though, before he parted with Mayall he promised to call and conduct some more experiments, he never went to the little shop in the Strand again. A love of mystery was strongly marked in Turner's character. The Yorkshire Stingo was at one time one of his haunts, but at last he was recognized there by a friend, and at once gave it up. Thornbury says a great deal of what he calls Turner's selfish, brooding, solitary life, making out that this led to a vicious old age. I don't know why the great painter's little peccadilloes should have been branded with such hard names. He was not a bit more vicious than thousands of

old bachelors whose deeds are never questioned by the world. There is no proof that his four illegitimate children were neglected, or that his mistresses were abandoned. As to the low sailors' haunts in Wapping or Rotherhithe, where he was supposed to wallow from Saturday to Monday, one would like to know where the author picked up his authority. Then, when Thornbury goes on to call him "mean, grinding, parsimonious to the degree almost of disease," one wonders if the literary man's love of strong contrasts has not led him to load the blacks in his shadows a little too thick.

That the old man took a little too much wine at times is, I think, true enough, but in the forties such little weaknesses were not much thought of.

In 1847 Turner exhibited The Hero of a Hundred Fights, "An idea suggested by the German invocation upon casting the bell, in England called tapping the furnace".

The following year he did not exhibit, and both the pictures exhibited in 1849 had been begun years before. The Wreck Buoy was an early work painted at the mouth of the Thames off Reculver, but quite at the end of his life Turner spent six laborious days upon it, much to Mr. Munro's horror. A green wreck buoy is dancing on a stormy sea, and a double rainbow spans the sky.

Venus and Adonis was also an early work, painted before 1812; it was sold by a Mr. Green in 1830 to Munro. Mercury sent to admonish Æneas (1850).

Beneath the morning mist Mercury waited to tell him of his neglected fleet.

The sun is rising through vapour over an inlet bordered by rocky slopes and classic ruins; besides the two personages mentioned in the title, there are some women and children, and a dreamy procession of figures floating on the waves.

> Æneas relating his Story to Dido.
>
> Fallacious hope beneath the moon's pale crescent shone,
>
> Dido listened to Troy being lost and won.
>
> On a classic harbour surrounded by fortified buildings, near a city upon a steep hill, is a galley with a canopy, followed by boats. There are trees, and a rainbow in the sky.
>
> The Visit to the Tomb.
>
> The sun went down in wrath at such deceit. ...

Æneas, wearing a red cloak and plumed helmet, is seen near the entrance to the tomb of Anchises; Venus stands at the foot of a group of trees with Cupid. The sun is setting over an estuary, in which are some ships, and beyond is a classic city.

> The Departure of the Fleet.
>
> The orient moon shone on the departing fleet,
>
> Nemesis invoked, the priest held the poisoned cup.

Dido is lamenting on the bank, whilst the galleys of Æneas get under way. These four pictures were the last the old painter ever sent to the Academy. He was

not an exhibitor in 1851; but he came to the private view, and all who saw him remarked what a change had come over him. He was shaky and feeble, and his sturdy, dogged look was gone.

Many of his friends knew that the old painter had another home besides the dingy house in Queen Anne Street, but knowing his secretive nature, they did not dare to speak openly. Some one must have taken care of him, for he was cleaner and more tidy than he used to be. His red velvet waistcoat and starched shirts, his clean-shaved face and shiny boots were quite in contrast to what he had worn a short time before.

Turner was very mysterious about his quarters. One day, in a shower, an artist took shelter in a public-house, where he found the old Academician sitting in the farthest corner with his glass in front of him. The friend said, "I didn't know you used this house; I shall often drop in now I've found out where you quarter." Turner emptied his glass, and as he went out said, "Will you? I don't think you will." Wishing for a change he had gone along the river bank at Chelsea until he found a cottage with a flat railed-in roof from which he could study the sunrises and sunsets. When the landlady suggested a reference, he said, "My good woman, I'll buy the house outright." Then she proposed to draw up an agreement, but he brought out a roll of bank-notes and offered to pay in advance. When asked his name, he demanded of the landlady her name. She said she was Mrs. Booth. "Then," said Turner, "I'm Mr. Booth," and so it came to pass that the great artist was known along the water-side as "Fuggy Booth," or sometimes "the Admiral" when people wished to be more respectful.

