

Eight years ago we were hedged in at every point. There was literally no safety or liberty for a non-Mormon here, except in silence and submission. Z. Snow, Esq., attorney for the Church, gave notice, in his speech before the United States Court, that if the Mormon Probate Court were not allowed criminal jurisdiction, "streams of blood would flow in the streets of this city." Brigham Young I have repeatedly heard curse every official here, announce that they could only stay by sufferance, and had no legal rights here whatever. The change cost the blood of some good men. Eight years ago we published our little daily paper in the upper story of a stone building, with a hatchway ready to be thrown open at any moment to cut off a mob; and when the editor went out at night he took the middle of the street, and kept his hand on his revolver. Now there is not a valley in Utah so remote but a man may speak, write, or print what he pleases, and they dare not touch him. The first Gentile who married a Mormon's "plural" wife was shot dead on Main Street. Now such a marriage is as safe in Utah as it would be in Ohio. The first Gentile who ventured to contest a case with the city was brutally murdered by a band of the "secret police." Now such a case can be tried on its merits with perfect safety.

A Liberal party has been organized, and cast 5000 votes in 1874; it controls one county and half a dozen towns, and if Congress could only be persuaded to guarantee us a free ballot, would soon have a healthful minority in the Legislature. Three things the Liberals intend to have, and will keep up the fight till they get them: a free ballot, free trade, and a system of accountability among public officials. But, aside from these, there is an irreconcilable difference between theocracy and republicanism; and no matter how able the officials the President sends to Utah, the trouble will continue all the same till the question as to which is to be paramount is settled. I know many of the young Mormons are delighted with the change; the old ones resist it most stubbornly, and with a great deal of ingenuity. Congress ought to give the Territory an amended jury law and a free ballot, then the minority would hold its own and increase.

As to polygamy, I am sure it is on the decline. Indeed, there has been no subsequent period in Mormon history when there were so many polygamous marriages as from 1852 to 1857. The young people are disgusted with it. One phase of the subject is especially repulsive—the mixtures of blood-relationship. Some cases within my knowledge have given rise to consanguineous puzzles that will bother the Master in Chancery, if the estates ever get into court.

HAYDON AND HIS FRIENDS.

BJENAMIN ROBERT HAYDON was born at Plymouth, in Devonshire, England, January 26, 1786. Sixty years after, borne down in the weary struggle of life, he lay dead in his painting-room in London, shot through the brain by his own hand. Three months before his death, while still somewhat hopeful of success in his last effort, he had written in his journal, "It is glorious to fight a last battle—*nous verrons.*" He also wrote an epitaph which he wished inscribed on his tombstone when the time came. It embodies his own estimate of his career:

"Here lieth the body of BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, an English Historical Painter, who, in a struggle to make the People, the Legislature, the Nobility, and the Sovereign of England give due dignity and rank to the highest Art, which had ever languished, and until the Government interferes will ever languish in England, fell a victim to his ardor and his love of country: an evidence that to seek the benefit of your Country, by telling the truth to Power, is a crime that can only be expiated by the ruin and destruction of the man who is so patriotic and imprudent. He died believing in Christ as the Mediator and Advocate of Mankind.

"What various ills the Painter's life assail—
Pride, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail."

During almost all his life, and down to his last day, Haydon kept a journal in which he noted down incidents as they occurred, the progress of his own labors, and his opinions upon books, men, and art; this fills nearly thirty huge ledger-like volumes. A few years before his death he began an autobiography, which was brought down to his thirty-fourth year. A life of Haydon, prepared from these materials by Mr. Tom Taylor, deservedly ranks among the best works of its class.* During the present year a son of the painter, an officer of the British navy, has put forth a memoir of his father.† This work, while serving to revive interest in the subject, adds little to our knowledge of it. Mr. Frederick Haydon frankly acknowledges that he is "neither a painter nor a literary man; her Majesty's royal navy does not instruct the midshipmen in literature or art." The memoir is unsatisfactory as a whole, although it contains some characteristic anecdotes; the correspondence has little of special interest; the so-called table-talk consists mainly of bits from Haydon's journal, many of which had already been given by Mr. Taylor, to whose work we must still mainly look for information as to its subject. Neither book enables us fairly to judge of Haydon's place in art, though there are not

* *Life of Benjamin Robert Haydon, Historical Painter, from his Autobiography and Journals.* Edited by TOM TAYLOR, Esq. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers.

† *Benjamin Robert Haydon: Correspondence and Table-Talk; with a Memoir by his Son, FREDERICK WORDSWORTH HAYDON.* In two volumes. London: Chatto and Windus. 1876.

a few, and their number seems to be increasing, who assign to him the foremost place among English historical painters.

