

keep my eyes open I'll stay where I am, if you please." And O'Carroll was as good as his word: hour after hour he sat there, as we rushed on up and down the watery hills through the pitchy darkness—it was indeed a long, long night. Though we had eaten nothing since the hurricane came on, we were all of us rather weary than hungry. As for sleepiness, that was very far from any one. When compelled to rest, we could employ our thoughts in little else than wishing for daylight, and hoping that the storm would soon cease. It was a relief to be called on to pump or bale, for the increasing leaks required three of us at a time to be actively engaged in both operations. But I am wrong in saying that I could think of nothing except my own fearful peril. Frequently I thought of my dear mother and other loved ones at home. The thought gave me comfort and courage, and cheered me up through the horrors of the night. Daylight came at last, and revealed the tumultuous ocean on every side, but not a speck of land was visible. Trundle was the first to exclaim that he was hungry; but to light a fire was almost impossible, and even Jacotot could not have cooked by it had it been lighted. We managed, however, to serve out some bread and the old Frenchman's fruit to all hands, and then we had to turn to and clear the craft of water, which was finding its way in through every seam. It seemed scarcely possible that she could float much longer, should the hurricane continue, with the violent working to which we were exposed. Had we been stationary, the tempest would have passed over us; but driven along with it, we had for a much longer time to endure its fury. It seemed, indeed, surprising that the boat should have floated so long. As far as we depended, indeed, on our own exertions, the most careful steering could alone have saved us. We had been longing for daylight; now that it had come, the dangers of our condition appeared more evident, and we almost wished again for night. We could not calculate, either, in what direction we were being driven, but we feared it might be where rocks and coral banks and islets abound, and that at any moment we might be hurled on one of them. O'Carroll still sat at his post. I asked if he did not feel tired. "May be, but till the gale is over, here I'll stick," he answered. "And sure it's as pretty a sample of a hurricane as any of you'll be after wishing to see for many a day to come."

At length, towards noon, the wind began to fall, and in a very short time, though it still blew hard, and the sea ran almost as high as before, and was consequently as dangerous, it was evident that the hurricane was over. Our hopes revived. Still we were obliged to run on before the wind; and to avoid the danger of being pooped by the quickly-following sea, we had to hoist more of our sail: indeed, we now dreaded not having wind enough to avoid the sea. Thus passed the day, and before nightfall we were rolling on a tolerably smooth swell with a moderate breeze. Still we had to exert ourselves as before to keep the boat afloat. The moment, however, that one of us was relieved at the pump or baling bucket, he dropped off to sleep. I was afraid, indeed, at first, that we should all go to sleep together. Nothing, indeed, for some hours could rouse up the two boys. My young brother and Trundle were, however, after a short snooze, as lively as ever, and as merry too. Midshipmen-like, they did not seem to trouble themselves about the future. I, however, still felt very anxious about it. The Southern Cross and many another bright constellation not long familiar to my eyes were shining forth in the clear sky. Had we

known our position, even though we had no compass, we might have shaped a course for the Mauritius. We calculated that we had been driven two hundred miles away from it in the direction of the equator. Should we steer south we were as likely to miss as to find it. We proposed, therefore, to steer to the west, knowing that we must thus reach some part of the coast of Madagascar, where the English had at that time a fort and a garrison. "But we must have our craft rigged before we talk of the course we'll steer," observed O'Carroll, who at that moment awoke from a long sleep. With the morning light we set to work to fit a mainmast, and to rig the boat as best we could. There was a light breeze, but as it was from the west we lay without any canvas set.

While all hands were busily employed fitting the rigging, I looked up and saw a brig under all sail approaching us at no great distance. Beyond her was another vessel, a ship—I pointed her out. O'Carroll took the telescope.

"She's an English vessel chased by an enemy," he observed. "She'll not stop to help us, so the closer we lie the better." He kept after this continually taking up the glass for some time, when suddenly he exclaimed, "As I'm an Irishman, it's that villain La Roche again."

His countenance fell as he spoke. He handed me the glass—I took a steady look at the ship and had little doubt that it was our old antagonist the Mignonne in sight.

#### AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.\*

THE protracted wars which terminated with the Battle of Waterloo closed almost the whole continent of Europe against international communication. Especially had Englishmen been shut out from countries that were known only by report to almost the whole of one generation. But with the return of peace they rushed to the continent to visit the cities, towns, and plains which the records of the war had rendered famous, or to make the personal acquaintance of those places whose names are associated with the histories of past ages or with art in its various phases. The commercial spirit of our countrymen, long restrained within comparatively narrow limits by the belligerent state of Europe, was roused by degrees into unwonted activity, and as the wealth of England increased, so in proportion did the desire to possess those acquisitions which are considered to be the evidences of affluence and refined taste. Men who had visited the picture-galleries, both public and private, of France, Italy, Holland, and Belgium, were eager to emulate the owners of these, so far as their means would allow them, however little they knew of the value of pictures, and how incapable soever they were to estimate the true merits of art.

