

SCRAPS
FROM
AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

BY SELIM ROTHWELL.



very truly
S. H. Russell

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL SKETCHES IN ROME, FLORENCE, AND VENICE.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. GREER, PENDLETON.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Letters, under the title of "Scraps from an Artist's Sketch Book," were written during a recent tour in Italy, and are now republished at the request of many esteemed friends, who read them with some interest in the local paper in which they originally appeared, though they certainly would never have been re-issued in their present form had it not been through their solicitation, since the letters can boast of no literary merit, being merely the impressions created by a picturesque view of the various scenes observed.

The least artistic mind could scarcely see Rome, Florence, and Venice, without feeling some of the poetic influences of these great cities of the past. The succession of daily work for the pencil left little time for the exercise of the pen; the sketches to be

INTRODUCTION.

brought home for future work were produced in water-colours, whilst these Scraps were worked out with midnight oil, daylight being too precious to allow of the pencil being idle.

The illustrations, which have been photographed from original drawings and sketches made on the spot, will, it is hoped, give an additional interest to the work. With this explanation these Scraps are offered as a *souvenir* to my friends, who have looked so kindly on my efforts to obtain a place in the world of art, though with no claim to the use of the pen except as a sketcher.

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THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI DEI FLORENTINI, ROME.

SCRAPS FROM
AN ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

ROME.—No. I.

PERHAPS there is no city in the world, at this season of the year, that has a more healthy, invigorating effect upon the mind than Rome. Looking at it from an artist's point of view, though old as the Seven Hills which surround it, there is still a freshness in its influences, which gives an elasticity and a youthful feeling of delight that are never experienced in other great cities. In these there is often a weariness and a dulness which it is impossible to shake off; here the succession of the greatest efforts of art in sculpture, painting, and especially architecture, is so constantly seen—many of them beautiful in their decay—that a new pleasure is ever with you, and it is only with the close of day that you cease to admire the wondrous treasures. Arriving here on the 3rd May,

we were met at the railway station by a friend who had secured rooms in the Via Sistina, and were soon introduced to a circle of English, German, and American artists at the celebrated Caffè Greco, where artists "most do congregate." This social haunt was at our last visit, some seven years ago, more frequently attended by many great men in the world of art, where they might be seen enjoying their cup of coffee—the late John Gibson, R.A., being a frequent visitor. Of course each school had its appointed place for the meeting of friends in the caffè; the English portion was called the omnibus, from the length of the room; next came the German, and then the French; all being able to mix and converse who spoke any language mutually understood. Now there has been established an Artists' International Club, and here we were introduced on Saturday evening last, in order to obtain information upon the annual gathering, to be held on the Monday, at a place called the Magliana, about five miles from Rome. From the

quiet street we entered a vast lobby, provided with hat and cloak rooms, and ascended the staircase, passing the billiard room, and were ushered into a large hall, decorated with very clever scenic pictures of events which had made former festivals memorable. The Committee who had undertaken the arrangements for the procession to start at eleven o'clock on Monday morning were completing their work. The crowds in this and the adjoining hall were all discussing the prospects of a fine day, this being an item that cannot well be left out, when all are expected to deck themselves in theatrical disguise. Having arranged with two artist friends to attend the meeting, we left Rome at 6 30 a.m., the trains being inconveniently far between to stop at this sort of roadside station, and the authorities had not announced that a train starting at eleven o'clock would be allowed to deposit passengers there. However, we found subjects for our pencil in the neighbourhood, the day being gloriously fine, and, though fearfully hot—the little wind being

that called by the Italians sirocco, which is excessively close and hot, and this has prevailed more or less for the last five weeks—still the country looked lovely.

At length the procession came in view, and such a sight we shall never forget. Here the artists of all nations had “got themselves up,” I may say, on horses, mules, and donkeys, bedight in dresses of the most grotesque description. First came a knight of the brush in a carriage drawn by two oxen, and supported at his side by a lay figure, in other words his wooden model, dressed as a sort of Britannia, with its fixed staring eyes looking most comical; whilst at the back of the carriage was an immense palette and brushes. Then followed every conceivable oddity—generals with immense cocked hats and feathers, Peruvian horsemen, American hunters of the prairie; one extraordinary mortal had a sort of military dress, with a rough brown beaver hat, everything being immense in its proportions; spectacles

also, which, instead of crystals, had looking glasses with small holes sufficient for the wearer to see through—some hundreds thus decked out according to the fancy, we cannot say taste, of the wearer; and at the close of the procession a large wagon drawn by gaily-decked beautiful cream-coloured oxen, brought the god Bacchus with his attendants. Altogether, it was a sight worth seeing, though rather, to our mind, suggestive of the Knott Mill Fair line of business. Still, it showed how, after some months of close application in preparing their works for the Paris Salon and the Royal Academy, the artists relax themselves. A number of sports and games followed, and the whole concluded, as is usual in England, with a good dinner and plenty of honest Italian wine.

Before speaking of the studios visited, I may mention that the treatment of many English painters resident here by the council of the Royal Academy has been frequently spoken about at the artists'

gatherings. Several who have been exhibitors for the last ten years have had their works rejected. One well-known artist, whose works have been purchased by a Manchester dealer, has had all his pictures rejected, and the annoyance is so great that it is said he contemplates giving up his studio in Rome and settling in England. Many similar cases we have heard reported, and the general impression is, if an artist is hung—or his picture instead—he is saluted with “Ah! you’ve been lucky, old boy.” This I believe to be the fact. Chance has more to do than merit with your work obtaining a place. The studios of the artists and sculptors are most interesting to visit, though at present they have only work in progress to show; their completed works having been sent to London or Paris. Our first visit was to Mr. Percival Ball’s studio. This most promising young sculptor—a gold medallist of the Royal Academy, and whose works in terra cotta introduced in the building at South Kensington are the finest specimens in that

material in the country—has several fine works on hand, which have already secured purchasers—one of a youthful Bacchante is most exquisite, the grace of the lines reminds one of some Grecian antique; another charming figure is that of a Roman flower girl offering her roses for sale; a third statuette of a Pompeian lady descending from her bath is most refined and lovely, her half-closed eyes give a strange dreamy expression to the features. These works alone are certain to secure for Mr. Ball a reputation and a name that ere long will be heard of in England.



ROME.—No. II.

IN commencing our second sketch, we would observe that, being in Rome, we must do as Rome does, if we wish to see any special sights; therefore, we felt no uneasiness in going to a flower and cattle show on Sunday, which was held in the beautiful grounds of the Borghese Palace; the show of flowers taking place in some of the conservatories and a number of gaily-decorated tents. The display of roses and fruit was superb; in other respects the flowers were far behind those in our own exhibitions. The cattle were arranged in stalls around an immense amphitheatre, which is frequently used, by permission of the Prince Borghese, for sports and games on festal days. Here were exhibited some of the finest oxen ever seen. One young bull, only fifteen months old, was almost a pure white, of the sacred breed, such as a Phidias would have chosen for his model. There were numbers of those splendid



CASA TONDA, WITH CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI LATERANO, ROME.

meeq-eyed creatures, with their immense horns, which are only to be seen to perfection in Rome or on the Campagna; some fine-bred horses that an Englishman would have been proud of; and a fine show of those enduring and patient animals, mules and donkeys, which are here, as everywhere, treated as a rule with great cruelty, though in Italy no other beast is so useful. A pair of Shetland ponies attracted great attention; they were really fine specimens. In the afternoon the Royal Princes honoured the show with their presence, and the grounds were filled with the beauty and fashion of Rome; the city being exceedingly full of visitors at present. The throng of carriages, which are most perfectly appointed, as they drive along the Pincian—the Rotten Row of Rome—gives a very gay appearance. This always takes place in the cool of the evening, and before dinner, and for those who seek amusement at the theatres there are several now open, where opera and comedy are excellently performed, and at

prices that would rather astonish English managers and their supporters. We visited the Politiana, and were delighted with the performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor;" there were about 3000 present, the band was first-rate, and the admission a franc for a seat in the best part of the house. The opera was the only performance, and was over at 9 30—a far pleasanter arrangement than arriving at home about midnight. The Correa, or Summer Theatre, entirely open to the sky, was occupied by a very clever company of comedians, whose action and pantomime were so suggestive of words that we had little difficulty in interpreting their meaning. This theatre will hold many thousand spectators, and has had many actors upon its stage from the date of its foundation, B.C. 27, when it was built by Augustus as a mausoleum for his family, and adorned with a bronze statue of himself. Here his ashes and those of his family were deposited; it was afterwards converted into a fortress, then an amphitheatre for bull fights, and now it is the spacious home

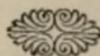
of comedy. Here also in this burial place the first public performance of the service of the Church of England before a Protestant congregation in Rome took place; and between the acts we could not help reflecting on the shifting scenes of the real drama of life that have been played out on this spot. The performance commenced at five o'clock, and at Ave Maria the ringing of the neighbouring church bells drowned the voices of the actors, so that for a time they went on in dumb show; the whole concluded soon after eight o'clock. In moving through the streets at the close of evening, one cannot help noticing the difference to be seen amongst the working population here and those living in and surrounding the manufacturing districts of our own England, so great in wealth, so poor in comparison with these simple people; not one drunken man or woman is ever to be seen; a lesson to be learned, and that soon, or our prosperity may prove our ruin. And now to give our promised sketch of the studio of Mr. John Warring-

ton Wood, at the Villa Campana; this villa has been recently purchased by Mr. Wood, and belonged to the Marchese Campana di Cavelli, in whose family it had been for a century, and who was compelled to quit Rome for political reasons. Situate near San Giovanni, in Laterano, it was frequently visited by some of the greatest nobles of Rome, and both historically and archaeologically is of great interest, being enriched with monuments and precious fragments of antiquity, many of which were discovered in the grounds surrounding this summer residence. Gregory the Great retired here to pray in an ancient chapel, decorated with frescoes; one, of the Saviour, is in the style, if not by the hand, of Giotto. A letter written by the Marchese has been lent for our perusal, which gives a most interesting account of the former splendour of this villa at a time when Ludwig, King of Bavaria, visited its possessor; and this villa is now the property of a young sculptor who came unknown to Rome a few years ago. The late John Gibson, R.A., soon

recognised Mr. Wood's talent, and advised him to add Warrington to his name to distinguish himself from a sculptor of the same name resident in Rome; thanks to the generous encouragement of Sir Gilbert Greenall, M.P., and other friends in his native town, he was soon full of commissions, and his townsmen subscribed and purchased for 1000 guineas his colossal group of Michael and Satan, which is now placed in the museum at Warrington. His beautiful figure of Eve, exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862, has been reproduced in marble several times, and the commissions for this statue alone enabled him to purchase the Villa Campana. The entrance gallery, of chaste design, contains replicas of many of his choicest productions; amongst them "The Hebrew Maiden," "The Sisters of Bethany," "The Two Marys," "Proserpine," "Achilles parting from Helen," a colossal figure of "Elijah," and the cast of the large group of "Michael and Satan;" besides numerous

portrait busts, and a full length of Lady Greenall, with a favourite Scotch hound. We will now attempt to describe the immense statues commissioned by Major Walker, late Mayor of Liverpool, and intended to adorn the exterior of the Fine Art Gallery which he has so nobly presented to the Corporation of that town. These figures represent Raphael and Michael Angelo. The latter, when placed, will be seated on the right, and the other on the left of and outside the entrance, and are nine feet high. The blocks of marble, roughly shaped at the quarries of Carrara, to lessen the weight of carriage, weigh fifteen tons; whilst the emblematic figure of Liverpool, with her attendant Liver Bird, which will also be seated, is to be placed upon the pediment, and be in height about twelve feet. This block of marble weighs about twenty tons, and the carriage of these immense pieces caused a great sensation in passing through the streets of Rome. In addition to these great works, there are bas-relievos representing four

Royal visits to Liverpool. At the time we visited Mr. Wood's studio the masons were working upon the marble, roughing out the form for the sculptor to commence his more intellectual work upon. We observed that the wide entrance door to this large studio had to have a considerable portion cut away to allow such unusual blocks to pass through. In concluding our notice of Mr. J. W. Wood's works, we feel certain that the grand treatment of these noble designs will cause a sensation, not in Liverpool alone, but throughout the country; and we heartily congratulate the sculptor, whose name will live for all time by the creation of such faithful portraits of two of the greatest giants in art. In our next sketch we purpose visiting other art studios in Rome.