Up to the very last he would often rise at daybreak to watch the colour slowly coming into the eastern sky. With nothing but a blanket or a dressing-gown over him, he would stand on the little railed-in roof.

Here is a letter posted from Chelsea about this time. It is an example of Turner's involved and confused style, and the spelling is rather queer now and again.

> DEAR HAWKESWORTH,
>
> Mother Goose came to a rehearsal before Christmas Day, having arrived on Saturday for the knife, and could not be resisted, in my drinking your good health in a glass of wine to all friends at Farnley Hall, also wishing happiness and the compts is of the season to all. The pie is in most excellent taste, and shall drink the same thanks on Christmas day. Many thanks for the brace of pheasants and hares — by the same train, indeed I think it fortunate, for with all the strife and strike of pokers and stokers for the railroads — their commons every day growing worse — in shareholders and directors squabbling about the winding up of the last Bill, to come to some end for those lines known or supposed to be in difficulty.
>
> Ruskin has been in Switzerland with his whife this summer and now said to be in Venice. Since the revolution shows not any damage to the works of high Art it contains, in Rome not so much as might have been expected. Had the "Transfiguration" occupied its old

> situation, the St. Pietro Montoreo, it most possibly must have suffered, for the church is completely riddled with shot and balls. The convent on Mount Aventine much battered with cannon-balls, and Casino Magdalene, near the Porto Angelino nearly destroyed; occurred by taking and storming the Bastion No. 8.
>
> This is from an eye-witness who returned to London since the siege by Gen. Oudinot.
>
> I am sorry to say my health is much on the wain. I cannot bear the same fatigue, or have the same bearing against it, I formerly had — but time and tide stop not — but I must stop writing for to-day, and so I again beg to thank you for the Christmas present.
>
> Believe me most truly
>
> Your oblidged Servant
>
> W. H. Fawkes, Esq., J. M. W. TURNER. Farnly Hall.

The Mother Goose is an allusion to the Yorkshire pie which was sent to him every year from Farnley Hall.

In 1851 his friends noticed that Turner no longer came to the meetings of the Academy Council — he who had always been so regular an attendant. David Roberts wrote on behalf of his brother painters, saying how sorry they were not to see him, and begging Turner if he were ill to let him know so that he might come and see him; adding that the secret of his dwelling-place should not be revealed if he desired it should be kept unknown. Turner did not write in answer to this letter; but two weeks afterwards he came to Roberts's studio in Fitzroy Square sadly changed and broken. He was deeply moved by the letter his friend had written, and said, "You must not ask me; but whenever I come to town I will always come to see you." "I tried to cheer him up," says Roberts, "but he laid his hand upon his heart and replied, 'No, no; there is something here which is all wrong' As he stood by the table in my painting-room I could not help looking attentively at him, peering in his face, for the small eye was as brilliant as that of a child, and unlike the glazed and Mack lustre eye' of age. This was my last look. The rest is soon told. None of his friends had seen him for months; indeed I believe I was the last, together with my friend George Jones, who I afterwards learnt had that day received a visit from him." Once only after this did he visit his friend. It was some two months before his death.

Poor Mrs. Danby, once his mistress and now the guardian of the dingy house in Queen Anne Street, was still more troubled at Turner's absence. She was sure he was ill, and yet knew not where to find him in all the countless streets of London. But one day, turning over his clothes, she found in one of the pockets a letter from someone in Chelsea. There she thought he might be, and so, attended by another old woman as infirm as she was herself, journeyed down to the river side, and at last, at a gingerbeer shop, got some news which satisfied her that the old gentleman who lived next door must be the great painter himself. To her great grief she learned that he had been very ill, and had seldom been out for the last two months. Mrs. Danby went at once back to Mr. Harpur, who was one of Turner's executors, and he hastened down to Chelsea only in time to

find the painter fast sinking. Turner had, it would appear, sent for a well-known doctor from Margate, and when he told him that death was near, he said," Go downstairs, take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again.' The doctor did so, but could not alter his judgment; he failed to make Turner believe that the end was so close. Even within his last hour the landlady wheeled his chair to the window so that he might once more look out upon the great river and the sunshine that he loved so well. Perhaps he noted the whole scene for future use just as he had done thousands of times before, for the ruling passion is strong even in death. A little later Mrs. Booth drew up the blind and the soul of the great painter passed to his Maker whilst the sun was shining upon his face.

