

expression of his faces, instead of the profound and tranquil, the deeply-thinking and deeply-feeling Italian character, we have a character fluttering and French. No one would recognise in them the works of a countryman of Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Titian, or Leonardo da Vinci. There is the same expression in his figures—exact articulation, nice finishing, an appearance of softness and life, but a want of dignity and repose. They are generally attractive, but never imposing. They can be looked at for a time with pleasure, but they never can be long dwelt on to raise our idea of mankind, as seen in the work, or imagined in the author. It is something, however, to be the first artist of an age, even though that age does not abound in great artists; and the death of one who has attained that eminence is more worthy of notice than that of men who have only been distinguished for wearing crowns, or for making bad treaties and bad speeches.—*Traveller.*

[From "Rome in the Nineteenth Century;" a work published previously to the death of the artist.]

Canova was born at Passagno, a small village in the Venetian territory, of parents, whose poverty disabled them from giving to the genius which his earliest youth displayed the usual cultivation or encouragement. But he resolutely struggled with every difficulty, and finally triumphed over his fate.

At the age of fourteen, having obtained the long-wished-for boon of a small piece of marble, he sculptured out of it two baskets of fruit, which are now on the staircase of the Palazzo Farsetti, at Venice.

The next year, when only fifteen, he executed Eurydice, his first statue, in a species of soft stone, called Pietro Dolce, found in the vicinity of Vicenza; and, three years after, Orpheus; both of which are in the Villa Falier, near Asolo, a town about fifteen miles from Treviso.

His first groupe in marble, that of Dædalus and Icarus, he finished at the age of 20, and brought with him to Rome, where he vainly solicited the patronage of the Venetian Ambassador, and of many of the great; but when almost reduced to despair, without money or friends, he became known to Sir William Hamilton, whose discernment immediately saw the genius of the young artist, and whose liberality furnished him: with the means of prosecuting his studies, and of establishing himself as an artist in Rome. To this his first patron, and to all his family, Canova has through life manifested the warmest gratitude.

Through Sir William Hamilton, his merit became known to others; even the Venetian Ambassador was shamed into some encouragement of his young countryman, and ordered the groupe of Theseus and the Minotaur. A few years after, Canova was employed to execute the tomb of Pope Ganganelli, in the Church of the SS. Apostoli, at Rome. With these exceptions, all his early patrons were Englishmen. Amongst these were Lord Cawdor, Mr. Latouche, and Sir Henry Blundell, for the latter of whom the Psyche, one of the earliest and most beautiful of his works, was executed.

The most beautiful of all his works, the Venus and Adonis, was finished at the age of six-and-thirty. This exquisite groupe, in my opinion, far surpasses the Mars and Venus, which he is now doing for the Prince Regent, and which was intended to represent Peace and War—but it is not sufficiently chased or severe for such a subject; the expression is too voluptuous; a fault, by the way, which the works of this great artist are sometimes chargeable; yet it is a beautiful groupe, and if considered merely as Venus hanging on the enamoured God of War, the expression is appropriate and faultless. As yet, it has not advanced beyond the model, and there seems little prospect of its being soon finished. Three blocks of marble have already failed, after the labour was considerably advanced, owing to the blemishes in the heart of them, and the fourth is about to be tried.

The beautiful figure of the reclining Nymph, half-raising herself to listen to the lyre of the sweet little Love at her feet, is on the point of being despatched to the Prince Regent, to whom it was ceded by Lord Cawdor.

The groupe of the Graces, the beauty of which is the object of universal admiration here, is also destined for our country, and will adorn Woburn Abbey. Beautiful as it is, I own it struck me as being rather *maniere*, especially in the attitude and face of the central figure, which is chargeable with somewhat of affectation—somewhat of studied Opera-house airs, and *put-on* sweetness of countenance. But as Zeuxis said of one of his own paintings, "it is easier to criticise than to imitate it;" and it is with reluctance I see any faults in a work, which has rarely been equalled in modern art, and the progress of which, I have long watched with unspeakable interest and delight. It is only a few days since I saw the finishing strokes given to it by the hand of Canova.

Many are the delightful hours I have spent with Canova, both when he has been employed in modelling and chiselling; and few are the companions whose society will be enjoyed with such interest, or remembered with such regret.

The warmth and kindness of his disposition, the noble principles and generous feelings of his mind, and the unpretending simplicity of his manners, give the highest charm to his exalted genius. By the friends that know him best, he will be the most beloved.

Canova has the avarice of fame, not of money. He devotes a great part of his fortune to the purposes of benevolence. With the title of Marchese, the Pope conferred upon Canova three thousand piastres of rent, the whole of which he dedicates to the support and encouragement of poor and deserving artists. But I should never be done, were I to recount one-half of the noble actions, the generous exertions, and the extensive charities of his life, which are as secretly and unostentatiously performed as they are judiciously applied. He is now building a church in his native village, and has alienated the greater part of his own fortune for the support of charitable institutions.

It is not, I believe, generally known that Canova is a painter as well as sculptor. He has pursued the sister art occasionally, for the amusement of his leisure hours, and many of his designs are truly beautiful.

The Colossal Horse (a noble animal) intended for Napoleon's equestrian statue, is about to be mounted by the figure of old King Ferdinand of Naples.

It must be a gratifying circumstance to England to know, that even when living under the immediate dominion of the French, he modelled, for his own private pleasure, a tribute to the memory of Nelson.

He is at present occupied in modelling a statue of Washington, for the United States. The hero is represented seated, but it is not yet finished, so I must not speak of it; especially as I am the only person who has been honoured with a sight of it. I may add, that it promises to be worthy of the subject and the sculptor.