ROME.—No. III.

WE have observed that here in the morning one must be stirring very early to be up before the Romans; their street cries of fish, fruit, and vegetables, and the newspaper cry of "Popolo Romano," may be heard in varied tones soon after four o'clock, and a full regiment of the line with their band playing on the march at five o'clock, so that whatever the inclination for sleep, there is no chance of it, and again you are compelled to do as the Romans do. The great heat of the day renders it almost impossible to pursue any active work after twelve o'clock; those who can then take their *siesta* from that hour until four p.m., and many of the shops are closed. The *caffés* are thronged soon after five o'clock with a variety of characters—men, women, and children—who come for their early meal, all respectful, and some of the women of the perfect Roman type, with splendid hair and fine features. There



THE RIPETTA, ROME.

they are supplied with a cup of coffee and a roll of bread for 1½d., a glass of water being always added. Each *caffè* has its marble fountain, where the water is constantly running, from some it being considered finer in quality than from others; everywhere it is good and abundant. For the last three weeks the supply of cherries and the most delicious wild strawberries has seemed inexhaustible, and they may be bought in almost every street, the vendors of them calling out "Fravole." Some artist friends having arranged an excursion to Albano, we had the opportunity of visiting this lovely spot, which is situate amongst the hills, about 15 miles from Rome by railway. The station being three miles from the town, and the road to it a steep ascent, we took the omnibus. From the number of passengers who alighted here we soon discovered it was a fête day. Fortunately the supply of conveyances was equal to the demand, and we were soon landed in the midst of the most picturesque crowd we ever beheld; in their holiday attire, no

theatrical get-up in the way of dress, but the genuine costume of the peasant, which in some districts seems to be dying out. There were endless subjects for the pencil, one especially of a showman, who with trumpet and drum was attracting a wondering crowd of admirers at his display of a number of sacred pictures. As usual, they were nothing to the collection to be seen inside. Having strolled through the main street and found a respectable *trattoria*, we made a substantial repast. Our journey having commenced soon after four o'clock, the usual addition of a cup of coffee and a smoke was indulged in, and we then started for a walk to the beautiful Lake of Albano; passing over a gigantic viaduct which was erected by the present Pope in 1853, having been eight years in construction. This splendid work connects Lariaccia with Albano; and close by, and in the valley, may be seen the ruined monument of many a Roman general who in his day added to the greatness of Rome, whilst in the far distance a blue strip of the Mediterranean

could be clearly seen. Immediately after passing through Lariccia we entered on the left into a shady wood filled with magnificent oaks, whilst the rocks showed themselves to be unmistakably composed of lava. The lake is an extinct volcano, from whence hundreds of years ago streams of molten fluid flowed into the valleys; but now all around are lovely vineyards, from which the celebrated wine of the district—so famous even in the days of Horace—is obtained. The day was magnificent, and we had time for a sketch of the celebrated lake. On the heights, rising through rich wooded slopes, stands the Castle Gondolfo, a favourite summer residence of the Popes. The outlines and unstudied composition of this work of nature are splendid, and all around the profusion of beautiful wild flowers is most exquisite. We lingered, to the last moment allowed, to catch the train, and having decided to walk the three miles to the station, started off. Most of the party regretted that this arrangement had been made, since the great heat and the un-

sheltered road so exhausted the majority that we were completely knocked up with our match against time. However, we had a few minutes to spare before the train arrived, and got tolerably cool before reaching Rome.

And now we give our promised sketch of Mr. Rogers's studio. This American sculptor is one of the most talented, and certainly one of the most successful of his countrymen in the branch of art he has chosen. All the greatest works raised to perpetuate the memories of the presidents, statesmen, and warriors of his country have been entrusted to him for execution, and in many respects they have been nobly carried out. The models of most of these, of colossal size, are in his studio, also many other finished works in marble, which are very beautiful—one especially of Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii. This most successful statue has brought to the sculptor thousands of dollars, and to him, what is perhaps of more value, the recognition of his talents.

We also saw the model of a pair of magnificent bronze doors, embellished with designs from the life of Columbus, which have been erected in Washington. Mr. Rogers at the time of our visit was engaged upon the model of a very exquisite design illustrating the subject of the lost Pleiad. We spent a very pleasant hour with the sculptor, who is himself a fine model of an American gentleman, and possesses a rich fund of humour. The stories related to us of the visits of his countrymen were very amusing, and in some respects might have occurred in a Manchester warehouse instead of a sculptor's studio. The following was too good to be lost. A wealthy Yankee, "doing Rome," called upon the sculptor and introduced himself. "Wall, Mr. Rogers, heard of you in the States, called to see if you got any fresh patterns; I s'pose that's one of yer e-arly works (this happened to be a model of the Dying Gladiator); don't care for that, or any of those old yallow things in the Vatican. I like something fresh and new; what's the good of a lot of broken-

down old men and women without arms, legs, or noses? No! I goes in for the perfect figger, and likes the pure white marble, I do." We took leave of our American friend, very much entertained and pleased with our visit.

We received many kind invitations from other eminent artists, which we were compelled to decline, as we had received commissions to carry off some of the beautiful remains of old Rome; and to do this means work, so that we could only spare time to visit the most important landscape, figure, and animal painters' studios. These we shall sketch in our next "Scraps," beginning with that of the most eminent and oldest resident artist amongst our countrymen settled in Rome—Penry Williams—a name known to art through his admirable pictures of the peasants of the Campagna, some of which have been purchased by Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, and by other distinguished collectors. Many of them years ago were

engraved in the then fashionable Christmas
Annals, and may be remembered as some
of the choicest works of that period.



ROME.—No. IV.

IT is a great advantage in visiting Italy, and especially its chief cities, to have the constant companionship of friends who have lived in the country for years, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the people and their language. In this respect we have been singularly fortunate in having at all times during our sketching excursions, and in our visits to the magnificent collections of pictures and sculptures in the Vatican, and other galleries, as our companion and guide, an artist, a sculptor, or an author, each in turn kindly devoting himself to our service, so that we have been enabled to make the best use of our time; and we feel greatly indebted to the author of that most charming work "The Pilgrimage of the Tiber, from its Mouth to its Source," for many happy hours spent whilst sketching on the Campagna; his pencil being at times as gracefully employed as his pen; and from his long residence in Rome he is well acquainted



TEMPLE OF VESTA, AND HOUSE OF RIENZI, ROME.

with the most interesting and attractive subjects for the pencil. Under his guidance we have had the opportunity of securing many beautiful bits of old Rome that might have escaped our observation. We visited together the Protestant burial ground where so many of our countrymen are resting in their last sleep, and reverently plucked a flower from the grave of Shelley; whilst close to the pyramid of Caius Cestius in the old cemetery we stood by the grave of Keats, where there has recently been erected a monument, with a medallion portrait of the poet, designed and executed gratuitously by Mr. John Warrington Wood. The seclusion of the spot selected for this garden of tombs cannot fail to inspire a feeling of melancholy, and its romantic beauty is in striking contrast with the massive monuments of the ancient Romans which overlook it. Having received a commission for a drawing of the aqueduct of Claudia, one of the grandest ruins outside the walls of Rome—originally it was more than 46 miles in length—we were fortunate in a most lovely

afternoon for our sketch, and an equally beautiful evening for an effect of colour. Working with all rapidity to secure the fleeting tints of the close of day, we found ourselves still lingering on the Campagna. The lovely fascination of this portion of old Rome cannot be described ; it is felt, but no writing can realise its mysterious beauty.

And now to fulfil our promised sketch of some of the leading artists' studios. Commencing with Mr. Penry Williams ; on our first visit we were unfortunately unable to see the veteran artist, who for so many years has resided in Rome, and was the great friend of the late John Gibson, R.A., whose portrait he painted, and which was engraved and published many years ago. On our second visit he most kindly received us. On the walls of his studio were hung a large number of copies which he had made from the greatest of the old masters, evidently having selected those for his models who were the most perfect masters of colour, Titian being his especial favourite. On his easel was a

beautiful small picture of the subject we had attempted a few days before, but from a different point of view. His figures are always most effectively introduced—a poetical treatment being secured by the arrangement of his foreground; a boy tending goats or one of the heavy wagons drawn by splendid oxen so often seen on the Campagna. Many other charming works of similar character in different stages of development were shown us, and an apology made that he had so little finished work to show. The fact is, he has rarely any work to dispose of, his commissions being so numerous that a patron has frequently to wait two or three years before he can obtain a specimen of his talent. His studio was undergoing alterations, and a great number of his careful studies had been removed from the walls; but he showed us the sketch for the picture he had painted for the Prince of Wales. He is kind and genial in his manner, looking fresh and healthy, with no signs of fading powers, yet we should judge him to be past 70 years of age. We were invited to renew our visit on any future opportunity.

We also visited Mr. J. E. Freeman, an American artist, long resident in Rome, and in whose residence and studio we spent some delightful hours in converse sweet upon art and artists, and in listening to a rare fund of humorous anecdote. His works are well known from his variety of subjects, chiefly figure pictures, possessing great refinement in drawing and colour. Most of his productions find their home in America, but we know that Mr. Thos. Barnes has a good specimen of his powers in his collection at The Quinta. Mr. Freeman is equally clever with his pen, and is at the present time engaged in writing his recollections of eminent men, English and American, whom he has known during his long residence in Rome. These are now being published in one of the New York magazines, and it is intended, when the work is completed, to republish it in the book form, which we feel certain will be read in England with great interest. Mr. Freeman was for a long period the representative of America at the Roman Court, and was frequently visited by his countrymen and women at his studio.

The following anecdote he related as occurring to himself:—An American lady, with her two daughters, called upon him, and the ascent of five or six flights of steps to the studio of a painter in Rome may well be considered as pursuing “high art.” This is almost invariably the situation of the painter’s studio, so that the legs and the lungs of most visitors are somewhat tried. The lady, attended by her courier, sat down to recover her breath. During this time the “gentleman,” who had undertaken to show the ladies the way, remained standing with his hat on, when the artist mildly observed that the season was not too cold to remove his hat. This producing no impression, he was at once informed that unless he removed it or walked out he would, without any further ceremony, be kicked out. This persuasive appeal had the desired effect, and the “gentleman” uncovered. The lady having sufficiently recovered, commenced with the usual, “Wall, Mr. Freeman, I’ve called to see your insides. I should like to have one of your insides.” Here the daughters interposed with “Mamma, mamma,” upon

which mamma replied, "Wall, my dears, you know what I want; I want one of Mr. Freeman's internals, I do." The artist came to the rescue by assuring the lady that he quite understood that she wished to possess an interior, and he would do his best to supply the commission. Such strange expressions, we are informed, frequently occur with the residents of the New World, though to our old-fashioned notions they appear somewhat singular. We may add that the sister art of sculpture is pursued by Mrs. Freeman with considerable success.

