

GEOFFREY GRIGSON
SAMUEL PALMER'S
FRIENDS¹

I

It was natural that the group of artists which Samuel Palmer's personality, by its force and glow, gathered around itself, should also share much of his own religious enthusiasm. The Palmer circle consisted of six artists, Henry Walter, F. O. Finch, George Richmond, Edward Calvert, Frederick Tatham, and Welby Sherman; and of two, who were deeply concerned with art, though not artists themselves. These were Tatham's brother Arthur, an undergraduate, and Palmer's Baptist first cousin—John Giles.

Like Palmer, Giles developed leanings towards the Oxford Movement; he went still further, and leant towards Rome—so much so that he was hurried off by his friends to be baptized into the Church of England by Manning, in Cardinal Manning's pre-Roman days. He was a stockbroker, who looked after Palmer's money affairs, a devoted medievalist, with a love of sixteenth-century Catholic books of devotion, and a habit of pronouncing the -ed at the end of words, as in 'mincèd pies'. He, too, was bound by personal veneration for Blake.

Welby Sherman made the least mark of the circle. He was younger than the rest, had little talent as an artist, and wished to become an engraver. He has left an inept drawing or two, an engraving, and a few engravings after Calvert and Palmer. The circle tried hard to launch him, he was patronized—or at least tried out for a little—by the celebrated Dr. Monro in Monro's old age; he was with Palmer at the very close of his Shoreham stay. But his beginnings and his end are mysterious. He appears to have become the black sheep of the pasture, going off to France eventually with money belonging either to Richmond or Henry Walter. Henry Walter was more considerable; he was older than Palmer, a hard-working professional artist

¹ This is part of a book on the early life of Samuel Palmer to be published later in the year by Messrs. Routledge.

of mediocre skill, who painted animals and did animal plates for Ackermann drawing-books. I have seen many of his pictures, but none with any scrap of the inward vision of his friends. His work suggests only an easy straightforwardness in religion. In spirit the Tathams, Finch, Calvert, and Richmond came much closer.

To begin with Finch. Palmer called him 'my earliest friend'. As an artist—and his water-colours are still in and out of the sale-rooms—his ideal was not strengthened enough by observation. He was three years older than Palmer, and painted in a careful idiom derived from Claude, or the less intense kind of Turner, via John Varley. Now and again I have seen an oil by Finch, or a solemn low-toned and less fanciful water-colour, which explains Palmer's respect for him. His letters and papers and poems are as commonplace and unimaginative as much of his painting (from which it is only an inch to Birket Foster). But, though in his output he was the least influenced by Blake (Walter excepted), he knew Blake before the others. Though their painting was so different, though (Walter excepted once more) he was the least excited, the calmest, and most balanced of the circle, yet, wrote Palmer, Finch of all of them 'was most inclined to believe in Blake's spiritual intercourse'. He came across a Swedenborg volume in the British Museum Library, and joined the Swedenborgians.

The Tathams were also religious, one orthodox, one unorthodox. Frederick revolted to a new religious eccentricity. Probably he deserves the strictures that have been passed on him for destroying Blake manuscripts, but if he did destroy them it was in obedience to his own beliefs as a member of the new Irvingite Church.

He drew and did sculpture with at any rate enough talent to earn Palmer's respect, but not enough to prevent himself being quickly discouraged. He was certainly as close to Blake as any of them, eventually looking after Blake's funeral, and taking care of his widow. In his short MS. life of Blake he says that Blake bequeathed him his unsold writings, paintings, and plates and that Blake had commended him to his wife, as he lay dying, as the manager of her affairs. I do not think myself that there is any reason to doubt Tatham's word, as several have done. Palmer, in his letters, years after—and Palmer's respect was always well founded and worth having—gives the impression that Tatham could have been nothing but an upright and good man, a grave,

charitable young man (who taught him that it was his duty to have a daily bath). Palmer went first of all to Shoreham in his company. To me it is inconceivable that he would not at once have broken with Tatham had there been any illegality about his control of Blake's property; inconceivable that Tatham was such a man, or that Tatham did anything for Mrs. Blake without the most decent and kindly intentions. And I fear that Palmer and Richmond (who never followed Blake into his deeper systematic ideas) would have agreed to the destruction of any Blake MSS. which seemed to them likely to harm his reputation.