Haydon was the only son of a prosperous printer and stationer, who wished him to engage in and succeed to the business. He received a good education, learned to draw cleverly, and resolved to become a historical painter, although he had never seen a tolerable picture or sculpture, and knew noth-

ing-glass at the side to examine the reflection of his work; then mount his steps, and paint again. Without his glasses he could see nothing distinctly."

The boy was not disheartened by this infirmity of vision. "I can see enough," he said; "and see or not see, I will be a painter; and if I am a great one without seeing, I shall be the first." He might have gained greater confidence from the example of the great composer, the deaf Beethoven. Finding him bent on his purpose, his father gave a reluctant though not ungracious consent that he should go up to London and study in the Academy. He was then a slender but athletic youth of nineteen, with aquiline features, ruddy complexion, bluish-gray eyes, and black curly hair, which early grew white and thin, and in time left him almost bald.

The morning after his arrival he rushed to the exhibition, and looked about for historical paintings, of which he had never seen one. The most admired paintings of that year were the "Gil Blas" of Opie and the "Shipwrecked Sailor Boy" of Westall. "I'm not afraid of you," was his self-confident comment. The next day he bought casts of the head of Laocoon, and of hands, arms, and feet, and before night was hard at work drawing from the round and studying anatomical plates. The first Sunday he went to church, fell on his knees, and prayed to God to bless his efforts to reform the national taste in art.

We think that during his whole life he never began a picture, unless it were a portrait, without fervently imploring the Divine blessing. For three months he worked from early dawn until far into the night, scarcely speaking to a human being. "I wanted no guide," he says. "To apply myself night and day, to seclude myself from society, to keep the Greeks and the great Italians in view, to endeavor to unite form, color, light, shadow, and expression, was my constant determination. I was resolved to be a great painter, to honor my country, to rescue art from that stigma of incapacity which was impressed upon it."

At length he bethought himself of a letter of introduction which he had brought to Mr. Prince Hoare, an amiable gentleman, who, failing to make himself a painter, remained a connoisseur and friend of artists. Hoare gave him a letter to Northcote, a Plymouth boy, who had been successful in London as a portrait painter. The old man peered sharply through his spectacles, glanced over the letter, and said, in the broad Devonshire dialect, which he had not got rid of during



BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON.

ing of art beyond what he had learned from engravings, and from Reynolds's *Discourses*. To his wish there was an obstacle which one would have supposed insuperable. In his sixteenth year he was attacked by an inflammation of the eyes which rendered him for a time wholly blind; and when he at length partially recovered, he "found that his natural sight was gone." As we understand it, in addition to permanent weakness, his eyes had lost their normal power of adapting themselves to different distances. His son thus describes his manner of working at his best:

"His natural sight was of little or no use to him at any distance, and he would wear, one pair over another, sometimes two or three pairs of large round concave spectacles, so powerful as greatly to diminish objects. He would mount his steps, look at you through one pair of glasses, then push them back on his head, and paint with his naked eye close to the canvas. After some minutes he would pull down one pair of his glasses, look at you, then step down, walk slowly backward to the wall, and study the effect through one, two, or three pair of spectacles; then, with one pair only, look long and steadily in the look-

his forty years in London: "Zo ye mayne to be a peintur; aand what sort o' peintur?" "A historical painter." "Heestorical peintur! Whoy, ye'll staarve wi' a boondle o' streaw oonder yeer heead"—a prophecy destined to almost literal fulfillment. Then, reading the letter again, he went on: "Aand Meestur Hoare zays ye're stooedin' aanatomie. Thaat's no yuse. Sir Joshua deedn't kneaw it; aand whoy shuld ye waan't to kneaw what he deedn't?" "But Michael Angelo did." "Meechel Aangelo! whaat's he got to du heere? Ye must peint pertraits heere." "But I won't, Sir." "Ye waan't! But ye moost." Opie, to whom Hoare had also given him a letter, took a different view of the case: "You are studying anatomy: master it. If I were of your age, I would do the same." "But Mr. Northcote says it's of no use." "Never mind what he says. He doesn't know it himself, and would like to keep you as ignorant."

