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THE IDENTIFICATION
OF THE
ARTISAN AND ARTIST

THE
Proper Object of American Education.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A LECTURE OF CARDINAL WISEMAN,
ON THE
RELATION OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN WITH THE ARTS
OF PRODUCTION.

ADDRESSED TO AMERICAN WORKINGMEN AND EDUCATORS,
WITH AN ESSAY ON FROEBEL'S REFORM OF
PRIMARY EDUCATION,

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

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DEDICATION.

TO AMERICAN WORKINGMEN.

I HAVE omitted one sentence of the Report of this great and important Lecture of Cardinal Wiseman's, because, though it may apply to European society, it does not apply to American. The sentence is this:—

“The difference between the social tone of our day and that of a former age cannot probably be overcome. I cannot, therefore, pretend to hope that *we* shall see the day when the real, honest artisan, who at the same time shows artistic skill as well as industry, will be considered as raised thereby above the condition in which he is at present held.”

Had the great Cardinal lived in America, he would not have felt this despair. It is the felicity of the constitution which protects the development of the American nationality, that it quenches no hope of a return (and with interest) of all that the past has intimated of the dignity of man. The events of the last ten years in America have taken away forever the disgrace of work; and there is no motto more befitting every American than *Ora et labora* (pray and labor). The progress of science and its applications, *by making slaves of the great insensible forces of nature*, are fast vindicating to human beings the prerogative of all that work which men only, by their individual intelligence and skilled hands, can accomplish; or, in other words, it is making all human labor to rise into the degree of creative genius, which is the intellectual image of God in man. Fine Art, that is, architecture, sculpture, painting and music, are now the forms of this creative activity; but not all, for every form of human activity, even individual formation of character, will become Fine Art when principles of eternal order and beauty, for the use and pleasure of men, shall be embodied in them. The life and manifest destiny of the American nationality is to make every man creative on every plane of his life.

But, in order to accomplish this, men must be developed right from the beginning. Cardinal Wiseman declares, that, whenever in past ages artisans were artists, *they were educated to be so*. By the Greeks and Romans every production of human intelligence was considered a

service done to some god ; and the church of the middle ages, after the revival of letters, made every work an act of worship ; *i. e.*, every work that only intelligence was competent to. In both cases, education was given in secret societies. But the common-school system of America can more than take the place of those secret societies, and should consider itself the immediate instrument of divine Providence to insure the legitimate honor and social position of an artist to every artisan. But for this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, our education must be reformed from the primary stage, as is proposed in the pages which are appended to the report of the Cardinal's Lecture ; and the American workingmen ought to demand nothing less of the Educational Boards in all the States.

THE IDENTIFICATION OF THE ARTISAN AND ARTIST.

[In the spring of 1852, an association was formed by the Catholics of Manchester and Salford, in England, to raise funds for the education of the poor. The Committee, in aid of this purpose, invited Cardinal Wiseman to deliver an address upon some literary subject of general popular interest. Accordingly, on the 28th of April last, in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, His Eminence spoke for three hours, as follows. We know not that we have ever read anything so calculated to inspire the true sentiment of Art among the working-people. Those who are interested in the establishment of Schools of Design in our country could not ask a better presentation of the importance of their cause.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I ought certainly to commence my address to you by thanking you for the extremely kind manner in which you have been pleased to receive me ; but I feel that I must not waste your time in mere expressions of a personal character, feeling rather that I shall have to tax your time and your attention to a considerable extent. I will, therefore, enter at once upon the proposed subject of my address, which has already been communicated to you by my old and excellent friend, the Bishop of Salford. And I am sure I need not say, for he already has well expressed it to you, that it is a topic which at the moment has engaged its full share of public attention, as drawing to itself the interest of all the educated classes, and it is in fact a topic connected with important questions, the solution of which may have to exert an important influence not only on our social but likewise on our moral progress.

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The topic on which I have to address you, then, is the CONNECTION OR RELATION BETWEEN THE ARTS OF PRODUCTION AND THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

By the Arts of Production, I mean naturally those arts by which what is a raw material assumes a form, a shape, a new existence, adapted for some necessity or some use in the many wants of life. Such is pottery ; such is carving in its various branches, whether applied to wood or to stone ; such is the working of metals, whether of gold or silver or brass or iron ; such is the production of textile matters, — of objects of whatever sort and for whatever purpose ; such is con-

struction in its different branches, commencing with the smallest piece of furniture, and ascending to a great and majestic edifice. By the Arts of Design, I understand those which represent nature to us in any form, or which bring before us beauty, whether in form or in color.

Now, these arts ought, as every one agrees, to be in close harmony one with the other ; but that harmony which I wish to establish between them must be an honorable union, an equal compact, a noble league. There is not to be one the servant, and the other the master : each must be aware of the advantages which it can receive as well as those which it can confer. Thus the arts, for instance, of design, will have to give elegance of form, grace of outline, beauty of ornament, to that which is produced by the other class of arts ; and they in their turn have to transmit and multiply and perpetuate the creations of the arts of design. Now, it is agreed on all hands that as yet this complete harmony does not exist ; that we have far from arrived at that mutual application of the one class to the other which gives us a satisfactory result. It is unnecessary, I believe, to bring evidence of this. As we proceed, I trust that opportunities will present themselves of bringing before you authorities enough for that assertion. But I may say, at the very outset, that the report which is published by the department of Practical Art is almost based upon the acknowledgment that as yet we have not attained that application of the arts of design to the arts of production which we desire, and which is most desirable to the arts of production to obtain. It acknowledges the existence of a necessity for much more instruction than has yet been given. It allows that for several years — thirteen years, at least — of the existence of schools of design they have not been found fully to attain their purpose, and a new organization and a new system has now begun to be adopted. No one can appreciate, I trust, more than I am inclined to do myself, the advantages which must result from the multiplication of these schools of design as applied to manufactures, and other great improvements which they have already begun to confer, and will continue, no doubt, still more to bestow upon the industrial classes. I believe it most important to propagate to the utmost the love of Science, the love of Art. *I believe it most useful to accustom every child to its first rudiments, its elementary states.* I think, if we can make drawing a part of universal education, a great deal will be gained. But this, certainly, cannot be enough. I am willing to grant that we shall have a great improvement upon what we have produced in the form of Art. I believe that we shall see better designers ; men with better imaginations ; men who understand the harmony and combination of

colors better, and who can give to the artisans patterns which will greatly improve every department of our industry. But, I ask, is that sufficient? Will this bring Art up to what we desire? This is the great question. This is the subject of which I am going to treat. It appears to me that there is a very simple mode of looking at it; and it is the one, consequently, which I shall adopt. It is a question partly of experience. It is a lesson much of which history can teach us; and I desire to bring before you such facts as seem to me to bear upon the question, and to enable us to come to a practical and satisfactory conclusion. [Applause.] I will endeavor to state the question under a very simple, but perhaps it may appear not a very practical, form.

There is now a great desire to form, not only in the capital, but also in all great cities where industry prevails, museums, which should contain all the most perfect specimens of Art antiquity in every age has left us of beauty in design and elegance in form. We wish that our artisans should have frequently before them what may be considered not merely actual models to copy, but likewise such objects as may gradually impress their minds with feelings of taste. Now, I should like to have the construction, the forming, of such a museum. And, in describing it, I will confine myself entirely to one small department, — that of classical Art, classical antiquity, — because I know, that, for a museum intended to be practical to the eyes of artisans, there is a far wider range of collection to be taken than that to which I will confine myself. Well, now, I imagine to myself a hall at least as large as this, and of a more elegant and perfect architecture. I will suppose it to be formed itself upon classical models; and around it shall be ranged, not merely plaster casts, but real marble statues and busts collected from antiquity. I would range them round the throne so that each could be enjoyed at leisure by the student. There should be room for the draughtsman to take a copy from any side. In the centre I would spread out a beautiful mosaic, such as we find in the museums, for instance, of Rome, a pavement in rich colors, representing some beautiful scene, which should be most carefully railed off, that it might not be worn or soiled by the profane tread of modern men. There should be cabinets in which there should be — but inclosed carefully with glass, so that there would be no danger of accidents — the finest specimens of the old Etruscan vases, of every size, of every shape, plain and colored, enriched with those beautiful drawings upon them which give them such rich characters, and at the same time such price. And on one side I would have collected for you some specimens of the choicest produce of the excavations of Herculaneum. There should be bronze vessels

of the most elegant form and the most exquisite carving, and there should be all sorts even of household utensils, such as are found there, of most beautiful shape and exquisite finish. On the walls I would have some of those paintings which have yet remained almost unharmed after being buried for so many hundreds of years, and which retain their freshness, and would glow upon your walls, and clothe them with beauty, and at the same time with instruction. And then I would have a most choice cabinet, containing medals in gold and silver and bronze, of as great an extent as possible, but chiefly selected for the beauty of their workmanship ; and engraved gems likewise, every one of which should, if possible, be a treasure. Now, if such a museum could be collected, you would say, I am sure, that so far as classical antiquity goes, — classical Art, — you have everything that you could desire, and you have as noble, as splendid, as beautiful a collection of artistic objects as it is within the reach of modern wealth and influence to collect. In fact, you would say, if you could not make artists now by the study of these objects, it was a hopeless matter, because here was everything that antiquity has given us of the most beautiful.

Now, I am afraid, that, while you have been following me in this formation of an ideal museum, you have thought it required a great stretch of imagination to suppose it possible that such a collection could be made in any city of England. I will ask you, then, now to spread your wings a little more, and fly with me into even a more imaginary idea than this. Let us suppose that by some chance all these objects which we have collected were at some given period, in the first century of Christianity, collected together in an ancient Roman house ; and let us suppose that the owner of the house suddenly appeared amongst us, and had a right to claim back all these beautiful works of Art which we so highly prize, which we have taken so much trouble, and laid out so much money, to collect. Now, what does he do with them when he has got them back ? What will he do with these statues which we have been copying and drawing and admiring so much ? Pliny finds great fault, is very indignant with the people of his age, because he says they have begun to form galleries, *pinacothecas* ; that such a thing was unknown before ; that no real Roman should value a statue merely as a work of Art, but that it was only as the statues of their ancestors that he ought to value them. And thus that Roman looks at them as nothing else. He takes them back ; he puts the best of them, not in the centre of a room, where it may be admired ; but to him it is a piece of household furniture, and he puts it with all its fellows, into the niches from which they have been taken, and where they

are, perhaps, in a very bad light. It is exceedingly probable, that, if the statues were not of his ancestors, he would, instead of allowing them to remain in the beautiful hall prepared for them, send them into his garden, into his villa, to stand out in the open air, and receive all the rain of heaven upon them. The mosaic which we have valued so much, and which is so wonderful a piece of work, he will put most probably into the parlor of his house to be trodden under foot by every slave that comes in and goes out. And now he looks about him at that wonderful collection of beautiful Etruscan vases which we have got together, and he recognizes them at once: "Take that to the kitchen: that is to hold oil:" "Take that to the scullery: that is for water:" "Take these plates and drinking-cups to the pantry: I shall want them for dinner." And those smaller, those beautiful vessels, which yet retain as they do the very scent of the rich odors which were kept in them: "Take them to the dressing-rooms: those are what we want on our toilet: This is a washing-basin which I have been accustomed to use. What have they been making of all these things, to put them under glass, and treat them as wonderful works of Art" And, of those beautiful bronze vessels, some belong again to the kitchen, others belong to our furnished apartments; but every one of them is a mere household piece of furniture. And then he looks into the beautiful cabinet; and he sends those exquisite gems into his rooms, to be worn by his family, as ordinary rings. And your gold medals and silver medals and bronze medals he quietly puts into his purse; for, to him, they are common money. Now, then, here we have made a collection of magnificent productions of Art; and, in reality, these were all the fruits of the arts of production. [Cheers.]