At any rate, Tatham was another member of the circle with a deep and an unusual religious fervour, possessed by Edward Irving, preaching, with fanatic eyes and long black hair to the shoulders, of the second coming of Christ. Irving's celebrity was at its height during the years in which the Palmer circle was formed and was most strong.

Arthur Tatham, his brother, was orthodox, but also felt his religion deep. 'I was with him', wrote Palmer, 'on the eve of his ordination, and remember his saying that it would probably cost him his life in testimony to the truth; so stormy were the prospects at that time' (just before the Reform Bill); but Arthur Tatham passed out of his life into the peaceful cure of the Cornish living of Boconnoc.

This leaves on the roll the two artists who, besides Palmer, were also men of distinction—Edward Calvert and George Richmond.¹

II

W. B. Yeats at one time had planned to write a book on Calvert, whom he called 'a fragmentary symbolist'. Such a symbolist 'evokes in his persons and his landscapes an infinite emotion, a perfected emotion, a part of the Divine Essence'; but 'he does not set his symbols in the great procession as Blake would have him, "in a certain order, suited to his imaginative energy"'. And Calvert did not equal Palmer in his power to invent and to sustain his vision. Blake and Palmer increased the youthful fire in him which caused his brief flare; and then he slowly frittered away his life with much less result, and more uncertainty of purpose. He was six years older than Palmer and had seen active

¹John Linnell, an older man, was outside the group. Like Blake, he was one of its nurses and tutors.

service in the Navy before he came to London and met Palmer and Blake. He inherited a livelihood, and came of a family which seems to have had something to do with painting. His father is said to have patronized Girtin. After a childhood in the Fowey valley of Lostwithiel, and his naval service, he began to paint at Plymouth, mainly under A. B. Johns. Johns painted landscape in the haze of Ideal light. His oils of 'sentiment' were akin to Turner without fire, or J. B. Pyne; and he sent Calvert up to London with a letter of introduction to Fuseli. Palmer met him first at the Academy exhibition in 1826, looking like 'a prosperous, stalwart country gentleman', who was 'redolent of the sea, and in white trousers'. He had just settled, in May, in a small house in Brixton; and he had brought stocks up with him to sell through John Giles. At the Academy, the year before, he had exhibited a painting of nymphs, one of them, 'opening a way for herself through a nut-tree copse', which had brought Alfred Chalon to call upon him in admiration.

One can discover much of his early tastes. Leaving aside Blake for a moment, he loved Schiavone and Claude. With Linnell and Palmer and Wainwright, he admired Bonasone's broad engravings; and also (I should say) Aldegraver. 'Claude and Bonasone', he wrote in his old age; 'frequently present us with forms of childlike grace and innocence seated in recesses of woodland growth—the freshness of an early age—midst seeming pathways, threading the mysteries of retreat to seclusions of blessedness, that make one laugh outright from very joyfulness of soul'. Wordsworth's poetry, as a young man, 'he read aloud exquisitely'.

The effect on him of Blake's Virgil blocks anyone can trace in detail by comparing with them his own set of engravings. He worked on some of them under Blake's eye; and he also adopted in them figure groupings from the antique gems which Blake so much admired (the figure, for instance, in 'The Chamber Idyll'). But there was a serpent—or so it seemed to Palmer and Richmond, and Calvert's widowed mother down at Lostwithiel—twined round the tree of Calvert's paradise, a Greek serpent. Discreetly disguised, it is still visible in Richmond's reminiscences of him as a young man, for besides Wordsworth and Byron 'he was a very great lover of Plato, and admired W. Savage Landor very much. . . . Chapman's Homer and some of his hymns,

especially that to Pan, I have often heard him read.' He started off, in fact, with a vague aspiration towards Pan; then, in tune with Palmer and Blake, changed to a brief period of mystical Christianity, and finally backslid into a curious, developing and devitalizing paganism. Blake was not the only odd man in London, and to Richmond's phrase 'a very great lover of Plato' might be added, I think, that he was also a very great reader of Thomas Taylor the Platonist. But the story is apparent enough in the texts around the engravings, and in some sentences in letters from Palmer and from Calvert's mother.