So Haydon went on studying anatomy and drawing by himself until after Christmas, when he entered as a student in the school of the Royal Academy. Not very long afterward came a tall, pale, awkward young Scotchman, with a fine eye, short nose, and coarse mouth; very quiet unless aroused by argument, when he became eager and voluble. His name was David Wilkie, and between him and Haydon a sort of friendship was struck up which lasted through life, although David was not overfond of giving proof of it when Benjamin fell into difficulties. David had the national organ of "getting along" finely developed. To Haydon he once gave this canny counsel: "If ye joost want to get along in the warld, it's not condoocive to your interests to be *too recht*. It's better joost to let others believe they're recht and you wrang." Meanwhile David's shyness, awkward figure, and shabby attire made him a butt with the students. In lack of a model, Haydon once found him in his garret, stark naked, drawing from his own figure by the help of a mirror. "It's joost capital practice," said the imperturbable David. His drawings soon became admirable, and in character and grouping reminded one of Teniers. He had brought a letter of introduction to Lord Mansfield, himself a Scotchman, who commissioned him to paint a picture from one of his drawings. This was the famous "Village Politicians." No price was named, and one day his lordship, happening into the studio, asked, "How much am I to pay you for this picture, Mr. Wilkie?" "I hope," said the trembling artist, "that your lordship will not think fifteen guineas too much." His lordship thought

this too much, and advised the painter to consult his friends. When the exhibition approached, the hanging committee gave the best place to the "Village Politicians." At the private view the great and glorious Prince Regent honored it with his august approval, and the *News* of the next day said, "A young man by the name of Wilkie, a Scotchman, has a very extraordinary work." At the public exhibition the crowd was so great around the picture that there was no getting near it. Lord Mansfield became anxious to make sure of his prize. "I believe, Mr. Wilkie," he said, "I owe you fifteen guineas; shall I give you a check?" David reminded his patron that he had thought this too much, and had advised him to consult his friends, who thought it too little. "Oh, but I considered it a bargain," said his lordship. "Did you, upon your honor, my lord?" "I did, upon my honor." "Then the picture is your lordship's for fifteen guineas." "Now, then," said his lordship, "I hope you will accept a



DAVID WILKIE IN ARGUMENT.

check for thirty guineas." Honest David had wisely not made himself *too recht*, and thereby gained on the spot fifteen guineas, the parents in due time of many more.

Wilkie became famous at once. Lord Mulgrave and the excellent Sir George Beaumont were noted connoisseurs in those days. The former commissioned Wilkie to paint "The Rent Day," the latter, "The Blind Fiddler," and both sounded the praises of the

young Scotchman. "If a young man," says Haydon, "wanted to be puffed at dinners until Academicians grew black in the face, Lord Mulgrave and Sir George were the men to do it." Sir George, with perhaps pardonable exaggeration, described Wilkie as "a young man who came to London, saw a picture by Teniers, then rushed home and painted the 'Village Politicians' at once—at once, my dear Lady Mulgrave, at once."

Poor David suddenly became the rage. No wonder that for a time he lost his head. He bloomed out—much as Dickens did, long after, under like circumstances—into a flashy imitation of a dandy. But his heart was, after all, in the right place; he wished his family to share his glory. One day he invited his friend to come and see him. "Upon the table," says Haydon, "spread out in glittering triumph, were two new bonnets, two new shawls, and Heaven knows what, to astonish the natives of his Scottish home, and enable his venerable father, like the Vicar of Wakefield, to preach a sermon on the vanity of women, while his wife and daughter were shining in the splendor of fashion from the dress-makers of the West End of London." Then came the work of packing, and the manifold discussions as to the way in which the precious treasures could be saved from perils by sea and by land during the hazardous transit to the Scottish manse. All this time David stood by, eager and interested, till at length his conscience began to prick him, and he said, "Re-e-ally, I've joost been vary idle," and he flung himself heart and soul upon "The Blind Fiddler." Haydon was now ready to undertake his first painting, "Joseph and Mary resting on the Road to Egypt." He says:

"I ordered the canvas, six feet by four, and on October 1, 1806, setting my palette and taking brush in hand, I knelt down and prayed God to bless my career, to grant me energy to create a new era in art, and to rouse the people and patrons to a just estimate of the moral value of historical painting. I arose, and looking fearlessly at my unblemished canvas, in a species of spasmodic fury I dashed down the first touch. I stopped and said, 'Now I have begun, and never can that last moment be recalled.' Another touch and another, and before noon I had rubbed in the whole picture, when in came Wilkie, who was delighted that I had fairly commenced."

