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facts we owe to science—that is, anatomical research; but they are of no importance to the artist, further than showing him that the exterior is influenced by the interior to an extent and depth of which he may not have been fully aware. How the abdominal surface is influenced by the interior I need not say. By age, disease, anxiety, and passion, the anatomy of the face at last reveals itself to the view, displaying those shapes which the anatomist most erroneously recommends the artist to study and to draw; but to know Nature's intentions in this respect we have only to look at the head of the Minerva, and of the Apollo, of the young and healthy of all races, before the tear and wear of life, the stormy vicissitudes of civilization, and the sympathies of the thoracic and abdominal viscera or organs, by their development, have told on that surface by which man indicates most of the passions of his soul.

No anatomical drawings or figures of the muscles are requisite to instruct the artist how to represent in the grand physiognomy of the antique Greek, of the Juno, of the Apollo, the Minerva, or the Niobe, all the strong and stormy passions which afflict or ennoble mankind.

The principles here briefly sketched I have already submitted to the public at greater length in a translation of M. Fau's work on anatomy, and in a separate work on the same subject, a copy of which I have the honour to present with this communication to the Academy. I do not wish it to be understood that I altogether deny the utility of such works or figures as those of M. Lami. They may serve to give to those some idea of the human structure who have not the courage or the leisure to examine the *real* for themselves; but they are of no use to the medical man, and of questionable utility to the artist, who ought never to draw from them but in presence of the living figure, in order that, like the immortal and far-seeing Da Vinci, he may never confound the interior with the exterior; dead with living forms; shapes which constitute no part of the visible living world with forms which nature created and decorated: in brief, that on sketching such skeleton and muscular shapes—a practice I do not recommend—he may, by drawing the same parts clothed with their natural exterior, and full of life, learn at once the difference, and so as speedily as possible blot the former from his mind. I am sensible, from reading the report to the Academy, that M. Lami has done his best to overcome the objection of drawing from the dead or dissected corse, by giving to the muscles of his figure, in as far as he could, the semblance and form of life: but even admitting this possible, which I think is scarcely so, still there remains this unanswerable objection to all such figures, *the shapes you represent are not found anywhere in living nature*. Such figures may be useful, then, in popular education, but even here there is the objection to them that they are not true—an objection which must ever be fatal to their utility. In the course of the discussion to which the report presented to the Academy gave rise, it was objected by some members of the Academy that M. Lami had omitted the superficial veins. This objection, I venture to think, is unimportant; those veins lie embedded in that envelope (the subcutaneous cellular tissue) on which so much of the beauty of the exterior depends, and is more especially a principal means by which nature conceals the anatomical shapes in the living figure. To have retained these veins, a portion of the envelope in which they lie embedded must also have been retained, and this would necessarily have concealed certain portions of the muscles, the full display of which was clearly M. Lami's great effort. The real objection to the figure is in the character of the dissected shapes thus placed before the artist as living forms, and the inference which the young artist is sure to draw from this, namely, that the drawing such shapes is the placing on canvas or marble the actual forms of the human figure, towards the perfecting which nature not only avails herself of bone and muscle, tendon and aponeurosis, but integumentary layers and envelopes of a thickness and density continually varying in different regions of the body and at different periods of life. These the anatomist, aiming at anatomical truth, sweeps off with the scalpel, thus presenting to the artist a figure which never existed in nature. It may be objected, no doubt, to such views—adopted by me, however, not hastily, but after long and deep consideration and reflection—that the young artist may readily enough correct any erroneous perceptions originating in such studies by a constant reference to the living figure, instances of which we find, as I have myself related, in the lives of Leonardo and Raffaelle: but original perceptions (first impressions) are overcome with difficulty, and it is given to few to correct their original and early mistakes. It was late in life before Michael Angelo perceived his original error. We must not, therefore, trust to this: let the young artist acquire a knowledge of anatomy by all means; this he can do by attending a course of lectures on the bones, joints, and muscles, delivered in an anatomical theatre: but he may safely, I think, dispense with drawing any of the frightful objects he sees there, unless it be, perhaps, a mere outline, to enable him to adjust the position of the larger articulations, and the relation of the head and limbs to the torso. His grand efforts must be reserved for the sketching of living men and women as they appear before him, omitting nothing that can induce the spectator to bestow on his imitative labours the highest of all praise, namely, that they give a perfect imitation and representation of the material world.