Now, what are we to say to this? We are to say that *there was a period in Rome, and there were similar periods in other countries at different times*, when there was no distinction between the arts of production and the arts of design; but those very things, which to us now are objects of admiration as artistic work, were then merely things made and fashioned as we see them for the ordinary uses to which we adapt other things of perhaps similar substances, but of a very different form. For, in fact, if you had these vessels, you would not know what to do with them. We could not cook a dinner in them. We certainly could not adapt them to our common wants. But to the Romans they were the very objects which were used for those purposes; and although now, in reading the old writers, and trying to make out the dreadfully hard names by which all these different pieces of pottery are called, yet, learned and classical as all that may be, when we come to trans-

late these high-sounding Greek names into English, we get very modest results, — pipkins and basins and ewers and flagons, and such homely names as these. [Applause.] Now, where is the Art there? Is it that these were designed, do you think, by some man of great reputation; and then that they were all carefully copied, exactly imitated, from his design? Oh! certainly nothing of the sort. The Art that is in these beautiful things is a part of themselves; is bestowed upon them in their fabrication. You may take the Etruscan vase, and you may scratch away from it, if you please, every line which had been traced by the pencil of the embellisher upon it; and, after that, the seal of beautiful design, grace, and the elegance of true Art are so stamped upon it, that, if you wish to remove them, you must smash the vase. [Applause.] It is inherent in it: it was created with it.

Then what I fancy is desired is, that we should bring Art back to that same state in which the arts of design are so interwoven with the arts of production that the one cannot be separated from the other, but everything which is made is by a certain necessity made beautiful. And this can only be when we are able to fill the minds of our artisans with true principles, until really these have pervaded their souls, and until the true feeling of Art is at their *fingers'-ends*. [Loud applause.] You will see, I think, from the example which I have given you, what is the principle at which I am aiming; which I wish to establish. It is this: that at any period in which there has been a really close union between the arts of production and the arts of design, *this has resulted from the union in one person of the artist and the artisan*.

Such now is the principle that I am going to develop; and, in doing so, I will distinguish between arts of production belonging to two distinct classes. There are those in which necessarily there is manipulation, — the use of the hand, or of such implements as the hand directly employs; and there are those in which mechanical ingenuity is employed in the art of production. It is clear that these two must be treated distinctly; and I will begin with the first, which affords the greatest number of illustrations and examples, in proof of that principle which I have laid down.

I will begin first, then, with illustrations from metal work. Now, the period in which there was the greatest perfection in this sort of work, as is universally acknowledged, is from about the fourteenth century, — 1300, I think, to 1600, or at least after 1500. It is singular, that, in that period, five at least, very probably more, — but we have it recorded of five of the most distinguished sculptors whose works are now the

most highly prized, that they were ordinary working goldsmiths and silversmiths. This is given us in their respective biographies: Benvenuto Cellini, Luca della Robbia, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Brunelleschi, and Baccio Bandinelli, all of whom were goldsmiths and workers at first, developed most extraordinary talent as sculptors. How was this done? Can we conceive a person who is merely a workman, working upon such plate as is put before him, becoming a man of high first class character in Art? There have been examples, but they are rare. But here we have five men, in a limited period, becoming most eminent. Now, what was the reason of that? It was because the jeweler, the silversmith, who worked with his hands, was educated, not only as an artist, but an artist of the highest class; and Vasari observes, in the life of Bandinelli, that in those times no man was reputed a good goldsmith who was not a good draughtsman, and who could not work as well in relief. We have a principle then established, that the person who did the material work in the finer works was an artist, who could not only draw, but model, and did the same with the metal itself; for that is the nature of that class of work of which I have spoken.

Now, take the life of Cellini. Here was a man who originally was put to a totally different employment. His father had no higher ambition concerning him than that he should become a great player upon the flute; and he teased him during all the last years of his life because he had no taste for this, and would run after goldsmiths and others, and learn the different branches of their profession. He led the most wonderful life. He was to-day at Rome; next day at Florence; then he was at Naples; then at Venice; then in France; then back again: that he could have done any work, in fact, seems incredible to any one who reads his life. And he did not travel by train or any public conveyance which could take on his luggage. He traveled on horseback, each time, from Rome all the way to Paris. He had no luggage; he was a poor man, and whenever he came and started his shop, he began by making his own tools; and he worked with his scholars, who were generally young men that became themselves eminent in the profession, in a little open shop, looking to the street; there he himself hammered and carved and cast and shaped, and did whatever else was necessary for the work. He was an actual working goldsmith; and the beauty of his works consists in this, that they have the impress of genius so marked upon them, that they never could have been designed by one person and executed by another. There is as much art in the finish by his own hand, in every enamel, in the setting of every stone, as there is in the entire design; nor does he ever dream of talking

of himself in any other way ; and yet how he went on from step to step, until at length he produced the most magnificent works, on the largest scale, in marble and in bronze ! He describes how he constructed his own Perseus. He went to buy his own wood, and saw it brought ; and when he was casting that most exquisite statue of Perseus, which is still one of the wonders of Art, he had every sort of misfortune. His furnace blew up, the roof was blown off, and the rain came in torrents upon the fire just the moment that the metal was going to be poured in. By his ingenuity, his extraordinary contrivances, he baffled, it might appear, the whole chain of accidents, and brought out, almost without a flaw, that most perfect piece of workmanship. You may imagine to what a state he was reduced, when, the very moment that the metal was ready for pouring out, the explosion took place. He had no other resource but to run to his kitchen, as he says, and to take every piece of copper, to the amount of two hundred porringers and different sorts of kettles, and throw them into the fire ; and from these that splendid statue came forth. There was genius. [Loud cheers.]

As a curious instance of the most extraordinary ingenuity, he tells us that on one occasion a surgeon came into his shop to perform an operation on the hand of one of his pupils. Upon looking at his instruments, he found them, as they were in those days, so exceedingly rude and clumsy, that he said, "If you will only wait half an hour, I will make you a better instrument ;" and he went into his workshop, and took a piece of steel, and brought out a most beautifully finished knife, with which the operation was successfully performed. Now this man, at the time you see him thus working in his shop as a common workman, was modeling in the most exquisite manner in wax ; spending his evenings in the private apartments of the Grand Duke, modeling in his presence, and assisting him with a hundred little trifles which are now considered treasures of Art. And so wherever he was, and under all circumstances, he acted as an artist, but at the same time as a truly laboring artisan. It was the same with others in the same profession. He was not the only man, by any means, whose genius was so universal ; because we find him telling us repeatedly that the moment he heard of some goldsmith (and in those days a goldsmith was really an artist, as I have already said) who excelled in any particular branch of Art, he determined to excel him. Thus it was that he grew to rival the medals of one, the enamels of another, the peculiar manner of putting foil to precious stones of another ; and, in fact, there was not a branch of Art which he did not consider it his duty to excel in. With

this spirit, is it wonderful that men of really great taste should have been produced ; men who, you observe, looked upon every branch of productive art as really a branch of the higher art of design ; and thus in their own persons combined that art with the power of the tool ; were artists as well as artisans ?

There is another celebrated jeweler of that time, whom he mentions frequently, of the name of Antonio Foppo, a Milanese, who is better known in the history of Art by a name which he received in derision in Spain, the name of Capodursa, which means a bear's face, and which he is known by, commonly, in works of Art. Cellini describes to us the processes by which he produces his works ; and they are so careful, and require such accurate knowledge of Art, that his knowledge must have been very superior indeed in the arts of design. As an instance of what was the latitude and the extent of Art, and how really a jeweler or goldsmith in those days was not above work which in our days no one would dare offer to a person of such a profession, we have a case recorded in the history of one of the painters, Pierino del Vaga, by Vasari, speaking of a very particular friend of Pierino's, a goldsmith. When the Grand Duke of Tuscany was building his palace, he gave to this man a commission to make the metal blinds for the ground floor of that palace (and it is considered a great pity that a work of so homely a nature should have perished, because there can be no doubt whatever that it was a work of exquisite beauty). So that, even upon what would be considered the lowest stage of common production, the artist did not feel it was beneath him to design ; not to give a design to others, but to execute it himself. We have in the collections, particularly of Italy, in the palaces, evident proofs of the great extent to which this combination of various arts must have been carried, in works exceedingly complicated, extremely beautiful, and at the same time necessarily requiring a great deal of ability to execute. Those are the rich cabinets in which may be found, mixed together, work in marble, and in ivory, in wood, in metals, in enamel, and in painting, all combined together by one idea, and all executed by one hand, but of the authors of which it seems impossible to find any good trace. They probably were produced by those men called goldsmiths, and who, as I said before, could work as well upon any of those substances, and thus bring them harmoniously to form one beautiful whole. [Cheers.]

Now, proceeding from what is most precious in Art to what is more homely, let us return for a moment to a subject on which I have already touched. I have spoken of the beauty of the productions of antiquity in metal, which were found in the excavation particularly of those

two buried museums, as we may call them, of antiquity, Pompeii and Herculaneum. The collection of these is chiefly in Naples. Except where presents have been made to other countries, they have been jealously kept together. Now, these different objects have not been dug out of temples or out of palaces, but they have been taken out of every sort of house, — houses evidently belonging to the citizens, — and I think you may see that there is not one in that collection which does not immediately arrest the eye both by the beauty of form and by its exquisite fancy. Many of them have been engraved in the publication called the “Museo Borbonico,” the Bourbon Museum, the Museum of Naples ; and I think very justly the remark is made by the editor in the fifth volume, that the whole modern civilized world, however vast it may be, and however it may labor in so many arts and so many trades, does not and cannot exhibit even a small proportion of that elegance and ornament, varied in a thousand ways, and in innumerable most fantastic modes, which are to be admired in the remains of furniture found in Pompeii and Herculaneum, — two cities which occupied so insignificant a place in the ancient world. That is quite true. Now, what are we to infer from this? There can be no doubt, as I have said, on examining these beautiful objects, that they have been for common use. There are scales, steelyards, which can only have been made to weigh provisions : the chains are most delicately worked ; the weight is frequently a head with a helmet, most beautifully chiseled ; and so genuine and true are these, so really intended for every-day use, that one of them has stamped upon it yet the authentication made at the capitol of the weights being just. This was a steelyard which was in the kitchen, and it was for the ordinary purposes of the house. There are other large vessels which must have served for culinary purposes, and of which the handles and the rings and the different parts are finished far beyond what the finest bronzes that are made now in Paris can equal. What are we to conclude? You do not suppose these were the designs of the Flaxmans and the Baileys of that day. Who ever heard of a great artist in Pompeii and Herculaneum? And how can you imagine that every house furnished itself with what were considered exquisite and extraordinary specimens of Art for the use of their every-day life? And then, where are their common utensils, if these are not they? If these lamps were not what they burnt, if these candelabra were not the shafts upon which they were hung, if these vessels were not those in which they prepared their viands, where are those? Were they carried away in the flight? But the most precious would surely be carried away, and the commoner be left behind. Nothing of the sort. One

may see here everything is to be found ; and everything is beautiful in shape, and generally in finish. What are we to conclude? Why, nothing less than that the braziers who made these things were able to make them. They came from the hands of the brass-founder ; they have been chiseled in the workshop ; they have been finished, not to be put up in cabinets, but in order to be knocked about by servants. Then here we have a state of Art in which the producer, the man who makes, who manipulates, who handles, the object of manufacture which he produces, was able to do what now defies almost our most superior workmen. [Cheers.]