"Joseph and Mary" was completed in six months, and sent to the Academy exhibition of 1807, where it was pronounced a remarkable work for a student. Through Wilkie, Haydon had in the mean time been made known to Sir George Beaumont and Lord Mulgrave, the latter of whom commissioned him to paint for him the "Assassination of Dentatus," from Roman history. The picture when sent to the exhibition of 1809 did not greatly please the Academicians, who

hung it in a bad place. Haydon ascribed this to jealousy, and from this really dates the bitter warfare which he so long waged against the Royal Academy. Lord Mulgrave professed himself satisfied, and paid him 160 guineas, to which he afterward added fifty more. The painter always considered this one of his best works, one which marked an epoch in English art, and three years later the National Gallery awarded to it the honorary prize of 100 guineas which had been offered for the best historical painting. Lord Mulgrave, who had lionized the young painter, seemed to suspect that the Academicians were right, after all, and, as Haydon thought, turned the cold shoulder upon him. He had also undertaken to paint a "Macbeth" for Sir George Beaumont for £100. He took three years for the work, painted it over and over again, and at last made it larger than had been contemplated, and wanted £500, which Sir George refused to pay, and declined to take the picture, although he offered to give Haydon the £100, he to keep the picture.

During this three years Haydon's circumstances had changed. His father had supported him for six years, and thought it time that he should look out for himself. Earning nothing, the painter contracted debts, which in 1812 amounted to more than £600. He had also made himself obnoxious to the Academy by his criticisms in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner*. From this period dates the beginning of that burden of debt which rested upon Haydon through all his remaining years, consigned him again and again to a debtors' prison, and brought him into those perpetual straits the recital of which in his autobiography and journal forms one of the saddest chapters in biography.

Deeply in debt, and with scarcely a shilling in the world, Haydon laid aside his unfinished "Macbeth," and set about an enormous picture, to which he proposed to devote at least two years. His old friend, Prince Hoare, met him one day, and asked, "What are you going to paint?" "Solomon's Judgment." "Rubens and Raphael have both tried it." "So much the better; I'll tell the story better than they have done." "How are you going to live?" "Leave that to me." "Who will pay your rent?" "Leave that to me." "You will never sell it." "I trust in God." "Well, if you are arrested, send for me." The canvas was ordered, twelve feet ten inches by ten feet ten inches, and the artist went to work. In a few months he had not a shilling to buy a dinner. The keeper of the chop-house where he had been wont to dine, suspecting his poverty, told him to dine there every day, and not to pay. John Hunt said a plate would always be laid for him at his table. His landlord, with whom he was already £200 in arrears for his great

painting-room, was persuaded to let him stay two years longer, until "Solomon" was finished. Leigh Hunt lent him from time to time the few pounds he could spare. Hilton, an old fellow-student, who had made a successful hit which had saved him from starvation, shared with him his good fortune. Old Benjamin West sent him £15 in a kindly, ill-spelled letter. So by one means and another Haydon lived. "Solomon" was painted, and sent to the Water-Color Exhibition. The painter had quarreled with the Royal Academy and the National Gallery, and would not send the picture for exhibition to either.

To the private view came the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Payne Knight, who was held an authority in art, and at whom Haydon had fiercely girded in the matter of the Elgin marbles. Knight pronounced the picture "distorted stuff," and her Highness sniffed that "she was sorry to see such a picture there." But when the picture was shown to the public, it took them by storm. Before half an hour a gentleman offered £500 for it. Haydon's price was £600. The gentleman asked the painter to go and dine with him, and talk the matter over over their wine. He had agreed to pay the £600, when his wife interposed, "My dear, where shall I put my piano?" and so the bargain fell through. On the third day the trustees of the National Gallery sent Sir George Beaumont and another gentleman to purchase the picture for them. They were examining it and applauding its merits, when suddenly the attendant put upon it the placard, "Sold." "Why," said the baronet, "we came to buy it for the gallery." "You did not say so." "But we were going to do so." "Ah! but a gentleman bought it while you were talking." "God bless me! it is very provoking." Just then Haydon came in. Sir George, who had kept aloof from him ever since the "Macbeth" business, rushed up and shook him cordially by the hand. "Haydon, I'm astonished. You must paint me a picture; indeed you must. Lady Beaumont and I will call—yes, indeed." Lord Mulgrave now came in, swore the picture was as fine as Raphael. "Haydon, you must dine with us to-day, of course."

