

## VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

## No. 4.—CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

THE ESTABLISHMENTS OF MESSRS. ROWNEY & CO.,  
AND OF MESSRS. M. & N. HANHART.

LIKE the dyer's hand, the human mind takes colour from that it works in: so Shakspeare wrote, and the truth of this is rendered evident by each day's experience. Surround any individual mind with deformities, and the result is that it becomes depraved—its tastes, its feelings are perverted, and it loses the power of perceiving the difference between the true and the false. We have evidences of this in childhood, when the ill-formed doll, the rude representation of a horse, or the gaudily-coloured, but ill-drawn picture, becomes the idol of the heart. In maturity we discover the continuance of this perversion, and find the man expressing his admiration of some caricature of nature, and the woman rejoicing in the deformities which are the fashion of her class, although every propriety is set at defiance, and the rules of decency scarcely escape violation. Surround another individual mind with objects of beauty, whether of nature or of Art, these become its types, with which all other things are compared—its standard by which it measures the correctness of Art-productions, and to the test of which even Nature is submitted.

There is not any remarkable difference in the capacities of men, but there is the widest possible diversities in their power of appreciating those things which are offered for the entertainment of the imagination, or for the improvement of the intellect. "A clear blue sky, spangled with stars, will prove an insipid object to eyes accustomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter—eyes that will turn with disgust from the green mantle of the spring, so gorgeously adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and blossoms, to contemplate a gaudy silken robe, striped and intersected with unfriendly tints, that fritter the masses of light and distract the vision, pinked into the most fantastic forms, flounced and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleness of art unknown to elegance."

Knowing then the importance of preventing the formation, on the tablet of the mind, of unnatural or impure pictures, and seeing, that as the camera-obscura represents the objects around, so does the dark box of the human soul exhibit the influences external to itself, it becomes one of the most important elements in education to secure the absence of all those things which are destitute of truth, incongruous in themselves, and consequently which tend to produce a vitiated taste. In spite of all that may be said to the contrary—and we know it has been so said—we have the fullest conviction in the soul-purifying power of the works of genius; and hence it is our earnest desire to see such works as widely spread as possible amongst the people. A cheap literature is finding its way through the length and breadth of the land. It would be a blessing could we say it was a pure literature, but somehow or other this large field is left to the care of a set of adventurers who find that their spiced meat is eagerly devoured, and they spice it accordingly, regardless of the results. Art has been greatly cheapened, and we feel confident that the dissemination of really good engravings from the works of the best masters, and woodcuts representing pleasing subjects, have already done their work of good. The *Art-Journal* is fairly entitled to take some credit to itself for what it has effected within the field of its exertion, and there are other illustrated journals which have done their work full well, and aided in improving the public taste. It is not without regret that we have recently seen the production of pictures in colours which have been, with a few exceptions, false in every principle, and the tendency of which must be—seeing that they are rendered attractive by their brilliant colouring, and knowing, as we do, that they are used to adorn the wall of the cottage, and the parlour of the respectable mechanic—that they, like the spiced literature already referred to, will tend to deprave the taste, to destroy all feeling for the works true to nature, which are calm and unobtruding in their truth, and to render the mind insensible to any influences that are not in the highest degree stimulating.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY, which we have classed as an Art-manufacture (and a description of the processes employed will show that we are correct in doing so), offers the means of repeating the work of the artist in the artist's own best style. Thus, it is one of the means for obtaining the end which we desire—offering, it appears, the greatest facilities for diffusing a taste for Art, for educating the people in a correct appreciation of its powers, and guiding them aright in the knowledge of its principles. Chromo-lithography affords us the means of reproducing facsimiles of the best works of the best masters in colours. Some of the productions have already been so nearly perfect, that at a little distance the mechanical picture could not be distinguished from the original work, of which it was a copy; they may therefore fairly take their places on the walls of those who are not sufficiently affluent to purchase the original production of the artist, in the same way as a line engraving substitutes the picture of which it is the representation; while the chromo-lithograph has the charm of colour super-added.