Now let us go to another part of the world, and come to a later period. Nuremberg, during the time which I have specified, — between 1300 and the middle of 1500, — was a centre of Art, and especially in all metal work. There is an observation of Hoffman, a German writer, that Nuremberg was the city in which the artist and the craftsman walked most harmoniously hand in hand ; but I think he does not go far enough : he ought to have said that it was a city in which *the artisan and the artist were the most perfectly combined*. At a very early period, that is, as early as 1355, there was produced a piece of work such as is at this day the admiration of all artists. And what was it? It was a mere well, a fountain in the public square ; “the beautiful fountain,” “the beautiful well,” as it is to this day most justly called. Now, this was made entirely by the designer, by the artist himself, Höfer, who united in himself these two qualities ; and it is acknowledged that in the treatment of the metal work, and in the beauty of the religious images which surround this fountain, but few steps have been made in Art since that time. And he, as I observed, was a mere workman ; he did his own work. At a later period, — at what is considered the third period of Art, in Nuremberg, — there is another remarkable piece of metal work ; and I am glad to find that in the last report just published by the department of Practical Art, Mr. Smirke has introduced a letter in which he begs that this piece of workmanship, which he calls one of the most celebrated productions in metal, may be copied by casts, and brought to England as a specimen of Art. Now that beautiful production was of as early a period as 1506 : it was made between 1506 and 1519, and it is the shrine of St. Sebald, in his church at Nuremberg ; and no one who had seen that exquisite piece of work, — so beautiful, so elegant, as that no iconoclasm had dared to touch it (though I must say that Nuremberg had been preserved from the reproach of that error), — but there it is, in its freshness and its beauty, as it came from the artist’s hand ; in the centre, a shrine of silver, in which is the body of the saint, and

around it what may be called a cage or grating of the most perfect metal work, and with statues of most exquisite workmanship. Now I do wish this to be brought to England, — a copy, that is, of it, — not merely because it will show what was done in ages that we consider hardly emerging from barbarism ; not only what beautiful inspirations religion could give the artist ; but because it will show to those who are trying to raise the character of any art *the true principle upon which alone it can ever be raised to what it was then.* They will see the artist portrayed upon it, — Peter Vischer, — they will see him with his apron on ; they will see him with his chisel and his mallet in his hand ; they will see that he aspires to nothing more than to be a handicraftsman, a workman in metal, who yet could conceive, and then design, this most magnificent production of man's hand. [Applause.]

Another example, something of the same sort, we shall find in a neighboring country. There is at Antwerp, likewise, a beautiful well near the cathedral ; and if you ask who it was that produced this, you will hear that it was one who sometimes had been known as a painter, and at others, under the more familiar appellation of the “ Blacksmith of Antwerp,” as a blacksmith ; and there is a piece of iron work which I fear that not our most perfect Works could turn out, — certainly not, nothing that could be compared with it. And Quintin Matsys was a poor school-boy, who, finding the heavy blacksmith's work too much for him, took to drawing and coloring little images of saints, to be given out in processions, and thus rose to be a painter and an artist, finding his first profession too heavy for his strength. But this iron work is a work of Art ; it is not a work merely cast in the lump, and then put together ; but it is a work that required genius, that required great artistic skill : it shows that the artist even worked in iron ; that a man who belonged to the very lowest branch of what may be considered the Arts — laboring in metal — was able, notwithstanding, to imagine and to carry out the most beautiful conceptions.

Now, coming to modern times, do we find anything of this sort ? I content myself with referring to that last report which I have just mentioned, — of the Department of Practical Art. In that report there are incorporated letters from some of our best silver and goldsmiths upon the character of the artistic proficiency of the workmen. I will only read one, for all in reality repeat the same sentiment. “ At present we seldom find an English workman who understands drawing. Not one of our English workmen has a knowledge of drawing ; ” and it is said that, without exception, these men will not even go to the school. Attempts have been made to bring them to the School of

Practical Art, that they may learn something of the principles by which the works in their branch of productive art should be conducted. They cannot be induced to go and obtain that information, though it is nearly, or entirely, gratuitously given! So little taste, so little feeling of Art is there in our workmen now! Can we expect they will produce works that will rival those of ancient times? For there is this broad, immense difference: in one, the artist was the workman; now, the workman has only a degree of intelligence above the machinery which he uses! He can apply those means which are put into his hand; but can have no artistic feeling to give the last touch, or even to bring things to ordinary perfection. On the other hand, we must be struck with the difference, that in France there is much more taste, much more knowledge, much more intelligence, in the actual artificer: the exhibition showed, that, though we had magnificent things in silver work, and gorgeous objects in metallic productions, beautiful and splendid, yet, when you came to look at them with the artist's eye, you could not help observing the immense difference between our English productions and those of France; though, be it spoken to the glory of our English goldsmiths, they have both the taste and the generosity and munificence to bring over and to employ the very first foreign artists; and it was thus we did produce some objects that stood in competition, not with those of the workman's rivals, but with those of his own countrymen.

In Vecht there is an example of what the artists in old times were. He began as a cotton-spinner; he became a manufacturer of toys; then a button-maker; and then he began to work with the chisel. His genius developed itself. He began to retouch and repair ancient armor, and then was tempted, seeing that these were things sought after (it appears with the most honest intention), to imitate them; and he found that they were bought and put in royal and imperial cabinets as real work of what is called cinquecento. And then he imitated the shields, working exactly upon Cellini's principle, that everything, however small, is worked out separately, and then fastened together; that nothing is cast, but that everything, to the smallest tip of the least finger, is hollow: and he worked on, and produced it by his artistic and careful manipulation. He began to work this way, and he found his silver work also became considered as ancient, and was adopted into collections of valuable antiquities. He then learned the power of his own genius, and he soon rose; and, when the late revolution in France took place, he had commissions for works to the amount of 60,000*l.* And this was all *his own* work, the production

of *his own* hands. However, his losses were in common with many others who had engaged in higher branches of art, and he has been since in this country : but certainly those specimens of his work which we had in the exhibition were not only most beautiful, but most exquisite ; and many persons who took the pains to examine in detail some of the works in silver, which were presented by one French house in particular, — the Frères Maurice, — must have been struck by the high artistic merit of them all. And they all are worked entirely bit by bit by the artist ; and it was impossible they could be executed but by an artist who could model as well as draw, and who knew how to treat his metal perfectly, so as to give all the softness, beauty, and delicacy of the original model. [Cheers.]

Now let us proceed to what may be considered a higher branch of Art, and that is Sculpture. We shall find exactly the same principle throughout : all the greatest artists of the most flourishing period were *men who did their own work*. You are probably aware — many, I have no doubt, are — at the present day, when a sculptor has to produce a statue, he first of all makes his model in clay : probably a drawing first, then a small model, then a model exactly as he intends the statue to be, full-sized and completely finished ; from this the cast is taken in plaster ; the block of marble of proper size is put beside it, and a frame over it from which there hang threads with weights : these form the points from which the workman measures, from corresponding lines, first to the models, and then from these which are over the cast to the cast itself ; and by means of the merest mechanical process he gradually cuts away the marble to the shape of his cast, and often brings it so near to the finished work, that the artist himself barely spends a few weeks upon it. This was so much the case with a very eminent sculptor, that it is well known he hardly ever had occasion to touch it.

Now, that was not the way the ancients worked : they knew perfectly well that there was more feeling in the few touches which the master-hand gives, even from the very beginning of the work, than there can be in the low and plodding process of mechanical labor ; and we find that those who were really exquisite sculptors in ancient times *were also their own workmen*. Vasari tells us of Orcagna, that he made at Florence seven figures, *all with his own hand*, in marble, which yet exist. Now, Orcagna was certainly a remarkable person. He was a sculptor, a painter, and an artist : and so justly *vain*, if one may so speak, of this varied character of his Art, that, upon his monuments or sculptures, he calls himself a painter ; upon his paintings, he always

calls himself a sculptor. His paintings are to be found in the cemetery at Pisa. The most beautiful and splendid of his works is the matchless altar in the church at San Michael, in Florence, of which, I am glad to say, there will be an exact copy in the future Crystal Palace. This artist, now, whose work is certainly most beautiful, most finished, as far as we can gather from his life, *actually did the work with his own hands, and carved the whole of the marble himself.*

I shall have occasion to speak of another celebrated artist under another head ; and therefore I now will mention one who became very celebrated, and from whose life it is evident that he did the whole of the carving with his own hands, — and that is Brunelleschi. He lived at the period when Art was becoming truly most beautiful, — the period which just preceded the appearance, perhaps, of a still greater artist, but who, in some respects, departed from the purest principles of Art. He was the contemporary of Donatello, and they were both very great friends, and worked even in the same church. An anecdote related by Vasari, in the life of Donatello, will show us how truly Brunelleschi was not merely a sculptor, but a carver who performed the work with his own hand. He tells us that Donatello had received a commission to carve a crucifix (which yet exists in the Church of Santa Croce, under a beautiful painting by Taddeo Gaddi), and that he produced what was considered a very fine work : but he was anxious that his friend Brunelleschi should see and approve of it. He invited him therefore, one day, to inspect it ; which shows that the work had been covered up and concealed during the execution. Brunelleschi looked at it, and said nothing. His friend Donatello felt hurt, and said, “I have brought you here to give me your opinion : tell me candidly what do you think of it?” — “Well, then,” Brunelleschi said, “I will tell you, at once, that it is a figure, not of Christ, but of a peasant or a rustic.” Donatello was indignant. It was perhaps the most beautiful specimen of the subject in carving that had been produced ; and he used an expression which became a proverb ; and I cannot help remarking how many expressions of artists have turned into proverbs. The expression in Italian means this : “Take a piece of wood, and make another.” Brunelleschi did not reply. He went home. He did take a piece of wood. He said nothing to Donatello, and he carved his crucifix. When it was quite finished, he met Donatello, and said, “Will you come and sup with me this evening ?” (Now I narrate this anecdote partly because it shows us what the great artists were, — that they were not great gentlemen living in any particular style.) [Applause.] “I will do so with pleasure,” said Donatello. “Then come along ;” and Brunelleschi,

as they went on, stopped at the market, bought eggs and cheese for their supper, put them in an apron, and said to Donatello, "Now, you carry these to my house while I buy something else, and I'll follow you." Donatello entered the room, saw the crucifix, let fall his apron, and smashed the eggs. [Laughter and cheers.] Brunelleschi soon followed, and found Donatello with his hands stretched out, and his mouth open, looking at this wonderful work. "Come," said he to Donatello, "where's our supper?" — "I have had my supper," said he: "you get what you can out of what is left." And then, like a true, noble-hearted, generous artist, he took his friend by the hand, and said, "You are made to represent Christ; I, only to represent peasants." [Cheers.] Now, this shows, as I said before, that this poor artist carried on his own work with his own hands, shut up in his own house; in fact, that, as Vasari tells us, he never allowed any one to see it until it was quite completed.

There can be no doubt, that, among all the names celebrated in Art, there is not one that can be put in comparison with that of Michael Angelo; a man, who, not merely from his follower, disciple, and intimate, Vasari, but even from jealous and envious and ill-tempered Benvenuto Cellini, receives constantly the epithet of "the divine." No man certainly ever had such a wonderful soul for Art, in every department: the cupola of St. Peter's, as an architect; his Moses and his Christ, as a sculptor; and his Last Judgment, on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, as a painter, — are three monuments which would have made the eternal fame, not of three, but of a hundred, artists in each department. [Applause.] Great, noble, generous, and though perhaps somewhat in his temper not amiable, yet sternly honest in all his dealings, he seems to have been the great centre, around which the Art of his period revolved. There was no one so great, so sublime in any particular branch of it, that did not look up to Michael Angelo, and consider him his superior. It is acknowledged that Raffaele went into the Sistine Chapel, and saw Angelo's wonderful works, and changed entirely his style upon beholding them; and it is particularly acknowledged by the writers of that time, that in every other department — civil engineering, etc. — he was considered equally supreme. Now, you would suppose that this man, upon whom commissions poured in every day for great works, would have employed a number of artisans to assist him; that he would have had carefully prepared models, which he would have intrusted to skillful artificers, so as to lighten his labor. But no such thing. There is every evidence we can desire, that, from the beginning to the end, Michael Angelo performed the whole of his

own work ; that he began with the piece of marble as it came from the quarry ; that, if not always, pretty generally, he did not even condescend to make a design beyond a small wax model, but immediately set to work with chisel and mallet on the figure which he had in his imagination, and which he knew was as truly lurking in the inanimate block. Vasari shows us, in fact, from his unfinished pieces, in what way he must have mapped out the marble and done the work himself ; and that is why we have so many vast pieces by him unfinished ; either the stroke did not come out as he desired, or it went too far into the marble, and spoilt his labor. But so it is, that by far the greater part of those gigantic pieces which he finished, if not all, were the productions of his own hand, as well as of his intellect.