When Haydon went home he found his table covered with the cards of lords and dukes, literary men and ladies. He paid his landlord the old £200, and allowed him to draw on him for the remainder; he paid the chop-house man twenty guineas, the arrears for his dinners; he paid tailor and coal merchant. In a week he paid out £500, and had £130 left. There were many other debts, but now that he seemed to have plenty of money, nobody wanted it. He and Wilkie started off on a trip to Paris. This was in May, 1814. Napoleon was in Elba, Louis XVIII. was on the throne, and every

Englishman who could afford it was off for Paris. Haydon came back in a month and went down to his native town. His picture had been purchased by a banker there. The citizens received him with acclamation, and presented him with the freedom of the city, "as a testimony of respect for his extraordinary merit as a historical painter, and especially for the production of his recent picture, 'The Judgment of Solomon.'" Forty years later Haydon mentions that the picture had been consigned to a coal-hole. After his death it came into the possession of Sir Edward Landseer.

Haydon set vigorously to work; but his money was soon gone, including a hundred guineas with which he had been presented by the National Gallery in token of admiration for the "Solomon" of which it had so narrowly missed becoming the possessor. Old debts began to press upon him, new ones had been contracted, and in February we find him noting in his journal: "I have £200 to pay next month. As yet I have not sixpence toward it; but I trust in God, who has always relieved me." By-and-by, Sir George Beaumont came and said he must have a picture. Haydon hoped that nothing less than life size would satisfy him. "Certainly not," he said; "but the price must not exceed 200 guineas;" and he advanced fifty guineas toward it. "Sir George's heart," writes Haydon, "was always tender, but he is capricious." In a word, he was fond of having lions about him, provided they did not cost too much; and he had in time abundant occasion to know that Haydon was a very expensive lion.

We pass hurriedly over the events of many years, touching here and there upon salient points. Money came in moderately, mostly in the shape of advances upon pictures to be painted. It went, so to speak, faster than it came. He fell into the hands of regular money-lenders. Here is an example of their way of "accommodating" their victims. One day Haydon wanted a hundred pounds. The usurer, who was a sort of pawnbroker and picture dealer, held back. He must buy a wretched daub for £20, not really worth a shilling. This added to the £100, with interest at five per cent. for three months, made a total of £122 10s. Deducting the price of the worthless picture and the interest, left Haydon with £77 10s., for which he gave his note, indorsed by a friend, for £100, to be paid in three months. In course of time he came to know how law expenses can be made to run up.

In 1820 Haydon completed his great picture, "Christ entering Jerusalem," upon which he had been engaged six years, and hired a room in which to exhibit it. At the private view nobody knew what to say about it. The head of the Saviour was

wholly different from the traditional type. At last in strode Mrs. Siddons. All waited for her verdict. "How do you like the Christ?" asked Sir George Beaumont. After a long pause she said, in the deep tragic tone which had become natural to her on every occasion, "It is completely successful!" The question was settled. The great actress invited the painter to her house, where she told him, "The paleness of your Christ gives it a supernatural look." Next day Haydon wrote her an extraordinary letter of thanks. "Madam," he wrote, "I have ever estimated you as the great high-priestess of nature—as the only being living who had ever been, or who was worthy to be, admitted within the veil of her temple..... You will then judge of my feelings at having been so fortunate as to touch the sensibility of so gifted a being..... one in whose immediate impressions I would place more confidence, and bow to them with more deference, than to the united reasoning of the rest of the world," and so on. The picture was afterward exhibited in Edinburgh, the total receipts being nearly £3000, from which £1200 were to be deducted for expenses. In this year, also, he received about £800 from friends and for premiums with three pupils, so that his entire income was something like \$13,000; yet this melted away to a great extent in repaying usurious loans already contracted. With this triumphant year Haydon closes his autobiography. No wonder that he found little heart to bring down from his journals the events of the ensuing years!

The journal for 1821 opens with the vaticination: "I now see difficulties are my lot in pecuniary matters; but if I can float and keep alive attention through another picture, I will reach the shore." He now began another great picture, "The Raising of Lazarus." In June he was for the first time arrested for debt, but managed somehow, at a cost of £11 for legal fees, to tide the matter over. A few days afterward he was a spectator at the coronation of George IV. in Westminster Hall, Sir George Beaumont lending him ruffles and a frill, other friends lending him a blue velvet coat and a sword. He was in high spirits, for he was accompanied by a widow who was soon to be his wife.

Five years before, by mere accident, he saw Mary Hayman, and fell madly in love with her on the spot. Her husband was still living, but apparently on his death-bed, and she had a boy two years old. Before her husband died another child was born to them. They were married in October of this year, and Haydon became a true father to her two boys. His wife was a noble woman in every respect. Several hasty pen-and-ink portraits of her appear in the journal. One of them bears written across it, "My lovely Mary, when first I saw her."

