

proof of his great industry. He is presumed to be the earliest German engraver, and as such now takes his stand. His subjects are varied, and by no means confined to scriptural representations, so common at the time. He engraved a great many whole length figures of saints; and these essays in the new art were thus rendered very attractive to the inmates of the monasteries, and were eagerly purchased by those devotees whose finances would not afford the more expensively illuminated subjects of devotion, which, up to that time, had been the business and gain of the monks to produce it.

Nothing can more strongly contrast, than do the works of the German engravers with those of Italy.

In the German prints, the human figure appears meagre, shrunk, and attenuated; while, in those of the Italians, grace, ease, and dignity prevail: correctness and purity of outline also conspicuously mark the difference. In the engravings of the Germans, the draperies are stiff and angular, and are forced into uneasy and laboured folds; a defect rarely found in the engravings of the earliest Italians.

It must be confessed, however, that the female heads of the master of 1466, are far more graceful than could be expected, and much more so than in the works of many of those who followed him. He executed an "Annunciation," in which the expression of the Virgin is sweetly and modestly devout.

I noticed to you also in my last lecture, that one of the very earliest Italian artists engraved a pack of cards for the game of "torocco."

The Germans, who were determined not to be behind-hand with their neighbours, began also at the same time to execute copper-plates for playing cards; but the difference, even in this respect in the style of art, is very great; and I shall here take an opportunity of describing a most singular pack of these German cards which I once possessed, engraved by the master of 1466, and very probably in that year.

Few, I may add, are perhaps aware, that the history and invention of playing cards has been a subject of much research, and of pleasant and curious learning; and, coupled with an account of the early manufacture of paper for cards and for printing, forms a treatise, by Breitkopf, in Germany, and by Singer, in England: and has attracted much notice from Otley and Douce. Upon these subjects, should occasion permit, I might venture to offer you a lecture, not without interest.

The Italian pack of cards which I mentioned to you, consists of whole length figures, which, though there are four classes or divisions of them, are not analogous to our modern cards, or to any early German pack.

These latter are also divided into four classes or suits, consisting of birds, savages, stags, or harts (from which, perhaps, our suit of *harts*, not the *heart* or *cœur* of more modern date is derived), and lions and bears. The court (or more properly coat cards, so called from the draped figures they present) are tens, knaves, queens, and kings. We now no longer use or figure the ten as a coat card, though it is sometimes called a "Welsh honour." These coat cards are whole length figures in various attitudes, singularly *outrè* and gothic, both in anatomy and drapery. Each of them has the mark distinguishing its suit impressed on the larger card, sometimes in the very drapery of the figure, from a minute separate plate cut all round to the shape of the suit mark, or pip, whether savage, bird, or otherwise; and similar small plates of suit-marks, containing the pips of the four suits, are impressed on the various cards of each, to form the one to the nine inclusive, in various positions, much resembling the arrangement of the pips on our present cards. The pack of these was nearly complete; and I perceive since I came to this colony, that two of them (the nine and knave of stags or harts) have been copied in the 2nd part of "Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare," to illustrate a passage in the 5th Act of "King John." These copies are less than half the size of the originals.

Duplicates of one or two of these cards are in the French Royal Collection, and a few may be found in the Imperial Library at Vienna; but I do not think that any others exist. They are exceedingly curious of course, as proceeding from the burin of the first German engraver on copper, and equally curious, as thus early diffusing a luxury which has probably had but too baleful an influence on the bad passions of mankind; though invented solely with the intention of beguiling the weary hours of a sick and imbecile monarch of France.

Among the various masters who succeeded the artist of 1466, was one named Stoss or Stoltzirs, of whose engravings three or four only have reached us; he probably did not execute more. His principal performance is a "Raising of Lazarus"—a most singular and *outrè* work; and the figures in which, are absolute libels on humanity, both in design and execution. Were crudity, eccentricity, and bad drawing, proofs of priority in point of art, we may readily accord

it to this individual, to the prejudice of the master of 1466 ; but this is not so ; and the work I am noticing, can only be accounted for by presuming a grosser barbarity of sentiment in the undertaking. This engraving is, however, remarkable for the curiosity in it, of what is called the "bur"—a smeary, though painterlike effect in the impression, produced from the uncleaned and unscraped strokes of the burin in ploughing up the copper ; a capital adjunct to the *chiaro scuro* in the etchings of Rembrandt, and which, with the method of spreading the ink often resorted to by that master, renders the impressions of many of the finest plates by that celebrated artist, perfect pictures.—A master who immediately followed Stoss, imitated this effect, and with it copied most of his predecessor's faults.