When about seventy-five years of age, Vasari tells us, he used to be just as indefatigable with his chisel and hammer as when he was a stout young man. He had near his bedroom, if not in it (for he lived in a most primitive and simple manner), an immense block of marble, and, when he had nothing else to do, he used to be hammering at that ; and, when asked why he so continuously worked at this branch of his various arts, he used to reply that he did it for amusement, to pass his time, and that it was good for his health to take exercise with the mallet. He undertook at that age, out of an enormous block of marble, to bring out four figures, larger than life, representing the descent from the cross ; and he had nearly worked out the figure of our Lord, when, happening to meet with a vein that was hard and troublesome, he one day broke it into half a dozen pieces. It was seen in this state by a friend, and his servant begged it for him. It was put together, and it is now to be seen at Florence. But Vasari says that it was necessary, in order to give him occupation, to get another large block of marble and put it near his bed, that so he might continue at his work ; and he began another group of the same sort. This was at the age of seventy-five. And Vasari gives us an interesting account of how he worked : he says he was remarkably sober, and while performing his greatest works, such as the paintings, he rarely took more than a crust of bread and a glass of wine for his dinner. This sobriety, he says, made him very vigilant, and not require much sleep ; and very often in the night he used to rise, when he could not sleep, and work away with his chisel, having made for himself a sort of helmet, or cap, out of pasteboard, and upon the middle of this, in the top, he had his candle, so that the shadow of his body never could be thrown upon the work.

Apropos of this, Vasari tells us an anecdote which is interesting as showing the character of Michael Angelo and of his time. Vasari

observes that he never used wax candles for this purpose, but a particular sort of candles made of goat's tallow, which, he says, are particularly excellent. Wishing to make him a present, he (Vasari) sent to Michael Angelo his servant one day with four bags of these particular candles, containing forty pounds of them. The servant brought them; and Michael Angelo, who never accepted a present, told him to take them back again, — he would not receive them. The servant said, "They have nearly broken my arm in bringing them; and I shall not carry them back." "Then do what you like with them," said Michael Angelo. "Then," replied the servant, "I observed, as I came to your house, that just before your door there was a nice bed of just-hardened mud: I'll go and stick all the candles in this, and light them all, and leave them there." Michael Angelo said, "No, I can't allow you to make such a confusion as there would be about my door; so you may leave them." This shows the homely and friendly way in which the artists lived among themselves. [Cheers.]

We have a very interesting account of the manner in which he used to work at his marble, from a contemporary French writer, who says: "I can say that I have seen Michael Angelo, when he was about sixty years of age, and not then very robust, make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate, that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour, than three strong young men could have done in an hour, — a thing almost incredible to any one who has not seen it; and he used to work with such fury, with such an impetus, that it was feared he would dash the "whole marble to pieces, making at each stroke chips, of three or four fingers' thick, fly off into the air;" and that with a material in which, if he had gone only a hair's breadth too far, he would totally have destroyed the work, which could not be restored like plaster or clay.

Going now to another part of the world for the same Art, we return to Nuremberg, and find a most magnificent piece of sculpture in stone, unrivaled in the delicacy and exquisite beauty of the work: that is the tabernacle in the Church of St. Lawrence. It rises from the ground, and goes up, not merely to the top of a very high church, running along like a plant, with one of the pillars against which it is built; but, as if the church was not high enough for it, creeping far beyond, and making the most graceful termination, which has nothing similar in works of this sort. So beautiful and delicate is the whole work, representing all the mysteries of our Lord's life and passion, that, for a long time, people used to assert that it was not stone, but modeled in some composition. But it has been proved beyond doubt that it is stone. Now, the man who made this was a mason, — *a common work-*

ing stone-mason, — Adam Kraft, who built part of the tower of the church, and whose name is upon it as the mason who built it ; and he, until 1490, when he was fifty-three years of age, had never attempted to work as a sculptor ; and yet, before he died, he had not only executed many beautiful works, and among them a carved staircase in the tower, but this exquisite work, which is without a parallel. He has represented the whole of it as supported by three kneeling figures, himself and his two apprentices, who executed alone the whole work.

We see, therefore, that wherever there has really been grand or noble work executed by sculptors, *they have been artificers as well as designers ; they have done the work with their own hands, as well as imagined it in their own fancies.* [Cheers.]

Let us go now to another department of Art. We have treated of metals and carved work in wood and stone. Let us now go to pottery. I have already observed that those beautiful vases, known by the name of Etruscan, were really made, originally, for domestic use ; that, consequently, they were made by the potter, and not by a fine artist only. This has been fully proved. It used to be thought at one time that they were all funereal, or of symbolical use, being found almost entirely in tombs ; but it has been proved that the greater part of them were for the common domestic purposes of the table and the household ; that some, indeed, were given as prizes at the games, filled with oil ; others were marriage presents, kept with more care in houses : but still they were the work of the potter, and must have been produced entirely by hand. Pottery was so much considered as a branch of Art, that in early Rome, in the time of Numa, there was a College of Pot-
 ters : they were ennobled by being made a special guild. Any one who went through the exhibition must have been particularly struck with the elegance of forms which prevailed in all the Indian and also in the Turkish pottery ; and the common vessels, used to carry water on the head by the peasantry of Italy and Spain, have the same elegance of form which very little of our china, or of our finest pottery, can exhibit : and the question naturally suggests itself, How is this, that in many countries there should be such beautiful productions, and at the same time that we should not be able to give the same beauty of form ? The answer to this is given, I think, very correctly by Mr. Digby Wyatt, in his beautiful work on the late exhibition. He observes that “there can be no doubt that the reason of this beauty in the old pottery and in that of the East is, that *it is made entirely by the workman himself.*” There can be little doubt that the most beautiful forms of Greek and Etruscan vases have been generated by a simple process of formation,

and by the refined delicacy of touch acquired by the potter during *years of practice*. The perfect outline of some of the commonest objects of pottery from India, Tunis, Turkey, and the rest, demonstrate the methods by which contours equal in grace to the Etrurian and those of Magna Græcia have been produced. In the finer work of pottery among us, a distinct person is employed to design from him who makes the object; the one makes the pattern, and a mould is then made of the same figure as is given. But in the ancient and oriental objects, the beauty of form is attributed to *the art being literally in the potter's fingers*; and he acquires by the manipulation a fineness of touch, a delicacy of eye, which enables him to produce beautiful forms, which *no one in the abstract* could imagine." This is corroborated by the fact, that in the British Museum, in the great gallery where the Etruscan vases are kept, you will find two — and if you search the Vatican and Bourbon Museum, and all the collections in Europe, you will not find two — perfectly alike; there is a difference in them, which shows they were not produced by a model, but simply out of hand: and I have no doubt that the influence of this working in clay without a pattern is to be traced in all the works in metal and in glass of the ancients; because, no doubt, the eye of the man who worked in bronze had been formed by his familiarity with the beautiful patterns which came forth every day from the hands of the workmen in clay. I find, too, it is mentioned in Pliny, that when a knight named Octavius, in the time of Augustus, wished to have a vase made, it cost him a talent, or upwards of 50*l.*, to have the model made; which shows that the clay model was to be molded before the marble vase was sculptured. In this art, then, the producer is the designer, the artist is the artisan, and hence comes *perfect beauty*.

Next to this must be mentioned a very important branch of Productive Art, in which the Art of Design is always necessary to be in combination with the actual manufacture; and that is china, or painting upon pottery. The Etruscan vases are often simple, sometimes of one color, sometimes they have nothing of ornament; at other times they have most beautifully executed, though sketchy, scenes of ancient mythology, or very frequently from the "Iliad." These are done in a way which shows there must have been hundreds of artists who could do that work. Very frequently it was not a painter who did them, but the man who was at work on the pottery throughout; and, although mere sketches, they are considered as containing the elements of very beautiful drawing. If we come to speak of the Art in modern times, a remarkable instance of genius persevering in its work may be taken from

the history of Bernard Pallissy. He was an artist, but as a painter of comparatively humble pretensions ; for he tells us he used to paint figures, images, and so on : but in this he was an artist, to a certain extent. He tells us himself, in the biography he has written, that in 1544, when there seemed not to have been anything approaching to ornamental pottery in France, he happened to see an Italian cup, which struck him as being very beautiful ; and he thought to himself, "Why could not this be produced in France?" He set to work. He was a poor man, hardly educated ; but he had a great turn for chemistry, and was particularly desirous of finding out a manner of enameling pottery, and especially a white enamel, which he at length contrived to make. He took his work to be baked in glass-houses, and found it completely fail ; then he set to work in his own house, and built a furnace for the purpose. He put his ingredients into the furnace : they would not set nor harden. He had spent all his money, and he gradually pawned all his clothes, and burnt every article of furniture, to keep up the furnace, and pulled up the fruit trees in his garden, and then the very floor of the house, to keep up the fire. Still the work was all spoiled. When he went out, the people charged him with being a coiner ; he was ridiculed as mad ; and every sort of annoyance came on him. He persevered yet ; and, having found that his furnace would not act, he pulled it down, and with his own hands bringing the lime and bricks, he built another furnace, and then sat for six days and nights watching the fire. Then he got a little money by having a commission to make a survey, and came back to his work, and tried again. The mortar he used, however, happened to have some deficiency in it ; and, just as the pottery was going to set, he heard a crack, and the pebbles in the mortar began to fly, and broke his enamel. He set to work again, and put his materials again in the fire ; and this time there was a tremendous explosion : the ashes burst in, and the whole of his work was covered with black, so firmly set into the enamel that it all had to be thrown away except a few pieces, by which he made a trifle. For sixteen years he persevered in this way, and then was crowned with success, and produced the finest specimens of colored and beautiful pottery, such as are to this day sought by the curious ; and he received a situation in the king's household, and ended his days in comfort and respectability. [Cheers.]

I could mention the beautiful earthenware of the sixteenth century, known by the name of "Raphael's ware," because it is supposed that Raphael himself did not disdain to make designs for common pottery, — pottery not to be used merely by the rich, but to be found in the

common cottages, and houses of ordinary classes ; the most beautiful specimens being in the apothecaries' shops of Padua and Verona. There we have the employment of high Art in the decoration of a common and ordinary object ; for the pottery itself has no particular pretensions to elegance of make : but yet one of these plates, thick, heavy, clumsy, and coarse as they are, is worth a service of modern production as a work of Art.