- FISHING BOATS IN A STIFF BREEZE OFF THE COAST

Who shall say that his life was not a happy one? He was always toiling and striving, but then Turner loved hard work and effort, and was never so joyous as when he was trying to outdo some great forerunner. His surroundings were squalid and uncomfortable, but these two words had no meaning to the sturdy enthusiast who could cheerfully dine off bread and cheese, sleep on a chair with his elbow on a table, and rise and go off to his work before six in the morning; or who at a later time in his life would have himself lashed for four hours to a mast in a storm so that he might study the forms of the great waves as they broke over the ship.

His sordid money squabbles must be set off against the pleasure he took in thinking of the gift he was going to present to his struggling fellow painters, for the savings of a lifetime were to be spent in founding a great almshouse for decayed artists.

Turner chose to go away and die among strangers who knew neither his name or his greatness because he hated to have a fuss made over him. I think Thornbury was only trying to force the effect when he made out that "having no religious hope he must have realized the miserable insufficiency of all his fame and wealth," and that "the dark dread of annihilation overpowered his heart." Ruskin also works upon our feelings by drawing a sort of fancy picture of Turner's life and death when he writes: "Imagine, any of you, the effect upon your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you were raised, year after year, through all your lives, only in condemnation of your efforts and denial of your success. This may be borne, and borne easily, by men who have fixed religious principles, or supporting domestic ties. But Turner had no one to teach him in his youth, and no one to love him in his old age. Respect and affection, if they came at all, came too late. Naturally irritable, though kind — naturally suspicious, though generous — the gold gradually became dim, and the most fine gold changed, or if not changed, clouded and overcast. The deep heart was still beating; but it was beneath a dark and melancholy mail, between whose joints, however, sometimes the slightest arrows found entrance and power of giving pain. He received no consolation in his last years or in his death."

This is very beautiful writing, but is not the truth. Turner had many to teach him. His father gave him every possible help. His fellow painters were full of admiration for his work, and he had many staunch friends to the last. I think

my readers will agree with me, that he lived a prosperous and fairly happy life, and that his end was by no means miserable, but such as he himself would have wished.

- TURNER'S PALETTE

Mr. Trimmer describes how he went to the dismal house in Queen Anne Street, and how altered it was from the time when he used to have his pockets filled with biscuits by Turner after the olden fashion. Now all had the silence of death. The Centaurs in conflict with the Lapithae in the hall; a Wilson obscured by smoke; the bare, unfurnished room filled with partly finished pictures, some laid in with white, others with large massed of half tint and white as preparation, placed carelessly against the wall, the damp of which had damaged the colours or had taken them off altogether. In the sleeping apartment Mr. Trimmer was surprised that a person of Turner's means could have lived in such a room: "certainly he prized modern luxuries at a very modest rate."

"In the studio always, during his lifetime, enshrined in mystery and the object of profound speculation, his gloves and neck handkerchief lay on a circular table which had in the middle a raised box, with a circle in the centre with side compartments. In the centre were his colours, cobalt, ultramarine of various depths, smalts, also some verditer. The colours were mixed daily with cold-drawn oil, and he was very particular. If they were not to his mind he would say to Mrs. Danby, 'Can't you set a palette better than this?' "

His travelling library, Young's "Night Thoughts," Izaak Walton and a translation of Horace, lay there.

"There was a small deal box on a side table, the lid of which my father raised to show me its contents. It was covered with a glass, and under it was the cast of the great Turner; 'Dear old Turner.' There he lay with his eyes sunk and his lips fallen in. He reminded me strongly of his old father whom, long years before, I had seen trudging to Brentford market from Sandicombe Lodge to lay in his week's supplies."

"Alas for humanity! this was the man whom in my childhood I had attended with my father, and had been drawn by, on the banks of the Thames; whom I had seen sketching with such glee on the river's banks, as I gathered wild flowers in my earliest years, who had stuffed my pockets with sweetmeats, had loaded me with fish, and made me feel as happy as a prince."