The next artist of importance was Martin Schoen, an experienced painter as well as engraver, who was born at Colmar, in 1453. A century ago, Schoen, in the absence of better information, was considered as the inventor or promulgator of engraving on copper in Germany. His paintings had a great reputation, and his prints so much so, that Michel Angelo, when a boy, copied his masterpiece, which is the subject of "St Anthony tormented by Devils."

Notwithstanding the common defect of meagreness of form in Schoen's prints, much praise is due to the disposition of his draperies ; and there is a pleasing and devout caste of features in his virgins and saints. At all events, he far surpassed his contemporaries, though sometimes alarmingly eccentric in his compositions. His great facility of practice, which is clearly evidenced, was no doubt the result of early skill as a goldsmith. He may be considered as adorning the age in which he lived ; and was one of the very few early artists who drew largely from their own fertile resources.

His most distinguished production is "The Death of the Virgins." From the monogram which Schoen has affixed to an impression of this print, which I once possessed, it was clearly shown that he produced the initial letters of his name, and the cross found between them, which mark his prints, from three separate small stampillæ or dies.

A master who succeeded him in 1502, called Israel van Mecken, and his son of the same name, engraved a vast number of singular plates ; among others, one of the ancient "Morrice Dance;" and though valuable as memorials of costume, they are of far less merit than those of Schoen, very miserably gothic, and not forming any ascending step in the art : they do not seem to have been engraved on copper, but are like impressions from pewter.

At this period, half-a-dozen other engravers were emulating each other zealously, of whom one, Du Hameel, by birth a Fleming, has engraved a representation of the "Last Judgment," from a design of one Jerome Bos, of Bois le Duc; but the subject is treated in a highly reprehensible manner, so as literally to put it upon a par with the engravings of the infamously notorious Hellish Breughel, whose delight it was to render on canvas and copper the interior details of the infernal regions.

Many of the engravers of this time have produced works which, to the inexperienced eye, seem to savour of much greater antiquity than those of their predecessors. The attempts of architecture are often very absurd, and the efforts in perspective laughable; such are seen in the works of one Mair, who is often ranked too early.

All these engravers may, to a certain degree, have advanced the *mechanism* of the art; but more than that they did not accomplish, though it would take much money to obtain even single good specimens of their works.

The last whom I shall notice, as of this period, is an *unknown* artist; though various writers at hap-hazard have given him at least *four* different names, no one of which can be proved to belong to him; though that of Matthew Zigel is now generally adopted. I mention him particularly, because, from the style and execution of his works, some writers have considered him to have engraved earlier than many of his supposed predecessors; but I cannot be of that opinion, and the print, of which I am going to give a short description, settles its period sufficiently, for it clearly bears the date of 1500: and this master may also be noticed, because his subjects are very curiously treated.

The plate I have mentioned, is a half sheet, and represents "An Entertainment at the Court of Munich." The Duke of Bavaria is seen at cards with a lady, who, from the appearance of the score, is winning, as a gallant engraver ought to contemplate. Three Court Dandies, in the foreground, in most singular costume, and with very particular shoes, are preparing to dance with their mistresses; a fourth gentleman is seated with his partner, and a fifth is advancing towards a lady also seated, probably to ask her to dance. In a gallery on either side are musicians, and in that on the right is the Court Fool. At the door, in the saloon below on the left, is a guard violently endeavouring, with a thumping club, to keep out the populace. Over the Duke's head, the date 1500 is engraved. The work is exceedingly bizarre, and

calculated to excite singular notions of the arts at that period in Germany—particularly in perspective.

