

## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1855.

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No canvassers or agents are authorized, except those who are advertised in our columns.

EDITORS of newspapers who have noticed THE CRAYON will please send us marked copies.

SPECIMEN numbers will be sent to all who may request them.

SAMUEL OWEN is authorized to canvass for subscribers in the city of Boston.

Subscribers in the country, to whom bills are sent, are requested to remit the amount by return of mail, in accordance with the terms of subscription. THE CRAYON will not be sent to any Subscriber unless the subscription be paid in advance, nor will it be continued after the term of subscription has expired.

## Sketchings.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—My *Moose-hair Ring* is respectfully declined. *Art* is under consideration. We confess to a fear that it will not pass muster however. Will not the author of the *Village Clock*, which is thankfully accepted, send us his (or her) name? We prefer, in all cases, to have contributors' names, though we do not insist on it.

We are glad to be able to correct a mistake in having attributed to Longfellow *The Old Sculptor and his Pupil*, published some numbers back, because we learn from the *Boston Telegraph* that it is by a lady, and we have an unusual satisfaction in finding a work of such power and depth of sentiment coming from one of the gentler sex. The poem referred to was written by Miss Ellen Frances Baldwin, daughter of J. D. Baldwin, Esq., formerly of the *Boston Commonwealth*. Her numerous friends and admirers (says the *Hartford Republican*) as they read the poem, can but feel a fresh sorrow that one so bright with promise should have so early left us for the silent land.

A WORD OF OURSELVES.—We have hitherto said little of our intentions, our hopes, or our desires. It has not seemed advisable to proclaim great projects until there was a probability of their being realized. But now that the general approbation seems to be given to THE CRAYON, and the prospect of entire success seems even fairer than we, its projectors, had anticipated, it may be permitted that we should indulge in a slight self-gratulation.

There are two things particularly flattering to us in our success—Firstly, that we entered the field at a time when the whole social fabric seemed in danger of being shaken into disorder by commercial revulsions—when business was dull, and economy more common than has been the wont of our people of late years. Business men prophesied failure from this reason.

Secondly, our literary friends generally foretold it from their belief that there was not taste enough to give support to such a journal, even if successfully conducted. Such things had hitherto failed, and with only two or three exceptions, we met from journalists a decided discouragement. We had a faith that there was a love for the Beautiful, and the corresponding desire to be taught its mysteries, in our people, sufficient to make even an imperfect medium of

information sought for. We *knew* there was taste, and that it desired to be educated, and in this faith and knowledge cast ourselves on the waters.

The success of THE CRAYON exceeds our expectations, and this, although as yet we have received only a small part of the aid we hoped for in contributions, and our correspondence is so far an entire "muddle," and thus one of our chief dependencies has so far given us hardly any assistance.

We purpose to make THE CRAYON an æsthetic paper indeed, an organ for the expression of all feeling towards Beauty. It shall never intrude on the domain of the political or the philosophic except where philosophy waits on Art, or to illustrate the dependence of our nobler enjoyments on beauty, and the consequent folly of leaving it and its influences out of our social economy.

We do not regard it as a little work—this in which we are engaged—not as a matter of parlor talk, but a serious, earnest business in which interests of the highest nature are involved, and to which, if we would achieve anything of moment, we must give the fullest energy and the most disinterested devotion. This we are prepared to do, and with the hope of being able to do it, we entered into the field; not with the care to make it a successful journal so much as an effective one. We confidently expect the aid of all who, like us, believe in the power of the class of feelings to which THE CRAYON is directed—aid given not only in sympathy, but in laboring with and for us—with us, by giving expression to all the feelings which they may have in common with us, and for us, by extending the circulation and influence of the paper as widely as possible. We shall never manage it with a view to personal emolument, but shall avail ourselves of all increase of means to increase the value of it to all who receive it, and with the same conscientiousness which we entertain towards Art, will labor to make THE CRAYON a journal worthy our country. Give us a circulation, and the consequent means, and we promise every attraction that that means can secure. If every subscriber who approves its course will consider himself or herself a laborer in the same field; as one interested in the growth of the journal, and a contributor to its success, we shall at once be able to accomplish that which we might otherwise have to labor for years for.

