Those who have long bowest themselves in reverence <<and symbol>>

administration to the imperial passing on of the maiden meditation

of their much loved haga, who have fed upon her thoughts

of beauty, and listened to her words of wisdom, must instead

be grieved to meet with the most exquisite combination of

ignorance and had taste which she has just presented to

them in the shape of a criticism on the works of

T H W Turner. R A. It usually happens that people

most admire what they least understand, in the case of this

artist, the rule is reversed, he is admired because understood

only by a few. What sort of a critic he may be to whom

haga has presented the magic ring of her authority, appears

to me very difficult to determine. He must have a mind

fastidiously high bred, indeed, who complains of vulgarity in

Murills. He appears never to have seen any of this artists

more elevated pieces, it is true that his virgins are never such

Goddefs mothers as those of Lorregis or Raphael, but, they

are never vulgar, they are mortal, but into their mortal features

is cast such a light of holy lovelinys, such a beauty of

sweet soul, such an unfathomable love as renders them

occasionally as unworthy rivals of the imaginations of the

higher masters. He has obsirved with truth, that the pictures

in the British Institutions are not favourable specimens of

the master I even doubt if the Angels coming to Abraham

be from his hand, but he does not seem aware that the

Holy Family in the Dulwhich gallery is as much inferior to

some of his higher efforts, as it is superior to the paintings

in the British Institution. With regard to his

remarks on Turner. I will take them in order. If he had

expressed himself grammatically, I believe he would have

affirmed that the Venice of Juliet and her nurse, was

a composition from models of different parts of the city

Thrown as he elegantly expresses it higgledy piddledy together.

Now, it is one such thing, it is a view taken from the roofs of

the houses at the L.W. angle of St Marks place, having the

lagoon on the right and the column << and symbol>> church of St Mark in

front. The view is accurate in every particular, even to the number

of divisions in the gothic of the Doges palace. It would I

think be as well, if your critic would take something more

certain than his own vague ideas to bear witeus to a fact

which tends to the depreciation of a picture, and which was

to be aspurted by Maga. He next proceeds to inform us, that

Turner is out of osture. Perhaps, since he has made this most

singular discovery, he may have an idea that theres neer a villain

dwelling in all Denmark, but hes an errant knave. He may

even have supposed that there never actually existed such a

thing as Ariel, may have suspected that Oberon <<and symbol>> Titania never

walked the turf of Athenian forests, way, the far more singular

idea may have intered his percranium, that the super- in.

portion of an apes head on his own shoulders would be

out of nature Turner may be mad. I dare say he is,

inasmuch as highest genius in allied to madness, but not so

stark mad as to profess to paint nature, he paints from nature,

<<and symbol>> pretty far from it too, <<and symbol>> he would be sadly disappointed

who looked in his pictures for a possible scene. Are we to

quarrel with him for this, if we are, let us at once condemn

to obline ti finest works of the imagination of out poet.

The ancient mariner <<and symbol>> Christabel must be vile Prometheus

unbound, ubsurd\_\_ much of Shakespeare detitlable \_\_ Milton

ridiculous\_\_ Speacer childish. Alas, the spirit of ole poetry

must come under the animadersious of sweeping rule.

Your critic finds much fault with Turners colour, I think he

himself has rather a singular idea of colour when he remarks

of a yellow petticoat, that it looks as if it had been dipped in

treacle, I suppose however this is for the sake of paltry fun which

follows. He goes on to remark that his execution is childish\_\_

Of all artists, Turner is perhaps the least deserving if such blame

he can produce instautaueous effect by a role of his brush\_ <<and symbol>> with

a few dashes of mingled colour, will express the most complicated

subject, the means implayed appear more astonishingly inadegale

to the effect produced than any other master. No one

can deny that the faults of Turner are numerous, <<and symbol>> perhaps

more egregious, than those of any other great existing artist,

but, if he has greater faults, he has also greater beauties.

The erilie affirms that he had deprived the sun of his

birthright to cast shadows. Now the manner in which Turner

makes his visible sunbeams walk over his foregrounds

towards the spectator is one of his most peculiar beauties,

<<and>> in this very Juiture of Mercury <<and symbol>> Arays it is inimitably

fine, \_ <<and symbol>> is produced by the exquisite perspective of his

Shadows, <<and symbol>> the singular lurid tints of his reflected lights.

The counoisseur remarks a few pages further on, that even

composition is often made out by light, shade, <<and symbol>> colour. Will he

inform us what else what else it could be made out by. Form does a

little, but nothing compared to light, shade, <<and symbol>> colour <<and>> this he

proceeds to assure us the graver cannot give. A good engraver

can express any variety of colour, as in neutral tints, <<and>> it is the power of

giving light <<and symbol>> shade by pure colour in which Turner so peculiar

by excels, <<and symbol>> by which his pictures become so wonderfully adapted

for engraving (for I pressure that even this Loilus of Turner

with not venture to deny that engravings from Turner are not

inimitably fine, <<and symbol>> unapproachable by those from the paintings of

any other artist) <<and symbol>> this peculiarity in his manner is remarkably

observable in Mercury <<and symbol>> Argus for though the shadows of the com-

pleted foreground are beautifully true, they are all expressed by

colour. That this is contrary to nature, <<and symbol>> to the rules of art

I do not deny\_ <<and>> therefore it is a great pity that the admir-

ation of the geaius of Turner, which is almost universal amoung

artists, raises up so many imitators \_ He is a meteor, dashing

on in a path of glory which all may admire, but in which

none can follow \_ <<and symbol>> his imitators must be, <<and>> always have been