It is an axiom of trade and commerce that the supply of an article is generally regulated by the demand for it, and the remark has been found to apply to art-matters equally as to others. Artists have multiplied wonderfully during the last quarter of a century, or longer, because their works have been demanded; but at the time to which allusion has just been made, the British

\* At one of the recent meetings of the British Association in the Midland Counties, there was an exhibition of pictures lent by the various proprietors in the district. The number of works by "the old masters" in that collection was astounding! Suffice it to say that the catalogue was not prepared by Mr. Scharf or Dr. Waagen. Having no wish to disturb the satisfaction of the rich manufacturers who think they possess such treasures of art, we do not refer in detail to that exhibition, but, as a warning to others, we allow one who is well known in art-circles to reveal some of the mysteries of picture-dealing.

School of Painting found comparatively little favour among collectors, the *prestige* of the "old masters" far outweighing any merits our own artists possessed. Hence arose the desire of acquiring specimens of those painters which Italy, Spain, France, and the Low Countries had produced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the early part of the eighteenth century in particular. But genuine examples of Raffaele, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Rubens, Teniers, and other great painters, were not readily procurable; their owners, as a rule, kept them safely in their own galleries or cabinets, and so continental dealers employed artists to copy such original pictures as they could gain access to, and to imitate the style and subject where they could not copy.

To give new work all the appearance of old is not a difficult process to the initiated; age and "mellowness," to adopt an artistic term, are easily produced by submitting the face of the picture to the action of smoke and the application of stained varnishes; and even the new canvas, where such has been used, has been made to undergo such transformation as to defy the investigation of an inexperienced eye. The safest plan, however, and that most frequently adopted, was to employ old canvas; that is, canvas on which some miserable daub had been painted in years long gone by, over which the copyist painted another picture after one of the great masters.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of the traffic in foreign pictures when I state that from the year 1833 to 1850, both inclusive, more than 188,000 of these works were imported into England from various parts of the continent. This statement is made from the returns given by the Custom House authorities of pictures entered for the payment of duty. The average of these eighteen years gives about 10,400 annually brought into England.

One naturally inquires—"What was done with them all?" The majority found their way into the hands of dealers, and into those of auctioneers in large provincial towns, whence they finally found a resting-place, as "furniture pictures"—so the real *cognoscenti* termed them—in the houses of wealthy merchants and prosperous tradesmen. Not a few, however, "adorned" the galleries of noblemen and country gentlemen, under the impression that they possessed genuine specimens. In process of time, when the press had opened the eyes of the public to the impositions practised, and a taste for collecting English pictures had superseded that for the acquisition of "old masters," the owners of the latter discarded to a great extent their once coveted treasures, which were exported by thousands to America and the colonies of Great Britain. A Californian paper that came into my hands very recently, contained an advertisement of an exhibition opened there, among which figured conspicuously works by the most honoured names known in ancient art.

I have stated that a very large number of imported pictures get into the possession of dealers and auctioneers; there were many, however, which were purchased abroad by our travelling fellow-countrymen, who, aspiring to a knowledge of art and professing connoisseurship, were constantly on the look-out for bargains, with which the foreign dealer, who had learned in time to know what suited the taste of English amateurs, was able to supply them. I will relate an anecdote by way of illustration. A wealthy gentleman, who had expended thousands of pounds on the continent in the purchase of paintings, was showing his collection to an artist who had recently returned from Italy. Having examined together a considerable number of pictures, the eye of the painter

rested on a rich "old" canvas, much to the delight of his host, who exclaimed with glee, "Yes, you are quite right, that's a beautiful work; the gem of my collection." The artist continued his examination, and his companion observed, "I'm glad you like it; a most beautiful work." The painter bowed. "It is the best I have;" followed by another bow. "But what do you mean by this?" exclaimed the owner in some surprise. "I only thank you for the compliments you pay me," was the reply. "I painted that picture, and only wonder to find it here, and so well disguised. I left it with my landlady at Rome; and if you can get at the back of the canvas, you will find my name legibly in red paint at the top, on the right-hand corner." The countenance of the collector immediately fell; search was made at once for the signature, and it was found as described.