We desire to secure the most valuable contributions which the intellect of the civilized world can give us, without regard to expense, and thus only wait our ability to do so.

We desire to enter into illustration, and shall do so as soon as our circulation shall justify our incurring the expense of bringing out first class works, such as shall be a credit to any publication, and evidence the highest attainment of art in their direction. We have already entered into negotiations for the illustration of original poems by our first poets, in a style which shall be worthy their, but before we can produce them, at our present rate of subscription, our list must be a much larger one than it now is.

If every subscriber, every friend of our project,

will remember that each new name added to the list, after paying present expenses, is so much addition to the excellence of THE CRAYON—if they will believe that we, content with the humblest adequate compensation for our personal exertions will, in entire devotion to it, labor for its greater excellence and efficiency, we are sure that they will do for it a work which no canvassers or agents can. In short, if they will but strive as hard to give it a circulation as we shall to deserve one, it will not be long in attaining the position we desire for it.

It will hardly be considered presuming in us to ask so much as this, or be regarded as an assumption to say that THE CRAYON deserves it. The expressions of approval which it has received in the various journals since it has commenced its existence, would justify even more than we assume, and the words of approbation which come to us from every direction, while they perhaps give us a certain personal gratification, give us a much greater one in bearing testimony that our endeavors are effective, and in strengthening our hope that THE CRAYON will, in time, do the work we have desired of it, and be no unimportant element in the development of the taste of a nation; which, by its intelligence and prosperity, may take the precedence at no distant day, of all civilized commonwealths.

It were, indeed, a proud work for any intellect to be engaged in. Patrons may develop individual artists and bring out hidden geniuses to the light of admiration, but to dig deeper and lay the foundations of a popular taste, a multitudinous perception of the Beautiful and True, which shall reproduce itself to all time, developing artists as the kindly sun brings out the flowers; and lovers of art, not here and there, but in communities—this is a work in which to be enlisted is enough to gratify the noblest pride of any truest mind. Yet to no less a purpose than this does THE CRAYON aspire. To make Art popular, not by making it low, but by opening its principles to the comprehension of all minds in the proportion of their intelligence and moral development; to show that it is a thing which mingles in our daily lives, and in no small degree influences our happiness and our virtue, and to enforce its claims to such influence and demonstrate its power, are a part of the results we hope from the success of our journal.

Nor have we sketched out an Utopian position for it. It can, and if supported *shall* accomplish this. We know it, not from the over-confidence of enthusiastic dreamers in their cherished Ideas, but from a comprehension of the infinite, all-pervading power of Beauty, and its value as a refining and elevating influence.

We have only this question to ask of those to whom these words shall come—will you, as you may, assist us to accomplish our purpose?

We must here acknowledge our indebtedness to our printer, W. H. Tinson, to whose good taste we have mainly committed the details of the arrangement of matter and external appearance of THE CRAYON. The compliments which the getting up of the paper has called forth are due rather to him than to us.

**CONSCIOUS GENIUS.**—We are more in doubt as to the problem of the self-consciousness of genius, than anything else in the study of Art. That examples of the unconscious greatness and the conscious ungreatness are constantly found we know, and it is very hard to determine which is which. —