Mr. Keely Hallswelle, who possesses a splendid studio over the rooms occupied by the British Academy at Rome, kindly invited us to visit him, though he had only his studies to show us and a large work he was just commencing, which promises to be exceedingly fine. All his important finished pictures had been sent to London, so that, as a rule, winter is the best time for seeing the works of the artists here.

And here we may say a word about the British Academy, which, through the great liberality of Mr. Frazer, an occasional resident in Rome, has been most successfully established. A large room, excellently arranged for the study of the life, and supplied with a valuable collection of casts of the antique, has been provided ; whilst a library, containing some hundreds of volumes of choice literature, and used as a reading room, supplied with the London daily and weekly illustrated papers, has also been opened. This is a great advantage to any English artist who visits Rome for the purpose of study. The terms of admission are moderate, and the opportunity for improvement very great.

Our next visit was to the studio of Mr. C. H. Poingdestre, whose home is in Jersey, but who resides here for many months of the year. We were quite astonished and delighted with many of his pictures, landscape and cattle being his especial talent. The study of a large oil painting now exhibiting at the Royal Academy—Lowering

Marble from the Quarry, Carrara—was particularly fine. The amount of detail in the work and the great extent of the subject must have occupied the artist a considerable time. We would call attention to this picture and request our friends who may visit the Royal Academy to look carefully at it. The artist had recently returned from a sketching tour in a part of Italy where the canals and marshy ground are cleared of their weeds by the driving of a herd of buffaloes through them. The studies of these were very spirited and of considerable number, and which, no doubt, will be turned to good account in some future work.





OLD HOUSES IN THE GHETTO, ROME.

ROME.—No. V.

IT requires some courage to sit out in the sun for hours sketching in the streets of Rome, and it also requires a stolid indifference to all the surroundings. The most objectionable of these are the boys and the smells in some of the most picturesque part of the city, to wit, the Ghetto, or Jews' Quarter. It is said to be the healthiest portion of the city in spite of the crowded state of the streets, but must have been in a sad condition in 1876, when the Tiber overflowed its banks and flooded every portion of it to the height of the first floor. Here having found two subjects that we wished to secure, we placed our sketching seat and commenced work, but had scarcely done so when we were surrounded by a set of young blackguards that nothing would induce to move; they swarmed like the flies upon us, and we had to give it up the first day, fairly beaten off as we had once been at Prague, in the Jews'

quarter of that city. However, we were determined to obtain the sketch, and so came armed the following day with a friend and a stick, which produced a good result. On another occasion we found that the best plan was to hire a carriage and work from it with the hood down ; by this means we were comfortable, and had only a few passing admirers.

Before continuing our visits to the artists' studios, which will conclude our *Scraps* from Rome, we may mention that the *Via Sistina*, where we had our residence, contains the workshops of most of the workers in Mosaics and the carvers in ivory, for which Rome and Florence are so justly celebrated, besides numerous sculptors' studios ; and here also at the two houses at the end of the street right and left, next to the beautiful drive on the Pincian, resided for many years two great artists—Claude Lorraine and Annabali Caracci. Here, no doubt, the great fore-runner of our own Turner studied those glorious sunsets for which he is so well

known, and which are to be seen from this spot in all their grandeur and magnificence.

We now enter the studio of Mr. Elihu Vedder, an American artist, very talented and of the most kind and genial disposition. The work he was engaged upon was that of a beautiful girl working upon a piece of tapestry. The design was simple and elegant, and the arrangement of colour excellent. It is no wonder his countrymen are proud of and readily purchase his works, so that very few of them are known in England, where they would stand their ground with those of some of our ablest men. Mr. Vedder is equally successful in landscape, and from his knowledge of the figure, is able to introduce figures with great advantage. A study in black and white for a picture he had painted of a storm in the Sabine Mountains was very fine in effect, and we were kindly presented with a large photo taken from this picture. We believe the artist is now in England for the purpose of studying our English school as represented by the Royal Academy, and also to obtain rest and

change after too close application during the winter.

Mr. C. C. Griswold, another young American artist, to whom it was our pleasure to be introduced and to visit at his studio, is entirely devoted to landscape, chiefly from subjects to be found in the neighbourhood of Rome, Tivoli, and Albano; all his subjects are well selected, and rendered with great truth of colour and tenderness of feeling. The work upon his easel and just complete was the Ponti San Francisco at Subiaco, a lovely little picture of the evening glow of sunset, with a long stretch of misty expanse, showing miles of distance in an inch of space. We were glad to have the opportunity of meeting with so many of our American brother artists, since we are perhaps apt to rate their powers far below their deserts, and we confess to having been greatly impressed by the works of those residing in Rome, as we have also considerably enjoyed their large hospitality.

Mr. E. Barclay, a young English artist of great promise, who has been residing here for some time, and has now returned to England, exhibits three of his works in the Royal Academy this year. These, we are informed, were sent for exhibition last year and rejected. "Try them again," was the advice of his friends. It succeeded; they are now well hung in this year's exhibition. We would ask what can be said of the judgment of the Selecting Committee which rejects one year what it accepts the next? If this is not a piece of luck, if it does not confirm the remark we have previously made, we know not what does. Mr. Barclay's subjects are chiefly figures, treated with great originality. The work he was engaged upon at the time of our visit was the "Announcement to the Shepherds." The picture was far from complete, but the finished study for the work showed a beautiful arrangement of colour, and most masterly drawing of the various attitudes of the astonished shepherds, seated on the ground or just awakened from their sleep, with awe-struck expression, not of fear,

but reverently bowing or wondering at the sight. Charming studies of the beautiful women of Capri, who have figured in many an English artist's picture, were hung on the walls, with rich artistic surroundings of furniture, dresses, glass, porcelain, and tapestry. Almost every artist's studio in Rome is of immense size, and their treasures are so rich and abundant that it would take days to study them.

Having been introduced to Mr. Morris Moore, who formerly followed art as a profession, we asked his permission to be allowed to see the Raphael in his possession, which he readily granted. A day having been fixed, we, accompanied by a friend, visited his house, when we were ushered into a room by his attendant: we found ourselves opposite a splendid portrait, by Titian, of some great naval commander whose name is lost, but the artist's name lives; the portrait was full of life, the head and hands beautifully painted, the armour real, and the whole broad and grandly treated. It was in its original richly

ornamental carved frame, which had been sadly worm-eaten, but was now restored and re-gilt, a fit surrounding for so noble a work. Mr. Moore then led us into an inner room, where, placed on an easel, in a good light, was this small work of Raphael's, yet perhaps the greatest ever produced in the world—Apollo and Marsyas. The figure of Apollo standing with his lyre on the right of the picture is of the most perfect Greek type, finer, if possible, in drawing than the celebrated statue in the Vatican. The Sun God looks down with disdain upon his would-be rival, who, seated on a bank to the left, and with pipe in hand (a musical one), has challenged glorious Apollo. The defeated musician was, according to the terms of the agreement, to be flayed alive, and the vultures are seen descending to commence their work upon the unhappy Marsyas. This gem of art is in the most wonderful preservation, and in the early style of the artist. Some few artists have doubted its originality, but there is scarcely a great painter of the Italian, French, German, and English schools, who has not

declared it to be an undoubted Raphael. One would suppose that the possession of such a treasure would be perfect happiness, yet it has proved almost a curse to its owner. The disputes and bitterness respecting the offer of it for sale to our Government—the doubts of the late Sir Chas. Eastlake and some of the chief members of the late Cabinet as to its originality—have so embittered the life of its owner that it is a source of constant worry and annoyance. Large offers have been made for the picture from private individuals, but not sufficiently tempting to induce the owner to part with it. Mr. Moore also showed us a portrait of Dante, by the same great painter, and in the most perfect preservation. We felt that it was a great privilege to view these invaluable works, and would have wished to prolong our visit had time permitted.





THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME.

ROME.—No. VI.

AT length the time had arrived for our quitting Rome, it having become too hot for us; and had the Italian Government seen through our designs (artistic) we might have been ordered away weeks before, since we have carried off, without their knowledge, a few of the grand old remains of this wonderful city of the past—amongst others, the Triumphal Arch of Titus, with the Temple of Peace and an adjoining Church; also, the Temple of Vesta, with the house of Cola di Rienzo, the last of the Tribunes; the Portico of Octavia Augustus, now the site of the Fish Market; the Ripetta, with its beautiful flight of steps descending to the ferry across the Tiber; and a fine old ruin called the Trophies of Marius. These spoils, with many others, we hope to turn to good account on our return.

Before leaving Rome we had the opportunity of viewing an immense picture painted

by a young Polish artist, Signor Siemiradzki. This work is a wonderful effort, if not an entire success. Its title is the Flambeau of Nero. The grandeur of the design and composition rivets the spectator at once, and we cannot help feeling how weak in comparison are the attempts of most of our English artists, and how little they show the dignity and true greatness of art as the representative of the events, sacred and historical, that deserve to be perpetuated, in comparison with this grand effort of an artist only 33 years of age. The picture is exhibited in one of the galleries of the Academy of St. Luke. The composition consists of about two hundred figures on a flight of steps leading to an upper terrace of the Palace of Nero, which is crowded with Roman senators, with crowns of flowers, attended by musicians and dancing women. Here sits the tyrant in a palanquin of gold and mother-of-pearl, which has been carried by four black slaves, and placed in the most commanding position that he may enjoy the feast of horrid cruelty which is just commencing. Day is closing, and to the right are

seen a long perspective of poles gaily twined with garlands of wreathed flowers, and to each pole is secured a Christian martyr, enveloped from the lower limbs to the waist in a covering of pitch and network. The executioners have commenced their work, and with torches are lighting up these flambeaux of Nero's fiendish cruelty. One poor old man, his grey beard moved by the wind, looks with supplicating expression, as though pleading more for the young and lovely girl who is next him than for himself; but there is no look of pity returned to the appeal of the old Christian. The imagination is left to fill up the scene, when all is ablaze, and the night closes in a revel, which drowns the cries of those early martyrs. We can only give a faint idea of the power shown throughout this wonderful conception—the splendid drawing—the fine colour—the research and knowledge displayed in all the accessories of costume and decoration. One figure alone shows a sign of pity in all this varied throng, and this is the noble form of a gladiator, who looks with sad eyes on the hellish scene. We can only hope that

the artist may be induced to exhibit his work in England. The Doré school, though so attractive, would soon be put into the shade by this, to our thinking, one of the greatest efforts of modern art.

Our stay in Rome, where we had spent a month of real pleasure, was not allowed to terminate without a social gathering. A dinner was arranged and given by an artist friend at the Hotel Cesare—the room draped with curtains like a tent, profusely decorated with flowers, the table richly spread and strewn with flowers in the Roman fashion; and here in the company of clever artists, a most enjoyable evening was spent. The host, a young sculptor of great promise, was supported by a worthy German doctor, almost an Englishman in his sympathies with our artists resident in Rome, and who never fails to render service to his “boys,” as he fondly calls them, whenever required. The dinner was a success; the wine excellent, and the wit and song flowed merrily. We had to take our share in its success, and it having

been suggested by the host that a certain song, written some seven years ago on a former visit, would be very acceptable, we could only comply, stating by way of preface that a great change for the better, in the sanitary arrangement of the city, had taken place since Rome had become the capital of Italy. If cleanliness is next to godliness, Rome at the period of our last visit was a long way off. Now, happily, the sight and senses are not shocked in the midst of the greatest monuments in the world. Silence! gentlemen, for

GOING OVER TO ROME.