"On his calm face were written the marks of age and wreck, of dissolution and reblending with the dust. This was the man whose worst productions contained more poetry and genius than the most laboured efforts of his brother artists; who was the envy of his rivals, and the admiration of all whose admiration was worth having; nor was it without emotion or with a dry eye that I gazed on so sad a sight."

There was a long procession of mourning coaches and private carriages to Saint Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Harpur, as chief mourner, wore the crape hatband and scarf considered proper to the occasion in those days.

There were mutes and pall-bearers and a great gathering of artists and men of note who came to pay the last tribute of respect to all that remained of the

painter-poet who had toiled for so many long years, building up those marvellous creations before which we still stand and wonder. Dean Milman read the service, and the organ pealed the Dead March in Saul. Then the coffin was deposited in one of the vaults alongside Sir Joshua Reynolds. It bore this inscription: "Joseph Mallord Turner, Esq., R.A., died Dec. 19, 1851, aged 79 years." But this was a mistake, for he was really only seventy-six.

"The Times" of December 23rd, 1851, has the following patronizing notice: "The Fine Arts in this country have not produced a more remarkable man than Joseph Mallord William Turner, whose death it was yesterday our duty to record; and although it would here be out of place to revive the discussion occasioned by the peculiarities of Mr. Turner's style in his later years, he has left behind him sufficient proofs of the variety and fertility of his genius to establish an undoubted claim to a prominent rank among the painters of England." The article goes on to give a few samples of the prices paid for his pictures, and speaks of £600 as an enormous sum for a sketchbook of drawings of the Rivers of France.

Turner's will was a very complicated affair, not easy to follow, for codicils were added from time to time revoking what had gone before. The will and codicils in Thornbury's "Life of Turner" cover eight pages of small print. After some bequests to his uncles and nephews he leaves £50 a year to his old housekeeper, and the same sum to her two nieces. To the National Gallery he leaves Dido building Carthage and The Sun rising through Vapour, but on the condition that they were to be hung between two pictures by Claude called The Sea Port and The Mill. With the residue of his funded property he designed to found a charity for decayed artists of the male sex born in England of English parents only and of lawful issue. The institution was to be called "Turner's Gift." This will was dated June 10th, 1831.

Then come codicils. The first, August 20th, 1832, directs that a gallery is to be erected to hold his pictures, keeping them together so that they may be viewed gratuitously; but if it was found impossible to fully carry the same into effect within five years of his death, then the executors were to keep all the pictures entire and unsold at No. 47, Queen Anne Street, and appoint Hannah Danby the custodian with £100 a year and £50 for assistance. "Georgianna" and Evelina Danby were to have £10 a year each. "And every year on the 23rd of April (my birthday) a dinner to the sum of £50 to all the Members of Academy and if 60 more will be left to be for a Professor in Landscape to be read in the Royal Academy elected from the Royal Academicians or a Medal called Turner's Medal equal to the Gold Medal now given by the Academy, say £20 for the best Landscape every 2 (3) years, and if the Trustees and Members of the Royal Academy do not accept of this offered residue I give the same to Georgia Danby or her Heirs after causing a Monument to be placed near my remains as can be placed."

This codicil was signed but not attested; it was followed by another, August 2nd, 1848, which revoked the bequests to the relations and housekeepers. "And as to my finished Pictures except the Two mentioned in my Will I give and bequeath the same unto the Trustees of the National Gallery provided that a

room or rooms are added to the present National Gallery to be when erected called 'Turner's Gallery.' "

There was a great deal more as to keeping the pictures in Queen Anne Street guarded by Hannah until the gallery should be ready, and nineteen pounds nineteen shillings is to be given to each executor for a ring; unless the terms of this bequest are carried out in five years the bequest is declared void.