We have lately visited the works of some of the most celebrated of our lithographic printers, who have especially worked in colours, but we must endeavour to describe the methods by which the pictures are produced, before we say anything of the chromo-lithographs themselves.

Lithography, from *lithos*, a stone, and *graphie*, writing, is the process of obtaining impressions from writings or drawings previously made upon stone. The stones best suited for this purpose are obtained at Solenhofen, near Munich: they are not unlike some of our Bath stones; but hitherto no success appears to have attended the use of any British rock as a lithographic stone. Quarries of the fine-grained sandstones used occur along the banks of the Danube, in the county of Pappenheim, which are extensively worked. The good quality of a lithographic stone is generally denoted by the following characters—it has a yellowish grey hue, and uniform throughout, a steel point makes an impression upon it with difficulty, its fracture is conchoidal.

The stones from Munich are retailed on the spot in the form of slabs, or layers, having an equal thickness; they are obtained from the quarries by sawing, in such a manner as to sacrifice as little as possible of the irregular edges of the slabs. One of the sides is then dressed and coarsely smoothed. The thickness of these stones varies from  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inch to 3 inches, and is nearly proportional to their other dimensions.

The stones receive their finishing, dressing, and polishing at the lithographic establishment, which operations are performed in the same manner as the grinding and polishing of mirror plate. The work is done by hand—by rubbing one slab, with a circular movement, over another, the lower one being fixed in a horizontal position, and having finely-sifted sand with water placed upon it. The degree of polish to be obtained is determined by the style of work that the stones are intended to produce. For crayon drawing the stone is grained according to the fancy of the draughtsman. The higher the finish of the surface, the softer are the drawings; but a smaller number of impressions can be taken, as the printing surface becomes pasty much quicker. For chromo-lithography this preparation of the surface is of the utmost importance. When the stones are required to be worked upon with ink they should be still more softened down, and the final polish produced with pumice stone and water: thus prepared, the stones are packed for use with white paper between their surfaces. To work on these stones *lithographic crayons* are employed.

Lithography depends upon the power of the stone to absorb grease, and to yield it up again in part to another absorbent body, such as paper. The processes of the art have been stated to be founded on the following principles.

1. Upon the adhesion of a grained or finely-polished stone of an encaustic fat, which forms the lines of the drawing or writing.

2. Upon the power acquired by the parts penetrated by this encaustic of attracting to themselves and becoming covered with printer's ink.

3. Upon the interposition of a film of water over those parts of the stone which have not the greasy lines of the drawing, or writing.

4. Upon a pressure applied to the stone, such as

to transfer to paper the greater part of the ink which covers the greasy tracings or drawings of the encaustic.

To insure the absence of ink from those parts of the stone which have not the required lines, or which correspond with those parts of the picture or writing which should be white, the water employed is slightly acidulated.

For fine lithographic prints, the crayons must possess every requisite quality: the ingredients which they contain should be of such a nature as to adhere strongly to the surface of the stone, both after the drawing has received the preparation of acid, and during the printing; they should be sufficiently hard to admit of a fine point being made, and to work comfortably without breaking. The following composition for crayons has been employed successfully by M.M. Bernard and Delarne, at Paris, who have been long celebrated for their manufacture of lithographic materials:—

Pure wax (best quality)	. . . . .	4 parts.
Dry white tallow soap	. . . . .	2 "
Gum lac	. . . . .	2 "
White tallow	. . . . .	2 "
Lampblack, enough to give a dark tint	1 "	
Occasionally copal varnish	. . . . .	1 "

The wax must be melted over a gentle heat, and the lac added by degrees in small pieces, keeping the wax stirred the whole time; the soap is then introduced in fine shavings, and when these substances are perfectly mixed, the copal varnish, which should contain the lampblack, must be poured in. The heat and agitation are continued until the mixture acquires the requisite consistence, which may be recognised by letting a small portion cool on a smooth surface, and testing its quality with a pen-knife. The composition, on being cut, should afford brittle slices. The boiling may be quickened by igniting the rising vapours, which increases the temperature, and renders the fumes less offensive. When ready, the substance must be poured into a brass mould of a convenient crayon size, which has been previously smeared with a greasy cloth.