Going over to Rome to see the grand dome
Of St. Peter, who's charge of the keys,
And sits in state there all in his bronzed chair,
Not in the least inconvenienced by fleas ;
But for filth and for flies—beggars, humbug, and lies,
Priests, cardinals, soldiers, and Pope,
Lay brothers who vie with lay sisters, my eye!
Don't they all want a touch of the rope.
You can't pass a street, but you're certain to meet
Some old women with orders of merit,
For begging and cant, which the holy men grant,
As rewards, whilst they stink like a ferret.
Every day's for some saint, who's portrait in paint,
Or in marble is seen in a flutter,
Processions, a bore, with fountains a score,
And all kinds of dirt in the gutter.

Whilst everywhere dwells, horrid stinks, oh, such smells,
Enough a good Christian to poison,
But they swallow it all for St. Peter and Paul,
And a score or two more who keep eyes on.
One day in the street, I happened to meet
An old gent who gave such a move,
So I bow'd in return, only quickly to learn
That he bow'd to a lady above.
She was dressed all in blue, with rings not a few,
Her complexion was what you'd call pink,
On her head was a crown, whilst her hair flowing down,
Such a beauty, I just gave a wink.
Now this form and this face were in a glass case,
Not at balcony, window, or stair,
And there all the night, with a very small light,
She stood, on my word, I declare.
For the very next day, as I pass'd by that way,
I saw just the very same fairy ;
I stood with surprise, when I opened my eyes,
And beheld that this virgin was Mary.
You must not ask for news, be content with fine views,
Such as Turner has drawn in his *Liber*
Studiosorum well known, though rather high flown,
When compared with the banks of the Tiber.
Then all we can say, and we constantly pray,
Let all who have queer views at home,
In the Church, high or low, see the humbug and show,
And they'll never "Go over to Rome."

Our song was said to be a success, and great applause followed. The evening, one of the pleasantest, too soon terminated, and we could not but feel proud that it was given in our honour.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM VILLA FLORA, BELLA SCUARDO, FLORENCE.

FLORENCE.—No. I.

HAVING fixed our day of departure from Rome, we left by an early train in order to pay a visit by the way to Orvieto, which is situated about half-way between Rome and Florence. By this arrangement we were able to spend three hours in viewing the grand cathedral, which stands upon an eminence 1300 feet above the level of the railway. It is a remarkable building, ornamented over the whole exterior with a profusion of carvings and splendid Mosaics, whilst the interior is rich in statues, and the tribune is adorned with frescoes by Fra Angelica and others. The windows have stained glass of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. From the commencement of the building in 1290, there have been employed no less than 400 architects, sculptors, painters, &c., on this interesting specimen of Italian Gothic art. The town, formerly the residence of many of the Popes of the Guelph party, has a quiet, deserted look, and we were surprised to find

such a cathedral with apparently so few worshippers. The whole country around is volcanic and very beautiful from this elevated spot, and the views are charming, but time only permitted of our making a hasty sketch of the main street, and we had to be fetched away to take our place in the omnibus in order to catch the train for Florence.

Here in the beautiful Villa Flora, Bella Sguardo, for the present our home, the view from the garden terrace is perhaps unequalled. The whole of fair Florence lies at our feet, whilst above rise in their full grandeur the majestic Apennines. Well does it deserve the title of the flower of cities, and the city of flowers. The Duomo and the Campanile of Giotto rise in the centre of the view, whilst Santa Croce is seen a little to the right. Here at peace lie some of the great ones of the earth, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri, and the astronomer Galileo, whose watch tower is close by on an adjoining hill, and here it was that the great man studied the heavens and made those discoveries for which he was

rewarded in a prison. On the hills all around are beautiful villas, and the slopes covered with vineyards and fields of corn now ready for the sickle. The harvest will be one of the best they have had for years. The two last years' crops of corn, grapes, and olives have been excellent, and the promise this year is even greater, so that it is expected, though the people are heavily taxed, that they will be comparatively rich, and it is hoped that the Government will be able to resume a gold and silver currency instead of paper; all payments being now made with notes, except small sums in copper, as for a cigar, an omnibus, or a newspaper. Villa Flora is not without great interest to an artist, for it was here that Raffaele Morghen, the greatest line engraver who ever lived, and whose works are so eagerly sought after by connoisseurs, produced his unequalled Rapi plates, now of such great value. His old friend, Signor Rapi, the then proprietor of the villa, had been dead some years, when it was purchased by its present possessor and our kind host, and here it has been our privilege to meet

with several distinguished artists, sculptors, and musicians, and also the accomplished Madame Assing, the favourite niece of Baron Humboldt whose correspondence with all the greatest men of science was bequeathed by him to her, and which she has edited and published. A German by birth, she is able to converse fluently in English, French, Italian, and Spanish. These gifts seem quite natural to her, and she is never at a loss for a word in conversation.

We now proceed to visit the studio of Signor Vinea, a very young artist of most remarkable talent, in the choice of subject and in style of treatment almost rivalling the great French painter Meissonier; though no copyist, but conceiving and carrying out to perfection his own original ideas. The work on his easel in a state of progress was an interview of two figures—a fine girl seated on a low stool is drawing wine from a large barrel placed upon the stocks, she has handed a glass of it to a fine soldier-like companion, who from the pleased expression

in every line of his face is evidently enjoying the fine flavour of the vintage, and we feel certain is at the same time paying compliments to the fair beauty. Both faces are full of meaning, and we have rarely seen any modern work so full of humour, broad, but refined, and with the most exquisite finish. Another work in progress was the most opposite in subject, and though only just commenced, we could see from the studies and sketches that it would when completed prove a most important picture—"The Duel." This gloomy subject represents the action as taking place on a wild sea shore, with a threatening mysterious sky; the combatants, with swords, have commenced their deadly combat, and we feel from the action and energy of the figures that the whole affair will be carried out to the bitter end. There is such knowledge and power in these works that many of his artistic friends regret Signor Vineca has given up the higher walks of art, having shown such great promise as an historical painter. Like many others, he could not always readily dispose of works of large

dimensions, whilst his present choice of subjects of small size finds immediate purchasers at large prices. Many of them have found their way to Manchester, and are now in the collections of her wealthy merchants. Signor Vinea was most attentive, and showed us a large collection of his studies and of photographs from his finished works; his studio was the most complete and exquisitely furnished of any we have ever seen—rare tapestries, armour, swords, grand old cabinets, Venetian glasses and chandeliers; rich dresses of brocaded silks, embossed leather screens, Majolica and other ware, artistic metal work in goblets, lamps, and shields—all these were in profusion, and in the most perfect harmony. The studio was a study, and of a size that afforded plenty of room for work, in addition to the space occupied by such a wonderful collection.

Having enjoyed our visit exceedingly, we next were introduced to Signor Barabino, a Genoese artist of rare ability, whose studio is in the same building as the one previously

visited (the Society of Artists, of which we shall have something to say). We were most courteously received, and shown a great variety of studies made for the decoration of the walls and ceilings of the noble palaces of Genoa. These were all treated in a grand style of art; one of the subjects struck us as exceedingly fine—Galileo brought before the Inquisitors. The old man is seen leaving the chamber where cardinals and priests have been disputing with him to induce him to recant; he refuses; his expression is one of sorrow for their blindness, and he seems to say “It still goes round” as he is led to his dungeon. The artist was engaged upon a beautiful altar picture, whilst several other finished works, chiefly heads, were on easels, in different lights. We were also shown the most beautifully illuminated book backs, designed by the artist for the binding up of some precious documents belonging to one of the noble families of Genoa; the ornamentation, colour, gilding, and design surpassed any modern work we had ever seen.

Whilst looking at the many cartoons for the decoration of these noble palaces of Italy, all of which had been executed, we could not help reflecting how little our rich corporations of London, and other great cities and wealthy towns of England, have done to foster and encourage art ; the body is well cared for, but the mind is almost utterly neglected. A few statues at the Mansion House are all that London can boast, whilst the walls of the present Town Halls of Liverpool and Manchester are adorned with staring portraits of men who may have done some good during their year of office, but the great benefactors of our country, whose wonderful inventions have revolutionised the world—our Watts, Stephensons, Arkwrights, and Cromptons—have no recognition. In all their lives there are historical subjects well worthy of the painter, and by such pictorial embellishment of the walls of our public buildings the best lessons are taught to those who may add to the continued and future greatness of our country. Something like an effort will most probably be soon made in this direction by

the Corporations of London and Manchester, we are not without the artists to carry out the design if they are only given the opportunity.

On leaving this studio we were taken to the gallery of the Society of Artists, which has been established for the exhibition and sale of modern pictures, chiefly by the artists who have their studios in the building. The subjects were of the usual varied kind, many of them excellent, and the success of the undertaking shows that such a society was needed in Florence, where so many visitors are yearly passing through on their grand tour.

Our stay in the grand old city is now coming to a close, and though we have been drawing almost every day, weather permitting, we find that the subjects we delight in are inexhaustible. At every turn some picturesque old building or group presents itself, and often in wandering through the streets have we been reminded of poor *Romola* until the fiction became a reality.

We visited the celebrated convent of S. Marco, where some of the finest frescoes of Fra Angelica are preserved, besides a number of exquisite cabinet pictures, in the now deserted cells of this once famous home of the poor monk Savonarola, so graphically described by George Elliot, and who perished at the stake on the Piazza. Here in his cell a monument and bust have been erected to tell of the burning outrage committed on this good man for holding the truth; his dress and books are preserved—most interesting relics.

We can attempt no description of the numerous galleries of paintings and sculpture, or of the noble works by some of the greatest artists in marble and bronze which adorn the Loggia di Lanzi, an open gallery, where every passer-by has them constantly before him. For the contents of the galleries and various palaces we must refer our readers to Murray or Bradshaw.

We had not much spare time for excursions, but still, in the company of some kind

friends from Manchester, we visited San Miniato and Fiesole, both beautiful places in the immediate neighbourhood, and from their commanding position fine views of the city and surrounding country are obtained. The Church of S. Miniato was rebuilt in 1013, and has been very rich in its decorations—of paintings, frescoes, and Mosaics—it stands among venerable cypresses, and adjoining it is a modern cemetery containing many rich groups and emblems of departed ones, the grounds are admirably kept. Proceeding further on the splendid road formed by the present Government, we come to the Piazza di Angelo, where stands a bronze cast of the great sculptor's celebrated David; this was inaugurated a few years ago with great ceremony and rejoicing. Fiesole is also well worth a visit, the views from the convent being very extensive.



FLORENCE.—No. II.

THE Florentines, like all other Italians, are fond of their festas, which are an excellent excuse for a holiday, which they thoroughly enjoy; these festas have been pretty numerous during our stay in the fair city. On the one celebrating the statuto, or the unity of the country, a grand military display was held on the Cascine, a large space outside the Porta al Prata. It is a gay resort, with its numerous promenades sheltered with beautiful trees and well supplied with seats. The views of the distant mountains are fine. There were about 8000 men under arms, and the cavalry and artillery very finely mounted. As a rule the foot soldiers do not look a brilliant lot, though their officers are always fine young fellows. Another festa—that of S. Giovanni, the patron saint of the city—is a great holiday, when crowds of people throng the streets and caffès; the theatres also are well patronised. Unfortunately the summer theatres have been seriously inter-



JEWELLERS' SHOPS ON THE PONTE VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

ferred with by frequent showers of rain—many of them being entirely open to the sky, others partially so—which have prevented the performance. The season, though considered very fine for the country, has still been a wet one. We visited the Arena Nazionale, and saw Sardou's *Ferreo*, a play in five acts, admirably performed, and evidently a great favourite from the number of representations given and the great attention of the audience, who numbered some thousands on the evening we were present. We were strongly reminded of the Haymarket Company by the performance of one of the characters, and we could easily have imagined that Mr. Buckstone had come over for a holiday, only he happened to be taking a benefit in London about the time. We had also the pleasure of visiting, with a party of young friends, the *Politiana*, where an excellent equestrian company are at present going through the usual graceful feats of horsemanship; two English clowns were evidently great favourites, and certainly, in comparison with their Italian brothers, they were really funny. We also visited the Goldoni Theatre,

which is entirely open to the sky, the other two being partially covered in ; here the domestic drama and ballet were the entertainments. The day being a festa, two performances were given, one nominally at five, the other at eight o'clock. The former was very largely attended by the working classes and the contadini, who we imagine must have had to wait a considerable time for the performance, "just a-going to begin," as we who came for drama number two had to wait half-an-hour, or more, before they shoaled out. The whole was only second-rate, but seemed to give pleasure to the audience.