We are now arrived at the close of the first stage of the art of engraving on copper in Germany; and before we return to Italy, where now flourished Marc Antonio, I may just observe, that its close brings us to a name almost as renowned, with whom the next epoch in Germany will commence—the great Albert Durer, the highly talented successor of a host of artists of various merit, in the infancy and early progress of engraving; but who eclipsed them all, as well as the very greater part of his immediate followers of the subsequent half century; and who, like Marc Antonio; his intimate friend, among the Italians, commences a new era of German art, figuring upon a stage as much contrasted as could well be with that on which moved his great Italian contemporary, but nevertheless an equal object of the highest attraction to all Europe.

We revert to Italy and to Marc Antonio, who was born at Bologna. It was the good fortune of Marc Antonio, at an early period of his career, to have the instructions of the glorious Raffaello d'Urbino. From the time when he first began to engrave after that great master's designs, he seems continually to have received his advice and assistance, the result of which may readily be traced by the eye of taste, in the lovely flowing outlines of many of his interesting engravings.

A curious anecdote will serve to show his own sense of purity of drawing. Although chiefly employed by Raffaello to engrave from his particular designs, he executed a very large and superb plate, after Baccio Bandinelli, of the "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," a rich composition, containing fifty figures; but the painter complained to Pope Clement that Marc Antonio had committed many errors in the engraving after his design. On comparing the drawing with the print, we are told, that "*it was evident to all competent judges that Marc Antonio had not only corrected the drawing, but that he had done so with the greatest judgment.*" This restored him to the favour of the Pope, which he had recently lost by some reprehensible engravings executed for the infamous Aretino. At the sacking of Rome, however, Marc Antonio was reduced to beggary, being obliged to pay a large ransom; and he left that city to die soon after at Bologna, the place of his birth.

His other chief productions are, "Adam and Eve," "The Murder of the Innocents," "Our Saviour and several Saints in glory," "The Judgment of Paris," "Parnassus with

Apollo and the Muses," "Saint Cecilia and other Saints," "Il Morbetto: a representation of the Plague, from the third book of Virgil's *Æneid*," "A group of Dancing Cupids," and many others, all after the designs and magnificent works of Raffaele; with a multitude of smaller pieces, each of which is an example of chaste and true talent. Such was the avidity with which these performances were purchased by persons of taste at that period, that they have been all copied by engravers of the time, to a degree of deception which renders it very difficult for any but well-experienced connoisseurs to distinguish the originals. The "Murder of the Innocents," in particular, has been so deceptively copied as to lead most good judges to believe that Marc Antonio repeated his own plate, in consequence of its extraordinary success. A story is circulated, that he had engaged to some party not to repeat this work; but having done so, was on that account nearly assassinated.

The original copper of what is considered the first plate, now worn out and reduced to a shadow, and useless for any purposes of printing, exists in some public repository—where I do not now remember. It is gilt, to preserve it, and to prevent its further use.

In the studio of this artist, many pupils were formed worthy of the master, but still his inferiors. Ravenna and Agostino Veneziano were the chief scholars, who copied many of his pieces.—Ravenna best succeeded in giving several *fac similes* of his master's talent.—Agostino mostly worked in a somewhat bolder style.

Shortly afterwards flourished Bonasone, an artist of original talent, not educated in the school of Marc Antonio, but who was an experienced designer, and attained his perfection about 1550; he sadly neglected, however, the practical part of his art, to follow a certain vague and vivid fancy of his own, to which correctness was no companion.

Enea Vico, Battista Franco, and four members of the Ghisi family (called Mantuano, from the place of their birth), followed; one of whom, Diana Ghisi, was the first female engraver of any excellence, or, indeed, of whom we have any knowledge, or avowed production. The elder Mantuano was a painter as well as an engraver, and was a pupil of Giulio.

The real and intrinsic qualities of engraving were now, however, unfortunately on the wane, never having been so truly and fully displayed in any works which succeeded the period of Marc Antonio and that of his two or three immediate scholars, until a new era appeared in the art with Parmeggiano and the Carracci.