Lithographic ink, for producing the ordinary prints, is prepared in the following manner:—

Wax	. . . . .	16 part
Tallow	. . . . .	6 "
Hard tallow soap	. . . . .	6 "
Shell-lac	. . . . .	12 "
Mastic in tears	. . . . .	8 "
Venice turpentine	. . . . .	1 "
Lampblack	. . . . .	4 "

The mastic and lac, previously ground together, are to be carefully heated in the turpentine, the wax and tallow are to be added after they are taken off the fire, and, when their solution is effected, the soap shavings must be thrown in; lastly, the lamp-black is to be well intermixed. Whenever the union is accomplished by heat, the operation is finished; the liquor is left to cool a little, then poured out on tables, and, when cold, cut into square rods.

Lithographic ink of good quality should be susceptible of forming an emulsion, so attenuated that it may appear to be dissolved when rubbed upon a hard body in distilled or rain water. The ink should be flowing in the pen, not spreading on the stone; capable of forming delicate traces, and very black, to show its delineations. The most essential quality of the ink is to sink well into the stone, in order to re-produce the most delicate outlines of the drawing, and to afford a great number of impressions. It must be able, therefore, to resist the acid with which the stone is moistened, without letting any of the greasy material which it contains escape.

The ink which has been described may be employed equally with the pen and brush, for writing, black-lead drawing, *aqua tinta*, mixed drawings, woodcuts, &c. When the ink is required for use, it must be rubbed down with water, till the shade be of requisite depth; the plate or slab upon which the ink is rubbed should be heated to a temperature of from 84° to 90° Fahr. As the ink rarely keeps in a liquid state for more than twenty-four hours, no more should be dissolved than is required for use at the time. The artistic work may be either executed at once on the stone, or it may be produced on paper, and transferred to the stone.

AUTOGRAPHIC PAPER.—The operation by which writing or drawing is transferred from paper to stone is termed autography; it not only presents a means of abridging labour, but also of reverting the writing or drawing into the direction in which they

were traced: whilst, if executed directly upon the stone, the impression given by it is inverted; hence a writing upon stone must be inverted from right to left to obtain direct impressions. By means of autographic paper and the transfer, proofs are obtained in the same direction with the writing and drawing, while the tedious and difficult task of reversed writing is avoided.

**AUTOGRAPHIC INK.**—This ink should be fatter and softer than that applied directly to the stone, in order that it may dry upon the paper, and still preserve sufficient viscosity to stick to the stone by mere pressure. The ink is composed of—

White soap . . . . .	100 parts.
White wax of best quality . . . . .	100 "
Mutton suet . . . . .	30 "
Shell-lac . . . . .	50 "
Mastic . . . . .	50 "
Lampblack . . . . .	30 or 35 "

These materials are to be melted in the same manner as described for the lithographic ink. It will be understood that if this page had been printed with an ink like the above, and if it was then turned face down on the lithographic stone, and a gentle rubbing pressure applied, that a copy of it would be obtained on the stone; and if a damp sponge was then passed over the stone, that all the inked parts, rejecting the acidulated water, would receive a greasy ink, which would not stain the parts of the stone covered with that fluid. Such is lithography.