And now to resume our visits to some of the artists' studios. Many of the artists themselves have fled to England and Paris to see the exhibitions of works of the year ; still a few of the leading ones remain, to whom, through the kindness of Mr. J. H. Bradley, a resident English artist, we were introduced. Before proceeding to describe the works of others, we must mention those of our kind companion, whose talents are varied ; land-

scape with architectural subjects, sea views, and flowers, in oil and water colour, each in turn are represented with truthfulness and grace; whilst as an etcher, his works of most important size are perhaps unrivalled by any of our English school. Several of his most recent works are now exhibiting in the Royal Academy, and the Black and White Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, Pall Mall. To all who take an interest in the revival of etching in England, we would heartily commend these beautiful specimens of a most delightful art, which more than any other style of reproduction gives the artist's own feeling and ideas of his subject.

And now for a few Scraps relating to the studios of the artists we have already visited. Signor Zocchi, the professor of sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts, in Florence, obtained the gold medal at the Vienna Exhibition for his fine statue of Michael Angelo, when a boy, carving the celebrated mask of a fawn. The story which suggested this beautiful work is that the boy Angelo

was working in the Palace Gardens of the Medici, as a mason's assistant, and having found a piece of old marble, a portion of a balustrade, with a shield upon it, which had been thrown aside, commenced cutting out this mask, and was thus found employed by Lorenzo de Medici, who at once saw the great talent of young Angelo, took him under his charge, and gave him his son as a companion, and from this fostering care rose the genius who created the Moses and the David, works which it is impossible for us to write upon; any words we could use would fall so short of giving an idea of their power and grandeur. The David formerly stood at the door of the Palazzo Vecchio. It was thought to be suffering from long exposure to the weather, and was removed to the Gallery of Fine Arts, where we had the pleasure of seeing it a few days ago in a temporary building, but on the site it will in future occupy in a magnificent gallery, worthy of such a matchless production that will be looked at for all time as the greatest work of the sculptor, who alone rivalled Phidias. With this digression we

return to Signor Zocchi's studio, to admire many other beautiful works executed or in progress, amongst them a companion figure, of young Raphael sketching. This equally interesting work has, with the other, been reproduced as a statuette in terra cotta, and both are certain to become very popular in England, where they are sure to find their way, and we were glad to have the opportunity of introducing a friend who commissioned a life-size statue of the boy Michael Angelo in marble. The professor spoke to us in the highest terms of the industry and talents of a young Englishman, Mr. Robert Stark, of Torquay, at present studying in the Academy, and whose work is so original that it gives promise of future great success, and is the admiration of the other professors and students in the Academy. Signor Zocchi said that if Mr. Stark had arrived in time to enter into competition for the prize of 500 francs and the gold medal offered by the Academy, he would certainly have carried them off. We next visited the studio of Signor Albano, a young Sicilian sculptor of

great talent, who has been the successful competitor for and winner of many prizes in Rome and elsewhere. He was engaged upon a beautiful monumental group for Alexandria ; a most graceful female figure, expressive of resignation, standing with her arm resting upon a broken shaft, whilst at her feet is seated a most lovely modelled figure of a boy, with inverted torch, and with the sweetest sorrow upon his features. The whole of this life-sized group is executed in the purest Carrara marble, the base upon which the figures stand being of black and gold marble. We had also the pleasure of seeing in progress six excellent portraits of Manchester friends—four ladies and two gentlemen, all faithful likenesses, and we have never seen any workmanship to surpass that of Signor Albano.



VENICE.—No. I.

HERE we are settled for a time in this wonderful city of the sea, which, though stripped of its former glory and importance, is even more beautiful in its decay. Rome and Florence have each distinctive features of their own, and impress the mind and feelings with the historical associations of the past. Venice can also claim these with the addition of a feeling of enchantment like the awaking from a dream; so beautiful, so unlike anything the visitor has ever seen before. There is only one Venice, and it would be impossible to build another. We left Florence with regret, having spent some delightful weeks there, and obtained many subjects from its streets, markets, and bridges. Starting for Venice by a train leaving at 7 50 p.m., the day soon closed in, when the young moon rose, but was partially obscured by dark clouds, and as the night advanced thousands of fire-



STREET VIEW, WITH OLD COLUMN, FLORENCE.

flies flitted past, lighting up the sides of the railway. The line to Bologna, which we had previously travelled over, is very romantic, and runs for many miles through a mountainous country; and at the time of our last visit the railway was most seriously injured by the floods, which had washed away bridges and portions of the line for many miles, hundreds of workmen being employed to repair the damage. Innumerable tunnels have to be gone through, and the noise and excitement kept us awake until we arrived at Bologna, about 12 15 p.m. This large, wealthy, and ancient city was all in gloom, but we had spent some days there years ago, and seen its Cathedral, Basilica, and wondrous leaning towers, with its beautiful Campo Santo, a short distance from the city, filled with exquisite memorial sculpture; the darkness which now prevailed, during an hour's stay at the station—one of the finest in Italy, Milan excepted—precluded our doing any sight-seeing in our tedious brief sojourn. Here numbers of trains are divided and despatched for Milan, Turin, and other direc-

tions. The opportunity for a little refreshment was not lost, and, having seen to our luggage and a comfortable carriage, at 1 15 we were travelling on to Venice. Soon after starting the want of rest closed our eyes, and it was in the dim morning, about three o'clock, we awoke and found ourselves at Padua. The station had a most deserted look at this hour, and only one passenger made his appearance; though possessed of a bag, he did not strike us as being the learned doctor going to plead at Venice for poor Antonio. This is one of the grand old cities we have not yet visited, beyond the railway station, though its famous frescoes by Giotto are alone well worthy of a visit. We trust to accomplish this at some future time. After leaving Padua, sleep was impossible, morning was breaking, and golden streaks that laced the severing clouds of the east were resting over Venezia. Soon the sun rose from the sea, and the grand magical effect of the whole can never be forgotten. Rogers's well-known lines in his poem of Italy, so lovingly illustrated by our own

Turner—the only artist who ever painted
Venice as she truly is—come like a dream—

There is a glorious city of the sea ;
The sea is in the broad and narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

Soon after six o'clock we arrived at the station. Not a cab to be seen, but plenty of gondolas ; and having hailed one, we started on a tour of inspection, before deciding upon our lodgings. An artist friend who accompanied us was our guide, philosopher, and friend ; one who knows the "Stones of Venice" as well as Mr. Ruskin (the present being his twenty-fifth visit) ; he directed the gondolier to row us along the Grand Canal ; the morning being young, the air was deliciously cool coming over the lagoons ; and the numerous craft moving along with their picturesque boatmen—the rich-coloured sails—the constant change of objects—the noble palaces—the column of the Lion of St. Mark, and that of the patron Saint Theodore, on the grand square—compose a picture that is perfectly unique, and there is certainly no other

city in the world where a painter of architectural subjects can find so much on which to employ his pencil. Here we landed, leaving our luggage in charge of the gondolier, whilst we partook of breakfast. After a refreshing meal we again started, and were rowed through a succession of the small canals. These are most interesting, and many noble buildings are to be found in these narrow ways, some of them strangely altered by their present occupants, but wearing still a solemn dignified look. Every turn, right and left, disclosed a picture, until it became bewildering to make choice of a subject. A few spots were noted down for another visit. At length we selected apartments at the Casa Fabris, Riva dei Selnavoni, looking out on the grand canal and immediately opposite San Giorgio—a splendid view overlooking the gardens, fortifications, and church of San Niccolo on the Lido, a small island on the lagoon in the distance, but of easy access by steamer or gondola, and much visited by the Venetians and strangers for its delightful sea-bathing, and which we have thoroughly

enjoyed. Here, too, are the celebrated La Favorita gardens, which we attended on the opening night. The entertainments were first-class, and a splendid string band, in addition to the military one, discoursed most excellent music, programmes being handed to the visitors. No dancing or singing, but some clever acrobats went through their wonderful performances, the whole concluding with a brilliant display of fireworks, certainly the most original in design we ever saw. The entertainment is varied almost every evening with dramatic or operatic performances and pianoforte recitals. In addition to these amusements, the military band of the 71st Regiment, stationed here, gives selections of the best composers every other evening on the grand square or piazza, S. Marco. Here, at about nine o'clock, may be seen the youth, beauty, fashion, old and young, of Venice, promenading, whilst crowds are seated at the various *caffés* underneath the covered portion of the piazza. Great numbers prefer to assemble at the seats and tables provided by the various proprietors of the *caffés* on the

open square ; and here at the Florian a reunion of artist friends, with whom we had spent many pleasant evenings at the Greco in Rome, took place, also an introduction to several others we had not previously known, and a most agreeable meeting with some whom we had not seen for years ; amongst them Mr. L. Fildes and Mr. H. Woods, the former so well known to fame as the illustrator of the unfinished work of Charles Dickens and the painter of "The Casual Ward"—which was the picture of the year at the Royal Academy two years ago, and which is now attracting crowds of admirers at the Philadelphia Exhibition. This artist has also perhaps a greater work in the present Exhibition, "The Widower ;" we have heard many expressions of opinion on this picture, all favourable and predicting a great career for the young painter. The author of the illustrated notes on the Royal Academy Exhibition—Mr. Henry Blackburne—says this is one of the pictures of the year. These two great pictures—"The Casual Ward" and "The Widower"—were purchased from the artist, not from a dealer, by Mr. J.

Taylor, formerly of Wigan, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Joseph Crook. For the former picture he gave the artist 1000 guineas, and the one now exhibiting was purchased for 1800 guineas. These are large prices, but the works would realise considerably more if now offered for sale, and we know that a Liverpool merchant was greatly disappointed that he was too late to become the possessor of Mr. Fildes' splendid productions. We most sincerely congratulate their fortunate owner. Mr. H. Woods exhibits excellent works in the Royal Academy this year. He is perhaps best known as a book illustrator and for his excellent designs produced in the *Graphic*. Both these clever artists—Fildes and Woods—who are also relatives, belong to Warrington; and when we mention, as we have previously done, Mr. John Warrington Wood, sculptor, and Mr. William Davies, the author of "Songs by a Wayfarer" and "The Shepherd's Garden"—exquisite poems, full of refined beauty—and his exhaustive and admirably-written "Pilgrimage of the Tiber," besides numerous essays on poetry and art

published in the London magazines, we think that the old town of Warrington may well feel proud of her sons.

And here, whilst speaking of art in the present exhibition at the Academy, we may mention that we heard in London that the fine landscape "O'er the Hills and Far Away," by J. E. Millais, had been purchased by a Bolton gentleman for 3500 guineas. We know not if this is correct. The item is a very large one, and, though we know Millais commands large prices, it looks more like the sum asked by a dealer than by an artist.