Parmeggiano, or Parmeggianino, so called from Parma his birthplace, but whose true name is Francesco Mazzuoli, is well known to most of the lovers of grace in art. By the Italians he has been considered the inventor of etching. As an engraver, his works, so far as the analogy will hold, have all the beauties and defects of his pictures—ease and majesty abound in his heads, grace and freedom in his draperies; but nature is often wanting and affectation substituted, added to a blameable want of accuracy in his drawing; still his engravings, with all their numerous faults, are full of fascination. He etched in a very careless manner on a soft copper, and his plates, being ill bitten with the aqua fortis, the work is sometimes rotten; so that rare as are the true engraved productions of his hand, good impressions are what the French call *introuvable*.

He had an imitator, one Andrea Meldolla, called Schiavon, who, with some of his good qualities, had all his faults and many more; but whose etchings are, nevertheless, among the rarities. He had a great feeling, it is true, for the beauty of art so conspicuous in his master, which may obtain his pardon, and sometimes added a wash or tint to heighten the effect of his prints, and render them Parmeggianesque, if I may use the term.

The father of Lodovico Carrache was a butcher, of whose shop, full of meat, one of the Carracci has given the world a painting, which contains the portraits of the whole family. Lodovico preferred painting to engraving, but Agostino, his cousin, abandoned painting for the latter art.—Agostino was a person of extraordinary talent, being painter, engraver, poet, philosopher, mathematician, geographer, astrologer, and student in medicine. Had he continued to paint, he would have rivalled his brother Annibale, the other cousin of Ludovico, and the pride of his time.

The engravings of Agostino are magnificent in the freedom and vigour of their execution, and their general treatment. There is a print by him of the "Crucifixion," after Tintoretto, from a picture in the Church of St Roch, at Venice, on three plates lengthwise; which Tintoretto unhesitatingly declared to surpass the original.

Lodovico Carrache, the founder of a glorious school, engraved but little, for want of time; his works of this nature are free etchings—a manner then most agreeable to painters, for rendering their pictorial fancies on copper. Annibale was intended for a tailor, but not being fond of his trade, left it, to study under Agostino. He has executed many beautiful plates, and among others, an exquisite little

print of the "Dead Saviour and the Marys," called "The Christ of Caprarola." Annibale's prints differ to a very great degree, showing his extreme versatility of talent, and his tact in producing variety.

The Carraci had the honour of educating no less an artist than the celebrated Guido; but the pupil, unhappily, excited the jealousy of his teachers. Guido has presented us with a great number of prints, all etchings, very agreeable from their sketches of female grace and beauty, and for the ease and breadth of drapery, which predominate throughout; but his engravings, it must be confessed, do not realize all we ought to expect from so great a master. They are hurried works—at least many of them; well had these been his only faults; but Guido had greater failings—he was an inveterate gamester, and though well employed, well paid, and often rescued, died miserably poor.

Simon Cantarini, of Pesaro, imitated Guido, whose pupil he was, in etching from his works; and his prints have often been confounded with those of his master.

Castiglione, who flourished shortly after, has produced some very picturesque etchings in a style altogether peculiar, and almost Rembrandtesque, and which were very taking at the time. Something like these are the works of Testa and Podesta. But Stefano della Bella was an artist of a different nature, whose innumerable engravings display a most amazing rapidity of hand in the execution of subjects, in which the figures of crowds and multitudes of the smallest visible dimensions are executed with a dash and a spirit altogether surprising. Della Bella's engravings exceed 2000: some of them are rare. He has used a varnish for his copper-plates differing from that commonly adopted by artists in etching. It is called hard varnish, but was not much resorted to except by two or three very skilful artists, of whom I shall speak.

The prints of the celebrated Spagnuolo, who flourished about 1630, are remarkable for purity and correctness of design, and for the spirit and facility of their execution. In his etchings, the little use he made of the burin is very effective. His *chef d'œuvre* in engraving, "The Murder of Saint Bartholomew," is executed with terrific truth. The savage indifference of the executioner, and the mild endurance of the saint, awaiting a crown of glory displayed by an angel above, are finely contrasted; but the print shocks the feelings.

