

## Some Art Works in Charleston.

### Number 6.

"Whilst o'er each scene, with blended beauty met  
The poet's genius and the painter's art."

In studying the pictures owned by Mrs. Gov. Aiken, full scope is allowed for diversity of taste, as here one finds the mellowed tints and hues softened by the hand of time, as well as the fresh seductive colors of the modern brush. Here also are a number of beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art ranged about in niches and corners of the handsomely constructed mansion.

A life-size portrait of Mrs. Aiken, by George Whiting Flagg, occupies a large canvas, over which, when not exposed to view, hangs a heavy crimson curtain. Mrs. Aiken, with majestic presence, stands with one hand holding a fan, hanging gracefully to the side, while the left hand, with glove on, holds its white kid mate, which has a dainty lace ruffle all around it, giving a pretty finish which one often hears commended to the young ladies of to-day. The yellow satin dress is beautifully painted, the shadows in the folds and the shimmering lights being finely handled. The bodice is tight-fitting and pointed, while around the low corsage there is a fall of rich white lace. The flesh tints are life-like, and the brown eyes look out with calm dignity from their framing of dark hair, which is dressed with feathers.

A most exquisite creation, an embodiment of life and sentiment, is L. Terry's "Romeo and Juliet," balcony scene.

Schlegel in his criticism of the play of Romeo and Juliet says, all that is most intoxicating in the odor of a Southern spring, all that is languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous in the first opening of the rose, all alike breathe forth from this poem—and the same may be said of Terry's poem in colors.

Romeo has just reached the balcony, the coiled rope lying near by, showing how he has attained his object. The lovers stand in tender embrace. There is no affected coyness or stiff conventionality in Juliet's attitude. She is a child of Nature yielding to the sweet impulses of a first love. The nurse from the background sounds the warning that the lady-mother approaches, and even though she knows that Romeo should leave her, detains him with one soft white arm about his neck, and the most pathetic, pleading look from the luminous, upturned eyes.

affection, finds it almost impossible to tear himself from his love, but feels that he must be gone.

The conflicting emotions are all portrayed in the face, as he says, "Farewell, farewell! One kiss, and I will descend."

Both of the faces are of the true Italian type, transparent complexions, rich coloring, and dark hair and eyes. Juliet's face and figure being exceptionally beautiful in its soft modeling and rounded curves. Her gown is simplicity itself, being a low neck, tight-fitting white satin falling in pretty folds to the floor. The flowing sleeve of lace, and a narrow Greek border in gold around the low neck, are the only decorations. Romeo wears a snuff-brown velvet suit embroidered in narrow bands of gold, the hood of the cloak being lined with turquoise blue—the long pointed shoes of that time, and a red velvet cap with white plume.

This picture was painted by order, and after its completion, elicited so much favorable comment, that the artist asked permission, which was granted, to exhibit it for eighteen months in Rome before placing it in the hands of its owner.

A number of the old pictures in this collection are so darkened with age, that only a meager description of them can be given. The one that has best retained its freshness and much of its original charm is a Bandit scene by Salvatore Rosa, which was procured from the gallery of Prince Buonacorsi in Rome.

This is a wild, rocky scene, just such as the painter delighted in. On a large boulder jutting out from the side of a mountain are a group of Bandits in spirited converse, preparing no doubt for an onslaught on the occupants of a coach in the distance which can be seen winding around the lonely road in the valley. The sun has just gone down behind the mountains, leaving everything diffused in a misty, rosy light.

A scraggy, bare tree spreads its leafless branches above the boulder, and the place has a lonely, desolate look. Salvatore Rosa flourished in the seventeenth century. He painted an altar-piece for one of the churches in Naples and several other large canvases, but his powers were better adapted to easel pictures noted for boldness in scenery and spirited figures. His landscapes usually represented the lonely haunts of wolves and robbers, hollow glens, rocky precipices or dreary wastes. He also represented battles in which the fury of the combatants and fiery animation of the horses are powerfully delineated.

A village scene supposed by David Teniers, from the gallery of Prince Torlonio in Rome, is dark, being brightened only by a few light clouds, and a glimpse of pale color now and then showing the clothes of the peasants, seem to be taking a load of troubles from the back of a donkey.

A most interesting old canvas one depicting three Strolling musicians, which is attributed to Michael Angelo.

The central figure is that of an old man with brown wrinkled face, wearing a large round black hat on top of a light turban-like headband about his head; he is the first violin. To his left, a boyish figure wearing a round velvet cap bordered with fur, playing a bass viol, while the third figure, a man of middle age, with a waggish expression, wears a cal brown hat pushed far back on his head; he is on a broad smile showing a row of even teeth, has a finger up to his eye, with most mirth-provoking look of chief. He holds with one hand a little pipe or horn of some kind. The "mystery" in this picture renders it very difficult to see out any of the background.

"The Flight into Egypt" by Carlo Maratti is painted on wood and has cracked and crumpled away very badly, but still the figures as well as the clouds above the heads of the Holy Family can be seen quite distinctly. The colors have faded very much, but the Virgin wears the typical red and blue garments and twisted about her head a turban of light cloth. The child is in a dling clothes, and Joseph's garments are very dark brown.

The little cherubs are the flowers down upon the path. Christ child, whose way was much thicker strewn with thorns than over with flowers during his earthly sojourn.

Carlo Maratti born in 1625, the favorite disciple of Alessandro Sacchi, and after studying the works of Raphael, became a great designer and was much employed in painting Holy Family and pictures of the Virgin and Saints. Although his work is correct in design and his coloration good, his pictures are laborious and his coloring somewhat chalky and cold.

In sculpture, the choicest in this collection is an exquisitely modeled bust of Proserpine by Jean Powers. The dainty head is most gracefully poised, as sloping shoulders rise from a mass of curling acanthus leaves, hair is coiled low, and a Greek wreath entwines the head.

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Powers' most widely known work is the Greek Slave, and his ideal statue of Eve was pronounced by Thorwaldsen a masterpiece.

The other works in marble comprise a life size reclining Magdalen, a fine reproduction of Canova's Venus of the Bath, a Shepherd Boy, and The First Grief, which tells a pathetic story to the onlooker. A tearful little child, with pitifully puckered mouth holds a dead bird. One instinctively feels a desire to comfort the distressed baby.

There are many curios in this beautiful home which were purchased abroad, among them a centre table of Florentine mosaic set in carved olive wood, and a magnificent specimen of buhl work in a table originally the property of King Louis Philippe, which was purchased after his escape from Paris during the Revolution of 1848.

EOLA W.

Newspaper Clipping

Date Unknown but prob. 18:

Found among Claudius Rhe