Chromo-lithography, as the process of printing in colour from stone is termed, has not been long introduced, and, considering all the difficulties which surround the process, great progress has undoubtedly been made. It must not, however, be for one moment supposed that the art is perfect in all its details; the results obtained by a purely mechanical process are surprising, and we may confidently predict that in a few years pictures of the highest possible merit will be produced by those skillful lithographers to whose works we shall presently more particularly allude. It is first important to describe the process of chromo-lithography. A drawing of the subject in outline, on transfer tracing-paper, is made in the ordinary way; when transferred to a stone, this drawing is called the *keystone*, and it serves as a guide to all the others, for it must be transferred to as many different stones as there are colours in the subject: as many as between thirty and forty stones have been used in the production of one coloured print. The first stone required, generally for flat, local tints, is covered with lithographic ink where the parts are required to be of solid colour; the different gradations are produced by rubbing the stone with rubbing-stuff, or tint-ink, made of soap, shell-lac, &c. &c., and with a pointed lithographic chalk where necessary. The stone is then washed over with nitrous acid, and goes through the entire process described above. A roller charged with lithographic printing ink is then passed over it to ascertain if the drawing comes as desired, and the ink is immediately afterwards washed off with turpentine; if satisfactory, this stone is ready for printing, and is worked off in the requisite colour; the next stone undergoes the same process for another colour, and so with the rest, till the work is complete: it will of course be understood that before any single impression is finished, it will have to pass through as many separate printings as there are drawings on stones. The colours used in printing, we may add, are ground up with burnt linseed oil, termed *varnish*. Supposing we have any picture in colours which we desire to copy; there is first made a general drawing of the whole, then, with great care, this is dissected, all the parts which are red being marked out on one stone, all the parts which are blue on another stone, all the parts which are yellow on a third stone, and so on through any number of stones. It is as if with the utmost caution we had cut up the picture, so as to separate every colour, or gradation of colour, and yet so exactly that every section fits, and unites into a perfect whole. To place a drawing of the character of one of Turner's productions, 'The Polyphemus,' for example, in which the colours, and the blendings of the colours, are most irregular, and yet the whole effect is harmonious, is a task of no small difficulty; but when once this is effected satisfactorily—although each picture may require thirty printings—the result is thus obtained with

comparative ease. Each stone is of the same size, and they all fit with much exactness into the frame of the lithographic printing press. It will, we think, be easily understood, that if on the centre of the upper edge of the frame there is a needle-point, and two others on the lower edge of the frame, permanently fixed, there will be made three fine holes in the paper when it is placed on the press. This being done, if at each printing the needle-points are made to pass through the same holes, the most perfect "register" will be effected. Every part of the picture will match with every other part, and the finished result will, if successful, disguise the mechanical ingenuity by means of which the result has been obtained.

The chromo-lithographic artist must, to a certain extent, employ the same means to produce any given effect as the original artist has done. The painter has obtained what he conceives to be the most natural or artistic effect by certain combinations of colour, or certain contrasts of colour. Every one of these conditions must be secured by the artist on stone, before the facsimile desired can be produced; that effect which the artist has obtained by means of the brush and the palette are mechanically repeated by using many stones charged with the same colours as those with which the artist charged his brush. It will, we think, be evident to our readers that we are correct in calling this process an Art-manufacture, though it is an Art-manufacture of the highest order.

At the establishments of Messrs. Rowney & Co. and Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart, which we have visited, we could not but express our admiration at the perfect imitations of the original drawings which they were enabled to produce with the lithographic stone. We examined, with much care, many of their productions, and there was only one point by which we detected the differences between the work of the artist and the Art-manufacture. In any water-colour drawing we find the evident marks of the brush, by which effects have been produced, and there is certain arrangement of the lines, marking each man's work, which we have not seen *perfectly* imitated in any of the chromo-lithographs. At the same time it must be admitted, that the peculiarities of the artist's style are repeated in a very remarkable manner, and, in many cases, where the drawing and the chromo-lithograph have been mounted in the same manner, and similarly framed and glazed, it has not been possible, at the distance of a few feet, to pronounce with certainty which was the original or which the copy. In some pictures, of which chromo-lithographic copies have been obtained, the number of colours have been so great, that between thirty and forty stones have been required to produce the necessary effects. The extent to which this is carried may be judged of by the fact, that to produce the correct colour employed by the artist Hunt in his 'Bird's Nest,' to represent the eggs, no less than three printings, and therefore three stones, were required;—and the peculiar effects, which are so beautifully given by the same artist to the plums, in his 'Delicious Dessert,' in which the powdery "bloom" is singularly real, we find reproduced, with very great success, by the use of four different stones, printing in the order—first *blue*, then *red*, then *blue* again, and then *yellow*—and each colour is, as it were, stippled on the stone, so that the combined effect is very nearly that of nature. Those two pictures are produced by Messrs. Hanhart.

