English Landscape – 2:

John Constable, John Clare
& Local Attachment
Top left: **Claude Lorrain**, *Landscape with Hagar and the Angel* (1646-7)

Top right: **Peter Paul Rubens**, *A View of Het Steen in the Early Morning* (c.1636)

Lower left: **Salvator Rosa**, *Landscape with Tobias and the Angel* (?1660-73)

Lower right: **Jacob van Ruisdael**, *Two Water Mills and an Open Sluice* (1653)
Jacob van Ruisdael, Evening Landscape – a Windmill by a Stream (c.1650)
John Crome, *Road with Pollards* (1815)

John Sell Cotman, *Drainage Mills in the Fens, Croyland, Lincolnshire* (1835)
Thomas Gainsborough, *Wooded Landscape with Gypsies Gathered Round a Fire* (1753/54)
Sir Uvedale Price 1747-1829

1794: *Essay on the Picturesque, As Compared with the Sublime and The Beautiful*  
(revised ed. 1796)

Sir Thomas Lawrence, *Sir Uvedale Price (1747-1829)*

Robert Price (Uvedale’s father), ‘Wooded Landscape, after A Waterloo’ (?mid-C18)
The moment this mechanical common-place operation (by which Mr. Brown and his followers have gained so much credit) is begun, adieu to all that the painter admires – to all intricacies -- to all the beautiful varieties of form, tint, and light and shade; every deep recess – every bold projection – the fantastic roots of trees – the winding paths of sheep – all must go; in a few hours, the rash hand of false taste completely demolishes what time only, and a thousand lucky accidents, can mature, so as to make it become the admiration and study of a Ruysdal or a Gainsborough; and reduces it to such a thing, as an Oilman in Thames-street may at any time contract for by the yard at Islington or Mile-End.

(Uvedale Price, An Essay on the Picturesque, 1796, pp.39-41.)
Thomas Gainsborough, *Wooded Landscape with Peasant and Donkeys* (nd)

Thomas Gainsborough, *Drinkstone Park* (1747)

William Bree, *A Much-Repaired Gate* (1804)

John Constable, *Broken Gate* – detail from *The Cornfield* (1826)
Thomas Gainsborough, Detail from *Cornard Wood* (1748)
Palaces, castles, churches, monastic ruins, and the remains, and even vestiges and conjectural situations, of our ancient feudal and ecclesiastical structures, have been elaborately, and indeed very interestingly described, with all their characteristic distinctions, while the objects comprehended by the term *cottage scenery* have by no means been honored with equal attention; and this, it should seem, merely because, though of equal excellence in the scale of picturesque beauty, that beauty happens not to be of the heroic or sublime order.

(J.T. Smith, *Remarks on Rural Scenery* 1797)

John Thomas Smith
1766-1833
John Constable, Drawings of Suffolk Cottages, c.1796
Anthonie Waterloo, *Landscape with a Brook in Foreground*: etching (nd)

Jacob van Ruisdael, *The Three Oaks* (1649)

John Constable, *Helmingham Dell* (1800)
Thomas Gainsborough, *Wooded Landscape with Figures outside a Cottage Door* (1775-1780)

John Constable, *Cottage Among Trees* (1799)
Claude Lorrain, *Landscape with Hagar and the Angel* (1646)

John Constable, *Dedham Vale* (1802)
Meindert Hobbema, *Woodland Road* (c.1670)

John Constable, *A Cornfield* (?1817)
‘It contains almost all that I wish to do in landscape,...a noon day scene – which “warms and cheers but which does not inflame or irritate” – Mr. Price. It diffuses a life & breezy freshness into the recess of trees which make it enchanting.’ (Constable, Letter to Fisher, 2 November 1823).
'I do hope to sell this present picture – as it has certainly got a little more eye-salve than I usually condescend to give to them.'
Old narrow lanes, where trees meet over-head;
Path-stiles, on which a steeple we espy,
Peeping and stretching in the distant sky;...
Old ponds, dim shadowed with a broken tree;
These are the picturesque of Taste to me;
(John Clare, ‘Pleasant Places’,
The Rural Muse, 1835)
‘to increase the interest for, and promote the study of, the Rural Scenery of England, with all its endearing associations, its amenities, and even in its most simple localities... [the author] may be pardoned for introducing a spot to which he must naturally feel so much attached; and though to others it may be void of interest or any associations, to him it is fraught with every endearing recollection.’
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John Constable, 'Frontispiece, Paternal House and Grounds of the Artist. -- Evening': English Landscape Scenery (1834)
No country, then, is fair to all alike;  
   No landscape with inherent beauty glows;  
But different objects different creatures strike...
   The mind alone, from habitude bestows
On each material form its shadowy grace:
   And thus a never-ceasing pleasure flows
Or to the human, or the bestial race
From those ideal charms we all attach to place.

Richard Polwhele, ‘The Influence of Local Attachment with Respect to Home’, 1797)

…
...the sound of water escaping from Mill dams, &c., Willows, Old rotten Banks, slimy
posts, & brickwork. I love such things. ...As long as I do paint I shall never cease to paint
such Places. They have always been my delight.... I should paint my own places best --
Painting is but another word for feeling. I associate "my careless boyhood" to all that lies
on the banks of the Stour. They made me a painter (& I am grateful)’
  (Letter to Rev. John Fisher (23 October 1821), from John Constable’s Correspondence, part 6, pp. 76-78.)
‘the Londoners, with all their ingenuity as artists, know nothing of the feelings of a country life, the essence of landscape’

John Constable, Letter to John Fisher, 1 April 1821

‘what appears as beautys in the eyes of a pent-up citizen are looked upon as consciets by those who live in the country’

JOHN CLARE

1793    Born into labouring class family
1820    Married Martha Turner (with whom he had 7 children)

*Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery*

1821    *Village Minstrel and Other Poems*
1827    *Shepherds Calender*
1835    *The Rural Muse*
1835-7  Mental health deteriorates
1837-41  Committed to High Beech Asylum
1841-1864 Northampton General Lunatic Asylum
1864    Died, aged 71
Associations sweet each object breeds...
[The man of true taste] loves each desolate neglected spot
That seems in labours hurry left forgot
The crank and punished trunk of stunted oak
Freed from its bonds but by the thunder stroke
As crampt by struggling ribs of ivy sere
There the glad bird makes home for half the year
But take these several beings from their homes
Each beauteous thing a withered thought becomes
Association fades and like a dream,
They are but shadows of the things they seem
Torn from their homes and happiness they stand
The poor dull captives of a foreign land

(John Clare, from ‘Shadows of Taste’, 1831)
I love to see the old heaths withered brake
Mingle its crimped leaves with furze and ling
While the old heron from the lonely lake
Starts slow and flaps his melancholy wing
And oddling crow in idle motion swing
On the half rotten ash trees topmost twig
Beside whose trunk the gipsey makes his bed
Up flies the bouncing woodcock from the brig
Where a black quagmire quakes beneath the tread
DE WINT! I would not flatter; nor would I
Pretend to critic-skill in this thy art;
Yet in thy landscape I can well descry
The breathing hues as nature’s counterpart.
No painted peaks, no wild romantic sky,
No rocks, nor mountains, as the rich sublime,
Hath made thee famous; but the sunny truth
Of nature, that doth mark thee for all time,
Found on our level pastures – spots, forsooth,
Where common skill sees nothing deemed divine.
Yet here a worshipper was found in thee;
And thy young pencil worked such rich surprise
That rushy flats, befringed with willow tree,
Rivalled the beauties of Italian skies.

John Clare 'To De Wint'