Amongst the artists permanently residing in Venice Mr. Bunney may take a first position. This artist we had the pleasure of meeting at Verona some years ago. His architectural drawings of the grand old palace of the Doges, with its arcades and the giants' staircase; the exterior and interior of St. Mark's; these and kindred subjects are copied with a truthfulness almost microscopic. His faithful delineation of the various marbles,

with their rich ornamentation of Mosaics, is very good; the artist has been frequently noticed by the writer of "The Stones of Venice," and we know that Mr. Ruskin has just become the possessor of one of Mr. Bunney's works.

Having been at work for some days on one of the picturesque small canals, the weather became so intensely hot that we were glad to seek the cool shade of the interior of St. Mark, having several commissions for drawings of the wondrous old pile. Before we could commence serious work, we had to obtain the permission of the Dean; this has become necessary, we regret to say, through the misconduct of certain German and Spanish artists, who seemed to look upon the church as their studio, lunching and taking coffee within the walls. This objectionable proceeding caused the authorities to require a certain guarantee from a citizen as to the respectability of the artist wishing to paint in the interior. This having been accomplished through the kindness of Mr. Bunney, who

introduced us to the reverend Dean, we have been able to "take things cool" for several days, and here we had the pleasure of an introduction to Miss Montalba, a very clever artist, who has recently been elected an associate of the Society of Water Colour Painters. She has a fine eye for colour, and Venetian subjects are admirably suited to her powers. The church is fortunately large, or the crowd of artists might look conspicuous at their work. A Spanish artist was working upon a very large canvas; his point of sight taking in the high altar, with the statues and brilliant Mosaics upon grounds of gold; the work was very clever, and promised when completed to prove an effective picture. Here also English, Irish, and American artists were busy with studies in oil and water colours, there being room enough for all, and any quantity of subjects.

Venice is indeed a paradise for an architectural painter. In every direction, on the canals, the quays, the squares, the palaces, and the churches, innumerable subjects present

themselves. There is no need to look for them. They are ready always, and seem to invite you to paint them. Then the collections of paintings by the great masters of the Venetian school—Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, Bassano, and a host of other great names—these invaluable collections are contained in the Ducal Palace and the *Accademia del Belle Arti*. In the latter are some of Titian's grandest works; the sight of the "Assumption of the Virgin" is worth the journey to Venice, and was painted when the artist was 30 years of age; whilst close by, his picture of the "Lowering from the Cross," painted when he was 98 years old, hangs to show the wonderful vigour still remaining in this prince of painters, whose life must have been a very happy one, courted as he was by the great ones of the earth.



VENICE.—No. II.

THE long night journey from Florence to Venice, which we attempted to sketch in our last Scrap, with its accompanying excitement and loss of rest, caused us to seek early repose, that we might be able to commence earnest work the following day. No rocking was required to induce sleep, and we awoke thoroughly refreshed about six o'clock. Upon opening our sun shutters, what a brilliant sight lay stretched out before us; the quay of the Grand Canal, at this comparatively early hour, crowded with figures; sailors at work on board their picturesque coasting vessels, with some sacred emblem or other design painted on the prow, whilst the sails of rich yellows, reds, or browns, arranged themselves naturally into harmonious colour, many of them being also painted with a cross or sun upon them. The whole effect could not fail to charm the most uneducated eye, though the observer might be unable to discern the

secret of its beauty. Besides, there are crowds of gaily canopied gondolas, with others of hearse-like appearance, which from their sombre hue add greatly to the effect, and give more brilliancy to the surrounding colours; the gondoliers, fine, tall, handsome fellows, being, as a rule, busy polishing the ornamental brass work with which many of these smoothly gliding boats are decorated. In addition to the rich carved work on the doors and sides of some of these gondolas, most of them have also a peculiar ornament of polished steel at the prow, the origin of which we have not been able to learn. Though of late years the trappings have been of bright colours, the boat is invariably black. Byron's description of the gondola, in "Don Juan," is perfect—

"Long covered boat that's common here;
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called gondolier,
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe
Where none can make out what you say or do."

Close to the right stands the grand old ducal palace, with its beautiful arcades and the richly carved capitals of the columns, every one being exquisite in design and of different pattern from the rest. A portion of the left corner of the building is supposed to have given way, and is at present undergoing repair; near it stand the two red granite pillars bearing the famous winged bronze lion of St. Mark, and the Statue of St. Theodore, patron saint of the city, with his crocodile, whilst on the right is the Bridge of Sighs, leading to the fatal prison. Immediately opposite, on a small island, stands St. Giorgio Maggiore, with its fine campanile, almost rivalling the celebrated one in the Grand Square of St. Mark. This, with San Giorgio a little lower down, also on the opposite side of the Grand Canal the Lido in the distance—the lagoons covered with innumerable craft—all this magnificent view is seen from our room, and in the early morning sun is a sight never to be forgotten. If anything can equal it in beauty it is Venice by

moonlight. Most fortunately during our stay we have had splendid nights; and on the evening when the moon was at the full we took our gondola and proceeded along the Grand Canal, rowed silently along, passing some of the grand old palaces, many of them now converted into hotels. Proceeding onwards, we swept under that noble bridge of the Rialto, where, Shylock tells us, "merchants most do congregate;" there seem to be many of "our tribe" remaining, but the fruits of their industry on the Rialto are oranges, the chief depôt for the supply of the city with fruit and vegetables being close to the bridge. Turning to our left we entered one of the smaller canals; still the same grand buildings with massive entrances and flights of steps descending to the canal; mysterious recesses by garden walls, with overhanging acacias and rich oleanders; quaint angles and innumerable bridges; bright gleams of moonlight coming between the tall buildings, which by sudden contrast make the gloom still more deep. Perhaps

a strain of music is heard from one of the palaces ; occasionally one proceeds from the occupants of a gondola, who, like ourselves, have been tempted by the beautiful night to enjoy for an hour or two the cool breeze on the water. With such sights and sounds, we feel it is almost impossible to continue a conversation, and can only exclaim at intervals, with expressions of admiration, "Splendid ! superb !" and again repeat, "Venice is a dream."

The weather had been exceedingly hot, and there seemed to be indications of a change, when, a few evenings ago, we had been to bathe on the Lido, an island on the opposite side of Venice, strongly fortified. Here the Adriatic comes dashing on to a splendid sandy beach. The accommodation for bathers is first-class ; and at this season many visitors arrive here for the bathing. We had observed in crossing in the steamer large black clouds gathering amongst the distant Alps and Dolomite mountains, which are plainly visible. Presently lurid flashes

of lightning shot forth. Fortunately we had arrived safely at our rooms, when a storm of rain, thunder, and lightning commenced that surpassed anything we had ever seen. The lightning was most eccentric, seeming at times to shoot upwards, and again to take the form of a Greek key pattern. The streets were soon cleared—I should have said the quays, there being few streets, the chief promenade being the Grand Piazza, where the *caffés* abound, and here, fortunately, the arcades afford much shelter for large crowds. The violence of the storm was soon exhausted, and the moon shone out brightly, when at nine o'clock the military band commenced playing. This takes place three or four evenings in the week until half-past ten, when a gay crowd may be seen, and here seated at tables, brought into the square, they enjoy their coffee or ices. The itinerant musicians—composed of a singer, a performer on the violin, and another on the guitar—are banished from the Piazza, but still are allowed to perform in front of

the different *caffés* in other parts of the city; whilst that ancient institution, the oracle of wit and humour, *Punchinello*, is banished altogether. Too often the Italian *Punch* conveyed a political meaning in his jokes, and the authorities could not afford to be laughed at; it was dangerous, so the *bâton* or cudgel had to be resigned, and *Punchinello* was deposed. We should not be sorry if the groups of fellows who infest every public place could also be banished to one of the small islands. They come offering for sale their cheap jewelry and cameos, beads and shell ornaments, photographs and matches, and seize upon the *Forestieri*, under which grand title Englishmen are included, and are almost as difficult to get quit of as the mosquitoes—these, by-the-bye, are particularly attentive at present, yet are as difficult to find as a policeman when wanted. They, too, are of the invisible, and it is only when you seek repose that their trumpet note calls you up to battle. Here we draw the curtain, and having provided ourselves with a thin net-

ting, called a mosquito curtain, we hope to lie as still as a gravestone and sleep in peace for one night at least.

During the many exceedingly hot days we have managed to keep cool at work in the grand old St. Mark's Church. This strangely wonderful piece of architecture of the Greek and Byzantine type, begun in the year 976 and finished in 1071, is surely old enough, but it has grown more beautiful with age; inside and out it is covered with pictures in Mosaic, chiefly representing events in the life of Christ, and of many saints unheard of in Protestant England. There is an immense profusion of beautiful Oriental marbles and bas-reliefs in bronze, every portion of the walls being covered; the groundwork is of gold, whilst the tessellated pavement has led some to suppose, from its undulating surface, that it is intended to represent the waves of the sea, but we should imagine it is caused by the giving way of the ground after so many centuries; in this, as in almost every



INTERIOR OF SAN MARCO, VENICE.

church we have visited in Venice, iron bolts or timbers of great strength have been used for support, the whole foundations being mostly on piles. And here for many days in some quiet, shady corner, during the service, we have sat at work upon subjects, of which there is no end. We have counted fifteen artists studying in the place at the same time; there is room for all, but it is only when the services are over that the easels and their owners come more to the front, as the subjects chosen may require. A Spanish artist is engaged upon a very large canvas, taking in the whole view of the high altar, with its columns and statues, and the side recesses covered with rich Mosaics; this promises to be a success, and we are informed is a commission from the King of Spain. We have frequently seen Mrs. Layard—the wife of the English ambassador at Madrid—in conversation with the artist, and evidently taking a great interest in the work. At all times he is surrounded by an admiring crowd, who little think of the unfortunate artist who happens to have

selected a subject which their forms partly shut out of view.

There is little need of making calls upon artist friends who are sketching here, since they are sure to be met with at the Caffé Florian, if not previously at the Restaurant Cappello. Here after the day's work is over pleasant gatherings take place, the American element being very strong, and in every instance the soothing influence of art, or the naturally kindly disposition of brother artists, makes our transatlantic painters and sculptors invariably well liked, none the less seeing that they prove themselves to be gentlemen. The Caffé Orientala, close to our residence on the Grand Quay, and which we visit for our morning meal, is a great resort for news, and intelligence of the war between Turkey and Servia is eagerly looked for and read. The vendors of the papers do a considerable business, and in their haste to dispose of their small sheets—we cannot say “broad sheets,” since an Englishman turns up his nose at

such substitutes for newspapers—rush along in a stream of perspiration, calling out “*La Venezia*,” “*Il Tempo*,” &c., with an occasional facetious remark about the combatants being both beaten, in allusion to the contradictory telegrams so often published by each party. The general impression here is that the Servians have caught a Tartar, and “*Serve 'em right*.”



VENICE.—No. III.

WHAT with festas, serenatas, and religious ceremonies, Venice has indeed been all excitement for a week past. On Saturday last crowds of country people dressed in their holiday attire were to be seen along the quays and the Piazza Saint Marco, having come into the city to attend the Festa of Il Redentore on the following morning, a religious ceremony in commemoration of the deliverance from the plague in the fifteenth century. To prepare themselves for this event it appears necessary for these pilgrims to go over in boat loads to the Lido, imbibe a large quantity of wine or beer, and, if sufficiently wide awake, to remain on the island and see the sun rise, or return at all hours of the morning, yelling out portions of boisterous songs. We can vouch for this, which was anything but agreeable, our apartments being almost

immediately opposite to the landing place. We had seen the preparations going on some evenings before by the formation of a bridge of boats some hundreds in number, across from Venice to the Giudecca, on which the *Il Redentore*, or Redeemer's Church, is situate, two spaces between this bridge of boats being spanned over to allow of the gondolas to pass through; and on this bridge, soon after four o'clock in the morning, hundreds of people might be seen passing along, and the flight of steps leading to the church was crowded to the doors. At nine o'clock a grand procession of all the dignitaries of St. Mark issued forth and walked across the bridge to attend the mass, and what with the crowd and the incense, the smell was unbearable, and we were glad to make our escape. This ceremony terminated on the Sunday evening.