A tall genius, from one of the provinces, called on us the other day with a modest request, that we would notice some of his works, which he had brought to the city, probably with the hope of making his fame and fortune at a stroke. "They are really very fine, sir," he asserted; "I won't brag at all, I don't need to do that; my pictures are too well known wherever I have been. Why, sir, in \* \* \* where I staid six months, there is not a man of any fortune who hasn't one of my drawings; and, in fact, they were all bought before they were finished." "They seem to be a liberal race of people out there," we said. "Yes they are," responded the self-taught, "and I am sorry I ever came from there. Why, you couldn't ask any man in the State of \* \* \* about me, unless he would tell you he knew my name. My reputation was established there, but I want to make a reputation here, and then I shall go back again." "What style of art do you follow?" we inquired. "Oh, I work in all styles; but I have a style of my own, which is my favorite manner of working, because I invented it." "What is its character?" "Oh, it's a new style of Indian-ink drawing, which has very much the character of the finest mezzotint engravings, only it is softer and richer in tone, and the greys are very much finer." We speculated on the nature of the greys of an Indian-ink drawing, and the genius went on. "It is this style that I pride myself on, because it is original, and on this I mean to make my reputation. I don't care for oil paintings at all, sir, it is quite out of my feeling, and is so common." "Have you any specimens of your new style?" We asked, beginning to grow more respectful to this astonishing new man, for there was really a sublimity of assurance and pomposity in his manner, which we had never before fortunate to find in a sane human being before. Oh! for Darley to see him, said we to ourselves. "Yes, I have some drawings of donkeys at Mr. —'s store, which I should like you to go and see. I think you will say that you never saw such spirited donkeys in your life as those, sir; I don't mean to brag, sir, but I don't think there is a living artist who can draw donkeys as I do. They are not such tame things as you see generally, but full of spirit, real horses, in fact. But I don't want to say anything about them; there they are, and if you will go and see them, I think you will say, that you have never seen anything equal to them.

"You haven't any animal painters here, have you?" "Oh, yes," said we,—"and — are very clever in that line." "I should like to see what they can do. It ain't very often, though, that you see such animals as mine. They have not much regard for the Arts here, I think, nor much taste. I wish I had stayed in \* \* \* — there I could sell all the pictures I could make, at my own prices, but the New Yorkers don't patronize Art much.

"My donkeys are known all over the State of —, and I mean they shall be here, too. I am satisfied that I can make a reputation which the world will respect, and I mean to do it, sir, before I leave this city." After a little walking up and down the office he renewed himself and continued, a kind of respect meanwhile slowly raising itself in our minds for the self-consciousness of genius &c., &c. "I shall only stay here three weeks, and if the people of New York get any of my works, they have got to be quick. These four donkeys I shall put up to be raffled for, and then, whether I shall make any more drawings here or not, I do not know, and if you ever do anything to help me along, I shall be glad."

"Very well," said we, falling back on a sense of our editorial importance, and most condescendingly bending ourselves to the level in consideration of this distinguished genius, "we shall go up and see the drawings, and what we can do for them we will, with a great deal of pleasure."

Then, reminded by sundry proofs lying on the editorial table, that there was work to be done, we excused ourselves benignantly, and left him to study the pictures on the walls and the fire in the grate.

We wondered, meanwhile, how the man happened to have his mind turned to donkeys, of all things on earth, as a speciality. Well, we concluded, he has evidently struck a vein of humanity in the beast, and, like Landseer, with his dogs, has developed something new out of hair and hide—something great we were well assured, lay at the bottom of such a pile of meal.

We went to see the drawings. What they were we shall not tell you, because you may see them for yourselves if you can find out where they are, but *we* were sold. Donkeydom was invaded, indeed, but not in the way we had anticipated—a new development of the qualities of the genus was in the drawings—no, not in the drawings, but somewhere between us and them—we didn't wait to fix the exact location of it.

We reprint from the *Athenaeum* this week, a Review of Ruskin's Life of Giotto, published by the Arundel Society. We must not be considered as endorsing the views of that paper with regard to Ruskin, since we believe its strictures on him generally most partial and unjust, and though no more partisans of his, we hasten to disclaim sympathy with the views the article contains, though they may be perfectly just, not having seen the publication alluded to. Between Ruskin and most of the English literary papers there is open hostility, and fairness of judgment is quite out of the question.

We take the following from a private letter by an artist friend:

"Do you recollect the line in Wordsworth's Excursion—

—'or aught  
That was attractive, and has ceased to be?'