Another department is statuary in pottery, which presents some very interesting features in the history of Art. Its very origin is exceedingly interesting. Pliny gives it to us as the invention of a certain potter, of very ancient date, whose daughter, when parting with a youth to whom she was engaged, did what I dare say some of you have done, — made him stand before the lamp, so as to throw his shadow on the wall, and so sketched his head and face ; and the father, wishing to preserve this sketch, took some of his clay, and filled up the outline, and made a bass-relief of the countenance. That piece of pottery, at the time when the Romans first became acquainted with Art, and carried away the monuments of Greece, was preserved in the temple of the Nymphs, at Corinth, as a treasure of Art, — as the first germ from which had been developed some of the most beautiful productions of that kind. [Cheers.] At the time of the Roman kings of the race of Tarquin, the inhabitants of Italy had arrived at such perfection in this Art that they used to make chariots, horses, and other representations of clay, so well baked that they could be placed in the open air, and stood for many centuries without injury ; and, in fact, we find them now among Etruscan monuments. The Romans must also have learned well how to paint them ; because we find it stated that there was an artist, whom Varro particularly mentions, who imitated fruit in pottery so perfectly as to deceive any one, and make one think it was real.

But the most interesting example of this application of high Art to such products is what we find in the life of an eminent artist, and at the same time a potter, Luca della Robbia. He was put, when quite a boy, apprentice to a jeweler. He very soon began to make things in bronze : he gave up mere small modeling, and began upon marble, and succeeded very well. He worked the whole of the day at his chiseling, and sat up all the night drawing. He was poor ; he was hungry and cold ; and the only means he had of warming himself at night was to put his feet in a basket of shavings, while he sat there drawing, and would not be driven from it. Now, there was an education for him, — beginning first with small work, and exercising his patience and skill in that way. [Cheers.] Sigismund Malatesta, the great patron of Art at

Rimini, was then building a splendid church, and he sent to Florence to find workmen to do the carving ; and Luca della Robbia was engaged for this purpose. He had at that time been a silversmith's apprentice, had executed works in marble and bronze, and was set to undertake that noble work at Rimini ; and how old was he when Sigismund engaged him ? He was *fifteen* ! And what pains and study must have been gone through in that time by the poor boy to make himself really an artist ! He succeeded admirably at Rimini, and came back and received a commission to work with Donatello, to make a screen for an organ, and a bronze door. After all this, he suddenly discovered a totally new branch of Art, — modeling in pottery. He first contrived to manufacture his own clay ; he then discovered a mode of glazing it to such a perfection that centuries of weather do not in the least affect it. He then contrived to color it in the most beautiful manner ; and all Florence, and every part of Italy, may be said to be filled with works of Art equal to anything produced in marble, and valued as high. He went on improving his art ; he began, then, tessellated pavements, and outsides of churches, which are most beautiful ; and then, taking to himself, not a number of workmen to mold under him, but two near relatives of his, who were also artists and sculptors in marble, and who had left marble to come to work in clay, this family carried on the same work to the third generation, when the secret of the art expired with the family. But in those three generations, till Pope Leo gave the commission of making the pavement of the Loggie Raffaele, this family made an infinite number of original works of Art, executed by hand, colored and baked by themselves. Now, there is a whole family of artists, in whom the productive and artistic skill were united. In our estimation we should say what a descent that was for a sculptor in bronze and marble to come to a mere potter ! But I will read to you Vasari's sentiments on that subject, who, as the great biographer of artists, and who lived among artists, and was himself an artist, may be allowed to have a right sentiment upon it. He says, " Luke therefore, passing from one sort of work to another, from marble to bronze, and from bronze to clay, did so, not from any idleness, nor from being, like many others, capricious, unstable, and discontented with his Art, but because he felt himself drawn to new pursuits, and to an Art requiring less labor and time, and rendering him more gain : hence the world and the Arts of Design became enriched with an Art, new, useful, and most beautiful ; and he, with glory and praise, immortal and unfailing."

We are told by Pliny that it was in the time of Augustus the prac-

tice was introduced of painting the walls of houses. Temples were undoubtedly painted before ; because he tells us, that, when the temple of Ceres was falling into ruins, the paintings of Demophilus were cut away from the walls (as is sometimes now done with frescoes), and put into frames in order to preserve them. On one occasion, by the way, the city of Rhodes was saved, when Demetrius besieged it, because he feared a beautiful painting would be destroyed that was on the wall of one of the buildings. This painting of walls corresponded to our paper-hangings. What we do by putting on stained or colored paper, they did with the brush and the skill of the artist. The walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum are covered with most beautiful paintings, not merely ornamental patterns and arabesques ; but there is such a mixture of the mere ornament, and of figures perfectly designed and colored, as to show that there was no distinction made then between the painter of a fresco and the house decorator : *the artist was himself the performer of the work*, and so beautiful is it, that we have hardly anything in modern times superior to what is commonly found on the walls of the private houses of cities, which were in a province remote from the capital, and which had no particular recommendation, that we know of, as seats of Art.

We have an instance, also, in modern times. Perhaps one of the most beautiful productions of modern Art is the painting of that gallery to which I have alluded, where we see that *Raffaelle undertakes to do what now one would never think of committing to the hands of any one higher than a common house-decorator*. No nobleman, nor even a monarch, would think of asking the first artist of the kingdom to design the ornament of a gallery, scroll-work and grotesques, or mechanical ornament, which now would be done by a common process or a common hand. But in a former age there was no distinction made between what we now consider the higher and the lower sorts of Art ; *but the whole of Art was regarded as one thing* : the greatest of artists considered it was his place to make even the smallest work — which might be insignificant in itself — great and noble, and to stamp the highest impress of Art on the commonest and most ordinary commissions that were given to him. [Cheers.]

I will now speak of a department of Art which will interest you, perhaps, more than others, — Art applied to textile fabrics. There is a great difference between what Art can do in this department, and what it can do for those through which I have passed ; because the others are in their nature more lasting ; they are to continue for a time : they are worth, therefore, the attention and care of artists of the very high-

est class. The fashions of textile fabrics are perishable and fragile, — they are capricious and changeable ; therefore it is impossible to have the time, the leisure, and the same degree of labor, expended on them as is necessary to produce a great work of Art. I have read with considerable pleasure, and can bear testimony to the important suggestions in a pamphlet or lecture on this subject delivered in this city by Mr. Potter. [Cheers.] He is quite correct in his estimate of the somewhat exaggerated ideas which may exist of the power of Art in connection with that which is not durable, and which in reality has its value, necessarily, for only a brief period. I agree, therefore, with him on that subject : but at the same time I accept as very important his concession, that, even with regard to that degree of Art which is compatible with the nature of the substance on which it is to be displayed, we do *not* do what we ought to do, and that we fall short of our neighbors, the French ; or at least, that, while in that which is of secondary character we have put forth such perseverance and study as to have attained an equality with them, there is a point *in that which is more delicate and perfect* which we have not reached. [Cheers.] This is an important concession. It appears there is some reason why, in France, they can produce, even in printed fabrics, a superior and more delicate artistic affect than can as yet be given here : and I shall have to speak of the reason of this, which accords completely with what I have said, because in these works, which are not made absolutely by handicraft, but with the assistance of mechanical skill, there *must* be a distinction between the designer and the mere workman, — a man who keeps the machine in motion, and puts the work through it ; although, no doubt, it is necessary for the designer also to have a considerable acquaintance with the process by which his design is to be brought out in actual manufacture. I only wish to observe how the principle comes down here. You know the cartoons at Hampton Court, the most perfect and finished work of Art of Raffaele. You would suppose these would be a labor of years : for they are all by his own hand, perhaps hardly aided by a disciple ; and nothing can be more perfect than the outline and artistic distribution of the parts of the painting. What were these cartoons ? Simply drawings for the loom. *Raffaele did not think it below him to draw patterns which were to be sent to Holland or Belgium, and there to be executed in the loom by weavers of a carpet.* This shows how the very highest ideal Art may bend without degradation to assist practical Art with all its powers and resources ; and where the union of the two in the same person cannot be got, then we have to think of the means by which the harmonious combination of both may be brought

to produce one effect. [Cheers.] While upon this subject, I am tempted to quote some beautiful lines upon the subject from one of our oldest but wisest poets ; one who calls himself, upon his tomb, “the servant of Queen Elizabeth, the councilor of King James, and the friend of Sir Philip Sidney,” — Lord Brooke. Speaking as if it was considered in those days that the impulses of industry must be entirely regulated by the ruling power, he prescribes the duty of that in regard to the production of manufactures : —

“ To which end, power must nurseries erect,
And those trades cherish which use many hands ;
Yet such as more by pains than skill effect,
And so by spirits more than vigor stand ;
Whereby each creature may itself sustain,
And who excel, add honor to their gain.”

Another remark I will read, which comes in the same passage, because it seems as, written in that age, prophetic of what may be considered the characteristic commercial policy of this day, — that policy which particularly owes, if not its origin, certainly its greatest impulse, to this city of Manchester. [Cheers.] He says : —

“ Now, though wise kings do by advantage play
With other states, by setting tax on toys,
Which, if needs do permit, they justly may,
As punishment for that vice which destroys,
*To real things yet must they careful be,
Here and abroad, to keep them custom free ;
Providing clothes and food no burden bear,
Then, equally distributing of trade,
So as no one rule what we eat or wear,*
Or any town the gulf of all be made ;
For, though from few wealth soon be had and known,
And still the rich kept servile by their own,
Yet no one city rich, or exchequer full,
Gives states such credit, strength, or reputation,
As that far-seeing, long-breathed wisdom will,
Which, by the well disposing of creation,
Breathes universal wealth, gives all content,
Is both the mine and scale of government.”

[This quotation was much applauded.] Now, gentlemen (continued the Cardinal), I wish to come to some general results. We have seen,

that so far, in every instance we have examined, *wherever there has been real beauty and perfection of work, it has been in consequence of the practical Art, and of the fine Art, which ought to work together, being most closely combined, and, as nearly as it can be done, in the same individual, or else in the most perfectly harmonious co-operation.* Now, we must watch very carefully whether the plans which are being proposed for artistic education — to be applied to production — will tend to combine these two characters better, or further to separate them. I come to the conclusion, that, if Art has always flourished in its perfection when the two have been combined ; and if, on the other hand, it is acknowledged, that, at present, Art is not applied to manufactures as it might be, and if it is, at the same time, the clearly visible fact that our artisans and workmen are not artists, — I think I have a right to conclude that *this separation of the two characters is the cause of our inferiority, and that, therefore, the education which we are to prepare for those who are to carry productive Art to its perfection must be one which will combine, closer than is now done, these two departments of what I consider one and the same thing.* Now, is it or can it be so by the education we are now giving? I observed that what I have said till now has been acknowledged long before by one of the greatest authorities in matters of Art, — that is, Dr. Waagen, the director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin. He was examined, in 1835, before a committee of the House of Commons on the improvement of Arts and manufactures, and he said that “in former times artists were more workmen, and the workmen were more artists, as in the time of Raffaele ; and it is very desirable to restore this happy connection.” I was glad to find this corroboration of what I intended to say. He says again, “We have, then, to endeavor a connection between these two, the productive and beautiful Art.” Now, I ask what class of Art was it which was in combination with productive Art, to make it the parent of such a beautiful offspring in every department? *It was not low Art ; it was not the mere knowing how to sketch an object from nature ; it was not merely linear drawing ; it was not merely elementary Art : but it was high Art, and the highest Art.* In every one of these cases the state of society was such — from what causes I do not undertake here to say — that it did permit the highest artists devoting themselves to what now they condemn and would despise ; and, on the other hand, there was such honor given to the product of industry, that, when it really had the stamp of beauty upon it, it rose of itself to the department of high Art.