I have the honour to be,
With profound regard and respect,
Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
R. Knox.

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

From the time when, pegged into a high little chair, we first jerked off, upon the back of a letter, a representation of the skein of silk which our mother was unravelling by our side, we have taken a lively interest in all the pictorial processes which have so abundantly variegated the surfaces of paper and of canvas. By almost all these, results have been produced more or less gratifying. Perhaps the only effort which has provoked our indignation, is the ever-present, unmeaning vulgarity which crawls, like a plague of loathsome insects in Egypt, over the walls of our houses. We reserve, however, our wrath for a special outpouring upon "paper-hangings." The efforts which have affected us with the deepest melancholy, are a few of Turner's later pictures, and innumerable bad photographs. To the Art upon which the production of these last is chargeable, we now confine our observations.

We recollect to have had our notice called to certain objects in the Exhibition of 1851, in Class A. Class A embraces all that mine of speculative and delusive subjects termed "promising." Those to which we now refer purported to be mechanically constructed landscapes, we believe, by Mr. Fox Talbot. They were, undoubtedly, "interesting" and curious, but we regarded them as we do the results of a calculating or talking machine, with astonishment and pity. They suggested, too, an uncomfortable idea that the "artist" had spilled a cup of *café noir* over sundry sheets of paper, and pinned them up to dry. It is not our intention in the present article, or in subsequent articles, upon photography, to adopt any theories of partizanship, or to be enslaved by any prejudices whatever. We shall endeavour to write purely in the interests of *Art*. The character of this Journal, as a friend of the easel and palette, is sufficiently known to screen us from the jealousy of painters; and, on the other hand, we profess so ample an acquaintance with the practice and results of photography in its various branches, that its lovers need not fear our doing it full and impartial justice. The history of the art, the steps by which it progressed, and the *formulæ* of these operations, are not so much our province as is its present state, and the comparative success of its various processes. Of these, we must be permitted to judge *with reference to pictorial and illustrative Art in general*. We think that we are now entitled to decline to take up a photograph, and pronounce upon it simply as "a most curious and wonderful production, made in a few seconds, sir,—in a few seconds! *Everything* is there, you see!" We must allow to the art the credit of having established for itself a title to be regarded in comparison with its neighbours. Photographers do not now want to be patted on the back, and told that they are good little boys, and that their performances are very creditable, considering their age; but they boldly hire the Suffolk Street Gallery, and challenge the *abstract* admiration of the men who have been used there to exhibit their own beautiful works.

It is a critical and timid time of life, this, when the quondam schoolboy feels that he must renounce the privileges of his class, and be judged as a man by the stern world of men. *Such an ordeal, we do not hesitate to say, the art of photography is now passing through*; and this is our starting point. Almost up to the present time, it has been, very properly, in the hands of chemists and opticians, and the men who had a steady hand and a correct eye for the "definition" in a brick-wall. Not that we would deny to exceptional productions of years ago, to daguerreotype portraits, and to a few "talbotype" landscapes, a high degree of delicacy and artistic beauty; but we may safely say that anything approaching to a satisfactory uniformity of successful and pleasing result has only been established within a very recent period. Thus, to close the first or introductory branch of our subject, we remark, that although we are inclined to admit that photography has passed the bounds of mere scientific interest, and now takes rank amongst the great pictorial arts of the day,—with lithographic or steel-plate printing, and even, with certain broad distinctions, with painting itself,—we do not thus necessarily place it on a par with any of these arts; it is still, as compared with them, "in its infancy;" and it has its own distinctive defects, which are, as yet, more obvious and objectionable than any which can ordinarily be charged upon the sister Arts. To counterbalance these, however, it has its own peculiar charms and beauties, and it possesses certain qualities, to be discussed hereafter, both in its practice and results, which are *altogether* its own. Whether some of these are to be regarded as advantages, or otherwise, will continue to be a matter of opinion, but they will afford us subject for interesting discussion and remark.