A young artist with whom I was acquainted some years ago, related to me a very similar incident. A nobleman well known in the art-world for his extensive picture gallery, conducted him through the rooms, and in so doing stopped before a canvas and expatiated on the merits of the work bearing the name of an old painter of high repute, and which his lordship said he had just bought of a dealer for a large sum. The young man uttered some commonplace eulogistic phrase, "for I was afraid to say much about it," he remarked, when relating the anecdote to me, "the fact being," he continued, "that I painted the picture for the very man who sold it to Lord ——. He had the original in his own possession, and asked me to make a copy of it for himself; this copy he sold as the original, and the latter he retained, to dispose of, in all probability, to some other dupe, titled or untitled."

A case has been reported in the *Times* newspaper very recently, which shows the worthlessness of many a picture-gallery assumed to be of great value. An English merchant, named Gower, died lately at Marseilles, bequeathing his paintings, which numbered 400, and numerous assumed ancient bronzes, to the Corporation of Liverpool, on condition that a suitable building should be erected for their reception. But the merchants and wealthy traders of that great place of commerce have been made wise by bitter experience in matters relating to art; and, before committing themselves to the acceptance of the gift, they sent a competent deputation to examine the works, the result of which was the entire rejection of the whole as not worth the cost of removal to Liverpool. The average value set on each painting was less than five pounds; and the bronzes were pronounced to be modern imitations, of the most ordinary manufacture.

The enormous profits made by unprincipled dealers, when the trade of forgeries was at its zenith, require an illustration, as in the following. One of these gentlemen, who lived in good style, and kept his carriage and livery-servants, bought for £40 a good picture, by C. Decker, a clever Dutch landscape-painter, who lived in the seventeenth century, and whose style bore some resemblance to that of Jacob Ruysdael, one of the greatest landscape painters of the Low Countries. The dealer procured the assistance of an artist then in comparative obscurity, but whose works have since realised large prices, to "touch it up," and to introduce into it two figures copied from one of Ruysdael's pictures, whose monogram was inserted on the canvas instead of Decker's, which it had previously borne. The painting was then sold as an original of Ruysdael, to a friend of the late Lord Farnborough, and on his recommendation, for his lordship was a distinguished collector. The price paid by the purchaser for his acquisition was 480 guineas;

the abettor of the fraud receiving 12 guineas for his labour of retouching and altering.

The works of Canaletto, of Venice, have always been favourite pictures of English collectors. He lived, it is stated, some time in England, and died exactly a century ago, leaving behind an immense number of paintings, chiefly views in Venice and Rome, as the fruits of his industry. No collection, however small, was considered complete without a pair, at least, of Canalettos, and the demand for them was so extensive that to supply it was a difficulty not readily surmountable. It did not, however, prove beyond the reach of ingenuity. There was a house standing not many years since—it probably still exists—near the bridge at Richmond, which I and others who were acquainted with the secret knew as the “Canaletto Manufactory,” the name it had received from the initiated. There “Canalettos” were produced by hundreds, figuring in picture-sales for years all over the country.

Cuyp, the famous Dutch painter of cattle, is another whose works have always been coveted in England, and, consequently, have been extensively forged. An artist, who was much employed by a dealer in this kind of work, was waited upon by another dealer for the purpose of giving him a commission to copy some pictures of a different kind. On his entering the studio he noticed on an easel a beautiful little picture, an original by Cuyp, of some cattle in a meadow. “Will you sell me that picture?” inquires the visitor. “Which?” replied the painter, who at the moment was looking another way, and did not observe to which painting allusion had been made. “This, that stands on the easel.” “Oh, no,” was the rejoinder, “it does not belong to me; and, besides, I call that my ‘milch cow.’” “Milch cow! why, what do you mean? there are cows and a bull in it.” “Just so; yet it has proved my milch cow, for I have drawn abundant sustenance from it, and you will understand this when I tell you I have copied it and recopied it till I almost know it by heart.”