Let me illustrate what I consider the danger to be guarded against .

by another example. When you go into a picture gallery now, and you see the portrait of a man, why do you care the least *who* that man was? You see the splendid effect; the countenance, which perhaps has not a beautiful feature in it, but which, by the noble expression, by the beautiful tone of color, by the majestic character thrown around the head, by the harmony between the parts, even by the accessories, is made so glorious that you can gaze upon it for hours. It may be a Doge, it may be a merchant, a soldier, or a prince; you care not: you see there, not the portrait, but you see the painting by Titian, or by Rembrandt, or Vandyke; and the artistic merit so completely swallows up all the idea of personality of him who is represented, that, unless it happens to be some one particularly known, you never take the trouble of inquiring whom the painter represents. And why so? Because then portrait-painting had not become a distinct department of Art. There was no such thing then as a person who called himself a portrait-painter, who thought he could produce a noble likeness of a man by merely giving a facsimile of his features; but portraits were paintings by men who could have painted an historical painting of the highest character, and to whom it would have been thought not unbecoming to commit the greatest artistic works imaginable. But in modern times the portrait-painter is an entirely different person, and the pictures produced by that class of artists are unfortunately of but little value except to those who have a personal interest in the subject of the portrait. You know, too, that every one of those portraits, which cover such a vast extent of the wall of the Exhibition, will be transferred to the place of honor over the chimney-piece in the house of the owner; and, when his son grows up, it will be put on one side, that a portrait of the inheritor may take its place: and in the next generation it will be transferred to some other more out-of-the-way corner of the house, until at last it will find a more ignominious position than Cæsar's dust, stopping up a bunghole to keep out the inclemency of the weather. From what does this come? *Simply from the attempt to divide Art into parts*, — to say that there shall be a class of men who can do a portrait, but who cannot do an historical or other great painting. And you find a difference when some of the great artists of the present day — for there are some truly great artists in England — do put their hands to what is considered another department of Art, and paint the portrait of a friend, or of any one else: it becomes in itself a fine creation of Art, and it will not perish when the person is forgotten; but it will be known by the name of the person who painted it, and not by the name of the person who sat for it. In this way, too,

high Art, when applied to a lower branch, *raises its character*. This is what ought to be the fundamental basis of artistic education. If we really mean to make more than improved designers or draughtsmen for mechanical work, we must have *great artists who are not afraid to work mechanically at the same time that they are great artists*; we must have the feeling that Art commits no unworthy condescension in giving immediate assistance to the processes of production. The famous artists of whom I have been speaking were, as we have seen, men who worked at their business, and yet were not considered as working men; they were considered as artists, and treated as such. And it is that, I am afraid, which makes the great difference between our time and theirs. Art, unfortunately, is not now considered so noble as to give rank and station, as it did in those days. I do not mean that the great artists, those who devoted themselves to what are considered works of high Art, do not receive patronage and countenance, and even high honor; but we find that in those days such distinctions were bestowed on the artists themselves in productive toil. There is not, perhaps, any part of the history of Art more interesting and beautiful than those portions of Cellini's memoirs which show us the manner in which he was treated: he used to go, when he pleased, to the pope to take him drawings and models; he speaks of going in without even waiting to be announced, — going in the evening, after laboring all day in his workshop, as a matter of course. He was treated in the same manner by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and by the King, Francis the First: when he was working for him, the king used to go at any hour and visit him; and Cellini gives rather a characteristic anecdote, proving how very familiar such visits were. One day, while at work, and, as usual, rather in ill temper, an apprentice or servant did something which displeased Cellini, and he roughly took the youth by the shoulders, and pushed him across the room. The apprentice fell against the door, which was just then opened by the king, and he fell fairly into the king's arms. Such was the familiar way in which kings and great personages used to visit Cellini, and find him in his apron among his workmen. [Cheers.] But I believe, myself, that it is not *patronage* which Art wants in modern times. Patronage it has; you, gentlemen, here, many of you, I know, would not scruple to go far beyond the mere calculation of interest, were it in your power to raise, by your patronage, any one who gave evidence of genius, and reward him as he deserved. It is not patronage, but honor, that Art wants. [Cheers.]

Now, speaking of the department to which I have just alluded, there

is a passage worth quoting from Mr. Ward's book, "The World and its Workshop," on the difference between English and French designers in the textile fabrics. "France has studiously cultivated the Art of design, and advanced its professors to the rank of gentlemen ; in England, on the contrary, with some exception, it has been degraded to a mechanical employment, and remunerated at weekly wages. France has, in consequence, a species of industry to which we have no claim, — the production of design for exportation." Now, having drawn these general conclusions, we must come to some practical applications. The first, that we must avoid making too great a separation between that character of Art which it is proposed, now, to impart to our products and the higher departments of Arts. I have observed that the separation of Art into two departments, high and low, seems to be dangerous, and it will, perhaps, prove fatal. You may educate a great number of good designers, persons who will make tolerable drawings, and with rapidity ; but the influence upon these which are considered the lower stages of art must come, not from below, but from above ; it is only Art in its highest department that gives the true feeling of proportion, the right sense of harmony, whether in color or in design, that gives also that sense and feeling of the adaptation and propriety of things to their purpose, which is indispensable. Any one must be surprised at seeing the extraordinary combination of the styles of different countries and times, in our works of Art, from the want of a regular artistic education. I therefore think that the first thing which must be done is to try an education which will not give merely a great degree of elementary artistic power, but that, while we give what may be called the rudiments of Art to every one, if possible, so as to give them all the opportunity of developing a higher taste and power, if they possess it, we must not, in looking beyond that, satisfy ourselves with the idea that we can educate a great number of artisans to a middling degree of artistic feeling, in the hope that thereby we may influence the character of our manufactures ; but we must endeavor to combine the two, to bring down the high Art to mingle with the lower, in the feeling that it is the common interest and duty of artists to improve the productive arts, *and to carry into actual work — not merely into design — the powers which they possess.* [Cheers.]

The evidence of Mr. Skene, before the committee of the House of Commons, is to the same effect. He and Mr. Potter, and every other writer I have seen, agree that we are not equal with the French in the more delicate operations of art applied to manufactures, and especially in textile fabrics ; and he gives this reason : "The system of France is

very different from that of this country, because in France artists of the first eminence employ their time — and make it a most profitable part of their employment — in pattern drawing, and they are paid very high prices by the manufacturers.” This, then, accounts for everything, because it is the union of high art in design with manufacture that makes the French superior. The evidence of M. Coquerel, who is himself an eminent architect and designer, shows that a distinguished artist, who became president of the French Academy of Arts at Rome, and one of the first of his day, was employed at Sevres, in the china manufacture; and he states, also, that of fourteen or fifteen French artists of the first rank, educated at Rome, with whom he was acquainted, many were scattered through France assisting in the different manufactures, — finding the market for the highest class of artistic works so limited, and so full, these men, instead of sinking into despair, or committing suicide, as has been seen in similar cases, turned their high talent to the assistance and improvement of manufactures: and they are not thought to have dishonored themselves by doing so; or is it considered their superior education was thrown away upon them in qualifying them for the posts they now occupy. Why should it not be so here? Let any one go into the exhibition of paintings in London, and look around the walls; he will, perhaps, find only a small number of artists who can, with any hope of advancing themselves in the path to eminence, continue in what they may consider the highest department of Art; and I cannot but think there are many in distress, persons who might be making an honorable livelihood, if they would apply their talents to what they would wrongly consider, perhaps, a degrading employment, but which is most honorable, — the improvement of Art in its productive department. [Cheers.]

The second step, which seems to me of the greatest importance, is, to familiarize the people with Art. This I know is a very trite topic, and one which can hardly be considered to require from us much attention. I know it is proposed to make museums in every part, and I think that excellent. But we must observe how it is that that familiarity with Art has been obtained by other people; it has been, not so much by having places to which people were to go to see Art, but by rendering it familiar everywhere to their eyes. The ancient Greeks, proceeding from other considerations, which we, as Christians, could not for a moment wish to have considered, such as the public spectacles, and feasts, and ceremonies of Greece, filled their whole country with works of Art. Any one that will read the works of Pausanias, or the first book alone, will see how impossible it was for an Athenian to go ten yards in

any direction in the city without seeing some beautiful work of Art. On every side there were monuments, and statues, and temples, of the most beautiful workmanship and design ; and the people became impregnated with the sense of artistic beauty ; and therefore *whoever, even a mechanic, put his hand to any work, worked under the influence of that feeling.* [Cheers.] In a later period, in Rome, there was the same plan of filling the public buildings, the streets, and squares of the city, with sculptured monuments, and with paintings, hung up so that the people could gaze on them ; and Pliny gives us a long list of paintings put up by different emperors : and, by way of showing what was thought by the Romans of our northern ancestors, he says, that among those paintings on the walls of the Forum there was one of a shepherd ; and when a German ambassador came to Rome, he was asked at what price would *he* value that picture ?— which shows that it was considered by the Romans to be worth a high price, quite beyond a German's estimate: he, having so little idea of Art that he did not consider that question applicable to any possible artistic merit, said, “ Why, I would not have the man, if he were alive and breathing, if you would give him to me, ” — he considering it was the value of the man, as a servant, and not of the picture, that he was to regard. In a later age, at Florence, Vasari tells us how he and Michael Angelo, and other artists, used to meet together, and then go from church to church to see the beautiful works of Art in each, and then to discuss and criticise them. In the middle ages it was the *Church*, no doubt, which gave to public admiration the specimens of fine art, and kept them before the minds of all, and, in fact, made the people be artists. The consequence of this was, that, as Cellini tells us, when his statue of Perseus, after having been finished, was put into a public place, and when he uncovered it for the first time, “ It so pleased God, that, as soon as ever my work was beheld by the populace, they set up so loud a shout of applause, that I began to be comforted for the mortifications I had undergone ; and there were sonnets in my praise every day fastened up on the gate, and the very day I finished my work twenty more sonnets were set up, with the greatest praises of the work, and Latin and Greek poems were published on the occasion.” So well had the Italian public learned how to appreciate a noble work of Art !

Now, I look forward with no small expectation to what will be done by the new exhibition which is preparing (this refers to the Manchester exhibition), because I know that great pains have been taken to collect casts and copies of whatever is most beautiful in every department of Art, beginning with the most remote period, down to the present time ;

and if it be really open to the public, and if, especially, it be open for some portion, at least, *of that day on which alone the artisan can enjoy it* [great cheering], then I am sure it will do more towards raising the feeling of the people for Art, and consequently towards introducing an improved practice, than any set of lessons or any teaching could do. A very strong remark is made by Dr. Waagen, before that committee: when asked if they shut up the museum at Berlin as they do in England, at certain times, to enable artists to copy, he says, "By no means, because I believe Art is far more promoted by the people seeing it than it is by any number of artists making copies." But it appears to me *there has been a deficiency in the general education among us in the matter of artistic culture.* I cannot but be struck with this when I see that among all the colleges and schools belonging to this country, so respectable and richly endowed, *there is not one of them, so far as I know, which has made any collection or museum that might train the young men who are educated there in a familiarity with Art.* I do not think any college in either of our Universities, Eton, or any of the schools, keeps before the eyes of its young men examples of painting, sculpture, and of other arts of design, which might accustom them during their early years to admire and appreciate Art, and thus to contribute afterwards their influence to elevate its character. At the same time, I must observe with sincere pleasure that this is not the case with our Catholic colleges; that, poor and unendowed as they are, there is not one of them which has not striven, at the same time while it has provided itself with a library, far beyond the proportion of its means, if compared with what others have done, to provide also some works of Art, and keep them constantly before the students. [Cheers.] At Stonyhurst there are many beautiful things, carving, lapidary, silver work, and jewellery, especially for church purposes. Ushaw, or St. Cuthbert's College, near Durham, is another instance: the walls there are covered with paintings, many of excellent masters, and engravings of great beauty; there is a museum filled with specimens of Art; the sacristy of the chapel is growing with proofs of the encouragement given there to modern artists, as well as with carefully-collected specimens of ancient Art.