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have lately published the 'Polyphemus' of Turner; and, as a reproduction of that extraordinary work, it is in every way a wonderful production. The blazing sun which shoots its powerful rays through masses of vapouring clouds, pied with every prismatic tint, and reflecting those on the heaving waters beneath, so that we have air and ocean blending, in purple and gold, into one dazzling whole, is as near an approach to perfection as anything which has yet been produced by this method. Some years since, Messrs. Day & Co. produced, by the same process, the 'Blue Lights.' In each of these pictures there is the same kind of exaggeration, and a similar kind of truth, and in both the chromo-lithographer has caught the wildest peculiarities. We are disposed to think that with the experience which has been gained, during the few years which have past since the 'Blue Lights' was produced, a superior manipulation has been

gained, and the general aerial effect of the latter picture is superior to that of the former one, as the result of this more delicate handling. The greatest possible merit is due to the enterprising lithographers who have, with so much perseverance, brought chromo-lithography to its present state. The following remarks from the prospectus of Messrs. George Rowney & Co. are so much to the purpose that we copy them:—

"Chromo-lithography has recently become one of the most popular arts in this country, from its having been adopted as a means for multiplying copies of oil paintings and water-colour drawings; and so admirably is it adapted for this purpose, that not only is each colour and gradation of light and shade rendered with remarkable accuracy, but even the very texture of the paint and the rough surface of the paper is copied with strict fidelity. Now, although this latter process may seem to the casual observer to be a matter of little moment, it is, in reality, of the greatest importance to the truthful representation of an artist's work, which, without texture, is apt to appear tame and insipid.

"Beautiful as are many of the fine line and mezzo-tint engravings, and perfect as they undoubtedly are in light and shade, they must always fail to give an accurate idea of a painter's style, owing to the absence of the colour of the original work. And when it is considered that colour is one of the greatest charms of the English school, and that, in this respect, the British artist is unrivalled, it will be readily admitted that without this new process many fine works, if published, would lose half their interest by being divested of that quality which appeals most directly to the eye, and produces that sense of pleasurable emotion so desirable when contemplating works of Art. It is, therefore, with considerable satisfaction that the publishers of this series of prints contemplate the success of their experiments in this new art. They were the first to perceive its capabilities, and they succeeded in developing its qualities, in despite of a strong amount of prejudice and opposition. They have worked steadily on, with one fixed object—that of producing facsimiles of good drawings, at such a moderate price as would bring them within the means of the public generally; hoping by this means to foster the love and appreciation of the Fine Arts, and to aid in some measure the spread of Art-education, the importance of which is now universally acknowledged. As manufacturers, in matters of taste, the English may be said to be behind many of their neighbours; but certainly no nation possesses artists more capable of rectifying the deficiency, and that in the best and simplest manner—namely, by example. But it is equally essential that the public should be able to discriminate between the really good and the mediocre; and nothing is more likely to tend to that desirable result than the constant contemplation of good works of Art. The eye by such means becomes insensibly tutored to observe and admire that which is beautiful and harmonious, and to reject those objects which are offensive to good taste."