The seated statue of the Princess Esterhazy is full of grace and dignity, and worthy of ancient art. That of Maria Louisa, which, however, reminds us strongly of the seated Agrippina, is also very fine—I mean the copy, with an ideal head; for her own features are wholly inadmissible in sculpture. She would have done wisely to have been taken in a moment of affliction, her face buried in her handkerchief or mantle.

The figure of the Penitent, or Magdalen, is most beautiful. It proves that he could portray the touching image of youth, in all the abandonment of settled sorrow, as beautifully as youth in all the buoyancy of sportive mirth.

Scientific Records.

[Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.; to be continued in a series through the Volume.]

Asiatic and African Rhinoceros.—In our last volume, page 273, we gave a wood-cut and description of the head of a Rhinoceros, brought to this country by Mr. Campbell. This animal has by some been imagined to be the origin of the Unicorn of the scriptures: on this subject, see our last volume, page 273, and of the present, pages 5 and 21. The last number of the Philosophical Transactions contains a paper by Sir Everard Home, on the Rhinoceros, from which we copy the following passage, showing the nature and habits of the animal when in confinement.

"The following account of the manners and habits of the Asiatic Rhinoceros, clothed in armour, and having the welshed hide, I have taken from the young man who was its keeper in the menagerie at Exeter Change for three years, at the end of which period it died.

"It was so savage that, about a month after it came to Exeter Change, it endeavoured to kill the keeper, and nearly succeeded. It ran at him with the greatest impetuosity, but fortunately the horn passed between his thighs, and threw the keeper on its head; the horn came against a wooden partition, into which the animal had forced it to such a depth, as to be unable for a minute to withdraw it, and during this interval the man escaped.

"Its skin, although apparently so hard, is only covered with small scales, of the thickness of paper, with the appearance of tortoiseshell; at the edges of these, the skin itself is exceedingly sensible, either to the bite of a fly, or

the lash of a whip; and the only mode of managing it at all was by means of a short whip. By this discipline the keeper got the management of it, and the animal was brought to know him: but frequently, more especially in the middle of the night, fits of phrenzy came on, and while these lasted nothing could control its rage, the Rhinoceros running with great swiftness round the den, playing all kinds of antics, making hideous noises, knocking every thing to pieces, disturbing the whole neighbourhood, then all at once becoming quiet. While the fit was on, even the keeper durst not make his approach. The animal fell upon its knees to enable the horn to bear upon any object. It was quick in all its motions; ate ravenously all kinds of vegetables, appearing to have no selection. They fed it on branches of the willow. It possessed little or no memory, dinged in one place, and, if not prevented, ate the dung, or spread it over the sides of the wall. Three years' confinement made no alteration in its habits.

"The account in the Bible of an unicorn not to be tamed, mentioned by Job, bears so great an affinity to this animal, that there is much reason to believe that it is the same, more especially, as no other animal has ever been described so devoid of intellect. In that age, the short horn might readily be overlooked, as it cannot be considered as an offensive weapon, and the smoothness of the animals' skin would give it a greater resemblance to the horse than to any other animal."

Effects of drinking Boiling Water.—It is the custom of some poor and thoughtless persons to suffer children to drink from the spout of a tea-kettle while filling it at the pump; they have afterwards attempted to drink when it has just been taken from the fire, supposing it still to contain cold water. No less than four cases of this kind are related in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*, by Dr. Hall. The symptoms produced are those of *croup*, that is, of inflammation of the glottis and larynx, and not, as might have been expected, of the œsophagus and stomach. It appears indeed probable that the boiling water does not actually reach the stomach, but that it is arrested by spasm of the pharynx. Dr. Hall recommends an incision into the windpipe, but the only case of this operation which he relates, proved, as might have been expected, fatal. Where the injury is extensive there seems to be no remedy.

COMPARISON OF BRITISH AND FRENCH CANALS, BY M. HUERNE DE POMMEUSE, MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

This gentleman has just published a 4to volume on the above subject. "Vauban," says he, "after having laboured at 300 ancient strong holds, and constructed 30 new fortresses; after having conducted 55 sieges, and exposed his person in more than 100 battles,—Vauban said to Louis XIV. in giving him an account of his inspection of the canal of Languedoc, with which the king had charged him, 'Sire, I would give all that I have done and all that remains for me to do, to be the author of a work, so admirable and so useful to your kingdom.' In that country" (England) says M. de Pommeuse, "whatever is admitted to be truly useful, is not long in becoming the object of general emulation. The example set by the Duke of Bridgewater had soon numerous imitators; and since that epoch, the anxiety to make up for lost time has been such, that there exist at present in the British isles, 103 canals of navigation, the development of which amounts to 2682 English miles (nearly 1000 leagues.) One only of these canals (61 miles long) belongs to Ireland; five, which form together 150 miles in length, are excavated in Scotland; the others, to the number of 97, cover England alone as with a net-work, whose surface is not the quarter, and whose population is little more than the third, of that of France. This country possesses only six canals of grand navigation, the united lengths of which constitute only 150 leagues; and about 20 canals of secondary navigation, which have not altogether more than 100 leagues of development."

"The author does not scruple to acknowledge, that his principal object in the first half of the published volume, dedicated to the English labours, is to stimulate the emulation of his compatriots, and to make them co-operate with government in the existing circumstances, where France has much to create in this department. The editors of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, in their account of this work, pleasantly observe, that the author's hope reminds them of a reply made to them in Tuscany, by a minister of state of great experience, to whom they extolled certain improvements elsewhere introduced, and which seemed to them capable of being imitated with advantage in his country: "Alas!" said he, "diseases communicate from people to people; but health, you know, is not contagious."

• It is in the Palace of the Marchese Berio, at Naples.