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"Lenore" (164), by A. Elmore, R.A., is open to the objection of confounding the distinction between poetry and painting. The awe-moving ballad of Bürger calls up phantoms which cannot be reduced to pictorial form. It is related that when this wild genius first read the poem to his friends they were terror-stricken:—

Grat Liebchen auch? Der Mond scheint hell!  
Hurrah! die Todten reiten schnell!  
Grat Liebchen auch vor Todten?  
O weh! Lass ruhn die Todten.

The impetuous poet, it is said, suiting his action to the sentiment, accompanied the rehearsal of his stanzas with the cracking of a huntsman's whip; his hearers, it is added, shook with fear; the summons seemed to have come from the world of spirits. The ballad was no sooner published than it flew as lightning through the land, and was heard alike in palace and in cottage. We repeat that a picture comes flat after a legend which thus inflamed a people's fancy. Yet no one ought to regret that Mr. Elmore has painted this picture. He invests the thought in the shades of night, the idea is veiled in mystery, there is no light in heaven save the cold light of stars; the clouds transmute themselves into fearful forms, vultures fly across the sky, the air is peopled by spectres, the wild horse hurries the lovers to the abode of death:—

Tramp! Tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! Splash along the sea;  
The surge is white, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee.

Siren-like forms float on the waves with spectral fire glistening in their eyes, and a hooded figure as a churchyard ghost bears an extinguished taper. Thus it will be understood that the composition is not wanting in accumulated horror. Neither does it lack the fascination of beauty; terror without beauty repels, while beauty without terror lacks grandeur. The action of the horse is bold and true. We were in Rome when the late Alfred Gatley was modelling his bas-relief, "The Overthrow in the Red Sea," and at the same time in Gibson's studio were on view "Phaeton" and "The Hours." In these several works flying speed is given to horses in air and water, a feat by no means easy. Mr. Elmore is equally successful; the dashing, splashing steed has fire without fury; the action, though high, has not the extravagance of the circus. The picture in imaginative range may be associated with "Death on the Pale Horse," also with the "Four Riders of the Apocalypse" by Cornelius, and with the "Battle of the Huns" by Kaulbach; compositions which severally, it must be confessed, are open to the charge we have already made, that the painter suffers loss when he invades territories already taken possession of by the poet. It may be urged, further, that this expressly German theme is injured by what may be termed Italian treatment. Mr. Elmore, in common with all the elder Academicians, holds himself aloof from the Gothic movement of recent years. Bürger's wild ballad would translate better into the weird art of Martin Schön than into Italian romance at the time of the decadence.