I may be allowed to revert also to the days which I spent in St. Mary's College, at Oscott. There, through the munificence of a departed nobleman, and under the guidance of the refined taste of the greatest artist of this day, because a practical disciple of all the arts, — Mr. Pugin [cheers], — there was collected a museum which would have been worthy of a larger establishment; beautiful specimens of

carving, of enameling, and metal work of every sort, so valuable that persons were sent from the department of practical art on purpose to make molds and copies of the specimens ; and almost all the cloisters were covered with paintings, some by very respectable artists, and others good copies. The students were thus brought up in familiarity with choice objects of Art, which has had an influence upon their lives since, and induced them to patronize and encourage Art. That collection, moreover, was, in the most liberal way, thrown open to every one who chose to come and visit us ; we never saw any feeling of narrow partisanship, or exclusiveness of religious distinction ; the house used to be visited every day by parties of people from the neighborhood ; and nothing gave me greater pleasure than to see the young men who used to come there, and who were permitted to walk freely through the house. There was, at no great distance, a very considerable establishment for education, richly endowed, and having everything that could encourage the study of literature ; but it did not possess, as it appeared, a single object of artistic interest within its walls : and often did the students of that establishment come up to St. Mary's and roam freely through it, and receive every courtesy. And *that* was at a time when Oscott was considered almost the centre of a strong proselytizing tendency, and I know that personally *I* was much more engaged in controversy then than I am at the present moment ; and it was pleasing, therefore, to see that there was no feeling on the subject which could make it be apprehended as unpleasant for those young men to come to us. Bodies of those young men used to come to St. Mary's, with letters from their principal, couched in the most courteous terms, asking, as a favor, that his students might be allowed to attend the establishment, which could have very little other merit to many than as it was filled with works of Art ; and on one occasion he informed me that, when any of the students of his house were particularly well-conducted, and had especially distinguished themselves, the best reward he could give them was to send them with a letter to us, to come and see Oscott College. Now, it will give you all pleasure to know that this generous, liberal, and gentlemanly-minded individual, the head of that neighboring college, was — the Rev. Prince Lee. [Immense cheering and laughter.]

One thing more, I will observe, is important ; and that, — that *we must not narrow the sphere of Art. There is a tendency to do so in this practical scheme of education.* I observed in the late report, which may be considered as a programme of the department of practical art, that there are prizes proposed for artistic designs in three different departments, — for printed garments, fabrics for carpets, and for paper-hang-

ings. Now, one of the conditions of the four drawings to be sent in to compete for the prize in all three instances is this, "the designs to be flat, not imitative, but conventional, without relief, shadow, or perspective." Now, that is the mediæval principle, and cannot apply to other styles of Art; *and you are narrowing the sphere of Art if you dictate, as a necessary rule* of all designs in those three departments of productive art, that there shall not be relief or perspective in the painting; that the flowers must all be of one color, and that there must be no shadow, and no attempt to copy nature, but that the forms must be all "conventional," that is, such as a rose spread out into four parts, with a point between them, and the lily changed into a *fleur-de-lis*, and no natural forms to be truly imitated. Now, it is folly to think of competing with French art if our artisans are to be educated on that principle, because the beauty of design, where nature is copied, — where the flower glows in its own colors, — will carry the taste of the public, and I think rightly, in preference to a series of flat and unshaped designs. I think it is a wrong principle; and why? Artists will tell you that the carpet is nothing more than a background for the furniture; that the hanging of a wall, paper or whatever it may be, is nothing but a background for the furniture: and therefore that these must be quiet and of a lower tint, with nothing brilliant, and no attempt at the representation of natural objects. *Now, I deny this principle;* they are not background. The papering of the wall is in the place of the ancient painting on the wall; and I do not see why, if you only avoid whatever may offend the eye, — such as false perspective, — there should not be all the beauty and glow of natural objects given to the pictured papering of the wall. If we are to collect museums, to put before our young artists specimens from the paintings of Pompeii, and then to tell them that these wall paintings are done on a false principle, because they are good representations of natural objects, and not merely conventional drawings, how are we consistent? And, if you tell a young man who designs patterns for carpets that there must be nothing there which would not be, naturally, in such a position, — that there must be no sky or flowers there, — then you go to make it a mere pavement and nothing better. I should say that the real carpet should take the place of the ancient mosaic. The ancients thought it not amiss to represent whole scenes on their pavement, with sky and rivers, men and horses; and Pliny tells us there were many celebrated men for this sort of work in Greece; but the most celebrated of all was Sosias: and he says, among his other works at Pergamus there was a remarkable one which was called "The Unswept House." It was a representation which certainly does not give us a very good idea of cleanliness of domestic habits, — of a

floor on which all sorts of refuse had been left to lie about, fragments of meat, and the shells of crawfish, and everything which untidy people might leave after their meals. Such were the notions the ancients had of designs. I should, therefore, be inclined to fear that *if we began to deal with Art upon a too confined basis*, and on principles which belong only to one period of the history of Art, and if we now insist on their being made the sole basis of artistic education, *we shall produce cramped and narrow-minded artists*, and never enable them to take advantage of the great classical patterns to improve their taste. [Cheers.]

In concluding, I think among the *greatest errors* that language has imposed upon us, there is none more remarkable than the sort of antagonism which is established in common language as between Nature and Art. We speak of art as being, in a certain manner, the rival of nature, and opposed to it; we contrast them, — we speak of the superiority of nature, and depreciate Art as compared with it. On the other hand, *what is Art but the effort that is made by human skill to seize upon the transitory features of nature, to give them the stamp of perpetuity?* If we study nature, we see that in her general laws she is unchangeable; the year goes on in its course, and day after day pass magnificently through the same revolutions. But there is not one single moment in which either nature, or anything that belongs to her, is stationary. The earth, the planets, and the sun and moon, are not for any instant in exactly the same relation mutually as they were in another instant. The face of nature is constantly changing; *and what is it that preserves that for us but Art, which is not the rival, but the child, as well as the handmaid of nature?* You find, when you watch the setting sun, how beautiful and how bright for an instant! then how it fades away! the sky and sea are covered with darkness, and the departed light is reflected, as it had been just now upon the water, still upon your mind. In that one evanescent moment a Claude or a Stanfield dips his pencil in the glowing sky, and transfers its hue to his canvass; and ages after, by the lamp of night, or in the brightness of the morning, we can contemplate that evening scene of nature, and again renew in ourselves all the emotions which the reality could impart. And so it is with every other object. Each of us is, but for the present moment, the same as he is in this instant of his personal existence through which he is now passing. He is the child, the boy, the man, the aged one bending feebly over the last few steps of his career. You wish to possess him as he is now, in his youthful vigor, or in the maturity of his wisdom, and a Rembrandt, or a Titian, or a Herbert seizes that moment of grace, or of beauty, or of sage experience; and he stamps indelibly that loved image on his canvass; and for generations it is gazed on with admira-

tion and with love. *We must not pretend a fight against nature, and say that we will make Art different from what she is.* I will read you some beautiful lines, which show how our Art must be derived from nature. I translate them from the excellent poem of Schiller, addressed to artists :—

The choicest blossom which the parterre warms,
 In one rich posy skillfully combined,—
Such, infant Art crept first from Nature's arms :
 Then are the posies in one wreath entwined.
 A second Art, in manlier bearing, stands,
 Fair work of man, created in his hands.

I believe the idea of these beautiful lines is taken from the anecdote which Pliny has preserved to us of the contest of Art between Pausias the painter and Glycera the flower girl ; she used to combine her flowers with such exquisite beauty, that they excited the admiration of the chief of artists, and he did not think it beneath his art to copy on the canvass the operation of her naturally-instructed fingers ; and then she, in her turn, again would rival the picture, and produce a more beautiful bouquet still ; and the painter, with his pencil, would again rival her, and produce by his art the same effect as she had done with the flowers of nature. *Let us therefore look on Art but as the highest image that can be made of Nature.* Consequently, while religion is the greatest and noblest mode in which we acknowledge the magnificent and all-wise majesty of God, and what he has done both for the spiritual and the physical existence of man, *let us look upon Art as but the most graceful and natural tribute of homage we can pay to him for the beauties which he has so lavishly scattered over creation.* Art, then, is to my mind, and I trust to you all, a sacred and a reverend thing, and one which must be treated with all nobleness of feeling and with all dignity of aim. We must not depress it ; the education of our Art must always be tending higher and higher ; we must fear the possibility of our creating a mere lower class of artists which would degrade the higher departments, instead of endeavoring to blend and harmonize every department, so that *there shall cease to exist in the minds of men the distinction between high and low art.* I will conclude with another beautiful sentiment from the same poem :—

The bee may teach thee an industrious care ;
 The worm, in skill, thy master thou must own :
 With higher spirits, *wisdom* thou dost share
 But *Art*, O man, hast *thou* alone.

A PLEA FOR FROEBEL'S KINDERGARTEN, AS THE FIRST GRADE OF PRIMARY EDUCATION.

BY ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

THE identification of the artisan and the artist, which Cardinal Wiseman proves to have been the general fact in Greece from the sixth century, and in Rome from the second century, before Christ, was no accident; but the result of the education given to *the initiated* of certain temples, especially those of Apollo, Mercury, Minerva, and Vulcan.

In Greece and Rome, there was an aristocracy of races and families, each of which had its own traditions of wisdom and art, connected with the names of tutelary divinities, whose personality presumably inhered in leaders of the emigrations from Asia, who were doubtless men of great genius and power, and served with divine honors by their posterity, and the colonies which they led.

This service, in the instance of the gods above named, involved education in the Fine Arts, just as that of Ceres and Proserpine taught *the initiated* of one degree the science of Agriculture, and those of a higher degree the doctrine of Immortality, — which vegetation symbolizes in the persistence of its life-principle and deciduousness of its forms.

In the far East, the productive arts were early included under the word *magic*; whose secrets, as an ancient historian tells us, were reserved as the special privilege of royal families.

Under despotic governments, the inspirations of Science and Art invariably have died out into formulas to be worked out mechanically; as has happened in China. But, in Greece and Rome, freedom, though it only existed as a family privilege, fostered individual originality. *The initiated*, believing themselves subjects of inspiration, would have that confidence in inward impulse, which, when disciplined by observation of nature conceived as living expression of indwelling gods, could not but be beautiful and true. High Art excludes the fantastic, and is always simple, — because it is useful, like nature. The identification of the artist with the artisan will restore it, because the necessities of execution control design when artist and artisan are one. The modern artist is apt to design with no regard to use or nature. He needs the check of the executing hand upon his impracticable conceptions; and will be no less a gainer therefore, than the artisan, by identification with him. Hay, in his several works, especially in the one on "Symmetrical Beauty," shows that the generation of the forms of the ancient vases rested on a strict mathematical basis; and there is abundant evidence that the study of mathematics was quite as profound in antiquity as it has been since; though

then it was applied to art, rather than, as now, to the measurement of nature. The wars and revolutions which convulsed the world in the declining days of the old Eastern Empires, and even of Greece and Rome, broke up the ancient schools of magic and art. They never, however, were quite lost in the darkest ages ; but preserved a shy and secret existence, and, at the revival of letters in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were restored for a splendid season of about three centuries, by secret societies like the Freemasons ; and in many of the ecclesiastical cloisters. Then building and other mechanical works again became high art.