Messrs. Rowney & Co. have produced, and are producing, copies of some of the best works of Turner, of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Lance, of Hunt, of Prout, and others. Messrs. Hanhart have also choice examples of the works of Stanfield, of Roberts, of Cooper, of Harding, of Richardson, of Holland. In those chromo-lithographic productions there is, as in the line engraving, many degrees of excellence, these depending, in one case as in the other, on the feeling of the artist on stone for the work which he may be employed to copy. The Wetterhorn and the Castle of Isenberg, from Richardson, and a scene on the Calabrian coast, from Rowbotham, appeared to possess the highest excellences. These were the productions of the presses of Messrs. M. and N. Hanhart. We still think, however, that it is quite practical to secure more of that softening influence of air, called, as it appears, not quite correctly, aerial perspective, than they have yet obtained. The 'Choice Fruit,' after Lauce, and the 'Choice Dessert,' after Hunt, from the same establishment, leaves little to be desired. It is difficult, amongst the numerous productions of Messrs. George Rowney & Co., to particularize those possessing the highest degrees of excellence. We have already spoken of the Polyphemus of Turner. We have before us the 'Crossing the Ford,' after Mul-

ready, and 'The Canal of the Guidecca, and Church of the Jesuits, Venice,' after Stanfield, which are, as reproductions, neither more nor less than beautiful. The water of the canal, the blending of the distant hills, with the heavy cumuli which rise from the Adriatic, are, as artistic effects, triumphs in the original picture, and they are no less triumphs in the mechanical copy. The warmth of colouring in the chromo-lithograph after Mulready is preserved in a remarkable manner. A 'Sketch of St. Paul's,' after Dodgson, shows as perfectly as anything we have seen how completely the difficulties of printing air, smoke, or mist from a stone may be overcome.\*

## LAST HOURS OF THE PAINTERS.

BY G. WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE AT HOME AND ABROAD," ETC.

### NO. 1.—BRAUWER IN THE ANTWERP HOSPITAL.†

#### SCENE I.

*The Hospital Reception-room. The old HOUSE-SURGEON, in spectacles, is reading the entries of the last night from the Reception-book.*

*Surgeon (reads).* "Dirk Guelders, brought in from the *Sedan Chair Tavern*, incised wound of head." Drunken brawl, I suppose. But where is that name the great painter, Peter Paul Rubens, came here the other day hoping to find. "Floris," "Vanderpot." No. Yes! here it is, I declare. "*Adrian Brauwer*, in a state of collapse, apparently produced by long indulgence in vice and unceasing drinking, found near the glasshouse furnaces. Pulse low—scarcely audible; stertorous snore—almost apoplectic; since, on tonics being administered, feverish and delirious." Bad, bad!—no hope for the poor vagabond painter, though he is the friend of Herr Rubens, and Hals's old pupil, as somebody said. This comes of your beer-drinking and smoking, and of the sottish boors you spent your foolish life drawing.—Dear me! dear me! where have I been and put my spectacles to?—I must go and look after the poor scoundrel who has sold himself to the devil, and never got his wages. It will look well with Herr Rubens, who is a man of mark and influence, and will be talked of as a deed of charity, and will—will—extend my practice—not that I do it for that. I'll just quill up my ruff a little first, and roll out my hand-strings, and get Catherine to rub my gold-headed cane with a little rouge—I know the little puss won't have far to go for that plate-powder! And just a thimble full of Curaçoa, to prevent infection, for one does not know where these tramping fellows have been lying,—and then to charity. Thank Heaven! although I am old, and just a little bald, my heart is in the right place. Let me see. One ducatoon yesterday from Burgomaster Lieben; one from Frau Katsen. The money comes in—it comes in; but then, what with the taxes, the almsbox, and—