In the next codicil, February 1st, 1849, the trustees of the National Gallery are given ten years instead of five to build the room or rooms that are to be called Turner's Gallery. Then Turner bequeaths the sum of £1,000 to erect a monument in Saint Paul's Cathedral where he desires to be buried among his Brothers in Art; and Hannah Danby and Caroline Booth are each to have an annuity of £150; then £1,000 is to go to the Pension Fund of the Royal Academy "provided they give a Medal for Landscape Painting and marked with my name upon it as Turner's Medal." £500 to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, £500 to the Foundling Hospital, a like sum to the London Orphan Fund, and the residue for the intended hospital mentioned in the will. Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters were to have £100 each.

In the will and the four codicils, proved on September the 6th, 1852, by the Rev. H. S. Trimmer, George Jones, C. Turner, P. Hardwick, H. Harpur, Dr. Munro, Samuel Rogers, T. Griffith, and John Ruskin, the effects were sworn under £140,000.

Unfortunately for the poor artists of England the will was disputed by the next of kin on the ground that the testator was mad. This plea failed. The trustees and executors then filed a bill in Chancery praying the Court to construe the will and to enable them to administer the estate. The next of kin said it was impossible to place any construction upon the will at all and that it was void; and further that even if the will could be carried out according to the intention of the testator it was still void, as the bequests came within the Statute of Mortmain.

When once the Court of Chancery had got hold of a property worth £140,000 it was in no hurry to part from it. Several tons' weight of documents were drawn up. There was a cartload of bills of costs. The money that Turner had slaved for from morning to night and had hoarded for so many years was now squandered in the most lavish way; for four years the suit dragged on, and the lawyers grew rich on the dead man's savings.

At last a compromise was effected between all the parties to the suit, and on March the 19th, 1856, a decree was pronounced with their consent to the following effect:

1. The real estate to go to the heir at law.
2. The pictures etc., to the National Gallery.
3. £1,000 for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.
4. £20,000 to the Royal Academy free of legacy duty.
5. Remainder to be divided amongst next of kin.

This unfortunate ending might well have made the poor old man turn in his grave. For years he had mused upon the good that his money would do to the sick and helpless among his brother artists, and in the end his love of mystery and lack of power to express his wishes clearly had wrecked the whole project.

The trustees of the National Gallery took the three hundred and twenty-four pictures, which at first were removed to Marlborough House. Afterwards they were taken to Kensington, where their numbers seem to have increased to three hundred and sixty-two. And they were at last hung in the National Gallery, where they still remain.

In 1857 Ruskin offered to select, sift, and arrange the drawings and water-colours that Turner had left, dividing them into three classes. In the first are 45 drawings of the Rivers of France, 57 illustrating Rogers's poems, 23 Rivers and Harbours of England, 4 marine vignettes, 5 middle-sized drawings, and last, the Val d'Aosta, a large water-colour 2 feet by 3; these numbered 135 in all. There were 1,757 studies in the second class, and among these may be found the very finest work that Turner has achieved. No one can appreciate his greatness who has not seen them. In the third class are the black-and-white drawings, some of them drawn from nature, and others, compositions for pictures; some of these are magnificent.

Ruskin laboured hard from the autumn to May. Here is his description of the work:

"In seventeen boxes in the lower room of the National Gallery I found upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner in one way or another — many on both sides. Some with four, five, or six subjects on each side (the pencil point digging spiritedly through from the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back). Some in chalk, which the touch of the finger would sweep away. The best book of studies for his great shipwrecks contained about 'a quarter of a pound of chalk debris, black and white, broken off the crayons with which Turner had drawn furiously on both sides of the leaves; every leaf with peculiar foresight and consideration of difficulties to be met by future mounters containing half of one subject on the front of it and half of another on the back. Others in ink rotted into holes. Others (some splendid-coloured drawings among them) long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in various states of fragile decay. Others worm-eaten; some mouse-eaten; many torn half way through; numbers doubled (quadrupled, I should say) into four, being Turner's favourite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from the bundles in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into the drawers in Queen Anne Street. Dust of thirty years' accumulation, black, dense and sooty, lay in the rents of the crushed and crumpled edges of these flattened bundles, looking like a jagged black frame, and producing altogether unexpected effects in brilliant portions of skies, whence an accidental or experimental finger-mark of the first bundle unfolder had swept it away."

