

The Charlotte St. Albany.

Sr

I shall be greatly
obliged to you if you will
do me the favour, to let Mr
Wagner know the price of
the price of my picture (60£)
which I understand is hung
up. Begging you to excuse
the trouble I give you

I remain
your most Humble Servant
Richard Dadd.

ARTIST SHUT UP IN BROADMOOR.

INSANE GENIUS WHO KILLED FATHER.

On a screen in the water-colour galleries at the Victoria and Albert Museum hang three delicate and curious drawings before which visitors frequently pause in admiration. Few, however, know the tragic fate of the artist, Richard Dadd.

He affords one of those instances of genius allied to madness, for in a fit of insanity he killed his father and was shut up in Broadmoor Asylum.

In the same galleries there are specimens of the work of two other well-known British artists who went mad—the poetic drawings of J. R. Cozens, who died insane in 1797, and Clennell, another fine water-colourist of a few years later.

The hundreds of drawings contained in these galleries are representative of English water-colour painting from its earliest days (about the middle of the 18th century) up to the present time. Here is to be seen, for instance, a view of old London, the "Bayswater Road" (1793) by Paul Sandby, R.A., who was one of the "fathers" of English water-colour art. It shows the wall of Hyde Park and a group of soldiers resting at a public-house somewhere near Lancaster Gate, while a maid lights a carter's pipe with a candle. There were no matches in those days.

"NIGHT CLUB" SCENE.

On a screen is the original crayon drawing by J. R. Smith for the engraving of the "Promenade at Carlisle House"—a sort of night club of the day. The engravings from this drawing fetch hundreds of pounds a-piece.

Turner's friend, Thomas Girtin, who died in 1802 at the age of 27, was one of the greatest water-colour artists. In a wall-case you may see his "Porte St. Denis, Paris" and his "Kirkstall Abbey—Evening"—the latter is one of the noblest landscapes in the museum.

Among later artists should be noticed Frederick Walker's "Spring" and "Autumn." The former fetched £2,000 at Christie's, a record for any water-colour now in the museum.

Do not forget that the galleries do not close till 9 p.m. on Thursdays and Saturdays, and be sure to open the wall-cases when you go, for they contain some of the best drawings.

May 10 45.
RICHARD DADD.—It is not generally known that this unhappy young man is at present in Bedlam, having been removed to that hospital from Maidstone. He is in good health; and we have lately seen some drawings recently executed by him, which exhibit all the power, fancy, and judgment for which his works were eminent previous to his insanity. They are absolutely wonderful in delicate finish. They consist principally of landscapes—memories of eastern scenes, or wrought from a small sketch-book in his possession. One is, however, of an avenue of close box-trees, terminated by the tall gate of a mansion. It is a marvellous production—such as scarcely any of our living painters could surpass. This drawing was, we believe, produced within the last few weeks. Two or three of his productions indicate the state of his mind. One describes a castle shattered by lightning: underneath is written "The wrath of God." Others contain brief written descriptions (on the backs) in oddly-mingled French and English. A short time ago one of poor Dadd's early artist acquaintances happened to be passing through the ward, with a portfolio under his arm. It was his intention to have avoided recognition. Dadd, however, saw and beckoned to him; and, on his approaching, said, "What brings you here; have you killed anybody?" He then requested to examine the contents of his portfolio, and went carefully and critically through the several drawings, pointing out defects and merits in each with singular judgment and accuracy. He continues very reserved, holding little conversation, and seeming to shun, as far as possible, all intercourse with mankind. A few weeks ago one of his most intimate friends visited him. He refused at first to see him; and when the keeper introduced him by saying, "Surely he is one of your friends," poor Dadd turned away, shrugged his shoulders, merely uttering the word "Friends!" On the whole, however, he cannot be said to be unhappy; for, although he by no means forgets his father's death, he continues under the full conviction that he was a fiend by whom he was persecuted. Yet this seems to be the only delusion under which he labours.