The year 1822 passed pleasantly, although the shadow of pecuniary troubles always looms up. On the 7th of December the "Lazarus" was finished. It was exhibited early next year, with a profit of about £450. The next day he projected a great picture of the "Crucifixion," upon which he implored a benediction, that it might be "the grandest Crucifixion ever painted." On the 12th his first son was born. At the close of the journal for this year he gives a sort of summary of his doings during the twelvemonth. Of the 365 days he had been busy 159, brush in hand; of the remaining 206 he had been absolutely idle, from pleasure or inclination, thirty days, although even then his art was never absent from his mind; for two days in the week he was busy about money matters, though he always had his sketch-book with him, and arranged work for the next day; he had been ill twenty days, and there were fifty-two Sundays; so that "in justice I do not think I am ever what may be called downright idle."

The successful exhibition of "Lazarus" was brought to a close in April, 1823, by an execution levied on the picture, and the painter was for the first time imprisoned for debt. He was soon honorably discharged as an insolvent, no one of his hundred and fifty creditors making any opposition. His pictures were sold to his creditors, "Lazarus" bringing but £300, and "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" only £240. Upon leaving prison he took humble lodgings, and began to paint portraits for his bread. He wrote a short autobiography, bringing his life down to this period, to which ten years later he appended this self-satirical note:

"Shortly after the 'Lazarus' was finished, this remarkable man, B. R. Haydon, died. He always said it would be his last great work. Another person, one John Haydon, painted, in imitation of the former, a few small works; but he was a married man—had five children—sent his pictures to the Academy, asked a patron or two to employ him, and, in short, did all those things that men must do who prefer their own degradation to the starvation of their children."

Late in 1824 his lawyer, Mr. Kearsley, who had before often befriended Haydon, took him in charge after an eccentric fashion. During the ensuing twelvemonth he would advance him £300 from time to time, provided it was needed and Haydon deserved it. In return, he must paint all the portraits he could get to do at a fixed price, seventy-five guineas for a full-length, and in proportion for smaller ones; while not engaged upon portraits, he must be busy in painting historic or fancy pieces of a salable size. The money advanced must be paid out of the sale of these pictures, with interest at the moderate rate of four per cent. per annum, the paintings not sold to remain as security. If this did not keep the

painter afloat, he must pledge himself never to make any further request of him, and, if required, must make a statement under oath of all the work upon which he was engaged. The arrangement seems to have worked well, though Haydon loathed portraits. He also received a commission for a historical picture, "Pharaoh dismissing the Israelites," from which he hoped great things. His journal for the year closes: "This year has been one of mingled yarn, good and evil, but the good, as it generally does, preponderated."

The year 1826 was one of financial distress, and, left to himself, Haydon's affairs went awry. Sir George Beaumont died in 1827, and Haydon thus sums up his character:

"He was an extraordinary man—a link between the artist and the nobleman, elevating the one by an intimacy which did not depress the other. Born a painter, his fortune prevented the necessity of application for subsistence, and so he did not apply. Painting was his great delight. He talked of nothing else, and would willingly have done nothing else. His great defect was a want of moral courage: what his taste dictated to be right, he would shrink from asserting if it shocked the prejudices of others, or put himself to a moment's inconvenience. With great benevolence, he appeared, therefore, often mean; with exquisite taste, he seemed often to judge wrong; and with a great wish to do good, he often did a great deal of harm. He seemed to think that to bring forth unacknowledged talent from obscurity was more meritorious than to support it when acknowledged. The favorite of this year was forgotten the next. His loss, with all his faults, will not easily be supplied. He founded the National Gallery. Let him be crowned. Peace to him."

Scattered through Haydon's journal and letters are many keen sketches of character. Of Keats he says, in a letter to Mary Russell Mitford:

"He was a victim to personal abuse and the want of power to bear it. He began life full of hope. He expected the world to bow at once to his talents, as his friends had done. Goaded by ridicule, he distrusted himself and flew to dissi-

pation. For six weeks he was hardly ever sober, and he told me that he once covered his tongue and throat as far as he could reach with Cayenne pepper, in order to enjoy 'the delicious coolness of claret in all its glory.' He had great enthusiasm for me, and so had I for him; but he grew angry latterly because I shook my head at his proceedings. I begged him to bend his genius to some definite object. I remonstrated with him on his absurd dissipation, but to no purpose. The last time I saw him was at Hempstead, lying on his back in bed, helpless, irritable, and hectic. He had a book, and, enraged at his own feebleness, seemed as if he was going out of the world with contempt for this, and no hopes for a better. He muttered as I stood by him that if he did not recover, he would cut his throat. I tried to calm him, but to no purpose. Poor dear Keats, had nature but given you firmness as well as fineness

of nerve, you would have been as glorious in your maturity as great in your promise."