At this time, Salvator Rosa etched his vivid, brusque, and picturesque prints, filled, like his paintings, with ruins and



banditti, whose haunts he frequented. He has engraved some very large subjects, particularly one of Regulus. Biscaïno, a Genoese, whose etchings are full of fire and intelligence, lived at this period, and was an excellent designer. His engravings approach those of Castiglione, and are executed with a decided, yet rapid and effective touch. This artist died of the plague, at the premature age of 24. I must now close this period of Italian art, by noticing the etchings of Carlo Maratti, the last painter of the Roman school—the *ultimus Romanorum*. His prints, chiefly scriptural subjects, are cleverly executed; but, alas, they evidence but too clearly the decline of the art in that quarter of the globe.

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THE TWINS.

O, hush'd be every murmur deep!  
 O, cease, fond mother, cease to weep!  
 And strive by faith the veil to raise,  
 And see, beyond earth's cloudy maze,  
 Thy lovely buds transplanted, where  
 They bloom in Canaan's milder sphere.

How can you mourn those sunny things—  
 As birds escaped they clap their wings,  
 Whilst their sweet voices swell the strain  
 Issuing from the white-robed train—  
 Unstain'd by sin that's actual,  
 Redeem'd from sin original.

Thy darling twins, fond mother, now  
 Wear glorious crowns upon their brow,  
 And palms of victory they wave  
 In triumph o'er the gloomy grave.  
 Whilst resting near the placid sea,  
 Which flows beside the fadeless Tree.

Why do you grieve that they so soon  
 Have reach'd their home? The blaze of morn,  
 As autumn leaves at close of year,  
 Turns many a hopeful blossom sear;  
 And oft a wintry sky is spread  
 O'er those who weep the early dead.

Then, lady, dry the gushing tear,  
 And train the babes that still are here  
 In wisdom's pleasant paths to run,  
 And sin in every shape to shun;  
 So, when they pass from earthly sight,  
 In Heaven they'll re-appear more bright.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PARASITIC GENERATION.

NO. III.

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE MODE OF ORIGIN AND EXTERMINATION OF THE SMUT, RUST, AND FLY IN WHEAT, SCAB AND ROT IN SHEEP, BLIGHT AND MILDEW IN TREES, AND EVERY OTHER SPECIES OF PARASITE THAT PREYS ON THE FOOD OF MAN.

BY W. DURIE, ESQ., SURGEON.

WHERE the far-famed Vale of Strathmore terminates eastwardly, and the Grampians send forth one of their noblest streams to the sea—where the North Esk, escaping from the mountains, and traversing a rich flat teeming with agricultural industry, bends to receive two of her chief tributaries, rises one of the most sumptuous mansions in Scotland. No long mouldering line of ancestry is emblazoned on its walls; it is a recent erection, and stands a monument of that combined spirit of enterprise and patriotism, which, realizing for Scotia's sons in foreign climes sufficient affluence, sends them home to spend it on their native soil.

Close by this stately structure, and flanked by the stream, some forty acres of wheat are just coming into bloom, and, as a flood of golden light pours from the evening sun ere he sinks behind the Pictish crown of Catterthun, the farmer is seen earnestly scrutinizing his crop, when he is joined by the writer, and the following colloquy ensues:—

Writer—Searching for the plague spot, then?

Farmer—Yes, looking for smut and the fly. Last year the fly swept off a great part of my crops, and I dread a similar calamity this season.

Writer—This is a new pestilence in this part of the world, is it not? How do you account for its appearance?

Farmer—Why it seems so completely wrapt in mystery, that the only satisfactory solution is to conclude with the Rev. Dr. Dogmadoxy, that it is a curse sent direct from Heaven to punish the earth for its iniquities.

Writer—How these reverend gentlemen libel the attributes of their Creator! But suppose I show you that these insects are a blessing instead of a curse: that the mischief lies in the grain and not in the fly: and that the pestilence is not a special visitation of Providence, as Dogmadoxy has it, but the product of your own ignorance of that science which you profess so profoundly to cultivate.

Farmer—Go on, you commence magniloquently.

Writer—The secret, then, is simply this: your grain is *unsound*.

Farmer—What do you mean by the term *unsound*?