"About half, or rather more, of the entire number consisted of pencil sketches in flat, oblong pocket-books, dropping to pieces at the back, tearing laterally whenever opened, and every drawing rubbing itself into the one opposite. These

first I paged with my own hand, then unbound, and laid every leaf separately on a clean sheet of perfectly smooth writing paper, so that it might receive no further injury. Then enclosing the contents and boards of each book (usually ninety-two leaves, more or less, drawn on both sides, with two sketches on the boards at the beginning and end) in a separate sealed packet I returned it to its tin box. The loose sketches needed more trouble. The dust had first to be got off them (from the chalk ones it could only be blown off), then they had to be variously flattened; the torn ones to be laid down, the loveliest guarded so as to prevent all future friction, and four hundred of the most characteristic framed and glazed, and cabinets constructed for them, which would admit of their free use by the public."

Anyone who cares to ask permission from the keeper may sit in one of the rooms in the basement of the National Gallery and have these wonderful drawings passed before him by an attendant. As I said some pages back, this in itself is a complete education. I think Ruskin meant that students should flock to copy the works of his idol when he framed and arranged them so carefully; but it may be as well to point out that no one can hope to approach the greatness of Turner by making copies of his work. I cannot call to mind a single imitation of this master that is not utterly inferior in every possible way, as imitations always will be.

The man who strives to rival Turner must go out and study nature face to face as he did. On the mountain side, in crowded cities, or afloat on the ever-changing ocean. He must be able to watch and note every passing phase, with the power of storing up, and afterwards sifting and winnowing his observations. To these the gifts of imagination, originality and individuality must be added.

Lastly, after years of patient labour, knowledge may come to the groping student, and he may so weave truth and art together that his work may approach to the matchless splendour of that of Turner himself.

Chapter 2

List of Illustrations

(omitted)

2.1 COLOUR PLATES

2.2 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

2.3 Catalogue of exhibited works of Turner

(omitted)

Chapter 3

APPENDIX

In 1873, twenty-two years after Turner's death, the Court of Chancery at last sanctioned the sale at Christie's of all the prints and plates which were left by the artist. Among these were nearly 5,000 impressions of the various plates of the "Liber Studiorum." About 2,000 were in fine condition. The highest price Turner had asked was £2 2s. for each part, but at the great sale a single complete set of fourteen parts fetched 1892. The whole amount realized by the "Liber," under the hammer, was close upon £18,000.

F. C. Lewis, the best aquatint engraver of the day, had made the first plate — The Bridge and Goats — afterwards issued as No. 43. This was the only subject engraved in this fashion, the rest of the plates being a combination of etching and mezzotint. The object was to imitate the effect of the drawings of Claud in the "Liber Veritatis." These had been drawn with a reed pen, and the shadows washed in with a brush. Turner's etchings were to represent the reed pen. He must have had a great many of these printed before the engravers put on the mezzotint, for at the sale there were seven hundred of them sold.

There have been many attempts to reproduce the "Liber Studiorum." Messrs. Day and Son, in 1854, published fifteen selected plates in lithography. Lupton, who was one of the original engravers and a friend of Turner's, re-etched and engraved on steel another selection which was published by Colnaghi. Thirty-six plates were announced, but only fifteen appeared, and the project fell through in 1864.

The Autotype Company photographed and published the whole series, but one can hardly expect to find the qualities of mezzotint in such a medium. The Science and Art Department of South Kensington wisely confined their photographs to the original drawings which were made for the engravers.

The most successful of all the reproductions of the "Liber" are those of Mr. Frank Short. In 1885-7 he etched and engraved twelve of the published plates, and in 1897 sixteen more were published by Mr. Dunthorne. Most of the subjects had never been engraved before; others had been commenced by Turner himself in a curious mixture of aquatint over mezzotint; these spoiled plates had to be thrown aside. One or two had been begun and then left incomplete. Now the

fine rich qualities of the medium can be seen in all its freshness and the engraver has quite caught the spirit of the Liber. I think the very finest of all is The Lost Sailor. The hopeless swimmer, battling with the huge rollers thundering against the cruel upright cliffs, is quite Turnerian in its grimness and horror.

Mr. Short's plates, which bring the number of subjects up to one hundred, complete the "Liber Studiorum" as originally planned by Turner.

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