One of the most ingenious and remarkable instances of picture-forging I ever heard of was told me some years ago by a person on whose veracity I always placed the utmost dependence, and who was well known by dealers and restorers. A gentleman in Amsterdam was in possession of a valuable painting by one of the great Dutch masters. It had been in his family almost, if not altogether, from the time it had left the artist's studio; and the seals of its successive owners were affixed to the back of the panel on which it was painted. The picture had become much discoloured from age and accumulated dirt. The owner, though often pressed to submit it to the cleaning process, for a long time steadily refused to let it go out of his hands, as he had often heard of the tricks practised in the trade. He was at length persuaded by a dealer, who had considerable influence with him, and in whose honesty he had perfect faith, to send it to London for restoration. When this was effected, a picture was returned to the proprietor, who expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the improved appearance of the painting. About a year afterwards a gentleman from London was in Amsterdam, and, for some purpose or other, paid a visit to the Dutchman. While in conversation with him, his attention was arrested by the picture in question; and, addressing the owner, he remarked,—“Pardon me; you have a fine painting there: bought very recently in London, I presume?” “Oh, no; it has been in my family for more than a century and a-half.” “Impossible,” said the other, examining it attentively; “I have seen it more than once within the last few weeks at the house

of Mr. —, only it appears to be much brighter than when I saw it.” The Dutchman's suspicions were immediately aroused, and without delay he set on foot an inquiry into the whole matter, the result of which was the discovery that the painting returned to him was only a copy of his own. The fraud had been effected in the following manner. While the original was in the restorer's hands, he had it copied by a skilful artist. The next thing was to get over the difficulty of the sealed panel; this was accomplished by the aid of a clever mechanic, who neatly sawed off the painted surface of the old panel which he transferred to another for his employer, and fixed the copy to the sealed panel of the Amsterdam collector; who, recognising the heraldic bearings of the family as usual, had no idea of the deception practised on him. Of course, the “restorer” had to make “restoration,” and, to avoid public exposure, sent the copy without delay to the gentleman on whom he had imposed.

The rage in England for collecting “old masters” ceased comparatively about twenty years ago; and those who could afford to buy pictures sought for them in the works of British artists. It will naturally be assumed that frauds are not easily perpetrated in the country where the painters are living, or but recently deceased; yet forgeries of such kind are constantly finding their way into the market. Several living artists I could name whose works have been extensively copied, and the copies disposed of as originals. It happened that on two separate occasions which occur to me at this moment, I was present when two artists, both of them Royal Academicians, were asked to identify certain pictures as their own productions. In one case a water-colour drawing was submitted to the artist to whom it was attributed: he looked at it for some time very carefully, and then declared himself totally unable to determine its genuineness. The other instance was that of an oil picture of rather large dimensions; the subject historical. The painter, whose monogram was upon the work, examined it very closely, and decided that it was a true picture. The person in whose possession it was had great doubts as to its authenticity, and entreated the artist to give it further attention. After another careful scrutiny, he suddenly exclaimed, “No! it is not mine,” and pointing to a certain part of the costume of one of the figures, continued, “I never could have painted a bit of drapery in that style.”

The subject of picture-forgeries is one upon which I could dilate till, possibly, the reader would become wearied. The story of picture auctions, too, is one full of amusing incidents, though of worse than questionable commercial morality. Buyers of pictures should, to avoid counterfeits, either purchase from the various public galleries which are open annually with new works—that is, works not previously exhibited—or they should apply to the first-class dealers, of whom there are in London and elsewhere several whose names are a guarantee against imposition.

Sculpture, from the cost of material, and the difficulties attending its execution, is less exposed to frauds than painting; yet the records of art supply instances of such imitative productions, though not always with a dishonest intent. Michael Angelo is said to have executed, when about twenty-one years of age, for a gentleman of Milan, named Balthasar, a statue of Cupid, sculptured with such grace and finish that it was suggested it would readily pass for an antique, if a slight appearance of age were imparted to its surface. Balthasar, it is added by Vasari, the biographer of the

old Italian painters, who was Michael Angelo's contemporary, "acted on the hint, and then sent the statue to Rome, where it was sold as an antique work to the Cardinal Giorgio di Riario, who valued himself on his connoisseurship. His eminence had not long rejoiced in his acquisition, when rumours of the real truth became current; and, impelled by curiosity and mortified vanity, he employed an agent at Florence, where the sculptor resided, to see the reputed artist, and not only to inquire into the facts, but to ascertain, by an inspection of his works, whether he "was capable of producing so beautiful a figure."\* The issue of the inquiry resulted in Michael Angelo being invited to Rome as the Cardinal's guest, especially when the latter found the sculptor had been no party to the fraud practised on him. This incident laid the foundation of Angelo's future fortunes.

At the commencement of the present year some of the Paris journals which take art into consideration, found materials for discussion in the subject of a bust, recently acquired by the French Government at a cost of £540, and now in the Louvre. It was presumed to be that of the Florentine poet, Benivieni, and executed in the fifteenth century, but by whom no one could even guess. The Italians claimed it as the work of one of their countrymen, the sculptor Bastianini, of Florence, who is still alive. He executed it, they allege, for a Signor Treppa, a dealer in antiquities and objects of *vertù*, who sold it to M. de Nolivos, through whom it passed into the hands of the French Government. The investigation into the matter which has been instituted, leaves the authenticity of the work still doubtful, though the French authorities will not, as might be expected, admit that they have been deceived in mistaking a modern work of art for one of ancient date.