moths fluttering about lights into which if they enter, they

are destroyed \_ His imagination is Shakespearian in its

mightiness. Had the scene of Juliet <<and>> her nurse risen up

before the mind of a poet <<and>> been described in words that

burn, it had been the admiration of the worlds, but placed

before us on the cancass, it becomes\_ what critics of the brush

<< and>> pallet may show their evil upon, at the expence of their judge-

ment <<and symbol>> what real artists, <<and symbol>> men of feeling <<and>> taste admire

but dare not attempt to imitate. Many coloured mists

are floating above the distant city, but such mists as

you might imagine to be aetherial spirits souls of the

mighty dead breathed out of the tombs of Italy into the

blue of her bright heaven, <<and symbol>> wandering in vague <<and>> infinite

glory around the earth that they have loved\_ instinct with

the beauty of uncertain light, they move <<and>> mingle among the

pale stars, <<and>> rise up into the brightness of the illimitable

heaven, whose soft sad blue gazes down into the deep

waters of the sea for ever, that sea whose motionless <<and>> silent

transparency is beaming with phosphor light, that emauates

out of its sapphire serenity like bright dreams, breathed

into the spirit of a deep sleep,<<and>> the spires of the glorious city

rise indistinctly bright into those living mists, like pyramids

of pale fire from some vast altar, <<and>> almost the glory of the

dream, there is as it were the voice of a multitude entering

by the eye, arising from the stillages of the city like the sum-

mer wind passing over the leaves of the fores when a mur-

mur is heard amidst their multitude. This oh Maga is

the jucture which your critic has pronounce to be like models

of different parts of Venice streaked blue <<and>> white <<and>> thrown

into a flour tub That this picture is not seen by

other starlight, sunlight, moonlight, or fire light is perfectly

true, it is a light of his own, which no other artist can

produce, a light which seems swing to some phosphorescent

property in the air. The picture can be <<and>> ought only to be

viewed as embodied enchantment, delineated magic.

With regard to this connoisseurs remarks on our present

school of painting, I perfectly agree with him. The mere-

trictions glare of Somerset House, or of any of our modern

exhibitions is strikingly faulty <<and symbol>> disagreeable, but Turner is

an exception to all rules <<and>> can be judged by no standard of

art. In a wildly magnificent enthusiam, he rushes through

the aetherial dominions of the world of his own mind, a

place inhabited by the spirits of things, he has filled his

mind with materials drawn from the close study of nature

(no artist has studied nature more intently) \_ <<and>> then changes

<<and>> combines giving effects without absolute causes, or to speak

more accurately seizing the soul <<and>> essence of beauty, without

regarding the means by which it is effected. It appears

to me that you critic intends to refer to something of this

sort when he says ( what he meant to say I cannot tell, for

he has left it to his readers to express, as well as to answer

his objections) he says that genius ought to stand alone

because none to follow it. Now if I do him the favour

to put this into English for him, it will be I suppose

because none are capable of following it? He might as well tell

us that a man walked alone, because nobody else walked

with him. Have not all persons the same fingers <<and>> museles,

brushes, canvass, <<and>> colours? Genius cannot show itself by

mere handling. \_ it is by the difference in their powers <<and>>

pryudices that minds are distinguished. All genius is

mannered, <<and>> frequently ecxentree <<and>> it is not the effort of a

little mind to be singular, but the doing of a mighty mind

which we perceive in the works of Turner. All minds more

in a peculiar channel, <<and>> think <<and>> feel in a peculiar manner

Turner thinks <<and>> feels in colour, he cannot help doing so.\_

Nature has given his a peculiar eye, \_ <<and>> a wildly beautiful

imagination, <<and>> he must obey its dictates, <<and>> the astouishment

<<and>> admiration, would he as reasonable in supposing that

he could direct its cause, as are the pretty counousseurs, who

imagine themselves capable of comprehending, guiding and

dictating to the elective genius of Turner. At the present

day, coutusely, <<and>> scorn, <<and>> animadersion are heaped on the

devoted head of this artist by the short-handed reporters of

newspapers, <<and>> short-sighted critics of magazines. Innumerable

dogs are baying the moon\_ do they think she will bate of

her brightness, or aberrate from the majesty of her path?

There is no danger that either the fame or the feelings of

Turner should be hurt by such criticism\_ but there is

danger, imminent danger of injury to the reputation of

his critics. This is of no consequence where those critics are

but the writers of a day\_ persons whose reputation is of

as little consequence, as their opinion\_ But when Maga

lakes up the pen of criticism she should remember, that the

injury of her honour is proportionate to the value of her

words, <<and>> the might of her authority, <<and>> that authority should

be delighted to persons who can judge accurately, feel always

<<and write correctly, not to critics of so fastidious a desposi-

tion as to discover vulgarity in the mind of Murille <<and>>

childishness in the pencil of Turner.

October 1st <<two dots, maybe three>> 1836.