Of Leigh Hunt he writes to Wordsworth, in 1817:

"Leigh Hunt's weather-cock estimation of you I can not account for, nor is it worth while to attempt. He first attacks you when he had never read your works; then Barnes brings him your 'Excursion,' points out your sonnets, and he begins to find that he really should have looked through a poet's works before he came to a conclusion on the genius displayed in them. When I first knew him he was a really delightful fellow,

ardent in virtue, and perceiving the right in every thing but religion. His great error is inordinate personal vanity, and he who pampers it not is no longer received with affection. I am daily getting more estranged from him, and indeed all his old friends are dropping off."

Haydon draws this sharp contrast between Scott and Jeffrey:

"Jeffrey has a singular expression, poignant, bitter, piercing, as if his countenance never lighted up but at the perception of some weakness in human nature. Whatever you praise to Jeffrey, he directly chuckles out some error that you did not perceive. Whatever you praise to Scott, he joins heartily with yourself, and directs your attention to some additional beauty. Scott throws a light on life by the beaming geniality of his soul, and so dazzles you that you have no time or perception for any thing but its beauties, while Jeffrey



Mrs. Emily Mitford, when first I saw her

seems to revel in holding up his hand before the light in order that he may spy out its deformities. The face of Scott is the expression of a man whose great pleasure has been to shake Nature by the hand; while to point out her deformities with his finger has certainly, from the expression of his face, been the chief enjoyment of Jeffrey."

Many personages are characteristically hit off by a phrase: "What a singular look the Duke of Wellington always has, with his greyhound eyes, his eagle nose, and his singular mouth, like a helpless infant learning to whistle!"—"What I dislike in Wordsworth is his affectation of superior virtue. We once stepped into Christie's. In one corner of the room was a copy of the statues of 'Cupid and Psyche' kissing. Cupid is taking her lovely chin and turning her pouting mouth to meet his, while he archly bends his own, as if saying, 'Pretty dear.' Catching sight of the group, Wordsworth's face reddened, he showed his teeth, and then said, in a low voice, '*The dev-v-vils!*'"—"I have had a horrid week with a mother and her eight daughters, mamma remembering herself a beauty, while the daughters see her a matron. They say, 'Oh, this is not suitable to mamma's age,' and 'That fits mamma's time of life.' They want 'mamma'; she wants herself as she looked when she was of their age, and papa fell in love with her."—He had once attended a reading of *Macbeth* by Mrs. Siddons at her own house, not long before her death. He stepped out on the landing-place, where he could overhear the comments of the servants waiting in the hall. One said, "What, is that the old lady making such a noise?" "Yes," said another; "she makes as much noise as ever." "Why," rejoined a third, "she tunes her pipes as well as she ever did."

We must hurry over the closing period of Haydon's life. Notwithstanding some marked successes not only as an artist but as a lecturer upon art, he kept gradually falling into deeper and deeper straits. His appeals for aid took almost the form of actual begging letters. He was four times imprisoned for debt, and as often released as a bankrupt. The entries in his journal assume a sadder and sadder tone. From time to time he pawned his books, casts, clothing, and even his spectacles, for a few shillings to buy bread. Of his eight children five died young. He had painted one popular picture, "Napoleon musing at St. Helena," standing on a cliff gazing over the broad ocean, with his back toward the spectator. To copy and recopy this became his standing resource. How many times he recopied this we know not. At the close of 1844 he notes, "I have painted nineteen Napoleons—thirteen musings at St. Helena, and six other musings." A fortnight afterward, and there are five more. Another ten days: "Begun and finished a Napoleon in two

hours and a half—the quickest I ever did, and the twenty-fifth." Money comes in, not seldom in large sums, but somehow it disappeared, not by dissipation or extravagance, but in paying bill-discounters and law expenses. At the close of 1845 he was almost overwhelmed with joy at receiving a promise from Sir Robert Peel that his eldest son, who had won high honors at Oxford, should be appointed to a clerkship with a salary of £80.

The closing scene was fast approaching. Early in 1846 he had two large paintings completed, "The Death of Aristides" and "The Burning of Rome by Nero." As a final effort he resolved to exhibit these. The exhibition opened on Easter-Monday, April 13. A long and flaming advertisement was put forth, closing, "Haydon has devoted forty-two years to improve the taste of the people; and let every Briton who has pluck in his bosom and a shilling in his pocket crowd to his works during this Easter week." On the first day there were twenty-two visitors at a shilling each. The next day he thanks God that the receipts have doubled. Close by, the American dwarf, "General Tom Thumb," was exhibiting himself. At the close of the week Haydon sums up the results of the two exhibitions: "Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week; B. R. Haydon, 133½—the half a little girl." Not quite a month later he closed the exhibition, having lost by it nearly £120.