The practice of artists, painters more especially, repeating their pictures is to be deprecated. It opens the door to fraud by throwing into the hands of the public duplicates, which after a time may be multiplied. And when it is known that an artist has produced more than one picture of the same subject, the difficulty of identification in the future is greatly increased.

## THE MIDNIGHT SKY AT LONDON.

AUGUST.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, F.R.A.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

No one can view the heavens with the naked eye for any length of time, without noticing that the colour of the principal stars is not the same, but that many are white, or bluish white, some yellowish, and others red. These different tints arise most probably from the materials of which the envelopes, or photospheres, of the various stars are composed. If, however, we wish to examine this subject minutely, the telescopic observation of double stars will enable us to view, in the highest perfection, the brilliant contrasting colours exhibited by several of these interesting and popular objects. With the unassisted eye, the variation in colour of the brightest stars is very distinctly marked, especially in the white stars Sirius, Alpherat, Vega, Deneb, and Regulus; the yellow, or pale orange stars, Rigel, Procyon, Polaris, Kocab, and Altair; the orange-red Betelgeuse and Pollux; and the red stars Aldebaran, Antares, Arcturus, and Fomalhaut. The only colours mentioned by the ancients, whose experience in stellar observation was solely derived from unaided vision, were white and red. Some of these anciently-recorded

colours of the stars do not, however, agree with the colours of the same stars at the present day, which leads us to suppose that some physical change has taken place in the constitution of their external envelopes. We alluded in February to the probable change of the colour of Sirius from red to white since the days of Ptolemy, who also included Pollux and Betelgeuse among his list of fiery-red stars. The change of colour has, however, not been so decided in Pollux and Betelgeuse as in Sirius, for Pollux and Betelgeuse have still a rosy tint, although it is too faint to take them out of the class of orange-coloured objects. Mariotte, in 1686, in his treatise on "Colours," was the first person who made any mention of blue stars. He considered that the origin of blue stars was owing to "their freedom from exhalations as well as from their less intrinsic brightness." True blue single stars are not, however, common, but bluish white are plentiful enough. Mr. Dunlop, observer at the late Sir Thomas Brisbane's Observatory, Parramatta, New South Wales, noticed a stellar mass, in which every member was blue, and also a bluish nebulosity. Nothing of a similar kind has been seen in the northern hemisphere. But several of the components of the double stars are blue, and in a few cases both have a bluish tinge. Small stars of different colours are occasionally massed together in multiple stars, as in that beautiful stellar group near Kappa Crucis (the Southern Cross), in which are congregated more than a hundred stars of various colours, red, green, blue, and bluish green, giving the appearance, when viewed through a powerful telescope, of a superb collection of fancy jewellery.

But notwithstanding the brilliancy of colour in these magnificently variegated minute objects, scattered here and there in both hemispheres, the principal observations on the colour of stars have been made on the various tints exhibited by double stars, in which the colours are generally complementary. Usually, the larger star is of a yellow, or orange colour, and the smaller one green, or bluish white, but among these objects there is no shade of colour contained in the solar spectrum, which is not also represented in some one of these double stars. Admiral Smyth, in his "Sidereal Chromatics," has given a list of 109 double stars, with the colours of each pair, as observed by himself at two epochs, separated by several years, and also by M. Sestini, an Italian astronomer. The estimations in different years generally agree with each other, but in a few cases an actual change of colour has been suspected, especially in 95 Herculis, in which both components are of the fifth magnitude. The change in the colours of this double star is so very curious, that it may be interesting to record here the details of the observed variations in the colours of the two components, A and B, as exhibited by Professor C. P. Smyth. The observations were made by different observers between the years 1828 and 1862. In 1828 the component A was yellow; from that it passed to greyish, then successively to yellowish, with a blue tinge, greenish, light green, light apple green, "astonishing yellow green," and, finally, to yellow again. B in the same time passed from yellow to greyish, then successively to yellowish with a reddish tinge, reddish, cherry red, "egregious red," and, finally, to yellow again. It was the opinion of Admiral Smyth, whose experience was very great in this class of amateur astronomical work, that this star is a decided instance of sidereal colour-changing. It is proper, however, to remark that the Astronomer Royal has suggested, with good reason, that the simultaneous change in the colours

\* Harford's "Life of Michael Angelo."