'My poetic loves', Calvert wrote at some date or another to Richmond, 'have been associated more fondly, first and earliest, with Pan and the rustic deities—elemental natures'. His Academy picture, the 'Nymphs' of 1825, was no doubt the product of this early fondness. Then, as he settled in London, and came under the spell of Blake and Palmer, he was turned from the rustic deities. The earliest result of this that we know is the wood-engraving 'The Ploughman' or 'Christian Ploughing the Last Furrow of Life', completed and published in September 1827. The block was inscribed, 'Seen in the Kingdom of Heaven by vision through Jesus Christ our saviour'. But he was not completely converted. There was wavering between Christ and the elemental natures. In 1828, Calvert cut the wood-engraving now called, I believe incorrectly, 'The Baachante'. Palmer knew this figure with a lyre as 'The Prophet', and it is perhaps a somewhat androgynous Apollo, based on a common enough representation of Apollo in antique gems. In a letter of 24 June 1828, Palmer wrote to Richmond (and Richmond endorsed the letter 'Calvert's mysticism'): 'I dare say Mr. Calvert has got his print of the Prophet into a fine state by this time, and that his naughty disobedient heresies are falling away from about him like the scales of leprosy, & melting as the morning vapours melt from the sun'. Calvert's mother was also worried. In letters written before the end of 1828, she warned him: 'I certainly think that with your stimulated feelings you should compose yourself to less inquisitive study. It seems to me, whether on poetry, philosophy, or religion, all that you read tends to a dangerous disquiet.' And more tartly: 'You also ask "And is your heaven in futurity?" which question I can only answer by inquiring if your heaven is now in possession'.

Then, in September 1828 Palmer told Richmond: 'Mr. Calvert I found as I prognosticated in a former letter, risen from temptation, and finishing with surprising rapidity, the effect of prayer, a beautiful and luxuriant design of the cider pressing'. It was published on 10 October, inscribed, 'Edwd. Calvert inven. et sculp. by the Gift of God in Christ'. 'The Sheep of His Pasture' was probably done in 1828 as well. By 17 November he finished and published 'The Bride', inscribing it with a confession of his own return to God 'A stray lamb is led to Thy folds'. He seems to have stayed in the fold, engraving more variations on the theme of the Divine marriage, between the autumn of 1828 and the autumn of 1831. He inscribed one of these—'The Brook'—with the words 'The waters of this brook shall never fail to the married wife of the Lord God'. But he fell away once more, till Palmer, writing certainly of Calvert, tells Richmond: 'I cannot help daily anxiety for a dear friend of yours & mine who though the most amiable & conscientious of men—if he knew what was right & true—we have beheld now for years remaining in deliberate hostility to the gospel of Christ—do let us pray for him & at all seasonable opportunities not contend with, but "persuade" him, "knowing the terrors" as well as the unspeakable mercies of our Lord'. (Shoreham, 14 October 1834.) His wavering back to Pan may explain why, in their third states, he cut away the religious sentences from 'The Ploughman', 'The Cyder Feast', and 'The Brook'.

Plato and the Greeks were holding him, and he became the dreamer of pagan ideals chasing perfection and exploring harmonies in colour. He had enough money to preserve him in his dreams. His poetic loves began in the 'elemental natures', and 'thence'—to continue the quotation from his letter to Richmond—'thence upward through impulsive and Dionysiac energies. I have been busied with the beautiful Antique myths; ever in an upward course of purpose, and in vows to the Muses and Apollo.'

Probably both Calvert and Palmer read the writings and Platonic translations of Taylor, which were well known to John Linnell, and certainly to Blake; but Palmer went no further than a Christian neo-platonism: earthly objects to him were to be admired as hints of the perfections of Heaven. Earthly objects for Calvert were to be very much second to the divine ideas after which they were modelled.

'I have a fondness for the earth, and rather a Phrygian mood of regarding it', he wrote. 'I feel a yearning to see the glades and the nooks receding like vistas into the gardens of Heaven.' But as the earth dimmed for him, so his painting grew steadily more vapid. Palmer differs from Calvert and excels him because of his delight and absorption in natural objects as glorious images of a greater glory beyond Nature. And when Palmer as a man was enthusiastic, open, richly observant, positive, a curious compound of gravity and fun, Calvert was detached, aloof, and solemn. 'Short and squarely built,' said Richmond, 'with a forehead rather broad than high, with an expression rather contemplative than observant.' Palmer once teased his somewhat unreal heaviness by singing the British Grenadiers to him without stopping. And his writings have a heavy, rather pretentious touch.