For a few weeks he set himself down to paint other great pictures, all the time harassed by duns and threatened executions. On the 16th of June he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, setting forth his necessities. From Peel he received £50 "from a limited fund at his disposal." Next day he sent back to a bookseller some books which he had not paid for. "As I drove along," he says, "I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at the thought, stopped, and told him I feared I was in danger, and as he might lose, I hoped he would keep them a few days."

The last entry but one in his journal, for June 21, is, "Slept horribly, prayed in sorrow, got up in agitation." The last entry of all reads: "June 22. God forgive me. Amen. Finis of B. R. Haydon.

'Stretch me no longer on this tough world.'—*Lear*.

End of the twenty-sixth volume." He had gone out early, bought a pistol, and returned at nine. He wrote a while, then embraced his wife, who was about to visit a friend at his special desire. At a quarter to eleven a report of fire-arms was heard, but it was supposed to proceed from troops exercising in the park. An hour later his daughter entered the painting-room, and found her father dead before the easel, on

which stood an unfinished picture. A razor and a small pistol lay by his side. His throat was fearfully gashed, and there was a bullet-hole in his head. On the table was his Prayer-book, open at the epistle for the day, letters to his wife and children, and his will, beginning:

"In the name of Jesus Christ, our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will and testament, on this day, June 22, 1846, being clear in my intellect and decided in my resolution of purpose."

And closing:

"I die in peace with all men, and pray Almighty God not to punish for the sake of the father the innocent widow and children he leaves behind. I ask her pardon and my children's for the additional pang, but it will be the last; and released from the burden of my ambition, they will be happier and suffer less. Hoping, through the merits of Christ, forgiveness."

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was committed in an unsound state of mind. He was solemnly interred in Paddington church-yard, one of the most beautiful in England, near the grave of Mrs. Siddons, and among those of his five children. Considerable sums were raised for his family, and his wife received a government pension amounting to two shillings and ninepence a day, "in consideration of her distressed circumstances and the merits as an artist of her late husband." She died in 1854, and his daughter, once the most beautiful girl in England, followed her a few years later.

Haydon left behind him about 250 paintings, large and small. His son is confident in the belief that "his reputation as a painter will last as long as there is an artist in Europe, and that before another century has come and gone he will take that rank in English art which may be denied him now, but to which he must unquestionably succeed."

SEUR ANTOINE.

Up crumbling Roman stairway,
O'er cobble pave,
Climbeth one with footing fleet,
Glideth one with muffled feet
As o'er a grave.
Ah! 'tis thou of glance demure,
My gentle sœur du bon secours.

Round throat and brow lies folded
The linen white;
O'er her shoulders chastely drawn,
Under flowing hood of lawn,
It glimmers light;
Scant the sable robe's contour
Of sombre sœur du bon secours.

One crucifix she weareth
Adown her breast;
Hangs another at her side,
Unto skull and rosary tied,
In carven rest.
Spouse of Jesu evermore
Is saintly sœur du bon secours.

She hath a lowly mission,
And loves it much:
By the bed of pain to stand,
With untiring, steady hand
And skillful touch;
So she serveth rich and poor,
My faithful sœur du bon secours.

To Holy Church she looketh
With single eye;
What it proffereth receives,
What it promiseth believes
Undoubtingly:
Real to her its dogmas hoar,
My child-like sœur du bon secours.

Familiar ties of kindred
Be quite forgot;
Very name by mother blest,
Crooned above her cradle-blest,
Lo! did she not
Once for all, long since, abjure,
My pious sœur du bon secours?

Her sister mates she loveth,
And loves none other—
Save with filial reverence meet,
In obedience complete,
The cloister mother.
Dreameth ne'er of mortal wooer
My stainless sœur du bon secours.

In crumbling Tiber city,
I'd like to know,
Does she still with footing fleet,
Still with muffled gliding feet,
Move to and fro?
Whose sick-room may now immure
My darling sœur du bon secours?

When years ago we parted,
Her eyes were wet—
Dear meek eyes! within their dew
Seemed to glisten shyly through
A dumb regret:
Not quite nature-proof, I'm sure,
Was tender sœur du bon secours.

But by-and-by comes heaven;
And then, may be,
Shall our placid nun turn human,
Finding out she is a woman;
For verily
Lives above no saint more pure
Than my sweet sœur du bon secours.