Having defined, to some extent, the position to which photography has attained, we now turn our attention to some of its chief peculiarities as a pictorial art.

Of these, the most obvious, and that which undoubtedly lies at the root of its popularity, is its *essential* truthfulness of outline, and, to a considerable extent, of perspective, and light and shade. We are aware that ladies, of uncertain age, have discovered and pronounced that "those photographic machines are as false and deceitful as *the rest of mankind*; that the portraits which Mr. So-and-so took of them were no more like them than nothing at all—their own sisters would not have known them!" We are aware that gentlemen with uncomfortably large noses (not over well "defined" by nature with "tips"), with immense tuberous feet, and double-jointed knees, covered with worn-out patterns, have taken pains to spread abroad in the public mind an alarming theory about spherical *aberration*. It is true that combinations of lenses, arranged so as to shorten the focus, and quicken the chemical action of the light, large ones especially—such lenses are commonly used for portraiture—are liable to this objection, to a serious extent. Such lenses have also other heavy faults. Their manufacture we believe to be, at present, very imperfectly understood. But the distortion, or disproportionate enlargement of near objects, produced by a landscape lens of good construction, is so very small as not to amount to a defect, whilst the "definition" which they give is so wonderfully minute and perfect, as to lead us to believe that the construction and manufacture of these instruments has approached very nearly to perfection, and certainly leaves little or nothing to be desired.

We are, then, not only inclined to leave the art in quiet possession of its "corner-stone," but we find it difficult to express how fully, and for how many different reasons, we appreciate this attribute of photography. We can scarcely avoid moralizing in connection with this subject; since truth is a divine quality, at the very foundation of everything that is lovely in earth and heaven; and it is, we argue, quite impossible that this quality can so obviously and largely pervade a popular art, *without exercising the happiest and most important influence, both upon the tastes and the morals of the people*. It is

an attribute, to which, we believe, there is, in the whole range of Art, no parallel; to whose uses and delights we can assign no limits, and shall, of course, not attempt to enumerate them. We will merely suggest to our readers an offer, by auction, of a collection of genuine photographic portraits of all the great and holy men of antiquity, and of our Newton, and Milton, and Shakspere! The concourse of people! The bids! The reserved price! We protest there *is*, in this new spiritual quality of Art, a charm of wonderful freshness and power, which is quite independent of general or artistic effect, and which appeals instinctively to our readiest sympathies. Every stone, every little perfection, or dilapidation, the most minute detail, which, in an ordinary drawing, would merit no special attention, becomes, in a photograph, worthy of careful study. Very commonly, indeed, we have observed that these faithful pictures have conveyed to ourselves more copious and correct ideas of detail than the inspection of the subjects themselves had supplied; for there appears to be a greater aptitude in the mind for careful and minute study *from paper, and at intervals of leisure*, than when the mind is occupied with the general impressions suggested by a view of the objects themselves, accompanied, as these inspections usually are, by some degree of unsettlement, or of excitement, if the object be one of great or unwonted interest. The probable effects of the truthfulness of photography upon Art in general, will be considered at a future time.

We now come to the disadvantages of this attribute: for it happens, by a singular fatality, that upon it hangs the chief reproach to photographic productions as works of Art. The fact is, that it is *too truthful*. It insists upon giving us "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Now, we want, in Art, the first and last of these conditions, but we can dispense very well with the middle term. Doubtless, it is as truly the province of Art to improve upon nature, by control and arrangement, as it is to copy her closely in all that we *do* imitate; and, therefore, we say boldly, that by the non-possession of these privileges, photography pays a heavy compensation to Art, and must for ever remain under an immense disadvantage in this respect. We are sure that no one will be more ready to subscribe to the accuracy of this remark, than the accomplished photographer himself. No man knows so well as he, that very rarely indeed does a landscape arrange itself upon his focussing-glass, as well, as effectively, as he could arrange it, *if he could*. No man is so painfully conscious as he is, that nature's lights and shades are generally woefully patchy and ineffective, *compared with Turner's;* and, in short, that although his chemical knowledge be perfectly adequate, and his manipulation faultless, it is a marvel, an accident, a chance of a thousand, when a picture "turns out" as *artistic*, in every respect, as his cultivated taste could wish.