That beauty or a perception of it should cease! For a soul to lose its beauty it must die the spiritual death, and equally to lose the perception of it. We look at death as a fearful thing, because it is a sudden and mysterious change; but that more terrible and more mysterious process by which life itself dies, we see going on around us every day without a shudder. Yet no soul dies unwillingly; they sink by apathy or deliberate choice, and so the vitality of Beauty is in each one's keeping, and while that vitality remains its power remains also. Oh! I wish that mankind could feel the power of Beauty as I do, that they might be led through it to worship its great Source, who is the one Beautiful, the Wonderful. It would be better than all preaching and all law. When the artist comes to understand his function and mission, and joyfully moves forward in this blind world with the light entrusted to him, following his Master's footsteps, and being true to himself and that Master, instead of being as now sordidly hidden in the world with his eyes turned to the dust at his feet, we shall indeed have a new heavens and a new earth, and therein shall dwell righteousness. But now he is filled with self, and pride and ambition choke the fair flowers of his heart, and Love and Beauty perish together in him."

We extract from the letter of a travelling friend the following Western Art news:

"Powell's Picture of De Soto" was exhibiting at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 16th inst., 'for the

benefit of the artist, by H. M. Wilson, at the Court House, and painted at a cost of \$10,000 to the Government," as written placards in shop windows stated. Colored lithographs of figures from the pictures were also shown, after the fashion of musical artists, whose coming is preceded by their likenesses being exposed in Broadway windows.

Rossiter's "Great Paintings" were on exhibition during the last week at Lynchburg, Pa. The "Captive Israelites" and "Miriam" were among the number. Admission at first 25 cents, and 15 cents for children and servants—finally reduced to 12 1-2 cents, that all might witness these magnificent paintings.

Art shows but little vitality at Pittsburg—a landscape in oil, "Fairy Land," by J. Lawman, and "Ohio River Scenery," by J. J. Porter, all that offered at a frame establishment. The former was pleasing, mingling the effects of the scenic practice with some closer study of nature; the latter was very earnestly transcribed from nature, and the painter, if I mistake not, was a student a few years ago of the National Academy of Design, N. Y. Mr. McClury paints some commendable portraits, not finding much encouragement to pursue composition, which he has great capacity for. A drawing academy by Mr. and Miss Smith, is pretty well supported. They instruct with reference to their pupils being fitted to go to Nature.

A new gothic edifice, of light freestone, from Beaver county, Pa., is nearly completed for occupancy of the First Presbyterian Church. It is simple in design, and large in its features, but stands very close to the street. This would be a capital spot for the main features of *modern* "great masters" to resort for the accomplishment of the "smoking process," which might be done without money and without price, from the abundant supply of the smoke of bituminous coal that is belched forth unceasingly. There is nothing white or light, but after an hour's exposure gets grimy and dull enough in tone to suit the most ardent admirers of dark pictures.

Williamson's panorama, painted in New York, "A Trip to the Tropics and California," has just closed exhibition here. A work so cleverly executed, should have drawn better than it did, but low water, scant crops, short cash and failures, kept its exchequer rather slim.

**ARTISTIC NEWS.**—Mr. John T. Peele is now resident in Islington, London, and is working on some pictures for the British Institution, the exhibition that opens the year's display of modern Art. An engraving from a picture of his has just been completed for Mr. S. C. Hall's latest project of giving publicity to works in the Royal Galleries of England. The subject is the "Children in the Wood," bought by his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The engraving is very successful, the only deficiency being in rendering the faces, a result almost unavoidable, the engraver having to work from water color drawings made from the original. Mr. Bouren, the engraver of this print, has undertaken *con amore* and on his own account, to reproduce another of Peele's works, "Puck in the Dairy," the original of which was painted in the United States, but has recently been much improved.

Mr. Edwin White at last dates was at Rome, enjoying good health, and had on his easel a subject from Virginian history, in which Captain John Smith and Pocahontas are prominent. Mr. W. contemplates returning to the United States in about a year.

"At a dinner to which I was invited, (in Edinburgh), I, for the first time, made acquaintance with 'whisky,' a beverage only known to me hitherto in the pages of Walter Scott. With hot water and sugar, as here compounded, it is an agreeable beverage, so that I can imagine a considerable degree of enthusiasm in its enjoyment."—*Dr Waagen.*