On the Monday morning, being at work upon a drawing of the interior of St. Mark, full of elaborate detail—statues, marble columns, and Mosaics, requiring all the

time we could possibly devote for the completion of our sketch—we were surprised to see a large quantity of theatrical properties brought into the central nave of the church. We then learned that workmen were commencing to erect a large canopy to be used in the celebration of the grand funeral ceremony of Signor Soldini, who left a large sum of money—something like £60,000—for the support of a charitable institution and a certain number of old men and women, and also for the performance of a mass for the repose of his soul for ever, a musical composition written for the occasion each year to form a part of the programme. Unless this is strictly complied with the funds go to Milan or Florence. Shortly the whole of the rich marble columns were draped with black cloth, the pulpits and altars in a similar drapery but edged with a silver fringe. Our work had to cease, and on the following day the arrangements were completed for the ceremony. Rows of immense candelabra surrounded the canopy, on the top of which was a gilt

figure of Justice, with a trumpet and a pair of scales, which unfortunately were not true in the balance. Whether St. Mark got the lion's share we cannot say. Under the centre of this wooden imitation of stone and marble was placed a rather square-shaped box, covered with a velvet pall, designed to represent the coffin of the deceased, and around on the walls were four tablets, enumerating the many virtues of Soldini.

We attended the performance the following day, which was repeated for three days, and this has been going on for the last forty years, so that some good ought to come out of it in time, though we cannot say that we were greatly impressed; we observed too that the representative, or chief mourner, did not seem to take a lively interest in the proceedings, but was more attracted by a brilliant ring worn by the priest who stood next him, and frequently yawned as though wearied out with the noise of trumpets, &c. Before the last note was played, ladders were placed

against the walls, and the trappings of woe very soon removed with the other properties until the next show.

We hope that we are not uncharitable, but we must say from observation during the many days we have been at work in St. Mark's, that of all the Roman Catholic cities we have ever visited, Venice is, to our thinking, the most superstitious. Having taken up our position near to the entrance door, we have not failed to observe the kissing of idols and the sprinkling of holy water. A fellow goes down on his knees, says his prayers, we suppose, and steals our umbrella under our nose. We are not the only victim. Innocent strangers, who may have placed a hat or shawl on a seat, find themselves relieved by these pious thieves, who remove it for fear there might be some dishonest people about, but occasionally are caught, there being a special policeman to look after them; but the numerous ways of exit give a great chance of escape.



CHURCHES OF SAN GIORGIO AND SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, ON THE GRAND CANAL,
FROM THE PUBLIC GARDENS, VENICE.

The *Serenata* is a gala peculiarly Venetian, and is given by the municipality twice a year. The first came off on Tuesday evening last, and was indeed a magnificent affair. At nine o'clock, the night being lovely, some hundreds of gondolas, each illuminated with coloured lamps, followed in the wake of a large stage erected on two barges. This was beautifully decorated, and immense chandeliers of coloured lamps, arranged like bouquets of flowers, were placed at certain distances. Still there was space sufficient for the singers and instrumental band, altogether about one hundred performers, chiefly from the operatic company. The programme commenced with an overture played opposite the Grand Piazza, and as the barge moved slowly along to the next halting place, the struggle of the gondoliers to obtain a better position was most exciting. We had fortunately taken up our position early, and were sufficiently near to hear the music. The moment this aquatic procession moved off, the Baroda

and Pera—two of the splendid P. and O. Company's steamers at present lying here—illuminated their yards and the sides of the vessels with red fire, whilst hundreds of rockets were sent up in all directions. The King's Palace was one blaze of light, and from the top of the grand old Campanile in the Square of St. Mark, a perfect glow of fire blazed forth. At each of the noble palaces a brilliant display of coloured fires took place. It was altogether a sight so wonderful and bewitching that it can never be forgotten.

We had expressed a desire to see over one of those splendid steamers of the P. and O. Company, when a friend said he should have much pleasure in introducing us to the captain of the Baroda, a personal friend of his. We accordingly went on the following morning, and were most courteously received, shown all over the noble vessel, and being pressed to remain to dinner we did so, and were sumptuously entertained, feasting in true English style

with the chief officers of the ship, one of whom, Mr. Briscoe, is the wearer of the Victoria Cross, given for the most daring rescue of a number of lives near Calcutta. The *Pera*, which lies just opposite our bedroom window, remains here for some weeks. Both these noble vessels are splendid examples of the wealth and energy of a private company. The completeness of the arrangements for the pleasure and comfort of their passengers is perfect, and though there is no useless display of ornament or gilding, but exquisite taste shown in the colour and decoration of the cabin, the ladies' sitting-room, and the grand dining saloon, all that ingenuity can devise to lessen the monotony of a long sea voyage is here, and the order of the whole seems perfect.

Last night we again crossed over to the Lido to witness a grand display of fireworks in the gardens of the *Favorita*, including a very graphic representation of the Battle of Solferino. In crossing over

from Venice on board the steamer, we generally find our way to the extreme point of the bow in order to enjoy the sensation of a perfectly free view of the surrounding scenery, and isolate ourselves from all behind us. On Wednesday night last we were in that position, and witnessed a very close escape from a collision with another steamer. Our boat was crowded with passengers, and was keeping too near the course followed by the steamer coming from the opposite direction. As we were steaming on at full speed, we remarked to the look-out man at the bow that something was wrong in both our course and that followed by the other steamer approaching. No notice was taken for a few seconds, when we again remarked, "Look out, or there will be a collision." The man then saw its probabilities, and that our only chance of escape was by the opposing steamer changing her course, and so passing us on the wrong side instead of the right one. We both shouted, "Sinistra! sinistra!"—to the left, to the left—and fortunately the man at the wheel heard us and

reversed the rudder when within five or six yards of a collision. Luckily we just escaped; the *Venezia* and other newspapers of the following morning made some severe comments on this occurrence. The display of fireworks and representation of the battle were a great success. Three bands of music were posted in different parts of the grounds attached to the gardens, which are of great extent and admirably adapted from their undulating character for a mimic display of warfare. Before the battle commenced the national airs of France, Austria, and Italy were played in succession, first preceded by solemn introductory music from the full bands; then were heard the trumpets of the Bersiglieri in quick march to the charge, and the defiant answer of the Austrians accepting the challenge. For a few moments all was silent as death, then the firing of a gun was the signal for the attack to commence. Firing of cannon, bursting of shells and maroons; the horizontal rush of rockets from the opposing sides, mortars firing, and an infinity of blue lights; rockets

rushing upwards, sideways, round corners, and straight ahead, bursting with fury and scattering destruction "nowhere"—cheering of troops, rattling of arms, trumpet calls, and then a tremendous onslaught of fireworks of every description to the destruction of good gunpowder and stout paper. This, followed out of the smoke and confusion by a grand climax in full blaze of an illuminated and triumphant "Italia," mounted with the "Cross of Savoy," brought down the applause of the many thousand spectators, and sent us home well pleased with our entertainment.



MUNICH, MANNHEIM, AND THE RHINE.

AT length the time had arrived for our homeward journey. Before leaving Venice, however, we had the opportunity of hearing Verdi's new opera, "Aïda," which was given at the Malibran Theatre by the original performers at Cairo, and superbly mounted. The theatre, of considerable size, was quite full; one of the boxes was occupied by the Prefect of Venice and the King of Italy's Ministers for Marine and Foreign Affairs. And what shall we say of this much-talked-of opera? Simply, then, that we were greatly disappointed, and were strongly reminded of one of the composer's earlier works, "The Force of Destiny." "Aïda" is one of the noisiest performances ever listened to, the plot being an Eastern one, with endless processions and some well executed characteristic dancing. The music is of the loudest; drums, trumpets, and cymbals having more than their share in every act. We should imagine that Verdi has wished to show in

this work that he can outdo Wagner in noise. There is not a single air that can be carried away; certainly some of the marches may be played by military bands; but in our judgment few of the songs will find their way into the drawing-room, as many other of this composer's airs have.

And now, after spending so many delightful months in Italy—Rome, Florence, Venice, three great cities of the past, and the real home of the arts in their grandest period—we have to say good-bye. At each of these cities we have been fortunate in meeting with many artist friends, and the pleasant days spent with them in study and recreation will be remembered for a lifetime. We know not what influence is at work—whether it is the climate, or the style of living, or the surroundings,—this we are not able to define; all we know is, there is a genial brotherly feeling amongst artists at their gatherings that we can only hope is felt in other professions at their social meetings. Perhaps there is with artists a Bohemian element that

would not be considered proper in correct society. If so, then correct society loses much of the enjoyment of life. When the reserve of the correct thing is thrown aside, and the open, true-hearted, and generous disposition of the brotherhood of artists, authors, and musicians comes to the front—which we have invariably found through many years' experience it is sure to do—then we learn something of the element which mixes so strongly in the enjoyment of these social gatherings.

Though we have had to submit to the usual annoyances which need not be particularised here, since all travellers have had the same experience, we left Venice with much regret, for still there is that about this City of the Sea which makes it seem especially built and designed for pleasure. In the early days of the Republic it made a grand position among the nations, it was renowned for the bravery and commercial enterprise of its citizens; in its mellow age it is a place of rest and enjoyment. To any who have not

yet visited this lovely City of the Sea, and who have the time and means at command, we say a series of delightful surprises awaits you, and it will be strange if a first acquaintance with its churches, palaces, and piazzas ; the varied interest of its canal navigation ; its festas, and the genial spirit that pervades Venezia, do not tempt the tourist to revisit, and more than once, a spot that unites so many natural, social, and artistic charms.

To-day we are tripping it to Chioggia, the most southern island in the lagoons. Here the Genoese were finally defeated after a long and doubtful struggle, and 4000 made prisoners by the Venetians under Doge Pisani in 1389, and we are told that mortars were first used on this occasion, when the Genoese admiral, Pietro Doria, was killed by a stone bullet 195lbs. weight. On board the steamer, which starts punctually every morning from the Grand Quay at 9 30, we enjoyed as perfect a day as we could wish for ; a nice cool breeze—what a treat after the oven we had been living in for many days—sunny

skies tempered by fine masses of clouds, making the day perfect, and giving quite an English feeling to the whole, as we steamed along the picturesque channel leading to Chioggia, passing numerous small islands—Albirone, Malomocco, Palestrina—each with numerous quaint buildings and most picturesque fishing boats. At length Chioggia is reached, after a most delightful sail of two hours and a half. We were followed from the steamer to the Hotel Luna by a crowd of boatmen, who were most anxious to secure us for a sail. There was no persuading them that we preferred taking lunch, having had enough of the water for a time. These fellows seemed to be jealous of each other, and it ended in their getting up a *row* amongst themselves instead of taking our party for a row. Three artist friends who were our *compagnons de voyage* each found a subject for a sketch; indeed, to a painter of boats we have never seen such endless studies, and the colour of the sails, most of them covered with some sacred design or emblem, was simply perfect. The day was altogether one

of thorough enjoyment to us and our artist friends. We have also visited Murano, which is on one of the islands near to Venice, and was in the 13th century one of the most important places in Europe for the manufacture of glass, receiving exclusive privileges from the Senate; but now the people are principally employed in making beads, chiefly for the Eastern market; still there seems to be a chance of the ancient glories of the trade being revived. Signor Salviati has established works here, chiefly for the manufacture of high-class Venetian glass, consisting of the most elegantly-designed goblets, vases, and cups in every variety of exquisitely-coloured glass; and also for the revival of the almost extinct production of pictures in Mosaic, which certainly rival in brilliancy, if they do not surpass, those of the earliest times. We are informed that Mr. Layard is greatly interested in this establishment of modern glass-making. We also visited, on our way, the cemetery for Venice, near to the Church of San Michell, a dreary spot surrounded by the lagoons, which are excluded by a high wall. This

graveyard, like many others, has had to be considerably extended, a large portion of the small island being at the present time about to be added for the requirements of the dead.