*[Goes out, counting on his fingers.]*

#### SCENE II.

*Ward No. 4. BRAUWER sitting up in bed, trying to sketch the man next him.*

*Brauwer.* "We are the salt of the earth," quotha; that is what seemed written all over him. "Yes; and the pepper too," thought I; for I heard that same smooth-faced fellow of a chaplain flyblow a dozen good men's names yesterday while talking with the house-doctor in the window-seat for half an hour, only just after he had shut the Bible to, and marked his place—"Do as men should do unto you"—with a lavender stalk, taken from the blue and red china bowl on the side table. "Be merciful, even as your Father in heaven is merciful;" that is another of the chapters where the good man's lavender stalk goes—the lavender stalk, that pays you for pinching it by smelling all the sweeter. There, that lavender is the true Christian! When Rubens squeezed me, and gave me one of his sour, proud looks, I rammed my foot through my canvas of "The Tavern Feast," and went off to the canal boat whistling. Was I a pet dog, to be stroked quiet when I chose to show my teeth? I am not one of your lavender-stalk men. When you squeeze me, I give out no pleasant oil, but poison, for the squeezer.—But, thank Heaven, no one can say I am a hypocrite. You fellow in black there, bring me a stoup of Burgundy. You shake your head? A flask of sherry? No? Well, then, a tankard of miserably beer, for my throat is redhot; and if the burning once smoulder down to my heart, you'll have no more Brauwer to paint you boors up to their knees in torn cards, surgeons dressing a knife cut, or jolly toppers fighting in a heap on the tavern floor. Why don't you go? I have no money *(searches his coat, which lies on his bed, eagerly)*—no, not a stiver; and all the gold buttons I cut off to pay the drunken rascal of a bailiff at Paris to let me off; but I'll paint you that fellow with the red garb round his yellow skull forehead in the fourth bed in my row. Yes—yes I will. Go—go for the liquor! He does not go. Fling a pillow at him, you No. 6, with the red spots on your face; you are nearest. Why does not No. 7 hit him with his fist? he is close by.—Oh! No. 7 is dead—under the sheet. Very well. I beg Van Undertaker's pardon; I should be sorry to disturb him.

No. 6. Be quiet, No. 1; the fever is on you: that is not the doorkeeper; that is only the Doctor's black cloak hung up while he goes round the next ward.

No. 2. Can't you let us sleep, No. 1. It is very hard poor sick men can't be let sleep; and all for a drunken madman picked up in the streets.

*Brauwer.* Take care, you skeleton in sheep's clothing, or I'll throttle you before the Doctor can come. If I was picked up in the street, I wasn't born there, like you. Take care, or I'll paint you as a devil in my next picture for the Duke d'Arenberg. Why, you are only fit to sit as a model for Lazarus at the Rich Man's Gate. You have the sores of Lazarus and the bad heart of Dives, you scoundrel, you! What business have they to put you next to an unfortunate great man's bed, whose shoes you are not fit even to black. Grumble away! Say a word more, and I'll fling this bottle of leeches at you, you pickle-herring, you saucy matchseller, you. I have seen better men than you hung before this.—That pain in my temple again! Where am I? Landlord! another flagon of canary; that'll make three. More lights. Another chair for the great Peter Paul Rubens.—If that rogue of a dealer will not give a hundred ducatoons for "The Skittle Players," bring it back—D'ye hear?—and I'll ram it with my foot into the stove fire. "Too cold in colour," says he. Well, that will warm it. Be going, or I'll toss the mug at thee! Don't bandy words with the great Dutch painter.

No. 6. His head wanders. This drunken glazier is the curse of the ward.

*Brauwer.* Here! bring my colour-box, Dirk, and the golden amber oil in the dusty schiedam bottle over the fireplace, and my hogs' brushes that I have worn into shape, and my mahogany shield with the ring of the rainbow in it. There it is!—under the bed of that quiet fool, who will keep his shaved head under the sheet; and my heavy maulstick, that I should have knocked old Hals down with when he kept me locked up, without beer or meat, in that filthy garret, where you could hear the fleas, and the rats nibbled at you by daylight. Faugh! How glad I was to burst out into the blue air, and get to the good taverns of Amsterdam! St. Didymus! didn't I leap for joy to see a picture of mine in a dealer's window. There, that is the sketch I began on the ale-barrel last night when I drew the landlord on the wainscoat with the redhot poker, when some one touched my poorsick brain with fire, and sent me here on a shutter. I could hear them saying, "Dead drunk; dead drunk!" like a funeral service, over me; but I knew the way to trick them, and save coach hire. I am not the green gosling fool that I was when Ostade let me out of that cursed garret of Hals's. Not I. Now for fame! Fill the glass again; froth in snow flowers: that's good! Shake that quiet fellow at No. 7 up; I want to immortalise him.