Next to the truthfulness of photography, its most striking peculiarities are its somewhat mechanical character, and the rapidity with which its results are produced. These characteristics constitute the chief elements of the extent and popularity of the practice of photography, just as its truthfulness is the greatest charm of its results. It was perfectly natural and inevitable that when this art began to excite universal attention, the whole body of skilled draught-men looked upon it with jealousy and distrust. It is inevitable that many artists must continue to dislike or to despise it. We can even imagine that some who hailed it as a beautiful thing, and who even made a partial and timid use of it, have harboured it as they would a tame snake; giving it a good switching now and then, lest it should grow rampant, and bite. It is evident that some classes of artists had substantial cause to dread it. It has already almost entirely superseded the craft of the miniature painter, and is upon the point of touching, with an irresistible hand, several other branches of skilled Art.

But, quite apart from "interested motives," there was, and there continues to be, a reasonable jealousy, not so much of the Art itself, or of its capabilities, as of its pretensions, and the *spirit of its practice*. We do not participate in these fears, because we are convinced of two things with reference to this subject. Firstly, that to practise the Art *with distinction*, which will very shortly be, if it be not now, the only kind of practice which will command notice, requires a much greater acquaintance with the principles of Art than would seem to be applicable to "a merely mechanical science." And, secondly, we are convinced that no extravagant "pretensions" can long be maintained in the public mind. Photography does not even now profess to be either "high Art," or in any way a substitute for it. We shall endeavour to define clearly, at a future time, both what in our opinion it *has* done, and what it may yet hope to accomplish; and we shall not hesitate also to exhibit what we consider it has *not* done, and what, in our humble opinion, it can never, in the nature of things, hope to do.

The class of persons, now a very large one, who practise photography, is undoubtedly a very different class from the old regime of "artists." It certainly includes a vast number who know nothing, and, if we judge by their *crimes*, care less for the principles, we will not say of Art, but of common sense and decency. But even these, its practice, how degrading soever to an "artist," may insensibly benefit. Whatever Art may, in the opinion of some, suffer from photography, that large class of the public, who are sunk so far *below Art*, will unquestionably reap from it a more than compensating advantage. We do not believe in its power to deter any youth, to whom nature has given an artist's eye and heart, from a proper cultivation of those tastes and talents with which he is gifted. Your most accomplished artist, if he will stoop to the task, will ever be your best photographer; and your skilful "manipulator," if he be possessed likewise of a grain of sense or perception, will never rest until he has acquainted himself with the rules which are applied to Art in its higher walks; and he will then make it his constant and most anxious study how he can apply these rules to his own pursuit. And this—although no easy matter, and a thing not to be perfected in a day—he will find to be a study which will admit of the most varied and satisfactory application.

The rapidity of production of which the merely mechanical process of photographic picture-making is capable, may easily become a source of great mischief. The student should bear in mind that what he is to aim at is not the production of a large number of "good" pictures, but, if possible, of ONE which shall satisfy all the requirements of his judgment and taste. That one, when produced, will be, we need not say, of infinitely greater value to his feelings and reputation than a "lane-full" of merely "good" pictures. Think of the careful thought and labour which are expended over every successful piece of canvas, and the months of patient work which are requisite to perfect a first-class steel plate! and then turn to the gentleman who describes a machine which he has contrived for taking six dozen pictures in a day! Every one of them—this is the distressing part of the business—every one of them capable of throwing off as many impressions as the steel plate! We shudder to think of the thousands of vile "negatives" boxed up at this moment in holes and corners, any one of which may, on a sunny day, hatch a brood of hateful "positives."

We feel it to be a solemn duty to remind photographers of the responsibilities which they incur by harbouring these dangerous reproductive productions; and we beg of them—for their own sakes, and for that of society—to lose no time in washing off, or otherwise destroying, by far the greater part of these "negative" possessions.