This adequate education, with its elevating effect on the laborer, both in respect to his inner life and outward relations, can be given now, and in America, only by making our Public Schools give the same profound and harmonious training to the whole nature of *all the people* that those ancient secret societies gave to *the few*, — a thing that is to be expected much more by reforming and perfecting the primary department than by endowing universities ; though the latter are the cap-stone of the educational edifice. Even the late liberal act of the Massachusetts Legislature, requiring a free drawing-school in every town of five thousand inhabitants in the state, though it is a move in the right direction (and it is to be hoped that the workmen will not let the law lapse by neglecting to call for its enforcement), will be of very little use unless the children shall be prepared for these art-schools in the primary department. It is the main purpose of the present publication to set forth that this can be done, and therefore ought to be done at once. Froebel's Kindergarten is a primary art-school ; for it employs the prodigious but originally blind activity and easily trained hand of childhood, from the age of three years, in intelligent production of things within the childish sphere of affection and fancy ; giving thereby a harmonious play of heart and mind in actively educating — without straining the brain — even to the point of developing invention, while it keeps the temper sweet and spirits joyous with the pleasure of success. Childish play (as we have said elsewhere) has all the main characteristics of art, inasmuch as it is the endeavor “to conform the outward shows of things to the desires of the mind.” Every child at play is histrionic and plastic. He personates characters with mimic gesture and costume, and represents whatever fancy interests him by an embodiment of it, — perhaps in mud or sand or snow ; or by the arrangement of the most ungainly materials, such as a row of footstools and chairs, which become a railroad train to him at his “own sweet will.” Everybody conversant with children knows how easily they will “make believe,” as they call it, out of any materials whatever ; and are most amused when the materials to be transformed by their personifying and symbolizing thought are few. For so much do children enjoy the exercise of imagination, that they prefer simple primitive forms, which they can “make believe” to be first one thing and then another, to elaborately carved columns, and such like. There is nothing in life more charming to a spectator, than to observe this shaping fancy of children, scorning the

bounds of possibility, as it were. But children themselves enjoy their imaginations still more, when they find it possible to satisfy their causative instinct by really making something useful or pretty.

It was Froebel's wisdom, instead of repressing, to accept this natural activity of childhood, as a hint of Divine Providence, and to utilize its spontaneous play for education. And, in doing so, he takes out of school discipline that element of baneful antagonism which it is so apt to excite, and which it is such a misfortune should ever be excited in the young towards the old.

The divine impulse of activity is never directly opposed in the kindergarten, but accepted, and guided into beautiful *production*, according to the laws of creative order. These the educator must study out in nature, and generally present to the child, whom he will find docile to the guidance of his play to an issue more successful than it is possible for him to attain in his own ignorance.

Intellect is developed by the appreciation of individual forms and those relations to each other which are agreeable to the eye. There are forms that never tire. In the work of Hay, to which allusion has been made, it is shown that every ancient vase is a complex of curves that belong to one form or to three forms or to five forms; but all vases whose curves belong to one form are the most beautiful. These ground forms are of petals of flowers; and the mathematical appreciation of them is very interesting, showing that the forces of nature act to produce a certain symmetry, as has been lately demonstrated in snowflakes and crystals, that have been respectively called "the lilies of the sky, and the lilies of the rocks," — for the lily is the most symmetrical of flowers. Froebel's exercises on blocks, sticks, curved wires, colors, weaving of patterns, pricking, sewing with colored threads, and drawing, lead little children of three years' old to create series of *forms*, by a simple placing of opposites, which involves the first principle of all design, *polarity*. By boxes of triangles, equilateral, isosceles, right-angled, or scalene, the foundations of mathematical thought may be laid to the senses. Before children are old enough for the abstract operations of simple arithmetic, they may know geometry in the concrete. And, in these various games of the generation of form, the greatest accuracy of eye, and delicacy and quickness of manipulation are insensibly acquired, precluding all clumsiness and awkwardness.

Froebel's exercises with blocks, sticks, curved wires, triangles, which lead the children to make an ever-varying symmetry by simply placing opposites, are concrete mathematics, which becomes the very law of their thoughts. The *mind* is developed by appreciated forms and their combinations. The same law of polarity is followed in the weaving of colored papers, where harmony of colors is added to symmetrical beauty; and from the moment when a child can hold the pencil, and draw a line a quarter of an inch long, he can also make symmetrical forms upon a slate or paper squared in eighths of an inch.

But to conduct such education as this is a great art, founded on the deepest science both within and without the human soul; and therefore, preliminary to its being undertaken, there must be a special training of the kindergarten teacher. Froebel never established a kindergarten anywhere that he did not also establish normal training for young women, who were to supervise the children at their play and work, so as to make these guided exercises of the limbs and hands a moral, artistic, and intellectual education, all in one.

For moral culture, it is necessary that the children produce things, and play with each other, from self-forgetful motives of gratitude to parents and affection for their companions, or a gentle sympathy for the unfortunate. Moral culture cannot be given in a didactic manner. Sentiment becomes selfish weakness unless it is embodied in disinterested action. Even successful and happy play involves mutual consideration. It is necessary that children should act from a motive leading them from within out of themselves. There is no way to learn goodness but to be practically good. Froebel would not have children make things to hoard, or merely to exhibit their power, and stimulate their vanity; but to give away to some object of their affection or respect or pity. Before anything is done, the question always arises, Who is to be made happier or better by it? They can be kept busy the whole year in providing gifts for all their friends' birthdays, new-years-day, and the Christmas-tree; and, especially, the poor and sick are remembered. Thus their activity is disciplined by their hearts, which supply the motive, no less than by their intellect, which supplies — or at least accepts — the law according to which the thing is made. They become intellectual by learning that there is always a law as the innermost secret of every object of nature and art. The rule involving the law is suggested in words at each step of the procedure, and repeated until the idea of the law is caught. As crude material and simple ground-form is varied into varieties of beauty, they get a knowledge deeper than words can convey of the substantiality of law, seeing it to be no less a factor of the thing than the material out of which it is made. In its turn, the material itself becomes the subject of an object lesson, not only as to its structure, but its origin; and this, when considered in its use, or the delight it gives, leads the mind inevitably to the spiritual Fountain of all good things. The child's own active heart witnesses to a heavenly Father, and precludes any necessity for didactic teaching on that point. It is only necessary to refer to Him when the little heart is full of generous love, and the little mind is realizing that its own *thought* is an indispensable factor of the thing done. Thus art-education is religious; because art is the image in man of God's creativeness. It has been profoundly said, that, if science is irreligious in its effect, because it deals only in appearances and its method is analysis which murders, art is necessary to strike the balance in education, because it deals in substances, and not only produces, but makes alive by giving expression to matter. Since what makes the crude and unformed material,

which the child uses a thing of beauty or use, is the immaterial æsthetic force within him, which applies the law (itself an immaterial entity), he necessarily infers and appreciates that the universe as a whole is the guarantee of an immaterial Creator who loves its intelligent denizens.

It is impossible for a kindergarten to be carried on by a teacher who does not understand this constitution of human nature on the one hand, and the laws of the universe, in some degree, upon the other. No mechanical imitation, and no patterns are permitted; but the children are led on to act from their own thoughts by first acting from the teacher's suggestion or direction of their thoughts. It is astonishing to most persons to see how, almost immediately, they begin to invent new applications of the laws given. Originality is fostered by questions leading them to give an account of how they produce effects, which prevents destructive tendencies, and gives clearness of intellectual consciousness; and no strain is put upon the brain, because the child is always kept within the child's world and made of ability there. In the moral sphere, also, questioning is a better mode of suggestion than precept: unless there is a certain freedom of feeling, and virtue preserves a certain spontaneity, hypocrisy may be superinduced. Children love others as naturally and well as they love themselves, if not better; and love has its own various creative play and its own modesty, which should be sacredly respected. Wake up the heart and mind, and moral dictation will be as superfluous as it is pernicious: and, above all things, children should not be led into professions, or be praised for goodness; but goodness should be presumed as of course.

In short, kindergarten education is INTEGRAL, resulting in practical religion, because it gives intelligence and sentiment to the conception of God and his providence, and prevents that precocity which is always a one-sided, deforming, and, ultimately, a weakening development. It is greatly in contrast with the ordinary primary-school teaching, which generally begins by antagonizing all spontaneous life (keeping children still, as it is called), in order to make them passive recipients of knowledge having no present relation with the wants of their minds or hearts.

But if the training which fits for kindergarten teaching not only involves knowledge of the sciences of outward nature to a considerable extent, but a study of the philosophy of human nature also; yet it is such a philosophy as any fairly cultivated, genial-hearted young woman, of average intellect, is capable of receiving from one already an adept in it; for it is the universal motherly instinct, appreciated by the intellect, and followed out to its highest issues. Froebel's philosophy and art is just the highest finish to any woman's education, whether she is to keep a kindergarten or not. Froebel considered women to be the divinely appointed educators of children for the first seven years of their lives at least, until they become fully conscious of their power of thought, and know how to apply thought for effect. For two or three years, their place is in the nursery, whose law is *acknowledged* to be amusement. The nursery method of sympathetic supervision of

children's spontaneity (which never should be left to uninstructed nurses) is simply continued in the kindergarten, where symbolic plays, for general bodily exercise, and the "occupations," as the quieter games of production are called, suggest conversations which are the first object lessons. It is quite enough intellectual work for children under seven years of age, to learn to express their thoughts and impressions in appropriate words; to sing by rote the songs which describe their plays; to become skillful in the manipulations the occupations involve; with such objective knowledge as is directly connected with the materials used. They can then go, at seven years old, from the kindergarten to the common primary school, with habits of docility, industry and order already acquired; wide-awake senses and attention; tempers not irritated by stupid and unreasonable repressions of their nature, and wills unperverted, and reasonably obedient. Is it not plain that, thus educated, they will easily learn to read? and the knowledge acquired from books will stimulate production in large spheres of life, and the love of labor will not be in danger of dying out when the progressive rise into "the perfect, good, and fair" is guaranteed by productions that shall bring the life which is to come into that which now is.

The immoral — some go so far as to call it the demoralizing — influence of our public schools, which now at best sharpen the wits, and give means of power to do evil as well as good, has called attention of late to the character of state education, and the necessity of making it industrial, if only to save the masses of children from the temptations that now assail those who need to earn their living at once, but who leave school at fourteen or fifteen years of age unskilled in any species of labor. The only way to elevate the laborer to equal social position with the professional man, or even to self-respect, is to make labor spontaneous and attractive; but to make industry ARTISTIC is the only way to make it attractive, and supersede that spirit of gambling in business and politics which so fearfully weakens and corrupts our national character, and threatens the liberties which rest on truth and justice.

Finally, unless the right thing is done at once, and this reform of the fundamental education is initiated by competent teachers, a very great evil will arise. Already children's schools, assuming the name of kindergarten, — sometimes innocently, because ignorantly, — are growing up at different points in this country, which necessarily disgrace the principle of Froebel, who worked out by a whole lifetime of experimenting, the true processes of the first stages of human education. These pseudo-kindergartens are a mere alternation of the old routine with plays and imitative working by patterns, making children frivolous, or little machines, or else disgusting them; for, in proportion to their natural abounding life, children tire of what is mechanical.

The first thing we have to do, then, is to train teachers in Froebel's science and art. There is one training school now, at 127 Charles Street, Boston, kept by Mrs. and Miss Kriege, educated in the best training school in



the world, — that of Baroness Marenholtz-Bulow of Berlin, who is one of Froebel's personal disciples and apostles. It is to be hoped that the city or State will make this a public institution. Another pupil of Froebel himself, Prof. Weibe, from Altona, Schleswig Holstein, where he left a kindergarten that he founded many years since, in order to bring the system to America, projects founding a training school, with its model kindergarten, in Springfield, Mass. And a very superior expert and adept in the Froebel philosophy, now engaged in Lubec, Germany, and perfectly skilled in the English language, might be induced, by adequate compensation, to come and found another in some more southerly or western state. If there could be raised by private donations, or public appropriation, a loan-fund to enable many young women who ardently desire this education to attend the private school of Madame Kriege, in a year we might have enough trained teachers to open schools all over the country; and effectually commence that radical reform of primary education which shall ultimate in the Identification of the Artist and Artisan. "What is well begun is half done."



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