

**A VOICE  
FROM A PICTURE**

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A voice from a picture by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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FROM A PICTURE**





Deep and still, 1892 by the author.

Slow, slow, mighty warrior sink to thy rest.

A. King, Printer to the Queen.

A

# VOICE FROM A PICTURE.

BY



A FEMALE ARTIST

OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"Disdain it not ye critics, nor deny  
Your country's arts, nor view with adverse eye;  
Indulgent still, the rigid brow unbend,  
And e'en in censure show that you befriend."

MARTIN ARCHER SHRE.

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DEDICATED (BY PERMISSION)

TO

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

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MY LORD DUKE,

Fully sensible of your Grace's kind condescension in allowing me to continue the dedication of my little work, called "A Voice from a Picture," (which in the first instance was kindly patronized by the late illustrious, and ever to be lamented Duke, your Father,) and which now, but for your Grace's continued patronage and support, would be ushered before the public under many disadvantages,—it is with every feeling, and sentiment, of gratitude, and respect, that I express my most thankful acknowledgments.

The subject of this little volume has been taken up with the hope of diffusing a more general, and impartial, encouragement of native talent; and when the very arduous undertaking of gaining celebrity in any department of art is considered, the time, assiduity, and perseverance required to succeed, whatever natural talents



may be possessed, how many from family difficulties, or ill health, never can attain success, without some timely aid; the arts must deeply lament the loss of the kind Patron and Friend to all rising and dejected merit, in that of your most benevolent and munificent father.

With every confidence, and trusting in a continuation of that support to the arts, which so much distinguished your illustrious predecessor, I have the honour of dedicating to you my little work, "A Voice from a Picture," though humble in itself, will by this means be insured attention, while its sentiments towards your Grace must ever be re-echoed with feelings of respect and gratitude by all classes of artists in Great Britain. Thus, in submitting it before your Grace, and the public, I hope for that indulgence which the nature of the subject may claim. Again expressing my sincere acknowledgments,

I have the honor to be,

MY LORD DUKE,

Your Grace's

Most obliged, grateful and obedient Servant,

THE AUTHORESS.

## INTRODUCTION.

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THE beauties of nature want no recommendation. In no part of the world are they scattered with a niggard hand, and the rudest, as well as the most refined, of the human race, delight to dwell among the same natural objects, and enjoy them almost with equal affection, although with very different accompaniments and results.

The civilized man leaves his beloved native land with regret indeed, but he seeks a compensation in similar or contrasted scenes abroad. The savage quits the dwelling place of his youth, and sinks under the despondency of absence. But the first and great attraction attending the various climes of created beings,

is that which most essentially binds them to their first and early home. Thus the snows and the pines of the Laplander—the lakes, the wide savannas of the Indian—the fresh oasis of the parched Arab—the inexhaustible and placid ocean of the South Sea Islander—the mountains and mountain pastures of the Swiss—the romantic and wild scenery of the Scot, his heather and his burn—the green hills of the sons of Erin—the woods, the meandering streams of the Briton, his stormy coasts, his heaths, his downs, his shady lanes, his commons,—all afford endless delight to the eye, as well as bounteous stores for his more urgent cravings.

And in this universal feeling for each native land, is to be found a means of multiplying the best affections, by turning the various sources of intellect to the greatest profit, increasing content, and improving the mind.

The Authoress of this little production has much at heart to aid in cultivating this feeling,