And here we must close our sketch of Venice. Not that we are short of materials. Our pencil has not been idle, and we have numerous scraps to work up into word-pictures. The inclination also is not wanting to draw upon the patience of friends who may have felt some interest in these written impressions. Time, however, compels us to close our Sketch Book with just one more outline, which we hope to be able to contribute next week. Our month in Venice closes on Wednesday next, when we return to England, taking Munich on our way.

We ordered our gondola to await us at nine o'clock p.m. at the Riva dei Schiavoni, and having seen to our luggage—which somehow will increase in bulk during foreign travel—being safe on board, started with two friends up the Grand Canal. At this

hour scores of gondolas were silently moving along or waiting with their occupants to hear the first strains of music at the Caffé Royal, which is situate close to the Grand Canal, and has an excellent stringed band. Having considerable time to spare before the train started for Munich, we made use of it in again visiting some of the smaller but more picturesque canals. A young moon shone, but we had to show the usual lamp at night, since some of these canals are so narrow, and the palaces and other buildings so high, that the gloom seems intense. In passing by one of these grand old palaces, now empty, except an upper room used by an artist friend for his studio, and who had invited us to view his pictures, we landed and had the opportunity of going through this home of departed grandeur. The rooms, of immense proportions, especially the ball-room, which was richly decorated on the walls and ceilings with the usual mythological subjects, all wore a sad, deserted look. We could not help picturing to ourselves the grand receptions—the gaiety, fashion, heart winning, and heart

burnings—the births, the deaths, the hopes—the fears—all the changes of some hundred years, that had taken place in this noble palace. The sad, deserted look in the daylight was one to reflect upon; but when passing it in the still night the gloominess and ghost-like appearance of the great pile of building had a most solemn effect, and we felt almost a shudder in passing, as though some wicked deed had been perpetrated within its walls. At length we arrive at the railway station—a queer thing to get out of a boat and find oneself in a railway office. Having seen to the booking of our luggage, a long process, the payments having to be made in gold or silver, for none of the shabby little paper money which is in constant use here will be taken, we start at eleven o'clock p. m. for Munich, a long journey, occupying until about seven o'clock the following evening. The train was one of those called *express*, but only in name, except that they do not stop at all the stations, but make up for it by staying about half-an-hour at those where they do stop.

We managed to sleep until we arrived at Verona, at about 4 30 a.m., when the sun was just peeping over the mountains which surround this charming city. On our former visit we spent a week in this most interesting spot, which like many others is full of beauties and great interest; and no lover of Shakspeare could help thinking here of the sad fate of poor Juliet and her truly noble Romeo. We visited the so-called tomb of Juliet, but had our doubts as to its genuineness. Not so with the house of the Capulets. There it stands firm as the day it was built. We also made the acquaintance of two gentlemen of Verona, who might have been relatives of the originals. Verona is strongly fortified, and for some miles we passed forts and warlike defences as the day proceeded and we with it on our journey. We came at length to the Austrian frontier. Here all had to turn out, and our luggage to be turned over. The process was a short one, the only difficulty being to enlighten the custom-house officers about certain large boxes containing drawings and sketches. This was at length

accomplished by our showing a pocket sketch-book, which explained the contents. Upon again starting on our journey the scenery became grand and mountainous. We were entering the Brenner Pass, which for miles continues of the grandest form ; and though we were ascending for hours and the mountains in the distance were covered with snow, the heat was intense. At Frankenfort we had time for lunch—here the railway from Vienna joins the main line. The variety of character to be met with on a long journey is very amusing, and we had noticed one unmistakable beer-drinking German who took every opportunity for refreshing at the stations.

At the first he appeared with his felt hat ; at the next stopping place for a few minutes he must have felt his hat too hot, he had cast it aside. Again we saw him rushing to the refreshment-room without coat, and once more without waistcoat, an example of the pursuit of beer under difficulties. Again we were subjected to the searching operation, this time at the Bavarian frontier, but there was no difficulty.

And here we must say a word about the Austrian Tyrol, which extends for such a long distance on this, by far the nearest route to England. It is all throughout splendid, not of the rugged kind, but clothed with magnificent pines to the very tops of the nearest mountains, whilst those beyond are of the wildest shapes, and a great portion covered with snow. The river Addio, close by the railway, flows along at a rapid rate and is as pure as possible, being snow water. We are ascending for hours, shooting through mountain barriers, which the engineer has overcome with tunnels, until at length we observe the watercourse has changed its direction; we have arrived at the highest point, and the river, now the Inn, flows the opposite way.

We were exceedingly glad to arrive at Munich, having felt the heat more on this railway journey than we had done in Rome, Florence, or Venice. An artist friend having recommended the Oberpollinger Hotel, we took up our quarters there, though we had a

difficulty in obtaining rooms, there is such an influx of strangers here in consequence of the grand exhibition of pictures and industrial art at present open. Fortunately our friend's name was of some weight, and so we were made comfortable. After such a long journey sleep was easy, and as our bedroom was five storeys high, by keeping our window open we got a pure fresh air that assisted repose. Before, however, retiring for the night, feeling interested as we always are in a strange foreign town in learning something of the manners and customs of the people, we repaired about nine o'clock to the establishment called the English Garden, a compliment we could not resist, and here in beautiful summer-houses we took our coffee, listening to an excellent band; the programme was composed of military and classical music, which was evidently enjoyed by a large audience. Still ye manners and ye customs of ye Bavarians are strange, and though we have seen no drunkenness the quantity of beer imbibed by men and women—even young ladies and children—is something to our notions alarming. Smoking also seems to

be general, and from the round, healthy faces of the natives no harm seems to come of it. We left before the conclusion of the concert. The following morning we rose at six o'clock and went out to explore. We visited three of the churches of the highly decorated style, and not at all to our taste. The general architecture of the buildings is far from picturesque, and though Munich is a stronghold of German art, we confess to a feeling of disappointment at the little art or taste displayed in the adornment of the city. We visited the Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, which is certainly a success. Though not of the proportions of displays in England of the same kind, still there is much to admire; but the fine art portion was decidedly the weakest part of the collection. Our visit was too short to enable us to examine in detail the many beautiful contributions, especially in glass and porcelain. The metal work was also fine. The whole arrangements seemed to be carried out with great spirit, and altogether we enjoyed the Munich Exhibition. The King's residence was next visited. This

is one vast gallery of art, chiefly of the German school, frescoes and glass painting having been particularly cared for by King Ludwig. The sculpture gallery contains some of the finest works by Thorwaldsen and others.

We were anxious to see the colossal Statue of Bavaria with her attendant Lion, and so drove out to the Place. The heat here on this day was greater than we had experienced in any part of Italy. Though we were prepared for seeing a great work, the size of this statue astonished us; it stands upwards of sixty feet high, and is of noble proportions. There is a spiral staircase leading to the top. The head will allow eight persons to be seated, one comfortably in the nose without making a stoppage; and though Bavaria is a bronze, you may see through her, and obtain a fine view by looking out of her eyes. Had the pedestal, which is of marble, forty feet high, been still a little higher, in our modest opinion the effect of the whole would have been improved and more distinctly separated from the very

elegant building and colonnade behind. This is called the Hall of the Heroes, and contains a large collection of busts in marble of Bavaria's greatest warriors. The whole is erected on a hill, and has a very commanding appearance.

After all, we would advise the traveller in search of the picturesque not to see Venice first. Coming from there to Munich is a mistake; but having decided to return by the Brenner Pass and the Rhine—having previously taken the Mont Cenis route—so making our way through the Austrian Tyrol, we arrived at Mannheim, heartily glad to do so, and here took the first Rhine boat for Rotterdam. But we had to stay a night at Mayence, which we had previously visited and sketched at for some days—there being lots of material in street views, quaint old buildings, and market places, with their crowds of women offering their flowers and garden produce for sale. On this occasion the whole place was covered with flags and banners, and alive with holiday people, with the usual excuse for a day's enjoyment—a Church Festa. Before retiring

for the night, coffee was taken at the Café de Paris, which is considered the first establishment in Mayence. An excellent band performed a selection of dance music, in a style that seemed to lift you off your feet, to the very perfection of good time. Having to be on board the steamer at six o'clock the following morning, we were glad to retire early, and now we are enjoying the change on a fine Rhine boat, with a splendid day and most refreshing breeze, in delightful contrast with the close hot railway carriages we have been shut up in night and day for most of the week past. Steaming along on this portion of the Rhine the scenery is very fine, with its ruined castles—far more interesting than they were in the days when their robber owners held possession. And now we are passing the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein with its commanding position, and soon after the tower of Cologne Cathedral is seen. Slowly steaming down the river we observe that the houses, the railway station, and bridge are decorated with flags, and almost every roof has a colour displayed; guns are being fired; we cannot

learn the cause for a time; and naturally come to the conclusion that it is another festa. Having two hours to stay at Cologne, we start at once for the Cathedral, which has still its scaffolding round its tower, and seems to have made very little progress towards completion since we saw it four years ago. In a few hundred years more, perhaps, this richly decorated building will be completed. The two large pictures by Rubens have been removed to undergo the process of restoration, which is too often devastation. The lines of the architecture in the interior are very fine, though the general effect is not so striking as that of Milan Cathedral. Upon coming out and making our way to the bookstall of the railway station, we observed a great crowd at the large hotel opposite, and had the opportunity of seeing the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia drive off in their open carriage, amidst the shouts and hurrahs of a loyal people. Our Royal Princess looked charming, and both were evidently well pleased with their people's attentions, and repeatedly acknowledged the same. The

Royal Prince and his Princess were in perfectly plain costume. Here then was the cause of this extra display of bunting and constant firing of cannon.

We started from Cologne at seven o'clock p.m. for Rotterdam, and steamed along through the night, a perfectly lovely one, with the moon shining with beautiful effect upon the rippled water. At five o'clock we went on deck and found we were at Emmerich, a small village, where a large quantity of cheese was taken on board. Shortly after the Custom House station was reached, and here once more the searching process was gone through. Two picture frames which had escaped all the way from Florence were here declared to be liable to duty, a small amount, which was paid. Nymwegen was our next station. Here again fruit was added to our cargo. At both places we had time for a slight sketch, having made altogether large and small drawings and sketches upwards of sixty. It is now four o'clock, and we have just arrived at Rotter-

dam. This evening we cross the Channel, and in the early morning hope to land once more in England.

In taking our leave we hope that our Scraps may have interested some of our readers. There has been no attempt at style or fine writing, but we have simply recorded the impressions felt by an artist, which were written often in great haste, and under unfavourable circumstances as to time. That we have not been idle we trust there will be an opportunity of showing at some future time. In conclusion we would say to those who have not yet visited Italy, and have the leisure and means to do so, neglect not the favourable time. The recollections of such a journey will last for a lifetime, and always be sources of true pleasure.

FINIS.