No. 6. Death has done that already. Draw me. You can leave out where they put the blister.

*Brauwer.* A merry fellow. Now I like that; but don't joke me about death. That is the way the Doctor talks. "Black fever," then shakes his head like a rattlesnake; "third stage; it is no use giving that man any more medicine."—"I know it," I said; give me brandy—*agua vite*. Let me swim in it—brandy; and look here—a long clean pipe—I don't like your foul pipe; it makes me ill. My stomach is not as strong as it was; what though I have a splendid constitution, and a chest *(strikes it and laughs. Sings)*—

The white rose-clouds were all in flower  
Up in the wandering blue,  
And in between the bursts of sun  
The lark, rejoicing, flew.

O that won't do, that is Isey's song.—Now, No. 6, as you have been civil, I'll sketch you a Cuyp. Squeeze me out some vermilion, ivory black, ochres, and blues. Thank you. Now then *(pretends to paint on his coverlet)*. We'll soak it in sunshine after: I have the glaze here in this bottle; it's all a trick, and is done with a certain sort of a brush. Haven't I caught the viper critic cant! There, didn't I tell you! Gentleman in scarlet cloak, holding a black horse—red cow patched with white, and a wine-coloured bull—boy fishing in a canal under some pollard willows. I know the trees, close to Haerlem, where I used to paint the handkerchiefs with flowers for my mother to sell. I was happy then: the devil wine hadn't taken me by the hand then! I can do any style: yellow tan dogs pulling at a wild boar's ear—that is Snyders. Both's white horse; Teniers' grey men in red caps, playing at bowls; Ostade, with his golden gloom—all learnt from me—chaldrons bright as plate—cabbages, curling and crinkling—canal boats with umbery sails swollen with wind—foggy sunset, as over the 'dunes,' half dull smoky red, half red burnished to polished ruby, kindling in threads and bars of fire. Bless you, I know all their tricks! Flowers, too, Guelder roses like puffs of snow—poppies burning to a black core—gilt sunflowers—hollyhocks in rosettes—the lily's silver cup—the violet, orange, as I am, at heart, and so on. I think I shall give up my painting now, and go over to the bleaching ground outside the wall—though I never see the clean linen without longing to begin to paint on it, and

\* A notice of several of these chromo-lithographic prints will be found under the head of "Reviews" in the present number of the *Art-Journal*.—Ed. A. J.

† ADRIAN BRAUWER, one of the most celebrated of the Dutch genre painters of the Teniers and Ostade school, was the son of poor parents, and born at Haerlem or Oudenarde—biographers dispute which. He was found by Frank Hals painting handkerchiefs for his mother to sell, and was taken by the painter and educated in his studio; but treated so cruelly that, by the help of his fellow pupil, Ostade, he escaped to Amsterdam, where, to his delight, he found the dealers' windows full of his pictures. Here, no longer a "milk cow" to the miser Hals, Brauwer plunged into low vice, painting merely to earn money for tavern feasts, and always idle or drunken. The rest of his life was Bohemian enough. He got imprisoned at Antwerp, and was released by the intercession of Rubens, who received him into his house and treated him as a brother. But the severe regimen of refined life is as unbearable to the Bohemian as a bedroom roofed in to an Arab chief. Again he plunged into the mud bath, and only reappeared to return and die in the Antwerp Hospital. Rubens put up a monument to this Morland of Holland.