Many people, artists and writers as well, had been infected by a similar taste and yearning. Coleridge had read Giordano Bruno (as well as Taylor) when he was himself 'intoxicated with the vernal fragrance and effluvia from the flowers and first-fruits of Pantheism, unaware of its bitter root'. Coleridge held back; Wordsworth covered up his Pantheism. But Calvert went almost as far as Taylor himself. Isaac D'Israeli represents Taylor in his novel, *Vaurien*, or *Sketches of the Time*, as 'abstracted from all things and all men', in a watch-tower at the end of his garden, where 'he reads Plato and Homer, and views nothing but the skies'. Taylor believed in sacrifice, and held that animals which are sacrificed, represent 'the irrational life of our souls'. He is said to have 'sacrificed lambs in his lodgings to the "immortal gods" and poured out libations to Jupiter, until his landlord threatened to turn him out'; and in the 1820s it was gossip that he sacrificed a piece of every rumpsteak or chop on his plate to Jupiter.

Much the same kind of thing was said about Calvert in his narrower circle. A. H. Palmer, Samuel Palmer's son, remembered stories of back-garden sacrifices, and Samuel Palmer's godson, Sir William Blake Richmond, stayed with him as a boy: 'it was not without a thrill that I saw in his little back garden an altar erected to the honour of the great god Pan'.

There is a pathos in Calvert's career. He had one of the qualities most scarce in the lives of English painters—a truth to himself, an indifference to the extraneous demands made upon a man's art by fashion and society. He felt there would be no one after Ingres

'to arrest the rapid decadence of painting in Europe', that painting tended 'towards the rankest materialism', that 'amid a feverish production of trifles, there is not even time to remember that there is such a thing as the BEAUTIFUL IDEAL, much less to *meditate upon it*' (1855). He wrote to his son: 'I coveted the mastery over colour, and it has eaten up the bulk of my life'. But if he was true to himself, the self was faulty; and for a painter, that self was never securely enough footed upon earth, to be able to rise with safety into an ideal heaven. He had, while his years were still fresh, his few moments of intercourse between himself and Nature, himself and Blake, himself and Palmer, and then thinned away into his idea.

III

George Richmond was a much simpler case. He was born four years after Palmer, the son of a miniature painter who made no particular mark, but knew other artists well enough to simplify his son's early progress. Richmond met Blake first of all at the Tatham's house in St. John's Wood. 'Upon leaving late in the evening', according to his son, Sir William Blake Richmond, 'my father asked Blake to permit him to escort him on the way home. . . . The walk continued till my father had made the whole journey from the Regent's Park to the Strand. Upon giving an account of it later, my father said: "I felt walking on air, and as if I had been talking to the Prophet Isaiah". ' Through the Tathams and their friend Linnell, no doubt, he met Palmer. Round about 1821 he began his drawing from the antique in the Elgin and Towneley Galleries at the British Museum, where Palmer started work in November 1822. Knowing several R.A.s, he had no difficulty in getting a letter of recommendation to send in with his drawing when he wished to go on to the Royal Academy schools; and there he met with friendship from Fuseli, now very old, 'a small man with a great head covered with a mass of shaggy grey hair, wearing spectacles, and wrapped in a thick blanket', and shuffling about in slippers; and also from the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence. Fuseli invited Richmond and Sidney Cooper and Catterson Smith to his studio to see 'The Lazar House'. Lawrence 'shewed very great favour' to the three of them, and had them round to his house 'to see the drawings that he possessed of Michelangelo, and other great

masters'; but as the Palmer circle gradually established itself, Frederick Tatham, Calvert, and Palmer became his intimates, and Blake their source of light and interpretation. 'Never did he enter Blake's house', he confessed, 'without imprinting a reverent kiss upon the bell-handle which the seer had touched; nor was he alone in this homage, which was practised by all the band of friends'; and Richmond told his friend Joseph Severn, 'I used constantly to go to see Mr. and Mrs. Blake when they lived near Blackfriars Bridge, and never have I known an artist so spiritual, so devoted, so single-minded, or so full of vivid imagination as he. Before Blake began a picture he used to fall on his knees and pray that his work might be successful.' Richmond showed his own things to Blake, and asked for Blake's advice (which was prayer) when he was seized with depression.