When Daguerre and his contemporaries, some twenty years ago, succeeded in fixing the most delicate lights and shades, reflected from an object through an optical lens *upon polished silver surfaces*, the world was charmed with the invention. It was, indeed, exquisitely beautiful in its results. To the present day we believe that, in point of delicacy and detail, there is no pictorial process in the whole range of Art that can be said to surpass the daguerreotype. But the costly metallic medium, with its unpleasantly brilliant reflecting surface, was a manifest difficulty in the way of its adaptations; whilst the fact of its being a *non-reproductive* process excluded the idea of its application to the various commercial and valuable purposes for which the great principle of photographic representation was seen to be so strikingly available. Thus we take leave of "daguerreotypes." They are very wonderful and very beautiful; but they are no more available for the popular uses of Art than are the costly illuminated manuscripts in the British Museum. The only purposes to which this process is now applied are to an exceedingly limited and rapidly narrowing extent in portraiture, and for the stereoscope, to which latter use the smoothness of its surface and its delicacy have been the attractions.

We have now to beg the patient attention of our readers, whilst we point out some most wonderful adaptations of the photographic art.

To Mr. Fox Talbot is due, we believe, the production of the first matrix, or "negative," by means of the camera, which, by a second process, still purely photographic, and capable of indefinite repetition, gave a "positive" result—that is, a picture with objects in their correct relative positions, and with the proper relations of light and shade. Now, it is obvious that, in order to accomplish these objects, the matrix, or "negative," must be produced in the camera *with all these conditions reversed*. The right hand of the picture must be brought to the left; blacks must be white, and whites black; shadows must be clear, and high lights opaque. We wish also to call attention to another most striking apparent difficulty. The foreground of a picture requires, of course, that its shadows should be deep and broad, and its whole treatment bold and decisive, as compared with the distant portions of the landscape. Now, since the depth and boldness of a photographic result depend upon the chemical action of the light *not being too strong* (for the effect of an over-exposed picture is a general feebleness, all the shadow being by degrees obliterated), it results that the chemical power of the rays of light reflected from the objects in the view is required to be greatest from the most distant ones, and lessening in exact proportion as they approach the foreground of the picture; and this, contrary to all apparent reason, *is found to be precisely the case;* and all the other above-named required conditions—by a sort of providential arrangement so remarkable that it looks exceedingly like a *special* one, rather than by any complicated devices of Mr. Fox Talbot's—hasten to crowd themselves upon this wonderful "negative" picture. The lens, of its own accord, reverses the relative position of the objects,—throws right to the left, and left to the right,—the chemical action of the light *blackening* (instead of *whitening*) the prepared surface in the most inconceivably delicate proportion to its intensity. We have, altogether, such an indivisible, unalterable, and appropriate combination of natural laws, bearing upon the subject with such perfect *benevolence* towards the desired result, that it has frequently struck us that a photographic picture is not so much a contrivance of man as a design of nature, with which we have become happily acquainted, and which to neglect in cultivation would approach nearly to a sin.

The process originally employed by Mr. Fox Talbot is the one which is termed the Talbotype, or "Calotype." The medium used is paper, carefully freed from metallic specks, and of an even texture; it is saturated with an iodide of silver. The exposure in the camera varies from four to twenty minutes. The image, when removed from the camera, is a *latent* one, or very feebly visible. It is "developed" (that is, the action of the light in blackening the salt of silver is carried on to the required extent) by means of gallic acid. This venerable and respectable process is still employed, to a very limited extent, chiefly by artists and amateur travellers, who are not so much anxious to produce fine pictures as to carry away suggestions and remembrances, its portability and cheapness being great recommendations; yet, as we have before stated, we have seen very beautiful results by this process—very far more to our liking than, for instance, any good-sized *landscape* by the albumen process. For example, amongst many which have been before the public, the views in the Pyrenees (12 in. by 14 in.) by the Viscount Vigier, are admirable for their texture, perspective, and lighting. Mr. Buckle, of Leamington, and Mr. Rosling, of Reigate, were each neat and beautiful calotype manipulators in the early days of the art.

We shall thus for the present take our leave of the second great division of the photographic processes, but shall probably have occasion to refer to it collaterally in comparison with the results of processes to be discussed hereafter.

FRANCIS FRITH.