Yet, in a sense, George Richmond was scarcely an artist at all, through all his long and successful life. His relations with Palmer were not unlike the relations between Gerard Hopkins and Robert Bridges, who was scarcely a poet at all; although he succeeded publicly, where Hopkins remained obscure. Richmond was a natural Academician: there is no style about his art, early or late. A thinness of drawing, and a hardness of colour mark his religious pictures, his drawings from nature, his landscapes, and his portraits. Entirely without fire (like Robert Bridges), there is in his painting no strong conjunction of belief and observation; and if his early work is liveliest, it is still a repository of other men's ideas and manners, and remains interesting, really, on that account. Historically, if not intrinsically, it deserves exploration and record. His 'Creation of Light' (reproduced in Binyon's *Followers of William Blake*) combines Milton and Blake and John Martin. The text is Milton:

Again the Almighty spake, Let there be lights
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide
The day from night.

The plan is altered from John Martin's mezzotint in his *Paradise Lost*—a plate which was published in 1825. Richmond has reversed the position of the sun and the crescent moon; and in place of Martin's sun inserted a vast rayed orb out of Blake; and in place of Martin's creator, he has borrowed the Adversary from Blake's drawing 'The Baptism', in the *Paradise Regained*

series (which Linnell had acquired in 1825). Blake's figure had been taken from Michelangelo's 'Last Judgement'. But all this, in its lavish blue and green and black, with its moon disc a raised ridge of pigment and its flames from the sun not merely red and gold, but red and real gold—in all this there is only an assembly of elements, not their re-creation. In 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria' in the Tate Gallery Richmond has combined sheep from Blake, corn from Palmer, a Gothic city from Blake, and delicate plants and tree simplifications from Palmer again. He was very young when these pictures were painted, but he matured only into a conventional meagreness. The magic of Blake, of dawns and twilights with Palmer and Calvert and Tatham, the ecstasies and prayers, died out of him soon enough. Richmond was not a mystic; and he had sense enough to realize how he could live and prosper. He was at Blake's deathbed, and actually closed Blake's eyes, and then soon enough started off towards the year 1868: 'Total earned this year £3,469 14s. 6d., the largest income I have ever made'. He became friendly with the right friends at the right early time—Gladstone was one of them. He painted everybody—Wilberforce, Macaulay, Darwin, Thackeray, Harriet Martineau, Cardinal Manning, one portrait differing little in quality from the next. He became a somewhat gloomy slave to principles, a Victorian moralist and 'a pre-Adamite Tory', with a fixed and severe countenance, who never mentioned to his children the fact that he and his wife had eloped, with Samuel Palmer's help, to Gretna Green. And there is a world of social history in comparing a black photograph of him in his Victorian fame with the miniature he painted for his marriage to Julia Tatham in 1831—a miniature of a handsome, large-eyed, dreamy face touched with the delicacy and incompleteness of youth, a miniature of the lips which had kissed Blake's bell-handle—perhaps the most authentic of all his paintings.

He and Palmer kept fairly close all through their lives, but Palmer was strained now and then by fitting ill into the social proprieties of the household of a wealthy mid-Victorian painter—a painter who buttressed the weakness of his imagination by the grim weight of his morality. A. H. Palmer was frequently bitter about Richmond, and stated that he had gone so far as to say to his father that all the years at Shoreham were a waste of

time. Richmond, with his little talent, prospered by compromise; but he was not altogether unfaithful to his youth. After all, he named one of his sons William Blake; and even if he made Palmer feel that he was a success and Palmer a failure, even if he grimly and woodenly rebuked John Giles for leaning over towards Rome, he was at Palmer's bedside when he died, and then wrote down, when he was seventy-five, of Palmer and of Mrs. Richmond: 'Among all the many mercies of my now long life, the friendship of Samuel Palmer and then this early love were, to my poor seeming, the greatest that ever were given to me. God grant that I may never lose the blessedness of acknowledging and remembering them. All Saints Day 1884.' And it is only through the piety of his many descendants that much of the very best of Palmer's work has come down to us; as if Richmond had obscurely felt, after all, that Shoreham genius was more important than Royal Academy success, and had taken care to hand down a family tradition of the visionary excellence of his friend.

IV

The thing which distinguishes Palmer is not that he belonged to a group of artists, or that he led that group, or that he knew Blake, or that the group had certain peculiarities and tastes, or that it reacted against the movement of the age. All these things and these facts were adjuncts to a unique personality, which they helped to shape and develop. The tastes and nature of Palmer's circle were not at all unique. These young men had grown up in the hard period after the wars, in years of unsettlement, and fear—machine breaking, agitation for reform, the 'Manchester Massacre', the Cato Street Conspiracy, the scandal of Queen Caroline, a season of 'reciprocal distrust' between rich and poor, cruel laws and filth and vile poverty, of an opening breach not only between industrial workers and employers, but between farmers and their men. It was an age of speculation and collapse, of earthquakes actual and social, of 'years of elemental turmoil', in which 'men felt as singular a sense of precariousness—with the globe groaning and heaving under their feet, and meteors flashing and storms rushing about their heads—as we may suppose a race of ants to feel, when man comes with his candle and gun-powder to blow up their settlement'.

And so it was a period in which many good men looked for security either in religion or fanaticism or reaction—the period of Joanna Southcott, of the Holy Land Pilgrims, who sold up their property to go to Jerusalem to meet the Lord, the period of the Reform Bill, and eventually of the Oxford Movement, whose leaders ‘believed they were fighting against the spirit of the age’.

In this medley there were plenty of parallels to the primitivism and Gothicism and intense religious feeling—the ‘excess’—of Palmer and his friends. Other artists—James Ward, for example, were touched by Edward Irving’s prophecies of the end of the world and the second coming, by which Tatham was finally swallowed up and which led him to destroy manuscripts by Blake: ‘God is not to be mocked! The vivid lightnings are gone forth! Farm-house conflagrations. York Minster conflagration, Senate House of Kings, Lords and Commons burnt—“I will overturn! overturn! overturn!” Ezek. xxi. 27. King, Church, Government, and people beware!’ cried James Ward in his pamphlet, *The New Trial of the Spirits*. ‘... We have witnessed the morning, noon and evening, of a gloomy and tempestuous era. We have seen the reign, the triumph, and the downfall of the Great Beast with seven heads and ten horns. . . .’

If Palmer reacted violently against the Reform Bill and disapproved of the abolition of the restraints upon Catholics and Dissenters, this reaction was all of a piece with the tastes and peculiarities which helped to form and direct his vision as an artist. And when one thinks of all this in connection with Palmer’s circle, one must think too of the Gothicism of Pugin, of such men as Kenelm Digby and Ambrose Lisle March Phillips de Lisle. De Lisle was born in the same year as George Richmond, a Leicestershire squire’s son who medievalized his name by adding ‘de Lisle’, saw Christ in a dream, and joined the Church of Rome in answer to his rebuke (he was fifteen), and was carried by his guardian angel ‘to old ruined abbeys and churches, where once the praises of God had been sung and souls saved’. Pugin enlarged and ornamented his chapel at Grace-Dieu in which ‘the cantors wore copes of cloth of gold with crimson hoods richly foliated from Pugin’s best designs; the women, medieval hoods or cloaks . . . whilst the acolytes were clothed in scarlet sashes and skull-caps’. De Lisle’s friend was the fantastic medievalist Kenelm Digby, whose *Broad Stone of Honour*, or

Rules For the Gentlemen of England (1822), a medievalized handbook to chivalry and duty, drawing on Malory, Froissart, Plato, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cudworth, Fénelon, etc., went into many editions, influenced the young Disraelian Tories, and is said to be explored still by members of the 'English Mistery'. 'The question', Digby says in the prologue, 'is not whether mankind ought to be influenced by feeling and imagination, but whether these are to be enlisted on the side of religion or against it.'

Such was the atmosphere in which Palmer and his friends became, in Calvert's words, 'brothers in Art, brothers in Love, and brothers in all that for which Love and Art subsist—the Ideal—the Kingdom within'—the atmosphere, in which they wandered in country walks around Sydenham and Dulwich (before Palmer moved to Shoreham), began their monthly meetings, visited the House of the Interpreter, read Milton and Wordsworth and Keats, made their watchword 'Poetry and Sentiment', sketched Gothic buildings, drew each other's portraits, shared a sense of religious awe, meditated upon a pastoral, primitive innocence; and felt with Fuseli, that the pale hands stretching from the tomb in Lieven's 'Raising of Lazarus'¹ were one of the sublimest movements in all the art of mankind.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

DESIGN AND FUNCTION IN TYPOGRAPHY²

IN writing this book it has been Mr. Oliver Simon's intention to put on record the elements and principles of the art he has himself practised so fastidiously and with such distinction, in the hope that his own experience may be of value to others—more especially to those others who are sensitive to design in craft and purpose. Of the value of this intention there can be no doubt, for even the barest details of the methods of so eminent a designer of books must command the most careful attention not only of those connected directly or indirectly with printing but those also who

¹ Now in the Brighton Art Gallery.

² *Introduction to Typography*, Oliver Simon. Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.